THE HOLY COURT IN FIVE TOMES:

The First, Treating of

MOTIVES,

Which should excite men of Quality to Christian Perfection.

The Second, Of the

PRELATE, SOULDIER, STATES-MAN, and LADY.

The Third, Of

MAXIMS of CHRISTIANITY AGAINST PROPHANESSE,

Divided into Three Parts, Viz.

DIVINITY, GOVERNMENT OF THIS LIFE, and STATE OF THE OTHER WORLD.

The Fourth, Containing the

Command of REASON over the PASSIONS.

The Fifth, Containing the

LIVES of the most Famous and Illustrious *COURTIERS*; taken both out of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENT, and other Modern Authors.

Written in French *by* NICHOLAS CAUSSIN, *S. J. Translated into* English *by* S. T. H. *and others.*

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THE
HOLY COURT

Cæca Cupido ruit.
cæcusq; Cupido
Via
Regia.
THE
HOLY
COVRT
dixi Dij estis et
omnes
Filij excelsi omnes
Ambite
Sancta
Μελιτη ς παν
Vinum ger-
minans virgin
es
Domum suam ædificauit Salamon, et ad
perfectum vsq; perduxit Reg. 3.
G. G. Sculp.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

OF

HENRIETTA-MARIA

QUEEN-MOTHER

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

A COURT adorned with virtue, and ſanctified with piety, is here, moſt EXCELLENT QUEEN, *to Your view preſented; which having once already in pure and Native colours received light and life from the bright eye of Your Royal* BROTHER, *would gladly at this time, in a harſher language and ruder garment, adventure Your gracious acceptance.*

The ſubject is ſerious, the diſcourſe uſefull, and proper for thoſe, who in Court ſo ſerve Princes, that they neglect not an humble acknowledgment to their tranſcendent Greatneſs.

In

It hath pleased GOD, *as a singular favour to this Kingdom, to afford us in Your* Majesty *a pious Queen, who exemplarly maketh good, what diffusedly is here handled. Let then lesser lights borrow beams of radiance, from Your greater Orbs; and persist You, Glorious Example of Virtue, to illuminate and heat our Northern Clime with celestial ardours. Add to earthly Crowns, heavenly Diadems of Piety.*

Here shall a HOLY COURT *be found fairly delineated; nor can I see how it will be in the power of persons of best eminence, to plead ignorance, and pretend inability, they having such a Book to direct them, and such a Queen to follow.*

Lead then with alacrity, most Sacred Majesty, *and may propitious Heaven so prosper Your Holy Desires, that the Greatest may have matter to imitate, and the whole Nation to admire.*

TO

TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

SIR,

THIS Treatiſe of the *Holineſs of Courts*, before it be publiſhed, comes forth to behold the great and divine lights, wherewith God hath environed your Majeſty, whom he hath choſen out to ſanctifie the COURT, by means of two reflections, which are, the Example of your virtues, and the Authority of your Laws. As for example, You ſupply as much as in a Prince may be deſired, who hath brought Innocency into the Throne of Majeſty, as an earneſt-penny of Royalty, and whitened the very Flower-de-luces, by the purity of your heart and hands. This argument, in my opinion, ſhould powerfully operate in the hearts of *French-men*: For it would be a diſorder in Nature, to ſee bad Subjects under a good Prince, to plant Vice in the Kingdom of Virtue, and to have a body of morter, and feet of clay, affixed to an head of Gold. It is fit impudence ſhould be extremely ſhameleſs, not to bluſh, when the ſparkling luſtre of a Crown caſteth into the eyes the glimmering flaſhes of ſo great a Piety.

Where example cannot reach, Kings have Laws, which are given them from Heaven, as hands of gold and iron, to recompence merits, and chaſtiſe crimes. And as your Majeſty, *SIR*, from your moſt tender years, hath ſhewed a ſingular propenſion to the deteſtation of Impiety and maintenance of Juſtice that cauſeth me to ſay, Your Majeſty hath great means to make the COURT eſſentially holy, which the diſability of my pen cannot expreſs but on paper, It is a work worthy of a Chriſtian King, who ſtandeth in the midſt of Kings, and Nations, as heretofore the ſtatue of the Sun in the midſt of publick paſſages.

Royal hands cannot be better employed, then to erect the Tropheys of Sanctity. That is it which all the *firſt* have done; *CONSTANTINE* in the *Roman* Empire, *CLODOVÆUS* in *France*, *RICAREDUS* in *Spain*, *ETHELBERT* in *England*,, *CANUTUS* in *Denmark*, *WENCESLAUS* in *Poland*.

All thoſe, who have taken that way, have been glorious in the memory of men: whilſt others, that have prepared Altars, and Tables to Fortune (as ſaith the Prophet *Iſaiah*) erecting Monarchy on humane Maxims, have built on the quick-ſands of imaginary greatneſs, which hath ſerved them to no other purpoſe, but to meaſure their fall. Vice and voluptuouſneſs cannot immortalize men; ſince they have nothing laſting in them, but the ſorrow of their infancy, and the infamy of their name. All the greatneſs and happineſs of a Prince, is to make in his virtues a viſible image of inviſibe Divinity; then to imprint the ſame on his ſubjects, as the Sun doth his brightneſs on the Rain-bowe.

SIR, Your Majeſty knoweth it by proper experience; God hath made you to read the decrees of good ſucceſs, written as it were, with the rayes of your piety. By how much the more you are affected to the ſervice of the great Maſter, ſo much the more the good ſucceſs of affairs hath followed your deſires. You have ſeen your battels end in bays, and the thorns of your travels to grow all up into Crowns. And as we are ever in this world to merit, ſo we ought to hope, that ſo many worthy acts will alſo with time take their juſt increaſe; and that you ſhall ſow new virtues on earth, to reap felicities in Heaven: Laſtly, that he, who hath given you the entrance of *Solomon* into the Kingdom, will grant you the *exit* of *David*. This is the vow which offereth to God,

SIR, *Of Your* MAJESTY,

The moſt humble, moſt faithfull, and obedient Subject,

N. CAUSSIN.

TO THE NOBILITY OF FRANCE.

SIRS,

THIS Work, as it is compoſed for your ſakes, offereth it ſelf to your hands, without bearing any other ornament on the brow, but the reflection of Truth, any other recommendation, then the worth of the ſubject. It is not the abundant ſtore of ſanctity in the Courts of our Age, which maketh this ſtiled the *HOLY COURT;* but this Frontiſ-piece onely carrieth the name, becauſe this Book beareth the model, which verily with more eaſe is moulded on paper, then printed on the manners of men. Yet we may affirm, that God, who draweth the Sons of *Abraham* from the midſt of Flints and Rocks, doth in all places reſerve Saints for himſelf: and he that will conſider it well, ſhall finde that in all times the Courts of zealous Princes have had their Martyrs, their Confeſſors, their Virgins and Hermits.

I have a purpoſe, when my leiſure will permit, to divulge the Lives of Kings, Princes, Lords, Men of State, and likewiſe alſo of Queens, Princeſſes, and Ladies, who, in the courſe of the World, have flouriſhed in much Sanctity, beginning from the Court of *David,* and then concluding in our Age; to the end the multitude of examples may place the Sun in full ſplendour before their eyes, who take the greatneſs of their condition for pretext of their remiſneſs.

For the preſent, becauſe Reaſon ſhould carry the Torch before Hiſtory, I will ſatisfie my ſelf with publiſhing this Chriſtian Inſtitution, which treateth of the MOTIVES and OBSTACLES men of Quality have to Perfection, with the practiſe of virtues, moſt ſuitable to their condition; the whole attended by two Books of Hiſtories, that very amply contain the good and evil of Courts. I conſecrate this ſmall labour, at the feet of the Church, among ſo many worthy Writers, which make her wholly radiant in gold, not unlike that Bird, which, as the Kings of *Aſia* contributed great Treaſure to the building of a Temple, ſhe having no other wealth, went thither to preſent her Feathers.

It

It remaineth, SIRS, that you make the COURT holy, and you ſhall ſanctifie the World: your examples may do much therein; when you ſhall advance the Standard of Piety, a plentifull Train will follow. Behold how all thoſe, that have framed their fortune upon vice, have built on Abyſſes; they have ſowed Winde (as ſaith the Prophet) to reap Tempeſts; their hopes are crackt, as clouds ſwoln with the vapours of the earth; and their felicity like a golden Statue hanged in the Air on a rotten Cable, hath melted upon their head. Never any man hath had good fortune in impiety. He that loſeth his Conſcience, hath nothing elſe to gain nor loſe: Nothing to gain, for that nothing remaineth for him, but unhappineſs; and nothing to loſe, becauſe he hath loſt himſelf. So many crimes and impieties daily float on the face of this Age, that you muſt ſtretch out your Arms againſt Iniquity. If you have your hearts fixed where God planted them, you ſhall place the confidence of well-doing, in the life of the moſt timorous; and ſhame of ill-doing upon the brow of the moſt impudent. Your hands ſhall alwayes be in a readineſs to overthrow vice, and your feet ſhall not walk, but on Palms of Victory.

The Church extendeth her hands out to you, and imploreth the aid of your authority, and good examples. You are in the Houſe of God, as *Joſeph* in that of the Lord of *Egypt*. The Maſter hath put all into your hands, defile not the honour of his bed, ſince with his finger he hath imprinted the luſtre of his glory on your fronts. If you be among men, as Mountains over Valleys, be Mountains of perfume, of which *Solomon* ſpeaketh in the *Canticles*; and not thoſe Hills of the Prophet *Oſee*, which have nothing but ſnares, and gins, to ſerve for ſtumbling blocks to thoſe, whom they ſhould enlighten. If you be elevated in the World, as cliffs above the Sea, be Watch-Towers, not Rocks. If you be Stars, be Suns, to be the Chariots of light and life, and not Comets, to pour malignity on the four quarters of the World. Be ye aſſured, that how much the more you are united to God, ſo much the greater ſhall you be; the more conformable you are to the will of the Sovereign Maſter, ſo much ſhall you behold the earth in contempt under your feet, and Heaven in Crowns over your heads.

The

The DESIGN and ORDER of the Book.

TO speak properly, we have but two great Books, the Heaven and the Bible, which never periſh; The others have an Air, and a certain continuance amongſt men, and at the laſt arrive unto their period: But the moſt part of thoſe, who at this day do write, do come into the World, as drops of rain into the Sea, of which the Ocean takes no notice, neither of their coming in, or their going out. In ſo great a croud of Writers, I have put forth my firſt Tome of the HOLY COURT, as under that conſideration, eſteeming that I brought but a little dew, into a great River, and having ſpoken ſome Truths by the way, I ſhould bury my ſelf, from my birth, in the Tomb of ſo many Books, which is excuſable by the law of neceſſity, and honourable by the multitude, and the qualities of thoſe that write.

Howſoever I ſee that GOD, who governeth our lives and our pens, hath been pleaſed that this Work ſhould be had in ſome reſpect, and having exceeded the merit of the Authour, it ſhould alſo exceed his hope, producing ſome fruit, and withall ſome comfort to my travels, which I cannot now judge to be ill employed.

This hath again put my pen into my hand, to follow the continuation of it, to which ſo many perſonages of Honour have brought ſo many reaſons to induce me, that having but little leiſure to undertake this ſecond Work, I have had the leſſe boldneſs to refuſe it.

Thoſe who complain, that my pen hath not ſwiftly enough followed their deſires, are to remember, that though Slowneſs be a mother a little to be blamed, yet her Children are not deformed: The bringing forth of good Books ought not to reſemble that of Birds, concerning which an Ancient writeth, that they come out of the Belly of their mother before they are born; we ought to give them form, and a long time to foſter them in the minde, before they appear in publick; For in precipitation it is a poor attempt to be able onely to hope for nothing, but to erre haſtily, to repent at leiſure. I do more fear the reproaches of precipitation, then deliberation, for in this mortal condition wherein we live, our moſt perfect Actions are but heavy aſſays, and the moſt groſs proofs of perfection.

This may be ſaid without any diminution to the merit of ſome celeſtial Spirits, who make promptitude and goodneſs to march together with an equal pace, it being not expedient, that thoſe who cannot follow them, ſhould glory in the infirmities contrary to ſo great abilities. For me, I content my ſelf with the approvement and admiration of other mens works, reſerving nothing but induſtry for my own. And though for all my pains I cannot of my ſelf finde in my own work ſatisfaction to content the Readers, whom I acknowledge ſo favourable to me, yet ſo it is, that I finde I have brought ſomething which bears ſome correſpondence with their deſires.

This I can aſſure them, that the contraction of the precepts which I have drawn into ſo few words, being able to ſtretch them into Volumes, are not without their profit, and that Hiſtories are made moſt choice of in that nature, where (beſides their majeſty which layes forth the moſt ſpecious affairs of the Eſtate of Empires, ſince the beginning of their Chriſtianiſm) they have a certain ſweetneſs with them, which ſound ſpirits will finde to be ſo much advanced above all Fables and Romances, as the pleaſures of Truth do ſurpaſs all illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall here perpetually obſerve a great Theatre of the Divine Providence, where (God knows) I have no other Deſign, then to advance Virtue, and to beat down Vice, without reflecting on any of the Perſonages of theſe times, no more then if I wrote under the Reign of Charlemaigne, or S. Lewis: I muſt entreat theſe ſpirits of Application, which know not how to behold a work, without making it ſubject to their own fancies, imagining every letter to be the Ecchoes of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make a gloſs upon their own Dreams, then on my Books. We live not yet (God be thanked) in an age ſo miſerable, that we dare not ſacrifice to Truth without a diſguiſe, ſeeing it is the glory of our Grandees, that we may openly make war againſt Vice, as againſt an enemy, and not of our party.

For, to ſpeak ſincerely, having laid my firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I conſidered what great and gliſtering lights there were in all their Orders, within his

Court

Court, which might ſerve as Models for my Treatiſe, but to avoid the affectation of all compliance with this World, I did expreſly forbear it, my own nature and my long Robe having ſo far eſtranged me from all worldly pretences, that it would be a diſeaſe unto me, but to ſalute a man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to return me for it.

As concerning the manner of writing which I have obſerved, I ſhall eaſily confeſs unto my Reader, that it proceeded rather from my Genius, then from Art, and though I have been curious enough to obſerve whatſoever the Greek or Romane Eloquence hath happily brought forth, yet I muſt acknowledge, that there is a Ray of God himſelf, which entring into our ſpirit, and mingling with our nature, is more knowing and effectual, then all precepts whatſoever. And this I can affirm for the inſtruction of youth, to thoſe who have demanded my advice, concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtiles. It is true, I have peruſed variety of Books, written in all Ages, and I have acknowledged that the moſt ſenſible amongſt them, have been raiſed both in their conceptions and their words, above the common reach, and alwayes without affectation. Others have been paſſionately taken with ſome fine niceties, which are the capital Enemies to perſwaſion, and above all, to be eſchewed in the Diſcourſes which are made of Piety, whoſe nerves they do infeeble, and whoſe luſtres they do foil: we may ſee that thoſe, who from the Chair do ſpeak unto us, either by account or by writing, although it be with terms diſcreet enough; yet they leave a leſſe impreſſion on our hearts, and ſometimes are ſo violently carried away to ſerve their own reputation, that they forget their engagements to the Truth. We may obſerve ſome, who through too much ſpirit, ſeek out by-ways of conceptions of common ſenſe, and extravagant words, and ſo ſtrongly adore their own thoughts, that they can ſuffer none but themſelves on their own paper, which is the cauſe, they ſeldom meet with the right uſe of humane underſtanding, being the true Citizens of Plato's *Common-wealth, capable to controul all things, but to perform nothing. Others there are, who glory in a ſterility, and are wilfully angry againſt God, becauſe in ſome part of the Heavens he placed ſo many ſtars. Theſe can endure nothing that is generous, without ſnarling or biting at it. They conceive Beauty and Light to be blemiſhes, becauſe they are above their capacities. Laſtly, there are ſome, who in their continual Allegations, do ſo lay forth themſelves in the praiſe of others, that they make their Diſcourſes like thoſe pictures of* Helena, *which are all of gold: There is nothing but Drapery to be ſeen, you cannot diſtinguiſh the foot from the hand, nor the eye from the ear. But I will enter no further into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to reſpect then cenſure the indifferent Works of our Writers. But to ſpeak ſoundly, I never thought it expedient, either to perſwade unto, or to follow the ſame faſhions. And as in this work I have not altogether renounced the learning and the ornaments, which I thought to be convenient, but have enchaſed them in it, ſo I would not fill my papers with Quotations and ſtrange Languages, this Labour being undertaken rather to perſwade the Great-ones unto Virtue, then to fill the Extracts and Annotations of the Students.*

I have ſo moderated the ſtyle, without letting my ſelf looſe to the empty language of Complements, which had been beneath my Subject, that I conceive I have rendred it eaſie to be underſtood, even to thoſe apprehenſions which make no profeſſion at all of learning.

It is the onely Deſign that I have, to ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood, perſwading my ſelf, according to the ſaying of Philo, *that* Word *and* Thought *are two Siſter-Germans, and that the youngeſt is born, onely to make the eldeſt known. I ſtudy more for weight of ſentences, then for ornament of words, pretending nothing to the glory of mundane Quills, which we ſee every day appear amongſt ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be more perfect, if they would apply themſelves to more grave ſubjects, and in ſome faſhion imitate the Sun, who being admired throughout the whole world, doth not know how to admire it ſelf.*

Nevertheleſs it often comes to paſſe, but not to the more lofty Writers, who are ordinarily endued with more modeſty, but to certain men extremely profane, to idolize their own inventions, to condemn all Treatiſes of worth, and to eſteem, that one cannot be eloquent in our tongue, if he writes not Vanity or Impureneſs.

Certainly, if a queſtion were made to judge of the French *eloquence, the riches of* Babylon *are not ſo exquiſite, that they may ſtand in compariſon with the beauties of* Sion. *As long as letters and men ſhall continue there ſhall continue the praiſes of ſo many excellent Books, which have come from the hands of ſo many Illuſtrious Prelates, and other qualified perſons, nay, and of the ſecular State, who have exerciſed their ſtyle on chaſte and honourable Arguments, and worthy all commendation. I ſpeak this by the way, having at this time no deſign to enlarge my ſelf on the recital of the number of thoſe able men, who have now the pen in their hands. nor praiſe thoſe of my own Robe, who have given their holy Labours to the publick, and who I know may be followed by a great number of excellent Spirits of the ſame Society.*

For

For that which concerns me, I am acquitted of my promise, and I conceive, that I have sufficiently expressed in these two Volumes, the whole reach of my Design; for the rest, I conceive that the Books of Devotion which are to be made publick, ought to be rare, and to be very well digested, because there is already extant so great a number of them, that the number of the Authours will suddenly exceed the number of the Readers.

Satiety will cast a cloud on the brightest Beauties, and though a thing may be very good, yet we ought not to surfet with the excess thereof, for fear that good Offices be turned into misprisions, and Charity render it self too importunate. But so it is, that we must confess that Pieces well-wrought are never seen in so great a number, as to bring any fastidiousness to them who do know their merit.

Here do I stop my pen, and if there appears any worth in this Volume, I look upon it as on the Mirrour planted on the Wall of a Temple in Arcadia, *where those that beheld it, instead of their own face, saw the representation of the Divinity which they adored.*

Even so in all this which may bring any profit to the Reader, I see nothing of my own, but I acknowledge the Father of Lights, who is the Beginning and the End of all which we do make praise-worthy. And I beseech him, if there be found any thing attractive in these Discourses, that He will, like the Load-stone, draw up the Readers, and carry them to the love of their Creatour, to whom is due the tribute of all honour, as to him who is the Beginning of all Perfection. It is indeed the onely consolation which we can receive from our labours. For, not to dissemble the Truth, he that cares more to write then to live, flattering his pen, and neglecting his conscience, shall have work enough to defend himself from the Scurf, the Rat, and from Oblivion. And when in a passionate life he shall carry with him the applauses of the World, it shall be as a small sacrifice unto him of smoak abroad, to lodge a fire and tempest in his own house.

It is reported, that the Stars contribute their beams to enlighten the Infernals, and I can affirm, that all the lights of Understanding and Reputation shall serve onely to inflame the torments of a reprobate soul, who shall shut his eyes against God, to open them onely to let in Vanity.

In the end, after many Editions of the HOLY COURT, *as I desired here to put the last hand to it, I am now retired into the solitary place of* Quinpercorentin, *for the love of the truth; where the honesty of the Inhabitants have made me to finde it as my Countrey, which other men have taken for a place of banishment: There on the banks of the Ocean, at the feet of a Saint, who is the Tutelar of the Village, perceiving that God had sweetned to me all the bitterness both of men and of the times, by the infusion of his Paternal Consolation, I have composed more Treatises, both of Doctrine and Piety, to render in some sort my silence profitable to the publick, of which one day I will give a good account unto my Readers, if God shall grant me life.*

Amongst other things, I have digested into good order, this Work of the HOLY COURT, *and I have enriched it with a remarkable Augmentation of the Lives and Elogies of the Illustrious Personages at Court, as well in the* Old *as the* New Testament.

Now I do produce it to the light, after that by the singular favour of Heaven, the obstacles are removed, and Truth acknowledged on the Throne of Lights, with which God hath round environed it.

THE

THE

TABLE

OF THE

Chief CONTENTS of the First Tome of the HOLY COURT.

FIRST BOOK.

Motives to stir up Persons of quality to Christian Perfection.

MOTIVE.	Page
THat the Court and Devotion are not incompatible.	1
I. *Name of Christian.*	2
II. *Nobility.*	4
III. *Eminent Dignity.*	5
IV. *Riches.*	8
V. *Corporal endowments.*	10
VI. *Endowments of the mind.*	12
VII. *Courage.*	14
VIII. *Education.*	16
IX. *Court a life of penance.*	18
X. *Gratitude.*	20
XI. *Example.*	22
XII. *Punishment.*	23
XIII. *Reward.*	25

SECOND BOOK.

Hinderances that worldly ones have in the path of Salvation.

OBSTACLE.	Page.
I. WEak faith.	27
II. Errour in faith & in Religion.	31
III. *To live according to opinion.*	39
IV. *Inconstancy of manners.*	41
V. *Masked life.*	42
VI *Ill manage of time.*	45
VII. *Liberty of tongue.*	47
VIII. *Curiosity in bearing affronts.*	49
IX. *Carnal love.*	51
X. *Superfluous attire.*	53
XI. *Envy.*	56
XII. *Ambition and Avarice.*	58
Conclusion. *A bad Courtier's life is a perpetual Obstacle to virtue.*	61

THIRD BOOK.

Practise of VIRTUES.

SECTION.	Page
I. DEvotion for Great-ones.	62
II. *Wherein consisteth all Devotion and Spiritual life.*	63
Character of the spiritual man.	64
Character of the carnal man.	ibid.
III. *First combat of a spiritual man, against ignorance.*	ibid.
IV. *Practise of faith.*	65
V. *Four other lights to disperse ignorance.*	66
VI. *Twelve Maxims of salvation.*	ibid.
VII. *Twelve Maxims of wisdom.*	68.
VIII. *Practice of Devotion and Prayer.*	70
IX. *Necessity of confession.*	ibid.
X. *Practice of confession.*	71
XI. *Practice of examen of Conscience.*	73
XII. *Practice of receiving.*	74
XIII. *Practice of hearing Mass.*	76
XIV. *Practise of meditation.*	77
XV. *Practice of vocal prayer, and spiritual reading and frequenting Sermons.*	80
XVI. *Second combat of the spiritual man against pusillanimity.*	81
XVII. *Twelve Maxims to vanquish temptations,*	ib.

XVIII. *Remedies againſt the paſſions and temptations growing from every vice* 83
XIX. *Shame in well doing.* 84
XX. *Affection towards creatures* 85
XXI. *Indiſcreet affliction of mind, and ſadneſs* 86
XXII. *Third combat of the Spiritual man againſt impurity* 87
XXIII. *Practice of chaſtity* 88
XXIV. *Practice of temperance* 89
XXV. *Practice of modeſty* 90
XXVI. *Practice of prudence, and government in converſation* ibid.
XXVII. *Againſt another impurity, to wit, deſire of having, and firſt of poverty of the rich* 91
XXVIII. *Practice of Juſtice* 92
XXIX. *Practice of thankfulneſs* 93
XXX. *Practice of charity* 94
XXXI. *The practice of humility and magnanimity* 95
XXXII. *Practice of patience* 96
XXXIII. *Practice of daily actions.* 97

Inſtructions for married.

XXXIV. *Miſery of marriages ill managed* 99
XXXV. *Evils of marriage grow from diſorders therein committed.* 102
XXXVI. *Selected inſtructions for the married.* 104
XXXVII. *Inſtructions for Widdows* 105

To Maids.

XXXVIII. *Praiſes of virginity, and of the modeſty they ought to obſerve in their carriage* 107

To Fathers and Mothers.

XXXIX. *Concerning bringing up and inſtructing children.* 110

To Children.

XL. *Of piety towards parents* 114

The fourth Book treateth of Impiety of Courts, and Unhappy Policy, *page* 147
The fifth Book ſetteth forth Fortunate Piety. *page* 141

A TABLE

OF THE

TITLES and SECTIONS contained in the Second Tome of the HOLY-COURT.

THE PRELATE.

SECTION. Page

I. THat it is convenient the Nobility ſhould govern the Church 168
II. *That the Nobility ſhould not aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical offices, but by lawful ways* 170
III. *Of the Vocation or calling of a Prelate* 172
IV. *Virtues requiſite in the carriage of a Prelate* ibid.
V. *The ſecond virtue of a Prelate, which is Fortitude of ſpirit, againſt Avarice and Riot* 173
VI. *The third Quality of a good Prelate which is purity of life* 174
VII. *The fourth perfection of a Prelate, which is obſerved in Zeal and Charity* 175
VIII. *The fifth excellency of a Prelate, which is ſcience and prudence* ibid.
IX. *The Motives which noble Prelates have to the duty of their profeſſion* 176
X. *The Examples of great Prelates, are very lively ſpurs to virtue* 177

Saint AMBROSE.

I. HIs Calling 179
II. *A ſhort Elogy of the life and manners of* S. Ambroſe 180
III. *His government* 181
IV. *His Combats, and firſt againſt Gentiliſm* 184
Oration of Symmachus *to* Theodoſius *and* Valentinian *the Younger, for the Altar of* Victory, *Exerciſe of Pagan Religion, and Revenue of* Veſtals ibid.
V. *Oration of* S. Ambroſe *againſt* Symmachus 186
VI. *The triumph of* S. Ambroſe *in the converſion of* S. Auguſtine 188
VII. *Diſpoſitions to the converſion of* S. Auguſtine 192
VIII. *Agitations of Spirit in* S. Auguſtine *upon his converſion* 195
IX. *Accidents which furthered this converſion* 196
X. *The admirable change of* Saint Auguſtine 197
XI. *The affairs of* Saint Ambroſe *with the Em-*

THE TABLE.

Emperours Valentinian *the Father, and* Gratian *the Son* 200
XII *The death of the Emperour* Gratian, *and afflictions of S.* Ambroſe 202
XIII *The Embaſſage of S.* Ambroſe 205
XIV *The perſecution of S.* Ambroſe, *raiſed by the Empreſs* Juſtina 207
XV Maximus *paſſeth into* Italy 209
XVI *Affliction of S.* Ambroſe *upon the death of* Valentinian 211
XVII *The Tyranny of* Eugenius, *and notable liberty of S.* Ambroſe 212
XVIII *The differences of S.* Ambroſe *with the Emperour* Theodoſius, *and his death* 213

The SOULDIER.

I *The excellency of warlike virtue* 217
II *The entrance into the Palace of Valour, and the illuſions of the* Salmoneans *and* Rodomonts 218
III *The Temple of Valour, and ſage Precepts given by the Chriſtian Souldier to refute the manners of the times. And firſt that Piety helpeth Valour.* 220
IV *Manifeſt proofs, which declare, that Piety and Valour are not things incompatible* 222
V *Againſt Duels* 225
VI *Againſt the ill manage of Arms* 226
VII *Againſt ſenſual Love and Impurity* 229
VIII *Againſt the perfidiouſneſs of Intereſts* 232
IX *Short and notable Inſtructions* ibid.

CONSTANTINE.

I *The providence of God over* Conſtantine 234
II *The Nobility of* Conſtantine 236
III *His Education and Qualities* 238
IV *His entry into the Empire* 239
V *His proweſs againſt* Maxentius 241
VI *The death of* Diocleſian, *and feats of Arms performed by* Conſtantine *againſt* Licinius 243
VII *The vices and paſſions of* Conſtantine *before his Baptiſm, with the death of* Criſpus *and* Fauſta 244
VIII *The calling of* Conſtantine *to Chriſtianity. The progreſs of his Converſion and Baptiſm* 247
IX *The Acts of* Conſtantine *after his Baptiſm* 249
X *The endeavour of good works, with the Virtues and Laws of* Conſtantine 250
XI *The zeal of* Conſtantine *in the proceedings in the Council of* Nice 252
XII *The government of* Conſtantine 256
XIII *The death of* Conſtantine 258

The STATES-MAN.

I *The excellency of politick Virtues* 263
II *The Table of* Babylon, *drawn from ſundry conceptions of the moſt ſingular wits of Antiquity* 264
III *The deſtruction of* Babylon, *and the government of the Divine Providence over the Eſtates of the World* 266
IV *The Table of the City of God, otherwiſe called,* The City of honeſt men, *drawn out of many excellent conceits of ancient Authours, and things practiſed in ſome former Common-wealths* 269
V *Sage Precepts drawn out of the Monuments of the divine* Agathopolis 271

BOETIUS.

I *His great Nobility* 277
II *The eminent wiſdom and learning of* Boetius 279
III *His entrance into Government of State* 281
IV *The entrance of* Theodorick *into* Rome, *and his happy Government by the counſel of* Boetius 283
V *The honours of* Boetius, *and alteration of* Theodorick 288
VI *The impriſonment of* Boetius 291
VII *The death of* Boetius 293

The LADY.

I *That the* Holy Court *cannot ſubſiſt without the virtue of Ladies, and of their piety in the advancement of Chriſtianity* 296
II *That women are capable of good lights, and ſolid Inſtructions* 297
III *The ten Orders of women, and the vicious qualities, which Ladies ought eſpecially to avoid* 298
IV *The tenth Order of women, full of wiſdom and virtue* 301

THE TABLE.

V *A brief Table of the excellent qualities of a Lady. And first, of true Devotion.* 301
VI *Modesty.* 302
VII *Chastity* 303
VIII *Discretion in the manage of affairs* 304
IX *Conjugal love* ib.
X *The care of Children* 305
XI *The conclusion of the Discourse* 306

CLOTILDA.

I HEr *Birth and Education* 307
II Clodovæus *requireth* Clotilda *in Marriage* 308
III *Embassage to the King of* Burgundy, *for the marriage of* Clotilda 309
IV *The arrival of* Clotilda *in* France, *and the life she led in the time of Wedlock* 311
V *The prudence which the Queen used in the conversion of her Husband* 312
VI *The conversion of* Clodovæus 314
VII *What* Clodovæus *did by the perswasion of* Clotilda *after his Baptism* 315
VIII *The good success which God gave to* Clodovæus *after he became a Christian* 317
IX *The life of* Clotilda *in her widow-hood. Her afflictions and glorious death.* 318

INDEGONDIS.

X ISsued *from the bloud and house of* Clotilda; *she transporteth the Catholick Faith into* Spain. 322
XI *The persecution of* Indegondis 324
XII *The retreat of* Hermingildus, *and his Conversion* ib.
XIII *The reciprocal Letters of the Father and the Son, upon their separation* 326
XIV *The treaty of peace between* Levigildus *and his Son, by the mediation of* Indegondis ib.
XV Hermingildus *is wickedly betrayed* 327
XVI *The letter of* Hermingildus *to* Indegondis, *and his generous resolution* 329
XVII *The death of* Hermingildus 330

A TABLE OF THE MAXIMS AND EXAMPLES

Contained in the Third TOME of the HOLY COURT.

The First Part of the Third Tome, touching the *DIVINITY.*

I Maxim. OF *Religion* 337
I Example. *Of the esteem we ought to make of Faith and Religion* 340
II Maxim. *Of the Essence of God.* 341
II Example. *The power of God over faithless Souls* 344
III Maxim. *Of the excellency of God* 347
The greatness of God compared to the abjectness of man 348
III Example. *Of the weakness of man, and inconstancy of humane things* 350
IV Maxim. *Of the Providence of God* 353
The foundation of truths of the Providence of God 355
IV Example. *Divers observations upon Providence* 357
V Maxim *Of Accidents.* 358
V Example. *Of the Providence of God over the estates and riches of the world* 362
VI Maxim. *Of Predestination* 364
VI Example. *Of the secret power of Predestination* 367
VII Maxim. *Of the Divinity of* Jesus 369
Of the revelation of the Word Incarnate, and how all Creatures bear witness of his Divinity ib.
VII Example. *The triumph of* Jesus *over the enemies of Faith* 372
VIII Maxim. *Of perfections of* Jesus *which make him to be beloved* 374
Excellencies in the person of our Saviour 375
VIII Example. *Of the admirable change of worldly love into the love of* Jesus Christ 378

The

The Second Part, touching the Order of this present Life.

IX Maxim. Of Devotion 381
Of dark Devotion ib.
Affected Devotion 382
Transcendent Devotion 384
Solid Devotion 385
IX Example. *Of Solid Devotion* 386
X Maxim. *Of Interest* 389
X Example. *Of Liberality, and the unhappiness of such as seek their ends by unlawful ways* 392
XI Maxim. *Of Craft* 394
XI Example. *Of Craft* 397
XII Maxim. *Of Revenge* 399
XII Example. *Of Reconciliation* 402
XIII Maxim. *Of the Epicurean life* 404
XIII Example. *The dreadful events of Sensuality* 407
XIV Maxim. *Of Sufferings* 408
That the Divine Providence excellently appeareth in the afflictions of the Just 409
XIV Example. *Of constancy in Tribulation* 411

The Third Part, touching the State of the other World.

XV Maxim. Of Death 413
XV Example. Of the manner how to die well, drawn from the model of our Lady 417
XVI Maxim. *Of the Immortality of the Soul* 420
XVI Example. *Of the return of Souls* 424
XVII Maxim. *Of Purgatory* 426
XVII Example. *Of the Apparition of Souls* 429
XVIII Maxim. *Of eternal unhappiness* 431
XVIII Example. *Of the Day of Judgment, and the pains of Hell* 435
XIX Maxim. *Of Sovereign Beatitude* 437
XIX Example. *Of contentments of Beatitude* 440
XX Maxim. *Of Resurrection* 441
The condition of the glorified Bodies 443
That the Resurrection of Jesus Christ *is the foundation of ours, and that we should behold the sweetness and glories of it as the sources of our Eternity.* 444
XX Example. *Divers observations on the length of Life, and desire of Resurrection* 447

Conclusion of the MAXIMS.

I *Obscurity and persecution of Truth* 448
II *The definition of Sensuality; the description, division, and sundry sorts of Libertines* 449
III *The causes of Sensuality well described by the Apostle Saint* Jude 450
IV *The ignorance and nullity of Sensuality* 451
V *The effects of Sensuality, and punishment of the wicked* 452
VI *Hideous usage of the wicked for the sin of Impiety* 453
VII *Advice to Youth, and such as too easily give way to Impiety* 455
VIII *That the remedy of our Evil consisteth in Zeal towards Faith* 456

THE TABLE.

Division of the DIARY.

I. ACTS OF DEVOTION.
II. PRACTICE OF VIRTUE.
III. BUSINESSE.
IV. RECREATION.

A Table of the SECTIONS.

THE FIRST PART.

Concerning Devotion.

SECTION.	Page.
I *The importance of well-ordering every action of the day*	458
II *At waking*	ib.
III *Five good actions to begin the day*	459
IV *Of Adoration, the first act of Devotion*	ib.
V *An example of Adoration*	ib.
VI *Of Thanksgiving, the second act of Devotion*	460
VII *A pattern of Thanksgiving*	ib.
VIII *Of Offering or Oblation, the third act of Devotion.*	ib.
IX *The manner of offering our selves to God*	461
X *Of Contrition, the fourth act of Devotion*	ib.
XI *A form of Contrition*	ib.
XII *Of Petition or Request, the fifth act of Devotion.*	ib.
XIII *A form of Petition*	462
XIV *Of the time proper for spiritual reading*	ib.
XV *An Abstract of the Doctrine of* Jesus Christ *to be used at the Communion*	ib.
XVI *What we are to do at the Celebration of the blessed Sacrament, and other ensuing acts*	ib.
XVII *Devotion for the days of the week*	463
XVIII *Devotion for the hours of the day*	464
XIX *Of Confession, a very necessary Act of Devotion; and advice thereon*	ib.
XX *An excellent prayer of S.* Augustine *for this Exercise, taken out of a Manuscript of Cardinal* Seripandus	465
XXI *Of Communion, the chiefest of all acts of Devotion; with a brief advice concerning the practice of it*	ib.

THE SECOND PART.

Of the Practice of Virtues.

SECTION.	Page.
I *Twelve fundamental Considerations of Virtues*	466
II *Seven paths of Eternity, which lead the Soul to great virtues*	468
III *Perfection, and wherein it consisteth*	469
IV *Of Virtues, and their degrees*	ib.
V *Four orders of those that aspire to perfection*	471
VI *A short way to perfection, practised by the Ancients*	ib.
VII *The means to become perfect*	472
VIII *How we ought to govern our selves against temptations, afflictions, and hinderances, which we meet with in the way of virtue*	ibid.
IX *Remedies against Passions and Temptations which proceed from every vice*	474

THE THIRD PART.

Of Business.

SECTION.	Page.
I *Business, of what importance*	474
II *Two heads to which all business is reduced*	475
III *Of the government of a Family*	ibid.
IV *Of direction in spiritual matters*	ib.
V *Advice for such as are in office and government*	476

THE

THE TABLE.

THE FOURTH PART.

Of Recreation.

I. RE*creation, how neceſſary* 477
II. *Of the pleaſures of the Taſte* ibid.
III. *Of Gaming* ib.
IV. *Of Dancing* 478
V. *Of wanton ſongs and plays.* ibid.
VI. *Of walking and running.* ibid.
VII. *The four conditions of Recreation.* ibid.
VIII. *Of vicious converſation; and firſt, of impertinent.* 479
IX. *Of vain converſation* ibid.
X. *Of evil converſation.* ib.
XI. *The conditions of a good converſation.* ibid.
XII. *Concluſion of the* DIARY. 480

EJACULATIONS for the *Diary.* 481
PRAYERS for all perſons and occaſions. 482

A TABLE.

OF ALL THE

Goſpels, and Particulars of our SAVIOUR's Paſsion, mentioned in the ENTERTAINMENTS of LENT, with their Moralities and Aſpirations.

UPon *the words of* Geneſis, *cap.* 3. Thou art duſt, and to duſt thou ſhalt return. *page* 483
Upon the Goſpel of S. Matthew, *cap.* 6. Of hypocritical faſting. ib.
Upon S. Matthew *the* 18. *Of the Centurions words,* O Lord I am not worthy 484
Upon S. Matthew *the* 5. *Wherein we are directed to pray for our enemies.* 485
Upon S. Matthew *the* 6. *Of the Apoſtles danger at ſea.* ibid.
Upon S. Matthew *the* 4. *Of our Saviour's being tempted in the deſart.* 486
Upon S. Matthew *the* 25. *Of the Judgement-day.* 487
Upon S. Matthew *the* 21. *Jeſus drove out the buyers and ſellers out of the Temple* 488
Upon S. Matthew *the* 12. *The Phariſees demand a ſign of Jeſus.* ibid.
Upon S. Matthew 15. *Of the woman of* Canaan. 489
Upon S. John *the* 5. *Of the probatick pond.* 490
Upon S. Matthew *the* 17. *Of the transfiguration of our Lord.* ibid.
Upon S. John *the* 8. *Jeſus ſaid to the Jews,* Where I go, ye cannot come. 491
Upon S. Matthew *the* 23. *Jeſus ſaid,* The Phariſees ſit in *Moſes* chair, believe therefore what they ſay. 492
Upon S. Matthew *the* 20. *The requeſt of the wife of* Zebedee, *for her ſons* James *and* John. 493
Upon S. Luke *the* 16. *Of the rich glutton and poor* Lazarus. ibid.
Upon S. Matthew *the* 21. *Of the Maſter of the Vineyard, whoſe ſon was killed by his Farmers.* 494
Upon S. Luke *the* 15. *Of the prodigal child.* 495
Upon S. Luke *the* 11. *Jeſus caſt out the devil which was dumb.* 496
Upon S. Luke *the* 4. *Jeſus is required to do miracles in his own Countrey.* 497
Upon S. Matthew *the* 18. *If thy brother offend thee, tell him of it alone* ibid.
Upon S. Matthew *the* 15. *The Phariſees asked, Why do thy Diſciples contradict antient Traditions?* 498
Upon S. Luke *the* 4. *Jeſus cured the fever of* Simon's *mother-in-law.* 499
Upon S. John *the* 4. *Of the Samaritan woman at* Jacob's *Well, near* Sichar ibid.
Upon S. John *the* 8. *Of the woman found in adultery.* 500
Upon S. John *the* 6. *Of the five fiſhes and two barley loaves* 501
Upon S. John *the* 2. *Of the whipping buyers and ſellers out of the Temple* 502
Upon S. John *the* 7. *The Jews marvel at the learning of Jeſus who was never taught* 503
Upon S. John *the* 9. *Of the blind man cured by clay and ſpittle* ibid.
Upon S. Luke *the* 7. *Of the widows ſon raiſed from death to life at* Naim *by our Saviour.* 504

Upon

Upon S. John *the* 11. *Of the raising up* Lazarus *from death.* 505
Upon S. John *the* 8. *Of our Saviour's words,* I am the light of the world. 506
Upon S. John *the* 8. *Of these words,* Who can accuse me of sin? 507
Upon S. John *the* 7. *Jesus said to the Pharisees,* You shall seek and not find me: and he that is thirsty, let him come to me. ib.
Upon S. John *the* 7. *Jesus went not into* Jury, *because the Jews had a purpose to take away his life.* 508
Upon S. John *the* 10. *The Jews said,* If thou be the Messias, tell us plainly. 509
Upon S. John *the* 7. *Of Saint* Mary Magdalen's *washing our Saviour's feet in the Pharisee's house.* ib.
Upon Saint Mary Magdalen's *great repentance.* 510
Upon S. John *the* 11. *The Jews said,* What shall we do? for this man doth many miracles. 511
Upon S. John *the* 12. *The Chief Priests thought to kill* Lazarus, *because the miracle upon him, made many follow Jesus.* ib.
Upon S. Matthew *the* 21. *Our Saviour came in triumph to* Jerusalem *a little before his passion.* 512
Upon S. John *the* 12. Mary Magdalen *anointed our Saviour's feet with precious ointment, at which* Judas *repined.* 513
Upon S. John *the* 13. *Of our Saviour's washing the feet of his Apostles.* 514
Moralities upon the garden of Mount Olivet. 515
Moralities upon the apprehension of Jesus. ib.
Aspiration upon S. Peter's *passionate tears.* 516
Moralities upon the Pretorian or Judgment-Hall. ib.
Moralities for Good Friday, *upon the death of Jesus Christ.* 517
The Gospel For Easter day, S. *Mark the* 16 519
The Gospel for Easter Munday, S. *Luke* 24. 250
The Gospel on Tuesday, S. *Luke* 24 521
The Gospel on Low-Sunday, John 20. ib.

THE

A

TABLE

Of the Treatises and Sections contained in the fourth Tome OF THE HOLY COURT

The First TREATISE. Of the necessity of LOVE.

Section		Page.
1	*Against the Philosophers who teach Indifferency, saying, We must not Love any thing*	529
2	*Of Love in general*	531
3	*Of Amity*	533
4	*Of Amity between persons of different sexes*	535
5	*Of the entertainment of Amities*	539
6	*Of Sensual Love its Essence and Source*	543
7	*The effects of Sensual Love*	545
8	*Remedies of evil Love by precaution*	546
9	*Other Remedies which nearer hand oppose this Passion*	548
10	*Of Celestial Amities*	551
11	*Of the Nature of Divine Love. Its Essence, Qualities, Effects, and Degrees*	554
12	*The practice of Divine Love*	556
13	*A notable Example of Worldly Love changed into Divine Charity.*	558

The Second TREATISE. Of Hatred.

1	*Its Essence, Degrees, and Differences*	561
2	*That the consideration of the goodness of the heart of God, should dry up the root of the Hatred of a neighbour*	563
3	*That Jesus grounded all the greatest Mysteries of our Religion upon Union, to cure Hatred*	ibid.
4	*Of three notable sources of Hatred, and of politick remedies proper for its cure*	564
5	*Natural and Moral Remedies against this passion*	566
6	*Of the profit may be drawn from Hatred, and the course we must hold to be freed from the danger of being Hated*	567

The Third TREATISE. Of Desire.

1	*Whether we should desire any thing in the world; the Nature, the Diversitie and Description of Desire*	569
2	*The Disorders which spring from inordinate Desires, and namely from Curiosity and Inconstancy*	570
3	*The foure sources, out of which all ill rectified Desires proceed*	571
4	*That the tranquillity of Divine Essence, for which we are created, ought to rule the unquietness of our Desires*	572
5	*That we should desire by the imitation of Jesus Christ*	573
6	*The Condemnation of the evil Desires of the world, and the means how to divert them*	574

THE TABLE.

The Fourth TREATISE.

Of Aversion.

Section.	Page.
1 The Nature and Qualities thereof	574
2 The Swetnesses and Harmonies of the heart of God shew us the way how to cure our Aversions	575
3 The consideration of the indulgent favours of Jesus Christ towards humane nature is a powerful remedy against the humour of disdain	576
4 The conclusion against disdain	577

The Fifth TREATISE.

Of Delectation.

1 That Delectation is the scope of Nature. Its Essence, Objects, and differences	578
2 The baseness and giddiness of Sensual voluptuousness	579
3 The Sublimity, Beauty and Sweetness of heavenly delights	ibid.
4 The Paradise and Joyes of our Lord when he was on earth	580
5 Against the stupidity and cruelty of worldly pleasures	581
6 The Art of Joy, and the means how to live contented in this World	582

The Sixth TREATISE.

Of Sadness.

1 Its Description, Qualities, and the diversity of those who are turmoiled with this Passion	584
2 Humane Remedies of Sadness, and how that is to be cured, which proceedeth from Melancholy, and Pusillanimity	585
3 The remedie of Sadness, which proceeds from divers accidents of humane life	587
4 That the Contemplation of the Divine patience and tranquillity, serve for remedy for our temptations	589
5 That the great temper of our Saviour's soul in most horrible sufferings, is a powerful lenitive against our dolours	590
6 Advice to impatient soules	591

The Seventh TREATISE.

Of Hope.

1 The Description, Essence and appurtenances thereof	592
2 That one cannot live in the world without Hope, and what course is to be held for the well ordering of it	ibid.
3 That God not being capable of Hope, serveth as an Eternal Basis to all good Hopes	594

The Eighth TREATISE.

Of Despair.

1 Its Nature, Composition and effects	596
2 The causes of Despair, and the condition of those who are most subject to this Passion	597
3 Humane Remedies of Despair	598
4 Divine Remedies	599
5 The Examples which Jesus Christ gave us in the abyss of his sufferings, are most efficacious against pusillanimity	600
6 Encouragement to good Hopes	ibid.

The Ninth TREATISE.

Of Fear.

1 The Definition, the Description, the Causes and effects thereof	601
2 Of the vexations of Fear; Its differences and Remedies	602
3 Against the Fear of the accidents of humane life	603
4 That the Contemplation of the power, and the Bounty of God, ought to take away all our Fears	605
5 That the Example of a God-man ought to instruct and assure us, against affrightments of this life	ibid.

The

THE TABLE.

The Tenth TREATISE.

Of Boldneſs.

SECTION.	Page.
1 THe Picture and Eſſence of it	607
2 The diverſity of Boldneſs	608
3 Of laudable Boldneſs	ibid.
4 That true Boldneſs is inſpired by God, and that we muſt wholly depend on him to become Bold	610
5 That Jeſus hath given us many pledges of a ſublime confidence to ſtrengthen our Courage	612

The Eleventh TREATISE.

Of Shamefac'dneſs.

1 THe decency of Shamefac'dneſs. Its nature and definition	613
2 Divers kinds of Shamefac'dneſs	ibid.
3 The Excellency of Shamefac'dneſs, and the uglineſs of Impudency	615
4 Of Reverence due to God	ibid.
5 Of the Reverence which the Holy Humanity of our Lord, did bear to his Eternal Father	616

The Twelfth TREATISE.

Of Anger.

THe Origen of Anger, its Nature, Cauſes and Diverſities	618
2 Three principal kinds of Anger	619
3 The Contemplation of the ſerenity of the divine Spirit, is the miſtriſs of meekneſs	620
4 That the example of our Saviour doth teach us the moderation of Anger	ibid.
5 Politick Remedies to appeaſe ſuch as are Angry	621
6 Moral Remedies againſt the ſame paſſion	ibid.

The Thirteenth TREATISE.

Of Envie and Jealouſie

1 THe Picture thereof	623
2 The Definition of Envie, its ſeveral kinds, and firſt of Jealouſie	124
3 Two other branches of this ſtock, which are Indignation, and malicious Envie, with Calumny its Companion	626
4 Humane remedies of Envie	627
5 Divine remedies drawn from the benignity of God	628
6 The merciful eye of Jeſus, ſerveth for an antidote againſt all ſorts of Envie	625
7 A deteſtation of Envie	626

The Fourteenth TREATISE.

Of Mildneſs and Compaſsion.

1 THe great miſery of Man, makes Compaſſion neceſſary in the World	627
2 The Eſſence of Compaſſion, and how it findeth place in hearts moſt generous	ibid.
3 Moderate ſeverity is neceſſary in Government; but it ought to be free from Cruelty	631
4 The goodneſs of God beateth down the rigour of men	ibid.
5 The Mercies of the incarnate Word are able to ſoften the harſheſt hearts	632

HISTORICAL OBSERVATIONS

Upon the four Principal Paſsions, which are as Four Devils, diſturbers of the

HOLY COURT.

OBSERVAT.	Page.
1 THe diſaſters of ſuch as have yielded to the Paſſion of Love; and the glory of ſouls which have ſurmounted it	635
2 Obſervations upon the Paſſion of Deſire: wherein we may behold the miſery of Ambitions and turbulent ſpirits	641
3 Obſervations upon Anger and Revenge	646
4 Obſervations upon Envie, which draweth with it Jealouſie, Hatred and Sadneſs	650

A TABLE

Of the LIVES and ELOGIES of Illustrious Persons contained in the Fifth Tome.

Monarchs	653
David	663
Solomon	675
Justinian	682
Charlemaign	696
S. Lewis, King of France	701
Judith	705
Hester	711
Josuah	720
Judas Maccabeus	721
Godfrey	732
George Castriot	733
Boucicaut	735
Bayard	738
Joseph	742
Moses	751
Samuel	759
Daniel	765
Elijah	772
Elisha	779
Isaiah	784
Jeremiah	786
S. John Baptist	790
S. Paul and Seneca	794
Mary Stuart	811
Cardinal Pool	835
A Treatise of the Angel of Peace to all Christian Princes	841

THE

THE HOLY COURT.

FIRST BOOK.

Of Reasons, which should excite men of Quality to Christian Perfection.

That the COURT *and* DEVOTION *are not things incompatible.*

The FOUNDATION of this TREATISE.

THE wise *Hebrews* have observed a matter worthy of consideration for the direction of Great-ones, to wit, that between the bed of the Kings of *Judea*, and the Altar of God, there was but one single wall; and they add, that *David*, one of the most holy Monarchs, had reserved for himself a secret Postern, through which he passed from his chamber to the house of God, that is to say, the Tabernacle; which served as a Sanctuary for his afflictions, and an Arcenal for his battels. They say likewise, he left the key of this sacred Postern to his Posterity, a key a thousand times more pretious then Fortune, the golden Goddess of the *Romans*, giving to it the imitation of his virtue as an everlasting inheritance. *Achaz* was he, who, stopping up the gate of the Temple, shut against himself the gates of Gods mercy, and thereby opened the passage to his own confusion. This is to instruct Princes, and all Persons of quality, that as the element of Birds is the air, and water of Fishes, so the element of great spirits, if they will not betray their own nature, nor belie their profession, is piety.

The Glos upon *Isai.* chap. 38. observeth also, *Juxta parietem Templi Solomon extruxit palatium.*

A notable observation of the *Hebrews.*

Paral 2.28. *Clausit januas Templi.*

Yet notwithstanding it is a wonder, how the Court, where the most noble spirits should reside, hath in all Ages been cried down in matter of virtue. You will say, hearing those speak, who make many fair, and formal descriptions of the maners of Courtiers, That the Court is nothing else but a den of darkness, where the heavens, and stars are not seen, but through a little crevis: That it is a Mill, (as the Antients held it) always skreaking, with a perpetual clatter, where men, enchained as Beasts of labour, are condemned to turn the stones: That it is a prison of slaves, who are all tied in the golden Guives of specious servitude, yet in this glitter suffer themselves to be gnawn by the vermine of passion: That it is a list, where the Combatants are mad; their arms nothing but fury, their prize smoke, their carreer glassie Ice, and utmost bounds but precipices: That it is the house of *Circes*, where reasonable creatures are transformed into savage Beasts; where Buls gore, Lions roar, Dogs worry one another, Vipers hiss, and Basilisks carry death in their looks: That it is the house of winds, a perpetual tempest on the firm land, shipwrack without water, where vessels are split even in the haven of hope: Briefly, that it is a place where vice reigneth by nature, misery by necessity, and if virtue be found there, it is but by miracle.

An admirable definition of the Court, drawn out of divers antient Authours.

Such Discourses are often maintained with more fervour of eloquence, then colour of truth. For, to speak sincerely, the Court is a fair School of virtue, for those, who know how to use it wel. In great Seas great Fishes are to be found; and in ample fortunes, goodly, and heroick virtues. This Proposition, which putteth an incompatibility of devotion, and sanctity into the life of men of eminency, seemeth to me very exorbitant for three reasons. The first, for that it is injurious to God: the second prejudicial to humane society: and the third sheweth it to be false by the experience of all Ages. To prove these three verities is to ruin it in the foundations: the proofs whereof are easie enough, which we will begin to glance at, that hereafter we may deduce them more at length. For, as concerning the first, it cannot be denied to be a great injury to Almighty God, to strike at his heavenly, and paternal providence. This is to touch him in the apple of his eye, and in the thing, which he esteemeth most precious. Now, so it is, this Maxim, which establisheth an impossibility of devotion, the first wheel of virtue, in the life of Great-ones, imputeth a great defect unto the government of God. The divine providence is a skilfull posie-maker, who knoweth artifically how to mingle all sorts of flowers to make the Nosegay of the elect, called in holy Scripture *Fasciculus viventium.* It constituteth the different maners of lives, different qualities, and conditions. It leadeth men by divers ways to the same Port. It is that, which maketh Kings to reign, and giveth them officers as members of their State, and by this means frameth the Court of Great-ones: but if after it hath so made, and composed them as of the flower, and choice of men, it should abandon them in the tempest, without pole-star, without rudder, without Pilot, were not this with notable deformity to fail in one of the prime pieces of its workman-ship? Judge your self.

The Answer.

The Defence of the Court.

1 *Reg.* 25. 29.

For the second Reason, it is most evident, that to further this impossibility of devotion, in the course of Courtiers lives, is to cast them, through despair of all virtues (which cannot subsist without piety) into the liberty of all vices, which they will hold, not as extravagant sallies of frailty, but as the form of a necessary portion of their profession. And as the rank they hold maketh them transcend other men, who willingly tie themselves to the maners, and affections of those, on whom they see their fortunes depend; that would be, as it were by a necessary law,

to precipitate mankind into the gulf of corruption.

To conclude for the third Reason, this Proposition is manifestly contradicted by an infinite number of Examples, of so many Kings and Princes, of so many worthy Lords and Ladies, who living in the Ocean of the world, as the mother Pearls by the dew of heaven, have preserved, and do yet still preserve themselves for ever in admirable purity, and in such heroick virtues, that they cannot gain so much wonder on earth, but they shall find in heaven much more recompense. This is it, which I intend to produce in this Treatise of the *Holy Court*, after I have informed the mind with good and lively reasons, which, as I hope, by the grace of the Holy Spirit of God, shall make all persons of quality to behold they do infinite wrong to take the splendour of their condition for a veil of their impieties, and imperfections. Virtue is a marvellous work-woman, who can make *Mercury* of any wood; yea, should the difficulty be great, the victory would be more glorious: but all the easiness thereof is in their own hands, and the obligations they have to tend to perfection are no less important then those of Hermits, as I intend shall appear in the process of this Discourse.

The first MOTIVE.

Of the obligation, which secular men, and especially persons of quality have to perfection, grounded upon the name of Christian.

A Great abuse is crept into the minds of secular persons, who hold vice in predominance, and virtue under controle. It is in that they esteem Christian perfection as a Bird out of their reach, and a quality dis-proportionable to their estate. *As for my self* (saith one of these) *I have made provision of virtue according to my quality. I pretend not to be a* St. Francis, *nor to be rapt as a* St. Paul *to the third heaven. I find there is no life but with the living, and to hold Time by the fore-lock while I can. Let our pleasures take that scope, which nature presenteth to them: were we as wicked as* Judas, *if we have the faith of* St. Peter, *the mercy of God pardoneth all.* An impertinent discourse, as I will hereafter declare. On the other side, there are women, who chatter, and say: *I will not be a* St. Teresa, *it is not my intention to be canonized. I love better to see my Diamonds in my life glitter on my fingers, then to carry them after my death on my Statues. I better love a little perfume whilest I yet breath air, then all the* Arabian *odours after my death. I will have no extasies, nor raptures. It is enough for me to wallow in the world. I may as well go to Paradise by land as by water.* Such words are very impure in the mouth of a Christian, nay, so prejudicial to eternal salvation, that through the liberty of speaking too much they take away all hope of doing wel. For pursuing the tender effeminacy of that spirit, they take the measure of virtue very short, and dis-proportionable, their intentions being infirm, the works are likewise the more feeble, not squarely answering the model of knowledg; from whence proceedeth a general corruption. I affirm, not all Christians ought to embrace the perfection of S. *Francis*, & of S. *Teresa*. No, There are some, whom the Divine providence will direct by other aims. But I say that every Christian is obliged to level at perfection, and if he hath any other intention, he is in danger to lose himself eternally. A bold saying, but it is the sentence of S. *Augustine*: *You shall always be displeased with your self for that which you are, if you desire to attain to that which you are not: and if you chance to say, It is enough, you are undone.* And who are you that dare limit the gifts of God? and who are you that say, I wil have but such, or such a degree of graces, I satisfy my self with such a sanctity, I have proceeded far enough in a spiritual life; let us set up our staff here? What wickedness is this? Is not this to imitate that barbarous, and senseless King, who cast chains into the Sea, to tie the Ocean in fetters? God hath given us an heart of a larger latitude then the heavens, which he will repleniſh with himself, and you will straiten it like a Snail, to lodge him in narrow bounds, whom the whole world cannot comprehend. Judge, if this proceeding be not very unreasonable, and if you yet doubt, weigh two or three Reasons, which you shall find very forcible, and by them you will conclude with me, you have no less obligation to be perfect, then the most retired Hermit, that ever lived in the most horrid wilderness of *Egypt*.

The first Reason I propose to underprop this assertion is drawn from the nature and essence of perfection. At what mark think you should one aim to arrive to this scope? If I should say, Will you be perfect? bury your self alive in a Sack, put a Halter about your neck, go roast your self in the scorching beams of the Sun, go roul your self in Snow, and thorns; this would make you admire, your hair stand an end, and blood congeal in your veins: but if one tell you, God hath as it were engrafted perfection with his own hands upon the sweetest stock in the world, what cause have you of refusal? Now so it is, as I say, There is nothing so easie as to love; the whole nature of the world is poured, and dissolved into love: there is nothing so worthy to be beloved, as an object, which incloseth in the extent thereof all beauties and bounties imaginable; which are the strongest attractives of amity: yea, it forceth our affections with a sweet violence: to love is natural, not to love is monstrous.

Then here admire the charms of Divinity, which hath placed all the perfection of man, in the love of his Creatour, and Saviour, to love an infinite good which one cannot hate, and not become a Devil. St. *Peter Chrysologus* crieth out: *A more delicate warfare never was seen, then to conquer all by love.* Ask, I pray, of all Divines, if Charity be not the quintessence of perfection? Ask of Religious men where they pretend to place it? in sack-cloth, or hair-shirts? They will answer you, No. In the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience? No. These are most undoubted ways to perfection, but they are not properly perfection. In what then? In the love of God, which St. *Irenaus* expresseth by a most elate Epithete, *Eminentissimum charismatum*, the most eminent of all the gifts of God.

The Master of the Sentences, and some other Divines have placed Charity so high (in which we establish perfection) that they have presumed to say, it was the substance of the Holy Ghost, united, and as it were incorporated to man's soul; adding, that as light is called radical light in the Sun, light infused in bodies transparent, colour in bodies, which we call coloured: in like manner this Charity, as it is (say they) originally, and radically in God, is the Holy Ghost; as it is united to the substance of our soul, it is Grace; as it maketh sallies out upon our neighbour, it is Charity.

This Doctrine is very subtile, and really giveth a very high idea of the merit of Charity: but if we would wholly examine it according to the strict rigour of the Schools, and weigh it in St. *Thomas* his equal balance, we shall find Charity is not, to speak properly,

quod non es. *Si dixeris Sufficit, perüi Ibi.* A notable Speech of S. *Augustine.*

Xerxes.

Perfection engrafted upon love.

Chrysol. Serm. 94. *Tenera militia, delicati constitutus est amore solo de cunctis criminibus reportare victoriam.* The warfare of Christians delicate.

Iren. lib. 4. cap. 63. *Eminentissimum charismatum.* The excellencie of charity.

Notable opinion of some Divines.

Aug. Serm. 11. of the Apostle. *Semper tibi displiceat quod es, si vis pervenire ad id,*

properly, the Holy Ghost, but as it were the first ray of Divinity, which bringeth with it self all perfections. This beam, if you will, is as it were in your power; God every day presenteth it unto you, as freely as the Sun doth his light; it onely behoveth to will, it behoveth seriously once to resolve to love an object so amiable, and then behold your selves perfect. Notwithstanding if you lay your hand on the bottom of your conscience, you shall ever find it in its proper interests, in humane respects, in intentions and affections nothing sincere, in the love of creatures. This is to coyn false money in matter of love; this is to put God under the Altar, and the love of himself above, that it may have the better part of incense. What think you of this indignity? See you not the obligation of being perfect still remaineth, but the effect is ever pretermitted?

Imitation of Jesus Christ, a bridgement of Wisdome. *Matth. 5. Estote perfecti, sicut & Pater vester cœlestis perfectus est.* Greg. Nyssen. κεφάλαιον τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης σοφίας. In the book of the life of *Moses.* Humanity of Jesus. An excellent conceit of *Origen. Origen. 2.* περὶ ἀρχῶν. *Indeclinabiliter eosdem motus suscipiebat.* One same Jesus for the Nobles and plebeians.

For the second reason, I say, the perfection of man consisteth in the imitation of God. *Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect:* and very well S. *Gregory Nyssen* assureth us, that this imitation is an abridgment of all wisdom. Now who is able to mount by force of wing, and flie into the bosom of the eternal Father, thence to draw a pourtraict of his holinesses? Certainly no creature can aspire thereto. And what I pray, hath God, all goodness, all wisdome, done? He hath imprinted all his perfections upon our Saviour, the true figure of his substance, as if one should impress a golden seal upon virgin-wax; which made *Origen* say, his most sacred humanity was as the foot-step and shadow of the Divinity, and agreed with it as equal well-made dyals with the Sun; whereupon the spirit of God calleth all Christians, and saith to them, Imitate courageously, behold your Prototype, behold the model of your actions. He saith not, I have two Images of my substance, I have two Sons, I send them both upon the earth; one shall be for men of eminencie, the other for the multitude: Behold one delicately curious, crowned with roses for the Nobility: behold another crowned with thorns for the vulgar. It is meer dotage to imagine it. And see you not, it is like sottishness, since all Christians bear the same name, the same livery, participate of the same God, the same Sacraments, and pretend to the same Paradise, to think perfection is not appointed but for a silly handful of men, separated from secular life, and that others are excluded? Miserable creatures, who to sooth their own remisness plant their own condemnation upon their foreheads!

Briefly to conclude, the title and dignity of a Christian draweth with it great and just obligations, which you cannot countervail but with an exact endeavour of perfection. Do you think one requireth too much of you, who have been nourished and trained up in the Church of God, if you be demanded (at the least) to shew resolution and courage to resist a sin, as some Heathens have done in their infidelity? And to produce in gross three examples, upon the three most ordinary temptations, behold, with S. *Austine*, *Polemon*, who telleth you: *I was an infidel, a young man deprived of the knowledg of the true God, resigned over to all sort of intemperance: wine, love, play, rashness were the Chariot, which drew my youth to downfal. I was no sooner entered into the schole of a Heathen Philosopher, as my self, but behold, I was wholly changed.* And thou, O Christian, dost thou think it will be lawfull for thee amongst so many important and forcible instructions, so many enlightenings, so many inspirations, to play the smith's old dog, and lie sleeping under the anvile? This man here, upon the onely word of a man, layeth down his flowery crowns, which he bare on his head, his drunkenness, his unthrifty riots, and where is there a worldly woman at this day, who at the end of a Sermon, enkindled with zeal, dissolveth one piece of her gaudy dressings?

S. *Augustine* Epist. 130. saith of this, *Non humano operi tribuerim, sed divino.* *Polemon* praised by S. *Augustine.*

Behold on the other side *Spurina*, who saith in S. *Ambrose*: I was a Gentile, bred in the corruption of an age, where virtue was in declination, and vice on the top of the wheel, I was endowed with an exquisite beauty, which by right of natural force gave me the key of hearts: and I seeing it was too much affected, and courted by wanton eyes, and served for a stumbling-block to chastity, I purposely made scars in my face, extinguishing with my bloud the flames of them that sought me. For I loved better to seal my innocency, as with the seal of voluntary deformity, then to possess a beauty, that served onely as a bait for anothers lust. O thou Christian woman, who dost paint thy self with an ill intention, seeking to gain that by imposture, which thou canst not attain by truth, and not satisfying thy self with adulterating thy beauty, spares not to discover among company a scandalous nakedness, to shew in thy breasts the impudence of thy forehead! Consider a little what thou wilt answer to this Panym with all thy curiosity, when her blood, her wounds, scars, her beauty disfigured, which served as a sacrifice to her chastity, shall accuse thee before the inevitable tribunal.

Spurina.

S. *Ambrose* in the exhortation to virginity. *Deformitatem sanctitatis meæ fidem, quam formam irritamentum aliena libidinis esse malui.*

Behold likewise, *Lycurgus* is elected King of the *Lacedemonians*, if so his dead brother should leave no heir in his wives body. The perfidious and unnatural Queen sendeth this message to the King new chosen: SIR, *I am with childe, and, according to the laws of the country, it may fall out, the fruit of my body may snatch the Scepter out of your hands. I see the kingdom is a dainty morsel, hard for them to disgorge, who once have swallowed it. If you will be wise in your own affair, I know a means by a potion, to put your crown in safety, and by anticipation, taking away the life of this little creature, settle your throne for ever. Onely be mindeful of me your faithful hand-maid, who with loss of my own bloud tender this grateful office.* Hereupon *Lycurgus*, detesting in his heart the treachery of this ravenous she-wolf, dissembleth, and answereth: MADAM, *Let the infant come into the world; be it male, or female, it importeth not: we always shall find means enough, whensoever we shall think good, to dispatch it.* As soon as the childe was born, which proved a boy, he took it in his arms, he assembled the Magistrates and people, and covering the little Creature with his royal *Robe*, saith: *Sirs, long live justice, and loyalty. Behold your King, I am but his vassal.* O Christian, what sayest thou to this Pagan, that would not purchase a Kingdom by the single sin of another? Yet many times a little interest makes thee neglect all that which is divine in Faith, Justice, and Religion. It is not required of thee thou shouldest be a S. *Antony*, a *Macarius*, an Angel of the desert. It is demanded of thee, that for God's honour thou shew some small resistance of sin, which these infidels have done for a shadow of virtue, and it shall suffice. Dost thou not behold, that thou art enforced not onely for good fashion, but for necessity to this Christian perfection, which thou imaginest to be far separated from thy condition?

Greatness of *Lycurgus.*

Conclude (O ye Noble men) out of this discourse, that the obligation, which you have to be perfect, is most evident, since you have JESUS CHIRST for a sharer, the charges easie; it consisting not but in loving a goodness, which one cannot hate, and which never any one can love, if he offer not the homage of his proper interest to his divine Majesty. Behold all perfection.

The second REASON.

Drawn from Nobility.

HAving in general declared the obligation all Christians have to become perfect, let us in particular behold the reasons which invite Nobility to perfection. I doubt not if you maturely ponder those which I have to propose, you shall find them no less obliged to the solid eminency of all Christian virtues, than Hermits themselves, and this by the right of their condition: so as that which seemeth to enlarge their scope to a life of greater liberty, rather serveth as a bound of their dutie, and a bridle for their dissolutions. Let us take the first reason, which is their Nobility. It is an argument that cannot proceed but from a low judgment, or a spirit soothed with its own effeminacie, to say *he is Noble, he is a Courtier, he is a States-man; his quality tyeth him not to perfection, his virtue must be measured by the ell of the world; if he were over virtuous, the exceess of his sanctitie would be prejudicial to his fortune.* What an extravagant humour is it to fix ignominie upon the front of Nobility in the first beginning? He is Noble, he therefore should be the less devout, and less virtuous. Change the Gamuth, and say: He is Noble; he hath therefore the more obligation to be perfect. Nobility hath put the yoak of a happie necessity upon him, which he cannot shake off without much cowardize. And to make you thereby behold that Nobility is a bond of Christian virtue in all eminencie, no man will deny but that by how much the more God giveth powerful, and effectual means to man to arrive at a good end, so much more obligation he hath to carry himself with fervency of affection; and in case of failing, his neglect is made the more faulty. The Servant to whom the Master hath given five talents to negotiate with, ought much more to profit and bring gain home, than he that received but one single talent. Who can deny this, if he will not belie the light of nature? Now so it is. Great men have many more talents of God, for the traffick of virtues, than others have; and behold the first of all, which is the happiness of their birth. An Oratour making a solemn Oration in the praise of *Constantine the Great*, in the Citie of *Trier*, let fall these words: *The first and greatest gift of heaven, was to be born happy, and as soon to be in the lists of felicitie, as of nature.* The Scripture it self recommendeth Nobility in the persons of the three valiant Children, held in the Captivity of *Babylon*; in that of *Eliazar*, and others. It is a wonder how S. *Hierome* in the Epitaph of S. *Paula*, hath not omitted that she was descended from *Agamemnon*. Which would never have been mentioned, were it not that Nobility is valued amongst the temporal goods, which are distributed to us by the providence of Almighty God. Now that Nobility is a good instrument to conduct to perfection, appeareth by an irrefragable reason, which I intend to express. I will not say what might be proposed, and fortified by experience, that the bodies of Noble and Gentlemen are ordinarily better composed, and as it were more delicately moulded by the artfull hands of nature; that they have their senses more subtile, their spirits more agile, their members better proportioned, their garb more gentile, and grace more accomplished: and that all these prepare a fair shop for the soul, to exercise her functions with greater liberty. Let us rather say with *Petrarch*: *If Nobility were not tied but to flesh and blood, it were a small matter; since it is very difficult to distinguish between the blood of Cæsars and Porters.* Nor yet will I touch what might pertinently be disputed, that the souls of men extracted from the treasures of Heaven, though they be all cast in one mould, and be of the same kind; may notwithstanding be created by God with qualities very different, as we behold in the flowers of a beautiful meadow, which are of the same name and nature, a very great disproportion in figure, colour, and other accidents: semblably between the stars and precious stones, which are of the same substance, one will have a lustre more sparkling, another more dull and blunted. This maketh us probably believe, that the souls of men, when they are infused into bodies, although they be essentially marked with the same stamp, may have some accidental perfections one above another; and that this great diversitie which we observe therein, making one man appear of gold, another of lead, doth not onely depend on the varieties of Organs. *Mercury Trismegistus* was of this opinion, when under the bark of a fable, he represented souls unto us which before they entered into the bodie, drank in the cup of spirit, not all of them, but those which happily encountred that fortunate success. For he feigneth, according to the inventions of his brain, that God sendeth a messenger upon the earth, to wit, one of his Angels, who placeth a large cup as big as (it is to be supposed) that of *Semiramis* was, which as *Ælian* reporteth, weighed a thousand and four-score pound: and this cup is full of a celestial liquor, of power to make men subtile and spiritual: the messenger maketh his proclamation, and saith to every soul: *Up soul, drench thy self deeply, and drink with all thy force in this cup of spirit.* Thereupon they drink, some more, some less, which maketh a great diversity of understandings. Some wholly abstain, who when they have entered into the body, have no other share but the gifts of reason, which necessarily is a prerogative of their nature: but as for spirit they are deprived, as being absolutely stupid, and extreamly shallow. It is a wonder how these ancient Sages have pleased themselves in these fabulous discourses. Needeth there so much outward cover to give us this maxime, that all souls have not one and the same relation to accidental qualities, though, as *Aristotle* teacheth us, they are in their own essence, as unchangeable as numbers in Arithmetick?

This diversity of spirits presupposed, one may say, that great and noble men are more privileged from the time of their birth, and that with some probability. So *Philo* hath given to Kings and Potentates, a double understanding, the one for the rule of themselves, and the other for the government of their estates. But not to sooth the Nobility with feeble and superficial reasons, it behoveth they know, that although one should admit this accidental diversity in the Oeconomie of humane spirits, yet would the consequence not necessarily ensue, that they always thereby should be the better provided. God maketh no difference of persons in this distribution. There are spirits that have come into the world from among the cobwebs of a nasty cottage, who have filled Ages with admiration of their greatness. Others have been clothed in golden glitter and purple, who have been miserably stupid and dull: and although fortune doth still hold to the oar, who deserve to be at the stern; yea, and some be at the stern who merit to be at the oar, yet the providence of God doth mannage it as best pleaseth himself for certain ends, which our foresight cannot penetrate with the best light. What infallible motive shall we then derive, to establish the obligation which tieth the

alter altero clarior inventus sit non id nobilitas efficit sed sanitas. Petrarch. *l.* 1. *de remediis dialog.* 16.

The souls of men different in qualities.

Mercur. Trismeg. in Cratere sive Monade.

Cup of spirit.

Βάπτισον σεαυτὸν ὅλῃ σῇ δυνάμει, εἰς τοῦτον κρατῆρα.

Nobility first gift of God.

Mihi Deorum immortalium munus, & primum videtur & maximum, in lucem statim felicem venire. Panegyr. Constant.

Double understanding.

Mens ista aurea quam de communi Dei plus-quam unus hausisti. Auson *in panegyri Gratian.*

Nobility not tied to blood.

Omnis propemodum sanguis est concolor, si ambi sorte

the Nobility to virtue above others, since we rather seek weight of reason than colour? Behold one which cannot well be denied by a well rectified judgment. It is, that as God hath given to women, I know not what instinct of shamefac'dness, which enforceth them as it were with a sweet violence, to the defence of their honour; and this in them is so powerfull a touch from Heaven, that they cannot discharge themselves thereof; rather they feel it in every part, unless they be wretchedly insensible. *Pliny* affirmeth the same, who saith, their bodies after death, float in such posture upon the waters, that they hide the nakedness from humane eyes, whereof nature, during life, hath been so carefull. Even as God hath ingrafted the love of modestie upon this sex, so likewise he hath affixed a spur of honour upon the spirit of Noble-men. This is the pourtraict of *Phidias* which cannot be taken away without breaking the *Minerva*. This is the character wherewith God will imprint virtue in them. They are all naturally sensible in the points of honesty, or else degenerate from their Nobilty.

Shamefacedness of women.

Plin. lib. 7.

Trona flustant pudori earum parcente natura.

Where is the motive of virtue in the Nobility.

Behold, I pray you, the force and power of this spur which God hath used for the good of Nobility. They would flie if it were possible to Heaven, and penetrate the depths, to avoid the least stain of dishonour. What flames actually would not they go through, to what breaches, assaults, musket-shots, to what images of death, which make nature to tremble with cold fear, do not they expose themselves, to conserve or acquire reputation? The spirit of lies, seeing they cannot be altered in this spur of the inseparable honour of their condition, what doth he? Not being able to wrest it from them, he rebateth the point; nay rather he rebateth the brain, and makes them place the point of honour in infamy, knowing very well that this is an effectual means to ruin them without discovery. A wonder! They rather will become Apostates from Christianity, than from the spur of honour. They meet in the field, cut one anothers throat, and empty their quarrels through the channels of their blood, for that they think the thing is honourable. Judg now, and conclude what I am to say: if they would suffer this spur to pursue that course which God hath begun in their souls, perswading themselves what is most undoubted, that the most ignoble act which a Gentleman can do, is to serve sin, would not they quickly become perfect? Would not they be invincible against all vices, and ever in possession of virtue? This argument is very strong, and will admit no evasion. Noble spirit, thou naturally lovest honour more than thy life, and therein thou dost well: Thou art a Christian, if thou wilt not renounce thy baptism and the blood of thy Saviour; Christianity teacheth thee that the highest and most solid honour thou canst ever pretend unto, is to put vice under foot, and virtue over thy head; why stayest thou to make resolution?

Against such as betray their Nobility.

Unworthy that thou art, if thou goest about to tye Nobility to flesh and blood, or to some old rotten ruins, to some Monuments, which cover a nothing under the golden traces of an Epitaph. Ridiculous that thou art, if with full mouth thou vantest a paper-Nobility, yea, which is not thine: as if a blind man should boast his Grand-Father had had good eyes, and a stammerer that his great Grand-Father had been an excellent Oratour. Miserable that thou art, if after thy Ancestours have planted the *French* Lilies amongst the Palms of *Palestine*, sincerely led thereto with the zeal they bare to their faith, thou betrayest religion, virtue, and conscience, by a brutish life drenched in wild passions, and framest to thy self under a head of gold, a foot of clay. God who breatheth on the intentions of men, reproveth such a Nobility: and though these mongrels should make themselves as white as Swans, God esteemeth them as black as *Moors*. All Nobility before this great Judg, is nothing in comparison of justice and perfection. Yea so it is, that in Holy Writ the Nobility of *Noe* is valued, *Ha sunt generationes* Noe. Noe *vir justus erat atque perfectus.* Behold a marvellous manner (saith Saint *John Chrysostom*) to delineate a Genealogie. The Scripture beginneth and saith, Behold the Genealogie of *Noe*. It seemeth to make way through all the Patriarchs from whom *Noe* was descended. It seemeth to make a rehersal to us of all their titles and signories, of their acts and atchievements: and presently endeth in saying, Will you know the Geneology of *Noe*? he was a just man, and a perfect. Behold all his Nobility. On which subject S. *Ambrose* hath an excellent saying: *Nebility hath no better a character then that of Sanctity: the race of men, are men, but the race of Souls are virtuous.*

Amos 9. *Nunquid ut filii Æthiopum vos estis mihi Israel?*

Nobility of *Noe*, wherein Gen. 6. *Chrysf.* in Genes.

S. *Ambr.* li. de *Noe* & arca.

Virtues the race of souls. *Probati viri genus, virtutum prosapia est: sicut hominum genus homines ita animarum genus virtutes.*

Noblemen, if you desire to be esteemed worthy your rank, do not as the little Sea-crabs, who by chance finding the shels of great fishes emptie; enter into them without saying, by your leave, and make boasts of a borrowed habitation. Cover not the giddie fantasies and illusions of a spirit, drunk with self-love, under a vain veil of Nobility. Rather do as *Boleslaus* the fourth, King of *Poland*, who bearing the picture of his father, hanged about his neck in a plate of gold, when he was to speak or do any thing of importance, he took this picture, and kissing it, said: Dear father, I wish I may not do any thing remisly, unworthy of thy name. Rather do as that brave *Eleazar*, mentioned in the Book of *Maccabees*, who being assaulted with all sort of batteries, blandishments, menaces, and torments, to make him counterfeit but one sole sin against his own law, he fixed his eyes upon the true point of honour, upon the consideration of his Nobility. *Out alas* (said he to himself alone) *the whiteness of that venerable hair, with which thy head is covered, after it hath grown hoarie in the exercise of thy religion, hath it not yet taught thee where the point of honour lies? It is not enough for* Eleazar, *not to counterfeit impiety, but to profess virtue; even at the price of his blood. Now God grant I may not serve as a stumbling-block to the youth of this City, since God will make this day a Theatre of my constancie. I will not belie the law of my Master, I will not dishonour the Schole in which I was bread and brought up. My soul shall flie out of this body, wholy innocent, discharged of infidelity, into the bosom of my Ancestours, and the honour of my life shall be conveyed into the ashes of my Tomb.* These words mixed with his blood, stopped his mouth and life with one and the same seal.

Notable Act of *Boleslaus. Cromer.* lib. 5.

Nobility of *Eleazar.*

Excellent speech of a noble man. 2. *Maccab.* 6. *Capit cogitare ingenuita nobilitatis canitiem, atque à puero optima conversationis actus.*

Behold you not a Nobility worthy the sight of Angels, the imitation of great spirits, and the admiration of the whole World?

The third REASON.

Drawn from the greatness and dignity of Gentlemen.

SAint *Augustine* hath spoken very prudently, discoursing upon the presence of God, to wit, that of necessity it behoveth us to be virtuous, since we are perpetually discovered by the eyes of the great Judg, before whom neither the bottomless abyss, nor

Aug. Sol. 14. *Nobis magna indita est necessitas juste rectèque vivendi quia cuncta facinus ante oculos judicis cuncta cernentis.*

nor hell it ſelf hath darkneſs enough to hide us. If this exerciſe of the preſence of God were as familiar to us as it is effectual, it would be a powerful motive to cleanſe all the impurities of our intentions, and affections, and quickly would give us leave to arrive at the top of perfection. A wiſe *Hebrew* ſaid very well, to extirpate ſin from the earth, it behoveth every one to figure himſelf a great eye, always wakeful upon our actions, an ear always open to obſerve our words, an hand indefatigably ever writing and ſumming up the accompt of our works. But ſeeing our ſoul, while it is in this mortal habitation, folded up in fleſh and bloud, ſtirs it ſelf but lazily to the conſideration of things purely ſpiritual, expecting the ſenſes, by which ſhe operateth, ſhould give her the alarm; God, all-wiſe, all good, ſerveth himſelf with an efficacious means to fix us in the contemplation of his preſence, which is the conſideration of men in themſelves, the moſt perfect images of God, that can be found in this great univerſe. By how much the more we are encompaſſed, and as it were ſhot through with the eyes of beholders, who view, ſerving as witneſſes of our actions; ſo much the more doth our obligation of perfection increaſe. The greater part of ſins are committed for want of witneſſes, ſaith very pertinently a grave ancient Writer. If *Venus* ſhould make a veil of clouds to cover all her favourites, (as Fables imagined) the earth would ſoon be filled with adulterers, and quickly become a *Gomorrah.* Nothing diſmantleth vice ſo much as its own nakedneſs; take the mask from it, and you bereave it of the means of progreſſion.

Wiſe Counſel. Ribbi in Apoptheg. Hebræ.

Maxima pars peccatorum tollitur ſi peccatorum teſtis aſſidat.

Sins committed for want of witneſſes. *Seneca.*

It is from this point I intend to draw the firſt reaſon, which bindeth the Nobility to great perfection, eſpecially thoſe, who are of ſtate and dignity, ſeeing that how much the more they are eminent in honour, ſo much the more they are propoſed as an aim to the eyes of all the world. If a little planet happen to be eclipſed, who can tell the news thereof, but ſome cold-foundred Mathematician, who perchance beholdeth it in the ſhadie obſcurities of the night? But if the leaſt change happen that may be to the Sun, every one lifteth his eye to Heaven; he cannot make a falſe ſtep, but the numberleſs numbers of men, which inhabit the four quarters of the earth, do obſerve it. The like thing is ſeen in the life of Great men, and private perſons. If an Hermit in his Cell ſuffer himſelf to be tranſported upon ſome motion of choler, who knoweth it but his cat, or table? And if it be a religious man in a Covent, his imperfections are manifeſted but to few, which would be of force to cheriſh their vices, if they did not take their aims rightly levelled towards God. But as for great ones, all the eyes of men are fixed upon them, nor can they ſuffer eclipſe but as ſuns; ſo darkning the whole world with their ſhadie obſcurities, that they, who in their own errour have eyes of moles, are *Arguſes* and *Lynxes* to ſee and cenſure the actions of men of quality. Great men vitious, reſemble King *Ozias*; they all carry their leproſie upon their forehead. Then I demand of you, this admitted, that they cannot hide themſelves no more then the Sun, and that they all have honour in ſpecial recommendation, fearing the leaſt blemiſhes of fame; do you not behold them between the deſire of honor, and fear of contempt, as between the hammer and the anvile, enforced, as it were with a happy neceſſity to do well, ſince to do ill is ſo chargeable?

Life of Great men enlightned?

You will ſay unto me this intention were impure, to carrie ones ſelf in praiſe-worthy actions by the paths of humane reſpects; to which I agree, but withall add, it may eaſily be purged and freed, if yon prefigure in yaur mind, that ſo many men as watch upon our actions are ſo many meſſengers of God, if you conſider them not as men, but as Angels of this Sovereign Majeſty, who are aſſigned for the inquiſition of your actions. This contemplation well imprinted in your ſpirit ſhall by little and little proceed, rarifying the moſt groſs thoughts, as the Sun-beams do the vapours of the earth, and you ſhall change this neceſſity you have to do well, by the honeſt enforcement of thoſe, who enlighten you, into a will ſo free and diſ-intereſſed, that you will ever after put on a reſolution to remain in the liſts of virtue, although all the world ſhould be blind. You will reſemble the Sun, who placed in Heaven by the Creatour's hand, if happily he one day ſhould chance to have no ſpectatours of his light, would ſhine as radiant for the eyes of a *Piſmire*, or ſilly *Bee* as for the greateſt King in the world. S. *Auguſtine* maketh mention of an old Comedian, who in his younger days, after he had a long time played in the Comedies, which thoſe blind Idolaters had inſtituted to the honour of their gods, with the general applauſe of the people, the glory thereof did ſo intoxicate him, that playing for the gods he acted all as for men: when he grew old, and not ſo followed by his ordinary troup of Auditours, he went to the Capitol, and made much ado to play his Comedies alone before the ſtatues of his falſe gods: doing all (ſaid he) then for the gods, and nothing for men. If this poor *Pagan* had not failed in the principles of true Religion, he had hit the mark. It is true, men many times ſerve to poliſh our actions; their preſence is to us a ſharp ſpur, which makes the ſpirit to leap, and bound beyond it ſelf. The like whereof is ſeen in Oratours, and Preachers, to whom their Auditorie ſometime ſerves as pipes to Organs. Such penetrate the clouds, born upon the wings of the wind, who otherwiſe had low flagged in the duſt, void of the eſtimation of men. It would be a miſerable vanity to have no other aim, then always to play for men, and never for God. It is fit that all theſe creatures ſhould ſerve us for ladders, to mount up to Heaven. And this it is, wherein men of ſtate, who are in eminent place, have much advantage; they are in a great Theatre, which is to them a powerful ſpur to do well; yea ſo forcible, that it was a wonder admired by the judicious *Caſſius Longinus*, to hear it ſaid, that a *Grecian* Captain, ſeeing himſelf in a dangerous encounter, involved in night and death, deſired not of God the ſafeguard of his life, but onely ſo much day as might ſuffice to ſee himſelf die valiantly.

Aug. de Civit Dei. l. 6. c. 10. *Doctus Archimimus, ſenex jam decrepitus, quotidie in Capitolio Mimum agebat, quaſi libenter Dii ſpectarent, quem homines deſirant.*

An obſervation of S. *Auguſtine* upon a Comedian.

Longin.

Behold the force of this motive, to give up a life, the moſt pretious thing in the whole world, to enjoy one glimmer of a day-light, which could ſerve to no other purpoſe, but to enlighten his death. Then, Noble-men, who are ſeated in dignity, I leave it to you to conclude, if you, perpetually being in the mid-day, and in the rays of ſo many as behold you, who illuſtrate your life, and make your death lightſom, have cauſe, or not, to ſlacken, or grow remiſs in the courſe of perfection.

For the ſecond reaſon I ſay, the foyl ſetteth off the ſparkling of the diamond, and greatneſs the luſtre of virtue. How doth a man know what he is, if he ſee not himſelf in the occaſions of good and ill? The triumph of virtue, as *Plato* ſaid very well, is to have ſin in power, and virtue in will. To be able to ſin, to be thereunto ſollicited by attractive pleaſure, and yet not to commit it, this is all which a good man can do. A ſolitary life is not alwaies laudable, if it be not guided by divine and ſuper-natural helps, as that

Erit illi gloria aterna, qui potuit tranſgredi, & non eſt tranſgreſſus. Eccl. 31.

of

of Saints. For what honour is it for a retired man to have this Epitaph of *Vacia* inſcribed upon him: *Here lieth he, who fled from the world, and the affairs thereof, confined to himſelf by the miſery of his paſſions; who could not endure any man to be more happy then himſelf: who hid himſelf for fear; who in preſent liveth not, either for another, or for himſelf, but for his belly, ſleep, and pleaſure.* Behold a poor praiſe, and which well ſheweth, virtue doth not always conſiſt in the flight from greatneſs, but in the conqueſt over paſſions, which is by ſo much the more glorious, by how much the adverſaries are more invincible. *Theophylact* ſaid, that Gold is like the River *Rhene*, for one cauſe; which is, that anciently thoſe warlike Nations, inhabitants of *Germany*, uſed it to prove their children in, as we uſe to trie Gold with a touch-ſtone. As ſoon as theſe little creatures were born, they carried them to the *Rhene*, and plunged them in that River, and then knew by certain ſigns given by the child, either in wreſtling with the waves, or in ſhewing much terrour, and affrightment, whether he would be couragious, or cowardous. He, that bare himſelf bravely in this merciles element, was their true Son. Men are not tried in *Rhene*, ſaid this learned Authour, to ſee whether they be men, but in *Pactolus*, in a River of Gold: place them in honours, reputation, in affluence of riches, this will procure you a never-erring judgement of their virtue. What knoweth one how he, who is born, and bred all his life-time amongſt cobwebs, would uſe cloth of gold, if he had it? What knoweth one how humble a man may be, who is as ſoon found in miſery as in nature, by the courſe of his lineal extraction? Who knoweth how abſtinent one would be in the full delicacies of a great Feaſt, who hath never ſeen upon his table but Cabages, and Turneps? Who knoweth how temperate another would be in commanding over men, who never hath exerciſed his power, but over Dogs, and Calves? It ſeemeth all virtues either are no virtues, or are ſtifled in a low condition, if we ſpeak morally. But to ſee a man poor in ſpirit in abundant plenty of riches; humble in large trains of attendants, which he daily beholds proſtrated at his feet; temperate in a thouſand occaſions of acceſſes, which hourly are preſented to him; moderate in a fortune ever upon increaſe; peacefull in the clattering clamors of affairs; uniform, and equal in the viciſſitude of humane accidents; a man, who can do all he would, and will do nothing but what is reaſonable; a man that ſuffereth not his appetites to flie like little Butter flies, fluttering amidſt the concupiſcence of creatures, but limits them in the liſts of modeſty, and not touching the earth, but with the ſoles of his feet, fixeth the better part of himſelf in Heaven; this is to behold a perpetual miracle.

We muſt then neceſſarily aver, if we will not belie our judgment, and reaſon, that in the greateſt occaſions of ill is ſhewed the greateſt reflection of good. Great felicities are ſo tickliſh, that it is more eaſie to live on the dung-hil of *Job* with patience, then in the manage of great Kingdoms with moderation. Saint *Bernard* ſaid to Pope *Eugenius*, *He is truly great, on whom fortune hath ſmiled, and not deceived him.* It is a heavie burthen to bear a great fortune. This is daily ſeen in the ſpirits of this Age: there needeth but a little ſparkle of felicity to dazle their eys, to puff up their skin, to drench them in pride, in ingratitude, in tyranny, in a deluge of diſſolutions. One ſole hour, which a favourite may have in the proſperity of the Court, will make him forget a friendſhip of thirty years ſtanding; a moſt evident mark of a weak ſpirit. On the contrary, to paſs from a poor garden into a King's Palace, as *Abdolonym* did, and handle the Scepter with the ſame humility of heart, without prejudice of Authority, that one would do a Spade, is a virtue, which rarely hath an example upon earth, but is admired in Heaven it ſelf. It is a virtue, which cometh to men from the treaſures of God, not from their pedegree. It is the faireſt object, which the Sun, drawing aſide the curtain of the night, diſcovereth upon earth. And I doubt not, but the divine providence hath purpoſely held ſome religious Monarchs in the world, as our St. *Lewis*, for example, to declare how high Chriſtian perfection may aſcend, which is to plant humility upon the Diamonds of regal Crowns; to lead in Court an Hermitical life; to command greatneſs, and humility, which ſeldom are of alliance, mutually to embrace as ſiſters.

Add for the third Reaſon, which is received by the common conſent of all men living in the world, that tribulation ſerves as a furnace for virtue: the more ſtout, and maſculine it is, the more it glitters in affliction. What knoweth a man, that hath always been bred in a lazie languiſhing life, as the trees of *Sodom* in the dead Sea, with what meaſure perfection is meaſured? Proſperities are like a veil tiſſued with Gold by the fingers of Fortune, to cover the ulcers of Vice: and Adverſity is the Theatre of generous ſpirits, who feed themſelves with afflictions, as the Sun with ſalt water. What a glorious ſpectacle is it to behold, ſaith S. *Cyprian*, an invincible courage, counter-buffed with ſtorms and tempeſts, on whom it ſeemeth Heaven will burſt, and fall in pieces, to behold him, I ſay, amongſt the threats of the air, ruins of the world, always ſtanding upright, as a great brazen *Coloſſus*, ſcorning theſe as miſts, and ſmall flakes of Snow.

What a brave word is it, to hear a man ſay in a world of contrarieties, which oppoſe him, *God be praiſed, who hath deemed us worthy to ſerve as a trial of humane nature, to ſe to how high a pitch Patience could mount?* What a Majeſty it is to be able to bear this fair enſign, wherewith our *Lewis* the Twelfth with a generous affection was much pleaſed, which was a celeſtial cup, advanced in rays of Gold, amongſt eclipſes, with this Motto, *Inter eclipſes exorior.* And ſurely Virtue never ſhineth ſo much, as when ſhe is in eclipſe; which it ſeems the Holy Ghoſt would myſteriouſly ſignifie in theſe words of *Job*: *Thou brave ſpirit, who ſtruggleſt againſt tempeſts, thou ſhalt find thy noon in the evening, and when thou ſhalt eſteem thy ſelf annihilated, thou then ſhalt elevate thy ſelf as the morning-ſtar.* It is a wonder, that in this paſſage he uſeth an *Hebrew* word for two purpoſes ſignifying two contraries, to wit, *to ſhine*, and *to be darkened.* It is to ſhew us, that obſcurity, which cometh from adverſitie, is a true and perfect light.

It then being admitted, which all mouths do preach, and pens do write, that adverſities are neceſſary to make up a great virtue; we will thereon conclude, that perfection will be more ſutably accommodated to the lives of Great men, then any other, though never ſo good, ſince they are thoſe, who daily are expoſed to the greateſt hazards. The croſſes of religious, and private men, are but meer paper in compariſon of thoſe, which happen to the Great men of the world. The learned *Syneſius* ſaith, they are illuſtrious on every ſide; one while they mount as high Heaven, another while they deſcend even to the abyſs; their change is never in the mean, and their fortune is pointed out in extremities: this manifeſtly declareth, that as their fortune hath no bounds, ſo they ſhould not limit their virtues. O

men

Epitaph of *Vacia.* *Qui res & homines fugit, quem cupiditatum ſuarum infelicitas relegavit, alios feliciores videre non potuit: qui velut timidum, atque iners animal metu oblituit: ille ſibi non vivit, nec aliis, ſed, quod eſt turpiſſimum, venſri, ſomno, libidini.* *Senec.* Ep. 55.

Theophylact. in Collectan. Græc. Epiſt.

An excellent paſſage of *Theophylact.* Χρυσὸς τοῦτο ἀρετῆς καὶ πτώσεως ἄλογος.

Great virtue of Great men

Aug. tract. 13. de verbo Domini. *Magna virtus eſt cum felicitate latari, magna felicitas a felicitate non vinci.*

Bernard. ad Eugen. l. 2. *Magnus cui præſens felicitas ſi arriſit, non iriſit.*

Abdolonym.

Proſperity.

Cyprian. de Mortal.

Quanta ſublimitas inter ruinas generis humani ſtare erectum. Sen. de Provid.

Digni viſi ſumus Deo, in quibus experiretur quantum humana natura poteſſ pati. Typotius in Symbol.

Quaſi meridianus fulgur conſurgit tibi ad veſperam, & cum te conſumptum putaveris orieris ut lucifer. Job 11. 17.

ש A worthy letter in *Job.*

Syneſius De regno ad Arcadium. Θαῤῥῶ μερὶ τῶν δυσκλείας.

men of honour it is a brave thing to see you courageous in disasters; as Eagles, who flie confronting that part of heaven, where raging tempests most reign; not unlike Dolphins, who leap and bound with full carreer in the tumultuous waves; or as vast Rocks, who erect their crests against the clouds, and mock at the foamy waves, billow-beating their feet. This is truly the element of virtue, resembling the pretious stone, called *Ceraunia* by the *Grecians*, as one would say *The Thunderer*, for it is bred among thunders, and is found in places, where heaven, all swoln with anger, hath cleft the master-pieces of the world's great magazin. So after the black vapors of obloquie, after the misty clouds, which have dis-coloured our reputation, after envy, rage, after brutish furies, after oppressions of innocency, after the death of kindred, after faithlesness of friends, after disgrace, after thunders shot from the *Capitol*; when you behold a heart firmly fixed in a fair situation, which enfoldeth it self within it self, and sucketh in the tastefull sweetnesses of a good conscience, then behold a thunder-stone, which gladdeth Angels, and dazeleth eyes fearfull of his lightning flashes.

Ceraunia.

Conclude then upon this whole Discourse, that greatness is the very element of great virtue; and if you yet doubt hereof, learn the same from the authority of God, who hath judged greatness so necessary an object for virtue, that he hath conducted all his greatest servants to perfection, if not by the enjoying of greatness, at the least by contempt thereof; and never had they been so great, if struggling with greatness they had not scorned to be great. Our *Saviour*, to shew he was the example of perfection, would appear great in refusing a world, which *Satan* had (as it were) unfolded before his feet. He would the virtue of the greatest of all men should apppear in the refusal of the greatest of all titles, when Saint *John Baptist* denied the name of *Messias*. He sheweth the greatness of his faithful servant *Moses*, in the contempt of *Pharaoh's* kingdom. He gave *Nero's* Court to St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul*, as the Amphitheatre of their glory. He likewise many times hath drawn Hermits from the unfrequented desarts, to make them manage great matters in the Catastrophe of their lives, in the palaces of Princes; so necessary it is to have to do with greatness, to act something important. If God hath transferred to Court (as it were on the wings of impetuous winds) those, that were by birth, and profession alienated, to work wonders there; what Theatre (O ye Noblemen) expect you more suitable then this, to place virtue in her faireſt seat? Or what obligation can you have more strictly binding to perfection, then your selves?

The fourth REASON.

Proceeding from Riches.

IT was a thing very strange amongst the Plagues, wherewith *Egypt*, ever bent to resist the spur the more deeply to wound it self, was chastised by the angry hand of God, to behold *Nilus*, that great and goodly River, wholly become bloody: but yet more marvellous to see that from one and the same River the *Egyptians* drew blood, and the *Israelites* a lively and crystalline stream.

Joseph. *Antiquit. Jud.* lib. 2. cap. 5.

The like ordinarily is seen in the lives of good and bad rich men. The bad draw into their store houses Gold, and Silver, heaped one upon another by rapines, and violence, as in a River consisting of the veins, and blood of the poor. The good, in the honest abilities, which Heaven hath graciously given them, find pure water, which they suffer to distill for the publick good, as through the conduit of their liberalities. All that, which the holy Writ and eloquent tongues of the Fathers thunder out, replenished with threats, horrour, and malidiction against riches, is not understood but of those, whereof the vices of men, and not the condition of the things, have made the use damnable. Such riches are deceitful shadows, which cover an apparent good under an undoubted evil; they are hands, that take their Master by the throat; they are poinyards with a golden haft, which delight the eyes with vain seemings, and pierce the heart with mortal wounds; they are precipices, furnished with precious jewels, such as *Heliogabalus* desired to illustrate his death with; they are heights, which are not measured but by their falls; they are deadly poisons steeped in a golden cup. For this cause *Eusebius Emissenus* said: Poor man, who admirest those, that are on the top of the wheel of the favours, and riches of the world, whereunto they have ascended by iniquitie, are maintained by violence, and cannot descend but by headlong ruin! How blind are you to have thoughts so unmanly and unworthy of a Christian? *Esteem you a frantick man to be stout, and courageous, who stabs himself with a poinyard? Say you, he hath a brave steddy hand, who hits his own heart right with a dagger's point? Say you that man is happy, who holdeth the shadow of good in his hands, to produce to himself an eternity of evils? Who hath ever said, He, who nimbly mounteth on a rock to precipitate himself, was an able man? Who hath said, seeing him on the steepy cliffs top ready to fall, This man is happie, all the world hath an eye upon him? Who hath said of him, that hath a golden cup in his hand filled with poyson, This man is fortunate to drink in so rich a goblet?* And you yet daily say the same, when you behold a man in the iniquity of ill-gotten goods covetous, ungrateful, disloyal, perfidious to God, and men; you think him happie, and see not, that he twisteth his own ruin in threads of gold, and silver. Such riches are damnable. It is true. But who maketh them damnable? The perverse disposition of men. Take away vice, which is not of the essence of riches, you will find they are a great prop to virtue, and a powerful motive to perfection, for those that possess them. It is to you, Noblemen, to whom St. *Hierom* (*) addresseth this worthy saying: *To you it appertaineth to have riches, to tread them under your feet, and not carry them on your head*: the more they are under you, the more they raise you, and the more they elevate you to perfection. The reasons are manifest, and pertinent.

Eusebius Emis. Hom. *De Sancta Epiphania, nisi sit Episcopus Riegiensis. An in hunc hominem potentem & felicem vocas, qui in suam mortem fortis est? Cui proventuum fallax umbra præsentium æternum congrecat causas malorum? Quis beatam dixerit validam in sumum jugulum dexteram? Quis laudet velocem ad arduæ præcipitia festinantem? Quis ejus miretur ascensum, quem de sumo prospicit esse casurum? An illum felicem vocas, qui gemmato atque aurato sibi poculo venena miscet?*

(*) *Hieron.* Epist. ad *Demetriadem, Vestri generis est & habere, & calcare divitias.*

First, it is a matter very difficult to preserve a great virtue in a great povertie, it being given but to very few souls; yea, and to those of the best temper. The poorer sort ordinarily have so much employment to think how to live, that little time remaineth for them to think how to live well. The belly, that hath no bread, hath no ears; and precepts of wisdome are found very short, and insufficient, among people perplexed, and over-whelmed with want. A father of a family, who beholdeth poverty in his house, besides a multitude of children, ranked like Organ pipes, whom he must cloath, feed, and provide for; who seeth creditours attending on him at their day, Sergeants dogging him, processes that afflict him, cattle casually to die on the one side, his house utterly to sink on the other side, his debts not payable but with bankrupting, and rents to fail him at a need, hath full enough to do to cast time, as the Proverb saith, behind his back. Necessity many times is the mother of vice, and when one hath no more goods, he is in danger to do that, which is not good.

Difficulties of the Poor in virtue.

Mendicitatem, & divitias, ne dederis mihi, tribue tantùm victui meo necessaria, nè necessitate compulsus furar, & perjurem nomen Dei mei. Prov. 30. 8.

good. Behold why the Wise-man asked of God, if not great riches, at the least exemption from poverty. You, who have, be it great, or indifferent means, are not brought into this penury, if you call not that a penury, when you cannot satisfie an exorbitant concupiscence, which hath no other pleasure then excess, nor other bounds but infinity. You see in your house a settled estate far distant from the multitude of discontents, under which so many mortal men do groan; ought not this to serve you for some small motive to perfection? See you not in *Genesis*, how God, willing to exercise *Adam* in a contemplative life, caused him to find at his first coming, house, table, bed, and cloath laid? If it had then behoved him to take pains to get his dinner, and build himself an house, as little birds do their nests, then had he had pain, and care; but to the end he should have full liberty for his Master's affairs, God took all obstacles from him, that he might have no cause to accuse any man in his miserable mis-fortune, but his own ingratitude. O you Noblemen, God useth you as *Adam* in terrestrial Paradise, he suffereth you to eat the corn at ease, which others have sowed, and the wine, which others pressed; he causeth your meat to come to your tables, as if it were born by certain invisible engines; he holdeth the elements, creatures, and men in breath, not onely to supply your necessities, but your well-beseeming accommodation: and can you then think he requireth a thing unreasonable of you, if giving you all things above other men, he would have you virtuous as other men?

Privileges of Nobility.

Secondly, I say, poor men, admit the case they be not so pressed with painfull necessities of life, and that time passeth with them a little more sweetly, they may perhaps deafly attend devotion in the silence of a little family; but their virtue is not strong enough in the wing to take a long and distant flight, nor have they arm enough to undertake great enterprises. Their little authority maketh their words not to have much weight, nor their actions (how laudable soever) to be of power to draw others to imitate them. Besides, rich men sometimes have an aversion from doing well, for fear they should have virtue common with the poor, from whom they would (if it were possible) be separated even in elements; but great men are ever powerfull to authorize good works. I leave you to think, if many not through malice, but by the servile slavery of complacency, do praise even their vices, and imperfections, what will they do with their virtues? For we must not suppose (as saith the Wise-man) that the state of hell is wholly established upon earth, and good conscience eternally banished: many are vitious more through infirmity (as not being able to resist the tyranny of opinion, and custom) then out of affection they bear to vice. If it happen, rich men advance the standard of piety, all the world rangeth themselves under their banner: some, that were willing, and not daring to do it; others, though unwilling, were drawn along with a swinge of superiority, which they would not contradict. This is an argument, which I will hereafter deduce more at large, when I shall speak of example. And from hence, O you rich men, judge, if God giving you such a liberty, and reputation to do well, you make ill use thereof, what neglect you fall into, when you employ your authority to raise vice with a strong hand, and put virtue in dis-estimation. Antiently Pearls were called Ushers, because they made way for Ladies, who were adorned with them. Rightly may now Riches bear the like name; every where they are obeyed; even where they make place: it is a good reason, if all the world serve them for ushers, they do the same office for piety, without which all their goodly lustre will be but unjust pillage. Then shall they potently reign, when they have restored virtue to her throne.

Authority of great men to strengthen their devotion.

Pearls are Ushers, saith *Seneca.*

Finally, to conclude with a third, and in my opinion the most formal reason, which evidently declareth how riches are absolute obligations unto you of Christian perfection: it is, that God seemeth to have enchased all in the charity, which is exercised towards our neighbour: *Give alms, and behold your selves wholly pure.* This practice of giving alms is so excellent, that God hath chosen no other for himself. His nature is to give, and to do good, as fire to heat, and the sun to illuminate, saith the eloquent *Synesius.* And to speak unto you the richest word, which ever came out of the mouth of a Panym: It is *Plinie*, who, after he had well wandred through all sects of Philosophers, describing the essence of God pronounceth this goodly sentence, *That the greatest divinity is to see a mortal man oblige his like, and that it is the shortest way to arrive at eternal glory.* We also see in the *Canticles* the hands of the Spouse compared to golden globes, which in them hold the sea enclosed. These hands are of gold, to denote to us the munificence of God by this symbole of charity: *His hands are globes made round*, there is nothing rugged, clammy, or bowed; nay they are smooth, neat, polite, to pour his blessings incessantly upon men. They always emptie themselves, and are always replenished; for they are filled with a sea of liberality, which never will be exhausted.

Luc. 11. 41. *Date Eleemosynam, & ecce omnia munda sunt vobis.* Alms the works of God. Ἀγαθὸν, ποιεῖν ἔλεος ἐστὶ. *Synes.* in Epistol. *Deus est mortali juvare mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriâ via.* Plin. l. 2. c. 7. Cant. v. 2. *Manus ejus globi aurei, pleni mari.* Where our translation saith, *manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ hyacinthi.* Hands of God, a golden bowl full of the sea.

God then, having bounty so natural, and intrinsecal in him, will needs see it shine in his servants, and therein establisheth salvation, and perfection. Which admitted, who seeth not, O you rich men, you have a particular obligation above all others, since God hath elected you to be the Stewards of his goods, the messengers of his favours, and the conduits of his liberality? Religious men, who have given the tree, and the fruit all at once, have nothing more to give. The indifferently rich are ordinarily full of appetites, and produce no effects. You have power in your hands to discharge the duties of all the world, you have met with the Philosophers stone, you have the books of an heavenly alchimy in your coffers, you have a golden rod, which can turn the durty pelf of *India* into celestial substance. Consider what greater ties of dutie can you have, what more pressing necessity to be perfect, then to have the instrument of perfection in your full power? Perswade your selves no longer, that riches are impediments of glory, and salvation; for this unhappiness proceedeth not but from corruption, and ill custom; if you take them on a false byas, they are of lead, to drench, and drown you; if on a good, they are feathers to bear, and lift you up to Heaven. Prophane storie maketh mention of one *Sesostris*, King of *Egypt*, who triumphantly rode in a Charich drawn by Kings, he was so swoln with the success of his prosperities. It was to take the way of hell in the Chariot of pride, so to triumph; but you may in the Chariot of charity, all glittering with gold, and silver, harnessed out with poor men (each person whereof representeth the Sovereign King, who raiseth all Imperial sceptres) take the right way of Paradise, and that by the means of riches. Then judg whether they lead to true felicity, or no. *If you love these terrene things, you do well; love them boldly, but as the objects of your glory, as the instruments of your salvation, as a gift of your friend, as a benefit from your*

Charior of *Sesostris* applied to the rich. *Pharios currus regum cervicibus egit.* Luc. l. 10.

August. med. *Si ista terrena diligis, ut subjecta dilige te, ut famulantia dilige te, ut munera amici, ut bene-*

ficia Domini, ut arrham ſponſi.

your Maſter, as the earneſt-peny of your ſpouſe, as the pledg of your predeſtination.

The fifth REASON.

Drawn from perfections of the body.

IT is a lamentable miſery to behold, how ſin hath ſo perverted the nature of things, that it not onely giveth ill under the appearance of good, but alſo ſometimes evil effects to that which is good. Behold for as much as concerneth the perfections of the body, (not ſpeaking here of health, or ſtrength, wherewith the Great-ones are not always the beſt provided:) beauty, grace, or garb, which ſeem to be more connatural to them, they are ſo cried down by the corruption of maners, that one knoweth not what apt place to give them, either among things good, or evil. St. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh with indifferency in theſe terms: *Beauty of body is a benign gift of God, but he beſtows it often on the bad, that the good may not deem it a great good.* Not onely the writings of Saints, and of moſt auſtere religious, have made great invectives againſt beauty, but even thoſe who at other times have with paſſion praiſed it, condemned it, as ſoon as they became wiſe. *Petrarch*, that worthy ſpirit, after he had adored a humane beauty, doth ſuddenly caſt down the Altars thereof under his feet, and diſ-avowed in ripe age that, which fooliſh youth had made him vehemently commend. For what ſaith he not in his book of the vanitie of the world, which he entitleth the *Remedies of Fortune*? "You, who eſtabliſh your glory in the "beauty of the body, know, you have an enemy un-"der your roof, and which is worſe, a flattering and "with-delight-tempting enemy. You harbour a "thief, who ſtealeth your repoſe, and time, two the "moſt pretious things of the world. You lodge an "executioner, who always will hold you to the rack, "and torture. You entertain a ſubject of toil and af-"fliction, a motive of warfare and contention; an "incendiary of ſenſual aperite, which is no leſs capa-"ble of hatred then love. This deceitful beauty put-"eth a ſnare on your feet, a veil over your eyes, and "bird-lime on your wings. It is a ſuperficial grace, "which covereth with the ſmooth delicacie of the "skin loathſom, and horible ſtenches; ſo with her poi-"ſon charming the drunken ſenſes. Another (a) ſaith, it is the nurſe of love, the ſpur of ſin, and that virtue lodged with beauty hath always a ſlippery foot, as being in the houſe of a dangerous hoſteſs. S. *Chryſoſtom* (b) in an Homily, which he made upon the vain beauty of women, hath delicate obſervations, not being able ſufficiently to admire the ſottiſhneſs of thoſe cold-ſtarved Amoriſts, who haſten to roaſt themſelves in the aſhes.

Lib. 15. cap. 21. de Civitate Dei. *Pulchritudo corporis bonũ Dei donum: ſed propterea etiam id largitur malis, ne magnum bonum videatur bonis.*

Beauty condemned by Idolaters themſelves.

Petarch. l. 6. de remed. Dialog. 2. *Habes hoſtem tuum domi deteſtabilem, & blandum: habes raptorem quietis, tortoremque perpetuum. Habes materiam laboris uberrimam, diſcriminum cauſam, fomentum libidinum, nec minorem quarendi odii, quàm amoris aditum. Habes laqueum pedibus, velum oculis, alis viſcum; ſuperficie tenus fulget decor multa, fœdáque tegens & horrenda leviſſima cutis obtentu, ſenſibus blanditur, & illudit.*

(a) Tab. d' inconſt.

(b) *Chryſoſt.* Homil. de vanit. pulchr. mulieb. χρὴ τὸ καὶ ἐν τέρεν.

Notwithſtanding all theſe ſayings of wiſe men, we muſt affirm, that *beauty* & *graceful* comelineſs of body is a great gift of God, able to do infinite good, when they once hold correſpondence with ſincere virtue: and therefore they rather ought to be eſteemed among the motives of well-doing, then the inſtruments of miſchief, it being unreaſonable to condemn a benefit of God the Creator, for the abuſe of men, ſince no man blameth the candle, that clearly burneth in the houſe, though butter-flies findg their wings in it. For proof whereof I will produce three reaſons onely, which ſeem forcible enough to convince the underſtandings of wiſe men, and evidently declare to all thoſe, that are endowed with corporal beauty, the injury they do to God, when they abuſe the beauty of the body to the hindrance of the ſoul, and drag the gifts of God along in the duſt.

Defence of beauty, as the gift of God.

Firſt it is undoubted, that to attribute the work of corporal beauty to any other original, then that of the wiſdom, and goodneſs of God, were to apoſtatize from Chriſtianity, and to rank ones ſelf among the *Manicheans*. God neceſſarily approveth beauty, ſince he himſelf is the authour thereof. He hatched it in his boſom, as light in the *Eaſt*, and diſtributively ſpred it upon all the creatures of the earth, as the rays of a bright day. Man hath been from the beginning the beſt provided for, ſince God hath made him as it were a Scutcheon, whereon he hath pourtrayed all the titles of the moſt excellent beauties of the world. *Origen* ſaith, he is fair as the firmament, which we ſee enameled with ſo many ſtars, that reſplendently ſhine as torches lightened before the Altar of the Omnipotent. St. *Chryſoſtome*, that the Angels are the morning-Stars, whereof mention is made in *Job*, who inceſſantly praiſe God: and men are the evening ſtars, faſhioned by the hand of God, with the ſame beauty in proportion to do the ſame office. And St. *Ambroſe*, that God the Creatour, for ſingular teſtimony of love, hath granted to man the ſame graceful habiliments, with which he himſelf is garniſhed, all which are nothing but beauty. Behold whether this be not highly to raiſe the merit of beauty? I add hereunto alſo two conſiderations very pertinent, which *Favorinus* hath judiciouſly obſerved in the book he compoſed of the excellency of man. It is, that the Creatour, who hath given beauty to man in proportion, hath by the ſame mean impreſſed in his heart a love ſo tender, that every well-underſtanding man would rather deſire to be reduced to nothing, (an eſtate which ſome have leſs accompted of, then that of the damned) then to be tranſlated, according to the imaginations of *Pythagoras*, into the form, and figure of ſome ugly, and monſtrous beaſt. The other reaſon is, that the wiſeſt Nations (as he obſerveth) deteſting the beaſtlineſs of thoſe, who have cloathed the Divinity in ſhapes of beaſts, have made expreſs Decrees, forbidding all painters, gravers, and Image-makers to repreſent God in any other figure then of man. And the reaſon they give is very admirable: for you would ſay if you heard them, they had already ſome knowledge of this great alliance, which ſhould be made between the Divine, and humane nature, when they ſaid, *That God was not a lover of horſes, or birds, but a true lover of men, and that he was much pleaſed to be converſant with thoſe, who were moſt virtuous and capable of his preſence.* Ponder with your ſelf whether this beauty (which God from the infancy of the world hath ſo carefully lodged in man) ought not to be eſteemed an important thing, and a ſtrong motive to virtue?

Natural beauty of man praiſed by Poets.

Origen in hæc verba. *Vocavitque Deus cælum firmamentum.*

Homo ipſe cælum eſt. Job. 38. *Chryſ.* in Geneſim. *Qua major dignitas quàm eundem hominem veſtibus indui, quibus ipſemet dominus juxta illud: Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus eſt.* *Ambr.* l. de dignit. human. condition. *Favorinus* l. de excellentia hominis. Excellent obſervations of *Favorinus.*

Θεὸν δ' οὐ λέγουσιν, ὃ δὴ φίλορνις, ἀλλὰ φιλάνθρωπος, ὅταν σοὶ ζαφερώτατος ἀγαθοῖς ἥδηται συνοῦσι.

For the ſecond reaſon I ſay, that, God making uſe of it in good occaſions, it is an infallible mark he approveth the nature thereof; for never doth he purpoſely make uſe of things unlawful, to make the greatneſs of his counſels, and works ſucceed. Now it appeareth, that he oftentimes hath choſen beauty as an inſtrument of his wonders, a lightning-flaſh of his power, a bright torch of his victories. As when he purpoſed to ſtay the violent ſtream of *Oloferne's* arms, he could with an omnipotent hand have touch'd the rocks, and made men to ruſh out in armed equipage, yet notwithſtanding without ſtretching his hand to any other miracle he raiſed the beauty of a widow to triumph over the flouriſhing legions of the prime Monarch of the world, and himſelf added a certain air, or gracious garb of attractive parts in *Judith*, to ſurpriſe this barbarous commander, drunk with love, and wine, in the ſnare of her

Beauty an inſtrument of God.

Judith 13. *Dominus hanc in illam pulchritudinem ampliavit, ut incomparabili decore omnium oculis appareret.*

her eyes. He fought with the self-same engine, with the same arms against the proud, and insolent *Aman*; for when he was ready to command the throats of infinite numbers to be cut, as sheep marked for the slaughter, God set a frail beauty before him, which made him leap from the height of Fortune's wheel to the strangest calamitie, that may be imagined, and changing in an instant King *Ahasuerus* from a Lyon into a Lamb, confirmed the safety, and liberty of her people. *Esther. 8.*

Would you have greater proofs of the estimation, which God maketh of beauty wedded to virtue, then his affording it so glorious triumphs? Hath not the Son of God consecrated the same in his own most illustrious Person, and in that of his most holy Mother, whom ancient traditions (joyned with the interpretation of the Fathers upon the texts of Scripture) shew to have been endowed with an admirable grace, and singular beauty, to serve even as an adamant to captivate hearts, and sweetly range them under the yoak of the Gospel? I am not ignorant, that *Clemens Alexandrinus* thought our Sâviour was willing purposely to deprive himself of corporal beauty, as from the possession of riches, searching out in all things the greatest lowlines; but in this proposition he hath grounded himself upon a passage of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which describing the Saviour of the world in the day of his passion, saith, *We have seen him, and he had neither favour, nor beauty.* This foundation is ruinous, and this Authour doth no otherwise then as a Painter, who to represent the Moon in her proper nature should delineate her in her eclipse. Other Authours, grounded on this passage of the *Psalm* xliiii. *Speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*, assure us our Saviour expressly selected for himself an excellent beauty of bodie, and a supream grace of speech. *Nicephorus* relateth certain lineaments of his stature, colour, and proportion of his body, which he drew out of antiquity, in all parts lovely, and specious. And St. *Epiphanius* speaking of the beauty of the blessed Virgin, saith, She was Majesty it self. Judg, and behold, since God (voluntarily despoiling himself of honours, riches, and greatness of the world, to give us an example of humility) would notwithstanding sanctifie beauty in himself, and his Mother, what value you ought to set upon this Heavenly gift, and whether it be lawful for you to profane it. Moreover I affirm, that the Creatour hath not onely cherished beauty, but hath likewise held in accompt the instruments employed to the service thereof. It is a wonder, that in *Exodus* he commanded *Moses* to make a brasen bason, with a foot to bear it, for the Priest to wash in, and to furnish, and adorn it with looking-glasses, who kept (as it were) centinel before the gate of the Tabernacle: To what purpose was it to fasten these mirrours in an holy place to this sacred vessel? *Theodoret*, St. *Cyril*, and *Procopius* observe, that the *Ægyptians* went to the sacrifices of *Isis*, clothed with a linen garment, holding a scepter in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other, and that the *Hebrew* women afterward appeared in the desert in the same manner. But God, who would shew the spoils of *Ægypt* were reserved for his greatness, caused them to lay aside these mirrours, to consecrate the use of them in his own Tabernacle. The *Hebrew* Interpreters yield another reason, to wit, that the *Israelites* seeing themselves to languish in *Ægypt*, in the fetters of a painful bondage, had resolved to abstain from the act of marriage, that they might get no children to inherit their misery. But God, who intended another web, different from that which the thoughts of men wove, stirred the women, who tricked, and adorned themselves so well with these *Ægyptian* looking-glasses, that they enkindled the chaste loves of their husbands, buried under the ashes of their servitude, to produce a posterity, by help whereof the Nations of the earth should be blessed. And this action of the women so pleased Almighty God, that he afterward caused these mirrours to be placed in his Tabernacle, which they had used to grace that beauty, which had been the cause of so much good. It then being so, see you not God hath made himself a favourer, and a protectour of corporal beauty; who then dare to condemn it?

Clemens Alex. Pædagog. l. 3. c. 1. Ἀισχρὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν τῷ θεῷ γενέσθαι. Error of *Clemens Alex.* Isai. 53. 2. *Niceph. l. 1. c. 40.* Beauty of our Saviour. *Fecit labrum æneum cum basi sua de speculis mulierum, quæ excubabant ante ostium Tabernaculi.* Exod. 38. 8. Mirrour for women. *Theodoret.* in Catena Zephyr. *Cyrillus* de spiritu, & veritate. l. 9. *Procopius* in Exod.

In the third place, I add, this command, which beauty exerciseth over hearts, is not a thing due to human forces, to the end, that nature become not ambitiously proud; it is God, who (as it were) imprinteth with his finger upon the foreheads of men, and especially of great ones, the beams of grace, and majestie to make them more reverenced of the people, which he doth to excellent purpose; but the creature sinisterly abuseth the gifts of the Creatour. Power of beauty.

Maximus Tyrius saith, that a fair soul in a fair body is as a river, that windingly creepeth with many wavie turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and ravisheth the whole world with the admiration of its excellency. A brave Oratour in a Panegyrick he made of *Constantine*, who was one of the goodliest Princes of the earth, saith, that nature was sent of God as a gallant Harbinger, to compose a bodie for him suitable to his great spirit, as a stately house for a beautiful Ladie in it; and that onely this exteriour form made him to be beloved, and esteemed of all the world, no less then a God descended from Heaven. Which is also much more admirable in the other sex. How many Monarchs, after they had with horrour terrified the world, have been seen to become tributaries to a mortal beauty, captives to their slaves; and how many to buy out their bondage have yielded at the feet of silly women, to do services, and commit follies unworthy to be remembred on paper? *Bathsheba* was neither a Lion, a *Goliah*, nor a *Saul*, yet notwithstanding with the glance of an eye she powerfully quelled him, who tore Lions, trampled *Goliah* under feet, and resisted all the arms, power, and legions of *Saul*. The *Philistines* found not cords strong enough to bind robustious *Sampson* in; yet *Dalilah* quickly captivated, and fast tied him with one hair of her head. *Solomon* had a heart as deep as the sea, yet women found the bottom of it. It is a wonder what *Pythagorical* transanimations this beauty of bodie maketh, which causeth it to be acknowledged, and esteemed every where a true tyrannie without an executioner, as *Carneades* calleth it. Doubtless the impostures, the sinister intentions, the unchaste loves, the abuses which are affixed to beauty, proceed from the sleights of Satan, and depraved will of man: but the lustre, and commanding power thereof is the real gift of God, which operateth that in human bodies, which the Sun doth in the clouds to form a Rain-bow in the Heavens. πορφυρᾶς γάλακτος λειμῶνι ἐνείρων. Beauty of Constantine. *Te cum milites vident, admirantur & diligunt, sequuntur oculis, animo tenent, Deæ obsequi putant, cujus tam pulchra forma est, quam certa divinitas.* *Carneades apud Lactantium*

Ladies, think hereon; you to whom God hath imparted this grace, this delicate composition of bodie, whether it be not a great motive to you, to serve him well, and to employ it wholly to his glory? You shall be accomptable for your beauty at the Judgment-day, even to the least hair of your head. If you harbour an ill hostess in this goodly mansion, which God hath builded for his service, a wicked soul, an unchaste Soul; if you make glorious Abuse of damnable beauty.

vaunts of borrowed coyn, of a fading flower, the ſpoil whereof time, age, ſickneſs, and death, will divide between them; if you diſplay a ſcandalous nakedneſs to kindle the fewel of luſtful affection; if you ſeek the courtſhip, and unlawful love of men, with a gift which is not yours; if you ſo often conſult with your looking-glaſſes, and take ſo much pain gaudily to dreſs and attire your ſelves for a meer vanity, which you turn into an abſolute profeſſion, you ſhall be the marks of the wrath, and vengeance of God. This great Juſticier will ſuffer this malediction pronounced by the Prophets to fall upon you, That your carkaſſes ſhall one day be drawn out of their tombs, ſhall be ſhewed to the eyes of Heaven, and to the rays of the Sun; and it ſhall be ſaid, Behold the bones of them, who heretofore have boaſted the frail beauty of a little white skin, ſpred over theſe corrupt impurities! Worms and Serpents now triumph thereon, as in a town taken by forces, the bodies are a prey of putrefaction, and the Souls have hell for their Tomb.

Ejicient oſſa de ſepulchris & expandent ea ad ſolum, Hier. 8.

O what a Cataſtrophe is this? Preſerve your beauty for God, men love it as the hunters the fleſh of the Boar, but God cheriſheth it as his Temple. Handle the matter ſo, that all the extent of its reputation and power may be limited to the ſervice of its Creatour. It ſhall have command ſufficient, if it obey him that created it. A good Authour relateth, that a ſtrong Town debauched was heretofore reformed by the beauty of women, who ſeriouſly addicting themſelves to virtue, never beheld any of all thoſe with a good will, who required them by the way of lawful marriage, that had not firſt ranged themſelves in the liſts of devotion and piety. This was an effectual means to extirpate vice, and glorioufly advance the Standard of perfection in ſuch ſort, that in ſhort time the face of the City was ſeen to be changed. Practiſe the ſame, and God will bleſs your beauties, when they ſhall offer all their homage to his Altars.

Lud. Vives.

The ſixth REASON.

Drawn from the beauty of the Soul.

Excellencies of the Soul remarkable.

THE beauty of the Bodie, compared to that of the Soul, is but as a Candle in compariſon of the Sun. All the greatneſs, Empire, and ſignorie of man, doth onely flow from the excellencie of the Soul, as a ſtreaming brook from the Fountain head. If the Bodie be a fair ſhell, the Soul is the pearl. If the bodie be the lantern, the Soul is the light. If the bodie (as St. *Ambroſe* ſaith) be the triumphant chariot of the peaceable *Solomon*, the ſoul is the Queen, which ſitteth thereon to guid and govern it. If the bodie be as the green moſs of ſome ſea-neighbouring rock, the Soul is the Diamond, which within hideth its luſtre. It is the well-beloved of God, which is fallen from his mouth into this mortal priſon; it is that which advantageouſly is marked with his ſtamp and image, it is that which beareth the rays, and exteriour lineaments of this great Majeſtie; it is that, on which the Creatour hath diſtended his royal Purple, as is ſaid in the Prophet *Ezechiel*: And this royal garment is no other, then a collection of all the perfections of creatures, contracted in the Soul of man, as the figure of the world would be in the circumference of a ring. And as heretofore *Aaron* the High-Prieſt of the old law bare upon his robe the whole world, embroidered, and heightned in Gold-ſmith's work: in the ſame manner our ſoul beareth in its liveries all created excellencies, which are moſt lively repreſentations of the perfection of the Creatour. The *Seventie* Interpreters, in the fore-alledged place of the attire of the Soul, called it by the word Τρίχαπτον, which is very obſcure; our Tranſlation ſoundeth it, *a thin, and ſlender garment*, *Induite ſubtilibus*: *Origen* deriveth it from the *Greek* word θρὶξ, which ſignifieth *hair*, as it were ſaying, that this habit of the Soul is an attire woven with moſt fine hair, and ſo ſubtile, that the moſt ſtrong and ſharpned ſights cannot penetrate the contexture. Faith teacheth us it is a ſubſtance, which is not ſubſtance of Elements, nor ſubſtance of God, but a ſubſtance created of nothing by the Word of God, reaſonable, intellectual, ſpiritual, always active, always lively, ſo capable, that nothing but God can repleniſh it. He that will know more then the eternal Wiſdom hath revealed, and will not believe it immortal for his glory, ſhall feel it immortal by the eternity of puniſhments, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*. It is not my preſent purpoſe to ſpeak either of the excellency, or immortality of the Soul, having fundamentally treated theſe queſtions in other diſcourſes: I onely ſpeak of this part of the Soul which we commonly call the ſpirit. It is undoubtedly true, that all men have one Soul of the ſame kinde, but very different in their functions and qualities. In ſome this their Soul ſleepeth perpetually in fleſh and fat, and abideth as a ſword beſet and garniſhed with Diamonds, always ſheathed in a ſcabbard of ſtraw, and morter, without a ſtroke ſtriking; all we can do, is to find ſome ſparkling glimmers of common ſenſe, and reaſon therein. In others this Soul glittereth, and twinkleth from its moſt tender years, afterward it penetrateth the clouds, and diveth into bottomleſs abyſſes, with great promptneſs, fervour, and vivacity; and that is called the ſpirit, which ordinarily we behold in great, and noble men, excellently well thereunto diſpoſed: for they are for the moſt part docible, intelligent, capable; from whence I draw a great motive of the obligation they have in this point ſeriouſly to diſpoſe themſelves to virtue.

Τρίχαπτον. *Ang.* Solil. 30.

What the Soul is.

Si credit, immortalis eſt ad vitã; ſi non credit, immortalis eſt ad pœnam. Id. de Symb. ad Catechumen. 3. c. 3.

Spirit, whereſore?

Conſtantine the Great heretofore made a law, by which he forbade to adorn the Country to the prejudice of the Citie: *If any body after the publication of this law, be found to tranſport the ornaments of Cities, to wit, Marbles, and Columns, to Country-dwellings, let him be deprived of the poſſeſſion thereof*, Oh alas! Our Soul is the Citie of God, garniſhed with ſo many fair embelliſhments, titles, trophies, ſo many triumphant Arches, ſo many graces! Yet notwithſtanding, O Noblemen, it often happeneth, you forſake the Citie to build in the Country, to leave your Souls barren, languiſhing, bare, and naked, whileſt you in the mean time ſtretch all your ſinews, all your veins, to the decking, and eaſeful commodities of the bodie. You deſerve to be deprived of your poſſeſſions, and inheritance, ſince you manure it ſo careleſly.

Law of *Conſtantine* Cod. Inſt. l. 8. tit. 10. *Si quis poſt legem hanc civitate ſpoliata, ornatum, hoc eſt marmora, columnas, ad rura tranſtulerit, privetur ea poſſeſſione quam ita ornaverit.*

I will onely propoſe two or three reaſons, to demonſtrate how unworthy a thing it is, to apply a noble ſpirit to trifles, and ſottiſh toys, which eaſily may be proved, but not ſufficiently commiſerated. Firſt, it cannot be denied, but that every thing which exceedeth the limits of its own nature, thereby becometh very irregular: we ſee all the elements, plants, beaſts, and all creatures of the world, do conſtantly hold the rank, which God the Creatour appointed them. The fire always retaineth its heat, the water, though it be boyled on burning coals, returneth to its natural coldneſs: hony aſſumeth not the nature of wormwood, the *Lyon* playeth not the *Ape*, nor doth the *Eagle* become an *Oſtrich*, to trail her wings on the ground. Now the nature of the ſpirit, how

Abuſe of ſpirit, how reprehenſible it is.

The Soul clothed with royal Purple of God. Ezech. 16. *Expandi amictum meum ſuper te.*

how much the more noble and elate it is, so much the more it ought to transfer it self to the consideration of things divine, to wit, from whence it cometh, whither it goeth, what within it self it acteth. *This is* (saith the Oracle of *Roman* Philosophie) *an infallible mark of a divine spirit, when it pleaseth it self to discourse of things divine, and is entertained in these contemplations, as with her familiar, and peculiar affairs.* Judge then what indignity it is, to bury this vigour, and light of the spirit, which God so freely hath communicated to you, in frivolous employments, and petty sopperies, which discolour the lustre and honour of your name. What a shame it is to say this Sovereign hand hath moulded man to be the King of creatures, and he betraying his nature maketh himself the Comedian, the Mimick stage-player of all creatures, acting all sorts of personages but the good, and that which his own excellency is obliged unto. Which verily is the same the great *Tertullian* deplored: *Man is the Work and Image of God, who having apostatized from his Creatour, as well in mind as body, maketh himself an Actour of all the evil personages in the great Comedy of the World.* Yet that seemeth more tolerable in persons, who are not eminent, either in judgement, learning, or spirit; but Great-ones, whom God hath created advantageously to transcend all others, and who should live, and converse among men like Angels, to play the Hogs, and Monkeys, abasing themselves to I know not what kind of childishness of spirit, and to a life corupted with the curious delights, and voluptuousness of the body; consider (I pray) whether this be not a thing as unreasonable in its own nature, as prodigious in the effects.

Senec. *Traf.* lib. 1. *Natur. quæst. Hoc habet argumentum Divinitatis suæ, quòd illum divina delectant, nec ut alienis interest, sed ut suis.*

Man a Stage-player of the world.

Tertul. *De spect.* cap. 2. *Homo omnium flagitiorum actor non tantùm opus Dei, verumetiam imago est, & tamen corpore, & spiritu à suo defecit instituore.*

Secondly, It is to do a great wrong to one's self, to live in such fashion; yea, it is a meer frenzy, which is not made probable to any man, but by the multitude of mad men. See you not very well, that to employ some rich and precious instrument, to a base and sordid use, is an act of a man, who hath lost his wits? If you see a great Monarch employ his purple robe to stop an Oven with, and his Scepter to shake Hay, you would cry, Out upon it: and yet the Soul which God hath given you, incomparably more precious then the Purple, and Scepter of Kings, you suffer to wallow in the filths of flesh, you apply it to perpetual idle discourses, to vanities, quarrels, and revenges. Is not this wholly to abuse the gifts of Almighty God? It is said, *Nero* took delight to dig the earth with a golden Spade, and when there was question about cutting the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* (a design which long time troubled his brain) he went thither, led on with Musical Violins, holding in his hand the golden Spade, with which he began in the sight of the whole World, to break the ground; a matter which seemed ridiculous to the wisest living in that Age. For my own part, I find it more strange, that a noble spirit should amuse it self in things frivolous and impertinent. For, to dig the earth with Gold, was to bring back Gold to its course, since it first sprang from the entrails of the earth: but for a heavenly spirit to delve in ordures, stenches, and dung-hils, this is it which is wholly inexcusable, especially in the Nobility.

A great indignity in the abuse of the spirit.

Folly of *Nero*.

Mausonii Dialog. de *Nerone*.

In the third place, I say, that such maner of proceeding is manifest sacrilege, for two reasons: the first is, it retaineth wickedly, and traiterously, a thing sacred, for a profane use. St. *Augustine* in an Epistle that he wrote to *Licentius*, a young man of a noble spirit, which a little too loosely he abused in the vanities of the world, presseth this argument in these terms, *If by chance you had found a golden Chalice in the streets, you would take it from the ground, and give it to the Church, otherwise it would be a sacrilege. God hath given you a Soul all of gold, so excellent it is, so delicately purified, and you use it as an instrument of sensuality, and make of it a vessel of abomination, wherein you present your Soul to Satan as a sacrifice. Fear you not the anger of God?*

Sacrilege of fair souls.

Aug. Ep. ad *Licentium.*

Si calicem aureum in-

veniſſes in terra, dandres illum Eccleſia Dei. Acceptiſti à Deo ingenium ſpiritaliter aureum, & miniſtras inde libidinibus, & in illo Satana propinas teipſum.

The other reason is, You not onely with-hold a vessel consecrated to the service of the Omnipotent, but you attempt upon the Image of God himself. This fair Spirit, which he hath given you, as the flower, and quintessence of your Soul, is a true character of the Divinity, and you hasten to prostitute it to publick affections. Remember, I pray, it hath heretofore been held a capital crime, to carry the Emperor's Picture into a place undecent, or uncleanly: and expresly *Paulus*, a man of eminent quality, as one who had been Pretour, was accused, and prosecuted as criminal under *Tiberius*, for that he took a Chamber-pot into his hand, having a Ring uopn his finger graved with the Emperour's form. And can you think it will be lawfull for you to carry, not a dead Figure, but the living Image of your Heavenly Father, into the impurites, and pollutions, which your exorbitant pasions extrude, as the scummy froth of folly? Is not the blame most formidable, which God by the mouth of the Prophet *Ezechiel* pronounceth against an ungratefull Soul, in such maner abandoning it self? *Ingratefull, and wicked as thou art, thou then hast dared to take away the most precious vessels framed of my Gold and Silver, to make masculine Idols, and so to satisfie thy fornications. Thou hast caused my Oil to burn, and Incense to smoke before their Altars.* What ingratitude is like to this? Alas, what Idols are daily made of the Gold and Silver of God, when so many brave spirits are employed to figure Chymeras, and monsters in their own sensual wills? What Oil burneth, and Incense smoketh before the Devil's Altar, when so many talents, so many perfections are unprofitably wasted in vice and vanity? In the mean time, the 70 Canon of the Apostles excommunicateth those, who onely bear oil to the *Jews* Synagogue, or the *Panyms* Temples. And in what account shall we hold the *Christians*, who make a perpetual sacrifice of all the faculties of their Souls, to the corrupt vice, and follies of the world.

Images of Emperors, how much reverenced *Senec.* de benef. *l.* 3. *cap.* 26.

Ezech. 16. 17. *Et tulisti vasa decoris tui de auro meo, atque argento meo, & fecisti tibi imagines masculinas, & fornicata es in eis; & oleum meum, & thymiama meum posuisti coram eis.*

Abuse of an idolatrous spirit.

Si quis Christianus oleum tulerit ad Sacra gentilium, vel Synagogam Judæorum festis ipsorum diebus, aut lucernas accenderit, de societate pellatur. Canon. Apost 70.

Wise men affirm, that beside the fire, which shall devour the bodies and souls of the damned for ever, there is a hell of science, and conscience, which shall particularly torment those, who have been endowed with a generous spirit, and have ill employed it. When *Adam* opened his eyes to see his nakedness, his spirit and knowledge served him for a keen knife to transfix his soul, his ignorance in that kind was a great part of his felicity. What disastrous misery shall then befall those unhappy spirits of the damned, when they shall know their abilities, all the good things they might have done, and all the ill they have done? Although all the flames and tortures should surcease, they would find their hell in the eye of their own knowledge, and in their own understanding. *No eye to a man is more troublesome then his own. It is that which the cloudy conscience desireth most to avoid, and can least do it,* saith St. *Bernard*, speaking of the eye. Ponder hereon (O Noblemen) whether this motive meriteth not to be seriously considered. Hell vomiteth up brave spirits, who after they have served for instruments of vice, are now become the food of flames. Augment not the number. The knowledge of God, of one's self, and the study of virtue, is a fair employ-

Hell of science.

Bern. lib. 3. de consid. *Nullus melior oculus cuiquo suo, non est aspectus quem tenebrosa conscientia fugere magis velit, minus possit.*

ment

ment of a noble ſpirit, wherein man cannot be too ſeriouſly buſied, nor more fruitfully.

The ſeventh REASON

Proceeding from Courage.

OF all theſe Reaſons before alledged, which ſerve as a ſpur to the Nobility ſeriouſly to imbrace Perfection, I ſee not any comparable to Courage, which is a force of ſpirit, conſiſting in two principal points, as *Ariſtole*, and St. *Thomas* obſerve, to wit, to undertake, and ſuffer great things with jndgement, and by the excitement of honeſty. This courage among all the excellencies of the ſpirit is powerfull, elate, ſtirring, and aſtoniſhing: and very well St. *Ambroſe* compareth it to the River *Tygris*, which among all ſtreams hath its current moſt ſwift, and violent, ſo as with an unreſiſtible impetuoſity it combateth, and ſurmounteth all obſtacles oppoſed againſt it. *Thus* (ſaith he) *courage flieth through perils, breaketh throngs, and works it ſelf a paſſage through a world of contrarieties.* This courage is an Eagle which confronteth ſtorms, a Lion which oppoſeth all violences, a Diamond which never is broken, a Rock which ſcorneth waves, an Anvile which reſiſteth all the ſtrokes of the hammer. It is a thing, which with admiration raviſheth heaven, and earth, to behold in the fleſh of a frail, and feeble man, a ſpirit to make trial of all accidents, which is amazed at nothing, which ſurmounteth all difficulties, and which would rather caſt it ſelf into the gates of hell with undoubted loſs of body, then into the leaſt ſuſpition of remiſsneſs. This ſtriketh the ſpirit with admiration, and be it either in military actions, or civil, Courage is highly valued, though ſucceſs always anſwer not good enterpriſes; and enemies moſt cruel are enforced to admire a valour, and vigour of ſpirit, that never bowed under an evil, which it was not able to vanquiſh.

Ariſtot. 3. Eth. 22. q. 125.

Courage compared to the River *Tygris* by St. *Ambroſe.*

Ambroſe in hac verba. Geneſ. 2. Nomen fluminis Tygris. Quodam curſus rapido reſiſtentia quaque transverberat, neque a'iquibus curſus ejus impedimentorum haret obſtaculis.

Greatneſs of courage.

The Hiſtory of *Herodotus* relateth, that one called *Callimachus* in the battel of *Marathon*, being found by the *Perſians* ſtuck all over with Arrows like a Hedg-hog, ſtanding bolt-upight amongſt a heap of dead bodies, as if he had been under-propped by the counterpoiſe of the ſame Arrows, they were ſo aſtoniſhed with the dauntleſs valour of this dead man, that they held him as immortal. Never did *Seneca* ſo demonſtratively ſhew the ſtrength of his eloquence as in praiſing the courage of *Cato*. This man (ſaith he) hath not oppoſed, nor fought with ſavage Beaſts; it is for Hunters. He hath not purſued monſters with fire and ſword, he lived not in an Age in which it was believed, that a man ſupported Heaven with his ſhoulders. Behold why he was not eſteemed as an *Hercules*, nor as an *Atlas*, who notwithſtanding fought with greater monſters then *Hercules*. He carried another maner of burthen then did the fabulous *Atlas*. He alone combated againſt ambition (a monſter of many heads) againſt the vices of a degenerate City, and which daily, like an old houſe, was ſinking with the exceſs of weight. This incomparable man ſupported the *Roman* Common-wealth as long as he could; yea, even when it fell into the abyſs of a thouſand lamentable confuſions, he yet held it up with a hand prompt, always upon the brink of the Precipice; and not being able longer to underprop it, over-born as he was by the violence of miſchiefs, he choſe his Tomb in the Sepulchre of his Country. What greatneſs, what Majeſty! Undoubtedly courage hath ſo much luſtre, and glitter, that obſtinacy it ſelf, which is a vice in all things elſe very hard and rude, being clothed with the mantle of

Herodot. & Suid. in voce.

Death of *Callimachus.*

Senec. *De conſtantia ſapient.*

A notable praiſe of ſtrength of Courage.

Stetit ſolus, & cadentem Reſpublicam quantum modo una retrahi manu poterat retinuit: donec vel abreptus, vel abſtractus comitem ſe ruinæ diu ſuſtentatæ dedit.

A ſingular commendation of *Cato.*

courage, findeth much reputation amongſt men. Now this generoſity, of which we ſpeak, is a faithfull, and an inſeparable companion of true Nobility. All great men ordinarily have a courage very high, and even as certain brave *Lacedemonians* were born from their mother's womb with a Lance pourtayed, and characterized upon their skin; ſo all Noblemen ſeem to bring magnanimity into the world, from the day of their birth. This might be a marvellous motive to lead them in a ſtraight, and direct line, to great and valiant actions, were it not that the evil Spirit inſtantly ſpreadeth a Film over their eyes, and makes them feel impreſſions of meer ſluggiſhneſs, under the falſe veil of courage.

A Lance graven on the skin. *Dion. Chryſ. Orat. 4.*

Two things, O Noblemen, will make you exactly accountable before the juſtice of God. The firſt, to abuſe this gift of courage with vanity. The ſecond, to defile it with cruelty. The one ſavours of childiſhneſs, the other of barbariſm. What can one imagine more weak, and childiſh, then to have received a courage from God, capable to conquer Heaven, and to employ it in petty fopperies, wherein the thoughts better part, and the days actions are waſted, to court a Lady, to gormandize a Banquet, nicely to quarrel upon the interpretation of a word, to ſuck up wind, to feed a fond curioſity with other affairs, to buy plumes of Feathers, to cenſure mens apparel, to dreſs himſelf up for dancing, to play at Dice, to hold a Racket in a Tennis-court, to play the Buffoon in a feaſt, to utter a ſecret, to forge a calumny, to envie one greater then himſelf, to deſpiſe equals, to baffle inferiours, and a thouſand other ſuch like exerciſes, which are the ruſt, and moth of the ſpirit. Behold into what theſe brave courages, which ſhould plant the Flower-Deluces in the Eaſt, are diſſolved. Is not this a ſhame? Is any thing more puniſhable, then ſo to abuſe the gifts of God? Is it not a goodly thing to behold in Poets a *Jupiter*, who hath forſaken his fiery Chariot, and winged Horſes, letting all go at random, in the mean time to buſie himſelf in painting upon the clouds, ſometimes Goats, Apes, and Centaurs? Behold what Great men do, when forſaking the duty of their charges, and the obligation of their profeſſions, the vilifie themſelves in inferiour actions, beſtowing therein a great part of their time, and (as it were) their whole ſpirit.

Baſeneſs of courage in certain Noblemen.

A *Jupiter* painting Goats on the clouds, what it ſignifies. *Philoſt. in Apolon. lib. 21. cap. 10.*

Vanity would alſo be more tolerable, were it not that it changeth into cruelty, which is apparent in the beaſtly quarrel, and bloody Duels, that transform the nature of men into bruitiſhneſs abſolutely ſavage, and tyrannous. We muſt draw Iron out of the entrails of the earth, to make it (as it were) firſt to bluſh with ſhame, before it be ruddy with blood, to ſee it ſelf employed in ſuch a uſe, to behold it ſelf ſharpened by the hands of men, to cut, and transfix men: differences muſt be determined with the loſs of life. Theſe miſerable creatures, ſometimes for the interpretation of a word, ſometime through promptneſs of ſpirit, provoke one another to ſingle combat, they ſend a letter of challenge, the place of meeting is appointed; they chooſe Godfathers, as if they would make a Baptiſm with a ſacrifice of Furies, they procure Seconds, who well ſee, that to go upon cold blood to hazard their lives in an unhappy combat againſt a man that never had offended, nor known them, is a ſublimity of folly; notwithſtanding on they go tyrannically, led along by the laws of vain honour, which hath no other foundation, but the ſottiſh brain-ſick folly of men. All of them have for the moſt part more outward ſhew then malice, their hearts tremble with cold fear,

Againſt Duels.

fear, in the consideration of the peril, to which they expose themselves, yet their lips leave not to sound vain-glorious bravadoes. They seek out solitary places like Sorcerers, and sometime they go by Moon-shine to act this hatefull outrage, not seeing at all, that God beholdeth them with as many eyes of vengeance, as the Firmament hath Stars. At the end of all this, they think to do an act full of courage, most Heroick and manly. What shall we say here? that this passion is a rage more then brutish, which hath for inheritance the death of the body, the eternal, and irrecoverable loss of the Soul, the inevitable anger of God, the indignation of Kings, the thunder of Laws, the execration of the just, the malediction of heaven, and earth? No, this is not it, which I now intend to speak. For seeing I treat of generosity, which obligeth the Nobility, first to Almighty God who giveth it, secondly to Virtue, which seeketh it as a most necessary instrument: I must shew that in this action of Duels, pretended to be all courage, there is nothing less then courage in it. And although they were not liable to the vengeance of God, for being infringers of Laws, both divine, and humane, by this detestable maner of proceeding, yet they would be ever greater culpable, to blast, and defile with this abject humour, and remiss spirit, the gift of courage, which is particularly granted to them out of the treasury of Heaven.

Reasons.

I know not what false spectacles are clapt over the eyes of the Nobility, by the spirit of Lies, forged in the Shop of Hell, which oftentimes make them to take Glass for Diamond, and a Kestrel for a Faulcon. Yes verily, you have a certain Bird in the mystery of Faulconry, called the Hobby, which coupleth with the race of Faulcons, Goshawks, and Sparhawks: Yea, this wreched Bird doth also mix with the Saker, and Lanaret, she flieth after the Faulconers, and hovering over the field, if the Dogs spring some little Bird, she sowceth upon it, making boasts over this feeble creature, seeing she hath neither heart, nor resolution to grapple with the great ones. Justly herein behold the model of a Gallant, who maketh profession to present the letter of challenge to call others to Duel: he hath degenerated from true Nobility, and real courage, which is produced in goodly, and great actions, undertaken for the service of God, and his King; he hath no longer left in him ought but a little fierce rebellious spirit, to peck at those, whom his own temerity judgeth more weak then himself. And shall then this man be taken for a man of courage? O Noblemen, see you not that true actions of courage are too high and eminent, to impart their worth and honour to Lackeys, and Horseboys? Now it is so come to pass, that there is not any inferiour Foot-man, nor petty Groom of a Stable, that will not watch to take revenge by Duel, that will not endeavour to determine differences by some kind of single combat. There is not any vain Braggard, descended from ignoble Plebeyan parents, under the pretense that he carrieth a pen in his ear, (which peradventure might be the Sword and Lance that his Father, or grand-father made boasts of upon a shread of Parchment, to gain six pence a day) that strives not to have a sword of a good temper, to provoke his adversary to single combat, and the more infamous he is, the more audaciously he furnisheth himself out for this enterprise, presupposing that this is a true means closely to cover his base condition. Antiently, in the wisest, and most valorous Kingdom of the world, those which engaged themselves in these Duels were people gathered out of the dregs and lees of men, slaves, vagabonds, and loytering Rogues, furnitures for a Gibbet: then judge you, if it be not a madness to say, you desire in all things to separate your selves far from the multitude, to enworthy, and distinguish your Nobility, and yet in this one action alone you lessen, and vilifie your courage, even to the condition of the most captive, and abominable creatures of the earth.

Kestrels of Nobility.

Duel is not an act of courage.

Who entered into Duels antiently.

You will say, That is true, but a man cannot refuse a Duel when he is urged. Why? because shame and ignominy always attend, say you, on these denials. See you not by this answer, you give Arms against your self, and freely confess that a Duel is not an action of courage? For, to lay apart the Ordinances of the Church, take but the Laws of *Aristotle*, a worldly man as your self, and more then you, doth not he most pertinently demonstrate in his *Ethicks*, that it is not an action of valour, when a Souldier is valiant, while his Captain hath set the Enemy on one side, and a River on the other, to enforce him to fight? or because a Sergeant of a Band is ready to transfix the veins of his back with a Halbard, if he retire? Virtue, which is not virtue but for avoidance of dishonour, is true pusillanimity under the veil of false courage. I then demand of you, who more tyrannically assaulteth a man, either the Sergeant of a Band, who thrusteth a Sword into his reins, or the point of honour, which possesseth his brains? Without all doubt, you will agree with me, that there is no tyranny comparable to that of this mad Duel, which is called *Point of Honour*. And in the mean space, because (forsooth) this goodly Sergeant of a Band enforceth you, and beareth you forward upon the hips with the helve of an Halbard, you must hasten to a Duel, you must go to precipitate your self into the throat of Hell, whereas otherwise, were it not for the shame of the world, you would not stir a foot. Behold a brave act of courage!

Great want of generosity in Duels.

Ethic. cap. 8.

What then shall we answer to those, who provoke you? That which conscience permitteth, and Doctour *Bannes* adviseth; that you seek not dens, nor caverns, that you go into every place with your head erected, and if they shall be so temerarious as to assault you, they may find you upon that defence, which the law of Nature permitteth. Behold a good answer of a Doctour! but the world is not payd in such coin. Answer them as the wisest among worldings, *Augustus Cæsar* to *Mark. Anthony*, who challenging him in single combat, he caused in plain terms to be said unto him, that when the despair of the success of his affairs should reduce him to the furious rage of hating his life, yet he would find out other ways to die much more honest, then by this butcherly frenzy. *Yea, but this is an answer of a coward.* This coward in the mean time established the prime Empire of the world, struggling by strength of arm against a torrent, both of arms, and opinions, which hindered his passage, constraining the whole world to yield obedience to his valour; and he that challenged him, with all his magnanimity, and courage, died in the arms of a woman; rage and effeminacy sharing the rest of his life, as well as the triumph of his death. Behold you not a goodly courage? *Howsoever the matter stands in refusing of a Duel, the dishonour of the world cannot be eschewed.* What is the world? A mass of mad men. If you have sworn to please them by sacrificing your blood, your life, with the damnation of your Soul, are you not then the most miserable slave, that ever was fettered in the Guives of a rigorous servitude? Are you not a Soul prodigiously servile, so far off are you from having one sole point

of

of courage? *We then must go out of the world?* Leave it, if you cannot live without the damnation of your Soul? be gone, break the chains immediately. *But I am too much bound, it is fit the Goat browse where he is fastened.* What counsel shall one give you? You can neither go, nor stay. Resolve then to live in the world, trampling under your feet the opinion of the world, subjecting the Laws of the earth to the Empire of Heaven, and then fear not, but you shall have courage enough.

The eighth REASON.

Proceeding from Education.

Force of education.

ONe of the greatest benefits, which man can receive at God's hands, is the favourable blessing of good Education. It is it, which polisheth, and purifieth nature, as one would do a precious stone, wholly defiled with earth, and filthy ordure; it is, which maketh men become Angels, and without it the goodliest, and best natures would perpetually dwell in brutishness. The History of *Germany* telleth us, that heretofore a child was taken in the Forests, which was presented to *Henry* Landgrave of *Hassia*. From four years old he had been bred among Wolves, the Wolves taught him to go on four feet as a brute Beast, he went a foraging with the Wolves, he divided the prey with the Wolves, he slept amongst the Wolves to be the more warm; to conclude, he wholly became Wolf. When he came to be made tractable, and tame, they were enforced to tie his hands to Staves, to teach him to go as men do, yet did he break all to return to the condition of a Wolf: so powerfull is the force, and tyranny of education. Another, sucking the Milk of a Sow, took a singular pleasure to wallow in the dirt; and Lambs, nourished with Goats Milk, retain the roughness of hair.

A Wolf-child.

Hereupon judge, O you Noblemen, what obligation you have to the Divine Majesty, and what motive to tread the paths of perfection, since ordinarily (as I intend here to prove) you meet with all those things, which may conduce to the happiness of good education. How many spirits think you are there in the world, that for want of education remain as Diamonds buried in a Dung-hill, which if once you unearth, and free from rust, and putrefaction, will set the Sun before your eyes? Behold an Infant blessed with a beautifull body, a fair spirit, but yet born with a yoak on his neck, the yoak of poverty, and servitude. The condition of his birth hath shut him in a Cage, what means then, I pray, hath he to work wonders? As soon as ever he beginneth to open his eyes, he beholdeth himself to be born in a house hanged round about with Cobwebs, he beholdeth his father, and mother to groan under the burthen of a needy life, his brothers, and sisters to roul the same stone. There is no question made of civil education, instruction, or knowledge; bread must be sought for, so much sollicitude must be had only to live as brute Beasts, that no leisure will be found to think how to live like a man: and admit it were thought on, there are no Books in this poor Cottage, but rotten worm-eaten walls; no arms, but the Anviles of a Shop, or Forge; no other Musick, but their obstreperous clatter; no other Master, but the necessity of learning nothing; no other lesson, but ignorance, and misery. Behold, seeing you might have been reduced to this condition of life, what have you done to God before your being, to be that which you are? He hath not been content to give you blood, wealth, qualification, spirit, and courage, but also he alloweth you the happiness of good education, which setteth, and composeth all the natural parts into a fair way.

Defect in education.

Misery of want.

You demand of me, whether I judge seriously the education of Great-ones, and men of quality to be such? I affirm, at the least it hath all the possible means and opportunity so to be, in which consisteth the knot of obligation we seek for.

And, without going further, is it not an uncontrolable proof which sufficiently declareth, that even the education of Court is worthy recommendation, to say that God, seeking out a Schole for the greatest States-man, that ever was in the world, chose no other place then the Court of a King? You know what a man *Moses* was, how great, how eminent, how much beloved of Almighty God, who elected him to be a conduct, and captain of six hundred thousand men at arms, to give him a regency over the elements, and a power to repleniish the four quarters of the world with the greatness of his prodigies. What did he to breed him, and frame him to so high, and supereminent a condition, to so heroick virtues? Did he suffer him to be bred, as other *Hebrew* children, in fear, in bondage, in poverty, which overwhelm the goodliest, and best dispositions, as soon as they begin to set forward? No, he brought him into the Court of *Pharaoh*, he caused him to be nourished in the exercises of Nobility, to swallow all the wisdom of the *Egyptians*, who then were in reputation, to be the wisest men in the world. This is it which St. *Stephen* said in the *Acts*, *Eruditum omni sapientiâ Ægyptiorũ*. And *Philo* in the Book he hath wrtten of the life of *Moses*, unfolding to us the History of his education, saith, he learned in the Court of the King of *Egypt* Arithmetick, Geometry, Musick, as well contemplative, as practick Philosophy, and the secrets of Hieroglyphicks. But to shew Noblemen how lawfull it is to learn Court civilities, and garbs, without contracting the vices, the same *Moses*, who learned all lawfull sciences from the *Egyptian* Doctours, never would suck Milk from Nurses of the same Nation, which might infuse any bad influence upon his manners. God held the very same course in the education of the Prophet *Daniel*, and of those three holy children, who planted the trophy of their Faith among the burning coals of an Oven; he caused them to be educated in the Court of King *Nebuchadnezzar*, he caused them to learn the *Chaldaick* Language, to be trained in Literature, to be afterwards presented to the King, well instructed in all sorts of Sciences.

Education of *Moses* at Court.

Acts 7. 12. Learning, and courtlineſs of *Moses*. *Philo* de vita *Mosis*.

Daniel, and his companions bred at Court. *Pueros, in quibus nulla esset macula, decoros formâ, eruditos omni sapientiâ, cautos scientiâ, & doctos disciplinâ.* Dan. 1.

From hence you may judg, that education of great men is a matter full of worth, and recommendation, since God, who disposeth all with so excellent Oeconomy in favour of the just, hath pleased to give to his greatest Minions, and Favourites, the Courts of Kings for a Schole. And in effect we must aver there is the best education, where the best tools, and instruments of great actions are, and these are found in the houses of Personages of quality. Education of children is begun in the choise of Nurses. Poor people take such as necessity permitteth, many times surcharged with imperfections, & disproportions of nature, which make corruption creep into the child with the milk; the rich, & those of quality elect them with all possible advantage, which gold, credit, or authority can procure. This choise of Nurses is of no small importance. The Scripture observeth, that King *Nebuchadnezzar*, having been from his infancy exposed in a forest, & nourished by a wild Goat, contracted thereby brutish maners, so that degenerating into a vehement stupidity, and most barbarous pride, it made him afterwards, by the just punishment of heaven, return to the life of Beasts, among whom he had been bred.

Why men of quality are best bred.

Glossa Lyr. in Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar nurſed by a Goat.

The

Tim. Caſtiz. *Nurſe of Caligula.*

The ſame happened in the perſon of the Emperor *Caligula*, (a portentous prodigie of man) who ſeemed to be born for no other purpoſe, but to ſhew the world the miſchief, which a great power can perpetrate in a great brutiſhneſs. It is held this corruption came to him neither from father, nor mother, who both were reputed the moſt honeſt, and prudent in the *Roman* Empire. But it is ſaid, that (perhaps) of purpoſe to make him one day Martial, they gave him a maſculine brave Nurſe. For ſhe was hairy on the face as man, ſhe drew a Long-bow, ſhe ran at the Ring, ſhe curvetted a Horſe like a Rider, but in other kinds ſhe was miſchievous, and cruel, and made her little nurſe-child ſuperlatively inheritour of her vices.

If then the goodneſs of Nurſes be one of the principal favours, which happeneth in education, who will have them if not Noblemen? As ſoon as Ladies, and women of Quality are ready to be brought in bed, every one will preſent them a Nurſe, every one will offer one of their own choiſe, there is not a Viſitant, nor Goſſip, that will not roam from houſe to houſe for this purpoſe, and redouble journey after journey. It falleth out oftentimes, that after the mothers do neglect perſonally to give their children ſuck, and uſe ſo much curioſity in the election, drawn by conſiderations meerly terrene, that overmuch choiſe maketh them to elect ill. The children of rich men become droughty amongſt a maſs of Fountains, wherewith they are preſented to ſuck from their infancy; and thoſe of poor men, amongſt the incommodities of nourtriture, grow up as Safforn under hail; God counterpoizing to the one their over much ſolicitude of humane helps, and ſupplying the want in the other. Notwithſtanding it cannot be denied, but that a moderate choiſe of Nurſes, ever accommodated to God's greater glory, is moſt available to the Infant, and that perſons of Quality have this favour much more tranſcendent then others.

After the Nurſes, come the Governours, and Governeſſes. The poor creatures are inſtantly abandoned, and caſt amongſt a little crew of children, their ordinary companions, and play-fellows, and there have they all liberty to beſmear one another as a Collier's ſack. In the houſes of Great-ones there is always ſome ſage women, who giveth the firſt tincture and impreſſions to the Souls of children, and beginneth to trace on their tender hearts the firſt draughts of the fear of God. When the Infant is capable to learn any thing, the poor creature much wanteth inſtructions; for the Chariot of learning is now adays moved with the arms of Gold, and Silver. Great men make all Arts, and Sciences tributary to their fortune. If books be wanting, goodly Libraries are erected with money. If good Teachers, all the beſt Spirits, and choiſeſt Maſters make haſte to enter into the houſes of Great-ones. There is not a Grammarian, Geographer, Chronologer, Rhetorician, or Philoſopher will fail them. If they could not otherwiſe have it, but that they muſt fetch learning from the furtheſt confines of the earth, to infuſe it into their brain, they would have it at what price ſoever. If they be to be trained in Military exerciſe, the braveſt Academies are opened to them. If the Parents ſhew themſelves (though it be never ſo little) affected to Devotion, and Virtue, they that never were bent thereto will be pliable, and ſeek rather to make ſale thereof, then to uſe it.

Arts tributary to great men.

Verily you, O Noblemen, behold that the help of education is great, and wholly in your own hands. Judge now then the injury you do to God, and the wrong you inflict on your ſelves, when you abuſe theſe bounties of Heaven. Wherein do we abuſe it then? In two principal points. The firſt is neglecting good inſtruction. The ſecond in ſubverting it by vice contrary thereunto. How is that? Firſt, many fathers, and mothers at this day, reſembling Oſtriches, who lay their Egs in the open way, without hatching them, little regard to till the minds of their children, by planting therein the fear of God, to gather afterward a rich harveſt of eminent virtue, ſuitable to their condition. But if a Propoſition be made, to expoſe them to the height of the wheel of worldly honours, with the freſh gale of favour, then are they eagerly buſie. Is not this it, which the Prophet *Jeremy* did deplore, when he ſaid, *Hieruſalem was cruel as an Oſtrich in the deſerts?* Such fathers there will be found in the world, who, without any guidance, or direction, thruſt their Sons into the throng of many hazards of being undone, and will not ſpare to ſend them into the fellowſhip of Devils, into the contempt of Religion, and looſe Liberty, ſo that it may be a degree to advance their fortune. What Chriſtianity is this? *Guevarra*, a great Courtier, ſaith, that Parents, who ſo ſend their children to Court, without preſcribing how they ought to demean themſelves, and not allowing them ſome perſon, who may ſeaſonably reprehend their imperfections, ſhould do much better to load them with Irons, and place them in the houſe of Fools, becauſe there they are bound, that they may become more wiſe, and in the Court, they are let looſe to make them more fooliſh. If a young man have deſerved the wheel, do but put him into the hands of his own will, a more butcherly executioner you cannot give him.

Bad education of Noblemen, and why?

Fathers, and Mothers compared to Oſtriches.

Filia populi mei crudelis quaſi Struthio in deſerto. Thren 4. 3.

Guevarra in the alarm to Courtiers, tranſlated by Mounſieur Hardy

The other point is yet more perillous when they are not onely neglected, but are purpoſely bred in pride, and ſenſuality, which are the two Rocks whereon theſe young ſouls make ſhip-wrack. One of the wiſeſt men of the *Roman* Empire complained of the Time he lived in, wherein *they firſt built Palaces before the mouth was formed; that young boys were wrapped up in Scarlet, that they grew up in Litters, and Coaches, without ever ſcarce ſetting foot to the ground, and that their lips were kiſſed for having ſpoken ſome ſottiſh foppery.* This was ſomewhat tolerable amongſt *Heathens*; but to ſee *Chriſtian* children bred up in pride, in flatteries, in perpetual apiſh toys, ſervices, and ſubmiſſions, which raiſe their high ſpirit, is it not a prodigie? Theſe little *Thraſoniſts* are no ſooner out of the ſhel, but inſtantly they eſtabliſh a juriſdiction in the family, they make a noſe of Wax of their Parents, drunk with love, and childiſh indulgence, to lead, and turn them where they liſt; they do, and undo what they pleaſe, and indeed, exerciſe even then a petty tyranny, to make themſelves afterwards looſe, and unfettered Lions. And they, ſeeing all things are permitted them, do inſtantly take that vogue, which depraved nature doth preſent unto them, they follow the track of pleaſure, and voluptuouſneſs, ſo fattening, and engroſſing their ſouls, that all the luſtre of the ſpirit is wholly buried, and extinct. Their houſhold-ſervants who nearly attended them, ſeeing their favour may this way be gained, deſperately corrupt them, propoſing vices to them, of which they never had the leaſt knowledge.

Great corruption of Nobility.

Antè palatium earum quam ædificatum: in purpuris natæ, in lectis crepant, in lectis crepant, audemus ſi quid licentius dixerint. Verba, ne Alexandrinis quidem permittenda delicatiſſimis & ſchi exercitatis. Fabius Quintilianus.

Domeſticks vicious, how abominable.

Hereupon, fathers, and mothers, take heed, cankers, which devour bodies, and peſtilences, which ſuffocate hearts, are not ſo dangerous as are theſe creatures,

Education of children recommended by excel-

lent paſſages of Fathers.

tures, unworthily ſlaviſh in the moſt prodigious ſervitude that may be, when under pretext of welwiſhing, they thruſt your children into vice, before their eyes are open to diſtinguiſh it. Know, that children are, as ſaith *Clemens Alexandrinus*, the flowers of marriage, nothing is ſo eaſie to be corrupted, a little contagious breath will tarniſh, and dry up all their beauty. Underſtand, they are your poſſeſſions, and inheritances; *Poſſedi hominem per Deum*, ſaid the firſt mother of mortals. If you leave them unmanured, all overrun with thorns, and briars, you ſhall become anſwerable to the juſtice of Almighty God, *Look well unto it*, ſaith St. *Hierom*, *that they carouſe not in the cups of* Babylon, *and be not ſtrucken with the hammer, the noiſe whereof wil reſound throngh the earth, otherwiſe they will one day be nails, and lances in your ſides* (as ſaith the Scripture) to transfix you even to the heart. In the fourth book of *Kings* 42. children ill brought up were devoured by Bears, to teach Parents, that ſince they have done leſs then Bears, who ſhape their whelps by much licking, & ſmothing them, they therefore by Bears were bereft of them: and ſuch infants (ſaith S. *Cyprian*) will one day complain at the tribunal of God, ſaying, *The perfidiouſneſs of others hath betrayed us, our fathers, and our mothers have been our parricides.* In like maner youth, take heed how you abuſe the gift of your good education, and the many inſtrumental means, which God hath granted you for the exerciſe of virtue, otherwiſe you ſhall pay the loſſes thereof in the length of a corrupt, and miſerable life, and your bones in old age ſhall be filled with the follies of youth, which ſhall ſleep with you even in your Tomb, and drag your ſouls into the bottomleſs precipice, from whence there is no recovery.

Clemens Alexand. 2. Pædag. cap. 8.

Hier. ad Latam.

Erunt vobis quaſi clavi, & lanceæ in lateribus. Num. 33. 4 Reg. 2. 23

Cyprian de lapſis. Perdidit nos aliena perfidia, parentes ſenſimus parricidas.

The ninth REASON,

Which maketh it appear, the Court is a life of Penance.

AMongſt the Motives, which the exact Maſters of ſpiritual life propoſe to Religious men, to invite them to perfection, they ſet before their eyes, that they are all ſtirred up to virtue, when they already are in the arms of penance. The like with juſt reaſon we may ſay to Courtiers, the more to enflame them to fortify themſelves in great, and glorious virtues, to wit, that arriving at Court, they enter into a houſe of penance, where they every day have a thouſand occaſions of ſuffering, which is the ſhorteſt way to perfection. That the Court is a place of publick penance, appeareth for the reaſons, which I intend now to produce. Firſt, Antiquity hath called penance, by the word *Envy*, as *Tertullian* hath done, who ſaith, *We ſtrike at the gates of Heaven, as with the hammer of envy*; that is to ſay, with penance. This name hath been given, either for that it doth make God as it were envied, if he pardon not, ſeeing the eſtate of Penitents ſo deplorable; *Invidiam facit Deo niſi ignoſcat*, as the moſt learned Biſhop of *Orleans* hath noted in his Obſervations upon *Tertullian*: or for that the *Latine* word *invidere* ſignifieth originally not to ſee any thing, but to turn the eye aſide as from a ſad object; and the habit, eſtate, and condition of the Penitents was heretofore ſo lamentable, that the nice, and curious averted their eyes from them, and could not endure ſo much as onely to behold them. Howſoever it be, the title of Envie doth excellently well agree with the Court. That is the neſt where Envie hatcheth her Egs, the Throne where ſhe exerciſeth her Empire, the Altar where ſhe hath many ſacrifices, and were ſhe baniſhed from all the corners of the earth, we then ſhould ſearch for her among Courtiers, their life always being between the two ſcales of the balance, whereof the one is called Envie, the other Miſery. This is it, which obligeth them to an extraordinary perfection, that they may perpetually ſtand upon their guard, and avoid the leaſt defect. This is it, which if they know well how to uſe it, doth abſolutely ſhut up from them the gate to all exceſs; for if Envie (according to the Proverb) will offer to ſhave an Egg, what will ſhe not do in a Meadow?

Tertul. Apol. c. 40. Invidia cœlum tundimus.

Penance called by the name of Envie.

Envie of Court.

Secondly, the antient Canons, and Doctours of the Church, as St. *Baſil*, obſerve five degrees of penance. The firſt was called *Sorrow*, which was a ſtate of tears, and grones. The ſecond is called *Audience*, which was a degree, to which Penitents, after an infinite number of ſighs, were admitted to hear the inſtructions, and preachings of the Word of God, whereof they were before deprived. The third, *Humiliation*, which was when the Penitents were admitted to a certain part of the Maſs, but not at the Sacrifices: for they went out before the conſecration, a little after the newly-inſtructed Chriſtians, the Prieſt repeating over them a certain Prayer, during which time they made a low obeyſance, their face bowed to the ground. The fourth degree is called *Conſiſtence*, where the Penitents had leave to hear Maſs at the full length as others, but not to make any Oblation, nor to communicate: for that was reſerved to the laſt degree, called *Communion*, where they obtained a full reconciliation in the participation of the holy Myſteries, as the fore-alledged Biſhop hath moſt excellently explicated.

Five degrees of Penance among the Antients. προσκλαυσις. ἀκρόασις. ὑπόπτωσις. σύστασις. μέθεξις.

Of theſe five parts of Penance, Courtiers for the moſt part exerciſe thoſe, which are moſt irkſom, and very ſeldom participate in the conſolations of the other more ſweet, and benign. If Penitents have a degree of tears, and lamentations, where are ſighs, and groans more frequent then in Court, for the many diſaſters, which ordinarily occur in their affairs? One may well apply to them that paſſage of *Job*, expreſſed in St. *Gregory* the Great, *The Giants, or men of the earth, do groan under the waters.* Out alaſs! how many times the poor miſerable creatures, after a world of travels, purſuits, and hopes, which are dreams without ſleep, ſeeing themſelves tranſported into diſgrace with a furious torrent of envy, ſigh, and mourn in an Ocean of calamities? One frown of an incenſed Prince is more formidable to them then the eye of a Baſilisk, yea, more terrible then the crack of a Canon. The favours they enjoy are winged, and ſlippery; all the contentment they can poſſibly receive in ten years will not afford ſo much joy to their hearts, as the repulſe of one ſole day, coming as a ſtroke of thunder, afflicteth them, and maketh them give ground, if they have not recourſe to heavenly conſolations. See you not how *Abſalom* re-eſtabliſhed in Court, yet deprived of the King his father's ſight, bare this diſgrace with ſo much anxiety of mind, that he asked a bloody death for his remedy? What will the look of a Lion be, if the onely deprivation of a favourable eye be ſo ill to be digeſted? What will become of ſo many other contrarieties, which at every turn transfix ſo many brave deſigns, ſo well projected? Where will not occaſion of many moſt bitter ſorrows be found, among ſo divers accidents, which cauſe us to ſtand at all times prepared for blows? If Penitents be in a ſtate of humiliation, wherein, as other Interpreters obſerve, they not onely humbled themſelves, proſtrated on the earth at the Prieſt's benediction, but they lowly

Practiſe of theſe degrees at Court.

Job 20. *Gigantes gemunt ſub aquis.*

Eſtate of tears.

Obſecro ut videam faciem Regis: quod ſi memor eſt iniquitatis meæ, interficiat me. 2 Reg. 14.

State of humility.

lowly laid themselves under the feet of all the world; where I, pray, are Souls found, born more to servitude, more pliant, more abased, then the Courtiers? They bend like the Fisher's angling-line, they stoup, they turn, and wheel about to all purposes, that they may arrive where they pretend. They buy all their Honour at the price of great submissions, their Scarlet at the price of sordid ambition, and glory with the coin of slavery. That is it, which St. *Cyprian* excellently well observed: *Behold ye this Courtier, who gazeth on himself in Scarlet? If you knew how many base submissions the flashing lustre of this bright garment cost him, if you knew what scorn, what repulse, what contempts, even of such as were more arrogant then himself, he hath swallowed; how many proud gates he hath (as it were) besieged every day, going to perform his complements; and how many times he hath made himself a stirrop-holder, or foot-boy for the service of a disdainfull Prince, to gain this train, which now attendeth him*, you then would have more pity of his person, then envie of his fortune. An antient Courier being asked, how he had grown old in Court, did not he answer: *By receiving injuries every day with thanks?* Many men fatten with disgraces, as faithfull Dogs with bastonadoes.

Cyprian. ad Donatum. Qui amictu clariore conspicuus fulgere sibi videtur in purpura, quibus hoc sordibus emit, ut fulgeat? Quos arrogantium fastus prius pertulit? Quas superbas fores maturius salutator obsedit? Quot tumentium contumeliosa vestigia ante præcessit, ut ipsum etiam salutantium comes postmodum turba præcederet.

Behold how Courtiers participate with penitents in pains, and not in comforts: for penitents after many austerities come to enjoy with tastful contentment the hearing of the Word of God. A Courtier after a thousand, and a thousand mortifications, shall not gain oft-times one good word from his Prince. Penitents, after they had been throughly turmoiled, came to the state of repose, and consistence: but Courtiers are always upon the wheel, not finding a firm footing of constancy to fix themselves on. The Penitents came in the end to the participation of mysteries: and Courtiers with all their ministeries of iniquity seldom enter into the Temple of hoped honour, and if they do enter, they find not the mysterie, which can satisfie all their appetites.

A notable answer of an old Courtier.

Injurias accipiendo, & gratias agendo. Senec. 2. de Ira, c. 35.

Behold you not a rough penance? Behold you not a patience able to make Saints, yea, Martyrs, if they did onely measure themselves with the Ell of torments? *Guevarra*, who had lived in a Cloister, and a Court, found the penance of Religious men was much sweeter then that of Courtiers. A religious man many times stayeth long in one house, and buildeth at his good leisure a little nest, to die in the sweet-smelling odours of good life, and holy conversation: and it seemeth (said he) the malediction of *Cain* is fallen upon Courtiers; for they are always in motion, as strangers, and every day change Inns, and Hosteries. A religious man obeyeth but one onely, a Courtier hath so many Masters, as he hath passions, and pretensions, which fetter his liberty, a good never to be estimated by a valuable price. A religious man maketh an account of his demeanour to his superior: a Courtier hath a thousand controllers of his actions. So many parts and members as the estate of the King hath, are to him so many chains, so many observances. He must (saith this Authour) serve the King, wait on Favorites, visit Noblemen, Court-treasurers, give to door-keepers, frugally endear Auditours, entertain Provosts, gain harbingers, flatter pay-masters, do for his friends, dissemble with his enemies. All which things infinitely exercise obedience, and attract unspeakable slavery. If a Courtier once do what he can, he is a thousand times made to do what he would not, and admit he be a favorite of the Prince, he is a slave to all the officers, and to all respects, and relations, by which he holds his fortunes, as if one should hold a Wolf by the ears.

Comparison between a Courtier, and a Religious man.

A Religious man maketh a vow of poverty: such a Courtier there may be found, who, without vow-making findeth himself the most part of his time miserable poor; great fortunes, yea, those who carry all, at the end of their account, finding themselves hunger-starved, and wretched. A poor Religious man at diner-time findeth his Napkin laid, and without taking of further care the gifts of God arrived, as seasonably as if *Elias* Crow had brought them. Such a Courtier is to be found, who oft-times lodgeth in some crooked narrow lane, he eateth on some hired table, lieth on some borrowed bed, and abideth in a chamber without door, or portal, and at the end of all comes an Host, who surprizeth him when he hath nothing to content him; at which time his affliction is greater to discover his poverty, then to feel it; less it grieveth him to be miserable, then to have a witness of his wretchedness. Such an one hath been seen possessed of above two thousand Ducats of yearly rent, who neither had bread, fewel, spit, nor kettle in his house, but every day a register ready of great mens boards, where he might go to beg a diner. What beggary is this? *Guevarra* addeth also to this specious poverty of a Courtier, that Grooms rob him, Caters bring in false reckonings, Buffoons importune him, Ladies of Court unplume him, other women, less honest, filch from him. When every one beholdeth him unfeathered, they hasten to pull the plumes off his wings, and if his wings fail him, he no more shall have friends, nor succour.

A Religious man, having made a vow of chastity, hath very great, and undoubted means to observe it, provided by his rule: the chastity of a Courtier is always in snares, and combats, his battels are perpetual, his victories most rare, the obligation notwithstanding of continency sticks upon him, and his transgressions are reserved to God's vengeance. A Religious man hath his watchings for the service of God, and notwithstanding hath his season of watching, repast, and study all distributed with a prudent Oeconomy: the Courtier hath neither repose, nor repast certain, for the service of the world. He dineth when it pleaseth his *Alexander*; and his sleep is no more his own then his liberty, of which he is dispoiled before he go to bed; a thing notwithstanding so precious, that whosoever well knoweth the price thereof, would not lend it out, though he had the whole world for a pledge. A Religious man maketh voluntary abstinencies, with merit, and consolation: your Courtier fasteth oftener then he would, with demerit, without comfort. Briefly, a Religious man weareth hair-cloth, and the Courtier thorns, and cares, which never forsake him. A Religious Recluse hath as it were no body to please but himself: a Courtier, who endeavoureth to content all, many times satisfieth no man; if he hold his peace, he is a Lourdane; if he speak, he is a Babler; if he spend, he is a Prodigal; if a good husband, covetous; if he stay in his lodging, he is an Hypotrite; if he make many visits, he is a Busie-body; if he be bravely attended, they say he is a Fool; if he eat alone, he is miserable.

In *fine*, this great Courtier *Guevarra*, after he had represented the fashion of the time, and disposition of the Court most lively, draweth this conclusion, That the life of Court is not a life, but rather a publick penance: and that we ought not to call Courtiers living men, but interred alive, becaufe they die as often as they understand, that another is more in favour of the Times then themselves.

Judge then upon all this, which I have here discourfed,

courſed, whether one ought to fortifie himſelf ſo much the more with virtue, and courage, by how much he beholdeth himſelf expoſed to great and perpetual occaſions, either of ſin, or miſery? Whether the Courtier have leſs obligation to virtue then the Religious, ſince he ſeeth himſelf at all turns in greater, and more evident perils? Judg, if this be a favour of Almighty God to have a ſubject of penance, and a fair field to exerciſe patience, how Courtiers herein are made happy, and how many palms they might reap, if they would add the application of ſpirit, ſincerity of intention, and ſpiritual direction to the exerciſes of their profeſſion. Through the want of theſe virtues, thinking to gain all, they loſe all, merit eſcapes them, and all their life the bad thiefs croſs abideth with them. And that, which is moſt deplorable, is, that they adore their puniſhments, and like the tribe of *Zabulon*, of whom Scripture ſpeaketh, *they ſuck in the water of the Sea as Milk, and all bitterneſs ſeems ſweet as ſugar to their depraved taſts.*

Deut. 33. *Inundationem maris quaſi lac ſugent.*

The tenth REASON,

Which dependeth on acknowledgment, or gratitude.

HAd Noblemen, and worldly Great-ones no other ſpur to incite them to perfection, but the acknowledgment of ſo many benefits, which they have received from the liberal hand of God, it were always a potent motive to a heart truly generous, who feareth ingratitude more then death.

It is not without myſterie, that God in the beginning of the world's creation, of twelve names attributed unto him, he taketh that of *Elohim*, derived from an *Hebrew* word, ſignifying to *tie*, and *oblige*, making himſelf at the very firſt known to man, even in the world's infancy, under the title of *Obliging*, to teach him, that he is born among benefits, the acknowledgment of which ſhould become natural to him. That great man *Philo* the *Jew*, in the Book he entituled *Noë's Plant*, figureth unto us a certain tradition of the Sages of his Nation, to wit, that God the Creatour, after he had framed the world as a Scucheon of his Nobility, a contracted table of his Titles, a mirrour of his greatneſs, and wiſdom, demanded of the Prophets, or the Angels then in glory, what they thought of this work; and that one among them, after he had highly commended the architecture of this goodly univerſe, ſaid freely, that he alſo therein yet required one perfection, to ſee a Seal upon ſo many brave, and rich inventions. What is it, ſaith the Eternal Father? I would deſire (replied he) a ſtrong voice, powerful, harmonious, which born upon the wings of the winds, and clouds, upon the Chariot of the air, might repleniſh all the parts of the world, and inceſſantly eccho forth night and day in praiſes, and thanksgiving for your incomparable benefits. Verily a good invention, and worthy of an Angelical ſpirit, yet notwithſtanding, God hath ſufficiently provided for this defect. For framing the world as a large clock, he hath proportionably given to man the place, which this celeſtial ſpirit ſeemed to require. And, that it might not be otherwiſe then ſo, the firſt wheel of this great clock of the world is the *primum mobile*, the continual motion, the ſecret influences of Antipathies, and Sympathies, which are as it were hidden in the bowels of Nature. The hand thereof is this goodly, and beautiful embowed frettizing of the heavenly orbs, which we behold with our eyes. The twelve Signs are as it were the diſtinctions of the twelve hours of the day. The Sun exerciſeth the office of the Steel, and Gnomon to point out time, and in its abſence the Moon. The Lights, and Stars contribute thereto their luſtrous brightneſs. The Sea the azure of his waves for ornament. The Earth ſerves for counterpoize. The ſtony Quarries, the metals, and the plants, for an Emblem to exerciſe the wiſeſt in the knowledge of this great Work-man. The living Creatures are the ſmall chimes, and Man is the great clock, which is to ſtrike the hours, and render thanks to the Creatour.

God named Obliging in the beginning of the world.

A notable diſcourſe of *Philo*.

The world a Clock, and how.

This acknowledgement of courſe is due to God from all men, and the failing herein is greatly puniſhable for two reaſons. The firſt is, That God hath with his finger engraven it in the nature of the world. The ſecond, That he extraordinarily recommended it in the new, and old Law. As concerning what toucheth the law of nature; benefits are the wings of love, more ſwift then tempeſts; they overtake Birds in their flight. We behold in Hiſtory, where on one ſide a Stork cometh to caſt a precious Stone into the boſome of a Maid, which had healed her of a wound; and on the other ſide an Eagle, that ſeeing the body of a young man burned, which had fed, and cheriſhed her, caſt her ſelf with alacrity into the flames of her enkindled pile. Good turns are golden Nets, which catch the ſwifteſt gliding Fiſhes; we find the proof hereof, when the Dolphins aſſembled with troops upon the Sea-ſhore, where they celebrated the obſequies of one called *Ceranus*, who had before freed them from the ſnares of the Fiſher-men. Benefits are ſharp-pointed Arrows, which throughly penetrate the heart of Tygers, and Lions. We find it in the Hiſtory of *Androdus*, who, becauſe he had pulled a thorn out of a Lion's foot, made a Beaſt of ſervice of him, and led him through all the City of *Rome*, gentle, and meek as a Lamb. O how ſtrong bird-lime is a benefit! all generous birds are taken with it, there is none but ſome certain ill-conditioned Owls, which eſcape from it.

Natural gratitude, excellent proofs of it. *Ælian.* lib. cap. 22. *Plin.* l. 10. cap. 5. *Ælian.* lib. 8. cap. 3.

Interrogata jumenta, & docebunt te: & volatilia agri, & indicabunt tibi. Agnovit bos poſſeſſorem ſuum, & aſinus præſepe Domini ſui: Iſrael autem non me cognovit. Iſaiah 1.

Noblemen, will you think you do too much, if you ſhould acknowledge the benefits of your Creatour, ſince Beaſts the moſt ſavage recompenſe good turns received from ſlaves, and forgetting their nature cannot but remember a benefit, though ſmall? As for the written Law, what virtue is more often recommended, then gratitude, and thankful acknowledgement? God giveth not any benefits without preparing Monuments. If he deliver his people out of *Egypt*, a Lamb of Paſs-over, under the title of gratitude, is to be offered for ever: if he give Manna, a Pot thereof is reſerved in the Tabernacle: if he work wonders with *Moſes* rod, it is preſerved for an eternal memery. Gratitude is the Key of the land flowing with Milk, and Hony; ingratitude is a chanel, from whence all the plagues of heaven pour down upon rebellious, and contumacious heads. Is it not very remarkable, that the *Iſraelites* were more carefull to carry with them into the deſerts Timbrels to praiſe God with, then Arms to defend themſelves? Praiſes go before curtilaxes, and all warlike engines. The Captains of the valorous *Debora* are for the ſame cauſe termed in Scripture *Notaries*, becauſe they went into the war with pen, and ſword. The ſword to fight with, and the pen to write the praiſes of God. If you demand of *Rupertus*, why in *Geneſis*, when all creatures are ſpoken of, there is not one word of the ſphere of Fire: he will anſwer you, that Fire, becauſe of its barren unfruitfulneſs, is the ſymbol of ingratitude, and for that purpoſe it is not once mentioned in the place where queſtion was made of the ſacrifice of acknowlegement. If you ask of St. *Chryſoſtom*, why God, coming to give a

Gratitude in the Law of God.

Excellent obſervations upon this. *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, & gladii anceps in manibus eorum.* Pſal. 149. Jud. v. 14. *τοῖς χεῖλεσι ἐν σκληρῷ γράμματείου.* Interp. 70. Interpretum à *Rupert.* in Geneſ.

Law

Law to his people, appeared amongſt Briers, and Thorns, he will tell you, it was to ſhew to this ungrateſull people the deformity of their ingratitude, ſignified by thoſe thorny plants. S. *Ambroſe* likewiſe obſerveth it was the providence of heaven, to give young *Toby* an Angel, and a Dog for companions of his voyage. The Angel to do him good offices, and the Dog, who is moſt ſenſibly mindfull, to cauſe him to remember a benefit. See you not the world, and the law are extended, and diſpoſed, one in his creatures, and the other in all his precepts, to impreſs gratitude in our hearts? One of the Antients ſaid, that to die ungratefull was the moſt infamous death might be imagined. Would you then (Nobles) have your bodies buried in Churches, in places moſt eminent, and conſpicuous, yet ſpare not to make ingratitude a Sepulchre for your ſouls?

Ambr. l. 6. Hexaëm. c. 4.

Marcus Aurel. 1. Antoninus de vita ſua. πάντων ἀλόγων.

Add hereunto preſently a conſideration well worthy to be pondered, that by how much the benefits you have received from the liberal hand of Almighty God are great, and glorious, ſo much the more is it a hideous thing, to repay them in the coin of ingratitude. Follow the foot-ſteps of the Oracle of Doctours, St. *Auguſtine*, purſue the practice, which he uſed to enflame himſelf to gratefull acknowledgments. Go ye upon the brink of abyſſes, and ſpeak to Nothing, which is not at all, nor ever was, nor ever ſhall be. Caſt up your age, and demand of it, Where were you ſo many years? It will reply to your heart with dumb words, and tell you, That which you have been, it is. And what have you done to God, to be at this time that, which it is not? Take into your hand a Diamond, it will tell you it hath eſſential being with you, but it liveth not; and what have you done to God to have life above the ſame? Go to Cedars, and Palm-trees, and you ſhall underſtand, they have life common with you, but you ſenſe above them. Under what title was it due to you? With what mony did you purchaſe it? Go to Eagles, and Lions, and they will tell you, they have ſenſe common with you, but you have reaſon, an incomparable good above them: You have judgment, memory, underſtanding, free-will; you are men, and they are beaſts. What have you done to God to be made man? to be a reaſonable creature capable of an infinite good? What have you done before your being, to be that which you are? What ſacrifice have you preſented, being as then in nothing, to be born into the world ſupereminently prelated above all the creatures of the world? Well, admit you had deſerved your being: where have you merited your wel-being? Say you had merited to be men, where have you deſerved to be Chriſtians? to be ſelected by the hand of God from ſo many infinite Nations, which daily people Hell? to be waſhed with the blood of his Son, to be regenerated by the waters of Baptiſm, to be impreſſed with his own ſtamp, to be beautified with his grace, ſupported with his merits, enlightened with his knowledge, protected under his wings, and the ſhelter of his Angels, to have all the means, and opportunity to begin in the world a celeſtial life, and afterward to reign in heaven for ever, and there to remain abſorpt in an ocean of pleaſures, and felicities?

Excellent practice of St. *Auguſtine* to encourage himſelf to gratitude.

At what price have you bought all that? Are you not a jadiſh Mule to ſuck ſuch a Teat, and then to kick with your heels?

Particular obligations of Noblemen.

But you ſay, it is common to you with all Chriſtians, I anſwer, the Sun is no leſs the Sun to you, for that it enlighteneth the eyes of a Piſmire. But behold what perſonally toucheth you, and that which you cannot forget without diſloyal ingratitude.

Nature hath caſt all men in one, and the ſame mould, all are equal according to birth, all equal in death, who uſeth to meaſure with the ſame ell Linſy-woolſey, and cloth of Tiſſue. But what inequality is there in the conditions of life? It ſeemeth when the courſe of each man's eſtate, and fortune is well conſidered, there is more difference between man, and man, then between man, and beaſt.

How many creatures are born ever in the fetters of miſerable ſervitude, and ſalute life with a yoak on their neck? And behold you are not onely born free, but Noble, but great, but eminent, you come into the world like *Diadumenus*, with a diadem of honour on your foreheads.

How many do you behold born with very great diſproportion of body, with bunched backs, crookedneſs, maladies, deformities, which they are enforced to carry with them from their mothers womb to their grave? And behold you are born with a body well-compoſed, that nature hath framed to ſerve as a Cabinet for the ſoul, which God would lodg in.

How many ſtupid, groſs, and obſcure ſpirits, unjoynted judgments, irregular brains are there in the world? And yet God hath given to you a ſpirit capable of all kind of lights, knowledges, a judgment well-grounded, a faithful memory, and all the moveables of a fair ſoul. How many children come into the world as little abortives, and are afterward left without inſtruction, guid, or conduct, as lees, and dregs of the creatures of the earth? And behold how all things co-operate to your education.

How many millions of mortals daily diſſolve into poverty, in a wretched, and needy life, in extream miſeries, which make them feed upon gall, and every day to drench part of their life in tears? And behold you are born to great patrimonies, infinite riches, large revenues; behold not onely men, and beaſts, but all the elements alſo are kept in breath to contribute to your ſervices, your magnificence, your felicities, your delights.

How many are at the foot of the wheel, trampled on, and oppreſſed under the tyrannie of men, many times more cruel then wilde, and ſavage beaſts? And behold you are on the top of the wheel, behold you are upon the higheſt ſpheres of honour, feared of your enemies, cheriſhed by your equals, adored by your inferiours; doth this ſeem nothing to you? Or if it ſeem fit to you, to caſt it up with your accompt, tell me if you have it from your ſelves? Tell me if you were, before your being, able to merit all theſe favours from Heaven?

Take now the balance your ſelf, and judg, if it be not a looſe, and barbarous ingratitude to ſteal the ſilver, and gold of God to make Idols to *Baal*; to light your lamp at the Altar-fire of the Omnipotent, to make pillage afterward of his Temple; to take bread from the Maſter of the houſe with one hand, and to ſtab him with the other? And this is it, which you do, when you wholly abuſe all theſe gifts of Heaven in impiety, injuſtice, ambition, luſt, envie, rage, in a brutiſh, and ſtinking life. This is it, which bringeth aſtoniſhment even to the gates of heaven, and cauſeth the heavenly Father to ſpeak theſe lamentable words of *Jeremie*: *How comes it to paſs that my wel-beloved hath commited ſo many outrages in my houſe?* Have I then (O my beloved) lodged thee in my Temple, have I nouriſhed, and bred thee from thy Cradle with a fatherly hand, to betray mine honour, and defile the glory of my Altars? See you not that in doing this you weave the thread of your eternal ruin?

Weigh

Weigh seriously (O Noblemen) what you are, what you can, what you have, what you are worth, and in good time take hold of this Maxim, not to desire to be, nor to be able, nor to be valued, but for him, to whom you ow all your being.

The eleventh REASON,

Drawn from the effect, which examples should produce.

ON what side soever I turn me (O you Great-ones) I find motives for you in every place of duty, spurs of honour, and inevitable obligations of virtue. Behold one of the most principal, to wit, Example: Yea, the example of great men is one of the most potent charms, as well for good, as ill, that may possibly be found in nature. See you not how the spirit of lies who keeps an open shop of all wiles, and active pliantness, hath not found in all hell an engin better able to ingulph mankind in a thousand lamentable confusions, then to set before him the bad example of great-ones, who by cunning sleight, and tyrannie came to that height as to cause themselves to be accompted as God? Satan, having set them upon the Altar, puts himself in possession of their hearts: for coming to shew to these blind idolaters an adulterous *Jupiter*, an unchast *Venus*, a bloudie *Mars*, he whispered in their ears, The God, whom you adore, and for whom you erect Temples, and Altars, hath done this, and that, and are you better then he not to do the same?

The world heretofore perverted by the example of great-ones.

Depraved nature, which no sooner hath being, but that concupiscence entereth thereinto, being already vehemently transported into exorbitancy by general inclination, and coming afterward to feel the swinge of this so alluring example (in those, who were not onely esteem'd great, but Gods immortal) ran to mischief with full speed, erected trophies of its own dishonour, and covered its ulcers with a golden veil.

Julius Firmicus de errore profan. Religion. *Adulterio delectatur quis? Jovem respicit, & inde cupiditatis sua fomenta conquirit: probat, imitatur, & laudat, quod Deus suus in Cygno fallit, in Tauro rapit, ludit in Satyre.* Tyrannie of Example.

The great wit *Julius Firmicus*, hath excellently well observed this reason in the book he composed of the errours of profane Religions. "Is man an adulterer? He casteth his eye upon *Jupiter*, and "draweth from the Idol of his false God the en-"kindling tinder of his lust. He approveth, he imi-"tateth, he praiseth his God, because he deceiveth "a simple credulous maid in the figure of a Swan, "ravisheth another in the form of a Bull, and af-"terward in another encounter personateth the "shape of a Satyre.

Aug. Confes. 2. c. 3. *Audiebam eos cantantes flagitia sua, & tanto gloriantes magis, quanto magis turpes essent: & thebat facere, non solum libidine facti, verum etiam laudis: fingebam me fecisse quod non fecerim, ne viderer abjectior, quo eram innocentior, & ne vilior haberer, quia eram castior.* Importance of the example of Noble-men.

What may be said more of the force, and tyranny of example, then to say with St. *Augustine*: Not onely the vitious pursue vice in full speed, which lead the way, but even those, who have the fillet of shame-fac'dness upon their brows, suffer themselves hastily to run after the torrent of examples, and suppose to have a portion in the fortune of great men, when they have a share in their vices. *I heard my companions, who boasted their wickedness, making themselves so much the more glorious, by how much they were more beastly, and dishonest. And needs would I do as they, not so much through appetite of doing ill, as for complacence to be applauded for ill. It often happened to me to counterfeit the ill, which I had not done, doubting to be innocent, for fear of being reputed a man of no worth, and loth to be esteemed chast, lest chastity should make me contemned by the world.*

Behold, O Noblemen, what power Example exerciseth upon the hearts of men. Blame none but your selves, if you create not a new world, that you banish not vice from the earth, and make a golden Age return again. God hath planted you upon the highest steps of greatness, and causeth you first of all to see the storm, and calm. God hath planted you with his hand as stars in this goodly firmament of honour, upon your influences depend the whole course of this inferiour world. If they be good, they bring health, solace, and life into the whole world. The people are as the sea, and you are the winds, which raise, or depress them when you please. The people are like the *Polypus*, who changeth colour according to the diversity of objects; and you are the rocks, to which he is tied with a long chain of servitude; you take his liberty, and give him colour. The people is as Ivie, which creepeth, and clingeth according to his support; you are the *Colossus*, and walls, which under-prop it. The people hath a heart of wax, and clay, and you are the Master-potters to give what proportion you please. *A good Prince sheweth the way of doing well to his subjects, in well doing himself, and though he be great by the title of power, he is much greater, and more potent by the force of example.*

Velleius. *Facere recte cives suos Princeps optimus faciendo docet, cumque sit imperio magnus, exemplo magis est.*

Hereupon, I leave you to judg the great offence you commit, when by ill example you make vice to pass for law, vice, which would have no force, nor vigour at all, if you did not give arms, and weapons into its hand, to sack, and subjugate all the world.

Great sin through bad example.

First, you commit a great sacrilege abusing authority, which is a ray of the omnipotencie of God, impressed on your inferiours to duty; and you make boast as if it came from your selves. Thieves, that you are of the treasure of God; you have rifled the chief of his coffers, which is that absolute power, by which he is God; you have taken from thence a pearl, which himself afterwards ensigned into your hands, which himself fixed upon your head, to give you, as it were, a participation of his own essence, and you unworthily retain it, without making it tributary to its Creatour. My God it is true, that *he, who seeketh his own glory from thine ornaments, is a very thief, and a robber*, who endeavouring to filch God's honour from him stealeth Paradise from himself. What sacrilege, I pray, can you think comparable to this?

Aug. Sol. 5. *Qui de bono suo gloriam sibi quarit, & non tibi quarit, hic fur est, & latro.*

Secondly, what an indignity it is to do that, which the ill example of Great-ones operateth, so to put vice into grace, and virtue into neglect? Think you not, if proof be made unto you, it is the work of Antichrist, but that will suffice to make you detest it? And what will Antichrist do? To what will he bend, and dispose all the sinews, and arteries of his power, but to set vice on the Altar; and you will beforehand prepare a way for him? All that, which *Jesus Christ* hath said, and done, all that which he hath sweat for, all that he endeavoured, all that he hath wept, all that he hath bled, he hath done to blot out, and extinguish with works, with words, with sweat, with tears, with bloud, the work of sin.

Ill example the work of Antichrist.

And you, forsooth! will again erect the statues. If sin coming from you were esteemed as sin, it would always be unreasonable, but less dangerous But now it happeneth not to be so reputed. The sins, which in a mean fortune would be thought sins, when they are dressed up with a diadem; or covered with a scarlet cloak, become the virtues of the times: which is a thing most abominable. And by your ill example you are the cause of this illusion of man-kind, which holdeth vice for virtue, and crime for trophie. Observe what punishment a false coyner deserveth. Advise with your self, if Idolatrie be the first, and chief of all sins, what would he merit, who were not onely an Idolater, but the authour, and inventour of a new idolatrie?

Desinunt esse probri loco purpurea flagitia.

And

And bad example doth it. When you, O Noblemen, degenerate, you impress sin with the stamp of virtue, you place it upon the Altar, you are the cause that a thousand, and a thousand present oblations to it; you make a stable for horses of the Temple of Honour, and you being by the world esteemed as little gods, employ all this reputation to destroy the honour of the true God, through the example of your wicked life. *You make a dung-hill of Heaven, you cruelly, and miserably dragging wandring souls through headlong precipices, when to cause them to sin the more freely, you shew them the examples of the petie gods of the earth.* These are the words of *Julius Firmicus.* What ingratitude will make Heaven blush, and the earth to shake, if not this? If you well weigh this consideration, it will never escape you to do an act of ill example, or if passion should happen to be exorbitant, at least you should imitate that bird, which by antiquity was called *Just*, because she hid her excrements, which she knew to be very pernicious, for fear they should infect men; so you rather should bury your ill deportments in night, and obscurity, then expose them to publick view.

Canum de cœlo facitis, & errantes animos per abrupta precipitia crudeli calamitate ducitis; cùm hominibus peccare volentibus facinorum viam de Deorum monstratis exemplu. Julius Firm. *Thesius* in Bibliotheca.

For the third reason, consider what wickedness it is to thrust the knife into the throat, not onely of a multitude, that adores your fortune, and glorieth in the imitation of your vices, but also to pollute all posterity with the authority of your crimes. *Every Age teacheth us, we may do What hath been done, and crimes become examples,* saith the eloquent St. *Cyprian. Your sin is like much rust, which cleaveth close to all your successours, and how much the greater you are, so much the more precipitation, and malice it hath.*

Admonitur omnis ætas fieri posse quod aliquando factum est; exempla fiunt, quæ jam esse facinora destiterunt. Cyprian. *ad* Donat.

Say not, you are personally culpable, and no more; that you are not to answer to God, either for the sin of those who live with you, or those that come after you.

Eccl. 1. *Sicut aramentum aruginat ne quitia.* Figure of ill example. *Exod.* 21.

Which is so much otherwise, that the Scripture ordaineth, who shall open a common cistern without shutting it again, if it happen that cattle fall therein, he was bound to repair this loss. Your brother doth he not more nearly approach to God then a bullock, or a horse? You have opened to him the gulf of scandal, and corruption, he is fallen into your snares, you shall give an accompt to God for a soul redeemed with the price of his blood.

Exod. 22.

Although you have caused but one small spark of fire to flie out, if it happen to blast, and burn the fruitful fields, and destroy the corn of your neighbour, you are bound by the law to make the possessour satisfaction. A flashing sparkle of concupiscence which proceedeth from your eyes, and afterwards enkindleth a great fire of vices, and calamities, shall be imputed to you in the day of judgment. And what satisfaction for such damage?

But on the contrary (O Noblemen) when you seriously embrace virtue, you ravish, and appease the most savage spirits by your authority. Nothing resisteth this sweet violence. Goodness born in the Chariot of greatness hath darts so sharp, and flaming, that they make the flint-stones to melt. The present times invite you, the most distant admire you, all posterity blesseth you, and God most gloriously crowneth you.

Plin. lib. 12. *cap.* 24. Rain-bow upon flowers.

It is said when the Rain-bow in Heaven boweth his crooked horns directly upon the flowers, he imparteth to them a most celestial odour, which infinitely reviveth their kind. God hath fixed you in the sphere of greatness, as heavenly arches; you know from whence he hath extracted you, and that no otherwise, then the Rain-bow in Heaven; you are but a petty vapour, but this Sun hath guided you, enriched you, enameled you with so many perfections, that justly we may call you the children of admiration. Be you then to mankind that, which the Rain-bow is to plants, leave it to the order of a good conversation, which may become natural, you shall reap here below true and solid glory, contentments so tasteful, that a man may more easily feel them then express them; and in Heaven your recompense shall be equalled to the profit, which your example shall have made on earth.

I know not what may be produced more pressing to a generous heart, to oblige him to perfection.

The twelfth REASON,

Drawn from punishment.

Clemens Alexandrinus observeth, that the belief of one God, and the faith of one judgment, are in the soul of man by like consequence necessary; and that the Heathens in the dead obscurity of infidelity were not able to shut their eyes against this veritie. *Clemens Alex. Strom. 5.*

There is no soul in the world so barren, which by force of the light of nature conceiveth not, that if there be certain rays, or reflections of virtue diffused through the actions of men, the same ought to be in God, as in their source, with a radiant lustre of supereminence. Wherefore? Because, as *Dionysius Areopagita* saith, in the book of divine attributes, *God is a great Thesis*, which hath but one word for expression, but this draweth along with it all essences, verities, and perfections. And for the same cause St. *Augustine* calleth this Sovereign Majesty *Bonum omnis boni.* Now so it is, that we behold shining in men (though otherwise very imperfect) certain traces, or draughts of Justice, and we observe they are naturally addicted to the love of this virtue, were it not that passion maketh them belie their hearts, and betray their own nature. We must then necessarily conclude, that Justice is in God, as water in the Fountain, lines in the center, and beams in the Sun.

God, a great Thesis. Θεὸς ἐστι νόησις. *Dionys.* St. *Dionys.* de divin. nominib. c. 2. *August.* de Trinit. l. 8. c. 3.

Justice, and Mercy are the two arms of God, which embrace, bear, and govern the whole world; they are the two engins of the great *Archimedes*, which make Heaven descend upon earth, and earth mount to Heaven. It is the base and treble-string of this great lute of Heaven, which makes all the harmonies, and tuneable symphonies of this Universe. Justice, and mercy.

Now, as Mercy is infinite, so is Justice. The divine Essence holdeth these two perfections, as the two scales of the balance, always equally poized. Judg hereupon, O Noblemen, if the favours, and mercies of God are so eminent with you, what part shall Justice have amongst you?

David, who had felt the scourges, cried out as in a deep extasie, *Oh my God, who can be able to know the force of thy anger! Who can be able, amongst so many perplexities, and affrightments, to recompt the effects of thy indignation!* True it is, thy Justice doth most extraordinarily appear on the rebellious heads of sinners, but especially upon the Great-ones of the earth. These words of the Wise-man are terrible to any that will maturely consider them: "You, "who hold the highest place amongst men, and live "without fear or aw of that Majestie, which hath con- "stituted you where you are, know God will visit "you, and appear to you with speed, and horrour. "A most rigorous judgment shall be executed on "those who command over others. Mercy is for "the little ones, and humble; but if you persevere "in your wicked life, as being potent, you shall "powerfully be tormented. God is not a man to "sooth

Psal. 89. *Quis novit potestatē iræ tuæ, aut præ timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare?* Sap. 6. *Horrendè citò apparebit vobis, quoniam judicium durissimum his qui præsunt fiet. Exiguo enim conceditur misericordia, potentes autem potenter tormenta patientur. Non*

enim subtrahet personam cujusquam Deus, nec verebitur magnitudinem cujusquam.

"sooth you, to distinguish your persons, and treat "with you, with observance of your qualities. Beware. The reasons why the chastisement of great men shall be more severe, are clear, and evident, the principal whereof I will briefly here produce.

Knowledg of good and evil makes the sin the more foul.

First, by how much the more a sin is committed with exact knowledge of good, and ill, so much the more punishable it is, because it participateth the more of the venom of malice. Ignorance unto many is part of their Sanctity, others with open eyes run headlong to ruin. Now, can it be denied, but that Great-men (ordinarily being endowed with good spirits, capable judgments, and most happy memories, and they instructed by so many Doctours, both speaking, and dumb) should have much more light, and knowledge then the ordinary sort of men. Behold, why degenerating, it cannot be but they must needs break a thousand bonds that held them in their duty, blunt a thousand sharp points, a thousand inspirations from Heaven, that feelingly touch their conscience, the which cannot be done without great, and determinate malice, which rendreth their sin the more enormous, and their heads the more punishable.

Why bad Angels were punished without mercy.

This is the reason Divines give touching the punishment of the Angel apostate. A strange thing, that God coming from Heaven upon earth, to take humane flesh, to distend his Imperial Robe upon mane (who lay on a dung-hil) drawing him out, washing him, gilding him over with grace, (the true seed of glory) in the mean time left the bad Angel without mercy, for a prey of punishment, which shall not end no more then God himself. Wherefore is this, but that the Angel offended with an absolute, and deliberate malice, as one much more illuminated, and *Adam* suffered himself to slide into sin rather by surprizal, by infirmity, by complacence to the humours of his Wife, as St. *Augustine* observeth, then purposely, or contemptuously? Alas! methinks this horrid punishment of the contumacious Angel should make the blood congeal in the veins of all the Great-ones of the earth, who offend their Creatour with as much malice as they have knowledge. Ask (O Noblemen) of the Divine Justice, from whence it proceedeth, that these evil spirits have been so roughly handled? If beauty could mollifie the rigour of a Judge, they were adorned with an incomparable beauty above all creatures. If the excellency of nature be esteem'd, they were the most lively Images of the Divinity, amongst all things created. If the spirit contribute thereunto, they penetrated, by their active vivacity, even from Heaven to the deepest abyss. If the glory of God were in this act considerable, they were creatures, who could love, bless, and glorifie God eternally. If evil had been to be prevented, this great Judge saw there would arise from their damnation an infinite of blasphemies, and invincible obstinacy, a long web of contrarieties, opposite to the advancement of his honour amongst men, a subversion of the world. All this might have been avoided in giving them one small hour of repentance; which with what fervour, detestation, and dolour would they have embraced? Yet notwithstanding, without regard to this beauty, this grace, this excellency of nature, these praises, this good, or ill, behold them taken in the boiling ardour of their crime, strucken with the thunder of the Divine Justice, thrown down, broken in shivers, captivated in prisons of fire, left to the sword of vengeance, to eternal tortures, never seeing amidst their darkness, and sulphurous flames, one sole beam of the eyes of Mercy. O terrible sentence! inexorable sentence! O unhappy spirits! O judgements of God! What a terrour, what a bottomless depth you are! Judge now (O ye Great-men) if the crimes of knowledge, and malice are so rigorously punished, what will become of you, if you live neglective of the Divine Majesty, you being among the people, as were the Angels among other creatures?

Ob perfectam cognitionem, & solutum animi impetum peccatum Angelorum incomparabiliter gravius. Vide *Greg.* lib. 4. Moral. cap. 9. Marvellous Justice.

Punishment of the ungratefull sacrifice of jealousie.

Secondly, no punishment is more sharply, nor lawfully inflicted, then upon the ungratefull, who deserve that all the elements with their best forces should conspire in the avengement of their offences, since they violate a law engraven on this universe by the hand of nature. Their punishment is the sacrifice of jealousie, spoken of in Scripture, whereon neither Oil, nor Incense is powred: there is no more Oil of mercy to sweeten their torments, no more Incense of prayers to appease God's anger; nothing is there but thunder, lightnings, and vengeance. Now it appeareth, that Noblemen, and Great-ones cannot depart from the service of God, without a deep mark of ingratitude, for the benefits, which I have touched before; and you thereon will necessarily infer, they transcending others in condition should not in case of failing, or neglect, expect an equality of punishments, God will call Heaven, and Earth to their Judgement, and then speak to them in the presence of all creatures, with a voice of thunder. Hearken ye (O you Princes of the earth) I made you as Eagles, I gave you strong wings to lift you up to mount *Libanus*, and to extract pith from the Cedars. I advanced you in spirit, in judgment, in courage, in riches, in reputation, in honour above other men. I imprinted the rays of my power upon your fronts, to infuse the regard of your persons into the hearts of the people. I held heaven, and earth, men, and beasts in breath, to contribute to your authority, and services. And you have taken arms employing all my treasures to make War against me, you have lived, not as reasonable men, but as brute beasts without God, without law, without ever casting your eyes to Heaven, but to vomit out blasphemies in the face of it. If I have put power into your hand, you have employed it in oppressing the weak: If Justice, you have perverted the use of it, and made the balance incline to the tyranny of your passions. What can such an ingratitude expect? I leave the conclusion to your selves.

Non fundat olcum, nec imponet thus. Num. 5.

Horrible execrations of God upon great men vitious.

Exemplar crimes deserve exemplar punishment.

In the third place, seeing the bad example of great men is most pernicious to the inferiours, by the strength of their Authority (which draweth their weak souls to a servile imitation) God expresly counterpoiseth the insolence of their vices, by singular, and remarkable punishments, to the end that those, who are attracted by the lustre of their fortune, may be affrighted with their falls. It is true, we are in this world, as Owls in the night, our eyes benummed, and surcharged with terrestrial humours, which hinder us throughly to penetrate this cloud of the Divine Providence. Notwithstanding, God darteth forth, as it were, out of these clouds certain flashing sparks of fire, and light, to make you read in the punishment of so many ill-living great men the unrelenting rigour of his justice.

Strange punishments.

High Steeples are not so often rent, and defaced by the violence of thunder, as are Crowns, and Diadems on the heads of wicked Princes with Heaven's chastisements. Read sacred, and profane Stories, what strange punishments are there of great men? One sheweth a desire to leap into Heaven, to plant his Throne among the Stars, yet God maketh him eat Hay with the Beasts, enforcing him to die alive, not onely to honours, and the nature of man, but to

lead a life in brutiſhneſs. This was *Nebuchadnezzar*. Another in the middeſt of the fervour of a feaſt heareth the great clock ſtrike his hour, and ſeeth the hand of a man on the wall, drawing a dreadful ſentence againſt him. This was *Belſhazzar*. Another dieth eaten up with lice, as *Herod*. Another loathſom with infections, as *Antiochus*. Another hanged on a tree, as *Abſalom*. Another on the gibbet, which he had prepared for him, whom he accompted for his ſlave, as *Haman*. Another dying by his own hand, not being able to find any other in the world more cruel then himſelf, as *Nero*. Another maketh himſelf a Sepulchre with drunkenneſs, as *Alexander*. Another is maſſacred in the midſt of the Senate, as *Cæſar*. Another from the Throne of the *Romane* Empire goeth to proſtrate his ſo, the *Perſian*, to become thereby a ſoot-ſtep for him to mount on horſe-back, as *Valerian*. Another is carried about in a Cage, as *Bajazet*. Another is ſtrucken with lightening, as *Anaſtaſius*. Another is ſlain in his Camp by an hand inviſible, as *Julian* the Apoſtate. Great Volumns might be made, if one would compile all theſe mortalities; they make Theatres to reſound, and Tragedians deplore.

Conſider (O Noblemen) if in this world good and ill are given to us as it were in picture, (*ſince the figure of the world paſſeth away*, ſaith the Apoſtle) and ſince God uſeth ſuch rough rods to chaſtiſe the vices of Great-men, what will that be in the other world? *The arrows of chaſtiſement do preſently paſs away; but the voice of thunder, the ſentence of judgment ſhall go like a wheel, and the execution ſhall have no end.* If there happen unto you a loſs of goods, it is an arrow that paſſeth; loſs of children, an arrow that paſſeth; ſickneſs, an arrow that paſſeth; diſgrace, an arrow that paſſeth; temporal death, even a feathered-arrow, which doth nought elſe but paſs away: but eternal death is the thunder in the wheel, which never paſſeth. To be drenched in a lake of Sulphur as a victime of vengeance in a fire enkindled with the breath of God's anger, to ſee nothing but Devils, to abide in nothing but Torments, to ſuffer pains in every ſenſe, to finde Hell in his own conſcience, to have no other life but an eternity of torments, is a thing to be feared above all things moſt dreadful.

Præterit figura hujus mundi. 2. Cor. 7.

Sagittæ tuæ tranſeunt; vox tonitrui tui in rota. Pſal. 76. 19.

Paulus Oroſius, in the Hiſtory he dedicated to St. *Auguſtine*, obſerveth that the tracks of *Pharaoh*'s Chariots, after his deteſtable death, remained a long time upon the ſands of the *Red-Sea*, to ſerve as an example for poſterity. Behold (O Noble-men) the bloudy foot-ſteps of ſo many, and ſo many Great-ones, who have gone before you, whoſe ſpoils are perhaps (as yet) in your hands, their bodies in putrefaction, and their ſouls in torments! Reſemble not thoſe, that pillaged the Souldiers of *Sennacherib*, who, ſtrucken with the revengeful hand of Heaven, found men of aſhes in golden arms; they took the gold, without thinking at all of the aſhes, which ſcattered by the ways. Take good heed, how you ſuffer your ſelves to be deceived with the glimmer of the honours of theſe ill-living Great-ones, leſt you be ſurprized with their death, and Cataſtrophe. The day of death will come, be it ſooner, or later, the poſt is on the way, who bringeth the date hereof. If you have lived ill, a thouſand terrours, a thouſand frightful fantaſies will then beſiege your heart, altogether drenched in the bitterneſs of death. A tumultuous army of thoughts ſhall ſtrike an alarm to your repoſe: ſome ſhall repreſent unto you your goodly palaces many times cemented with the blood, and ſweat of poor men, which you muſt forſake, and pay all in one groſs ſum; others all the goods, which you ſhall have invaded, either by violence, or ſubtilty, whereof you ſhall be ſtript, and ſhall go to the judgment of God, devoid of riches, and ſurcharged with accompts: others ſhall decipher unto you the follies of your youth: others will depaint unto you the day of Judgment, and Hell, before you ſenſibly make proof of them. The Lady, which ſleepeth by your ſides, and ever holdeth the fire, and ſpur in your hearts, moving you to new violences, and extortions, to foment her pride, and entertain her pompous vain-glory, ſhall leave you then to wreſtle with death, and ſhall ſeek the ſafety of her own affairs. Your eldeſt Son, for whom you preſently pawn your ſoul to all injuſtice, and exhauſt your own abilities as the Spider, to make him great, ſhall willingly outrun the ſteps of death to cloſe your eyes, and ſcarcely ſhall there be found in the houſe ſome poor old woman to ſhrowd your body in a winding-ſheet, to be put into a Coffin. In the mean while, the ſoul, ſeparated from the body, ſhall be preſented to the judgment of God, to receive the inevitable ſentence.

Alaſs! doth he not ſleep a long and deadly ſleep, who is not awakened with the ſound of ſuch a trumpet?

Paul. Oroſ. l. 1. c. 10. Chariots of Pharaoh.

State of worldlings

Deſperate death.

The thirteenth REASON,

Taken from Reward.

AN Antient ſaid, that the two moſt powerfull Deities of Common-wealths were Puniſhment, and Reward. Theſe likewiſe are the two baſes, and, as it were, the two fundamental laws, upon which God the Creatour hath eſtabliſhed the Policy of the Univerſe. As he is a ſevere Revenger of offences, ſo he is moſt liberal in Rewards. The Scripture teacheth us this in very remarkable terms, ſpeaking of the Juſtice of God, and gives it him in ſtrict meaſure, when there is no queſtion of chaſtiſement, as if it were an act diſproportionable to his nature, and his ordinary practice. But when he is actually diſpoſed to pardon a ſin, to reward a good work, to crown a virtue, he poureth out his graces, as out of a golden tunnel, with a free, and plenteous proviſion. For the ſame reaſon the Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith, *He meaſureth the waters with his fiſt, and poyſeth the heavens with his palm*; that is to ſay, he giveth chaſtiſements, and afflictions, ſignified in the Scripture by the *Waters*, with a ſparing, and cloſe hand, but as concerning rewards, repreſented by the *Heavens*, he pours them on all parts, with his ſacred, and bounteous hands. Fear not then (O Noblemen) that you, having vowed a faithfull ſervice to your great Maſter, ſhall be in any kind fruſtrated of the recompenſe, which he hath eſtabliſhed for his ſervants. He hath always the reward in his hands. If he preſent on one ſide the Sword of Juſtice to ſinners, on the other he extends unto you the Olive of Peace and benignity. Figure to your ſelves the great Emperor, bearing in his Arms an Eagle with two heads, who in one beak held a Thunder-bolt, and in the other a branch of Palm, with this Motto, *Every one in his time*. God runneth the ſame courſe; if he hath Thunder bolts to cruſh rebellious heads, he hath Palms to crown the faithfull ſervices, which men of quality render to him. And without ſpeaking here of rewards (O Noblemen) common to you with others, if you be conſtantly ranged in the way of virtue, you ſhall find that God will liberally give you three things, which thoſe of your condition ever hold in great eſteem. And what are thoſe? A houſe competently rich, a ſolid glory, a flouriſhing

Puniſhment, and Reward, Deities of the Common-wealth.

Miſerationes ejus ſuper omnia opera ejus. Pſal. 144. Juſtice by weight. Mercy infinite. *Pondus, & ſtatera, judicia Domini. Ponam in pondere judicium, & juſtitiam in menſura.* Prov. 6. Iſaiah 28. Joel 2. *Effundam de ſpiritu meo ſuper omnem carnem.* Iſaiah 40. *Qui menſus eſt pugillo aquas, & palmo cœlos ponderavit. Merces mea mecum eſt.* Apoc. 22.

Ἐν καιρῷ ἕκαστον. *Maximilian.* apud *Tycoman.*

Three sorts of Great men make fortunes.

posterity, and how is that? Amongst those, who enjoy great fortunes, some build like Moths, others like Swallows, the rest like Halcyons. Those build like moths, who raise houses of injustice, and iniquity, which, in the same proportion as they are reared to the Clouds, unperceivably sink into Hell, wear, waste, and in the end quite vanish away. This is the goodly consideration of holy *Job*, speaking of the palace of the wicked: *He hath built his house as the moth.* And how doth she build? With destroying. You will say this little creature, harboured in some cloth, or old garment, maketh much adoe, he gnaweth, and gnaweth day, and night, as endeavouring to build a lodging for himself, and in gnawing discovereth himself; the end of his travel is his loss, and nakedness. O, how divine is the Scripture, to represent so natively to us the blindness of the great, and rich of this world, who suppose they can make magnificent, and happy houses without the Foundation of the fear of God!

Job 27.18. *Ædificavit sicut tinea domum suam.*

House of the Moth.

All in doing this build as the Moth, that is to say, in gnawing; they have plots, and designes in the Country, in the Citie, in every place they have Overseers, and Architects; they employ the Mason, the Carpenter, they raise houses of pleasure, they make Magazins fretted with gold, and silver, they buy, they purchase, they contrive in their imaginative brains their rents, and revenues, and measure all things with the ell of eternity. Notwithstanding, one would be amazed to see, that all this goodly building of fortune, composed of injustice, concussions, and rapines, cemented together with the sweat, and blood of the poor, falleth by little and little into ruin; and when this cometh into the judgment of God, the foolish moth, who hath so gnawn, to feed, and cover himself, findeth himself naked, hungrie, ashamed, and extreamly miserable.

House of Swallows.

Those build like Swallows, who also much labour to erect houses, but with little succes of fruit for posterity. Swallows, after they have well built in Summer, forsake us in Autumn, and leave no other memory of, them but of morter, straw, and dung: so, many Noblemen oft-times build palaces, make huge purchases, and that with unspeakable industrie, but because they proceed therein with sinister and impure intentions, God suffereth not their posterity to enjoy it. We see houses emptie as Swallows nests in Autumn. Some men will ask, who built this house? Answer will be made, such a one, a Mushrome of the Court, coming from nothing in one night, in all other things faithless to God, and men, who hath not left any thing memorable behind him but his vices; and thus all the fame of this man consisteth in picking of straws, which are temporal riches scattered here and there, and in the dung of an ill name, which he leaveth to posterity. Behold an aim ill taken, for the raising of fortunate buldings!

House of Halcyons.

But as for you (O virtuous Noblemen) God permitteth you to build as Halcyons. How is that? Two notable properties are observed in the nest of the Halcyon. The first is, that the architecture of it is so strong, so durable, it cannot be broken, or cut, even with the violent stroak of iron. The second, that it is so proportioned to the bird, as if it were sowed to her body, in such manner that no creature can therein be received but the Architect himself. Justly behold the conditions, which God hath given to your houses, when they are built upon the fear of his holy Name. They are strong, of force, lasting against all the strokes of fortune, nor is there any violence, which can open them to destroy them. It is the infallible promise of God: *The house of the wicked shall be demolished, but the tabernacles of the just shall flourish.* Moreover they have a certain benediction, which disposeth all things in good order, the rule of expense proportioned to the quality of their persons, the Oeconomie sage, and prudent, in such sort, that all things are managed there with measure, and compass, as in the Halcyon's nest. And, as an ancient Writer hath said, order is the world of worlds, which retaineth all things in their lustre, and uniteth them with a seam, and lasting band, when once it is fixed in the families of Great-ones, which happeneth by the means of piety, where it always produceth the same effects, which it doth in this great Universe.

Domus impiorum delebuntur, tabernacula verò justorum germinabunt. Prov. 12. 7.

The second reward is the honour so much desired by noble spirits. It falleth out, that the wicked are sometimes raised to the greatness of the world: but they are therein as Comets, as stars of mud and earth, who taking a false lustre make shew for a time in the air of vanity; and afterwards they are scattered, casting pestilence, and poison into the four quarters of the world. On the contrary, real Noblemen are like true stars planted, and enchased by the hand of God, even in the firmament of honour, to enlighten an eternity. Their glory is fixed with nails of adamant. Calumnie may perhaps shake it, but never overthrow it; yea, time it self confesseth, that there is neither pincers, nor hammer can work this effect. It is God, that promiseth this: *Whosoever shall glorifie me, I will glorify him; and those which despise me, shall become ignoble.* Hereupon judg, how solid the honour of Great-men truly virtuous is, since it is fastened to the honour of God himself, who glorieth in honouring them. A thousand, and a thousand Princes, and phantastick great Ladies have galloped honour upon the full speed, and with a discomposed spirit have invented imaginary forms to find credit, and admiration in the hearts of men. Some have caused Mountains, and rocks to be cut to raise statues to themselves; as *Semiramis.* Others have taken Crows, Parrats, and other birds, counterfeiting humane speech, and have taught them a lesson, which was to salute them as Gods, and afterward enfranchizing them for the open field have sent them into the air to carrie these salutations, and impress in the minds of men a false Idea of their Divinity; so did *Psapho.*

Quicumque glorificaverit me, glorificabo eum: qui autem contemnunt me, erunt ignobiles 1 Sam. 2. 30.

Fantasies to gain honours.

Others have taken the figures of Eagles, Lyons, and Serpents, (as certain Kings of *Egypt*) to strike a terrour into the souls of mortal men: others have left Medails, triumphant Arches, Colossuses, goodly Palaces, Theatres, Amphitheatres; as the *Romane* Emperours: others have placed themselves openly upon Altars; as *Caligula*, who set the figure of his own head upon the Statue of *Jupiter.* Posterity hath exploded all this, the times have derided it, oblivion hath swallowed all of them; or if it hath not set its biting tooth therein, it hath been for no other cause, but to leave them to a hateful, and detestable memory, a thousand times worse then forgetfulness. Much otherwise, Great-men, that build their fortunes upon the foundations of the fear of God, from small, and feeble beginnings have come to so high a pitch, that they have replenished all tongues with their praises, all hearts with their admiration, all Ages with the monuments of their glory. For it is God alone, that causeth men to take aims of true, and solid greatness, and who with a puissant arm dasheth, and overwhelmeth those spirits, which suffer themselves to be transported with the torrent of vanity, courting airy smoaks, empty apparences,

parences, and flying clouds, whereby they produce monſters inſtead of deſerved honour, ſeated fairly upon the firm rock of conſtancy. God hath in ſuch wiſe ſhewed himſelf to have greatneſs in his own hands, that extracting men from the dregs, and froth of the earth, he hath made them mount ſo high, that oftentimes Imperial heads, radiantly glittering with Rubies, and Diamonds, have bowed under the aſhes of a poor fiſher-man. And who ſeeth not, that the true, and onely mean to enter into the poſſeſſion of honour is ſtraitly to unite ones ſelf with this Divine Majeſtie, from whence on man reflect all the luſtrous rays of greatneſs?

For a third reward, this ſovereign Mover, and Architect of our lives, and fortunes, doth propagate alſo the glory of Fathers to their children, and giveth them a flouriſhing poſterity, which makes them eternally live in the memory of men, by the moſt lively images of their virtues. It is often obſerved, that Noblemen, who have eſtabliſhed tyrannie in the world, have neither been fruitful, nor fortunate in their poſterity; and as nature is ſcantie in the propagation of *Wolves* deſigned for ſpoil, which otherwiſe would bring all the world into deſolation; ſo Almighty God, by a ſecret œconomie of his divine Providence, permitteth not that great men (who have made themſelves diſturbers of publick peace, and infringers of laws, both divine, and human, whereof they ought to be protectours) ſhould make the brutiſhneſs of their ſavage ſouls to ſurvive them in their poſterity. But as for thoſe, who are arranged in the liſt of ſanctity, and modeſty, God hath (as it were) immortalized their blood in their poſterity, as we ſee it happen in worthy, and illuſtrious families. But to what value amounteth all this, which I have ſaid, in compariſon of that crown of glory, which God placeth on the heads of Noblemen in the other life, when they have virtuouſly governed in this mortal manſion? Oh, what a brave death it is to die under the ſhadow of the Palms of ſo many heroical virtues! Oh, it is the death of a *Phœnix*, to die in the odours of a holy converſation, to change his ſepulchre into a cradle, and even draw life out of the Tomb! Oh, what an immortality it is, to ſurvive eternally in the mouths of men, but much more to live in Heaven, enjoying the knowlege, love, life, and felicity of God! O Nobles, betake your ſelves betimes, and in a good hour, to the way of this Temple of Honour, by the exerciſe of holy virtues, which are like *Elias* chariot, all flaming with glory, to carrie your purified ſouls even to the height of the Emperial Heaven.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Of Hinderances, which worldly men have in the way of SALVATION, and PERFECTION.

The firſt OBSTACLE.

Faintneſs, and weakneſs of Faith.

Againſt Atheiſts.

HAving ſufficiently proved the obligations, which Great-ones, and men of quality have to perfection; let us now ſee the hinderances, which may ſtop the increaſe thereof, as well to take from them all pretext of falſe liberty, as to denote the confuſions, very frequent in the corruptions of this Age. The firſt is a certain languor, and debility of faith, which openeth the way to all ſorts of vices; ſo that putting all the greatneſs of the world into a falſe ſeeming, it beholdeth Paradiſe, and all the bleſſings of the other life with blear-eyes, and clouded with a perpetual eclipſe. And that you may well conceive this, let us obſerve, that in this Age, greatly changed by hereſie, liberty, and vice, two ſorts of men are to be ſeen, whereof the one doth ſymbolize with juſt *Abel*, and the other are of the ſect of *Cain*. Theſe two brothers began to contend together even in the world's cradle, as *Jacob*, and *Eſau* in the belly of *Rebecca*. *Abel* had a ſoul impreſſed with a good ſtamp, religious, docile, pure, perpetually fixed in the chaſte apprehenſions of the Divinity. *Cain*, quite contrary, an impious ſoul, greatly infected with the Serpent's breath, black, variable, wavering in faith, and in the virtue of the Divine providence. He verily is the father of Atheiſts, and St. *Bernard* hath properly ſaid, He killed faith before he murthered his brother. *Procopius* calleth him The ſon of the earth, becauſe this unfortunate creature perpetually looked downward, having already, as it were, buried in the tomb of oblivion, the lights, and knowleges of heaven. From thence proceeded the irreverence of his unbridled ſpirit, his wicked ſacrifices, his envie againſt his brother, afterward his fury, murther, and blood, and laſtly a deluge of calamities. The onely example of his diſaſter ſhould ſuffice to terrifie thoſe, who following him in his impiety make themſelves undoubtedly the companions of his misfortune: but ſince it alſo is expedient we proceed herein by diſcourſe, and reaſon, I obſerve the cauſes and remedies of this infidelity. Faintneſs and debility in faith, and conſequently Atheiſm, is formed in three ſorts of conſciences, to wit, the criminal, the brutiſh, the curious. Atheiſm proceedeth from a criminal conſcience, when a ſoul findeth it ſelf involved in a long web of crimes, and as it were overwhelmed in the habits of ſin. In the mean time God doth inwardly torture, prick forward, and ſcourg it, and then all bloody, and ulcerous as it is, not able longer to remain within it ſelf, but taſting ſo many diſturbances in its proper manſion, it ſearcheth evaſions, and ſtarting-holes, expatiateth in the pleaſures, and delights of the world, to diſſolve her many griefs, and findeth in every thing her gnawing worm.

Two ſects of men.

Procop. in Geneſ.

Three ſorts of conſciences, from which impiety ſpringeth.

Horrible ſtate of a ſinful conſcience.

Bern. ſerm. 24. in Cantic. *Fideicida antequam fratricida.*

She

She looketh back upon the path of virtue, which ſhe hath either forſaken, or never troden, as an impoſſible track, the ſpirit of lies repreſenting it unto her all paved with thorns, and briars: ſhe re-entereth into herſelf, and ſaith in her heart, that *there is none but God, who afflicteth her, and that neceſſarily ſhe muſt free herſelf from him; for our felicities are meaſured by the ell of our opinion, and no man is miſerable, but he, that apprehendeth his own unhappineſs.* Then, ſoothing herſelf with theſe humane diſcourſes, ſhe herein much laboureth to acquit herſelf from God, from the belief of judgment, of Hell, and the immortality of the Soul. Notwithſtanding ſhe cannot, (albeit theſe wicked ſpirits have ſcoffed at the myſteries of Religion with their companions, as if they would put on a bold fore-head, and an impudence ſtrong enough to endure a ſtroke ſo dreadful) but contend againſt the eſſence of God. Care findeth them in their bed, and is pinned to their ſilken curtains, the thoughts of a Divinity, which they ſuppoſed to have totally baniſhed from their hearts in pleaſures, upon the leaſt afflictions return, and make themſelves felt with very piercing points, which head long throw them into deſpair. The Prophet *Iſaiah* hath divinely propheſied of ſuch a ſoul: *I will make her the inheritance, and poſſeſſion of hedg-hogs.* Verily the miſerable caitiff hatcheth in her entrails a thouſand little hedg-hogs, which, as they encreaſe, make their pricks, and darts multiply a thouſand gnawings, a thouſand apprehenſions, as uncapable of repoſe, as apt to afflict a conſcience.

Et ubi Deus non timetur, niſi ubi non eſt? Tert. de Præſcrip. 41. *Tonam eam poſſeſſionem ericii;* Iſaiah 14. 2.

Condition of *Nero.*

Such heretofore was the ſtate of *Nero*: for this barbarous monſter, who ſo often had dipped his hand in blood, ſought out a bath of delights to bath himſelf in; he ran up and down to prie into all the inventions of the pleaſures of the world, to rid himſelf from the arrow, which he had in his heart, and to deſpoil himſelf for ever of an opinion of the Divinity. This was a matter for him impoſſible. When he was at feaſts, ſports, or Theatres, the apprehenſion of God ſtung his heart as a Bee, and there left the ſting. If he ſlept upon roſes, the ſhadows of dead men approached to his downie bed, to require an accompt of their blood. He ſcoffed at Religion, and feared it; one while he deſpiſed ſacred things, and at another time they made him tremble with horrour. He ſought out waters of expiation to waſh his ſins, and never opened his eyes to thoſe, which St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul* preſented to him. His Soul was torn with pincers within it ſelf, as on a perpetual ſcaffold of exquiſite torments: when it would iſſue out of it ſelf, it was like a wild Colt, courſed, and chaſed by men, and beaſts; or as a Bull ſtung with a gad-flie, who fain would run from himſelf, yet ſtill findeth himſelf with himſelf. Judg (O Atheiſts) what a life this is?

Brutiſh conſcience. *Clemens Alex.* Pædag. *Platin.* apud *Philon.* Ψυχαὶ σωματοποιέμβιαι κίνδυνον ἔχουσιν ἀποδυδρωθῆναι. *Irreverens, & infrunitus animus.* Eccl. 23. 6. Lev. 1. 16. *Veſiculam gutturis projicies in locum, quo cineres effundi ſolent.*

The ſecond cauſe of Atheiſm is the ſenſual love of favours, pleaſures, eaſe, and delights of the world, which often times degenerate into the mere brutiſhneſs of a ſoul, which ſleepeth in fat, and greaſe, ſo intricated, and confounded in earth, that it loſeth all knowledg of Heaven. *Clemens Alexandrinus* ſaith, that it happeneth to ſouls, which are great lovers of ſenſual pleaſures, to engroſs, and thicken themſelves in ſuch ſort, that, as *Plotinus* very learnedly writeth, they live not but as a plant. Theſe ſpirits are much enclined to Atheiſm. For, as the Wiſe-man obſerveth, after the concupiſcences of the belly cometh unbrideled irreverence, which ſerveth as an harbinger to impiety. God deſired not, that in offering a bird (as a ſacrifice unto him) the gorge ſhould be preſented, which is the little magazin of the meat, but commanded to caſt it into the aſhes: which is to declare to us, that carnal men are moſt uncapable of celeſtial things, and very fit to be dragged to the dung-hill, and aſh-heap. The more they are affected to things preſent, ſo much the more, yea even in deep draughts, they drink down the forgetfulneſs of Heavenly things. All thoſe ſay with *Eſau*, To what uſe will this goodly prerogative of primogeniture ſerve me? This title of the children of God, this happineſs of future life? If there be no ſenſual pleaſures, nor carnal contentments in Heaven, I will have none. They become the true diſciples of *Mahomet*, who, in his *Alcoran* diſcribing the *Turks* Paradiſe, placeth there good water, good fruits, rings, carkanets, ſilken tapeſtry hangings, and ſuch like. All theſe things they would enjoy, but the water, which they willingly would change into wine. What ſwine are theſe!

Cor. 13. *Saturati ſunt, & elevaverunt cor ſuum, & oblii ſunt mei.* Geneſ. 25. *Quid mihi proderunt primogenita?* Alcor. Aazoara 2.

The third cauſe, if not of formal Atheiſm, at the leaſt of weakneſs, and faintneſs in matter of faith, is when a ſoul will proceed in matters of Religion by politick, and humane ways, and ſuffer it ſelf greatly to be pleaſed with curioſitie, which inceſſantly moveth it to draw the curtain of holy myſteries, to enlighten them with the torch of reaſon, and to behold all that paſſeth there. Such ſpirits are not ſo malign, nor ſtupid as the firſt, and ſecond, notwithſtanding they are weak, and very ignorant, ſince they fail in the firſt rule of wiſdom, which diſcovereth to us, that it is an abſolute folly of a diſcompoſed judgment to be deſirous to meaſure things divine, by the rule of ſenſe, and humane experience. They turmoyl themſelves, and bate like a hawk upon the perch, and often ſay in their heart that, which the Apoſtle St. *Peter* obſerveth in the perſon of infidels: *Where are theſe promiſes? Where is the coming of the Son of God? See you not that times revolve, men come, and go, all things have their ordinary courſe; and we muſt expect no other miracle?* They imagine that all the counſels of Heaven ſhould turn, and roll according to the projects of their underſtanding, and that if God had his eye open (as it is ſaid) upon the œconomie of the world, both this, and that would ſucceed, as they have contrived in their feeble brain: which is a great illuſion. Such kind of men would willingly ſpeak with ſpirits, to hear them tell tales of the other life, they would know (as St. *John Chryſoſtom* ſaith) what habit, what cloathing the Son of man weareth, covered under the ſpecies of the Sacrament, how the Angels are formed, of what colour the Devils are, nothing would pleaſe them better then to talk with one really poſſeſſed, to know things future, to divulge predictions, to behold prodigies, and miracles. Briefly, it ſeemeth they have no other purpoſe but to believe in God by the Devil. Such kind of proceedings are very exorbitant, and unfortunate, for the reaſons, which I will preſently produce.

Curious conſcience.

Pet. 2. 3. *Ubi eſt promiſſio? ubi eſt adventus ejus? ex quo enim dormierunt patres, omnia perſeverant ab initio creaturæ.*

First, O you wretched ſouls, who betake your ſelves to this way, ſee you not, that by this means you pull out the two eyes, which God hath placed within your ſouls, which are as the Sun, and Moon in the Firmament, to wit, the eye of Faith, and that of natural prudence. You ſeem to your ſelves ſharp, and clear-ſighted, and are more blind then Moles. For tell me, for as much as concerneth the light of nature, can there be found a folly more groſs, and abſurd, then to behold men (who are born, and bred in Chriſtianity, as in their proper element, after a thouſand, and a thouſand witneſſes of the truth of their religion, which even the very marbles do ſpeak, and ſtones proclaim) to make them-

Reaſons to ſettle a ſoul. Impious curioſitie pulls out both its eyes.

themſelves ſo wiſe, and able, as to ſeek out other proofs then thoſe, which have won worlds to the Goſpel? You would have a God, that ſhould give you new ſignes, and tokens, to confirm you in faith; a God, which ſervilely will be captivated to pleaſe the ticklings of your curioſity. Senſeleſs men as you are, this were not to have a God, but a lame Idol. Are you not very blockiſh to treat with God much more wickedly then one would do with a mean man? If you had paſſed your word to two friends, you would praiſe him with all freeneſs, that ſhould reſt ſatisfied therewith, and would condemn the other, whom you ſhould find fearfull, inconſtant, and ever upon miſtruſt: yet would you that God ſhould favour your fidelity by extraordinary ways? What apparency is there for this? All curioſity is damnable, it is an ulcer that ever itcheth, and which without ceaſing is iterated by continual ſcratching, it is as a Horſe-leach, which draweth out all the bad blood, and filleth till it burſt. It is a Magpy, a biting Worm, which taketh men by the ears, as well as Dogs. But above all it is pernicious in matter of Religion. *Sixtus*, an antient Authour, cited in the *Bibliotheks* of the Fathers, hath ſpoken a thing very remarkable: *When a man ſpeaketh of God, yea, with all verity, we muſt always therein proceed reſervedly, as if we trode upon thorns. It were better* (ſaith St. *John Chryſoſtom*) *not to know him, then to know him ill. Heſychius* teacheth us, one muſt approach to him as to fire; too great a diſtance maketh us quake with cold, and over-near approaches burn us.

An unworthy way to treat with God.

Inſuſpicabilis ſecreti, reverendæque majeſtatis cognitio eſt Deum noſſe niſi Deum. Tert. Apol. 28.

Curioſity dangerous.

Curioſitas reum efficit, non peritum. S. Zeno, Serm. 2. de filii gener.

Chryſ. de Fato.

Βέλτιον ἀγνοεῖν καλῶς, ἢ εἰδέναι κακῶς. *Sixtus in* Biblioth. P P. *De Deo etiam vera loqui periculum eſt. Heſychius in* Leviticc.

Secondly, judg whether any Body would not ſay, it were a great weakneſs of underſtanding, to be deſirous to proceed in matters of Religion by ſuch knowledges, as are common with brute Beaſts, and forſake thoſe of men? And yet this is it, which you do, when leaving the eye of underſtanding, and the right of a rectified judgment, (which God hath given man by privilege of excellency) you will hear, ſee, and touch, begging a truth from brutiſh ſenſe: which is abſolutely to raiſe them above their reach. See you not how the Moon by her interpoſition eclipſeth the Sun, and when you in matter of faith interpoſe ſenſe, you obſcure the light of judgment (the true Sun of your Soul) which dictateth to you, that it is a thing moſt reaſonable, the creature ſhould ſubmit himſelf to the Creatour; that it carefully keep it ſelf from daring to comprehend him in the univerſality of his nature, and ſhut up this vaſt Ocean in a little Cockle-ſhel. It is a pitifull thing to hear, that theſe curious ſpirits ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be ſurprized by a quack-ſalving Impoſtour, who caſteth miſts before their eyes by force of deluſions, and to contend with God, who giveth them as many obligations, and aſſurances of his promiſes, as there are letters in the Scripture. This is not onely to crack the eye-ſtring of a reaſonable judgment, but alſo to pull out the eye of Faith, all pure, and celeſtial as it is. You demand proofs of your Religion (frantick man) look back upon the birth, the progreſs, and ſtate of the Church. This is the great ſign, the Lady clothed with the Sun, which one cannot be ignorant of without a prodigious blindneſs.

Perverſe proceeding of the wicked.

Deus tot & tantis voluminibus cavet, & debitor non tenetur. Chryſ. Serm. 25. *Apocal.* 12.

Admit it were nothing to have for proof, ſo great, ſo univerſal, ſo conſtant conſent of all the Prophets, to preſage many Ages before, the effect, the birth, life, death of the *Meſſias*, the eſtabliſhment of the Church, the converſion of the *Gentiles*, ſo determinately, and punctually, that even the moſt Diabolical ſpirits, who had from all times theſe Scriptures in their hands, ſeeing this conſequently to happen, which ſucceeded in the Oeconomy of Chriſtianity, were enforced to yield to truth.

Invincible proofs of piety.

That it were nothing to have ſeen through all Ages a thouſand, and a thouſand miracles, in Heaven, in Earth, on the Sea, done in confirmation of Chriſtianity, in the ſight of the moſt witty, and malicious, who bent all their endeavour to cenſure, reject, and contradict them. Notwithſtanding, the evidence was ſo palpable, ſo ſtrong, ſo invincible, that Tyrants, yea, the moſt enraged bloody executioners, convinced with the proofs thereof, let fall the ſword, which they had taken in their hand for the ſlaughter of Martyrs, and ſtretched out their necks to the perſecutours to be beheaded. That it were nothing to tell what a good Authour, upon accompt taken, hath obſerved, that there have been eleven millions of Martyrs of all ſexes, ages, and conditions, who have ſealed the Religion, which we profeſs, by effuſion of their blood, and in this liſt an infinite number of perſons of eminent quality, who conſiderately proceeded in the leaſt occaſions, that have abandoned the eaſefull accommodations of their fortunes, their eſtates, dignities, yea, their Scepters, and Diadems, to deliver as a prey to moſt enormous, and exquiſite torments, a moſt precious life, which they might have led in honour, in reputation according to the world, in pleaſures, in delights, in wonders. That it were nothing to ſay, that after perſecutions there ſprung up an infinity of brave ſpirits, intelligent, clear-ſighted, furniſhed with all ſorts of humane knowledges, as the *Juſtins*, *Tertullians*, *Cyprians*, *Auguſtines*, and ſo many other of the ſame profeſſion, who, after they had ſeriouſly, and judiciouſly examined the ſtate of Chriſtianity, have embraced it, profeſſed it, defended it, ſome with their pen, ſome with ſweat, and ſome with their blood.

The Heavens are not enameled with ſo many Stars, as the Church hath had great men, the prodigies, and lights of the world, who by their learned writings have illuſtrated the verities of our Religion. I leave you to think, if among ſo many great Suns, which have garniſhed heaven, and earth with brightneſs, one ſhould behold a ridiculous reere-mouſe to creep out of a hole, and ſay it is not day, and that all theſe Suns are but darkneſs, whether he deſerve not to be burnt, and ſtampt to powder? That all this, which I have ſaid (being very ſtrong, and ſpecious) enter not into the liſt of accompt: what may one anſwer to two things, which are very eminent in Chriſtianity, the conſideration whereof is of power to ſettle the moſt wavering ſpirit, to wit, the marvellous proceeding, which hath been held in the eſtabliſhment of our Religion, and the moſt pure ſanctity of the doctrine thereof? What is there humane in this law, which is eſtabliſhed againſt all humane ways, by a ſucceſs ſo ſtrange, and admirable, that it engulpheth all ſpirits in wonder? Where were in theſe beginnings eloquence, favour of Princes, their revenews, their eſtate, their arms, their ſouldiers? Where were the promiſes of honour, reputation, dignity? Where were the moving allurements of ſenſe, and all that which uſeth to feed, and foment Sects? From whence cometh it, that the Church alone hath encreaſed under tempeſtuous ſtorms, in perſecutions, in the ſlaughters of three hundred years, during which time there was no engine, which Hell uſed not, no torment, which the Devil invented not, no inventions, which the Great-ones of the earth, with powerfull hand conſpiring, executed not? All the plaiſtered pretended Sects, which have ſeemed deſirous to take this way, are quite

Great force in two points.

Eſtabliſhment of the Church.

quite vanished. From whence it cometh to pass, that the Church alone hath maintained it self in a bloody tempest of three Ages, in the contradiction of a thousand Sects. From whence it proceedeth, that the cruelty of Tyrants hath served for encouragement to the faithfull, and the blood of Martyrs for seed to Posterity. Where can a Religion be found, which with such innocency, and purity of life, such humility, solidity, sanctity, and, which is more, with the arms of disgraces, poverty, despicable contempt, austerity, and torments, hath changed the estate, and face of the world, hath planted the Cross in the capital City of the Empire, above the thunder-bearing Eagles of the Emperours, and the ashes of a poor Fisherman, massacred for this law, above the Diadems of Kings?

Sola Eccle-sia persecutionibus stetit, martyriis coronata est. Crudelitas illecebra est sectæ, plures efficimur, quoties metimur à vobis: semen est sanguis Christianorum. Hier. in vita Malach. *Tertul.* in Apol. cap. 50.

What would the antient *Cæsars* say, if they rose again from their graves, to behold in *Rome*, where all the Monarchies were established, and incorporated, where all the Devils, and Furies were cantonized, as in their last and strongest fortress; in *Rome*, from whence came all the fulminating thunders, and bloody Edicts against *Christians*, where the sword of Persecution was sharpened to reap a harvest of heads, where was a *Pantheon*, the Magazin of all their false Deities, to see there the state of the supreme * Bishop of *Christians*, to see there a Church erected to *Peter* the Fisher-man, much more magnificent then ever was the *Pantheon*? Say humane wisdom, if the SAVIOUR of the world at the age of twelve years, when he began publickly to testifie he was come to redeem the Kingdom of his Father from violent, and unjust usurpers, had asked counsel of you touching the proceedings, which ought to be held in this business, what had you advised him? Had you not demanded of him, where are your treasures? Have you not inexhaustible riches to oppose an Empire, which hath an hundred and fifty millions of revenew? No, I pretend to have no other riches but poverty. Have you some five hundred thousand men in pay, for ten years to maintain one army on *Nilus*, another on *Euphrates*, one on *Rhene*, another on the Ocean, another within the entrails of the *Romane* Empire? No, I purpose not to levie for execution of this design but twelve poor men, Sea-faring men, without strength, without industry, arms, or so much as a Staff. Have you a thousand brave Oratours, men of great learning, eminent eloquence, who will endeavour by the charms of their flowing tongues, to attract the people, and dispose them to their wills? No, I have none but simple, ignorant people, Ideots, that go out to preach the Cross. What would you have said thereupon? O folly, how do you think to come to honour by ignominy, to riches by poverty, to greatness by the infamous punishment of the Cross, to immortality by a bloody death? And yet behold it is done. What say you? Is there in all this process any thing that is humane? Must we search out other miracles for confirmation of faith?

Wonderfull proceeding.

**Alii (nec minùs Christiani) alter sentiunt.*

Add hereunto, that the Devils craftily counterfeited wisdom, power, force, by deceitfull, violent, and brutish ways, but never could they constantly feign humility, patience, purity, sanctity. Sects, which have taken this dissembled mask, have not been able long to keep it, they all have shivered, and broken with pride, presumption, private and publick impurities, with ordures of execrable sacrileges. The spirit onely of Christianity hath always appeared as a true spirit of piety, humility, patience, charity, continency, chastity, mansuetude, contempt of the world; virtues so noble, so elate, so heroick, that the life alone of a *Christian*, being with conformity directed fairly to the doctrine of our SAVIOUR, is a perpetual miracle, able to convert worlds. All that, which the great Philosophers of this Universe could not attain with the flight of their feathers, the *Christian* toucheth with his hand, he hath demonstrated more in his works, then they have said in their Books; they have built Common-wealths on paper, and our Religion hath raised Monarchies of real virtues. And if the wicked, who stagger in their belief, had addicted themselves to the exercise of good works, never would infidelity have made prey upon their understandings, but for that they suffered themseves to be transported with the overflow of pride, presumption, curiosity of toys, vanities, and carnal sensualities of the world, God in just vengeance suffereth them to fall into a reprobate sense.

Sanctity an irrefragable argument.

Oh lost Soul! which givest way to this faintness, and remissness in thy Religion, consider a little attentively all that I have said hereupon. And if truth content thee not, thou mayest well hereafter expect the lot of *Cain*, the absence from the face of God, perpetual frightfull anxiety, terrours, and menaces from heaven, the indignation of the sovereign Judg, the hatred of men, the ill success of thy affairs, extraordinary maladies, desolation, the life of a sad howling Wolf, a tragick death, and detestation of thy posterity.

Even Atheists, amongst the confusions of *Paganism*, have seldom or never found assurance therein: some have been sacrificed to flames, as *Diagoras*; others eaten up with Lice, as *Pherecydes*; others devoured by Dogs, as *Lucian*; others thunder-shot in a bath, and turned into ashes in the twinkling of an eye, as *Olympius*; others have suddenly lost humane speech, and have bellowed like Bulls, and in this roaring have yielded up their Souls, as *Simon Thuvan*, a wicked Pedant, in the year 1201; others have burst in pieces in an infamous Privie, infecting the Sinks, and publick Sewers with their souls (much more stinking) as did the wicked *Arius*; others have lost their Scepter, and eyes, as a King of the *Bulgarians*, who was deprived, and blinded by his own father *Trebellius*, as soon as he returned from a Monastery, where he had retired himself with armed power, to chastise the Atheism of his Son. We are not yet in an Age so caitiff, where brave, and courageous Magistrates are wanting to bridle the impudency of those, who would advance these detestable Maxims of impiety. We have seen in fresh memory the Decree of that great, and illustrious Parliament of *Paris*, that condemned to the fire the Authours of such abominations, which powerfully stayed the violent course of black, and beastly impieties, that dispread themselves under the mask of goodness; which shewed an heroick zeal, both of the glory of God, and general integrity, and maintenance of laws, for which God hath reserved to them a Crown of immortality. This decree hath been attended with favours from heaven, which even in an instant hath sweetened notably these punishments, and invited the blessings of all good men, that have with thanksgiving lifted their hands to heaven. We had seen a little before the ashes of some to flie in the wind, perhaps into the eyes of those, which imitate them in their doctrine. If they expect any other arguments, it will appear their frenzie would have no other remedies, but the fearing-Iron, and fire.

Diog. Laer. Paulus Diac. lib. 13.

Polydor. l. 5.

Sabel. l. 6. *Lun.* 85.

As for other Catholicks, who believe as the faithfull

full, and live as Infidels, pronouncing JESUS CHRIST with their mouth, and renouncing him with their hands; I pray them to ponder a saying of one of the rareſt Wits, which the world hath a long time had (it is *Picus Mirandula*) expreſſed by him in theſe words to his Nephew: *It is a prodigious folly not to believe the Goſpel, the truth whereof is ſealed with the blood of Martyrs innumerable, teſtified by the Apoſtles, proved by miracles, confirmed by reaſon, publiſhed, and declared by the elements, and creatures inſenſible, confeſſed even by the Devils: but it is a much more notorious folly, not to doubt at all of the verity of the Goſpel, which one profeſſeth, and yet to live, as if he made no queſtion of the falſity thereof.*

Picus Mir. Ep. 1. *Magna inſania Euangelio non credere, cujus veritatem ſanguis Martyrum clamat, Apoſtolica reſonant voces, prodigia probant, ratio confirmat, elementa loquuntur, Dæmones confitentur: ſed longè major inſania, ſi de veritate Euangelii non dubites, vivere tamen quaſi de ejus falſitate non dubitares.*

What a mockery it is, to carry the name of a poor SAVIOUR, and to burn with enraged avarice? of an humble SAVIOUR, and ſuffer himſelf to be expoſed to tempeſtuous winds of exorbitant ambition, which breatheth nothing but breaches, and Ship-wracks? of a crucified SAVIOUR, and to live in a maſs of fleſh, wholly effeminated with delights, and curioſities, even to the making their ſpittings to ſwim in Gold? of a meek SAVIOUR, and to carry, under the name of a *Chriſtian*, a *Gorgon's* eye, the anger of an *Aſp*, the heart of a *Tyger*, a ſoul full of revenges, of gall, of blood, of Monſters, of beaſtly brutiſhneſs? O God, what Chriſtianity is this! *Salvianus* ſpeaketh a word very remarkable: *We cannot ſin without making our ſelves capable of ſpiritual treaſon in the higheſt degree: the ſins of Chriſtians are ſacrileges, the name which they bear condemneth their life, without any other form of proceſs.* Theſe Colds of the North, this Icineſs, which ſome *Catholicks* ſhew in their belief, is greatly ſcandalous, and prejudicial to verity; becauſe the miſ-believing, which ſee them live in ſuch exorbitancy, cannot perſwade themſelves they firmly believe the Goſpel, which they profeſs, but that all their Religion is but an exteriour countenance, and rather an idle amuzement of words, then a true liſt of virtue. This bringeth an horrible prejudice into the Church of God, which ſhould even rent our hearts, if we yet retained one onely vein of that noble blood the Martyrs profuſely ſpent for the defence of the truth.

Adviſe to cold *Catholicks.*

Salvian. 4. de gubet. Dei.

Omnes Chriſtianorum culpa Divinitatis injuria eſt. Atrocius ſub ſancti nomini profeſſione peccamus. Ipſa errores noſtros religio, quam profitemur, accuſat.

Remedies. The remedies for theſe eſſential impediments in the act of Chriſtianity are, to take away, and cut off the cauſe of this infidelity.

1. To prepare a conſcience chaſte, and timerous, which never will make it ſelf an Hoſteſs for mortal ſin; and if by chance it give harbour thereunto, to diſlodge it preſently: for ſins, heaped one upon another by a diſſolute deadneſs of confeſſion, make a ſavage, and brutiſh ſoul, which ſeeketh nothing but to be freed from God, though it be a matter impoſſible.

2. Not to taſt the bleſſings, contentments, or honours of the world, with too much ardour; they eaſily enſnare our affections, and make the forgetfulneſs of Heaven ſlide into an inſenſible ſoul.

3. To eſchew curioſity, principally in matter of Religion, as the canker of Faith. We muſt reſemble the Cuttle, a very wiſe Fiſh, who during ſtorms fixeth her ſelf firmly upon the Rocks, without motion: amongſt the floating thoughts, which a dark cloudy conſcience may ſuggeſt, always to hold one's foot on the Rock of St. *Peter*, fixed, and ſtable: to truſt the direction of the Church, and not to forſake our hold. It is the moſt palpable folly, which can creep into the brain of man, to deſire wiſdom contrary to the wiſdom of Saints, which is Humility.

Non plus ſapere quam oportet ſapere, ſed ſapere ad ſobrietatem. Rom. 12. 3.

4. To exerciſe your ſelf diligently in good works, as Prayer, Abſtinencies, frequentation of Sacraments, and Alms-deeds. Faith is given to you, as an inheritance of Heaven, whoſoever endeavoureth not to husband it, loſeth it.

The ſecond OBSTACLE.

* Errour in Religion.

** Cauti hoc caput, & non niſi cum delectu adhibito legendum.*

Friendly, and wholſom counſel to the Nobility of the pretended Religion.

AN Hereſie diſcovered is a face unmasked. Take away the vizard, you diſarm her, pull away this ſemblance painted with hypocriſie, wherewith ſhe hath plaiſtered her face, you ſufficiently refute her; you need but to know her, to overcome her, and when the head of her Arrows are bare, they have no more force. Catholick Doctours have hitherto couragiouſly endeavoured to take from her this veil, and adulterated colours: yea, even ſhe at this time hath ſo favourably for you unmasked her ſelf, that a man muſt pull out his eyes, if he will not behold her deformity in her rebellion, juſtly deteſted by the ſage, and moderate of her own ſide.

S. *Hierom.* in the letter to *Cteſiphon. Hæreſes ad originem ſuam revocaſſe, confutaſſe, Hæreticorum ſententias prodidiſſe; ſuperaſſe eſt.*

And I beſeech them to conſider, that this Egg, which they abhor, is laid by the Raven, that broodeth in their boſom, and it is a great blindneſs to break the Eggs of the Aſp, and cheriſh the Serpent, which hath laid them.

Good, and generous ſouls, which yet retain ſome ſparks of a *French* ſpirit, do well ſee theſe proceedings are not according to Scripture, which ſo ſeverely recommendeth the honour of Kings, and therefore they found a retreat, they fold up their Enſigns, freely confeſſing they have erred as men, and proteſting not to perſevere in miſchief like Devils. There are none but enraged ſpirits, that will be healed by the experience of their own ill, and bury themſelves in their ruin; wiſe men always make a medicine for themſelves of others folly.

Optimum eſt alterna inſania frui.

Go to then, you, who after ſo many voices from Heaven do ſtill ſtagger, and adviſe, if you ought to return to the *Romane* Church, which is the womb of your beginning, and boſom of your repoſe, give me leave, that I may take this Film from your eyes; grow not outragious, to what purpoſe ſhould you ſtand quaking in theſe frightfull agonies? Exerciſe a little patience, I do not doubt, but you will bleſs the hand, which layeth hold on you, when you ſhall come to ſee the light. I come not with ſword in hand, to put a Religion into your heads with main force; I come to you full of compaſſion of your miſery, full of affection for your ſalvation, full of the deſire of your eaſe, of your contentment, of your glory. Do you refuſe me? A truth doth not gall your ears: when you have underſtood, and diligently conſidered it, if it pleaſe you not, you may reject it. But I beſeech God the Father of light, and mercy, may open your heart, and eyes, to reſolve you herein accordingly to his holy will.

Importance of the choiſe of Religion, matters very conſiderable.

It is a matter of no ſmall importance to handle the affairs of ſalvation. We well know we have an immortal ſoul, which ſhall ſurvive to all eternity, either in the boſom of the glory of Heaven, or in the flames of the damned; we well know by what gate it entered into this life, and where it at this preſent ſojourneth, but we underſtand not by what paſſage, when, or how it ſhall iſſue out. We have nothing here more certain then death, nothing more uncertain then the hour, and manner: nothing ſo aſſured in the other world, as to find there is a judgment of God, a Heaven for virtues, a Hell for ſin: nothing ſo doubtfull, as the determinate

determinate sentence of your proces: nothing so absolutely confirmed, as that one cannot be saved without true Religion; and nothing so controverted by the malice of Satan, as the verity of Religion. Notwithstanding, if you err in the choise, you make ship-wrack before you weigh anchour, and so long as you remain in errour, nothing can save, nor deliver you from eternal damnation. For it is a belief of all Christianity, witnessed by Saint *Fulgentius* in the book, which he composed *Of Faith*, that all those, who shut up the course of their life out of the true Church, although they have filled the world with Hospitals, and shed their blood for the name of *Jesus Christ*, cannot free themselves from the eternal torments of Hell. See, wretched soul, if at this dreadfull hour of death, and God's judgment, you find your self miserably deceived by your Ministers under the pretext of Scripture, whither will you have recourse? Verily, whatsoever is said to you, you well know in your conscience, that dying in the Faith of St. *Lewis*, St. *Bernard*, St. *Francis*, who have directly opposed yours, you have all the possible assurance of a good Religion: nor do I think you have so laid down all shame, that you condemn so great and illustrious Personages.

Truth worthy to be embraced. *De fide ad Petrum Diaconum cap. 48. Qui extra Ecclesiam Catholicam praesentem finiunt vitam, in ignem aeternum ituros, quantas-camq; elee-mosynas fecerint, etsi pro Christi nomine etiã sanguinem fuderint, nullatenus posse salvari.*

Assurance of the *Catholick.*

You are not ignorant, that all innovation is dangerous, but principally in matter of Faith. They, that follow the main current, and generality of a Religion antient, and well-grounded, cannot perish but by falling from Heaven; cannot stumble in their belief, but by entombing themselves in the ruins of Christianity, which God neither can, nor will suffer to be lost, according to his promises.

They, which adhere to novelties, sail in a Sea of monsters, and tempests, without Pole-star, without Rudder, without Pilot, without any other guid, then their own judgment, which cannot choose but very easily deceive them.

Danger of novelty in Religion.

If there be flames in Hell employed in the punishment of sinfull souls, there is no doubt, but they shall chiefly be inflicted on them, who have laboured to rend the garment of *Jesus Christ*, to break the connexions and seams of the Church, to strike at the lawfull powers ordained by God, to throw disorder, fire, and blood into the State of their Prince. What horrour will it be in this great, and general day, when you shall see your innocency, by association of Religion, engaged to the enormity of so many disastrous crimes, which you must expiate with pains, which shall have no other limits, but eternity? Enter again into your self a little, and afford so much patience as to know your self. For, if you desire to proceed with all security, I advise you three things.

Three things necessary to dispose one's self in Religion.

First, to have a spirit throughly discharged of anticipations, bold animosities, and apprehensions, which raise mists even amongst the most resplendent lights of truth. It is said, that heretofore at *Smyrna*, a City of *Greece*, there was a false mirrour kept in the Temple, which did represent the most beautifull, and amiable faces, with notable deformity; and on the contrary, gave to creatures ugly, and mishapen, a lustre of borrowed, and wholly imaginary beauty. Your Ministers in the false glass of their Doctrine represent the *Romane* Church to you, this lovely, and chaste Spouse of Heaven, as a monster composed of all sorts of abominations, you have your ears perpetually beaten with the seven Hills of *Rome*, with *Anti-Christ*, with the horned Beast, with Idolatries, and Superstitions, which they maliciously obtrude to us. If you remain fixed in these perswasions, how can you do other, but hate that, which you know not?

First, to avoid prejudice.

Mirrour of *Smyrna. Pausanias.*

On the contrary, you are made to behold a Sect, which you well know to have been begun by a general revolt from superiour Powers, by scandalous sensualities, and an infinite number of cruelties, as a celestial Doctrine, beautifull, radiant, under the pretext of Scripture, which is a meer subject to fancy; and considering it under this veil, you love it: and as *Nero*, who through an Emerald beheld the flames, and blood of his Country, and found it a pleasant mirrour, so whilest you view the pretended Religion under a veil, all seemeth beautifull, and goodly to you. Take away for one hour at least this partial prejudicate spirit, drunk with passion; and take another, calm, reposed, settled, which hath an indifferent care for each part.

Second disposition, to avoid the spirit of quarrels, and eager contentions.

The second thing is, you must not too much stick upon petty curiosities of a thousand Controversies, and unprofitable Disputations. Truth ordinarily is therein ill handled under the shadow of cherishing it, it is haled this way, and that way, with such boldness, that it seemeth every one would dis-member it, and each man take his share away with him. After so many stabs, and stoccadoes on this side, and that side, no other fruit is derived, but Yea, and No, and the soul oft-times findeth it self as much void of peace, and reason, as it is full of gall, and darkness.

Indefessa motus adversandi studium persistit, ubi non rationi voluntas subjicitur. sed his, quae studemus, doctrinam coaptamus. Hilarius 10. *De Trin.*

Truth in the calm. *Non in commotione Dominus: in sibilo auraetenuis.* 3 Reg. 19. 12.

You know what is written in the Vision of the Prophet *Elias*: God is not to be found in the rustling of impetuous winds, in boisterous storms, in turmoils, in fire; but in a gentle gale, which bringeth light, and refreshment in its wings.

Omnes disputare malunt, quàm vivere. Senec.

Likewise, verity, fit to handle the conversion of souls, is not ordinarily in these ardent, and contentious Disputations, where the prizes of fast and loose are played: but in the repose of a quiet spirit, temperate, molded in the hands of a prudent docibleness. For Faith runneth a different course from humane Sciences. To say, Why this? and Why that? to sift the causes, the effects, the Tenents, the utmost bounds of a point, it is the vulgar track of inferiour Scholes. Faith, which hath God himself for object, who is a bottomless abyss of light, and perfection, cannot demonstrate all that it believeth, otherwise it would not be Faith, nor God would not no more be God. He, that seeketh Faith, seeketh not reason. *Athens* hath nothing to intermeddle with *Jerusalem*, nor the Academy with the Church. Our Schole is the porch of *Solomon*, which teacheth us, we must search for God with simplicity of heart, and not with frivolous curiosity. Faith moveth upon two poles; the first is to believe what God hath revealed; the second to believe, because he, who is an eternal truth, hath revealed it, without any other restriction, specified modification, or humane distinction. What wrong doth the Creatour to us, if he would have us believe more of him, then we are able to comprehend? It is not for the Iron to ask of the Magnet, or Load-stone, from whence those charms, and secret influences come, wherewith he attracteth, and captivateth him. It is enough that he follow. When God proposeth a verity unto thee by the voice, and general consent of the Church, (poor man) thou kickest, thou friskest, thou dost appeal to humane reason, to sense, to judgment, which have wings too short, and insufficient to undertake such a flight.

A singular Axiom of *Chrysol.* and *Tertullian. Qui fidem quaerit, rationem non quaerit. Quid Athenis, & Hierosolymis? Quid Academiae, & Ecclesiae? Nostra institutio de porticu Solomonis est, quae monet Deum in simplicitate cordis quaerendum. Chrys.* Ser. 58. & *Tertul.* lib. *De Praescrip.*

Whilest thou therein proceedest in that maner, thy Faith will be no true Faith, but a phantasie, which will entertain thee with false illusions, and leave thee real torments. It is a great Science in matter

matter of Religion to have an holy, and conscientious ignorance. All Hereticks (saith *Tertullian*) promise reason, and knowledge. All of them assail Faith with humane understanding. God teacheth us another way, which is to adore his Mysteries with submission of spirit, and make of our own proper judgments a sacrifice on the Altar of Faith.

Omnes tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur. Sapientia hæc veritas est interdum sapere quod nolis. Hilar. 5. De Trinit. initio.

The third thing, which you are to have in great recommendation, is diligently to purge your conscience from the rust of Sin. The Spirit of God is pleased, and fed amongst Lilies, and nothing so much hindereth heavenly Doctrine, as impurity of life. Pearls are dissolved in Vineger, and Truth in a heart made bitter with the corruption of Vice. If you desire, that it should come to you, observe three things exactly. First endeavour, as much as you can possibly, to free your self from a certain spirit of presumption, which puffeth men up, and inebriateth them with the love of their own judgment, before they be throughly awakened: and from hence it cometh, that they affectionately embrace themselves, and make such esteem of their own thoughts, words, maxims, that all seemeth Gold. This is a pernicious illusion, and which stoppeth up all access to our SAVIOUR, who is much pleased to converse with the humble.

Third Disposition, Purity of life.

Qui diligit corde munditiem, amicum habebit Regem: incorruptio facit esse proximum Deo. Prov. 2. 2. Sap. 6.

Secondly, live with great purity of soul, and body, carefully preserving your self from being engulphed in sensual affections, pleasures, and ordures of flesh, which bury the soul in a puddle, and make it uncapable of all good. God hath not upon earth a more pleasing hostess, then purity of heart. 'Tis that, which procures for us the amity of the Sovereign King, and placeth us near the Divinity. Finally, labour to adorn your self with Charity, and the very bowels of pity towards the poor, and persons afflicted, assisting them according to the ability, which you have; and when you, fortified with such Arms, shall daily knock at the gates of Heaven by incessant Prayer, asking Grace, speaking, and conferring oftimes with some Catholick Doctour, virtuous, charitable, and peacefull, I have infinite hopes, the Father of Light will dart upon your heart his beams, and give you leave to know the truth.

Four very notable points to discover the falsehood of the Pretended.

In the mean space, ponder a little in your heart four notable points, which will make you discover the falsity of the pretended Religion.

The first is, *the beginning*. The second, *the progress*. The third, *the foundation of the Doctrine*. The fourth, *the fruits*. Behold four touch-stones to judg aright of Religion. If all this do well accord with reason, and verity in the pretended Religion, I give you leave to follow it; but if all therein be tottering, and ruinous, I beseech you open your eyes a little, and view your misery, after you have so often shut up your ears against reason, and your heart against charity.

Original.

Then first of all consider, whether this Religion you profess be antient, or new. If it be antient, and the Religion of the Apostles, you ought to follow it: if new, you ought to condemn it; no man doubteth. Now, it is as new as novelty it self: which is proved, first by the name thereof, since every Religion, which is called reformed, ought necessarily to have been deformed; for a thing is not reformed, which never had deformity. This is clear. And every Religion, which is said to be reformed in things essential, as are Sacraments, was then before deformed in matters essential, and so deformed, that in a word it was no longer a Religion.

For it is as impossible a Religion can subsist without the verity of Faith, and Sacraments, as to say, that a man can be a man without a reasonable soul. Now this Religion, of which we make question, according to your saying, was deformed in essential things, to wit, in Sacraments, whereby it appeareth, it was no more a Religion, then a lying truth, to speak properly, is truth it self.

Pretended Religion new, and therefore none at all.

Wherefore we must conclude, that those, which boast they have reformed it within these hundred years, have made it wholly new: as if the Sun had been annihilated for a thousand years space, and that God came to restore it, it would be an absolute new Sun; so is this Religion wholly new. Behold then, if every new Religion (as is most evident) carry its condemnation, see you not, that this same, which you profess, is false, since it proveth it self to be new, and onely discovered since *Luther*, and *Calvin*.

The proof thereof is evident.

And think not, this novelty is onely proved by reason. It is your own confession in the one and thirtieth Article, where you openly profess, the Church hath not onely been reformed, but absolutely made new: this sole innovation (if you judg aright of it) should give you occasion to suspect it.

Novelties ever suspected by the wise.

The sage Common-wealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordained, that all those, who would propose any novelty in matter of law, should deliver it in publick, with an Halter about their necks; to the end, that if their Propositions were not found to be good, and profitable, the authours thereof should be strangled in the place.

Force of argument.

And what can one think of them, which have brought in such huge novelism in matter of Religion, so disasterous, and so prejudicial to Christendom by the effusion of so much blood? Judg your selves, and weigh at leisure the force of this argument; you shall perceive it is very hard to find evasions against this verity. For of two things you must confess one, either that the Church hath wholly been extinct the space of about a thousand years, and then was newly repaired according to the antient model of the Apostles: or that it hath always been on foot, but invisible, and unknown.

Weak evasions of Ministers.

First evasion refuted.

These two evasions are very vain, and frivolous, as you shall understand, thereunto a little applying your judgment. For, to speak of the first, expressed in the one and thirtieth Article of your Faith, that the Church hath been newly reformed: First, this is against the Word of God, who to his Church promiseth an assistance without interruption, even to the end of the world. These are his words in Saint *Matthew: Behold, I am with you all the days, even to the consummation of the world.* He admitteth not one sole day of interruption, and you make one of a thousand, or eleven hundred years.

1. Reason.

Matt. 28. 2.

Secondly, you make a *Jesus Christ* disarrayed, a Church reduced to nothing, for the space of ten Ages: which is very intolerable, and shall never be, nay, not during the time of *Anti-Christ*'s persecution. Moreover, were it so, you must deny the providence of God, so to have abandoned to a general desolation a work fast cemented with the blood of his Son: yea, he, who hath a care even of the nests of the little Halcyons. Finally, you must say, that *Jesus Christ* was an Impostour, and unable: an Impostour, to have promised a Church without interruption; unable, in that he could not preserve it: all which is blasphemous.

2. Reason.

3. Reason.

Second evasion overthrown.

To affirm the second, that this Church hath always been, but yet unknown, and invisible: if all men were changed into Beasts, it might happen they would be thus perswaded; but, if they yet retain one dram of humane capacity, it were impossible; so impertinent is this Proposition.

For firſt of all, becauſe you will affirm nothing without proof out of Holy Scripture, it is demanded of you, where it is ſpoken of this unknown Church, of this inviſible Church? Much otherwiſe, ſhe is compared to a City planted upon an Hill, to the Light, to the Pavilion in the Sun, as the Scripture teacheth us, and St. *Auguſtine* proveth it by the ſame Scripture, upon the eighteenth *Pſalm*.

In Sole poſuit tabernaculum ſuum: in manifeſtatione poſuit Eccleſiam ſuam. Aug. in Pſal. 18.

Secondly, if this Church were unknown, whither ſhould the *Gentiles* have addreſſed themſelves for their converſion? or thoſe that were doubtfull for their reſolution? or all the faithfull for their direction? God referreth them all to his Church. Is it not a meer mockery to ſend them to a thing inviſible?

Thirdly, if there be no proof in Scripture, which averreth this, ſome humane reaſon at leaſt is required. Can a Propoſition more reaſonable be made, then to ask of thoſe, who maintain a thing to have been in former Ages, to produce ſome marks thereof? That they ſhew, how for a thouſand years of deſolation their Church hath been in being? That they ſet before us one ſole Hiſtory, which witneſſeth how in the thouſand, two, three, four, and five hundred years there was found a company of Brethren, who profeſſed an univerſal ſum of all the Articles which theſe men now maintain?

Allatus eſt Phœnix in urbem anno urbis 800. Plin. lib. 10. cap. 11.

The Phenix is very rare; but yet it is ſaid in ſuch and ſuch a year, a Phenix was ſeen in *Rome*. Do we find that any man ſaith the like of the pretended reformed Religion? There is not a word of it. We find the *Waldenſes*, *Circumcellians*, *Gnoſticks*, *Borborites*, and *Beguins*, who have held ſome piece of our Hereticks belief, and we likewiſe behold, that all have been condemned as Hereticks. But there is not one to be found, who hath framed this body of the pretended Religion, as it is at this day compoſed. What meaneth this? Is it to have one ſmall ſparkle of the underſtanding of man, to affirm ſuch a thing to have been, and not to know how to produce one proof?

Æſop's Aſs.

Is not this to play *Æſop's* Aſs, that vanted he had great ſecrets of wiſdom to communicate to other Beaſts; and to authorize it, he hid himſelf a long time in a dry pit, from whence he came with a Philoſophers, Cloak, ſaying, That whileſt he had been inviſible, he had much addicted himſelf to Sciences, and the knowledg of truth. In the end it was known he was an Aſs, and with many blows, and baſtonadoes he was ſent back again to the Pit, from whence he came. This the Parable, which *Tertullian* ſpake to the Hereticks of his Time. You now come forth, as an Aſs out of *Æſop's* Pit, and you cry out: Tell me, who are you? From whence come you? Who ſent you? What right have you upon us, to extinguiſh the belief of our Fore-fathers? Do you not behold a beginning of the pretended, ſhameleſs, and ridiculous Religion, which well proveth its nullity?

A notable paſſage of *Tertullian. Aſinus de pisco modò venit, & jam exclamas. Dic qui ſis, à quo venias, & quod ſit tibi jus in nobis? Tertul.* in *Marc.* lib. 4. cap. 23.

Second point, progreſs, and publication of the Sect.

The ſecond Conſideration, on which we muſt reſt, is well to balance the progreſs, advancement, and publication of this Sect. If you find it conformable to the antient manner of the Primitive Church, follow it: if it be directly oppoſite, have you not great reaſon to abondon it? Now Sir, ſo it is, and behold how.

Reperire apud nos eſt permultos viros, & mulieres, qui in calibatu conſenescunt.

The true Church from her infancy hath had four marks moſt evident. The firſt is a profound humility. The ſecond, a great love of virginity, chaſtity, and continency, witneſs *Athenagoras*, a moſt antient Authour, who maketh mention of this great purity of body, and faith: It is the mark of the excellency of our Religion. The third, a great obedience to Superiours, recommended by St. *Paul* to the *Romans*: *Let every ſoul be ſubject to ſuperiour powers.* The fourth, a ſweetneſs, and an admirable patience in perſecutions. Behold what appeared in the publication of the Goſpel. If you obſerve any thing like in the progreſs of the pretended Religion, then have you cauſe to have a good opinion of it. But if you therein do ſee all her proceedings oppoſite to the ſame, conclude it is not of God. And tell me, what are her proceedings in the fore-alledged points?

Rom. 12.

Conſider the force of this proof.

First Mark.

It cannot be doubted, but that the virtue of humility is the foundation of Faith, and one of the moſt noble characters of Chriſtian Religion. *Where humility is* (ſaith the Wiſe-man) *there is wiſdom, and God is pleaſed to dry up the roots of proud people.* Now all Hereſie is inſeparably tied to a proud ſpirit, from whence it took beginning, derived nouriſhment, and receives increaſe.

Trov. 11. *Ezech.* 19.

We might alledge an infinite number of teſtimonies to this purpoſe. But we do not now tell you how two Heretick-women of the race of *Elxay*, did as it were, cauſe their Spitle to be adored, nor how one *Hildebert* gave the paring of his Nails to his Sectaries for Reliques; ſo true is it, that Hereſie, being a ſprout of the evil Spirit, ſtill retains the mark of that pride, which having once aſſayed to diſturb Heaven never ſuffers the earth to enjoy repoſe.

Epiphan. Hæreſ. 19. *Ildebertus hæreticus ſub Zacharia.*

It is well known how in the laſt Age, one called *John Leyden*, by trade a Botcher, and Ring-leader of Hereticks in *Germany*, having firſt publiſhed a law of plurality of Wives, went into the field, drawing along with him huge troops of unchaſt creatures; where, after he had played the Prophet, he cauſed himſelf to be choſen King, took a triple Diadem, erected a proud Pavilion, wherein he gave audience, eſtabliſhed his Court, and Potentates, choofing out Rogues, and Reprobates, at that time attired in cloth of Gold, and Silver, and other coſtly Stuffs, which having but a little before ſerved for ornaments on Altars were now cut in pieces by the hands of theſe *Harpies*, and employed to cover infamous bodies, that rather deſerved to be involved in Sulphur, and flames. When this King of Cards marched through the City, you would have taken him for the Great Duke of *Muſcovia*, or ſome antick King of *Hieruſalem*. A Page mounted on Horſ-back bare a Bible covered with plates of Gold before him, another carried a naked Sword, willing thereby to expreſs he was born for the defence of the Goſpel. Beſides he commonly had in his hand a golden Globe, whereon theſe words were engraven: *King of Juſtice on earth. Ann Delphonſe*, the firſt of fourteen wives this Impoſtour had married, went along with him, covered with a Mantle furred with Ermines, claſped with a great Buckle of all maſſie Gold.

Corvin. and *Florimon.*

This would ſeem ſtrange, if we had not lately known the inſolence of Rebels, and their imaginary Regalities, which are mounted to ſuch an height of fury, that they draw very near to the like frenzy. Yet will we not at this time inſtance hereupon in any thing concerning this Article. We onely ſay, that to ſeparate Religion from Rebellion, and the manners of men from doctrine, the maxims of Sectaries make an abſolute profeſſion of the moſt enraged vanity that may be obſerved in the courſe of humane life. For, if the Scripture doth ſo ſtrictly recommend unto us in the practice of Humility, not to make our ſelves over-wiſe, or able, not to reſt upon our own judgment, nor proper prudence, to hearken to our Fore-fathers, to obey Paſtours, who have lawfull ſucceſſion, to work our Salvation with fear, and trembling at God's judgments, what may we think

Rom. 12. *Non alta ſapientes, ſed humilibus conſentientes.* Prov. 35. *Ne innitaris prudentiæ tuæ.*

think of a Sect, which authorizeth a peculiar spirit, which hath ever been the Seminary of all Schisms, and Disorders, which without distinction putteth the Scripture into all hands, to judg of points of Faith, from whence have risen amongst them an infinite number of divisions; which teacheth to accompt as dotages all that, which the Piety of our fore-fathers reverenced, all that the wisest, and most religious men of the earth decided, which teacheth to spit against light, and trample under foot the commandments of Pastours, and Prelates; to flatter one's self with assurance of Salvation, and Predestination, in the greatest exorbitancies, and neglects of life?

Verily, it is an admirable thing to behold, how the petty spirits of Artificers, and silly Women busie themselves herein, and to what a degree of pride they come, when, abused by I know not what imaginary Texts of Scripture, they grow big with the opinion of their own ability. What pride more irregular, then to see men not content with the Religion of *Charlemaigne*, and St. *Lewis*, nor of the Churches, and Tombs of their Ancestours, to become so curious, as to think their Kings, and Pastours to be Idolaters, and all the better part of mankind bestial, from whom they separate themselves, as from people infected with a spiritual contagion, and do all they can to Deifie their own opinions? What *Pharisee* ever came near this height of pride?

If there were any the least spark of Humility, a good Soul would say within it self; "What do I, "or where am I? It is an old saying, He, that too "much believes in himself, is a Devil to himself. I "think I am grounded on the Word of God: but "have not all Hereticks had the same foundation, "which they in conclusion found onely to subsist in "their own imagination? Why should I separate "my self from the main Body of the antient Church, "to satisfie the itch of my peculiar judgment? It is "not credible, that so many men of honour, and "worth, who are clear-sighted in all other things, "should be deceived in this, they may have had "doubts, and opinions as we, but they have over-"come them by Humility, and Reason, they have "stuck to the body of the Tree, they have followed "the general consent of People, which rather live in "Uniformity, then adhere to Novelty.

"Let them not be figured to me as Idolaters, Ide-"ots, and men superstitious; they have far other "aims then these. The wisest, and most temperate "of our side believe them not to be damned in "their Religion. To what purpose then is all this, to "handle a business apart, to be separated from our "near Allies, from Sacraments, Church, Tombs, and "to be the cause of so many divisions, spoils, and "blood-shed? I plainly see, we must hereafter live in "re-union. It is the Spirit of God, which command-"eth it. If I have beliefs in my heart different from "the ordinary, I ought not to divulge them to cre-"ate Schisms, and Scandals. I should inform my self. "I should obey: it is fit, I somewhat yield to the love "of those, who look after me for my good, and the "authority of such as command over me by justice. "I cannot perish in making a sacrifice of my proper "will, for peace, and the common good, to those, "whom God hath appointed me for Guiders, and "Superiours. This is the great Science, which I will "hereafter seek in the government of the inward "man. Behold what an humble creature might say: but insolency, the inseparable companion of Heresie, proceedeth much otherwise.

2. Mark. And as concerning Purity, let us not go about to speak of the Vices of particular men, which are excesses of nature, not laws of profession. For to say, there are vices in one Body, and in one Sect, is to say nothing; but to say these vices are confirmed, and authorized by the Maxims, and Examples of the same Sect, this is to say all.

Now, this is it, which we behold in the proceedings of the Pretenders. For it cannot be denied, but we ought to keep promise with men, and by a much stronger reason what we promise to God? Yet notwithstanding the principal of the Pretenders have taught by word, and practised by example the doctrine of the whole Body; which is, that one may break a vow of chastity, to wit, of a thing very good, for it is praised by the mouth of our *Saviour*, and St. *Paul*; of a thing very reasonable, for millions of Saints have practised it in the beginning of the Church; of a thing most holy, for the Scripture hath given it the name of *Sanctity*: to break a vow sealed as with the seal of the invocation of the holy *Trinity*, and the blood of *Jesus*: to break it not by frailty, but profession, against the doctrine, and practise of all Antiquity. Is this a mark of the true Church? *Matth.* 17. 2 *Cor.* 7. *Thessal.* 4.

Take the third mark, Obedience, most natural to the Primitive *Christians*, and all just men, who are called a Nation of Obedience, and you shall find in the infancy of the pretended Religion a revolt against all Ecclesiastical, and Secular Powers, continued in all times, and in all the parts of the world, where she might be introduced with such cruelties, as we know by experience. 3. Mark. *Eccles.* 3.

Take lastly the fourth mark, which is the Dove-like sweetness, that shone in the first *Christians*, even in the times of persecution, and you shall find in the pretended Religion, there is nothing but Conventicles, Consistories of State, Factions, Armies, Ransackings, and Horrours, which make all good consciences to tremble. Should I enlarge upon this Discourse, I could mention matters able to make Marbles weep: but I will not labour to be eloquent in our evils, which I seek to sweeten what I may, not intending to exasperate any. 4. Mark.

Onely I ask, what will your prime *Sectaries* answer to the Church at the day of judgment, when she shall say: My first Children bare neither Rod, nor Stick to plant Faith in the hearts of men, and you have published a Religion all bristled with Swords, & footed over with the smoak of Cannons, all sprinkled with the blood of *Catholicks*. My lawful Children, at the publication of the Gospel, spake not one bitter word against Executioners, amongst the most exquisite torments, which might be inflicted. And you, what vein, I pray, have you spared in my Body, from whence you drew not rivers of blood to distain the Lilies of *France*. Publication of the *Pretended*, how far from true Christianity.

Your fore-fathers built Churches for me, and you have demolished them: they erected Altars, and you have pulled them down: they advanced Crosses to me, and you have broken them: they have consecrated Priests for my service, and you have massacred them in my Arms. The Apostles taught me to place the bodies of Saints under Altars, and you have taken them from that repose, whereunto Nature consigned them, from that repose many times afforded to malefactours, you have divided them between fire, and water; yea, you have infected Elements, making them as executioners of those venerable bodies, whose foot-steps they honoured. And of what bodies? of a S. *Irenæus* burned at *Lions*; of a S. *Hilary* at *Poictiers*; of a S. *Aygnan* at *Orleans*; of a S. *Martin*, and a S. *Francis* of *Paula* at *Tours*: not to speak of others. The Apostles teach to honour Kings, and you have loaden them with reproaches, even to the See *Monsieur de Saintes* in his Book *Of Sacrage*.

figuring of King *Charls* the Ninth with marks moſt unworthy in a Coin you ſtampt with Croſſes, and Church-Chalices, yea, to the diſ-enterring of the heart of *Francis* the Second, enterred at St. *Croſs* in *Orleans*, and the waſting it in flames.

Judg now (O you Pretenders) whether a Religion, which carried on the brow thereof acts ſo barbarous, pollutions ſo hideous, cruelties ſo execrable, can poſſibly have the leaſt ſpark of Piety.

3 Point. Foundation of Catholick Religion. *Auguſtin.* Contra ep. fun.

For a third Conſideration, examine well the foundation of this new Religion, and you ſhall diſcover the deceit thereof. Catholick religion hath for foundation all that, which may ſettle a fair, and generous ſoul, as St. *Auguſtine* obſerved. If the Word of God ſhould hold the chief place, & ſerve as a Baſis for this great building of the Church, (as is moſt reaſonable) we inceſſantly challenge your Miniſters to ſhew us one onely Text expreſs, formal, and irreproveable, contrary to the Articles of our Faith. For hitherto they have produced nothing but ſemblances to deceive inferiour judgments, being unable to make them good before underſtanding, and capable men.

If a lawfull ſucceſſion, and miſion of Paſtours be required, which is abſolutely neceſſary for the eſtabiſhment of an Eccleſiaſtical Hierarchie, we ſhew, that from the Apoſtles hitherward, our Prelates, and Biſhops do all ſucceſsively follow one another. If the authority of Councils be demanded, which are the ſinews, the mouths, and living Oracles of a true Religion, let them be looked on in the revolution of ſo many Ages, and they will be found altogether for us.

If the Interpretations of Fathers, and Doctours (who were the lights of their Times, the inſtruments of the Holy Ghoſt, and Secretaries of the Divinity) have any weight with a ſoul well-compoſed, to eſtabiſhed a truth; then eſpecially, when they all with one accord, and conſent do ſpeak, they loudly condemn the errour, and noveliſm of our Adverſaries.

If Miracles, which were wrought in the ſight of all mankind, with ſo much approbation, that they have evicted confeſſion from the moſt incredulous, and reverence from the moſt ſtupid, weigh down the balance, it is on our ſide. If the ſtudy of perfection, and holineſs of life be infallible marks of true Faith, you may as ſoon tell the Stars in the skie, as reckon up the number of holy Perſonages, who have flouriſhed through all Ages amongſt us, and who therein are daily noted with ſuch excellencies, that living as Angels they ſpeak like true Oracles of the Divinity. Finally, if we will give any credit to antient Monuments, the Marbles in Churches, and Tombs of our Anceſtours ſpeak for us.

Moſt wholeſome adviſe how to reſolve on choiſe of Religion. *Auguſtin.* Contra ep. fund. *Euangelio non crederem, niſi me Eccleſiæ Catholicæ commoveret authoritas.* Contra ep. Manic.

Behold verily the powerful, and invincible reaſons, which made Saint *Auguſtine* reſolve upon the Religion, which we profeſs. *Many great conſiderations* (ſaid he) *with much reaſon keep me in the obedience of the Catholick Church: The conſent of People, and Nations hold me: The authority of the ſame Church, which is riſen up by Miracle, nouriſhed With Hope, augmented by Charity, eſtabliſhed by its Antiquity: The ſucceſſion of Biſhops holds me therein, which beginning in the See, and Authority of* Saint Peter, *to whom God recommended the care of his flock, is maintained to this preſent time. Laſtly, the name of* CATHOLICK *holds me in it.* He addeth, He *would not believe the Goſpel it ſelf, if he were not convinced by the authority of the Church.*

Moſt weak foundation of the pretenders.

Let us now ſee, whether you have better choiſe, and more conſideration, then this worthy man, who is one of the prime Wits of the World. Let us ſee what your Miniſters oppoſe againſt ſo many infallible proofs, to cover their want of antiquity, miſſion, ſucceſſion, miracles, ſanctity, judgment, and reaſon. They ceaſe not to buz out every where a falſe pretext of Scripture, which verily is the greateſt illuſion that ever was. For theſe wicked ones, ſeeing themſelves battered on every ſide, from the beginning of this Reformation, knew well in their conſciences, the Scripture was againſt them. Yet, notwithſtanding (ſaid they, to mock at the Faith of mankind, and lead them into Atheiſm) we muſt avoid the deciſions of a Power, lively, and lawfull; we muſt onely take colour from the Holy Text, we will make it ſay what we liſt: we will maintain, nothing is to be believed, but what is written, and that, which is written, we will diſguiſe with our Gloſſes, and Conſequences, to catch thoſe, who think they have ſome wit. Behold the onely means to colour our pretences!

Reaſons, which ſhew the nullity of this foundation.

You then, who are endowed with ſufficient, and ſolid judgment, conſider a little how deceitfull, weak, and ruinous, this foundation is. Firſt, it appears the Devil, and all Hereticks of former Times have taken the ſame foundation, ever ſaying, the Scripture was on their ſides: which is moſt untrue. Notwithſtanding, behold to what paſs all Hereticks came. *Muncer* proved by Scripture he was the Prophet *David*; *George*, a Diabolical man, that he was *God*; *Eon*, condemned by the Council of *Rhemes*, that he was the true *Meſſias*, even by the ſame Scripture.

1 Reaſon. *Neque enim nata ſunt hæreſes, niſi dum Scriptura bona intelliguntur non bene.* *Auguſt.* ad Conſentium. ep. 222.

Secondly, the world having been two thouſand years, and more, without Scripture, the firſt were written in *Hebrew* by abbreviation, with ſuch ambiguity, that every one, following his own opinion, might frame a Bible to his own liking: yea, ſometimes ſuch diverſity was found in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latine*, and *Chaldaick* letter, that where one read *David*, another read *a Bowl*; where one *the Liver*, another *a Pillow*; where one *beauty*, another a *ſavage Beaſt*; where one *the Word*, another *Life*; where one read *the Living*, another *the Dead*. And you, who neither know *Hebrew*, *Greek*, nor *Latine*, on whom will you relie?

2. Reaſon.

Thirdly, upon paſſages written in very expreſs terms, as, *This my Body*, the ſpirits of men have forged two hundred opinions quite different; what then will become of difficulties more thorny? *Julian* Biſhop of *Toledo* wrote a Volumn *Of apparent Contraditions in Scripture*, which in ſubſtance hath none, but which notwithſtanding ſeem many times to ſay things directly contrary; ſuch obſcurity there is in ſome paſſages. Whom ſhould we believe? Do you not ſee this were a means to maintain eternal diviſions, if there were not Judges to decide differences in a Kingdom, but that every one ſhould carry the cauſe according to the proportion of his loud crying, to make his Texts, and Allegations to be of force? What would this come unto? And you would bring the like diſorder into the Church.

3. Reaſon. *Juliani ἀντιρρητικὰ.*

Fourthly, in the antient Law the Bible was in the Ark, and no man durſt open it, and turn it to reſolve Controverſies upon this rule, but did expect the deciſion thereof from the Prieſt's mouth, who had a lawfull ſucceſſion. *The lips of the Prieſt are the ſtore-houſes of knowledge, and from his mouth you ſhall enquire the Law*, ſaid the Prophet *Malachy*.

4. Reaſon. *Malac. 2. 7.*

Fifthly, the wiſeſt men in the world, after they had maturely thought upon it, found no other way to determine controverſies, but to have recourſe to the deciſion of a Head. Such is the opinion of St. *Irenæus*, St. *Auguſtine*, and St. *Hierom*, *Vincentius Lirinenſis*, and all others.

5. Reaſon.

Sixthly, it is the commandment of God: *When any contro-*

Ezech. 44. 24. *controverſies ſhall be raiſed, my Prieſt ſhall hold ſeſſions, and ſhall judg.* For of neceſſity we muſt have an authority commanding, magiſtral, and deciſive.

A moſt juſt proceeding.

For concluſion, Can one ſpeak any thing more juſt, then that, in caſe any place of Scripture hath obſcurities in it, it were to much better purpoſe to hear thereupon the deciſion of antient Fathers, diſintereſſed from our controverſies, then to enforce our ſelves to paſs upon the judgment of a paſſionate Adverſary, without warrant, or authority. When in the year 1523. Hereſie began firſt in *France*, and that there was but one Miniſter, a wool-carder, called *John Clark*, in the City of *Meaux*, where ſhould we finde the interpretation of Scripture, in the mouth of this carder, or in a lawful Council? Judg, behold what you go about: you may hereby ſee how much this pretext of Scripture is malicious, ſhifting, and frivolous.

6. Reaſon.

7. Reaſon.

I add, that they overthrow themſelves by thoſe ways, wherewith they ſeek to eſtabliſh themſelves. For, if we ought not to believe any thing, but that, which is written, in what place of their Bible will they finde, that twenty thouſand paſſages muſt be taken out of ours? In what place will they ſhew us the Books of the *Macchabees* are not Canonical? In what place, that *Sunday* muſt be kept holy, and not *Saturday*? In what place, that vows muſt be broken? In what place, that *Jeſus Chriſt* is eaten by the mouth of faith? And ſo many other places, which make us ſufficiently underſtand, they ruin themſelves by their own hands.

4. Point. *Matth.* 7.

Finally, for the fourth conſideration, take the Maxim from the Son of God; To judg well of a ſect, you muſt judg by the fruits, and the effects. What fruits, and what effects have we ſeen to come from this pretended Religion? The fear of God ſtifled in the hearts of men by a preſumption of their ſalvation, Chriſtian diſcipline oppreſſed by liberty, Chaſtity troden under foot by unbridled luxury, the ſtandard of rebellion advanced againſt the ſacred perſons of Kings, a million of *French* expoſed to ſlaughter, four thouſand Church-veſtiaries pillaged, five hundred Churches demoliſhed, *France* ſo many times given over as a prey to ſtrangers, corruptions ſo ſtrange, deſolations ſo dreadful, acts ſo barbarous, that they make the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all good men, which have never ſo little underſtanding. A ſtyle of fire were needful, or a pen of Adamant ſteeped in blood to expreſs them.

Effects of Hereſie.

Monſieur de Sainctes in his Book *Of Saccage.*

Ah poor *France! France* the Paradiſe of the earth, Eye of the world, Pearl of all beauties! How many times by the means of this Hereſie haſt thou ſeen thy boſom, heretofore crowned with ears of Corn, and gilded with Harveſts, all briſtled with Battalions? How many times haſt thou ſeen the land covered with blades, and the ſea with ſhips? How many times haſt thou felt the arms of thy children to encounter in thy proper entrails? How many times haſt thou ſeen flames of brother's hoſtility fly through thy fat, and fruitful fields? When haſt thou not ſweat in all the parts of thy body? When have not rivers of blood been drawn from thy veins? but ſuch blood as was able to cement together huge Bulwarks for the defence of our Country, or to ſerve for ſeed for *Flower-de-lyces*, to make them grow, and be advanced in the plains of *Paleſtine*, and they have been ſacrificed to Furies.

Innocency ſeemed to afford Infants ſhelter from the tempeſt, yet the ſword of Hereſie found a paſſage into their tender bodies. Age rendred old men venerable, yet would no pardon be granted to their gray hairs, moiſtened with the maſſacre of their children. Virgins were guarded in their mothers arms, as a Temple of God, yet have they been diſhonoured. So may perſonages of eminent quality have ſerved as an aim for their impiety, their pains have been ſport for them, and their deaths a ſpectacle. What hair would not ſtand an end with horrour, and what eye not weep forth blood, when we ſpeak of theſe diſaſters, which your ſelves deteſt? Nor can you ſufficiently wonder at the crueltie of thoſe, who have taken the liberty of ſuch barbarous outrages, and ſo bloody Tragedies.

I paſs over this diſcourſe, as over coals covered with aſhes, and would willingly be ſilent, were it not that, as it was fit to expoſe maſſacred bodies to view, thereby to cure the madneſs of the *Mileſian* Maids, ſo muſt I diſcover ſome bloody effects in the pretended Religion, to raiſe a horrour againſt it in good ſouls. Why alſo have you in this time renewed ſo many wounds, which were not well cloſed, and for want of a little obedience, ſo lawfully due to the moſt juſt Prince of the world, do you make a Civil war to exhauſt *France* of gold, and blood, after ſuch expenſe, and ſo many blood-lettings?

If theſe acts ſeem ſo baſe, and inhumane to you, why abhor you not the Sect, which produced them? If God curſe him, who is the cauſe of ſcandals: were it not fit, if you have ſome belief eſtranged from common ſenſe, rather a thouſand times to ſtifle it in the bottom of your conſcience, then to divulge it with theſe diſturbances, diviſions, and ſpoil of a Country, which you ſhould love as men, and honour as true Children? Were there ſome ſtain in the houſe of our Mother (which never was) muſt you therefore call her Whore, drag her along by the hair, and carry fire to burn her houſe, in ſtead of providing water to quench the flames? Is it not better to become patient, to ſweeten the acerbities of times, ſpare wounds on ulcered bodies, or at leaſt to be ſatisfied with ſilence, in a matter, where you can pretend no right of correction?

What was that ſo exorbitant, which the Church commanded, for which you ſeparated your ſelves, and took arms to defend the wranglings of our *Apoſtates*, made afterward your *Apoſtles*? What Maxims have we ſo rough, and unreaſonable, that they muſt be taken away with the ſword, there to plant Reformation? Conſider a little the notable corrections, and admirable policies, which Arch-Hereticks have invented to introduce them into the Church. I will here with all ſincerity recite the Maxims of the chief Sectaries, of which ſome have afterward affrighted you, and you have diſavowed them, as you daily do by others, God making you plainly ſee in the inconſtancy, and great diverſitie of your Doctrine, the little confidence you ſhould put therein.

Maxims of the *Catholick*, and the *Pretended.*

The *Catholick* Church teacheth, that *God would have all the world ſaved*, as the Apoſtle hath expreſſed in the Epiſtle to *Timothie*; that he deſireth good, of which he is the ſource, and that he communicates himſelf to all his children. 1 *Tim.* 2. 4.

The *Pretended* ſay, that God abſolutely deſires evil, yea doth it willingly, predeſtinating men without any regard, ſome to life, others to eternal damnation: as if a father, who had daughters, ſhould cut the throat of one moſt innocent, and marry the other wealthily, having no reaſon for it, but his will; which is moſt execrable impiety pronounced by the authour of this Sect in the book of his *Inſtitutions*, and Chapter 21. where he ſaith: *Men are not all created to the like condition, but that life eternal is preordained for ſome, and eternal damnation for others.*

The

The *Catholick* Church ſpeaks of our Saviour, with moſt profound, and religious reverence. The Author of the *Pretended* makes him inferiour to his Father, calling him *The ſecond King after God*, and attributing ignorance to him, deſpair on the Croſs, and the pains of the damned: which are things moſt horrible. The *Catholick* Church holdeth, *Jeſus Chriſt* is the onely and ſole Mediatour of Redemption, and that *there is no other name, either in heaven, or earth, in which, and by which we can be ſaved*, and for that cauſe ſhe honours it all ſhe can, extending, and multiplying the fruits of honour, and praiſe, not onely in his own perſon, but in his dear friends alſo, which are the bleſſed *Virgin*, and the *Saints*, whom we pray unto, as the fruits of his Croſs, and take them for *Mediatours* of *Interceſſion*, grounded therein on the word of God, which commandeth the friends of *Job* to take him for interceſſour, though he were in this tranſitory life; and not at all doubting, if the ſoul of the evil rich man prayed unto *Abraham* out of Hell, but we on earth may be permitted to call to our aid ſouls ſo faithful, ſo much honoured by God, and whoſe praiſes he reckons his own greatneſs.

Calvin. in Evang. *Matt.* 27. *Inſtitut.* lib. 2. cap. 16.

Job. 42. 8.

Luc. 16. 23. 24.

We likewiſe reverence holy *Images*, ſince it is an antient cuſtom in the Church: the marks whereof we yet behold in *Tertullian*, who might have converſed with the Diſciples of the Apoſtles. The *Pretended* quite contrary, feigning they honour Saints, as one would *Socrates*, or *Phocion*, perpetually mock thereat, break down their Images, call them by the name of *Idols*, and *falſe Gods*.

Tertul. cap. 7. *De Pudicitia.*

The *Catholick* Church holdeth man hath *Free-wil*, ſupported in this Article upon ſo many Paſſages of Scripture. The *Pretended* deſpoil man of all liberty, which is to deſtroy the worth of his conditions, and to deprive him of the beſt part of his eſſence.

Geneſ. 4. 7. *Deut.* 30. *Eccl.* 15.

The *Catholick* Church holdeth the blood of our Saviour is a treaſure infinite, and very able to purge away all maner of evil, and to merit all good; but that it is applyed to us by works of *Satisfaction*, and *Merit*, and purgative pains, in thoſe, who ſtand in need of it, as a Medicine, which profiteth the ſick man, by the co-operation he bringeth. The *Pretended* teacheth, *Good Works* are not neceſſary to ſalvation, but onely Faith juſtifies: which is to open a gate to the corruption of good maners, and to all kind of liberty.

The *Catholick* Church believes a *Purgatory* for ſouls, which going out of the body are not yet purified, grounded therein on nineteen, or twenty Paſſages of Scripture, all underſtood by the antient *Fathers* according to our belief. The *Pretended*, having diſturbed the aſhes of the dead, deprive them of the aſſiſtance, and prayers of the living, contrary to divine, and humane Laws, and the manifeſt practice of all Antiquity.

The *Catholick* Church makes a Sacrament of *Marriage* according to S. *Paul*, and the interpretation of moſt eminent *Fathers* of the Church. The *Pretended* make their Marriages like thoſe of *Barbarians*.

The *Catholick* Church holdeth the *reality* of the Body of CHRIST in the Sacrament of the *Altar*, and believe, that under the Sacramental ſpecies, which are ſenſible, and corruptible, our Saviour ſubſiſteth with a glorious body, which is called by St. *Paul* a *ſpiritual body*, becauſe it is dignified with qualities, and conditions of ſpirit, though it looſe not the eſſence of a body. She adoreth therein with all humility that, which ſhe cannot comprehend ſufficiently, after expreſs paſſages of Scripture, the deciſion of fourty Councels, the teſtimony of five hundred Authours, antient, grave, and ſincere. Adding from the authority of the moſt illuſtrious Councel of *Nice*, that it is the unbloody Sacrifice preſented for the expiation of the ſins of the world. The *Pretended* will place inſtead of it *Chimæras*, imaginary figments, ceſſation of Sacrifices, and abominable deſolation.

The *Catholick* Church publiſheth Confeſſion, and remiſſion of ſins by the miniſtery of Prieſts, as the Son of God did inſtitute it in St. *John*. The *Pretended*, ſhaking off ſo wholſome a yoak, hath made himſelf a way to liberty, and diſſolution.

John 20.

The *Catholick* Church acknowledgeth a viſible Head on earth, eſtabliſhed by the expreſs word of *Jeſus Chriſt* in St. *Matthew*, averred by all the holy Fathers, confeſſed by the continuation of a lawfull ſucceſſion in the revolution of ſo many Ages. The *Pretended* ſeek to bring into the houſe of God an Anarchy of the children of *Belial*.

Matth. 15.

The *Catholick* Church is the bright Star of truths. The *Pretended* is a furious Comet, which throws diſorder, and poyſon into all the parts of the world.

To ſay truly, ſhould an Angel have ſpoken to it, yea, could it create a golden Age, never might this deſigne be accompliſhed by ways ſo furious, and turbulent. But having coſt *France* ſo much gold, and blood, what hath it done, but that, which is mentioned by the excellent Pen of Cardinal *Berule* in the Preface *Of the Greatneſs of* Jeſus: *A Church without Apoſtles, Apoſtles without miſſion, Paſtours without ſheep, ſheep without Shepherds, Faithful without Churches, Chriſtians without Baptiſm, Prophets without Miracles, Temples without Altars, Altars without Sacrifices, a Religion without Ceremonies, a Law without obedience, a Faith without works, and a Charity without effects.*

Behold excellent pieces, and well worthy of a Reformed Church!

In the name of God, weigh at leaſure theſe conſiderations, which would deſerve a whole Volumn, and ſince you are convinced by reaſon, kick no longer againſt the prick, go no more about to forge difficulties, nor ſay how ſhall I put this in execution? What means have I to do it? What will ſuch, and ſuch ſay? What will our whole ſide ſay in general? Muſt I confeſs I have erred? And a thouſand other thoughts, which are true illuſions. You ſhall no ſooner ſet your foot in the *Roman Catholick* Church with ſo many men of note, lately converted, but all theſe fantaſies will vaniſh, you ſhall live in peace of conſcience, and ſhall receive before God glory immortal.

Humanum fuit errare, Diabolicum per animoſitatem in errore manere. Auguſt. *Serm.* De verbis Apoſt.

O! That we might quickly ſee that great day, wherein *France* may no longer ſpeak but with one tongue, wherein the names of *Lutherans*, and *Calviniſts* may be baniſhed out of the memories of men, wherein all *French*-men, re-united under one faith, one Law, one Head, one Church, may eternally bleſs the name of *Jeſus*. What joy! What comfort! What embracements of both ſides! What conſolation for ſo much afflicted kindred, which waſte themſelves with grief, and ſorrow for theſe poor ſtragglers! What ſatisfaction for the ſacred perſon of the King! What honour for *France*! What peace for the Church! What edification for all the world! What triumphs for heaven! What bleſſings of God will fall upon their heads, who ſhall give example of this re-union, and ſhall conſent to the peace, ſafety, and honour of this Monarchy?

The

The third OBSTACLE.

To live by Opinion.

Overmuch wit troubleth us.

THe tree of the Knowledg of Good and Evil doth alſo yeild fruits, which coſt us very dear: we labour here with too much application of wit, which goeth up, and down, ſearching, and prying into all the objects of the world, often forſaking the better for the worſe. St. *Thomas* moſt judicially obſerveth, that there is much difference, between the natural appetite, the ſenſual, and the intellectual. The natural aymeth always at things, which are really good for her, and proportionable, the ſenſual is ſcattered, the intellectual much more, to deſire evil plaiſtered over with the ſemblance of good. The plant deſireth moyſture, with which it is nouriſhed, and will never take a ſtone for the dew. Man having too much wit, and ſenſe, not contenting himſelf with things, that really are good, and truly conſonant to this nature, forgeth others in his Idæa, which are good in appearance, and evil in ſubſtance. Notwithſtanding, apparence taketh upon her, when ſhe hath ſeduced the ſenſe, and conquered the imagination, to dive even into the Cabinet of the Prince, which is the underſtanding, and putting falſe ſpectacles upon his eyes, to make him believe that black is white, glaſs is diamond, and darkneſs light. It is neceſſary, that the will ſhould dance to this tune, and purſue the good, which is repreſented unto her by the underſtanding, be it true, or falſe; from hence, there glide into the condition of humane life a thouſand extravagant illuſions. It is even at this day, that truth hath loſt her garment, falſhood is cloathed with it; and opinion in this Court-like habit hath really and actually produced little monſters, but ſuch as yet holding, and retaining the malice of their father, and levity of their mother, attire themſelves with certain veils, which make them ſeem beautiful; they fly up, and down like little *Cupids*, they make a trade of deceiving, and practiſe with ſo much ſubtilty, that they enſnare even the wiſeſt. Behold our unhappineſs; we are in this world, as in the Iſland of dreams, whereof *Lucian* ſpeaketh. We dream broad-waking, and ſuch dreams, which are by ſo much the more perilous, by how much we the leſs look into the danger. A man, who hath dreamed all the night, as ſoon as he beginneth to open his eye-lids, mocketh at his owne fantaſies, and ſaith, they were dreams: we dream all the days of our life, and ſay, they are verities. We run after theſe falſe imaginations, as children after Butterflies. When the great night of our death draweth near, we begin to diſcharge our ſelves from this waking ſleep, and from this ſleeping vigil, we find we have death at hand. And as for the Butterflies, which we ſo eagerly followed, after we have broken our heads, and ſhins in their purſuit, we neither have their legs, nor wings in our hands. Behold one of the greateſt impediments of perfection.

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. Quæſt. 8.

Intellectual appetite faulty.

Apparence.

Semblances the children of opinion, and lying.

The world the Iſland of dreams. *Verar.* Hiſt. lib. 2.

Alas Noble Spirit! Thou wouldeſt be truly Noble, if thou couldeſt ſhake off this golden yoak, the opinion whereof hath ſo ſurcharged thee, conſecrating thy bondage thereunto by a pretious impoſture. But who will do it? Had not he antiently a notable ſubject hereon, who ſayd, when he conſidered the eſtate of the world, the ſouls of men ſeemed to him to be all thrown headlong from the Palace of verity into the torrent of opinion, all of them tumbled in the throng into the mercy of the waves, and few were to be found, that would bravely ſettle themſelves to row againſt the ſtream.

Mercur. Triſmeg. Souls in the torrent of opinions

Seneca hath well obſerved, and touched the true ſource of the corruption, which at this day reigneth upon the earth. *We live not according to reaſon, but by relation to the life of an other, and from thence cometh, that we fall one upon another by heaps, as blind men into a ditch.*

Seneca de beatâ vita. Opinion the ſource of all corruption. *Non ad rationem, ſed ad ſimilitudinem vivimus: inde iſta tanta coacervatio aliorum ſupra alios ruentium.* Againſt the life of opinion.

To take away this confuſion, I produce onely three conſiderations, which are very preſſing, and pregnant. The firſt, that this life, which is ſo lead by opinion, is very ridiculous. The ſecond, that it is baſe, and ſervile. The third, that it boweth under a cruel tyranny, from whence it may with a little courage diſinfranchize it ſelf. And firſt I demand, if it be agreeable to a noble, and generous heart, to forſake the gravity incident to his nature, and to embrace idle toys, and fopperies? No man will conſent hereunto, but he that will betray his reaſon. Now ſo it is, that all the opinions, which at this day intoxicate the world, are not builded but upon the flying ſand, upon the giddie humours of windy brains, upon the paſſions, and affections of a debauched, and corrupted multitude. Where the ſheep feedeth that goeth before, they which follow muſt graze though they die for it. Every one attendeth his companion, as the wiſeſt, and he that venteth folly with the greateſt confidence is the beſt welcome. What Moniſters, what prodigious fantaſies of ſcattered and uncollected ſpirits, have not been received for laudable actions, being favoured and authorized by opinion? It is a thing ridiculous, and almoſt incredible, to ſee the Chimerical conceits, that it hath perſwaded, making them to be taken not by a particular man, or one ſole family, but by a whole and entire Nation for Maxims of wiſdome.

Cornel. Tac. Hiſt. 2. *Multitudo vulgi more magis quam judicio, poſt alius alium quaſi prudentiorem ſequitur.* Strange giddyneſs of opinion.

The *Moſſins*, a people, performed all the actions of moſt ſecrecy in publick, yea even thoſe, which are ordained for the neceſſities of nature, and treated the affairs of the Common-wealth in their houſes, conſtantly believing it was very requiſite ſo to do. The *Tibarenes*, as ſoon as their wives were delivered, bound up their heads with a kercheff, lay down on their bed, and made themſelves to be attended like the childe-bed woman. The poor women in the mean time were up, and about the houſe, endeavouring to make ready Baths for their husbands, and to dreſs, and ſeaſon their viands, to tend, and cheriſh them, as if they had born all the pain of feminine travel. Could you have any thing more ridiculous? And yet opinion made it appear very reaſonable. There are ſuch to be found, who place all their honour, and glory in drinking hard, and eating freely: to calla man a robber, a thief, an adulterer, were in this Country nothing, to ſay that ſuch an one were not a great gourmandizer, nor a great drinker, would be to do him an unpardonable injurie. Others placed all the excellency, and dignity of man in carrying a huge logof wood a great diſtance, and by this tryal choſe their Kings. The greateſt Barthen-carriers, and Porters were their great Lords. Others did kill and eat their aged Parents for a ceremonie of Religion. And opinion made this good. What alſo do not thoſe people of *India*, and other parts diſcovered in our daies? Some chink it is honourable to turn their back to ſalute one. Others thruſt their finger to the earth, and after lift it to heaven, to do reverence. Others gather up the ſpittle of their Prince, and ſpeak to him through a hollow trunk. Others offer to their Gods their old ſhoos in ſacrifice. A man would laugh, when he heareth ſpeech of it, and yet we ſee that the proudeſt Monarchs of the

Apollonius 2. *Argon.* verſ. 138.

Idem ibidem.

Aruncani, Lipſ. Politic.

World

world, who ſuppoſed they had ſhut up all wiſdom in their Laws, and Cuſtoms, trampled virtue under their feet, and placed Dragons, Bats, and Quartan-Agues on their Altars. Behold what Opinion can do. Theſe follies, you will ſay, are not now in practice. He, that would well examine all the fantaſtick humours of apparel, all the giddy conceits of ſports, and paſtimes, the folly of complements (which at this time reign amongſt men) ſhould find things as ridiculous, as theſe: as it were to adore an humble, poor, crucified God, and yet to be mad after greatneſs, riches, and curioſities. To believe, that one perpetually liveth under the eyes of God, yet to behave himſelf like a wild Colt at his own fantaſie, neither knowing God, nor man. To expect a judgment, and to live in continual injuſtice. To know, that we muſt return naked to the earth, and yet to deſpoyl the whole world to cloath our ſelves. To build, as if one ſhould always live; eat, and drink, as if we ſhould never die; ſome men to trace up and down the ſtreets with a plume of Feathers on their head, and Fetters on their heels; Women, to beſtow a fourth part of their life-time in dreſſing, and beſmearing themſelves, to make themſelves groſs on one ſide, and little on another, to raiſe Turrets on their heads, to put Shackles on their heels, to be tranſported with ſo much ſollicitude about a Ruff, as if they had a *Venetian* Common-wealth to manage: Others to confound with courteſie, whom they would gladly eat with Salt: Others to kill one another about the interpretation of a word, and a thouſand ſuch like things, which are indeed moſt impertinent. Notwithſtanding opinion diſguiſeth them, opinion beſotteth them, and opinion giveth credit to all this. Do you then think it a matter worthy of your generoſity, to ſerve follies under the ſhadow, that fools approve them?

Do you not behold for the ſecond Reaſon, that you, being free of condition, and not having the power to diſgeſt ſome reaſonable ſervice, you notwithſtanding undergo the baſeſt ſervitude, that may be imagined? A young *Lacedemonian*, whom fortune had made a ſlave, rather choſe death, then to carry a Chamber-pot to his Maſter, ſaying, it was unworthy of his condition; and yet opinion maketh us to bear a Fool's Bable, opinion maketh us carry, not in our hands, but in the prime piece of man, the head, a ſink of old dotages, amaſſed together by light, idle, fantaſtick ſpirits, and afterward confirmed by laws, by the tyranny of cuſtom. What ſhall we call ſlavery, if this be none?

A notable ſaying of *Auguſt.* lib. 6. *De Civitate Dei*, c. 10. *Si cui intueri vacet quæ faciunt, quæque patiuntur, invenient tam in decora honeſtis, tam indigna libe ris, tam diſ ſimilia ſa nis, ut nemo dubitaturus ſuerit fuvere eos, ſi cum paucioribus ſu rerent: nunc ſanitatis pa trocinium eſt inſi nitum turba.*

I call your conſciences to witneſs, if you ſometimes ſhall begin to breath in a more free air, and ſee the bright day of the children of God, you in your ſelves will blame all theſe inventions of the worldly life, which enforce you to feel tormenting racks in your attires, in your recreations, in the complements of converſation. O! how often are verified thoſe ſayings of the ſage *Roman*, inſerted by St. *Auguſtine* in the ſixth Book *Of the City of God*: *When you ſhall come to conſider all the train of ceremonies, and hypocriſies of Court, you will find them ill agreeing with honeſt minds, unworthy of free men, and not different from fools; and in effect you will confeſs, that no creature ſhould doubt to term them follies, if the number of ſots were leſs: the beſt veil they have, is the multitude of fools.* Do you not behold a goodly pretext? as if Moles were the leſs blind, becauſe they have companions in their darkneſs. Behold a point of ſervitude extremely unworthy of a noble ſpirit, to ſay, that one condemneth in his conſcience an act, which he putteth in practice, that he inſtantly may obey a vain opinion of the world. It is ſaid, the *Abderites*, after they had beheld the Tragedy of *Andromeda*, and *Meduſa*, became all frantick, even from the leaſt to the biggeſt, and ceaſed not to ſing, to clap their hands, to cry, to whiſtle through the ſtreets, and to have no diſcourſe, nor thought of any thing, but *Meduſa*, and *Andromeda*. If then you had entered into their City, you had played the fool for fear to be deſpiſed by fools. Is not this an intolerable weakneſs of ſpirit in a well-compoſed ſoul, to have good lights, and knowledges of Almighty God, which inceſſantly beat upon our underſtanding, and yet to play the fool, and to comply with another's humours?

Abderites. Celius, lib. 30. cap. 4.

For the third Reaſon I ſay, this belief, which is given to opinion, paſſeth into a wicked, and ſcandalous tyranny over *Chriſtians*: for by the force of cheriſhing, and fomenting theſe maxims in the heart of the world, they are transferred into Nature. Vices are not contented to be vices, but by this tyrannical law of opinion formed in the Ideas, and lives of Perſons of quality, they make themſelves to be adored under the colour of Virtue.

3. Reaſon. Tyranny of opinion.

Cardinal *Jacques de Vitry* relateth, that a Country-fellow carrying one day a young ſucking Pig to the Market, certain pleaſant Wits, who had agreed upon this ſport, every one of them ſeverally encountering him in divers croſs ways of the ſtreets, and asking him what was his purpoſe to carry a Dog to the Market, did ſo intoxicate his brain, that beaten out, blow after blow, with ſuch like Interrogations, he abſolutely perſwaded himſelf that to be true, which he firſt ſuppoſed was begun for ſport, and caſt his Pig with ſhame upon the pavement, and thinking it a true Dog, gave the other opportunity to gain by this ſleight.

A pretty obſervation of Cardinal *Jacques de Vitry.*

Behold what the tyranny of opinions re-doubled one upon another can do. They made this poor man believe, that his Pig was a Dog, although his ſenſes ſuggeſted the contrary. And I leave you to think what this torrent of the falſe Maxims of the world doth not, falling with unreſiſtable fury upon a dul, & half-dead faith. It weakeneth all that, which is *Chriſtian* in a ſoul, and planteth a wicked Idol of humane reſpects, which cauſeth, that all actions are meaſured by the Rule of vulgar opinions. And if there be yet any reliques of a good conſcience, this tyrant ſmothereth them, as a *Pharaoh*, and wholly perverting the nature of things, giveth boldneſs to ſin, and ſhame of well-doing to virtue. Behold a mean to drench all mankind in the gulph of confuſion. Is not this then abominable? If theſe conſiderations of the folly, ſervitude, and tyranny of this life (which are ſpun according to the Web of the opinions of the world) cannot ſerve for an Antidote for our ill, at the leaſt think the day will come, when truth ſhall take place, and vice vaniſh into ſmoak. It will happen unto you, as to Tigers, for whom Hunters, when they have taken away their Whelps, affix Looking-glaſſes in the ways to amuſe the ſavage Beaſts, and in the mean time they ſave their own lives by the help of flight. The Tigers forthwith moſt affectionately ſtay, thinking they ſhall draw their little captives from the reflection of this mirrour, and ſet them at liberty; in the end they ſtrike it till it is broken, loſing together both their young ones, and the inſtrument of their deception.

Illuſions of Tigers.

Theſe opinions, which you now adore, theſe dreams, theſe fantaſies, which you behold in the ſpecious glaſſes of the world, ſhall be loſt at the hour of death, and you muſt render an accompt to the Sovereign Judg, for that you have againſt his laws erected

erected that Idol of worldly reſpects, and always made Heaven bow under the will of the earth. What are you to do? Of neceſſity to caſt away the opinions of the world contrary to the Doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt*. You ſay, it is impoſſible to live in the world without purſuing the ways of the world, and accommodating one's ſelf to the doctrine thereof. Forſake it then, break your fetters, enfranchize your ſelf; when you no longer hope in it, you ſhall no more be in danger to fear it. What would it avail you to have in your life the whole world for an inheritance, and after death Hell for a priſon? Why are you daily handling your ſore, making it itch by your tenderneſs? You need but one blaſt of wind, one ſtroke of the air, to put your ſelf into the aſſured haven of the liberty of the children of God.

The fourth OBSTACLE.

Inconſtancy of Manners.

Mercur. Triſm. Serm. 4.

MErcury Triſmegiſtus ſaid, that the ſeed of Heaven was Immortality, and the ſeed of the earth was Inconſtancy. All here below is filled with this grain, in every place it produceth its effects, but principally in man; he hath more in his heart, then all the reſt of the world; it is the true Image of inſtability, as *Ariſtotle* affirmeth. And very well it is ſaid, that Inconſtancy, exiled for ever from the Palace of eternity, came upon the earth as to the real place of her inheritance, and would needs there cauſe her ſelf to be painted. It was plainly told her, there was no Pencil ſo bold, which durſt undertake this work, becauſe ſhe was ſometimes great, ſometimes little, ſometimes groſs, ſometimes ſlender, ſometimes ſtreight, ſometimes crooked, ſometimes white, ſometimes black, finally, ever unſettled, and uncapable of ſtay in any place; that notwithſtanding ſhe might addreſs her ſelf unto Time, for he was a notable work-man, who intermeddled in all things. Time, after he had well eyed, and, obſerved this Inconſtancy, reſolved to paint her, and, at that ſeaſon finding no Table better primed for his purpoſe, he painted it on man.

Ariſtot. μεταπίπτω- σις ἠθῶν. Fable of inconſtancy.

It is a goodly invention, which bringeth to us an undoubted verity, marked, and deſigned out, as with a pen of Adamant, by holy *Job*, when he ſpeaketh of man in theſe expreſs terms: *The flower, which ſhutteth up his date in the courſe of one morning, and evening, if it be not hail-ſtrucken at midday; the ſhadow, which ever flieth from the hand that would graſp it, and all which you may imagine to be tranſitory, is nothing in compariſon of the inconſtancy of man.* Philip, a good Authour, who flouriſhed about the time of St. *Hierom*, and hath written a Commentary upon *Job*, ſearching out the cauſes of the inſtability of man's heart, hath theſe remarkable words: "Inconſtancy is a chaſtiſement of ſin. The ſpirit of "man would not reſt it ſelf with firm footing upon "the foundation of contentments, which God preſented to it in the ſtate of grace, and therefore the "Sovereign Judg, for puniſhment, ſuffereth him to "go continually floating, as in a tempeſtuous Sea of "thoughts, without either finding bottom, or ſhore. "He is ever turmoiled with new deſires, and diſtur-"bances. If he be employed, he wiſheth repoſe: and "if he hath never ſo little repoſe, he is vexed, and "requireth buſineſs. And although all men reſent the effects of this inconſtancy, yet ſhe, notwithſtanding, often-times beareth ſway in the Palaces of Great men.

Job 14. 2. Quaſi flos egreditur, & conteritur, & fugit velut umbra, & nunquam in eodem ſtatu permanet.

Animus hominis, quia ſtare noluit cum potuit, jam non poteſt ſtare cum velit: ſed ſemper deſideriis variatur, ut quietus actionem deſideret, occupatus quietem. Philip. in Job.

There are to be found many *Endymions*, who embrace the Moon; hearts wheeled about in ſtrange labyrinths, ſurcharged with Quick-ſilver, and changeable atomes; ſpirits, which perpetually are upon turbulencies, gnawn with a certain itch of noveliſm, diſtaſted with what is paſt, and always perplexed with what is to come, they hear all the minutes ſtrike, but the hour of repoſe they know not. The cauſes of this exorbitancy are manifeſt, and the conſideration is profitable, that remedy may thereunto be ſought. To ſome it happeneth by a certain natural levity of a ſpirit, ever gliding, and jumping upon all ſorts of objects, as a Butter-flie among flowers. To others by a certain facility, which they have to take diſtaſt upon the ſudden againſt all things, yea, even the moſt delightfull. To others by a certain greedineſs, which maketh them ever to have things preſent in ſcorn, and things to come in eſteem. They reſemble the Dog in the Fable, they no ſooner have the ſubſtance, but forſaking it they reach at the ſhadow, and afterward paſſionately ſeek what they did forego. To others by a certain curioſity, and impatience of too much repoſe. They do, as thoſe, who, having no great deſire to ſleep, caſt themſelves upon a Bed of eaſe, turning from one ſide to another, untill they found ſleep by their own wearineſs. To others by a diſtemper of Paſſions commixed together, which ſharply bite them like vermin. To others by certain timerous appetites, in ſuch ſort, that they dare not do all they deſire, and cannot obtain all they dare wiſh for; this ever holdeth them with a throat open for prey, which by its flight leaveth them nothing but a meer illuſion. To others by a certain mouldineſs of a dull ſpirit, which cannot diſ-involve their thoughts, nor fairly accommodate their purpoſe to eſtabliſh them in any kind of a confident life. They reſemble that little Bird of the Sea, called *Cinclus*, which during his whole life (as it is ſaid) uſeth no endeavour to build his own neſt, but goeth ever wandering up and down, if other for pure pity do not contribute of theirs. All this inconſtancy of life is an eſſential obſtacle, which totally hindereth the progreſs of perfection, the reaſons whereof are moſt evident.

Senec. De Tranquil. Salvian. lib. 1. Gubernat. Human. Humana mentis vitium magis ſemper velle qua deſint.

Ælian. 12. De animal. Suidas, Κίνκλος.

The firſt is, that one can execute nothing in matter of virtue, if he have not an aim, and purpoſe well rectified: otherwiſe it is not to live, but to fright Crows, and Pies with fancy. Now ſo it is, that all thoſe, who dance this jig of Inconſtancy, have neither but, nor ſcope of aſſurance; they perpetually are tranſported where the ſtorm carrieth them; they are always ſtrangers in their own Countries, and gueſts in their proper houſes; you would ſay they had but one ſole motion, one ſole action in this life, which is to turn topſie-turvie all things, and to do nothing; and if they do good, it is when they leaſt think of it, and oftentimes they find they muſt leave to live, before they have once thought why they were born. St. *Thomas* ſaith: *The property of a reaſonable nature is to work for an end, otherwiſe it is a brutiſh action.* And although the ends ſeem greatly different, and ſcattered in the univerſality of creatures, notwithſtanding they are all recollected in God, as beams in the Sun, the center-light. 'Tis that, at which neceſſarily we muſt aim, to find the Temple of Repoſe. Quick-Silver creepeth up and down, and trembleth, untill it hath found Gold, with which it may commix: in like manner the heart of man boundeth, and ſkippeth here, and there in its own diſturbances. There is nought, but jumps, and ſallies, but ebs, and flouds, but acceſſes of Fire, and Ice, until ſuch time as it is united to its Creatour, ſubmitting it ſelf to ſome conſtant and regular maner of life, thereby to ſerve his Divine Majeſty. Saint

Reaſons againſt inconſtancy.

S. Thom. 1. 2. Quæſt 1. Sine propoſito vagantur quarentes negotia, nec quod propoſuerunt agunt.

S. *Auguſt.* fol. 13.

Auguſtine very lively explicateth the miſery of this wandring life, which he had made tryal of, and the happineſs he enjoyed when he had couragiouſly ſettled himſelf to a ſtable ſtate of virtue. You would ſay, hearing this ſpoken, that this ſoul like a ſmall current of water, ſeparated for ſome time from God his true ſource, gliding along by the ſenſes, as by ruſty, and defiled pipes. There the ſoul is ever perplexed, and involved, finding pain in repoſe, and thirſt in abundance, until returning to its original head it cometh to reliſh moſt delicious contentments, which make it ſay to God: *My God I now know, that no good can be had without thee, the true, onely, and Sovereign good; in every place where I am without thee I never am without pain. All the good which is not God ſeemeth unto me a meer penury.* You manifeſtly behold, how this inſtability of life, for that it aimeth not at the ſcope at which our thoughts ſhould be levelled, not onely alienateth you from tranquillity, but expoſeth you to moſt thorny difficulties, and in the end to deplorable diſaſters.

Ex quo me ab unitate bonitatis tuæ, ſummo & uno bono temporalium rerum, multiformitas lapſuum me per carnales ſenſus diſſipavit, & ab uno in multa diviſit, facta eſt mihi abundantia laborioſa, & egeſtas copioſa.

2. Reaſon. He muſt lick his Bear. *Senec.* Epiſt. 1.

The other reaſon, which maketh inconſtancy very prejudicial to all virtue, is, that one can do no great thing, unleſs he faſhion it as the Bear doth her whelp by licking. Time and frequent diligence are neceſſarily required to make good habits bud in the heart of man. The plant, which is often transferred from one place to another, ſeldom beareth fruit. Viands, which the ſtomach doth not leiſurely entertain, are ill diſgeſted: remedies, perpetually changed one in the neck of another, kill the body: the wound, which continually is vexed, cannot conſolidate: *the wandering Scholar never becometh a good Clerk.* We of neceſſity muſt break, and tame our ſelves to the thing we undertake. He that is every where is no where. And yet notwithſtanding this is an inſeparable property of inconſtancy, never long to leave the mind in any honeſt exerciſe, that ſo it may take a perfect tincture: from whence it cometh to paſs, that all her childe-beds are falſe conceptions, and her productions abortions.

Vagus Scholaris non ſit Magiſter.

Adviſe of S. *Anthony.* Apotheg. P. P.

Saint *Anthony* adviſed a ſoul deſirous of advancement three things. Firſt, to addict it ſelf much to the exerciſe of the preſence of God. The ſecond, to take the holy Scripture for the rule of his actions. The third, to hold firm footing in conſtancy. You will ſay, that *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* had learned this precept of the Chriſtians: for in the firſt book *Of his life* he caſteth out of the Temple of virtue certain people, which he calleth by a very ſignificant *Greek* word ῥιπταστικὸς, as one would ſay, *balls caſt into the Air*, and he addeth, that it is needful to reclaim, and accommodate one's ſelf to time, and occaſion, to obtain our deſire, which rules *Syncleticus*, famous in the deſerts, obſerving was accuſtomed to ſay: *If the hen brood not her egs, ſhe hath no deſire to make them diſcloſe.* And not to ſpeak of Saints, a wiſe Hiſtorian hath well obſerved: *The greateſt hinderance which can come to the perfection of a good work is to go pearching, as a bird from bough to bough, without ever ſtaying.*

Antoninus libro *De vita ſua.*

ῥιπταστικὸς.

Gallina, niſi ova foverit, pullos non excludit. Frequus ac mobilis tranſitus, maximum perfecti operis impedimentum.

Why do you not then make a ſerious reſolution to forſake all theſe weakneſſes, and devote your ſelf for ſome good time to conſtancy? You anſwer: *It cannot be done, we are in the Court, We are in the world, we live in the kingdom of inconſtancy, what means have we to deliver our ſelves from theſe laws? If we were Hermits, our recreation would be to tell the hours of the day, and to make them ours by a prudent Oeconomie; but here We follow the wind of neceſſity, the torrent of ſociety tranſporteth us, we no longer are our ſelves.* It is a lamentable thing, to put purpoſely the diſeaſe into deſpair, for fear of recure. How unjuſt are we to accuſe all that which is about us, and ever to ſpare our culpable heads: we complain of the time, which ſlideth away from us, places, and ſocieties do us wrong, which would be ever profitable if we would our ſelves; the buſineſſes kill us, which we might make the inſtruments of virtue; all things afflict us; we accuſe Heaven, and Earth, and have no burthen more weighty then our ſelves. What neceſſity is there to lay the faults of your own levity upon things inſenſible? Your inconſtancy is your vice, it is your own nature. Were it not a goodly thing to behold the Tarand (a creature, which *Ariſtotle*, and *Philo* ſpeaketh of) who paſſing through a garden taketh ſo many colours as there are divers Plants, to complain, that theſe Herbs, and not his own skin do wrong to him, who is mutable, and penetrable with all ſorts of impreſſions? This happeneth not to any other creatures, why to him? Wherefore ſhould the Polypus and Camelion conteſt againſt objects? A thouſand gallant Courtiers, a thouſand perſons of Quality have lived, and ſtill live all their days in aſſemblies, in affairs, with a life ſo regular, that all goeth in meaſure, and compaſs: the days and nights have not more equality in the Equinoctial, then they in all their manages of affairs. And you through a certain remiſneſs of heart, weakneſs, a falſe Idea, or rather through a very ſoothing of Nature, ſuffer your ſelves to run without bridle upon all occaſions (changeable creatures) reſembling the various colours of the Dove's breaſt, which one knoweth not how to diſtinguiſh. See you not, that this is to betray your own manhood? What ought you to do to avoid this Obſtacle?

Ariſt. Περὶ ζώων μέρ. ἀνάτ. *Philo* libro *De Temulentia.*

Excuſe of Courtiers.

Anſwer.

Firſt, to enter into your ſelves to conſider what paſſeth there, to behold from what root, from what ſource this tumultuary life proceedeth, to take away the cauſe, to ſuppreſs the effect.

To apprehend ſeriouſly the end for which man is created, to bend all your ſinews and arteries to arrive thither, to uſe creatures as means and inſtruments of happieneſs, by the way of uſe, not fruition.

To purge the ſoul from ſins, which oftentimes raiſe this ſtorm, by a good general Confeſſion, and ſeriouſly cut off thoſe paſſions, which moſt ſeditiouſly aſſault you.

To accommodate all your daily actions by the adviſe of your Spiritual Father, and to make a good reſolution ſtrictly to obſerve it, as much as in you lieth.

To conſider, how many Pagans, to make themſelves eminently excellent in ſome facultie, have determined of their own meer motion to be confined to caverns, and ſhaved like fools, for avoidance of company, and retirement to that, which they intended; ſo did *Demoſthenes* the Oratour: why ſhould not we to ſave our ſouls do that, which he did to refine his language?

If any weakneſs occur after theſe good purpoſes, not to diſturb your ſelf for it, ſuppoſing conſtancy impoſſible, becauſe it falleth out you are inconſtant, to correct what is paſt, to order what is preſent, to prevent things to come, and to fortifie your ſelf even by falls.

The fifth OBSTACLE.

Diſſimulation.

ONe of the greateſt Obſtacles of virtue is, for that man liveth in the world as on a ſtage, perpetually with a Mask on his ſore-head; every one would ſeem that which he is not, and none will avow

avow what he is. Those, which come neareſt to God, are the moſt ſimple, becauſe the Divine Nature is ſimplicity it ſelf. The moſt remote are the moſt double, and palliated. This ſimplicity, the prime virtue of Saints, which hath gilded the face of the golden Age with its rays, is ſo alienated from the cuſtom of our times, that not ſo much as the name thereof is known. It is taken to be fopperie, although it be the quinteſſence of Prudence. To be ſimple is to make the heart accord with the tongue, and hands. It is to have in all your deportments a natural, and genuine ſincerity, exempt from fraud, from vanity, and hypocriſie. It is a thing almoſt as rare in Court, as a white Raven; the maſk is better beloved then the viſage, the reſemblance then the eſſence, opinion then conſcience. The moſt part of Courtiers are Monſters with two tongues, and two hearts; few are there, which take not *Amphiaraus* Deviſe the quite contrary way, who ſaid, he would be, and not ſeem. At this day in matter of virtue men better love ſeem what they are not, then to be what they ſeem. It were a ridiculous vanity, ſaid Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, if an Ant ſhould take an Ape for a Lion, and the poor Ape ſhould afterwards fall into the throat of the Wolf, it ſhould be ſmall contentment, to be eſteemed by this little creature a Lion in fantaſie, and to be devoured by this other beaſt in verity. And yet notwithſtanding corrupt depraved nature doth elect all her virtues, and felicities in picture, and puniſhments in eſſence. I have much wondered at an antient Medal, which *Villalpand* in his Epiſtle in the Frontiſpiece of his Book, which he dedicated to *Philip the Third*, King of *Spain*, affirmeth to have fallen into his hands. In this Medal was ſeen on one ſide the magnificent Temple of *Jeruſalem*, with certain *Hebrew* Characters much deformed with ruſt; on the other ſide there was the figure of *Mark Anthony*, well engraven, with this Inſcription, SOLOMON. This invention came from *Herod*, a great flatterer of *Roman* Princes, on whom he ſaw his Fortunes depended, and verily he followed *Mark Anthonie*'s Standard, while good ſucceſs waited on his colours, but afterwards beholding, that all yielded to the victorious arms of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, he ſought, and obtained his favour by all poſſible ſubtile endeavours. Howſoever he cauſed this beautiful Medal to be made, which gave to the vrieſt ſot among Princes the name of the wiſeſt amongſt Kings, and *Mark Anthony*, who neither had Piety, nor Religion in his ſoul, beheld himſelf even willingly ſtamped in this coyn, as the true Guardian, and Church-warden of the Temple of God: ſo much man affecteth the very ſhadows of good, after he hath loſt the ſubſtance. At this day this paſſion outragiouſly predominateth even to furie; in all places there is nothing but counterfeiting, and affectations. Hypocriſie reigneth in painting, in habits, Hypocriſie is in complements, Hypocriſie is in buſineſſes, Hypocriſie lodgeth in all ages, all ſexes, all conditions; Hypocriſie goeth even to Altars. Ambition, avarice, luxury, and other vices, although deeply rooted, forſakes man, when he forſakes himſelf; it is onely Hypocriſie, which attendeth him to his grave, and will ſleep under his aſhes: ſo many golden lies are witneſſes thereof, which perpetually do enſhrine carkaſſes. Man is ſo made to ſeem what he is not, and to diſſemble that which he is, ſo double, and ſo repleniſhed with mutable eſſences, that he himſelf is deceived in himſelf, and taketh himſelf for other then he is. Men are not contented to corrupt their apparel, their language, hair, viſage, ſoul, body, ſciences, arts, but they alſo will violate virtues, the daughters of the Divinity; they deſpoil them of their natural plumes to cloath vice. If there be exceſs of cruelty in the chaſtiſement of ſome crime, it is called juſtice; if choler be predominant, it is termed zeal; if effeminacy of heart creep in, it is entituled meekneſs; prodigality borroweth the name of mercy; niggardlineſs, of good-husbandry; cowardiſe, of prudence; obſtinacy, of conſtancy; inconſtancy, of facility, and circumſpection; weakneſs of courage, of humility; pride, of liberty; lazineſs, of tranquillity; diſturbance of ſpirit, of vigilancy; precipitation, of fervour; dulneſs, of good counſel; and not to keep promiſe with any man is ſaid to be equal with all men.

Saint *Gregory the Great* excellently moralizeth this in the book of *Job*, where he ſheweth, that the moſt part of men are all griſtle, which hath the reſemblance of bones, but not the ſolidity of bones; they have the appearance of virtue, but not the firmneſs. What remedy is there for this abuſe deep-rooted in Nature? I will onely produce two Reaſons, well worthy of conſideration. Firſt, that (ſpeaking to noble hearts) it ſeemeth to me it is to produce a moſt irrefragable motive of deteſtation of any vice, when the baſeneſs, and ignominie thereof is diſcovered: for that is it, which hath moſt power over generous ſpirits. Now ſo it is, this Hypocriſie, which maketh you (O Noblemen) always to live diſguiſed, is quite contrary to the condition of a brave, and generouſly-elated ſpirit. Becauſe, if it be impreſſed with a good ſtamp, it naturally loveth the liberty, and freedom, which unavoidably is oppreſſed in theſe palliations, crouchings, and counterfeitings. They are the tricks of Apes, and Foxes, and in no ſort are ſuitable to the nature of a generous Lion.

Beſides, ſeeing God openeth unto us the great book of the world, as a piece of Parchment gilded, and traced with his Pencil, for us therein to read that which is for our inſtruction, if we will conſider diligently the moſt ſublime things, we ſhall find they naturally ſtrike at this vanity, which maketh you to diſplay apparences to the eyes of men outwardly, having nothing ſolid within. It ſeemeth, that all the maſter-pieces of this celeſtial, and elementary world, as it were by a common conſent, do hide all what they have of moſt eminency, and worth, bearing for Deviſe: *I hide the better part.* It is true, that Heaven ſheweth it ſelf wholly relucent in ſtars, and brightneſs, but covereth his powerful influences, which by their ſecret extent give motion to this great houſe of Nature. It is true, the Air maketh his Meteors to appear to the view of the whole world; but this ſecret virtue, which doth penetrate us even to the heart, and bringeth life, and refreſhment to us upon its wings, who can tell me what colour it is of? The Fire unfoldeth his flames unto us: but this commanding heat, which conquereth, and ſofteneth the hardeſt metals, do we behold it? The calm Sea delighteth us with his ſmiling countenance, at that time eſpecially when it becometh (as it were) friſled and curled by ſome gracious and gentle gale, and coloured with the beams of a bright Sun, which beat upon it; but this luſtruous beauty, what is it in compariſon of the treaſures, which he concealeth in the ſtore-houſes of his abyſſes? The earth it ſelf likewiſe maketh her boaſt in the Spring, varied and enameled with her natural pieces of painting, and ſparkled with a thouſand petty flowers, which ſtand as the eyes of the meadows; but theſe do eclipſe each evening, and morning. Quite contrary, the Metals, which the earth encloſeth, and as it were engulpheth in her entrails, after they are

Simplicity the chief virtue of Saints.

What it is to be ſimple.

Οὐ δοκεῖν, ἀλλὰ εἶναι. Deviſe of *Amphiaraus*. *Greg. Nazian. in Iambic.*

Τί γὰρ μικρὸν χάρδος, εἰ δοκεῖ λέων; A rare Medal of *Mark Anthonie*.

The kingdom of Hypocriſie.

Counterfeit virtues.

Greg. Moral. 3. c. 22. Job 40. *Sunt nonnulla vitia, quæ oſtendunt in ſe rectitudinis ſpeciem, ſed ex pravitate prodeunt infirmitate.*

Reaſons againſt Hypocriſie.

Baſeneſs of this vice.

Hypocriſie confuted in the great book of the world.

Parte ſui meliore latent.

wrought, and poliſhed by the artful hands of Lapidaries, retain a luſtre of a long date, which reſplendently ſhine upon cup-boards of Kings, and the Great men of the earth. What leſſon of nature is this, to hide all, which it hath of greateſt value? And what corruption of nature in man, to hold in the bottom of his heart ſtench, and dung-hills, and to plaiſter it over with a vain hypocriſie?

Hypocriſie condemned by the laws of heaven. Sport of God, and what. 1 Cor. 1. *Qua ſtulta ſunt mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat ſapientes; & infirma mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat fortia; & ignobilia mundi & contemptibilia elegit Deus, & ea quæ non ſunt, ut ea quæ ſunt deſtrueret.*

God hath not onely imprinted this verity, of which I ſpeak, in the great book of nature, but he hath, as it were, engraven, and ſtamp'd it with his hand, in the monuments of the old, and new Law. The paſtimes of Great men are Theatres, Tiltyards, and Amphitheatres, and the ſport of the Divine wiſdom in this Univerſe is to hide treaſures under the bark, and mantle of ſome perſons, baſe, and abject in apparence. In the old Law a ſtammering ſhepheard is choſen to carry the word to a Monarch, to ſhake, and overturn with a poor wand the Pillars of his Empire, to divide Seas, to calm Billows, to open the bowels of Rocks, to command all the Elements, and fill the world with wonders. In the new Law ſimple fiſher-men, almoſt as dumb, and mute as the fiſhes themſelves, are choſen to catch in their nets Philoſophers, Kings, Cities, Provinces, and Empires. Behold the ordinary cuſtom of God to hold Pearls in ſhels, ſweet perfums in very abject boxes. The true mark of Greatneſs in the judgment of God is at firſt bluſh externally not to appear great. On the contrary, it is the act of a flat, ridiculous, and benummed vanity, to be deſirous to ſurprize the eyes with a counterfeit, and captious beauty, which afterward, appearing in its native colours, makes the deformity thereof the more disfigured.

Deformity of hypocriſie.

What a ſhameful thing it is to a heart, which hath never ſo little reſentment of nobility, to erect a reſplendent Sepulchre, to boaſt exteriourly marbles, gildings, characters, titles, and to have nothing within but bones, putrefaction, and aſhes; to caſt a certain luſtre through the ignorance, and obſcurity of an Age, become brutiſh, and then to be in effect but a ſilly worm; to live in the world as a Snail, to make long ſilver traces, and to be nothing elſe but froth; to have the back covered with Velvet like a Cuſhion, and the Belly ſtuffed with hay; to make oſtent of leaves, and verdure like a wood, and to be repleniſhed with Serpents! Is it poſſible, that a noble heart, when it hath no other ſuper-viſour, but its own conſcience, can ſuffer theſe ſhames? A gentile ſpirit ſaid to an old man, who cauſed his griſly hairs to be painted with the luſtre of green youth: Poor fool, although thou could'ſt deceive the whole world with thy hair, *yet Death well knoweth they are gray.* So when an Hypocrite ſhall happen to conceal his jugling from all thoſe, who accompany him, which indeed cannot be done (men now being endued with penetrating eyes) yet one cannot deceive the eye of his conſcience, quick-ſighted to pierce ſuch falſhoods with bright reflection. I ſay nothing of the ſhame, and ignominy, that muſt be undergone after it is diſcovered, and taken with the maner, like a cutpurſe: I ſpeak nothing of the racks, tortures, affrightments, and perplexities, in which they live, who deſire to entertain theſe ſeemings. A great wit hath well ſaid, that ſuch people are the oxen of *Baal*, who are cut for Sacrifice in little gobbets, but notwithſtanding receive not fire from Heaven; theſe miſerable creatures macerate, and kill themſelves, to ſacrifice themſelves to the appetites of the world, without ever taſting the conſolations of God, which they have renounced. Let us lay their pains apart, let us admit, that with theſe laborious endeavours they might always live cloaked, always hidden from the eyes of the world, yea even from the all-piercing eye of their own conſcience:

Sèd te Proſerpina cæcum.

Stephanus Eduenſis in Reg 3. 18.

2. Reaſon.

It is moſt manifeſt, and conſiderable for the ſecond reaſon, that it is impoſſible to deceive God, whoſe eye, repleniſhed with lightning flaſhes, tranſpaſſeth through the abyſſes, and maketh Hell it ſelf confeſs it hath not darkneſs enough to ſhadow it from his face. Now ſo it is, that God condemneth, reproveth, chaſtiſeth with the particular indignation of his heart this plaiſtered life, and therefore, as the Interpreters of the Scripture obſerve, he rejected the Swan, notwithſtanding the whiteneſs of her feathers, and the ſweetneſs of note, which is aſcribed to her; nor would he ever admit her in the number of his victimes, becauſe under pure white feathers ſhe hideth a black fleſh. For the ſame reaſon he never would have the Oſtrich, who hath onely the oſtentuous boaſts of wings, and no flight: ſo much he deteſteth apparence fruitleſs, and effectleſs. Firſt, or laſt he will (ſaith holy *Job*) take away the maſk, ſo that the life of Hypocrites ſhall be as the Spider's web in the judgment of God; they ſhall think they have ſped well, but even to have hidden themſelves: all ſhall be reſolved into nothing, to make them appear what they are, in a moſt ignominious nakedneſs. They now are Panthers, who have their skins ſpotted with mirrours, that ſearch out ſecret Fountains to waſh away the ordures, and impreſſions of their crimes, as it is related of this creature. But the day of God will come, when (as the Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith) the Panther's waters ſhall wholly be dried, and ſoaked up; that is to ſay, as *Ailredus* interpreteth it, that all the counterfeitings, and diſſimulations of the world ſhall find no more water to whiten them. We all naturally fear the publication of our vices: ſo ſenſible we are in the touches of Honour.

Levit. 11. 18. The Swan, and the Oſtrich rejected by God.

Job 18. 19.

Waters of Panthers. Iſaiah 15. *Aqua Nimrim &c. calumniæ.*

Thoſe poor *Mileſian* Maids, who, moved with enraged deſpair, ran to halters, and ſteepy precipices, could never be diverted from this fury, either by the ſweet admoniſhment of their Parents, or rigorous menaces of Judges: but when by decree the naked bodies of thoſe, who had violated the law of nature by this moſt wicked attempt, were caſt upon the dung-hill, the onely apprehenſion of nakedneſs, and of the nakedneſs of a body bereaved of ſenſe, ſtayed the courſe of theſe execrable frenzies. And, without ſpeaking of antient Hiſtories, *William* Biſhop of *Lyons* relateth, that a certain Damoſel painted, in an Age when ſimplicity was in great eſteem, as ſhe went along in a Proceſſion, behold by chance an Ape came out of a ſhop, who leaped on her ſhoulders, and took off her coif, and made a little deformity appear, covered under painting, and diſſimulation, whereby ſhe felt her ſelf over-whelmed with dolour, and confuſion. If the ſmall affronts, and diſgraces, which we receive in the world, have ſo much force, what will it be then, when the Soveraign Judg ſhall take away the ſcarf, and make a cauterized conſcience appear? What will it be, when with as many Torches, and burning Lights, as there then ſhall be of Angels, and of the elect by his ſide, he ſhall penetrate even to the bottom of a loſt Soul? Where then ſhall be his plaiſterings, where his diſſimulations, and hypocriſies in the abyſs of this confuſion? It is a thing, which we rather may meditate on in ſilence, then expreſs in words.

Trick of an Ape.

Upon theſe Conſiderations reſolve with your ſelves to build your ſalvation upon the firm rock of truth, and not on a vain reputation, upon the ſlippery moving ſands of humane apparences. Imitate that

that good King, Father of St. *Lewis*, who bare a Sceptre made like an Obelisk in a Ring, with this Deviſe, *Volo ſolidum perenne*: as who ſhould ſay, all his intentions aimed at heaven, and eternity.

Typotius in Symbol.

Make a determinate purpoſe, as much as poſſibly you may, to avoid in your apparel, in your hair, in your words, in your actions, all ſorts of affectation, of hypocriſie, of folly, as things baſe, ſottiſh, ridiculous, and wicked, ever remembering this ſentence of St. *Auguſtine*: *A great, and divine Virtue is to deceive no man: the laſt, and moſt miſchievous of all vices is to deceive the whole world.*

Aug. lib. 83. Quæſt. Summa & divina virtus eſt neminem decipere: ultimum vitium eſt quemlibet decipere.

The ſixth OBSTACLE.

Ill-husbanding of Time.

A Notable Fable maketh the Spider, and the Silk-worm to ſpeak together, telling their fortune in a pretty pleaſing maner, and greatly repleniſhed with moral inſtruction. The poor Spider complaineth ſhe laboureth night, and day, to make her Webs, with ſo much fervour, and diligence, that ſhe unbowels her ſelf, pouring forth her ſubſtance, and ſtrength to accompliſh her work: yet notwithſtanding her endeavour ſo little proſpereth, as that, after ſhe hath brought this her Web to perfection, a ſilly ſervant cometh with a Broom, and in an inſtant undoes what ſhe could not produce perhaps ſcarcely in ten years. But if it happen ſhe eſcape from this perſecution, which ſeldom is ſeen in Great mens houſes, yet all the fruit ſhe may expect from ſo much toyl, is but to take ſome wretched Flie in her Web. Behold you not herein ſufficient cauſe to bewail her miſery? The Silk-worm quite contrary boaſteth her ſelf to be one of the moſt happy creatures which lives on the face of the earth. For (ſaith he) I am ſought after as if I were a pretious Diamond, I am exported from foreign Countries, happy is he, who beſt can lodg, breed, entertain, and cheriſh me; men bend all their induſtry to ſerve my eaſefull repoſe, and commodities. If I travel, my pain is well beſtowed: but be it how you will (ſilly Spider) that you take Flies, I captivate Kings. The greateſt Monarchs of the earth are involved in my threeds; Queens, and great Ladies make of my works the entertainment of their beauties; and the Potentates, which will not depend upon any, are dignified by a little Worm. The four corners of the earth divide my labours with admiration; and not being able to go higher, although I reach not to Heaven, yet I behold the Altars glitter under the embelliſhments, which iſſue from my entrails. And verily there is great difference between the travel of the Spider, and pain of the Silk-worm. The induſtry of theſe two little creatures doth naturally figure unto us two ſorts of perſons, whereof the one laboureth for vanity, the other for verity. All men, coming into this life, enter thereinto as into a Shop of toil, which is as natural to them, as flight for Birds. A great man, after he had well conſidered this ſentence of *Job*, cauſed theſe words to be inſcribed upon his Tomb, well worthy of ponderation, that is to ſay: *Man entereth into being by the gate of not being, as he, who is as ſoon in ſin, as in nature, his birth is a puniſhment, his life a travel, and his death a neceſſity.*

A notable Fable.

Adamus de Sancto Victore.

A worthy Epitaph. Conceptio culpa, naſci pœna, neceſſe mori.

And very well *Tertullian* obſerveth, that God the Creatour, cloathing man with skins after his fall, (which is the attire of ſlaves, and ſervitours, whom we ſend to delve in Mines) thereby would ſignifie to him, he ſhould enter into the world, as into a Mine, to labour, and dig, until he had found a Tomb. This pain then being neceſſarily reſolved upon, one of the moſt important points for direction of life is, to take a good emploiment, and well to beſtow your time, ſince through want of this good endeavour life is filled with a buſie ſluggiſhneſs, with unprofitable labours, with remorſe, with ſhame, which oftentimes draggeth after it an eternity of pain. It is one of the greateſt confuſions, which at this day predominateth in the lives, and actions of men of Quality. Some are overwhelmed with affairs, even from morning till night, and think upon every thing, but themſelves. Others roll in a lazineſs, full of moſt vain occupations, and never underſtand the principal buſineſs, which is the point of their ſalvation. We greatly fail either in knowledg, or courage, to handle one of the chief paſſages of our life, which is the expenſe of time; we do, as one in elder time ſaid: We labour in the main point, as if it were but an acceſſory, and we afterward take the acceſſory, as if it were the principal. All the petty trifles, which concern the eaſe, and accomodation of our bodies, have their regular time, and ſeldom are forgotten, drinking, eating, ſleeping, ſporting, exerciſe that pleaſeth, be it never ſo painfull, have their ſeaſon; the affair of ſalvation hath none at all, if it take not ſome ſmall time even by ſtealth. Behold how corruption is engendered, that may be remedied by the conſideration of two, or three reaſons, which I will propoſe unto you.

Two great obſtacles of ſalvation.

Athen. lib. 4. Ἔργον ὡς πάρεργον, πάρεργον ὡς ἔργον.

First know, it is true what the Wiſe man ſaid: *You oftentimes complain of divers neceſſities of life, one ſaith, he hath need of health, another of liberty, another of credit, another of favour, another of apparel, another of money: no man deploreth, that he hath need of time, which indeed is the moſt pretious merchandize.* And yet notwithſtanding *Zeno* aſſured us, the thing, which man moſt wanted in this life, was Time. One cannot better approve the value, which is to be ſet upon any thing, then by ſhewing the rarity, and neceſſity of it. Time is not onely pretious, but abſolutely neceſſary. Then think whether you ought to hold it dear, or not. Time is very hard to be known, how difficult (think you) will it then be to poſſeſs it? All the brave ſpirits of the world have voluntarily put themſelves upon the torture, onely to diſcover what Time was; yet could they not ſo much as touch the wings thereof. *Pythagoras* ſaid, it was the Soul of the world; others, that it was Heaven; others, that it was Motion; others, the Meaſure of Motion. St. *Auguſtine*, a moſt admirable Wit, ſtruggleth with himſelf upon this Queſtion, as a Bird in a ſtring: *He ſaith, he knoweth, and he knoweth not, what Time is. He knows enough to hold his peace, and knoweth not enough to ſpeak.* I leave for you to think, if this ſpirit, all compoſed of fire, and lightning, could not know Time, how can you have it in your power? The Scripture compareth it to a moſt ſwift River, which cometh not, but to paſs along, and creepeth not, but to glide away. All mortals, little, and great, ſtand on the brink of this River, to fiſh for Time. But do you know with what inſtrument? With a Sive; which is the cauſe, that they hold nothing. One fiſheth ten years, another twenty, another thirty, another fourty, another fourſcore. Out alaſs! All hath paſſed through a Sive, there remaineth nothing for them; yea, even the little Infant, hanging on the Teat of his Nurſe, which he had ſucked but one day, as yet hath no more. There remains but a poor moment, which we hold as an Eel in our hands: at every turn it eſcapeth from us; one moment driveth another, as the wave of the Sea thruſteth forward the wave. You ſee, this Merchandize is very hard to be kept, and to recover ſuch a loſs is a thing humanly impoſſible. To

Reaſons, and Remedies.

Senec. ep. 1. Quem mihi dabis, qui aliquid pretium tempori ponat, qui diem æſtimet, qui intelligat ſe quotidie mori?

Nature the price of Time.

Ψυχὴ τῆς παντός.

Aug. Confeſſ. lib. 11. cap. 41. Quid eſt tempus, ſi nemo ex me quærat, ſcio? ſi quærenti explicare velim, neſcio.

Pſal. 71. 16. ubi Vulgata, Diſs pleni. Hebr. *aqua plena.*

Rivet of Time.

Eſdras 4. 3. 39.

measure

meaſure the wind, to weigh the flame, to call back a day paſſed, are three effects of like impoſſibility. God hath reſerved to himſelf the government of this great Dial of the world; he himſelf figureth out the hours, and will give this commiſſion to no man. If the Sun was ſtayed in the time of *Joſhua*, it was done, ſaith Saint *Chryſoſtom*, in reverence of the name of *Jeſus*, of whom this great Captain was the Figure.

Jam tum famulata videbant Sidera venturum, præmiſſo nomine, Jeſum. Sedulius. Iſai. 38. 8. Stephanus.

If it recoiled back ten degrees in the time of *Ezechias*, it was to ſignifie the myſtery of the Incarnation, when the eternal Word abaſed himſelf under the nine Quires of Angels, even to the uniting himſelf to humane Nature, the tenth, and laſt of reaſonable creatures. This large Dial of Heaven is not touched, but for the great, and various motions of the world, and the principal myſteries of our Faith: to think ſuch a change ſhould be made for you, were a great folly. Take time while the Sun ſtriketh on your line; if you will put the hand of the Dial upon the hour of the preſent day, you ſhall not depend upon the expected approach of to morrow. See you not, if one rend a Garment, it is made up again; if a Jewel be loſt, it may be found again; if an Houſe be burnt, it is re-edified again, many times much fairer then ever it was. There is nothing, ſave time, but returneth; you ſhall ſooner find the Philoſopher's ſtone, then time loſt. All riches are but as chaff in compariſon of time. There is no worſe Thief, then he that ſtealeth from himſelf ſo unvaluable a Merchandize, either in doing ill, or in doing nothing.

Time irrecoverable.

Neceſſity of time.

The ſecond Reaſon, which makes this eſtimation of time ſo recommendable, is the neceſſity we have of it. King *Antigonus* ſpake wiſely, when he ſaid his War was the warfare of Time, as well as of Arms. And very properly may we ſay the ſame. All our Chriſtian warfare, all our Martial diſcipline, all our exploits conſiſt in laying hold of opportunity, and well-husbanding of Time. A little time well employed, which will be found at the day of our death, in our own hands, can put us in poſſeſſion of a happy eternity. If you have not time, well may you have Rivers of Gold, and Magazines of Pearls, but Heaven you ſhall never have.

Greg. Nazian. in Jambicis. Παντὸς πλέον νομίζε τὸν δὲ τὸν βίον. Merchandize in requeſt in the other world.

Saint *Gregory Nazianzen* doth ſagely tell us, that life is an open Fare for all the world to trade in. And verily it is an admirable Mart, where the Merchants, if they will be well adviſed, may barter a vale of tears for a Paradiſe of delicacies; Earth for Heaven; and a moment for eternity. All conſiſteth in well-uſing time; this is the onely Merchandize in requeſt in the other world, to which we go. Some infinitely labour to adorn themſelves with the Mire, and Durt of the *Indies*, to wit, with Gold, and Silver, which is as abſurd a folly, as if one, to climb to Heaven, ſhould make himſelf wings of a Scutle filled with earth. Others hunt after Glory, and honour of the world, which is but a meer counterfeit ſemblance, in compariſon of the happineſs of Saints; yet they, notwithſtanding, would carry it to Heaven; as if one ſhould undertake to bring by wagon a veſſel of ſtinking water an hundred leagues off, to make ſale of it, where ſtreams run of eternal Fountains. Will you know the Merchandize, which is of ſale in Heaven? Tribulation, for there is none: and Time, for there is nothing but eternity. Carry thither a little pain patiently born, a little time well employed, and behold, you become rich for ever.

Judg now, if time be ſo eſtimable, and neceſſary for your ſalvation, what value you ſhould ſet upon it, and whether it be not an intolerable thing to waſt it in fopperies, and trifles. Time is ill-husbanded by three ſorts of people. Some employ it in doing ill; others in doing nothing; the reſt in doing too much. In doing ill, the vitious; in doing nothing, the idle; in doing too much, the vain, and unhappy. All are, as it were, equal in loſing time, although unequal in the maner of loſing it, and in the reward for having loſt it. And, not to ſpeak here at all either of crimes, or negligences, (which are two dangerous Rocks for the Ship, which tranſporteth Time) ſome ſigh under a true lazineſs, bnt painfull, and ſtraitened; others are delighted with vanities, and meer follies; many are involved in buſineſs up to the elbow, and yet, becauſe they do not take their aim well (in that they do not travel for Heaven, and are wholly ignorant of the place, & path of the rendezvous) all their life is a moſt labourſom loitering. They make much ado, as little children about Butter-flies. They run up and down like Rats, who are infinitely buſie to carry rotten a Nut into their hole. They ſtrive, as Fiſhes in a Pond, to take the bit one from another. They wander backward, and forward, like Ants upon the body of a Tree. Others make fools of themſelves with meer Bables, and it is a wonder to behold the childiſhneſs, and Apiſh tricks of employments, which are found in the lives of men of eminent quality. See in the antient Hiſtories of *Domitian*, upon whoſe ſhoulders God had placed the burthen of a vaſt Empire, yet, laying aſide all other affairs, he every day reſerved ſome hours to himſelf, to ſtick Flies through with a Bodkin, and thereunto intended as to one of the moſt ſerious affairs of his Kingdom. *Hartabus*, King of the *Hyrcans*, caught Moles; *Bias*, King of the *Lydians*, ſtabbed Frogs; *Æropus*, King of the *Macedonians*, made Lanterns. Behold you not goodly employments for Kings?

Labor ſtellarum triſtiget eos, qui neſciunt in urbem pergere. Eccleſ. 10. Inconſultus illis varius-que curſus eſt, qualis formicis per arborem repentibus, qua in ſummum cacumen, deinde in imum, inanes agantur. Senec. cap. 12. De Tranq.

The idle employment of ſome Great men. See *Supra.*

Are not there (I pray) as very triflers to be found amongſt Chriſtian Nobility at this day? We ſee men even in this Age, who waſte all their time in combing their Hair, in waſhing their Beards, in ſtriving to have their Stockins ſprucely put on, to new-hatch their Swords, to draw on new Boots, to enquire for rich Garters, to make proviſion of Girdles, and Hangers, to cheapen Beaver-Hats, to buy Feathers, to trample up and down the Streets, to hold a Racket, to play at Dice, to Dance the Cinque-apace, to gourmandize a Banquet, to throw rotten Orenges at one another, to prattle with Women, to vant of that, which they have never done, to envie the happy, to contemn the miſerable, to breath perpetually out of one and the ſame mouth either calumny, or ſcoffs; never to utter a ſerious word, as if one had abjured all reaſon; and laſtly, never to ſpeak well, but when they intend to ſpeak ill. What an unfortunate, and travantly kind of life is this? When ſuch kind of men have ended their courſe, deſerve they not to have the Epitaph of an Ape inſcribed on their Tombs, ſince they ſervilely have thus betrayed their manhood?

Idleneſs the buſineſs of ſome Great men.

On the other ſide, we behold Women, who have no other Trade, but to think on new-faſhions for apparel, to buy Stuffs, to make thereof rich Petty-coats, and Gowns, to bargain for Jewels, and Pretious-ſtones, to raiſe their Chopinos higher, to look in their Glaſs above an hundred times in one day, to call a Councel upon one hair of their head, to have Angel-water, the powder of *Cypreſs*, to be ever learning ſome new invention of Impoſture to bear on their foreheads, which God himſelf hath conſigned with his own finger to be the ſeat of ſhamefacedneſs, to deviſe curioſities in their chambers, and to complain of all the world, to ſooth their own impatience, to brave it through the ſtreets in their Coaches, to roam up and down to Goſſipings, and Child-

Child-bed women, to tattle with spruce Carpet-knights, to search through impertinent curiosity into all kind of businesses, to know nothing, and to speak of all things, to deafen half the world with their chattering, and to hold the other in breath, and study to do them service, to bestow a fourth part of their life in cloathing, and attiring themselves, another in babling, another in dancing, and playing, the rest in sleeping; what remaineth for God?

Behold goodly husbanding of time! behold how the Exchequer of God is managed! and then who will be amazed to see, that a life spent in these goodly exercises, and employments, is repleniſhed with darkness, with confusion, with a sluggish, and lamentable forgetfulness of the life to come? The remedy for this disorder is to consider,

Remedies. I. How many damned souls do now groan in flames, which all the Oceans cannot extinguish, for having contemned time, which you yet enjoy at your ease. He, that could onely grant to them one little moment of these excellent days, which you prodigally waste, through what thorns, what fires, what ice would not they pass, to expiate the errours of their passed life? From what Sceptres, what Empires, what Diadems, would not they voluntarily, and freely despoil themselves, to purchase one hour of time, and employ it in the rigours of a most austere penance? Yet you suppose, it may be lawfull for you to live in this childish stupidity.

II. How many think you, at the very instant, when you read these lines, are there of souls newly dislodged from bodies, brought to the Tribunal of God, condemned to flames for this ill expense of time? What know you at how little a threed the sword of Justice hangeth over your heads? And you notwithstanding resemble Snails, which sing when their houses are on fire.

III. Take so much pain to avoid an eternal unhappiness, as to raise to your self a little treasure out of the thrift of time, by taking every day, be it never so little leisure, to retire your self within your self, to behold from whence you come, and whither you go, and what passeth within you; study in the Book of your Conscience, which must be laid open, and perhaps sooner then you think for.

IV. Prepare couragiously, by the advise of those, who guide your Conscience, a little Oeconomy of all your actions in the day; keep them strictly, as much as you may possible, and if you happen to lose time, do not like spend-thrifts, who lose, and know not what they lose; see why, and how you lose, that you may seasonably give remedy thereunto.

The seventh OBSTACLE.

Intemperance of Tongue.

THis super-abundance of time, and idleness, which ordinarily is amongst Courtiers, doth undoubtedly cause in them so violent an overlashing of tongue, that now a-days it swelleth like another deluge overflowing all mankind. *Euagrius*, a good Authour, cited by *Melissa* in the *Bibliotheke of the Fathers*, hath produced a passage very remarkable, to wit, that among Trees the Almond blossometh first of all, and is the first that is pinched with Frost; and amongst the parts of man the tongue first of all cometh forth to the field, and is the first surprised in the snares of Satan. If all those, who at this present might be taxed for their tongues, should lose the use thereof, the world would be repleniſhed with dumb men; but the evil Spirit handleth his business much otherwise then the Fowlers. These catch Birds to bereave them of liberty: he layeth hold on the tongue, to give it a false freedom to speak all things. Three sorts of tongues at this day are most powerfully predominant in the occasions of the World; the vain, the slanderous, and the scoffing.

Euagrius apud Melissam. The tongue compared to the Almond-tree.

The vain seemeth to me to have been mystically signified by the Prophet *Isaiah* under the Title of *a feathered Cymbal*. The Cymbal was an Instrument composed of thin plates of Brass, with certain small bars of Iron fastened, and cross-billitted in the plates, wherewith they made a great noise. Others think the Cymbals were Bels, which according to the opinion of some were consecrated to the service of the Church by Pope *Sabinian*. It is not at this day, that Bells are in request, but as for feathered Bells, they are things unheard of. And yet, notwithstanding, the tongue is not onely a Bell, according to the Allegorical interpretation of the words of the Prophet, but a feathered Bell. The Bell goeth not out of its Steeple; but the Tongue cannot contain it self in its Palate. She maketh her self wings by the help of feathers, and paper, and after endeavoureth to pass the Seas, and to bear fire very far into the world. A slight word, spoken merrily in the secret retirement of a closet, shall sometimes be told again an hundred leagues off, and shall enkindle in the hearts of many a fire able to put all into combustion. The tongue of the Cymbal, as it is a Cymbal, is not the worst, it offendeth more through complacence then malice. It is a tongue truly vain, which feedeth it self with a petty affectation of discourse, with slight Lies, with trifling flatteries, with prattle, and tattle. In this predicament we ordinarily place the tongues of indiscreet women. The Giants, after the inundation of waters, would build the Tower of *Babel*; but Women in the deluge of tongues raise the Turrets of Babble: through an excess of idleness, indiscretion, and curiosity. In the same rank are the tongues of an infinite number of effeminate Gallants, who waste all their time in courting women, complements, affectations, meer fopperies: had they no other ill in them, then never to pronounce a serious word, yet are they culpable enough; but lying, and flattery wait on them, as the shadow doth on the body. A great note of the corruption of this Age is the liberty of Lying, which reigneth even in the mouths of many men of Quality. It seemeth now a-days that to lie is no longer a vice, but a necessity of nature. The Sages termed Truth to be a Sea which is never moved, a Haven where no man suffereth ship-wrack, a Way which wearieth not, a Gate which never is shut against any: but at this present it is a Sea where few Merchants sail, a Haven little frequented, a Way which to many seemeth to be stopped up with thorns and briars, and a Gate which almost is never opened.

Isaiah 13. *Va terræ, cymbalo alarum.*

The tongue a feathered Bell.

The tongue of the cymbal.

Otiosa, verbosa, curiosa, loquentes quæ non oportet. 1 Tim. 5. 13.

Verity.

It is said, *Augustus Cæsar*, after a long enquiry into all parts of his Empire, found but one man, who was accounted never to have told a Lie, for which cause he was deemed capable and worthy to be the Sacrificer in the Temple of Truth. If at this day the like Inquisition should be made, I much fear the Altar of Verity would rather be without a Priest, then the Shrine of Lies without Victims. Little Children, in their beginning, practise this Trade; the spirit of Imposture openeth the way unto them by the tongue, making them in Lies to find the key of all Vices. In speaking falsely one is so accustomed to lying, that he liveth therein, as in his proper element. It is practised with as much boldness, as a man would desire advantage to defend a just Verity: the ordinary proceeding of these counterfeit spirits will

Lying the key of Vices.

make

make us henceforth believe, that to assure a thing with so much confidence is to affirm it is false.

Impertinent prattle.

Lies are most especially every where predominant in prattlings, and flatteries, which in my opinion are come to the height of extremity, so exorbitant they are. And it is no wonder, since the spirits of men are so disposed thereunto, that those, which have lost all the marks, and impressions of Virtue, will yet retain the tribute, which is praise. They see themselves voluntarily to babble, and self-love hath veiled their eyes with so gross an ignorance, that they may do it with much impudence, and yet it seem modesty. The malediction, pronounced by the Prophet *Ezechiel* against those, who have little pillows of all sorts for the nice to lean upon, may now well be renewed; never hath there been so many flatteries seen. The children of Great men are soothed by all kind of tongues, and made drunk with their praises, before they be throughly awakened, and seeing they are always bred in curiosity, it seemeth, when any truth is proposed them, a Phenix is brought from the other world. Servile souls, which bend themselves like the Fisher's angling-line, seeing their preferment dependeth upon their impertinent prating, and that the Altars of this false greatness will be served with such smoak, spare it no more then one would water in a River. You shall find few, or none, that will tell the Ape he is an Ape; this liberty of speech is extant in Histories, but not at all in our maners. The Gout seeketh out the houses of rich voluptuous men, and Flattery the mansions of the eminent: that is it, which the Wise-man would say in the *Proverbs*, according to the Original Translation. The *Hebrews* literally understand it by the Apes, which *Solomon* caused to be transported by Sea; with those Apes came Flatterers, and Buffoons to the Court of this great King, which was the beginning of his unhappiness. Those which flatter, and those which willingly are flattered, are much of the nature of the Ape, and all this tattle of Court is indeed a meer Apishness. Behold, why that learned Prelate *Faius*, whose Manu-scripts have very lately been extracted out of Libraries, doth most natively represent this verity unto us under the veil of a Fiction!

Væ, qui consuunt pulvillos sub omni cubito manûs.

Flatteryinebriateth Great men from their cradle.

Prov. 30. *Simea manibus nititur, & moratur in domibus Regis.*

Apes in the Court of *Solomon.*

Faius in *Manipulo.*

A pretty tale of an Ape.

He feigneth two men, the one an extreme Flatterer, the other just, and a Truth-speaker, came to lodg in the house of an old Ape, at that time encompassed with a plentifull race. The Ape asked of the Flatterer what opinion he had of him. This man, accommodating himself to the time, gave him many specious praises, saying, he was a vermilion Rose, and those that environed him were the leaves; that he was a Sun, and those that were about him were the rays; that he was as valiant as a Lion, and all his off-spring was a race of young Lions. Behold, saith the Ape, it is well, and commanded a present to be given him. When it came to the truth-speaker's turn to say somewhat, he revolved with himself, that he could not tell a Lie, that his nature was always to be true, that if his companion had a reward for telling a Lie, by much more reason he should be welcome delivering the Truth. He thereupon freely said to him, he was an Ape, and all those that attended him were Apes like himself; for which cause the Apes, provoked, assailed him fiercely with their teeth, and nails. Behold the condition of this Age! we cannot brook a truth, our ears being always stopped with perfumed words, entertained with false praises, and servile complacences. Truth findeth no admittance, and, if happily she hit upon it, her words are thorns, they tear the skin. The most indissoluble friendships in appearance are dissolved by a little freedom of a friend. Then it is nothing strange, if prating, and intemperance of tongue be in such force, since the soft temper of spirits of this Time cannot endure any the least liberty of speech. As we are excessive in praises, so we hold no measure in reprehension. Those, who are absolutely sensible of the touches of honour, and cannot tolerate a truth, think that all other are insensible: so prodigal they are of another man's fame. They cut, carve, chop with the tongue on every side, and you may find a Feast, where more raw Flesh is devoured, then either boiled, or rosted. Calumny doth at this present resemble the tail of the Scorpion, which either stingeth, or ever is ready to transfix; it hath never been seen more fiercely inflamed. It is the wound of Frogs described in *Exodus*. It was a great scourge to behold these ugly creatures issuing out of *Nilus*, to go crawling up and down the silken furnitures, and golden plate of *Pharaoh*, as well as over the poor cottages of Beggars. And a greater punishment it is at this day, to hear these slanderous tongues pour forth their venom upon all sorts of persons, and to assail as well the Miters, the Diadems, and Scarlet, as the russet Coat. Every one sheweth the stroaks of calumny, every one, demanding Oil, and Balm for his wounds, doth notwithstanding covertly hold a sharp Lancet to wound another's estimation. The honour of Magistrates, of Ladies, of young Virgins, many times most innocent, is not spared, most faithfull servitours are traduced by the wiles of calumny; men are bold to speak any thing, since many are willing to believe all. *Verily behold the greatest malignity, that can be in the minds of men, which is, that they are pleased to dissemble an evil; and that, which hath no foundation of verity, findeth colour, and countenance from the mouth of a Calumniator.* Two evil spirits ordinarily breath out Calumny: the one planteth himself in the tongue of the detractour, the other in the ears of the hearer. They are two sundry winds, whereof the one cometh from the gate, the other from the window. When they toss this Tennis-ball one to another, you see terrible sport.

Calumny.

Et ascenderunt Rana, operueruntque terram Ægypti.

Slander, the wound of Frogs.

Falsus Declamat. Pessimum humanarum mentium malum est, quod semper avidius nefanda fingunt, & affirmationem sumit ex homine quidquid non habet ex veritate.

Two Devils breath out Calumny.

After Calumny cometh likewise Scoffing, with immodest, and wicked words, which are also put into the mouths of little children to make them witty, and pleasing. The little creatures do not yet know, whether they have a tongue, or no, and we perceive they already are initiated in the work of Satan. This spirit of scoffing, and impurity, which pleaseth it self with uncleanness of Language, is a harbenger of Atheism, that marketh him out a lodging; and as it is said, that the Sea-Rat goeth before the Whale, in the same maner, gross, and senseless impiety, such as it is, maketh use I know not of what kind of silly scoffing spirits, which are taken to be the wise of the world, under the colour that they can compose some bald Sonnet, whilest they themselves readily give the word when to laugh at it. These are the curiosities, the entertainments, the Idols of meetings. *Aaron*, striking the dust with his rod, made Flies to spring up, the greatest scourge of *Egypt*: I cannot tell who it is, that hath stirred the ashes of *Rabelais*, nor who hath been versed in this putrefaction: but by a manifest vengeance from Heaven we daily behold new vermine to arise, which endeavour to gnaw, and dissipate all that which hath any piety, or fear of God in Christianity.

Scoffing, the harbinger of Atheism.

Buffoons, the Flies of Egypt. Exod. 8. 17

Blind creatures, you know not the evil, and therefore you make no accompt to correct it: you find not what to reprehend therein, but God will find for what to destroy you. You have thorns in the middest

August. in Psal. 99. Siquis forte propterea non cognoscit.

ſit quia non advertit, advertat de cætero: atq; utinam inveniat quod advertat, nè Deus inveniat quod avertat. Sed tamen quia non quieſcunt naſcs ſpina in malè exultantibus, advertamus jubilationem improbandam, offeramus Deo jubilationem coronandã.

middeſt of your feaſts and recreations, which will pierce you even to the drawing of blood. Take away the ſolaces of a *Pagan*, and preſent to God the alacrity of *Chriſtians*; know you not, that the Graſhoppers of the *Apocalyps* have the viſage of a Virgin, and the tail of a Scorpion? All theſe taunts and ſcoffs have the ſeeming apparence of generoſity, but the poiſon is in the tail.

Remedies.

Behold in part the diſorders, which at this day proceed from three ſorts of tongues, the vain, the reproachfull, the ſcoffing; without ſpeaking at all of oaths, perjuries, blaſphemies, which have the language of Hell. What a deluge of corruption iſſueth from one ſmall member of man? Alaſs! what remedy is there for all this, it being one of the greateſt obſtacles of ſalvation, and Chriſtian perfection?

The miſchief is not onely in the tongue, it is in the heart, and thereto remedy muſt be applied, conſidering both the deformity, and puniſhment of the like vices. The vain tongue, which is practiſed in babble, lies, flatteries, and impertinent chatter, ordinarily proceedeth from a ſlight, ſhallow, idle ſpirit. As it is ſlight, it is full of foppery; as ſhallow, it is ſervilely ſubject to complacence; as idle, it ſeeketh employment in vanity, not being able to find it in virtue. This intemperance of tongue is an effect of ill-governed idleneſs, and there it is where the ſearing Iron muſt be applied to make it a ſerious ſoul, much pleaſed with entertainments worthy of a man, able to reſiſt idle toys, and to ſettle it in a firm poſture, in good employments, to the end it may have no leiſure to diffuſe it ſelf in vain ſuperfluities. The lips of the Bride (as St. *Thomas* notably obſerveth) are compared to carnation-Ribband, to inform us that the Ribband ſerves women to bind up their hair, and that diſcretion of lips ought to tie up our thoughts, leſt they be ſcattered in a thouſand follies of ſpeech. St. *Ambroſe* interpreting theſe words of the Wiſe-man, *Sepi poſſeſsionem tuam ſpinis* (which admoniſh to make an hedg of thorns about our Inheritance) ſaith: We have not any better poſſeſſion then our ſoul, no better gold then our heart, no better ſilver then our words; it is about this treaſure we ought to make our wall. Rivers are tributaries to the Ocean for all their drops of water, and you at the laſt judgment of God for every word. Is not this worthy of a little conſideration to ſtay a vain tongue?

Lips of the Spouſe. St. *Thom.* in Cant. 4. Eccleſ. 18. *Sicut vitta coccinea labia tua.*

Poſſeſsio tua mens tua eſt: aurum tuum cor tuum eſt: argentum tuum eloquium tuum eſt. Ambr. 1. Officior. cap. 2.

As for the reproachfull, the one proceedeth from a very ſtupid, and groſs inconſideration, from an ill liberty, from a dangerous cuſtom, which maketh that one ſometimes ſlandereth not purpoſely, and this muſt be corrected by prudence, and carefull obſervation: the other taketh birth from an enraged ſoul, full of gall and acrimony, which caſteth its froth out by the the tongue, finding torment and puniſhment in another's happineſs, and ſearching out its contentment in the diminution thereof: but it there encountereth a new torture, beholding its reproaches are as the foam of the Sea, which beateth on the foot of rocks, and flieth not to the ſteepy top.

From whence Calumny proceedeth.

Horrour of Calumny.

Great minds diſſipate Calumnies by the innocency of their life, as the cryſtal current of Rivers carry along the ſmall flying duſt. All the arrows of reproach return upon the Calumniatour, who oftentimes liveth in this world as a ſolitary Wolf, tormented with a thouſand mortal affrightments of a wicked Conſcience, which make him to begin his Hell in this world, and finiſh it in the other without end. For what mercy can there be for a Calumniatour, who dieth in obloquies? So many reproaches are ſo many man-ſlaughters, wherewith (all bloody) he goeth to the judgment of God to receive the reward of his wickedneſs. St. *Clement* witneſſeth, that this is the doctrine of St. *Peter*, who diſtinguiſheth two ſorts of homicides: The one of the hand, the other of the tongue; both puniſhable with one and the ſame pain. There is no other remedy but to take away brotherly hatred by charity, and ſeriouſly bridle this untamed tongue, untill it be maſtered.

S. *Clemens* epiſt. 1. ad *Jacob. Sunt homicida interfectores fratrum, & ſunt homicida detractores eorum.*

As for the ſcoffing tongue, it proceedeth from a ridiculous ſoul, light, feeble, and languiſhing in the reliſhes of God; and if it further paſs on to mock at things ſacred, it is a bud of the ſame impiety. Such Goblins, and prattling Devils are not commonly cured by reaſon; their hearts are worm-eaten, and become rotten with infidelity; they are the Sons of *Cham*, (unbridled, and diſſolute creatures) which will fall into a thouſand diſaſters in this life, if they do not powerfully amend themſelves, and ſhall in the other world find a heap of anger and vengeance for puniſhment of their crimes. Their laughter is the crackling of thorns, or ſongs of Snails in the flames. Fly (O Noble men) ſuch plagues, and well remember what a great Perſon ſaid: That your tongue is as the incenſory of the Divinity. Uſe the matter ſo, that your words may be preſented to the throne of God, as the true perfume of Heaven.

Danger of Scoffing.

Tongue the incenſory of the Divinity.

The eighth OBSTACLE,

Curioſity in the reſentment of Affronts and Diſgraces.

AS men are allured by vain praiſes, and bath themſelves in flatteries as in Roſe-water, ſo are they extremely ſenſible of affronts, whether they are real diſgraces, or have no ſubſiſtence at all but in the imagination. One cannot touch this ſtring of point of Honour ſo ſlightly, but it will eccho forth ſome ſound. The leaſt word of diſdain raiſeth a ſtorm in the mind, a diſgrace is a clap of thunder, and one ſcornfull countenance of a Prince breedeth more fear and terrour then a Cannon. Theſe worldly reſpects cauſe a main impediment in the exerciſe of virtue, and a ſoul, which ſhall feed it ſelf with ſuch apprehenſions, ſhall always live in fetters. It is good to obſerve the cauſes and remedies thereof, to draw conſolation from thence.

Apprehenſion of Affronts.

You (O Noble men) apprehend injuries, obloquies, and diſgraces; from whence, ſuppoſe you, do theſe apprehenſions proceed? Of too much felicity ill-digeſted. You have a ſtomach of paper, which can concoct nothing, it is ſo inebriated with the taſtfull ſweetneſs of ſome never-ceaſing proſperities, that with the leaſt diſguſt it is overthrown: and yet, notwithſtanding, to live now a-days in the world, you muſt procure an Oſtriche's ſtomach, who ſwalloweth even Iron it ſelf.

Querelæ ſunt nauſeantis animi, in quas ſæve delicati, & felices incidunt.

From whence this niceneſs proceedeth.

Secondly, this proceedeth from a ſpirit proud, and elate. We obſerve that thoſe, who upon all occaſions are ready to give affronts, are moſt tender in receiving any. They cut a large thong out of another man's leather, but if you prick them never ſo little, you even pull their skin over their ears. It is the courſe, which was noted in the monſter of Nature, *Caligula*: He had a tongue unbridled to ſcoff indifferently at all kind of objects If any man challenged him for it, he was enragedly offended.

Caligula a great Scoffer.

Thirdly, theſe affronts oft-times are ſuch as our fantaſies make them, if we help them not out with our opinions, their arrow entereth not to make an affront. We muſt believe it to be ſuch, otherwiſe all injuries are but as ſtones caſt into the wind, which have no force. It is recounted, that *Cornelius*

Ferendarum contumeliarum impatiens, facit ea vitia ſuppliciis.

a Senatour shed many tears in full Senate, when *Corbalo* called him bald Ostrich. *Seneca* admired, that such a man, who in all things else had shewed himself most couragiously opposite against other injuries, lost his constancy for one ridiculous Saying, which might have been smothered in laughter, whence it first took birth; because this blow was rather given him by his own imagination, then by the tongue of his enemy.

Senec. De Const. Struthiocamelus despiatus.

Nimio otio ingenio natura infirma, & multebru inopia vera injuriæ lascivientia.

Fourthly, this niceness in the resentment of injuries ordinarily taketh its being from a soft and effeminate spirit, which knoweth not what an affront is, and had great need to encounter some true and real thing, that it may no more become haughty with vain shadows. This is it, which most judiciously that great Oracle of *Latine* Philosophy hath observed. For remedy to this obstacle I will produce two very considerable things.

Remedies.

The first is, That if a generous heart could once be perswaded, that the most noble revenge, which might be drawn from affronts, were to scorn them, and that such is the maner of all great spirits, he would make unto himself a buckler of Diamond against all these petty interiour disturbances. Now, I affirm all the greatness of a fair soul, fit to have heaven for a Theatre of its actions, should resolve to do good, and suffer ill: to know not onely how to tolerate an ingratitude, but how to fasten benefits. Saint *Augustine* upon the ninety third *Psalm* proveth this verity unto us by a fine Induction, which he draweth from the Stars. "Injuries (saith he) are daily done "to the Stars. One saith, Behold the Star of *Mer-* "*cury*, behold *Saturn*: is it not then a great wrong "to these beautifull Stars, enchased by the hand of "God in the azure vault of the heavens, to put them "into the possession of I know not what kind of pet-"ty pilferer, or of an old dotard, who is said to have "devoured his own children? These Stars, which "are as it were the eys of the Omnipotent, to be-"hold all that which passeth here below, are they "offended with the injuries, which men do them? "Have they ever turned out of the way for that? "Have they ever lost one sole step of their regular "motion? No assuredly. So you (O Noble men) "whom God hath placed in the sphere of greatness "to enlighten men, what importeth it you, if a per-"verse and wayward people slander your reputati-"on? Never shall you be great, if you know not the "way of doing well, and suffering ill. Do like the "Sun, and Stars, shine, and glitter in the firmament "of sanctity, and give detractious tongues leave in "the mean time to lick up dust. Saint *Cyprian*, in the Treatise which he composed *Of Patience*, mounteth yet a little higher, and after *Tertullian* pertinently declareth, that Patience in injuries is a ray of Divinity, and the true virtue of Nobility. What patience it is in God, so many Ages, to have suffered Temples of Idols, erected to the contempt of his name? To make days and times still to circumvolve, rivers to glide, winds to blow, Autumn to put on a saffron robe, Grapes to ripen, the Elements to serve, and hold total nature in breath, for a thousand and a thousand sacrifices to hell? To cast flowers from heaven with a bounteous hand upon contumacious heads, who well deserve the stroke of the thunder-bolt? What patience is it in the Saviour of the world to behold the Sun eclipsed, all the Stars to put on mourning weeds, the whole frame of this Universe to be troubled both above, and beneath his Cross and he in the mean time to remain affixed in the chair of patience without motion?

Augustin. in Psal. 93. Convitia si sunt stellis, cum dicitur, illa stella Mercurii est, & illa Saturni quid illa cum audiunt tanta convitia? numquid moventur? numquid non exerceant cursus suos? Sic & homo, qui in natione perversa, & tortuosa habet verbum Dei, sicut luminare est fulgens in cælo.

Cyprian. De Patientia. Est nobis una Dei virtus communis, indè patientia incipit, indè claritas ejus, & dignitas caput sumit.

Patience the nature of God.

This magnanimity in injuries is the true stamp with which God for his imitation impresseth all Noble and Great spirits. See (I pray you) what remedy King *David* used against the malevolent tongue of *Shemei*: he fled from an unnatural Son, and in flying fell into the violence of an enraged tongue, which darted against him shafts of fire, and transfixed him even to the heart. Behold his Captains ready to pull him down, like Mastives. But *David* replied: *No, I will that he live, and what know you, whether this be not a powerfull trial from the Divine Providence, who hath sent this man for an exercise of virtue? My God, O that onely the odour of my sacrifice might ascend even to thy Altars!* Saint *Ambrose* admireth so much this greatness of courage, that he crieth out: *O profound wisdom! O bottomless patience! O What an invention it is, to swallow one mischief, and endure another!* David *made as it were a plaister of the reproaches of* Shemei, *for the wound which his parricide Son fixed in his heart.* If Great men govern thus, and you so much love greatness, why do you not rather imitate them, then play the silly Mouse, seeking to bite that which toucheth you, and drenching your selves every time in a glass of water, engulph your selves with sadness in the least petty injury?

Admirable remedy of *David.* 2 Reg. 16.

Ambros. Apol. 1. de David, c. 6. O altitudo prudentiæ! O altitudo patientiæ! O devoranda contumelia grande inventum! Ecce verborum contumelia parricidii levavit aramnam.

The second thing is, always to have an assured retreat in your heart, and in the sweetness of a good conscience. When a disgrace happeneth to you, you are like an unfeathered Bird, shamefac'd, and dejected, for that you have believed with confidence that all these loans of Fortune were your own. You are like a Jack-daw, trimmed up with the feathers of many Birds; you have most imprudently thought in your heart that all these garnishments were of your own body, and have neglected to make true and natural wings for your self. When the Birds come to peck at you, and take away their own feathers on all sides, you then discover your ignominious nakedness; but had you preserved the plumage, which Nature presented to you, you had taken a strong and confident flight, even to the Temple of repose, not caring for these borrowed feathers, nor all these silly scriches of these fluttering, and unruly Birds. What a goodly Theatre is a good conscience? And what a beautifull Arcenal is it to have still the Arms of virtue in a readiness? A good man goeth out of these extrinsecal favours, and all this specious train of fortune, as a fair Jewel, drawn out of a case. True it is, the case thereof may seem rich, and well adorned with mean and slight embroideries, but it self is far more resplendent then all that ostent. Our eyes do not penetrate sufficiently through this trim of the world's greatness. It is a golden veil, which may as well cover snow, as a coal; as soon as this case is taken away the radiance of this Jewel is beheld in the day's brightness, refulgently shining with the rays of a constant equality of spirit, of an invincible patience, and with an inestimable meekness of heart towards all the world. Happy night of disgrace, thou hast not darkned this fair Star, but rather made it appear such as it was.

Retreat into the conscience in affronts.

Greatness of an honest man.

One of the greatest Wits, that ever was under heaven, the Emperour *Antoninus*, in the fourth Book which he wrote *Of his own life*, so much commendeth the retirement, which a wise man maketh within himself, that he assureth us, that in all the Palaces, Gardens, Orchards, Delicacies of all the Kings of the world, there is nothing so delightfull as the house of a good conscience. There it is where man is involved in his little shell, and retiring himself out of the salt waters liveth with the dew of heaven; there it is where the soul, which was wholly scattered in so overwhelming a multitude of affairs, foldeth it self

M. Aurel. Antonin. lib. 4. De vita sua.

Delicious abode of the Soul.

The study of great Souls should be to do good and suffer wrong.

ſelf within it ſelf; there it is, where it beginneth to ſuck in its own ſap; there it is, where it accommodateth, and prepareth its Hive, as a buſie Bee, and endeavoureth to gather its Hony; there it is, where it entereth into a new world, an intelligible world, a peaceable world, a world ſmiling with ſweet ſerenity of air, and radiant lights, as ſaith St. *Cyprian*. There it is, that we paſs into the ſociety of ſo many eminent, and admirable Perſonages, who have flouriſhed in the memory of all Ages, doing all the good they could, and receiving ill from the ungrateſull with a pleaſing countenance, no more troubling themſelves then doth the Sun to behold the clouds which he hath drawn out of the mire, and ſens of the earth, to make him a ſcarf of. He knoweth he ſhall ever have the upper hand, and that they may take from him the aſpect of mortal eyes, but cannot deprive him of his own light. It is in this Temple of repoſe, where we behold all the Saints, as Eagles in a ſtorm, ſurcharged with ſufferings, but made invincible with the Arms of Patience. We behold one afflicted in the loſs of his goods, another in the death of his kindred, another in his own body, another in his reputation, another in all, whom tribulation tormenteth in all his members. All that is mortal ſhrinketh under injuries; but all theſe arrows go no further then to the ſuperficies of the skin, and touch not the conſtancy of a well-compoſed mind, which ſeeth them fall under his feet. O what greatneſs! O what felicity!

Ibi aëris liquidi ſerena temperies per ſudum igneo colore rutilans.

Temple of repoſe.

Certain ambitious Kings have ſought the way to build an heaven on earth; as *Coſroës* King of *Perſia*, who cauſed a Palace to be built like a Heaven, which had the garniſhment of a Sun, of a Moon, and Stars artificially counterfeited: he alſo made below, rain to pour down, winds to blow, tempeſts to rage, he in this celeſtial Throne beheld radiant beams over his head, and all this noiſe and clamour under his feet. That, which this Monarch did for meer vanity, you may put in practice by a moſt ſolid verity. You may for the preſent, with the exerciſe of Prayer, the grace of Sacraments, and a generous contempt of all which is without you, raiſe a heavenly Temple of repoſe, and tranquillity, where you ſhall not fear the bitings of Calumny, nor the mutations of the world. A *Pagan*, amidſt the burning ruins of his City, unſheathed ſwords, blood, and maſſacres, when the Temple fell upon their Gods, and all was in confuſion, could ſay: "Behold me eſcaped from the ruins "of my houſe, from the fires which ſhined on all "ſides, I have found my way through blood, and "flames: I know not what is become of my Daughters, perhaps there is ſomewhat worſe put upon "them then the ſword or fire: behold me alone, deſpoiled of all my goods, and now become old, all "hoſtilities raging round about me. Hap what hap "may, I have whatſoever I at any time poſſeſſed: "for I never eſteemed any thing mine own but my "ſelf. Demand of rich men where their poſſeſſions "are? Of the voluptuous, where their loves? Of "the uſurers where their accompts? Of the ambitious, where their Court? All that is loſt to them, "becauſe they thought it their own, becauſe they "preſently ſought it in the aſhes of their City: As "for my ſelf, I will find all my poſſeſſions, and all "my delights in the peace of my heart. An Infidel to ſay, and to do all that, yet we, after ſo many precepts of the eternal Wiſdom, ſo many Sermons, ſo many exhortations, ſo many ſupports, ſo many helps, ſo many examples, ſo many promiſes, ſo many recompenſes, ſo many obligations, and ſo many neceſſities, which force us thereunto, ſtill to be curious, and not to be able to tolerate one ſilly diſgrace! May we not well ſay, we have great need of afflictions, which might a little inſtruct us to imitate the lives of Saints? For it is undoubted, we putrifie with long proſperities, as in a dead Sea, which produceth nothing. It is neceſſary, that God ſtrike, and then, as *Jonathan*, we ſhall open our eyes, and ſuck in Hony from the end of the rod which ſcourgeth us, when in the chaſtiſement of a father we ſhall find the conſolation of true children.

Brave words of *Stilpho*. *Erepſi è ruinis domus, & incendiis undique relucentibus, per flammas, per ſanguinem fugi: filias meas quis caſus habeat, an pejor publico veſcio, ſolus, & ſenior, & hoſtilia circa me omnia videns, habeo quidquid mei habui, quia nil quidquam meum, niſi me, puto.*

The ninth OBSTACLE,

Carnal Love.

IF at any time the powerſull and health-giving hand of the Angel *Raphel* were neceſſary in the world, not to cure the eyes with the Gall of a Fiſh, but to tie and bind up in the deſerts this looſe and wanton ſpirit of carnality, which the Scripture calleth *Aſmodeus*, it is principally in this Age, that we have great need thereof, wherein diſhoneſt and intemperate vice reigneth ſo prodigiouſly, that it ſeemeth not willing to make of the reſt of this whole Univerſe but one Element of Fire. *Aſmodeus* at this time triumpheth, and boaſteth, his Chariots covered with Laurel, to the weeping eyes of Chaſtity: his Horſes curvet, and bound without bridle, and with unſpeakable inſolence he daily tranſporteth an infinite number of ſouls to Hell. If you deſire to know the equipage of his deteſtable Chariot, St. *Bernard* will tell it you, and you in his Diſcourſe may obſerve the cauſes, which produce and cheriſh Luxury, that you may hereafter apply profitable and convenient remedies.

Triumph of *Aſmodeus*.

Bernard. Serm. 39. in *Cantica* de curribus Pharaonis.

The Chariot of *Aſmodeus* is a Chariot of fire, from whence on all ſides the ſparkles of concupiſcence flie to enflame unchaſte hearts. This is not a common fire, but a fire enkindled with the flames of Hell, the very image of that which devoureth damned ſouls, ceaſeleſſy burning without diminution, giving nouriſhment to its ardours with its proper damages. The firſt wheel of the Chariot (ſaith this great Saint) is called *Gourmandize*; the ſecond, *Titillation of the fleſh*; the third, *Exceſs in apparel*; the fourth, *Idleneſs*: which undoubtedly are the four Vices, that ſerve as principal inſtruments to this loathſom Devil, and very well are termed the *Wheels* of his Chariot. It is ſaid the Chariot of War is moved with two arms, one of Iron, and the other of Silver; but this of *Aſmodeus* rolleth about the arms of *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*.

His chariot.

His wheels

Gourmandize is attended by the wanton pleaſures of the body: theſe pleaſures then, which ſhould be ſtifled with hair-ſhirts, and ſack-cloth, are involved in Linen, and Scarlet; in ſtead of ready ſhaking off theſe ſparkles, they are fomented, and waſted in a lazy and idle life. Behold how ſin paſſeth along. To this Chariot Horſes, and Coach-man are neceſſary. St. *Bernard* appointeth onely two, whereof one is called *Proſperity*, the other *Abundance*. From this time forward *Aſmodeus* becomes a much greater Lord, he augmenteth his train, harneſſing alſo two other Horſes, whereof the one is called *Liberty*, and the other *Impudence*. Proſperity, always ſmiling, doth nothing but daily breath out, and evaporate new delights. Abundance ſupplieth him with all which is needfull for the entertainment of this ravenous Beaſt, although ſhe cannot diſcharge all the expenſes thereof, ſo infatiable ſhe is. The liberty of entertainments and converſation ceaſeth not perpetually to blow the fire. If there be any ſhread of the veil of ſhamefac'dneſs as yet hanging about the brows, impudence teareth it away. All this equipage is

His horſes.

His Coachman. Sap. 4. *Dei immemoratio, animarum inquinatio.* Of Inconſtancy *lib.* 2.

lead along by a wicked Coach-man, which is called *The forgetfulneſs of God.* Then good leiſure is had to run with full ſpeed into the bottomleſs abyſs.

Certain brave ſpirits of the world, purſuing as it were this way of Saint *Bernard*, to figure out a ſpiritual thing by corporal repreſentations, have built the Palace of falſe love, (the plague, and frenzy of the ſoul) with admirable art. This Palace is all built on hopes: the ſtairs are of Ice, made in ſuch maner, that he, who moſt aſcendeth, moſt deſcendeth; the Halls, Chambers, and Ward-robes, are all furniſhed, and hanged with idleneſs, dreams, deſires, and inconſtancies; the Seats and Chairs are made of falſe contentments. It hath affliction, torment, and fraud, for Engineers; uncertainty, fear, falſe opinion, and diſtruſt for Guard. All this Court is compoſed of heartleſs, ſoft, and effeminate men, which are, and are not. His Chancellour, ſurmize; his Councellours, lying, and deceit; the Steward of his houſhold, ſuſpicion; his viands, apparences; his drink, forgetfulneſs; his Chamber-waiters, laughter, and babble; his muſick, ſighs, deſpairs, and revenges. Do you not behold a brave Prince? But without amuzing our ſelves with all theſe inventions of the brain, I ſay the greateſt obſtacle, which may be imagined, to ſeclude us from the happy acceſs to life eternal, is to reſign our heart as a prey into the power of this brutiſh paſſion. The reaſon is moſt evident, becauſe it is a true mark of reprobation, and we ſee by experience, the ſouls which addict themſelves to the ſin of the fleſh, not ſo much by frailty, as by profeſſion, become wholly carnal, ſtupid, beaſtly, and ordinarily paſs out of this life through the gate of ſome notable diſaſter. I will here produce two or three cauſes of the undoubted condemnation of this ſin, which ſeem to me very powerfull to imprint in the heart of man a perpetual averſion, as it were with a branding-iron of fire. The firſt is, that it is injurious to the incarnation of the Son of God. Conſider well what I ſay. This myſtery of the incarnation, wherewith God put on our weakneſs, took ſervile fleſh, made himſelf our brother, tranſplanted our nature from a barren and curſed ſoil, into the delicious habitation of the Divinity, is ſo great, ſo majeſtical, ſo marvellous, that it enforceth ſilence and admiration in the four quarters of the world, adoration in Thrones, trembling in the Seraphims, bowing in the Heavens, darkneſs, terrour, and amazement in all Nature. Now, this myſtery being, as it is, in all its height, greatneſs, latitude, inexplicable profundity, is perſonably betrayed, and diſhonoured by the ſin of the fleſh. Wherefore? Becauſe, as St. *Paul* ſaith, other ſins make their ſallies out of the body, but this repoſeth, and ſubſiſteth in the body, in the ſame ſpecifical Nature, which God ſo puiſſantly, and highly hath exalted, that he therein hath confined his whole power and greatneſs, not being able to create any thing greater then Man-God.

Court of *Aſmodeus.*

Sin of the fleſh, a mark of reprobation.

Injurious to the Incarnation of the *Word.*

Quò altiùs carnem at tolleret non habuit. Auguſt. *De prædeſtinat. Sanct.* c. 15.

Judg what a ſacrilege it is to do a perſonal affront to the moſt immaculate, and moſt virginal fleſh of *Jeſus*, ſitting on the right hand of his Father Eternal, in the habiliments of glory; and yet carnal impurity would, if it might, carry thither the effects of its malice. Before the Incarnation of the Son of God, the ſins of the fleſh were ſimply ſins, but after this ineffable union of the Divine Nature with the Humane they became Monſters. And you ſee likewiſe, that the holy Fathers call ſome by this name, and by other terms, full of execration.

Auguſt. De verbis *Apoſt.* Serm. 18. *Parce in te* Chriſto, *cognoſce in te* Chriſtum. Ἀλοιται. *Ancyr.* Concil. Can. 17. Fury of Luſt. *Tertul.* De pudic.

The ſecond Reaſon, which much augmenteth the enormity of the ſacrilege is, that not onely it debaſeth a Nature, which God hath exalted even to God, but alſo engulpheth it in an action ſordid, blockiſh, brutiſh, reputed ſo unworthy, that the Scripture diſdaineth to name it. St. *Epiphanius*, ſearching out the cauſe why the Holy Text maketh no mention of the Genealogie of *Melchiſedech*, bringeth a reaſon from the *Hebrews*, which affirms this eminent man to be born of unchaſte Parents, as a roſe from thorns, and that the Scripture uſeth not to name ſuch men, in deteſtation of their ſin. And verily you ſee the practice hereof. In *Geneſis*, *Noe* abſtained from naming of *Cham*, though it were to curſe him; it ſeemeth this name of a Son, marked out by theſe deportments of filthy ſin, would defile the malediction it ſelf, if it had been pronounced. For the ſame reaſon the Tribe of *Simeon* is not numbered, when queſtion is made of bleſſing the Patriarchs in *Deuteronomie*; becauſe from this Line iſſued that wicked Prince, who ſinned with the *Midianiteſs*. In the New Teſtament, in the Genealogie of the Son of God, *Bathſheba* is not called by her own name, but by her husband's. *Magdalen*, in the time of her ſin, had no other name but of a Sinner. It ſeemeth *Iſaiah* hath truly propheſied of ſuch voluptuous people: *The race of the wicked ſhall be buried in perpetual oblivion.*

Epiphan. Hæreſ. 55. & 67.

Gene. 9. *Maledictus* Chanaan.

Deut. 33.

Num. 25. 6.

Eáque fuit Uriæ. Luc. 7. 37. Iſai. 14. 20. *Non vocabitur in æternum nomen peſſimorum.*

Some other Interpreters ſubtilizing this paſſage of the fourty eighth *Pſalm*, *Iniquitas calcanei circumdabit me*, ſay, Luxury was called *The Sin of the heel*, which was not improper: yet not for that reaſon, which ſome, in my opinion, have without ground invented, affirming there is a vein, which anſwereth to the heel, that ſerveth as a fiery match, and incentive to luſt: but becauſe this ſin is low, and debaſed amongſt other vices, as the heel under other parts of the body, and in reſpect it is tied to the heels, which is to ſay, that leaving high and elevated objects, onely worthy of the love of men, as are virtues, and graces, it applieth it ſelf to baſeneſs, and beggary, to a dung-hill covered with Snow, to a beauty paſſing away like a dream, and which hath no other character of its merit, but the judgment of a mad man. So the Pantofles of *Judith* bewitched the eyes of *Holofernes*. This Lady was beautifull as a Star, and adorned as a Temple, yet notwithſtanding this blind lover ſuffered himſelf to be inconſiderately ſurprized with the heels of a woman, to ſhew that luſt is baſe in all its objects, and pretenſes. Behold why ſome Sage *Hebrews* have written, that certain Infernal Spirits, remembring themſelves of their antient Nobility, abhor to tempt men with the ſin of Luxury, as a thing unworthy of their thoughts and induſtry, giving this commiſſion to ſome other more groſs Devils, and more terreſtrial. Alaſs! what ſhall we ſay, if we go about to plant upon the forehead of a Nature, honoured with the hypoſtatical union of the Word, a ſin, which maketh even the Devils themſelves to be aſhamed? May we not well ſay, If there be a mark in the world, which plainly diſcovereth a reprobate ſoul, it is this, ſeeing it is ſo impudently oppoſed to the venerable myſtery of man's redemption?

Luxury the ſin of the heel.

Judith 16. *Sandalia rapuerunt oculos ejus.*

The third reaſon, which makes us believe this diſhoneſt ſin hath great alliance with Hell, is, that it carrieth already the marks thereof in this world. What are they? *Darkneſs*, *fire*, *ſtench*, *the worm*, *diſorder*. Behold the principal liveries of Hell, all which are to be found in the ſin of Luxury! *Darkneſs*, becauſe it maketh the ſoul dark, groſs, clouded with black vapours of folly, which extinguiſh all the radiance of judgment, and very aptly it is ſaid of thoſe infamous fire-brands, who ſollicited the chaſte *Suſanna*, that *they turned away their eyes, that they might not ſee the Sun.* Saint *Hierom* hath very well reliſhed

Hell of Love.

Daniel 13. *Declinaverunt oculos ſuos, nè viderunt Solem.* Hier. *lib.* adversùs *Jovinian.*

(a) *Amor inſanis proximus, fœdũ & minimè conveniens animo ſoſpiti vitium, turbat conſilia, omnibus inutilem, ipſi noviſſimum amori facit.*

reliſhed this paſſage of *Seneca*: (a) *Love and folly go hand in hand; it is a paſſion, which never lodgeth at the ſign of health; it turneth the ſpirit up-ſide down; it maketh man brutiſh, unprofitable to all, and in the end to love it ſelf.*

The Fire of it.

Fire. All thoſe unfortunate lovers ſpeak of nothing elſe but of their flames, they are always in fire like the Salamander, they perpetually have the Mount *Ætna* upon their ſhoulders: one of them ſaith he will do nothing but touch a Foreſt with his finger, thereby to burn & wholly waſte it. And verily it is a hell-fire, which hath gluttony for fewel, pride for flame, unclean words for ſparkles, infamy for ſmoke, ordure for aſhes, hell for center, as ſaith S. *Hierom.*

Si digito attigero, incendam ſylvam ſimul omnẽ.

Noyſomneſs.

Noyſomneſs, and diſhoneſty are inſeparable companions of the ſin of the fleſh. The voluptuous cannot endure their like, and when paſſion hath caſt its fire, they are troubleſom and inſupportable to themſelves. Which well is witneſſed by the many naſty and ſhameful diſeaſes, which never had been known in the world, if they had not entered by the gate of this infamous ſenſuality.

Its Worm.

The worm. This ſin is no ſooner committed, but it hath its executioner attending thereon, it hath the worm of Damnation, which diveth and penetrateth even into the bottom of the heart of him that committeth it, and then eſpecially when he findeth as yet ſome reliques of a good conſcience remaining in his ſoul, remorſe to have loſt the incomparable treaſure of purity, perplexeth it perpetually. *Concupiſcence of wicked love is full of anxiety, and ever in its ſatiety it finds repentance.*

Appetitus fornicationis anxietas eſt, ſatietas pœnitentia.

The Diſorder of it.

Diſorder. You may as well tell the leaves of the Trees, the ſands of the Sea, and the ſtars in the Skie, as number the diſorders, which have vomited and ſtill overflow upon the face of the earth, by means of the ſin of Luxury. If there be poyſon to be diſſolved, love mingleth it. If ſwords be forged and fyled to transfix the ſides of innocent creatures, love hammereth and poliſheth them in his ſhop. If there be halters to be faſtened wherewith to ſtrangle, love weaveth and tyeth them. If there be precipices, love prepareth them. If there be maſſacres, love contrives them. If you go about to find little embryons, even in the mother's Womb, to be bereaved of the life, which they have not as yet taſted, love is the Authour and Actour of theſe abominable councils. All the miſchief, and crimes, which have in former Ages been perpetrated, love hath done them and daily invented them.

It hath from all times puſhed and ſhouldered good order out of the world. It hath been the Butt and Aim of all the vengeances of God. It hath been ſtrucken with fire and brimſtone from Heaven, ſwallowed in the entrails of the Earth, drenched in the waters of a general Deluge. Yet it eſcapeth, yet it perpetually armeth, yet it walloweth it ſelf in blood and ſlaughter, yet it holdeth the ſword of juſtice ever perpendicular over the head, and in concluſion it is eſteemed but as a ſport. Is not all this of power ſufficient to make it be believed, that this filthy vice is an infallible mark of reprobation? Flie (O Noblemen) this fleſhly peſtilence of mankind, and never ſuffer it to exerciſe its tyranny over hearts conſecrated by the precious blood of the Lamb. All conſiſteth in flying far from the occaſions thereof. If you love danger, you ſhall periſh therein. If you had the beſt intentions, which did ever bud in the hearts of Saints, yet if you ſeek out occaſions of doing ill, they become crooked, and diſtracted. Nature being, as now it is, corrupted, the ignorance of vice better ſerves our turn, then all the precepts of virtue. Our affections attend on our knowledg, the abſence of objects maketh us to forget all our moſt enflamed deſires. To live in luſt and idleneſs, to have our eys always in purſuit, unchaſte Books in our hands, to hear Comedies, and impure Stage-plays, to have gluttonous diſcourſe in our mouth, to frequent Buffoons, and looſe livers, to converſe familiarly with Women; theſe are not the inſtruments of Chaſtity: it is rather to put Oil into the flame, and then to complain of much heat.

Remedies.

Petrach, in his books againſt *Vanity*, giveth remedy to the wounds, which ſeem to have been inflicted in the time of his Loves. *Love creepeth into idleneſs; handle the matter ſo, that he may always find you buſied. Love is pleaſed with curioſity of attire, give him hair-cloth. He is entertained with feaſts, ſubdue him with auſterity. He will fall upon ſome object, ſcatter, and confound him. He laboureth to find out a looſe, and unbridled ſpirit, hold yours extended upon ſome good affair. He requireth liberty, private places, night, darkneſs; let him have witneſſes, and enlighten him on every ſide. He will be governed by fantaſie; keep him dutifull, both by admonitions, and minaces.* St. *Cyprian* found nothing more powerful to conquer a temptation of diſhoneſt wantonneſs, then to turn the other ſide of the Medal; and as this ſin hath two faces, ſo not to ſtay upon that which looketh amiable, and attractive to deceive us, but to behold that, which under a black veil ſheweth it ſelf to be penſive, ſad, ſhamefac'd, deſperate, and full of confuſion. The great *Picus Mirandula* ſaid, the moſt part of men yielded to temptation, becauſe they never taſted the ſweetneſs of glory, which is drawn from the victory over a ſin. Above all, it is behoveſull to uſe the adviſe of a wiſe *Arabian*, who repreſented to himſelf perpetually, over his head, an eye which enlightened him, an ear which heard him, a hand which meaſured out all his deportments, and demeanours. The exerciſe of the preſence of God, joyned with Prayer, frequentation of Sacraments, often invocation of the Mother of Purity, and the Angels, Guardians of Chaſtity, daily blunt a thouſand, and a thouſand arrows, ſhot againſt the hearts of brave, and undaunted Chriſtian Champions. Add hereunto, that it is good to live in a ceaſeleſs diſtruſt of one's ſelf, which is the mother of ſafety: that you may not fall into the fire, it is good to avoid the ſmoak, not to truſt one's ſelf too much to thoſe petty dalliances, which under pretext of innocency ſteal in with the more liberty. Mother of Pearls produce ſometimes windy bunches for true and native Pearls; and the will, through complacence of paſſion ill-digeſted, in ſtead of good love, bringeth forth ſilly abortions of amities, which are nothing but flaſhes, and wilde fantaſies, yet ſuch as may notwithſtanding diſpoſe an empty ſoul to ſome ſiniſter affections.

Petrarch, lib. 1. 2. e cap. 23. D remediis. *Occupatio, labor, & incultior habitus, & victus aſperior, & ſeceſſus, inquenum aliquid jugis intentio; aduac teſtis charus, & verendus, frequens admonitio, dulces minæ, &, ſi quando res exigat, aſpera.*

Cyprian. De bono pudor. *Ante oculos obverſetur deformis atque dejectus peccati pudor, nihil corpori liceat, ubi vitandum eſt corporis vitium. Cogitetur quam honeſtum ſit viciſſe dedecus, quàm inhoneſtum vitium eſſe à decore.*

The tenth OBSTACLE,

Exceſs in Diet and Apparel.

Terreſtrial Paradiſe. the chamber of Juſtice. Gen. 3. 19. *In ſudore vultus tui veſceris pane.*

THe world was as yet in her Cradle, and man was no more then born, when God making a Palace of Juſtice, of terreſtrial Paradiſe, pronounced againſt him the ſentence of labour and pain, and afterward wrote it as with his finger in the ſweat of his brow: *Thou ſhalt eat thy bread with the ſweat of thy brow.* Noblemen perpetually appeal from this ſentence, as if they were not men; it ſeemeth labour is not for them. Let Nature hold to the chain and labour thoſe groſſer bodies, which are moulded of the clay of *Adam*: they have forſooth bodies compoſed of I know not what kind of ſtarry

Noblemen appeal from the ſentence of labour.

matter,

matter, which never muſt ſweat, nor take pains, but in a dance. What a folly it is? Ought not he to be diſſolved into ſweat, ſince he is to be reduced into aſhes? He cannot free himſelf from the ſentence of death, and why ſhall he decline pains-taking, ſeeing it proceeded from one and the ſame mouth in the ſame time, and upon one and the ſame ſubject? But behold the reaſon, which is, that to ſatisfie the ſentence of labour ſureties are found: the houſes of rich men are filled with Officers, and Servants, who take pains in their Fields, prune their Vines, carry Corn to the Mil, who go even into the Ocean to Fiſh for Habits and Attires for them, and moſt times live within four fingers of death, to give them means to flow in delicacies. Onely death it is, that taketh no ſuretie. For which cauſe man dieth in his own perſon, and laboureth by deputie. If death would a little give way, no Great man would die but by Attorney. Out alas! O the juſtice of God, how equally doſt thou ſtill hold the Ballance! They, that would not here labour as man, thou makeſt them take pain like infernal Spirits, thou diſſolveſt the ſweat of poor Peſants in the conſolation of their ſouls, aud thou ſeaſoneſt the delights of rich men with care, melancholy, dolour, jealouſie, envy, anxiety, terrours, and remorſe, which are able to make them ſweat blood.

Were there no other proof, this manifeſtly enough declareth to us how odious this curioſitie of Great men is to the Divine Majeſty, and how puniſhable, ſince its own delights are changed into chaſtiſements. Yet, notwithſtanding, I will produce ſome reaſons, that the unworthineſs of this wicked exceſs may punctually be touched with the finger, which now adays overfloweth the whole face of the earth.

Remedies and reaſons againſt Exceſs.

Firſt I ſay, it is extreamly unreaſonable to be deſirous to live in the world with reaſon, againſt all reaſon; to endeavour to put a reaſonable creature into a condition of life, were it of neceſſity muſt beely the law of God, and its proper nature. O Noblemen, God would that you enter into the world like other men, as into a vale of tears, and you will arrive there as in a garden of delicacies. He would that you come thither, as to the mines to dig; and you go thither as to a Dicing-houſe to play. He would that you make paſſage into a ſervile fleſh to obey; and you will command. Is not this a ſin againſt Nature? To come into the world, is to come upon a Croſs; to be man, is to ſtretch out the Hands and Feet to be Crucified. The firſt bed, that an Infant maketh coming from his mother's Womb, is on the Croſs. He is as ſoon in a Croſs, as in Nature, and ſuffereth this puniſhment for no other cauſe, but for that he is born a man.

Droſs of Nature. *Nemo impunè naſcitur: omnis vita ſupplicium eſt.*

The Purple chamber of Empe-rours. *Anna Commena lib. 6. Luitprand. De rebus Europ. Cyprian. De Patient. Procellas mundi, quas ingreditur, ſtatim ſuo ploratu & gemitu rudis anima teſtatur.*

The Emperours of *Conſtantinople* had in their Palace a ſecret chamber, which they called *the Purple*, in which the Empereſſes for a ceremonious formality were brought to bed, and delivered, thinking by this means to aboliſh the acerbities, which are as it were affixed to our condition. But theſe petty *Porphyrogennites* (ſo theſe children of Emperours were called, becauſe they were born in Scarlet) were notwithſtanding born with a Croſs, and ſaluted life as others with tears, and groans. The children of Kings come all into the world through this gate of miſeries, they are born, as with a Diadem on their foreheads, and yet fail not to be Natures little priſoners. It is accompted a goodly thing to give them gilded Cradles, and ſilken Swathing-bands. This is to adorn their Chains, but not to break them; they are as well captive in them, as heretofore the priſoners in *India*, who rotted in poverty, and calamity, even in golden Fetters. It is a Decree of Almighty God (O great-Ones) that you muſt be born with the croſs on your back, and you will cancel it; if this yet might be practiſed with ſome reaſonable evaſion, and mediocrity, it would ſeem more tolerable: but now a-days this exceſs is ſo enraged, that it will plant the Trophies of Pride and Voluptuouſneſs upon the calamities of mankind. What is not done upon tables? What is not done in apparel? Men cloath as if they were always to live, and eat as if they ſhould every day die. We prepare an Altar to a falſe Deity, which at this day with unſpeakable violence ſwayeth in the world. It is a brutiſh God (if you deſire to know him) for never had he an ounce of brain: A blind God, who hath no eyes to behold the miſeries of the earth: A deaf God, who hath no ears to hear the complaints of the afflicted: A truantly God, who hath no hands to take pains: An immoveable God, who hath no feet to travel on: An effeminate God, who hath no heart to undertake any good, nor courage to ſuffer ills: A gluttonous God, who gourmandizeth all: An unclean God, who polluteth all. This falſe God, according to the Apoſtle, is the belly. *His Temple* (ſaith *Tertullian*) *is the lungs, his Altar the paunch; his Prieſt the cook; his holy Ghoſt the ſmoak of meat; his grace the ſauces; his propheſie, that which may not civilly be ſpoken.* As he in his perſon is enormous, ſo is he no leſs prodigious in his tyranny. It is a wonder to ſee how he hath his Officers in every place. For him War is waged againſt the air, and clouds; Birds are diſ-neſtled from the Kingdom, which Nature hath allowed them: for him the face of the earth is turned into a ſhambles: for him Seas are ſounded; depths are plummeted, ſhip-wracking ſtorms, and direfull tempeſts are ferried over. Man willingly would penetrate heaven, and delve even to hell to find out new ſacrifices for this fleſhly and carnal God, and himſelf being alive, he is made the Sepulchre of ſo many maſſacres, that it is a miracle how one man can live, who daily burieth ſo many dead creatures in his intrails. All this hurly-burly, which emptieth the air, earth, and ſeas, is made for a ſtomach four fingers broad, for which a little bread and water would ſuffice in neceſſity, and in ſuperfluity the whole world is too little to ſatisfie. We know not what courſe to take to find out new curioſities for the palate. We ſuck up Oiſters alive, we ſeek out Muſhroms, we will know what taſt hath the fleſh of Tortoiſes, and Snails. Theſe poor little creatures had good cauſe to believe, that their meanneſs would enfranchize them: but ſottiſh and ſordid gluttony draweth a tribute from all; and I think their taſt will ſhortly be taken with Serpents, and Ravens.

Tyranny of the belly.

Philip 2. *Quorum Deus venter eſt, & gloria in confuſione ipſorum.* Tertul. *adverſ.* Pſych. *Deus tibi venter eſt, & pulmo Templum, & aquaticulus altare, & Sacerdos cocus, & ſpiritus ſanctus nidor, & vindimenta charifmata, & ruſtus prophetia vetus eſt.* Gourmandize.

But let us not onely accuſe the Belly; the Eyes devour more then it. They are delighted to behold Fiſhes to ſwim in a ſea of Sugar, to ſee Foreſts, Nets, hunting Birds, wilde Beaſts, Houſes, Caſtles, Fields, arms of Sugar; had licourouſneſs of taſt ſo much power as it hath little brain, it would make a world of Sugar, and then would diſſolve it, to be always ready to form new at his pleaſure. The Ears will hold their part in this conſort, and therefore they muſt be tickled with the moſt exquiſite muſick, both of voice, and all ſorts of inſtruments, which ſerve as wings, and chariots to immodeſty. Then come the dances of the *Corybants*, the friſks, capers, ballets, courtings, liberties, impudencies, and all ſorts of voluptuous pleaſures, which make the body diſſolve into all corruption. With what conſcience can a Chriſtian expect Paradiſe, living in this manner? Doth he think Hell hath no flames but for the rich

Pleaſure.

rich glutton mentioned in the Gospel; and that he pursuing the same ways shall be freed from the like punishments? Hell casteth up such people, who here waste their life in delicacies, that they may no otherwise live then in the immortality of fire, of the worm of conscience, and darkness.

Ducunt in bonis dies suos, & in punctο ad inferna descendunt. Job 21. 13.

As concerning excess of apparel one cannot say too much, so much is this superfluity, and ever shall the discourse be unprofitable, the mischief being so confirmed, and uncapable of remedie. Therein it is that women display all the vanity of their sex, all the industry of their spirit, (being curious and inventive enough in their own interests) and all the presumption of their nature, which is but too ambitious, and, as saith *Tertullian*, *there it is where they bear all the glory of their sex.* I speak not of those, who attire themselves modestly, dutifully, and as it were necessarily for comely ornament; I speak of those miserable sacrifices of vanity, who studie nothing else but to deck themselves up beyond their condition, estate, and means, oftentimes with an ill intention, many times with the spoils of the poor. Masks of hypocrisie, who find no other employment in this life, but to counterfeit; no other desire, but to seem what they are not. For verily, if you should see all their Jewels and trinkets in one heap, you would say it were the pillage of a Citie. It is an admirable thing, that one little carkass should drag so great a train along with it. They go adorned (saith the Scripture) as Temples, and certainly they are very like those Temples of *Egypt*, which hid a Cat or Rat under golden Pavilions. Is not this a sin inexcusable before God, to make all the Elements take pains to cover a miserable nakedness, which is nothing else but a meer scar of sin? Is not this a great illusion to bolster out a dung-hill (which perhaps we must carry to morrow to a grave) as if it were to be erected upon Altars? Oh miserable creatures, what have the worms to do, which shall gnaw your bodies, if your hair be of three or four Parishes, your eye-brows pulled with little pincers, your eyes disguised, your cheeks put in a Vermilion tincture, your stench drowned in Muskie odours, your garments plaited, bumbasted, loose-hanged, surcharged with Pearls, Precious-stones, and Chains, to serve as snares to catch some foundered lovers? It is not the solid beauty of Objects, which allureth you, but a meer opinion: because such an one hath it, you therefore must needs have the like. If you were perswaded, that the Fat or Dung of a Crocodile were fit to whiten the Skin, you then would go even to *Nilus* for it. And if one should tell you, that two Flint-stones of the *Moluccas* would become your ears, and that already such and such did wear them, you would rather hazard the killing of your own Body, then deprive your self of them.

Totam circumferunt in ista mulierculatem.

Indignity of excess in apparel.

Sottish jealousie of excess.

You see the unreasonable proceeding of this superfluity? But I say much more: It is cruel and injurious to God, and his Church. What rocky heart would not be cleft, and icy eye dissolved into tears, if it did bend it self to behold the exorbitancy of these wicked delights? To say, that three parts of Christendom lived perpetually on Gall and Tears, were drenched in a forsaken, miserable, and necessitous life, were covered with blood and oppressions, whilst others glutted themselves in superfluity of palate-pleasing Curiosities, even almost to bursting, never deigning so much as to set a foot on the ground, making their excrementitious spittings to swim in gold, beholding themselves in the vain-glorious ostent of their bravery, always wantonizing, still sportively dallying. *Wo to the rich men of* Sion, *who put their trust and confidence in the mountain of* Samaria. *Wo to the Great-ones, who make boast in the house of* Israel, *who drink delicate wine in their cellars, and live involved in the most exquisite perfumes, without ever caring for the afflictions of the poor.* Amos 6. *Va, qui opulenti estis in* Sion, *& confiditis in monte* Samariæ: *Optimates, capita populorum, ingredientes pompaticè domum* Israël. *Bibentes vinum in phialis, & optimo unguento delibuti, & nihil patiebantur super contritione* Joseph.

Riot cruel, and injurious to God and his Church.

I know the belly hath no ears, but I know not what mouth it may have to defend it self at the judgment of Almighty God, when the hunger of so many needy penurious wretches, consumed with want before your gate, shall accuse you at the Tribunal of this formidable Judg. I know these Courtiers want not prattle enough, but I cannot imagine what they can answer before the Judgment of God, if the Angels should come to drain these inordinate habits to make blood distil, and to speak those affrighting words of the Prophet *Jeremie*: *Behold the blood and life of poor men, which I have found in the folds of thy garment.* Judg what Christianity this is, and what hope you may have of future life, living in these delicacies, strucken with the thunders of so many maledictions. Ah, if you adored a God crowned with Roses, or Pearls, it would be a matter nothing strange; but to prostrate one's self daily before the * Crucifix, charged with nails and thorns, you living in such excess and superfluity in flesh, dissolved in softness, how can that but be cruel? The Christians of the Primitive Church were scrupulous to bear Coronets of flowers on their heads, according to the custom of Feasts, remembring their Master had carried thorns; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* judgeth, that to seek out such effeminacy is a meer Mommery, and a manifest mockery of the venerable passion of the Son of God. With what eyes can you behold the Crucifix covered with blood and wounds, holding it honourable to bear Flowers, Rubies, and Diamonds, not for once, but to drench all your life, if it were possible, in the nice delicacies of the flesh? How can one excuse such a maner of proceeding? By what mark would you be known for Christians in the other world? The livery of Christians is patience, and very well those brave courages, which breed us to the Church by their blood, may bear for their arms, a hand cleaving Mountains with Fire, and Vineger, crowned with this Devise: *No passage is shut from virtue.* Verily these valorous Champions, sparkling with the lightning rays of charity, lifted up their Christian palms in the middest of hazards, and forced Heaven with a pious violence. Men were seen, who obtained as many Martyrdoms, as they endured torments, and who suffered more tortures then they had members; their bodies upon the wheels armed with sharp Scissars, under iron Hooks, under burning Pincers, flying in pieces were many times gathered up by the faithful Christians, and even then put into Tombs, themselves surviving their own Funerals. In this state they climbed upon the sharp rocks of this painful way of heaven, carrying thither more wounds then members.

In alis tuis inventus est sanguis pauperum, * *Hac & hujusmodi per transennam inspicere satis est.*

Clemens Alex. Pædag. lib. 1. cap. 10. Ἐνδεῦται φαιδρῷ σεμνῷ τῇ Κυρίᾳ πάθει.

Virtuti nihil invium. Virtue of the first Christians.

Remorabantur in luce dirutæ, quarum membra pleni erant tumuli. Sanctus Zeno de Sancto Arcadio.

What answer you to this, you children of Saints? Your fore-fathers to purchase Paradise have wandered in Wildernesses, strayed up and down Mountains and Caverns of the earth, cloathed with Goats-skins and Camels hair, and you now adays have no heart to any thing, but to the vain-glorious humour of bravery. Tell me not, that in case of persecution you will be most faithful to God; I will answer that which *Tertullian* said: *I fear this neck snared with wreaths and ropes of Pearl and Emeralds: I fear the sword of persecution can finde no place there.* Children of Saints, your Grand-fathers have heretofore passed so many Lents, lying upon hard boards, eating roots, living in infinite frugality, & now forsooth the least

Tertul. cap. 13. De cultu fœmin. Timeo cervicem, nè margaritarum & smaragdorum laqueis occupata locum spinæ non det,

Fast

Taſt ſtriketh you down. Of what complain you? Is it for that you ſtill ſwim not in ſugar, and therefore the Church is too hard to be ſerved? A thouſand Diſpenſations muſt be procured under falſe colours and ſurreptions. You cannot faſt, you cannot do that which you never had a will to do. What a ſhame is it (you children of Saints) your fathers and mothers to gain Paradiſe, although they lived in riches, as you perhaps do, put them under their feet to ſerve as ladder-ſteps to heaven, and you now a-days place them over your heads, to ſink your ſelves even into the abyſs. How would you then, that one ſhould know you in the other world? You ought to be aſhamed of the name which you bear, of your Baptiſm, of your profeſſion, you thereunto affording ſo little correſpondence. God hath made you for another end, and far otherwiſe; you no longer retain any mark, whereby you may be known.

Julius Firmicus De errore profanar. Relig. Erubeſcite, ô miſeri, ſummitatem, aliter vos Deus fecit: cùm colores veſtra ad Dei judicantis tribunal acceſſerit, nihil vobiſcum deferetis, quo Deus, qui vos fecit, agnoſcat.

What are you to do? I. To believe there is no Paradiſe for thoſe that will live in pleaſures, capital enemies of the Croſs of the Son of God.

II. If your birth have ranked you in an eminent ſtate, live therein, and entertain it, rather for a certain neceſsity of beſeeming comelineſs, then for the love of concupiſcence. Live therein as the Bee on honey, well obſerving your wings, be not entangled therewith: which is very hard to do.

Aug. ad Roman. Non fruſtrà in melliis copia pennas habet apicula; nec ſit enim hæreteres.

III. Make not unneceſſary expenſes above your means. What a ſhame it is daily to behold Frogs deſirous to puff themſelves up like Buls, even till they burſt? No man can keep a mediocrity: man will extend his wings beyond his neſt; his retinue, table, apparel, preſents, all is exceſs, what one poureth forth on one ſide, muſt be ſpared on the other. To entertain great profuſeneſs great avarice is neceſſarily expedient, which cannot be maintained but by wretchedneſs, by rapines, by injuſtice, by oppreſsions, which abſolutely ſhut up the gate of ſalvation.

Mortificationem Jeſu in corpore veſtro circumferentes; 2. Cor. 4.

IV. Bear ever about you in ſecret ſome mark of mortification of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the Apoſtle appointeth: ſuffering ſome incommodity in cloathing, drinking, eating, ſleeping, and the like; diſdain not to exerciſe your ſelves in acts of humility, and love above all, the viſits and conſolation of the poor afflicted. This is it will ſave you.

The eleventh OBSTACLE,

Envie.

WE likewiſe find in an excellent little book, entituled the *Apophthegms* of the *Hebrews* and *Arabians*, a ſaying of thoſe antient Doctours of the Law, which with much moderation muſt be underſtood: To wit, that three ſorts of people ſhall never undergo the judgment of God, nor paſs through the flames of purgation. Firſt, perſons greatly neceſsitous: Secondly, thoſe who are in publike office: Thirdly the ill-married.

Perſons neceſsitous (ſaith this Authour) becauſe poverty and miſery are moſt ardent fires, which purge and cleanſe the ruſt of iniquity: Thoſe who are in publick office; for what need have they of judgment, ſince the whole world judgeth them? Thoſe that are ill-married, becauſe a bad wife is a portative Purgatory. Theſe words are ſpoken at random with too much extent and liberty. For it is moſt undoubted, that if theſe three kind of people live in integritie, and make profit of their burthens, it will be a wholſom means for them to eſcape the rigour of God's judgment; but abſolutely to exempt them from the juriſdiction of this ſovereign juſtice, is to ſpeak over-raſhly. They have much better hit the mark, who ſaid, that two ſorts of men anticipated their hell in this world; the lovers, and the envious: for in effect there is a hell of love, and a hell of envie. The hell of Love is for thoſe, who inordinately, exceſſively, and with full fruition of creatures, do love to the prejudice of the Creatour. Out alaſs! who can recount the ſhiverings, the feavers, the acceſſes of fire and ice, the gnawing worms, the biting vultures of theſe unfortunate ones, who, having ſhaken off the yoak of ſovereign beauty, have made themſelves ſlaves of a putrified body, the ſpoil whereof the Elements ſhall quickly ſhare? It ſeemeth the Prophet *Eſay* was deſirous to deſcribe their miſeries in theſe terms: *Their ſouls ſhall be as a land of pitch, and brimſtone, perpetually boiling in their own paſsions, and ever ſmoaking with black vapours of a brutiſh ignorance.* Yet notwithſtanding this hell of Love amongſt ſo many rigours hath ſometimes certain ſparkles of hope, a ſower-ſweet of pleaſures, which kindle themſelves like flying fires, and are waſted even in their birth; bubbles of water which are blown up, and cracked in a moment: but the hell of Envie is an admirable hell; for it is a voluntary hell, where nothing pleaſeth, and each thing tormenteth; a hell, which containeth fire in it, and affordeth no light; a hell, which always hath the worm preſent, and never the remedy; a hell, which ſuprizeth by the eyes, and diveth even into the heart; a hell, which inceſſantly devoureth, and never conſumeth; which hath miſchiefs without hopes, toils void of repoſe, and torments without mercy; which is as the common feaver of all the gall of this Univerſe, which exerciſeth rage and fury, which hath the wanneſs of death without dying, and the cares of a diſaſtrous life without life. To divert the hearts of men from it I can propoſe but two reaſons: the firſt ſhall diſcover the malignity, and the other the calamity therof.

Erit terra eorum in picem ardentem, nocte, & die nòn extinguetur, in ſempiternum aſcendit fumus ejus.

It is true, that all vices are ſteeped in the venom of malice, which ſhould be a powerfu' motive for thoſe to fly them, who naturally love g lneſs: but envie hath I know not what kind of p. cular influence, which maketh it infinitely odious, and execrable. St. *Gregory Thaumaturgus* ſaith, It is a waſp of Satan, which ſtingeth men as a gad-fly doth oxen. S. *Baſil* of *Seleucia* calleth it the mother of murthers, S. *Cyprian* the moth of ſouls, and S. *Gregory Nyſſen* a diſeaſe of nature, a poiſoned gall, the root of vices, the mother of death, and a voluntary *Phthiſical* conſumption. All the *antient Fathers* breath out fire & flames when they diſcourſe of it, and indeed never can they ſpeak enough of it. Beſides their authority, which is of great value, Reaſon herein is very potent. For we muſt needs affirm, that by how much the more a vice participateth of the nature of Devils, who are as it were the patrons of ſin, by ſo much the more it is a vice; and envy is of the ſame condition: for it is the ſin, by ſingularity of denomination, called the ſin of the Devil. As in heaven the firſt was the ſin of Pride, ſo the firſt on earth was that of Envy, committed by the ſpirit of impurity; and S. *Auguſtine* excellently ſaith, Envie is a vice meerly Diabolical, a ſin which defileth the Devils, and irrecoverably damneth them. It ſhall not be ſaid to Satan in the ſentence of his damnation, that he hath polluted the beds of men by his adulteries, that he hath taken the goods of other men by his rapines, that he hath ſeized on demeans & poſſeſſions, driving away the lawful owners, but that he hath envied the felicity of man. The ſame Authour ſaith on the Epiſtle to the *Galatians*, That this vice hath the property to pour into the heart of men

Gregor. Thaum.

Οἶστρος ἀκατάσχετος μιαιφονίας τῷ Βασίλ. Seleuc.

Ὁ τῆς φόνου πατήρ. Cyprian. De zelo, & livore.

Greg. Nyſſ. in vita Moſis.

Sap. 2. Invidiâ Diaboli mors introivit in orbem terrarum. Aug. lib. 2. De doctr. Chriſtian.

Homini ſtanti invidiſti.

Aug. in Epiſt. ad *Galat.* citatur in *Gloſſa.* *In zelo invidiæ tota ſua viſcera ſerpens concutit, in hac imprimenda quaſi peſtem vomit.*

men the Poiſon of the enemie. Yea ſo it is, that particularly the infernal Serpent, when he imprinteth the ſin of envy in the heart of man, doth turmoil his very bowels, and extremely ſtriveth, as it were, to vomit the blackeſt peſtilence, which Hell containeth.

Diſcourſe even with your ſelf, whether the envious be not tainted with a ſpecial malignity, ſince that, beyond all other ſinners, they tranſcendently ſuck in the breath of the Serpent. This black malice more eaſily diſcovereth it ſelf in this, then in all the other mortal ſins, which are verily great exorbitancies of Nature, but they ſeem to have ſome pretext, which mollifieth the evil. The thief robbeth for his profit, the carnal man ſeeketh out his unlawfull luſts to extinguiſh the fire of his paſſion, the covetous man ſaith he is upon good husbandry, the ambitious flattereth himſelf with the thirſt of honour, which hath heretofore born ſway upon Altars; and ſo of other ſins, their malice hath always ſome heat of paſſion, of apparence of good to excuſe them: but the envious, what can he propoſe but a cold malignity, a black cruelty, a will determinately ill without ſemblance of good? Yea, you ſhall find many, that are in infinite abundance, as Dogs couched on hay, who will not eat thereof, for it is not their cuſtome, nor are they willing other creatures, for whom God hath ordained it, ſhould come near it. Many there are, as *Tantalus*, ever in the middeſt of Fountains, yet drink not, and perpetually beholding him with a jealous eye, that would taſte thereof.

The Fable of the two envious men ſo celebrated is not feigned; we too much approve it in our manners. For it being permitted them to chooſe what each would ask, on this condition, that, his requeſt being allowed him, his companion's ſhare be doubled; the firſt, who was extremely covetous, had all his deſires fixed in the earneſt demand of gold and ſilver, but diſcourſing with himſelf, that by asking he ſhould do a pleaſure to another, this onely conſideration ſtayed him, and never would he afterward open his mouth to make ſuch a requeſt; the other made choiſe to loſe one of his own eyes, that his companion might have it doubled, and be deprived of both.

How many are there at this day in the world, who, embarked with their enemies in the ſame veſſel, care not to periſh, ſo that they dying may glut their eyes with the death of thoſe whom they hate: A moſt ſtrange malignity to forget the preſervation of one's own perſon, to which we are by Nature ſtreightly obliged, to ruin another. The eyes of *Gorgons*, the hiſſing of Serpents, the aſpect of Baſilisks, are nothing in compariſon of an enraged Courtier, when he beholdeth him to be carried on the wings of favour, whom he would gladly ſee utterly confounded without recovery. Do we not behold the eyes of a dog, when the fortune of another is envied, and the heart of a ſtag, when queſtion is made of the works of courage? Where are not men to be ſeen, who devour one another alive with miſchievous aſpects, and carry even on their foreheads the gall of their envenomed hearts? Where are not ſuch malign ſpirits to be found, who play at faſt and looſe, thruſting him in an inſtant down to the loweſt part of the wheel, who was at the top. At the Court all things moſt commonly fall ſhort, but malice, and envy. It is verily the extremity of miſery, when Great ones do with an open ear too much grace the deſignes of the envious, making themſelves as it were inſtruments of a furious Panther, for the ruin of the innocent. If we ought to ſtop our ears with wax among the ſongs of *Sirens*, here we have need to have them all of Diamond. What can the envious man expect from this Diabolical malice, but the reward of *Cain*, in the ſeparation from the ſight of God, and perpetual affrightments? *O* Cain, *jealous* Cain, *Thou art amazed, that God regardeth not thy ſacrifice, and ſeeſt not, thou art divided, and ſevered within thy ſelf: I ſhall have ſomewhat to do with thy wicked ſacrifice. It is to much purpoſe to turn thy hand to an act of religion, and thy heart to envy. This which thou doeſt is not to appeaſe God, but to provoke him. It is to preſent him with ſacrifice in the one hand, and a ponyard in the other*: ſaid S. *Bernard.*

Bern. Ser. 24 in Cant. *Quid miraris, ô Cain, ſi non reſpicit ad te, qui ità diviſus es in te? Si manum devotioni, quid animum das livori? Non conciliat Deum tibi diſcors tecum: non placat, ſed peccat. Etſi necdùm fratricida, jam tamen fidei ida tenerù.*

And truly to touch the ſecond Reaſon, although the Diveliſh malice of this vice cannot gain conqueſt over hearts to divert them, yet ought the calamity it draweth along with it to beget in our ſouls a perpetual horrour thereof. This ſin is no ſooner born, but it hath its torments and executioners attending. All that which may be truly called miſerable cometh to us from Envy, and the hatred of our neighbour. Firſt it bereaveth us of an infinite number of bleſſings, which we might enjoy by the means of charity. Nothing is ſo rich as the love of God; all beauties, all riches, all poſſeſſions are tributary thereunto. Yea, love in loving, I know not by what kind of powerful Alchimy, draweth all to itſelf, changeth all into itſelf, and maketh the whole world its own. This is the diſcourſe, which S. *Auguſtine* made of it. O prodigie! Will you know an effectual means how to become in a ſhort time rich, wiſe, fortunate, and holy? You have nothing to do, but to love. *Virginity pleaſeth you, and have you it not? Love it in your brother, and ſiſter, to whom God hath granted it, it is yours. This man hath more knowledg then you, and you perhaps more patience then he; love his knowledg, and he your patience, and you both ſhall be contented. Another is more watchful then you, and you faſt better then he; love his watchfulneſs, and let him love your faſting, and then behold you ſhall become watchfull, and abſtinent.* That, which I ſay of virginity, patience, knowledg, induſtry, and abſtinence is alſo to be underſtood of all other bleſsings, which we by loving make our own. Such was the exerciſe of (*) *David*, who taſted the good of another as peculiar to himſelf: he ſanctified himſelf in all Saints, he inſtructed himſelf in all the Sages; he enriched himſelf in all the rich, he participated with all the juſt. Behold you not here the admirable Philoſophy of Love?

Aug. libro quinquag. Homiliarũ *Homiliâ* 15. tom. 10. *Concede illi, cui Deus gratiam aliquam dedit, tua eſt. Habet ille fortè virginitatẽ, ama illam, tua eſt. Tu habes fortè majorem patientiam, dilige te, & ſua eſt. Ille poteſt ſatis vigilare, ſi non invideat, tuum eſt ſtudium ejus. Tu fortè poteſ amplius jejunare, amet te, ſuum eſt jejunium; quia tu per charitatem in illo es, & ipſe in te eſt.*

This being true, as it is moſt evident, conſider the evils, and diſaſters, which proceed from Envy. So many bleſſings, as the Sun daily diſcovereth to you in ſo infinite numbers of creatures, may by loving be yours, and in not loving every happineſs, each proſperity of your neighbour is an iron Lance in your ſide, a Thorn in your heart, and a Nail in your eye. Have we ſo few misfortunes in the world, that we muſt ſeek them in the proſperity of others? The earth vomiteth up miſeries, which dayly draw Tears from our eyes, Sighs from our hearts, and Compaſſion from our moſt obdurate ſouls: yet not content therewith, inſtead of ſearching out ſome lenitive for our wounds in union, and charity, we envy our neighbour, thereby bereaving our ſelves of all comforts, and deep drenching us in all the miſeries of the world. For what evil is comparable to that of envy; to be perpetually like a wretched Owl, not able to endure the day-light of another's proſperity; to be as a ravenous Vulture, who flyeth from ſweet ſavours, and ſearcheth out Carion, to imitate the Fly, which delighteth among Wounds, and Ulcers? What a life is it to run up and down

(*) *Particeps ſum omnium timentium te.* Pſal. 118. 63. *Ex alienis bonis, quæ ſi diligeretis, veſtra faceretis bona; non diligendo, veſtra facitis mala.* Gregor. in Paſtorali.

taxing the imperfections of your brethren, and never to open an eye to the ſplendour of their virtue? *What a life is it to make the evil of another your good, to have his proſperity your executioner, his glory your puniſhment, ever to bear an ill diſpoſition in your breaſt, to cary tallons, nails, and ſharp combs of Iron in your own proper entrails, and never to end your ſin, to make thereby your torments immortal?* This is it, which the eloquent S. *Cyprian* ſpake in theſe terms. Although through envy ſome profit or parcel of good might be drawn from the ſubject envied, by extenuating the honour, or good of a neighbour, with ſome benefit applicable to ones ſelf, yet God oftentimes permitteth, that by the means of envy the glory of thoſe, who are ſo maligned, is made more illuſtrious. So the brothers of *Joſeph*, in being deſirous to make him a ſlave, gave him opportunity to become a Lord over all *Egypt*. So the envy of *Saul*, when he leaſt thought of it, ſet the Crown on *David*'s head, and affording him matter of affliction gave him occaſion of triumph. So *Maximinian* the Tyrant through the jealouſie of the honour attributed to *Conſtantine* contributed all that, which a deſperate envy could invent, and a great virtue ſurmount. He firſt made him General of an army, which he ſent againſt the *Sarmatians* (a people extremely furious) ſuppoſing he there ſhould loſe his life. The young Prince went thither, and returned victorious, leading along with him the Barbarian King enchained. It is added hereunto, that this direful Prince, excited by a moſt ardent frenzy in his return from this battle, engaged him in a perillous encounter with a Lyon, which he purpoſely had cauſed to be let looſe upon him: but *Conſtantine*, victorious over Lyons, as well as men, ſlew this fell beaſt with his own hands, and impreſſed an incomparable opinion in the minds of his Souldiers, which eaſily gave him paſſage to the Throne by the ſame degrees, which were prepared for his ruin. We muſt have an *Euryſtheus* to make up an *Hercules*. Envy many times layeth the firſt ſtone of the Temple of Virtue, ſhe beareth puſillanimity on her forehead, and the condemnation of her impotency in heart, to ſerve as a Trophy of courage, and a badge of valour.

Quale eſt anima tuca in malum proprium bona convertere aliena, illuſtrium proſperitate torqueri, aliorum gloriam pœnam ſuam facere, & velut quaſdam pectori ſuo carnifices admovere, qui ſe inteſtinis cruciatibus lacerent, & ſecreta cordis malevolentia unguis pulſent? Cyprian. *De zelo, & livore.*

What courſe do you then think to take for concluſion, both you who envy, and you who are maligned. If envy be a Diabolical vice, and a Hell of calamity, why do you not aſſume to you the bowels of a charity truly Chriſtian, to love the gifts of God himſelf in your enemies? Firſt accuſtom your ſelves to be contented with your eſtate, and that condition of life, which God hath allotted you. For from thence ſpringeth the envy, whereby each one thinketh the field of his neighbour more fertile then his own: each one beholdeth with a jealous eye all above him, and hath no ſight to contemplate what is under him. Every one would change that which he is, into that which he cannot be, but by miſchief, or injuſtice. The Ox in the Fable ſaith, if he were an horſe well-furniſhed, and capariſoned as that glorious beaſt (who doeth nothing but prance, or curvet in a field, or ſtreet) he would work wonders: none ſhould be more able, nor fit to draw a Coach then he; to go into the Wars none ſhould be found more couragious then he: but behold him perpetually in the Wain under the hand of a Paiſant, what means hath he to do any brave thing? Yet, admit you ſhould lay Foot-cloaths, and rich habiliments on him, he would ever be an Ox. Why do you diſturb your ſelf about the change of your condition, and not rather ſay: My God, thou guideſt Lives, Eſtates, and Conditions; it is a Muſick, which thou compoſeſt of many accords; it is a Table of many Colours; it is a Body of many Members: why ſhould I make a falſe Harmony, an extravagant Colour, or a prodigious Member? It ſufficeth me to be a party in this Muſick, this Table, this Body: ſet me high, ſet me low, let me be white, let me be black, make me head, make me foot. My God, it is in thee to give me my part, and in me to play it well. Why ſhould I kick againſt the ſpur like a jade? Why, being but a miſerable earthen pot, ſhould I argue againſt my Potter? If the man, whom I envie, meriteth this good fortune, I wrong thy juſtice to malign him, and if he deſerve it not, is he not more worthy of compaſſion then envie, ſince all his greatneſs will ſerve him but for a burthen in this life, and a condemnation in the other. If all make for me in loving, why ſhould I through want of love deprive my ſelf of ſo great a power, which of all things is the moſt eaſie? Why ſhould I create a Hell in my ſelf, where thou haſt a purpoſe to erect a Paradiſe.

You who are maligned, to oppoſe envie render your ſelves truly virtuous, know there are no ſhadows without light, nor envie without ſome gift of God. If the Fagot ſmoaks when it beginneth to burn, when the flame ſhall have gotten the upper-hand, there will be no ſmoak at all. Natural Philoſophers obſerve, that the Rain-bow in the Heavens is not eaſily formed at noon-tide in the ſcorching days of Summer, becauſe the Sun, vigorous in his exaltation, diſſipateth, waſteth, and diſpelleth the Clouds. When you ſhall be mounted to the higheſt pitch of heroick virtue, envie ſhall neither have Bowe, nor Arrow to aſſail you; all ſhall ſtoop to your eminence, and calumny it ſelf ſhall crack, when Truth ſhall dart reſplendent flaſhes into all eyes. Vinegar is ſaid to be uſed for pretious ſtones, which have their fire frozen over, and their luſtre eclipſed: you muſt have a little touch of acerbity to enlighten your valour. The Moon ſeemeth for a time to darken the Sun when it is eclipſed, and yet ſhe daily rendereth the tribute of her light. Envie, which maketh a ſhew to eclipſe you, will make your praiſes multiply by its ſlanders, your repoſe by its battles, and your crowns by your humiliation. No man accompteth it ſtrange, that Cantharides fix themſelves upon Roſes, they no leſs are Roſes for being blaſted by this petty Catterpiller. It is well known, they are not ſatisfied but with the faireſt flowers; you have nothing to do but to ſhake them off, and thereby enjoy the odour of the beauty of the Queen of beauties.

Fear not to be deſpiſed, becauſe you are envied, if you do not before-hand debaſe your ſelf to envie through imbecillity of heart. Nay, rather the moſt envied will be ſought out for a mark of an eminent virtue. The envious will be the more diſſipated, envie will be trampled under foot, and merit crowned by the hand of Juſtice.

The twelfth OBSTACLE.

Ambition, and Avarice.

AFter ſo many rocks, after ſo many counter-buffs, & perils, behold the ſhelf of ſhip-wrack, Ambition, which is a furious avarice to be able to do all, and to have all. It is an itch, which great men bear upon them from their mother's womb, to ſtir up in them a perpetual ſcratching; an itch, the malignity whereof oftentimes turneth their brain even to the making of Heaven to bow under the rules of the earth. Amongſt the difficult queſtions, which the *Angel* propos'd to the Prophet *Eſdras*, one was to weigh the fire, and the other to meaſure the wind, the laſt to

Ambition an itch.

Angelical Enigmas. *Eſdras* 4.

to number the veins of the abyss. Ambition is a devouring fire, who can poize it? It is a wind, who can fathom it? It is an abyss, who is able to recount the sources and issues thereof? A wise man saith very well, that the middle of the earth hath bin found, the depth of the sea hath bin sounded, the height of the *Riphean* hills hath bin measured, the remotest limits of the hollow caverns of *Caucasus* have bin discovered; the head-spring of *Nilus* hath not escaped, onely in the heart of man we cannot find the bounds of the desire of commanding. This passion is no longer a mean folly, it is arrived to the height of rage, the evil is so great it is unknown. Man is so far from discovering the remedy, that he as it were despaireth of health. It is enough, if some lenitive may be applyed. That great wit *Hippocrates* wished a consultation of all the Physicians of the world, to advise upon the means how to cure covetousnes. It is now above two thousand years ago since he had this desire; after him a thousand and a thousand Philosophers have imployed their endeavour to recover this pestilent fever; all have lost their labour therein, the evil increasing in the multitude of remedies, the sick men are all frantick: when the wind of ambition hath raised them to the height of the wheel, they will never descend but by a precipice. It is a most particular favour of God, if it happen, that an ambitious man doth once open his eys to know himself, to measure himself, to put limits upon his desires; and yet notwithstanding the motives and obligations which he hath thereunto are most manifest, as I will make it appear in the sequel of this discourse.

Desire of *Hippocrates* *Hippocrates* Epist. ad Abderit.

First, the Scripture, speaking of ambition, calleth it a foreign vice. Pride in man is not in its element, it alwaies seeketh height, and man is even lowness it self. What is man, if we consider him in his own nature without the assistance of grace, but an excrement of impurity in his conception, a silly creature in his birth, a bag and sponge of ordures in his life, a bait for worms in his death? The soul is in the body, as in a Chariot of Glass: The days are the Couriers, which perpetually run upon a full gallop: The four wheels are vanity, weakness, inconstancy, misery: The way is of ice; the goal is death; and the end oftentimes is a precipice. The pleasures thereof (as saith *Plato*) are winged, and wholly armed with pricks and stings, to leave in flying a sharp point in the heart, the dolour and discontents thereof drench it in a cup full of Gall, and its feet are of lead, never to forsake it. Can then such a creature be possessed with ambition, such a dung-hill nourish pride? All that we behold both above and beneath, on the right, on the left hand, in this great house of Nature, serves as a lesson of humility for us. Heaven, which circumvolveth over our heads, enamel'd with Stars, created in a higher place than we; the Earth, which we tread under our feet, which serveth us for a nurse, afterwards for a sepulchre; the little Air we breath, without which we cannot live; the Water, which in its wonder hath swallowed up wisdom, and afterwards the bodies of the most knowing men of the earth, as we read of *Aristotle*: beasts, whose spoils we carry about us; our body, which according to account hath for its portion about three thousand diseases; our soul, which knoweth not what shal become of her, and which cannot tell whether she shall serve as an immortal fewel to those devouring flames that have no limits but eternity, or no: All preach to us our baseness, all thunder out the terror and affrightments of God's judgments; and amongst so many subjects of humility you (O Noblemen) have leisure to puff up your selves, and to fill your minds with the gentle breathing blasts of imaginary honour. At the least, if needs you must elevate your selves, if you of necessity must take a great deal of state upon you, choose the best way: but (insensible as you are) what do you take upon you, becoming ambitious? the life of a slave, the life of *Cain*. This is the second consideration which I propose, of power sufficient to instruct a soul, that will give never so little predominance to reason. We all naturally love liberty, and suppose, *that to be of one's self, is an inestimable good.*

Reasons and remedies. Psal. 18. 14. *Ab alienis parce servo tuo.* Ambition a foreign vice. A singular description of man.

Ambition the life of a slave.

Inaestimabile bonum est suum esse. Senec. ep. 67.

Now the most captive Gally-slaves are not greater bond-men then the ambitious. The slave hath a chain, & a captain who proudly insulteth over him; an ambitious man hath as many fetters as he hath appetites, as many servitudes as pretensions, as many slaveries as manners of ambition. His Captain is his unguided passion, which tyrannizeth over him day and night with all possible cruelty. The slave practiseth and tameth himself in his own condition: the ambitious is always savage, he always flyeth before himself, and never overtaketh himself, to enter into himself. He is in no place, because he would be every where, and yet notwithstanding he is tormented every where, his fever burneth him where he is not. The slave freeth himself with money, the ambitious man findeth gyves of gold and silver. The slave findeth no chain so streight, but that it sometimes giveth him leave to sing; the ambitious is never free out of himself: there are nothing but objects of frenzie, fire-brands of concupiscence; and within himself there is not any thing but worms, flames, and executioners. The slave findeth at least liberty in death, and death which carryeth the key of all close coverts cometh lastly to unloos al the bands of his servitude; an ambitious soul, as soon as it is parted from the body, is consorted with Devils in their tortures, as it imitated them very nearly in their passion. What a life, what a death is this? Find you any comparable, if not that of unfortunate *Cain*? The Scripture saith that he withdrawing himself from the sight of God did inhabit the land of instability: and *Procopius* thereto addeth an antient tradition, that he perpetually saw certain spectres with swords of fire; which brought horrible affrightments upon him. Is the ambitious man better used? Is not he perpetually separated from the face of God, seeing (as saith S. *Hierom*) man is divided from the Divinity, not by the degrees of body, but of soul, which are the affections? And how much more the soul is scattered in the waste emptines of ambition, which is indeed a meer vanity, so much more it strayeth from this sovereign Majesty, which is the onely verity. Is it not in the Kingdom of inconstancy? In every place where he setteth his feet, there is nothing but slippery Ice, or downfal. The saying of the Prophet is accomplished in his person: *Let their way be made dark and slippery, and the Angel of our Lord persecute them.* Behold all the most lamentable extremities, which may be imagined in a voyage; ever to go upon Ice, and theron to walk in the obscure darkness of the night, and to have behind you in the rear a Sergeant, who hasteneth you forward; and all this is found in the life of the ambitious. What passage is not slippery in the favours of the world, all which are feathered and full of mutable conditions? What darkness is there in a wretched creature, who hath no pity at all of himself, who maketh a liberty of his fetters, honour of his ignominy, and trophies of his torments? What Sergeant is more troublesom? What spectres, & what swords of fire more terrible then the pricks of this enraged passion, which is as much, and as violently forceth man, as a Bull goared with a goad

The life of *Cain*. Gen. 4. 16. Hebr. אֶרֶץ נוֹד *Procop.* in Genes.

Hier. Epist. ad Damas. *Peccantes recedunt à Deo affectuum non locorum spatiis.*

All the world teacheth us the lesson of humility.

Psal. 34. 6. *Fiat via illorum tenebræ, & lubricum, & Angelus Domini persequens eos.* Extreme disaster.

rusheth through some headlong precipice? Where is it, that the ambitious man can find place of stability, and centre of repose? If he be in quest of honour, (and when is he not?) behold him in a whirl-pool, in fire; behold him in the feverish accesses of heat, and cold, which afford him no intermission. Admit, he obtain what he pretendeth unto, no sooner is he engaged in one way, but his feet itch to transfer him to another. If he be put upon terms of repulse, behold him drenched in desperate and furious Envie, which maketh him die as many deaths, as there are others more happy then himself. Verily, the wheel of *Ixion* is a silly Fable in comparison of the tortures of the ambitious. That was a sport, which *Heliogabalus* did, when he took his Courtiers, and commanded them to be tied, and trussed fast to a great wheel, and then rolled, and turned them up and down in the water, taking infinite pleasure to see them sometime aloft, sometime below, sometime to taste the sweetness of the air, and sometime to be deeply plunged in the water, where of necessity they drank more then enough. Ambitious men daily act the same play, but they personate it Tragically: their life is wholly composed of leaps, bounds, and skips; they are the very reeds, the very shuttle-cocks of inconstancy, they are meer wind-blown baloons, which are tossed this way and that way, sometime with the foot, sometime with the hand. They are enforced upon all occasions to bear the fool's bable, and they miserable have drunk with so long and deep draughts of the water of forgetfulness, that they cannot awaken themselves from their drunkenness, until death come to close up their eyes.

Envie.

The wheel of *Heliogabalus*. *Lampridius* in *Heliogab.*

Were it not a thousand times better to plant Coleworts, and roast Chesnuts, then to live amongst so many servile complacences unworthy of a noble spirit, so many frustrated pretensions, so many illusions, so many scornfull repulses, so many hopes, which crack like a cloud, and raise a tempestuous storm, where shade, and sweet refreshment is expected? It is a wonder to behold men to betray their reason to court the Fortunes of Great men, to bereave themselves of comfort, repose, and liberty, to be surprized in a Mill full of skreaking noises, in a confused turmoil of difficult and thorny affairs, poorly to beg a little favour, which perpetually escapeth them, and oftentimes breaks as a glass in the beauty of its lustre. *Petrarch*, well acquainted with these considerations, spake these most remarkable words: "Miserable "ambitious men, every one hath so much trouble to "spin the web of his own affairs, and to bring them "to a good end, and thou with much chearfulness of "heart pryest into other mens business, yea into the "affairs of Great men, whom it is impossible to "please without perpetual servitude, nor displease "without most evident danger. After you began to "serve others, you ceased to live to your self: life, "virtue, renown, repose, safeguard, all is lost to thee. "Great men love none but such, who forsake all to "make themselves slaves to their passions.

Captivity of charges.

Petrarch. Dialog. 47. lib. 1. *De remedio. Sua negotia gerere laboriosum, quid cenſeas aliena, præcipuè potentium, quibus placuisse perpetua servitus est, displicuisse discrimen? Ex quo ambitioni servire cœpisti, tibi vivere desiisti. Vilis tibi est anima, virtus, fama, quies, otium, securitas. Vix diligunt Reges, nisi qui, omnibus negotiis, se eorum libidini servum fecit.*

What sweats of death, saith Mounsieur *D'Ancre*, never to have one hour of rest, to be enforced to give audiences, troublesom, tumultuous, and clamorous; to hear and receive suits, and unjust supplications; to be embroiled in affairs, replenished with knots and thorns; to make Manual Signatures devoid of conscience, that you may not displease a Great man; to grant unlawfull Decrees, wicked Commissions, attended by infamous executions?

Although the pretensions of ambition were a whole world, can they deserve to be purchased with the prejudice of conscience? What would it avail man to be absolutely Lord of the whole Universe for a time, and a sacrifice of Hell for ever? But that, which maketh the madness of ambitious men much more ridiculous, and deplorable, is, that they all their life-time take pains for wind, for smoak, for nothing. The world useth them as *Laban* did poor *Jacob*: after he had been roasted, congeled, afflicted, hammered on all sides, he thought to have a fair *Rachel*, and found a blear-ey'd wench by his side. Every day a thousand fair promises, a thousand hopes, a thousand fansies, and no effect. This fair *Rachel*, this pretended honour, after so many services cometh not; disgrace, much more ugly then was *Lea*, is to be found in the same bed of repose.

The ambitious travel for *Rachel*, and find *Lea*.

It oftentimes happeneth, the greatest men, who have passed some thirty, some fourty years, to build a Fortune with a thousand disturbances, a thousand indignities, find, they must part with this world, and that they have heaped up nothing but a poor title to make a fragment of an Epitaph on their Tomb: that is it, which the *Latine* Philosopher bravely pronounced. Yet are these the most fortunate. Others, without ever setting foot into pretended greatness, fall piece-meal into ruin. They are tragical Stage-plays, where the successes of the ambitious may be read both in sacred, and profane Histories. An *Haman* hanged on a gibbet fifty cubits high, to be beheld afar off, and on a gibbet, which he had prepared for a man, whom he deigned not to rank amongst the number of his slaves. An *Absalom*, after he had disturbed the Court of his father, found snares in the hairs of his own head to entangle him (as it is said) to a fatal tree, and die transfixed with the sharp points of three Lances. An *Abimelech*, after he had made his enraged ambition float in the blood of threescore and ten of his own brethren, crushed under a Tyle, thrown from the hand of a woman. *Nebuchadnezzar* became a beast. *Semiramis* slain in a brutish passion by the hand of her own Son. *Cæsar* gored with many stabs of daggers in the Senate-house of *Pompey*, after he had caused golden mountains to be carried in triumph, finding no more land to conquer, he having gained so much, wanted five or six foot of ground to make him a Sepulchre. Another, who had taken for ensign a world, with the helm of a Ship, and his Motto, *Hoc opus*, shewing, that his ambitions transported him not to any lower pitch, then the world's conquest, found himself to be in a worse estate then if he had been a Swabber in a Ship. Another Favorite of *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*, mounted to so high a degree of honour, that he had but two discontentments in this life; the one, that he could grow no more, so great he was become; the other, that the King, with all his revenews, seemed to him too poor to add any encrease of riches. Few days after, this miserable creature was surprized by King *Ptolemy* courting a Mistress of his, for which contempt in that instant the Lady was enforced to drink poison, and the unfortunate Courtier was hanged before his own lodging. Another minion of the Emperour *Constantius*, after he had manag'd the affairs, wars, revenews, houshold, Person of the Emperour, was disgraced, and put to death, because he presented to his Master (at that time incensed with choler) a Pen, ill-made for writing, to sign certain Dispatches withall. *Macrinus*, a Hunter, a Fencer, a Scrivener, became an Oratour, then a Fiscal, next Pretour of the Palace, then Emperour, and lastly was massacred with his Son *Diadumenus*. *Ablavius*, most powerfull under *Constantine*, torn in pieces under *Constantius* as a Victim.

Quosdam, cum in consummatam dignitatis per multas indignitates ineptissimè, misera subit cogitatio ipsos laborasse in tumulos sepulchri. Senec. De brevit. vitæ cap. 19.

Tragical events. *Ester.* 2 *Reg.* 18. *Judic.* 9. *Dan.* 4. *Riarius* apud *Typotium. Enxenides. Guevar.* Courtif. 26. 4. *Julius Capit.* *Eunapius* in *Ædes.*

What circumvolutions, what Comedies, what Tragedies, what Examples to those, who in this world have

have no other aim but to become great, caſting under foot all Laws, both Divine, and Humane? Out alaſs! it is ſaid, that *Cambyſes*, King of *Perſia*, to teach Juſtice to a certain Preſident of his, who newly then entered into Office, commanded him to cover the chair of Judicature with the skin of *Seſamnes* his father, put to death, and flayed, becauſe he had been an ill Judg. What ſhould he do, being ſeated on this wofull Tribunal, upon the blood of his father, but become wiſe by a dreadfull experience? An infinite number of ambitious men are in Office, and Magiſtracy, mounted upon the ruins, and blood of their Predeceſſours, who have made moſt wicked, and deplorable trials, and have purſued the ſame ways, without fearing the like event.

Herodot. lib. 5.

Note.

Inſtructions.

I. Learn (O Noblemen) that all the greatneſs of the world cannot make you Great, if not by contempt of it. All therein is little, and yet to deſpiſe that little, is a great matter.

Sixtus in Bibliotheca Patrum. *Non eſt minimum in humana vita negligere minima. Semper circumveniunt montem Sir, & nunquam ad terram promiſſionis perveniunt.* Petrus Bleſenſis *pag.* 40.

II. Know, that your Fortunes ought to be as the Halcyon's neſt, which ſeemeth ſowed to her body. Matters moſt aptly proportioned to our nature are the beſt. What face ſoever a man ſets upon it, he is little. Much turmoil of government, and affairs, may well hinder him, but never make him happy.

III. You muſt uſe the honour, which God hath allotted you, as the coin of his coffers, for which you in his laſt judgment are accomptable, and muſt limit your pretenſes and deſires with mediocrity: otherwiſe you ſhall be as they, who wandered perpetually about the mountain of *Sir*, without ever arriving at the land of Promiſe.

Concluſion of the Second Book,

That the life of a bad Courtier is a perpetual obſtacle to Virtue.

TO approve good by words, and purſue evil in effect: to condemn the world, and adore it: to deſire heaven, and be fixed to the earth: to love one's ſelf exceſſively, and live perpetually contrary to the better part of our ſelf: to ſeek for peace, and live in an everlaſting warfare: to lodg in one ſame heart, fire and ice, ſickneſs and health, joy and ſorrow, death and life: to command imperiouſly, and obey faintly: to be ever abroad, and never out of priſon: to dream without ſleep, and ſleep without repoſe: to be divided to all the world, and never within one's ſelf: to wiſh that which cannot be had, and contemn what is poſſeſſed: to ſeek after that which hath been deſpiſed, and hourly to change reſolution: to exerciſe no piety but by conſtraint, nor reaſon but by fits: not to avoid one ſin but by another, and to deſcend into the precipice with open eyes: to take up the buckler after the wound received, and to be cured by the overthrow of health: to ſlake thirſt with ſalt water, and quench fire with ſulphure: to have no conſtancy, but for evil, nor amity for any thing, but that which deſerveth it not: to have fottiſh actions, and glorious pretexts; as much faith as the Ice, and aſſurance as the Wind: to be the ſlave of a thouſand falſe Deities, and not to reflect on the true Divinity: to prefer the fetters and onions of *Egypt*, before the liberty and palms of the heavenly *Sion*: to leave Paradiſe, to follow the gardens of *Tantalus*, and thoſe enchanted Iſlands, which recoil backward according to the proportion we think to approach them: to carry, under a ſmooth countenance, a heart ſpotted as the skin of a Panther: to join a voluptuous life to a penurious; avarice to prodigality; ſervitude to predominance; nobility to baſeneſs; pride to miſery; & envy to pity: to promiſe without faith, ſwear without regard, command without reaſon, appoint without order, affect without choiſe, hate without cauſe, walk without a path, and to live perpetually baniſhed from one's ſelf, ſo to become too much tied to one's ſelf: This is the life of a Courtier, who hath alienated himſelf from the life of God. Add hereunto, that vice is commonly waited on with a moſt painfull life, wherein, if endeavour be not uſed to ſanctifie it by virtue, there is found a Hell anticipated, where a Paradiſe is imagined.

Petrus Bleſenſis, Chancellour to the Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, having ſome time attended in the Court of the King of *England*, recounteth the evils, he there found by experience, in a Letter, which he addreſſed to the Chaplains of the ſame Prince. There he complaineth, the Courtiers many times ſuffer for Hell all thoſe pains, which St. *Paul* endured for Heaven: for they are expoſed to dangers, both of ſea, and land, rivers, and mountains, thieves, and falſe brothers, to faſting, and watching, to wearineſs, and to all the incommodities of humane life. Epiſt. 4.

He hath ſeen (he ſaith) bread and wine ſerved up, which one could not put into their mouths without ſhutting their eyes, ſuch loathing it enforced, and viands that killed men under the ſhew of nutriment. He hath known Lords draw their ſwords for a cabbin, which deſerved not a battel among hogs. He hath ſeen a Prince, who delighted to be attended by Officers ſuddenly ſurprized, to whom he gave notice of his remove, when they had Phyſical drugs in their bellies, and made them oftentimes run themſelves out of breath through foreſts, and darkneſs, and at other times, to pine away in expectation of all that which would but fruſtrate their hope. He hath ſeen harbingers troubleſom before they received gifts, and moſt ungrateful after they had them, who made no ſcruple to put an honeſt man out of his lodging, and to pull him both from table and bed, that he might lie in the ſtreets. He hath ſeen at Court Porters worſe then *Cerberus*, with whom the memory of a benefit laſted not three days, and who took pleaſure to make thoſe ſtand in the durt and rain, that had obliged them.

Buffoons and Jeſters found ever free paſſage: nothing but virtue & honeſty had a wainſcot face ſhewed them. Finally, all the plagues of *Egypt* dwelt there, frogs, flies, ulcers, rivers of blood, a land of iron, a heaven of braſs: ſuch a confuſion of men & beaſts, of affairs and concurrences, of game and quarrels, that this kind of life ſeemed to be a little figure of Hell.

I paſs under ſilence what *Lucian* hath written of the miſery of ſervitours, and officers of great men, in the *treatiſe*, which he to that purpoſe made for his friend *Timocles*. There you behold one not yet become an arrant gull, who thruſts him ſelf forward to make a fortune in the houſe of a rich man; he beginneth to get the favour of ſome ſervants, who make mops and mews at him behind his back, when they have taken his gifts: he cloatheth himſelf in faſhion, and puts on the livery of him, whoſe grace he ſeeketh, he multiplies his paces, & viſits daily, never gaining one good countenance from my Lord, nor my Lady. In the end, if it once happen he be looked on, or ſpoken to, he is ſomewhat amazed, and maketh anſwer little to the purpoſe, which occaſioneth laughter. One obſerveth his reverences, another caſts an eye on his poſture; another takes account of his words. He is found to be ſomewhat ſottiſh, yet he is not out of hope, ſo that he may be favoured. Thereupon he muſt trot up and down the ſtreet, and employ his beſt friends to purchaſe his ſlavery. On the other part, inquiſition is made into his life, as if they would chooſe him Governour of a Province, and in the end

of

of the matter, it is found he is taken in but to keep a little dog. This is it, which happened to *Theſmopolis* the Stoick Philoſopher: for a *Roman* Lady that kept him in her houſe, after ſhe had called him aſide, and uſed much diſcourſe with him concerning his capacity, his virtue, and worth, ſhe reſolved to beſtow a great office on him, which was to take charge of her little Bitch that was ready to whelp.

When all obſtacles and oppoſitions are diſſolved, if one enter into the houſe of this Lord, he ſeemeth to paſs into Heaven, ſo unwillingly the golden yoke is put on, which murdereth him under the ſhew of enriching.

In the mean time the old ſervants look on this new-come gueſt, and if he be any thing lettered, or have ſome talents of wit, or ability, they fear leſt he ſhould grow too far into the good liking of the Maſter. Behold the cauſe, why they diſgrace him as much as they can, even to the framing of Hiſtories upon his genealogy, and life, which prove very prejudicial to him.

If bargain be to be made upon wages to be given him, they put into the liſt of account, the name, the quality, the titles of the houſe, and ſome ſuborned flatterer ſhall ſay, the ſervice he doth to ſo great a perſonage ought to be in the ſtead of recompenſe: yet notwithſtanding they ſpare not to amuze him upon the hope of great gratuities yearly given, of favours, and imaginary courteſies.

For this (ſaith he) he muſt paſs over bloody days, and reſtleſs nights, drop ſweats of death, live wretchedly, ſwallow affronts, praiſe all that which is blameworthy, and condemn what is laudable, flatter, lye, ſmile in looſing, and oft-times ſerve for a laughing-ſtock, as an ape tyed to his clog. He muſt bear coronets of flowers, and titles, like an old pillar of a tomb, and in effect have nothing, no, many times not ſo much as the wages bargained for, wherewith he cannot be payed, but by breaking all hope of payment.

To conclude, the Court reſembleth thoſe crafty Courtizans, who entertain witleſs Amoriſts with words, and never afford what they promiſe, until thoſe fall into the inability of giving, and theſe into diſtaſte of receiving.

That man is in ſome ſort excuſable, who takes pain to taſt ſome excellent viand: but to waſte one's ſelf with labour, and travel, to ſee another man feed, under the colour that he will afford us ſome part of that he enjoyeth, how can it be but ridiculous?

If you will have the Court in a piece of painting, repreſent unto your ſelf (ſaith he) a goodly golden Portal upon an inacceſſible mountain, all environed with precipices, where nothing is to be ſeen but arms and legs broken, but maimed and miſerable people; within riches ſitting, all of Gold, and very lovely: the Courtier beholdeth her with an eye full of admiration and aſtoniſhment. Hope, clothed in a party-coloured garment, goes before him, and taking him by the hand encourageth him to make his approach to this Divinity. Then followeth deceit, that delivers him over to ſervitude, ſervitude to travel, which perpetually toyleth him in an infinity of moſt painful labours. Travel, when it hath thorowly worn it out, gives him up to old age, already griſly pale, and invaded with many maladies. From thence ignominy ſeizeth on his perſon, and drageth him along againſt his will into deſpair, which is the cauſe hope flieth from him, and vaniſheth into ſmoke. Then he is no more ſuffered to paſs through the Golden Portal, by which he entered in, but through ſome wretched back-way Poſtern, that he may not behold the frightful ſpectacle of a poor decrepit old man, naked, gorbelled, and wan, who hideth his ſhame with one hand, and ſtrangleth himſelf with the other. He hath no better thing to meet withal at his going out, then repentance, which weeping waiteth on him in the way, the more to augment his miſery.

" Happy he, who, not being able to ſanctifie the " miſeries of the world, at the leaſt ſeeketh for a re- " treat in the ſweetneſs of repoſe.

THE THIRD BOOK,

Of the practice of VIRTUES.

The READER. *ſhall obſerve, this Book, being compoſed for a more familiar inſtruction, is the leſs inlarged in diſcourſes and allegations, but (as is moſt convenient) more knit and ſuccinct in precepts. I have purpoſely made it deciſive and in manner of Aphoriſms, as the Antients handled moral things, to make them the more compendious and profitable.*

The firſt SECTION.

Devotion of Great Men.

Nazian. in Iamb. Ἄφωνον ἔργον χρείσσον ἀπειλῆς λόγου.

OF more worth (ſaith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) is a good dumb work, then an eloquent Oration without effect. A golden tongue, and a leaden heart, never matched together. It is nothing for one to have the Trumpet on his lip, who hath not the Torch in his hand, according to the example of thoſe brave Soldiers of *Gedeon*. The voice of great S. *Athanaſius* was a thunder-clap, and his life a lightning-flaſh, ſaith the forealledged Authour, becauſe words never thunder well, if examples enlighten not.

To

To what purpose is it to warble like a Lute, and to be deaf to the harmony thereof? To carry wherewith to shift and cleanse others, as the ass of the hot-house, and be himself perpetually bemyred, and slovenly? To buzz up and down like a drone, or humble-bee, and neither make hony, nor wax? All the Devotion of a soul truly Christian tendeth to practice, as the line to its centre. Our wisdom (said S. *Cyprian*) is a prudence of works, not of words, or paper. This is it, which hath given me occasion, having treated of Motives, Obstacles, and Remedies, which men of quality may have in the way of spiritual life, briefly to prepare a little practice of virtues, which more concerneth their condition, to behold them afterwards appear in the History of Courts, which I purpose to begin in this present Volumn.

Cyp. *lib.* De patientia. *Philosophi factis, non verbis fuimus: nec magna loquimur, sed vivimus.*

It much importeth at the very first entrance, to make a good idea of Devotion, which many plaister over in their own manner, and attire with their passion, making that sometimes serve for vice, which beareth the sceptre of virtue. Some imagine devotion to be nothing but an ordinary practice of unseemly gestures, and motions, such as little puppets would make, if they were animated with some small quantity of quick-silver. Others make use of devotion, as *Dionysius* the Tyrant did of Philosophers, not that he loved them, but that folding himself in their cloaks, he thought he should be honoured by the people. So shall you finde sometimes in the world those, who for a vain interest of reputation will cloath themselves with the robe of false devotion, as if one should seek to shelter himself under a wet sack. I speak not here of devotion, which concerneth Religious men, nor that which is in the sweetness of contemplation, but I affirm the virtue of devotion, according to S. *Thomas*, is nought else but a prompt will to the service of God. Noblemen have cause to aspire thereunto.

True devotion of Great men. *Sentite de Domino in bonitate.* Sap. 1.

I. A good devotion in Great men is to have a great and faithfull feeling of the Majesty of God, not serving him with exteriour semblances, but sincerely, cordially, constantly, holding all the Maxims of state and condition under the rules of conscience; and disposing themselves rather to hazard all, then to lose God by one sole sin.

Note these points, and examine them often *Anima irreverenti & infrenata ne tradas me.* Eccl. 23.6.

II. A good devotion, to clip the wings of the covetousness of riches, and greatness: covetousness, which never findeth measure but in extremities, nor other period then a precipice. Take heed of a soul without bridle, without reverence.

III. A good devotion, not to reach at the goods of the Church by any false pretense, represented in the Court of *Rome*, by any black or covert deceits, sowed together with white thread, nor afterward to charge a man with titles, like an old Sepulchre, and hold to himself the Patrimony of *Jesus Christ*, therewith to fatten Dogs, and feed Hawks, or such other infamous creatures, which live on the sins of others. Finally, these goods are Eagle's feathers, which eat, and consume others: whilst a soul is lodged there, it remaineth in a bitterness replenished with gall, and in the perplexed intrications of sin.

In felle amaritudinis, & in obligatione iniquitatis. Actor. 8. 3 Reg. 21. *Va, qui conjungitis domum ad domum, & agrum agro copulatis usq; ad terminum loci. Nunquid habitabitis vos soli in medio terræ?* Isaiah 5. 8.

IV. A good devotion, not to encroach upon the possessions of your neighbour, nor enforce the good *Naboth* to sell his land for the accommodation and content of your Lordship, but, if he will leave it, to give him a good price, a reasonable rate, a full satisfaction. *Woe to you* (said *Isaiah*) *who annex house to house, inheritance to inheritance, as far as the land stretcheth. Would you dwell alone in the midst of the earth?*

V. A good devotion, in things, which one may rightfully exact, to be staid, just, temperate, not covetous, no Harpy, no tyrant, but to extend the bowels of compassion towards the poor, who are our flesh & blood, to open the eys, not to invent new impositions, that may draw the marrow from the people, but to take away, or lessen the old, that necessity requireth no more. *Salvianus* complaineth that in his time there were as many Tyrants as Lords & Courtiers. And that is the cause why God gave the *Roman* Empire as a prey to *Barbarians*, being Masters more mild then the covetousness of Great ones.

Dissolve colligationes impietatis, solve fasciculos deprimentes. Isaiah 58.6.

Salvian. l. 5. De guber. Quot Curiales, tot Tyranni.

VI. A good devotion, to discharge his debts, and promises, and never suffer the wages of the poor hireling to ly hid in his Coffers.

Non morabitur opus mercenarii tui apud te usque ad manè. Lev. 19. 13.

VII. A good devotion, to attend publick charges, which you are to undergo, especially those that concern distribution of justice, with understanding, conscience, and diligence: understanding, to know the affairs; conscience, to handle them faithfully; diligence, not to draw out the expedition of causes in languishing delays, so prejudicial to the publick.

Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis terram. Sap. 1.

VIII. A good devotion, in banishing superfluity of apparel and tast, excesses, curiosities, houshold-vices: to cause modesty, frugality, employment, and virtue to reign; and to be the first himself to light the Torch to his family. *You must necessarily expell delights; for their tenderness and excesses weaken and enervate all Religion.*

Tertul. De cultu fœminar. Discutienda sunt delicia, quarum mollitie, & sinum, fides virtus effœminantur.

IX. A good devotion, to make choise of servants, to instruct, or make them honest, and to esteem no man faithful in your service, who is disloyal to God: Not to be desirous to keep a bad servant for one's own interest, though the whole house would be changed into Gold by his hands.

Attende tibi a festisero, fabricat enim mala. Eccles. 11. 35.

X. A good devotion, to hinder disorders, and sins, which are committed in publick, when you have authority in your hands, without shewing your self insatiable to revenge your own proper injuries, and more cold then Ice in the quarrel of God. *When a man hath the power in his hands to stay a sin, to permit it is to commit it.* These are points of devotion, which we must hereafter more amply digest.

In cujus manu est ut prohibeat, juste agit, si non prohibet admittit. Salvian. *l. 5.*

The second SECTION.

In what all Devotion and spiritual life consisteth.

YOu, who aspire to spiritual life, know there are three sorts of man in you alone, the Vegetal, Animal, and Intellectual; and that all your perfection consisteth in putting the Vegetal and Animal man under the feet of the Intellectual. A great number of men are now a days Vegetals, that is to say, who so live as if they had no other soul but the vegetative, as plants, and lead the very life of the mushrome. Others are Animal, who make their souls wholy evaporate in sensual love, in choler, rage, in brutishness. Few shall you find, who are Intellectual, who work with reason, and understanding. And behold wherein consisteth our excellency and repose, to wit, in raising the Intellectual man, many times currishly trampled on under the feet of concupiscence, to his proper sphere, which is the knowledg and union with God.

Three sorts of man in us.

To arrive to this point, it is good to note a worthy doctrine of *Hugo* of S. *Victor*: to wit, that there is above us a creating Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in us a created Trinity, understanding, memory, will; about us a dangerous Trinity, titillation, delectation, consent; under us an unhappy Trinity, into which we fall by sin, ignorance, weakness, impuritie.

Hugo Misc. 2. codic. l. 3. pag. 17. Notable doctrine of *Hugo.*

impuritie. Reason falleth into a triple ignorance, of good and evil, of true and false, of suteable and disproportionable. Memorie into three kinds of thoughts; affectionate, being such as concern sensuality; burthensom, as appertaining to the toils of life; idle, as all vain thoughts are. The Will sufferеth it self to be surprized with three kinds of nets, which are concupiscence of flesh, concupiscence of eyes, and ambition of life.

A man reduced to this state resembleth King *Nebuchadnezzar*, who went out of his Throne to eat hay with brute beasts: so the miserable man, after he hath forsaken the seat of Reason, goeth into the stable with his bestial Passions. The true and onely means to free your self from such unhappiness, and to return to your first dignity, is to open your heart to the graces, and lights of the Holy Ghost, and to dispose your self to practice of virtues, which directly resist these three plagues of spiritual life, ignorance, weakness, impurity. These are the three monsters, which a spiritual man ought necessarily to subdue, that he afterward may enjoy an assured repose.

Now to the end you may the more perfectly understand the difference between the carnal and spiritual man, I will in this Discourse following set their Characters before your eyes.

The Character of the Carnal Man.

Drawn from *Prosper* lib. 3. *De vita contempl. Secundum scipsum vivere.*

This is a man, who liveth according to man, that is to say, according to himself, who applieth all to himself, and makes of himself his scope, his end, his Divinity. He goes whither he listeth; he converseth by humour and phantasie; he sleepeth when he will, and as much as he will; he eats, and drinks, and laughs, without rule, or measure; he speaks without discretion, or reservation. All that which is sweet to the smelling, soft in touching, pleasing to the eye, delicate to the tast, charming to the ear, seems to be created for him. He passionately seeks after it, and hath no other law in his passions, but the power of his brutishness, nor maketh any distinction of things permitted and prohibited in the licence of all pleasures.

A charitate sua conditoris & illustratoris resilit. Foràs in exteriora sic projicit. Sensatarum rerum imagines repræsentat.

All spiritual actions are hatefull to him: his soul, after it hath lost the good for which we were made, wandereth at random in the wast emptiness of creatures, and issueth out by the gates of all the senses, to glut its concupiscence.

If it happen he be deprived the contentments he pursues (as oftentimes the Divine Providence frameth Obstacles enough against his depraved desires) he entertaineth himself with the Idea of his pleasures, that he may leave nothing in his soul untainted with corruption: he makes his Memorie guilty by the representation of his passed lust; he heareth without Voice, he smelleth without Odour, he tasteth without Relish, he sees without Colours, he toucheth without Body, and createth imaginarie Sins to gain real Torments.

Illa rudis est, illa dicacula, illa deformis, illa formosa.

All his pastime is onely among Dogs, Horses, curiosities of the Throat, or Love. All women, who have made any impression on his Thoughts, are perpetually remembred in his discourse: one in his opinion is fair, and another courteous; one is rude, and another wily; this is plain, and that painted: the head-dressing of one pleaseth, the chopin of the other: behaviour is gracefull in this, discourse in the other.

In the end this immortal spirit is fixed to flesh, and sold to lust, to serve as an instrument for Devils in this life, and to afford fewel for the flames of Divine vengeance in the life to come.

The Character of the Spiritual Man.

Partly drawn from the same *Prosper* lib. 2. *De vita contem.* cap. 21. lib. 3. cap. 1. & lib. 1. cap. 12.

The spiritual man is properly he, who treadeth in the paths, which the Saviour of the world traced out unto us by his example: who contemneth the prosperities, which JESUS CHRIST despised, who feareth not the adversities, which he most courageously hath endured, who freely teacheth what he taught, who doth what he did, who hopes what he promised, and followeth where he led the way.

This is he, who meditateth how to satisfie reason, not sensuality, who more willingly acteth that which may edifie then delight; who rebateth the point of carnal desires by spiritual pleasures; who subjecteth the flesh to the spirit; who preferreth the present time before the future; who will do all which he will according to the rules of the will of God. He never slandereth; he never despiseth any man but himself; he knows what it is to maligne the prosperous, to persecute the miserable, to court the rich, to seek out his proper interests, to enlarge his estate by unjust practices, to sooth his fancies, to content his curiosity, nor to entertain his pleasures.

He is neither puffed up with pride, nor precipitated by ambition, tickled by vain-glory, nor enflamed with desire of honour; not over-born with delights, not gnawn by hatred, not troubled with contentions, not terrified by force, nor fostered by pleasure. Boldness makes him not impudent, iniquity unjust, obstinacy of heart untractable, inconstancy variable, rigour opinionative, fury witless, gourmandize curious, disobedience rebellious, vanity a vaunter, infidelity treacherous, easiness of nature fickle, cruelty harsh, perverseness jealous, revenge cholerick, nor malignity injurious. His whole life is admirably interlaced between action and contemplation, which make on earth a figure of Angels ascending and descending, giving us in this life already a taste of the benefits, which we hope in the other.

Active life makes him profit in the world, Contemplative sheweth him the way how he may surmount the world. The one goes to it by degrees, the other flies to the top; the one makes him holy, the other perfect; the one causeth him to pardon injuries, the other placeth him beyond the sense of an injurie; the one teacheth him to mortifie passions, the other establisheth him in the empire over all passions; the one directeth him to cloath the nakedness of the poor, the other makes him to be despoiled of himself; the one unlooseth the fetters of Prisoners by his hands, and the other enchaineth him to God; the one giveth succour to the afflicted by his means, and the other voluntarily makes him afflict himself in the imitation of the sufferings of JESUS CHRIST; the one hasteneth to a neighbour, and the other abideth in God; the one hath exercise, the other joy; the one conquereth, the other possesseth; the one knocketh at the door, the other entereth in; the one despiseth the world, the other enjoyeth God.

Finally, the spiritual man is a man covetous of eternity, prodigal of life, little careful of the present, certain of the future. A man, who seems no longer to have any commerce with the world, and who hath nothing so familiar as a life that is as it were buried in death, and who flieth above Sepulchres like an Angel, who holdeth not of the earth, but by the slender foot of natural necessities, and already toucheth heaven with a finger. A man, who is as yet in flesh, though he hath made an eternal divorce with flesh, who is under-foot to all the world by humility, and above all the greatness thereof by contempt of it: who binds himself, to be at liberty; who crucifieth himself, to combat; who mortifieth himself, to be the more vigorous; who withereth, to flourish again; and daily dieth, that he may never die.

From whence our evils come.

(a) *Oculis capti fodire cubilia talpæ.* Virgil. *Georg.*

(b) *Prima scelerum causa mortalibus ægris, Naturam nescire Dei.* Silius *lib. 4.*

(c) Five rays of the Soul.

Dignity of faith.

(d) *Fides res est audax, atque improba, perveniens quo non pertingit intelligentia: ipsa ascendit super Cherubin, & volat super Seraphin, senas alas habens.* *Aug.* apud *Guilelm. Lugdunens.*

(e) Prov. 21.

(f) *Et eras nubes tenebrosa, & illuminans noctem.* Exod. 14. 20.

The third SECTION.

Of the first Monster, which the Spiritual man should resist, to wit, Ignorance, and of the practice of Virtues, by which it is subdued.

THe greater part of men have dexterity in delving the ground like Moles (*a*), and have no eyes to behold the Sun. Yet all evils proceed from ignorance, and the want of the knowledge of God. (*b*) This is the first Monster, which we must assault, the first Obstacle we must take away. And for this effect observe a wholsome doctrine, to wit, that God is the Sun of all the Intelligences, and that from this Sun five (*c*) rays of a lively and quickening light are diffused over the darkness of our understandings. These five rays are Faith, Understanding, Council, Wisdom, and Prudence. The first and most excellent light is Faith, because the other rays do well enlighten the soul in those operations, of which it is as it were the Fountain, but Faith alone raiseth him above himself to his beginning, which is God. (d) *Faith is a virtue bold and urgent, which attains to that the Understanding cannot reach unto, mounteth above Cherubins, and flies above Seraphins, though they have six wings.* A man without faith is as the Pilot, of whom it is spoken in the *Proverbs* (*e*) that fell asleep and lost his rudder. What virginity is to the body, the same is faith to the soul. It is the first-born of virtues, the begining of spiritual life, the life of the understanding, as charity is the life of the will, the pillar of the cloud (*f*) which hath two faces,

faces: the one dark, because it believeth the things, which are not apparent; the other lightsom, for that it believeth with an infallible assurance.

The fourth SECTION.

Practice of Faith.

What *Faith* is. *Speranda-rum substantia re-rum, argu-mentum non apparentiũ.* Hebr. 12. 1.

THat you may well practice the acts of Faith, you must know the Nature, Object, and Motive thereof. *Faith* (saith S. *Paul*) *is the foundation of hope, and the proof of things not apparent.* The *foundation of hope*, in regard all whatsoever we hope in matter of Religion is grounded upon Faith, as the statue upon its basis: *the proof of things not apparent*, because it is an infallible argument of truths, whereof we have not as yet evident notice. S. *Bernard* addeth, *that it is a first-tast, certain, and voluntary, of truth yet not manifested.* The Gold-Smith laboureth upon gold, silver, and pretious stones, as upon his proper object: and the object, which employeth faith, are the mysteries revealed unto us by God, and proposed by his Church. Such mysteries ought to be believed for no other Motive, but for that God the eternal Truth hath revealed them. The arguments, which are drawn from the Prophesies, Miracles, numbers of Martyrs, purity of the Evangelical Law, from the correspondency thereof with Reason, from the admirable succes and consent of all the Mysteries, from the conversion of the world, from the means which the Church hath used to establish it self, from her firm constancy amidst Persecutions, from the wisdom and sanctity of the Professours of our Law, and such like things, which I have produced in the first Obstacle of the second Book, are most powerful Considerations to introduce us to faith, and to make easie and familiar to us the acts thereof: but they are not properly Motives of Faith. In the same manner, as the Soul draweth knowledg from sense, and yet notwithstanding is above sense; so Faith, though she serve her self with these Considerations, which are able to command the most contumacious spirits, yet is she admirable raised upon a more supereminent sphere, and will abide no other touch but of the eternal Verity, which darteth a forcible lightning-flash into the soul, able to dazle, enlighten, and surprize the most prosperous liberty, that may be imagined. Thence the soul cometh to believe, not by humane discourse, by Miracles, by Doctrine, by Sanctity, but because God speaketh inwardly unto it, and giveth it so powerful a touch, that she judgeth infallible whatsoever is revealed and proposed unto her by the Church. Behold to what point the good S. *Elzear* Count of *Arian* was arrived, when he said he tasted matters of Faith with such certainty and resolution of understanding, that, when Monsieur *Miron* (held for a prodigie of knowledg in his time) and all the most famous Doctours would have perswaded him the contrary of what he had embraced in the simplicity of his heart, all their subtilties could not be able to give the least shock to his spirit. This admitted, the acts of Faith are

Voluntaria quadam & certa praliba-tio necdũ propalata veritatis. Bern. lib. *De consider.*

Its object. S. *Thom.* 2. 2. q. 1.

How we should believe.

How Faith works.

A fine Comparison.

Wherin Faith consisteth.

I. To submit proper judgement to God with all simplicity, and humility of spirit, who speaketh unto us by his Church, by Scriptures, by Traditions, by Councils, by Canons of the sovereign Pastours of the Church.

Touch-stone, to know whether one have Faith.

II. To believe firmly all the Articles of Faith, which are proposed to us, as well those concerning the Divinity, as the Humanity of our Saviour: those, which concern the Sacraments, and Ceremonies, as those, which appertain to the order and government of the Church.

III. Throughly to retain the summary of the Christian doctrine, to inform your self of the explication of every Article, not for curiosity, but duty. To read, repeat, meditate, ruminate them very often; to teach them to the ignorant in time of need: but above all to give direction to your family, that they may be instructed in those things, which belong to the knowledg of their salvation. It is an insupportable abuse to see so many, who drag silk at their heels, and have Lynx's *eyes in petty affairs, to be many times stupid and brutish in matter of Religion, and in the knowledg of God.*

IV. To abhor all innovation, and liberty of speech, which in any the least degree striketh at the antient practices of the Church.

V. And therefore it is necessary, as our Father S. Ignatius *hath observed, to praise and approve* * *Confession, which is made to a Priest, and the frequent Communion of the faithful, interpreting the devotion of others in a good sense.*

Judicious notes of S. *Ignatius* concerning sincere Faith.

* *Hac Auctoris* σφάλμα-τα notanda, non probanda.

VI. To recommend the Sacrifice of the Mass, to love, practice, perswade others to the laudable custom of being present the oft, as much as may be. To esteem Church-musick, Prayers, Canonical hours, Supplications, Processions, and such like.

VII. To praise the Orders of Religion, the vows of Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, works of Supererogation and Evangelical perfection, ever generally preferring Virginitie and Continency in discourse before Marriage.

VIII. To esteem of Reliques; to recommend the veneration and invocation of Saints; to be much affected to the service of the most blessed Mother of God; to approve of Pilgrimages, which are orderly performed, Indulgences, and Jubilies, which the glorious King S. Lewis *recommended to* Philip *his son in his last words.*

IX. To have a religious opinion of the Abstinences and Fasts instituted by the Church, and of the manner of Penances, and Mortifications, which religious and other devout persons piously practice.

X. To maintain the commandments of the Church, and ordinances of Superiours, both by word, and example; and though their lives should not be conformed to their doctrine, yet not to detract, nor murmure at their actions in publick, or private, thereby to alter in the people's belief the reverence and respect to their dignity: but (as much as shall be expedient) privately to admonish them of their defective carriages in their charges.

XI. Highly to esteem the doctrine of sacred Theologie, which is taught in Scholes, and to make accompt of the great Doctours, whom the Divine providence hath raised in this later Age valorously to oppose Heresies.

XII. Not to insist in ordinarie discourses upon exaggerations, comparing men, who live in this Age, with the Apostles, Doctours, and Saints of antiquitie.

XIII. To fix our selves upon the resolutions of the Church, that what our own peculiar reason would judg to be white, we to esteem it black, when the Decrees of the Church it self shall be so; always preferring the judgment of the Church before our private opinion, knowing that humane Reason, especially in matters of Faith, may easily be deceived: but the Church, guided by the promised Spirit of truth, cannot err.

XIV. Not inconsiderately to be embroiled in the thorny Controversies of Predestination: highly to commend Grace and Faith, but warily without prejudice of Free-will, and Good-works.

XV. Not so to speak of the love and mercie of God, that one may seem thereby to exclude the thoughts and considerations of fear and divine justice.

Behold the ordinary Rules to preserve your self in faith. If you now desire to know how this virtue is purified and refined in man's heart, and in what consisteth the excellency of its acts, behold them here. You must carefully take heed of having onely a dead Faith without Charity, or Good-works, which S. *Augustine* calleth *the Faith of the Devil.* It is a night-glimmer, obscure, and melancholy; but lively Faith is a true beam of the Sun. The acts of a strong and lively Faith are

Heroick acts of Faith. *Matth.* 8.

I. To have great and noble thoughts of God, as that brave Centurion, of whom it is spoken in S. Matthew, *who supposed the Maladie, Health, Death, Life of his servant absolutely depended upon one sole word of our Saviour, and thought himself unworthy he should enter into his house.* Cassius Longinus, *a Pagan so learned, that he was called the Living Librarie, one day reading* Genesis *could not sufficiently admire the sublime speculations, which* Moses *had of the Divinity, when he wrote of the world's Creation, and that God at the sound of one sole word made the great master-pieces of this Universe to rise out of nothing; as Heaven, Earth, Water, the Sun, and Moon.*

Cassius Longinus libro Περὶ ὕψους.

II. To believe with great simplicity, removed from all manner of curiositie, and nice inquisition. God would not the point of the knife should be lifted up on his Altar to cut it. So likewise the point of humane spirit must not be raised on the Altar of faith, nor the curtain drawn to enlighten the mysteries with the torch of Reason. St. Lewis *was most perfect in this degree, who would not stir a foot to behold a miracle in confirmation of his belief.*

Si levaveris cultrum tuũ super eo, polluetur. Exod. 20. 25.

III. To believe with great fervour, esteeming nothing impossible to your faith, as did that simple shoo-maker, who under a King of the Tartars *removed a Mountain in the sight of the whole world, by the fervour, and simplicity of his faith.*

Paulus Venetus lib. 1. cap. 18. De reb. Orient.

IV. Not to stagger, nor be afflicted, when you ask any thing of God in your prayers, holding it undoubted, that it will be granted, if it be for the greater glory of the Sovereign Master, and your more advantageable profit. You must always hold your hands lifted up in some kind as Moses *did, even to the setting of the Sun, to vanquish our* Amalekites.

Exod. 17. 12.

V. To have a generous heart and full of confidence in adversitie, not to admit distrust during the storm; but with firm footing to expect the consolation of heaven, even when we shall be in the shades of death, as said the Prophet.

VI. Little to prize temporal goods in comparison of eternal: to be ready to despoil one's self from all the pleasures and commodities of the world, if there be any danger of faith, as that brave Courtier Moses, *who forsook the contentments of* Pharaoh's *Court, to be afflicted with his own people.*

Hebr. 11. 24. &c.

VII. To give alms liberally, with a firm belief, that the hand of the poor is the Treasury of God.

VIII. To employ even life it self, as so many Martyrs have done, and to seal your faith with your own blood. This is the most heroical act; but yet it ought to be guided by discretion.

Now, to make easie the acts of Faith,

How acts of Faith may be made easie.

I. It is good oftentimes to consider how reasonable, glorious, and full of merit this act is. Reasonable, to submit the Creature to the Creatour; glorious, to see the Sovereign Lord so served, and honoured, that for the defence of one sole word but once pronounced by his mouth a thousand and a thousand good servants are ready to bestow their lives; full of merit, in as much as we give a free consent, voluntary, and pious, and not being enforced by manifest evidence.

II. To be often confounded in the weakness, and incapacity of our understanding, which is found so short in the knowledg of many petty things. There needeth no more but the foot of an Ant to slay it, and a glass of water to draw it. What stupidity then is like this, to be desirous to make one's self over-wise, and to judge that impossible, which cannot be compre hended in matter of Religion?

III. To apply your mind to the consideration of motives, which may form in your spirit a probability of that, which is proposed unto you, as are those I have noted before, and which will give good enterances to the inspirations of God.

IV. To retire from the toyl of senses, which do nothing but disturb when you consult with them in things spiritual; and to raise your soul above flesh to be illuminated by the Sun of Intelligences.

V. To take away the Obstacles of all sorts of impurity, and namely of pride, and all disordinate affection.

VI. To strike at Heaven-gate with prayer, seeing faith cometh unto us from the treasures of the Father of light. Faith so planted, fortified, and manured by good works, illuminateth a soul. All the savage and cruel beasts, all the brutish passions, Chimæras, dreams, irresolutions, which went roaming up and down in this great Forest of confusions, amongst the shadows of night, are scattered so soon as this radiant Sun beginneth to dissipate darkness with his divine rays. Then is it, that a soul wholly clad with the clear lights of hope (which causeth it to expect the blessings of the other life) goeth on with a great and constant resolution, as one, who hath for support the infinite power of God, who is as faithful in his promises, as rich in rewards.

Hope.

Behold how this monster ignorance is overthrown by the arms of light.

The fifth SECTION.

Of four other Rays, which serve to dissipate ignorance.

Beams of Understanding.

BEsides the torch of Faith, God also gives us the light of Understanding, of Counsel, Wisdom, and Prudence, which are as unvaluable riches, wholly repleni shing the soul with splendour, as saith the Prophet *Isaiah*. The gift of Understanding doth free us from a certain brutishness, which is the cause that men, tying themselves only to external and sensible things, are perpetually out of themselves: at which time Understanding calls them back again, and makes them to re-enter into their house, to see the beginning, progress, and end of the life of man, from whence he cometh, whither he goeth, what will become of him.

Of Counsel. Of Wisdom.

Counsel enlightneth us in things doubtful, to take a good way.

Wisdom puteth us out of an apprentiship, and draweth us from a certain childishness, which maketh men as little ones, and carnal, mutually entertaining themselves with temporal things. And the knowledg of God raiseth, and causeth them to turn their faces directly towards Eternity.

Of Prudence.

Prudence considereth good and evil, according to the quality, and quantity thereof. It examineth the circumstances of actions, and sheweth us what ought to be done in such a time, such a place, and such occasions.

The sixth SECTION.

Twelve fundamental Considerations of spiritual life, partly drawn from that worthy man John Picus Mirandula.

Note. that it is good often to meditate these Maxims, either one a day, or all together.

FRom the five rays explicated before proceed great and goodly lights, by direction of which a life wholly new is begun. *John Picus* of *Mirandula*, a great and remarkable man, held for a prodigie of wit, much tasting the content of spiritual life, enlightned by the rays of a wisdom absolutely celestial, establisheth twelve Considerations, which we ought continually to meditate on, for the practice of the knowledg of God.

1. Consideration, Nature, and Dignity of man.

I. The first, the Nature and Dignity of man, to wit, that the first and ceaseless endeavour of man should be of man himself; to see what he hath been, what he is, and what he shall be. What he hath been, nothing; what he is, a reasonable creature; what he shall be, a guest of Paradise, or of Hell, of an eternal felicity, or of an everlasting unhappiness.

Greatness of the Soul.

What he is according to Nature, a master-piece, where many prerogatives meet together; a body composed of a marvellous Architecture; a soul endowed with Understanding, Reason, Spirit, Judgment, Will, Memory, Imaginations, Opinions; a soul, which flieth in an instant from one Pole to the other, descendeth even to the center of the world, and mounteth to the top; which is found in an instant in a thousand several places. Which embraceth the whole world without touching it, which goeth, which glittereth, which shineth, which diggeth into all the treasures and Magazines of Nature, which findeth out all sorts of inventions, which inventeth Arts, which governeth Common-Wealths, which disposeth worlds. In the mean time she beholdeth about her self an infinite number of Dogs, that bark at her happiness, and endeavour to bite her on every side.

Love fooleth her, ambition turmoileth her, avarice

Tyranny of Passions.

rice rusteth her, and lust enflameth her, vain hopes sooth her, pleasures melt her, despair over-bears her, choler burns her, hatred filleth her with gall, envie gnaweth her, jealousie pricketh her, revenge enrageth her, cruelty maketh her savage, fear frosteth her, sorrow consumes her. This poor soul shut up in the body, as a bird of Paradise in a cage, is altogether amazed to see herself assailed by all this mutinous multitude, and though she have a sceptre in her hand to rule, she notwithstanding oft suffereth her self to be deceived, ravished, and dragged along into a miserable servitude.

From thence behold what man is through sin; vanity, weakness, inconstancy, miserie, malediction.

What he becometh by grace; a child of light, a terrestrial Angel, the son of a celestial Father by adoption, brother and co-heir of *Jesus Christ*, a vessel of election, the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

What he may arrive unto by glory; to be an inhabitant of Heaven, who shall see the stars under his feet, which he hath over his head, who shall be filled with the sight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, onely, and original happiness.

2. Benefits of God.

II. The benefits received from God considered in general, as those of creation, conservation, redemption, vocation, and in particular the gifts of the body, of the soul, of nature, of capacity, ability, industry, dexterity, wariness, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good success of affairs, and such like, which are given to us from Heaven, as instruments to work our salvation. And sometimes one of the greatest blessings is (that which few esteem a benefit) not to have all these advantages, which lead a haughty, weak, and worldly spirit even into an headlong precipice; but quite contrary, good disadvantages (in the opinion of the world) put him into the estimation of heavenly things. Man beholding what he hath been, what he is, what will become of him, from whence he proceedeth, whither he goeth, and how the union with God, his beginning is his Scope, Butt, and Aim; if he doth that which reason dictateth to him, he instantly takes a resolution neither to have vein, sinew, nor artery, which tendeth not to his end, to conquer his passions, and no longer to serve creatures, but so far forth as he shall know them profitable to lead him to his Creatour. Every creature speaketh these words to man: *O man keep what is given to thee, expect what is promised thee, and avoid what is forbidden thee.*

Serva commissum, exspecta promissa, cave prohibitum. S. Bernard. De gradibus humilitatis.

3. Passion of the Son of God.

III. The third consideration is the passion of the Son of God; a bottomless abyss of dolours, scorns, annihilations, love, mercy, wisdom, humility, patience, charity, the book of books, the science of sciences, the secret of secrets, the shop, where all good resolutions are forged, where all virtues are purified, where all knots of holy obligations are tied, the schole, where all Martyrs are made, all Confessours, all Saints. Our weakness, our faintness, come not but for want of beholding this table of excess. Who ever would open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of suffering too much, of being too much abased, too much despised, too much turmoiled, if he considered the life of God delivered over and abandoned for him to so painful labour, so horrible confusions, so insupportable torments? *O my God, my wounded God! As long as I shall see thy wounds, I will never live without wound.*

Nolo vivere, sine vulnere, cùm te videam vulneratum. S. Bonav. in Stimul.

4. Example of Saints.

IV. The examples of all Saints, who have walked in the royal way of the cross. When we consider the progression of *Christianity*, and the succession of so many Ages, whersoever our consideration setteth foot, it findeth nothing but the blood of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, prayers, tears, fastings, sack-cloath, hair-cloath, persecutions, afflictions of so many Saints, who have, as it were, won Heaven by main force. Such have been found, who had heretofore filled Sepulchres with their members, torn with engins, and swords of persecution, and were yet alive to endure and suffer in their bodies, which had more wounds then parts of body to be tormented. It is not a shame to have the same name, the same Baptism, the same profession, and yet to be always desirous to tread on Roses? To be embarked in this great ship of *Christianity* with so many brave spirits, which even at this day hourly do wonders in the world, and to go under hatches to sleep in the bottom of the vessel, as needless outcasts, and the very scorns of reasonable Nature?

Remorabantur in luce detenti, quorum membris pleni erant tumuli. S. Zeno Homil. de Sancto Arcadio.

5. Inward peace.

V. The peace of a good conscience (the inseparable companion of honest men) which sugareth all their tears, which seasoneth all their acerbities, which dissolveth all their sharpness; a perpetual banquet, a portative Theatre, a delicious torrent of inexplicable contentments, which begin in this world, and which many times are felt even in chains, prisons, and persecutions. What will it be when the consummation shall be made in the other world, when the curtain of the great Tabernacle shall be drawn, when we shall see God face to face, in a body impassible as an Angel, subtile as a ray of light, swift as the wings of thunder, radiant as the Sun, when he shall be seen amongst so goodly, and flourishing a company, in a Palace of inestimable glory, and when one shall lead no other life, but that of God, of the knowledg of God, of the love of God, as long as God shall be God? *What will this life be, nay, what will this life not be, since all the goods thereof either are not, or are in such a life of lights, which place cannot comprehend; of voices, and harmonies, which time cannot take from us; of odours, which never are scattered: a feast, which never is finished; a blessing, which eternity well may give, but of which it never shall see an end?*

Nescio quid erit, quod ista vita non erit, gl lucet quod non capit locus, ubi sonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non spargit flatus, ubi sapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi haret quod non divellit æternitas. Augustin.

6. Condition of this life well described.

VI. It is to be considered on the other side the condition of this present life: A true dream, which hath the disturbances of sleep, but never the repose; a childish amuzement; a toyle of burthensom and ever-relapsing actions, where for one Rose a thousand thorns are found, for one ounce of hony a tun of gall, for blessings in apparance evils in substance. The most happie there count their years, and cannot reckon their griefs. The carriers of the greatest honours are there all of ice, and oftentimes are not bounded, but with headlong ruines. Its felicities are floating Islands, which always recoyl backward at that time when we think to touch them with our finger. They are the feasts of *Heliogabalus*, where there are many invitations, many ceremonies, many reverences, many services, and at the end thereof we find a table and banquet of wax, which melts before the fire, and from whence we return more hungry then we came. It is the enchanted egg of *Oromazes*, wherein this impostour vanted to have enclosed all the happiness of the world, and in breaking it there was found nothing but wind. *All these pleasures flatter our senses with an imposture of false colours: why do we suffer those eyes to be taken in the snares of errours, which are given to us by heaven to behold the light, and not minister to lying?* Yea, that, which greatly should distast us in this present life, is, we live in an Age stuffed with maladies, as old-age with indispositions. We live in a world greatly

Lamprid. in Heliogab.

Omnia hæc conspectus nostro insidiosis coloribus lenocinatur: via illa oculorum, attributa lumini, non applicetur errori. S. Eucher. in Paranesi.

greatly corrupted, of which may be ſaid, It is a monſter, whoſe underſtanding is a pit of darkneſs; reaſon, a ſhop of malice; will, a Hell; where a thouſand paſſions outragiouſly inſult over it. Its eyes are two conduit-pipes of fire, from whence flie ſparkles of concupiſcence; its tongue, an inſtrument of malediction; its viſage, a painted hypocriſie; its body, a ſpunge of ordures; its hands, the tallons of Harpies: and finally it ſeemeth to have no other faith but infidelity, no law but its paſſion, no other God but its own belly. What contentment can it be to live with ſuch a monſter.

7. Quality of worldly pleaſures.

VII. If there be pleaſures in life, they do nothing but a little ſlightly overflow the heart with a ſuperficial delectation: Sadneſs diveth into the bottom of our ſoul, and when it is there, you will ſay it hath feet of lead, never to forſake the place, but pleaſure doth ſooth us only in the outward parts of the skin, and all her ſweet waters run down with full ſpeed into the ſalt Sea. Behold wherefore S. *Auguſtin* ſaid, when any proſperity preſented it ſelf to his eyes, he durſt not touch it. He looked upon pleaſure as on a fleeting Bird, which ſeemeth as it were ready to be ſeized, and flyeth away as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees her ſelf almoſt ſurpriſed.

Aug. Conf. l. 6. cap. 5.

8. Their ſhortneſs.

VIII. Pleaſures are born in the ſenſes, and like abortives are conſumed in their birth: Their deſires are full of diſturbances: Their acceſs is of violent, forced, and turbulent agitations: Their ſatiety is farced with ſhame, and repentance: They paſs away after they have wearied the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, the juice whereof is extracted by the preſs, as ſaith S. *Bernard*: They hold it a goodly matter to extend their fulneſs: They muſt end with life, and it is a great hazard, if, during life it ſelf, they ſerve not their hoſt for an executioner. *I ſee no greater pleaſure in the world, then the contempt of pleaſure.*

Bern. Serm. 10. in Cantic. *Nul..a major voluptas, quàm voluptatis faſtidium.* *Tertul.* de ſpect.

9. The end.

IX. Man, which waſteth his time in pleaſures, when they are ſlipped away much like waters engendred by a ſtorm, findeth himſelf abandoned as a pilgrim diſpoiled by a thief. So many golden harveſts which time preſented to him are paſſed, and the ruſt of a heavy age furniſheth him with nothing but thorns, ſorrows to have done ill, and inabilities of doing well: what then remains to be ſaid, but that, which the miſerable King ſaid, who gave his ſceptre for a glaſs of water: *Alas! muſt I for ſo ſhort a pleaſure loſe a great Kingdom?*

Lyſimachus.

10. Difficulty of penance.

X. Evil always beareth ſorrow behind it, but not true penance. It is a moſt particular favour of God, to have time to bemoan the ſins of our paſſed life, and to take occaſion by the fore-lock. Many are packed away into the other world without ever having thought of their paſſage, and ſuch ſuppoſe they ſhall have many tears at their death, who ſhall not have one good act of repentance. They bewail the ſins which forſake them, and not God whom they have loſt. True contrition is a hard piece of work. How can he merit it, who willingly hath ever demerited?

Facilius inveni, qui innocentiam ſervarent, quàm qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent. Ambr. l. de unica pœnitent. c. 10.

11. Death.

XI. In the mean time death cometh apace; it expecteth us at all hours, in all places, and you cannot attend it one ſole minute, ſo much this thought diſpleaſeth you. The Decrees thereof are more clear, and perſpicuous, then if they were written with the beams of the Sun, and yet we cannot read them. His trumpet ſoundeth perpetually more intelligibly then thunder, and we underſtand it not. It is no wonder, that *David* in the 48. *Pſalm* calleth it an *Enigma*; every one beholdeth the Table, and few know the ſenſe of it. Notwithſtanding it is a Caſe concluded, we muſt take a long fare-well from all things, which appertain to life, that can be extended no further then life it ſelf: and it is a Caſe reſolved, that Serpents and Worms muſt be inherited in a houſe of darkneſs. It is a goodly leſſon, whoſoever can well learn it. To know it well once, it muſt every day be ſtudied. Nothing is ſeen every where but watches, clocks, and dials, ſome of gold, ſome of ſilver, and others enchaſed with precious ſtones. They advertiſe us of all the hours, but that which ſhould be our laſt: and ſince they cannot ſtrike that hour, we muſt make it ſound in our conſcience. At the very inſtant when you read this, a thouſand and a thouſand perhaps of ſouls, unlooſened from the body, are preſented before the Tribunal of God, what would you do, if you were preſently to bear them company? There is but one word: *Timely deſpiſe in your body the things, of which you ſhall have no need out of your body.*

Pſal. 48. 5. According to the *Hebrew*. חורת

Diodorus apud S. Max. ſerm. *Omnia iſta contemnito, quibus ſolutus corpora non indigebis.*

12. What followeth death.

XII. Your ſoul ſhall go out, and of all the attendants of life ſhal have none but good and bad by her ſides. If ſhe be ſurprized in mortal ſin, hell ſhall be her ſhare; hell, the great lake of the anger of God; hell, the common-ſewer of all the ordures of the world; hell, the ſtore-houſe of eternal fire; hell, a depth without bottom, where there is no evil but we may expect, nor good which may be hoped.

Apoc. 14. *Tertul.* De anima c. 53. *Hug.* l. 4. De anima.

Behold the twelve Conſiderations, which this moſt worthy man uſed to direct himſelf in the courſe of a virtuous life; and they ſo far had prevailed upon his ſoul, that he reſolved after he had finiſhed certain works, which he then had in hand, to diſtribute all his goods among the poor, and go bare-foot thorough the Cities, Towns, and Villages, carrying a Crucifix in his hand, to preach the Croſs, and the bleſſings of the other life, employing his whole talent, which God had given him to his ſervice. But death prevented him.

The ſeventh SECTION.

Twelve Maxims of Wiſdom, which ariſe from the twelve precedent Conſiderations.

Often examine your life by theſe Maxims.

FRom theſe Conſiderations twelve goodly Maxims of wiſdom ariſe, greatly neceſſary for any, who would enjoy true happineſs.

1. Good value.

I. The firſt is, to give to every thing its eſtimation, ſince the beginning of our unhappineſs proceedeth from a falſe value, which we ſet upon creatures. It marvellouſly importeth to eſtimate every thing according to its worth. That good man *Epictetus* ſaid more then one would think, when he gave this advice: *My friend, if thou loveſt a pot, remember thy ſelf to be a pot.* For want of the knowledg of the price of what we love, we put God under the Altar, and vice above, to allow it the beſt part of the incenſe.

Μίμνησο ἂν χύλεον σέργης, ὅτι χύλεον σέργεις.

2. Light of mind in the choiſe. *Oſee.* 12. Balance of *Chanaan*.

II. For this cauſe it is neceſſary daily to endeavour to enfranchize our ſelves from the opinions of the world, and to uſe, not the balance of wicked *Chanaan*, of whom the Scripture ſaith, *Chanaan in manu ejus ſtatera doloſa*, but the balance of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which is the Croſs. There we ought to weigh the pleaſing and the profitable, good and evil, ſowr and ſweet, time and eternity, and to proportion our judgments, reſolutions, deſigns, actions, proceedings, to this great balance, which cannot deceive us. And as we are exteriourly to reſiſt this torrent of popular opinions, ſo we interiourly have our paſſions, which we muſt neceſſarily extirpate, that we may give a judgment upon every thing with full liberty, otherwiſe they caſt chaff into our eyes, and ſo blind us.

3. To live a pilgrim.

III. To live here as a pilgrim of the world, diſ-

arrayed

arrayed of all: to esteem nothing our own, but our selves. All that which maketh us defie, quarrel, contest, accuse God and man, is, that we have thought our selves to be proprietaries of those things, of which we have but onely the use. *We must* (saith Epictetus) *take all the blessings and honours of the world as a passenger, who going out of a ship gathers cockle-shels upon the sand, yet ever hath his eye upon the ship, to which he is engaged.* Saint *Chrysostom* maketh such account of this Maxim, that he saith, *There is but one virtue in the world, that causeth all other virtues, which is, to carry one's self as a pilgrim of this world, and a Citizen of Paradise.*

Epict. Ench. c. 12.

4. Opinion of providence. *Non fecit, & abiit.*

IV. To have a very good opinion of the providence of God, who covereth as it were under the shadow of his royal mantle all creatures. S. *Augustin* saith, That God hath not made the world, afterward to leave it, like a Carabin, who hath shot off his pistol. He governeth, and defendeth it, as the good nurse, who driveth away the wasp from her infant's face, whilst it securely sleepeth. He yieldeth himself accountable for all the hairs on our head. *And dost thou then* saith S. *Augustine*) *fear to perish, confiding in God? One hair, taken from thy head without thy knowledg, or feeling, shall not perish; and shall thy soul be destroyed, which is the root of all thy thoughts, and of all thy understandings? If God so preserve thy superfluities, what will he do to thy treasures?* Trust with confidence in the providence of God, if you desire always to live content. If your life be a feast, the Divine providence is the Salt, which seasoneth it. If that be a pilgrimage, this is the staff. If that be a night, this is the break of day. If you will fight, it is a steely buckler. If you sleep, it is a bed of repose. Our life is composed of three shadows, which are time past, time present, and the future. Will you have a good share in them all, said that admirable Emperour *Marcus Aurelius? Dispose time past to forgetfulness, the present to sanctity, and justice, the future to providence.*

Aug. hom. 14. t. 10. p. 103. Times ergo nè pereas, cujus capillus non peribit? Si sic tua custodiantur superflua, in quanta securitate est anima tua? Non perit capillus, quem cùm tondetur non sentit, & perit anima, per quam sentis?

Mar. Aur. Anton. l. 2. de vita sua

5. To flie evil innovation.

V. To know the ways of this sacred providence, we must take heed not to be too wise, like some arrogant and scattered spirits, who boast to wander and alienate themselves from the way, which all Saints have held, and searching out new paths find every where illusions, and precipices. All these lovers of innovation, and proper judgment, are *Pharaoh's* Counsellours, who have drunk in the cup of giddiness.

Interrogare sapientem dimidia sapientia est. Homo sapiens est quàdiu quærit sapientiam: ubi putat se ad ejus culmen pervenisse, desipit.

There is likewise found a little book of *Apophthegms*, translated out of *Arabick* into *Latine* by *Drusius*, which hath these remarkable words: *To consult with the wise, is to be already half-wise. A man is wise so long as he seeketh wisdom, but when he supposeth he hath throughly attained it, then he becometh a fool.*

6. An assured butt.

VI. To have an assured scope to aim at, not onely in general, which is to seek in all things the greatest glory of God, and one's one salvation, but also in particular to make and propose to your self a regular and well-pondered course of life. Some have so many affairs, that they have not leisure either to live, or die, others have nothing to do, and are perpetually wandering, and as it were looking for the key of their house, and never entering into it. We must take in hand some employment, and moderate retirement, therein following the inspiration of God, an intention pure to live in the place, which shall be most proper for us, to unite our selves to him according to our capacity, following withall the consultation, which we ought to make with our own natural constitution, the direction of those, who know, and govern us, provided they be dis-interessed from their own passions. It is a business of no small importance to have good success herein. Some find without thinking thereof conditions, which seem made to their nature, as the nest of the Halcyon is fit to his body. Others, for that they have made a false step, are enforced to be the bridle all their life-time, if by patience they do not correct the defects of their carriage. Above all things it is convenient here to purifie your intentions, and if you must be embarked in the Court-life, not to come thither as a *Janisary*, or a *Mamaluck*, to make a fortune, and do nothing else.

Vacation.

7. Solid piety.

VII. To embrace a true and solid piety, such as our Fore-fathers have consigned over to us in all simplicity, and such as the Church instructeth us. Not to plaister, nor disguise it for the accommodation of these petty ends: such a practice is a great ambition, and cannot in conclusion avoid dreadful and dangerous accidents. You must serve God interiourly with great sincerity of heart, and most pure thoughts of his Majesty; exteriourly applying your self to ordinary services and ceremonies with most sincere freedom, without superstitions, scruples, vanities, presumptions, singularities. Behold (saith *Synesius*) the basis of the estate and total greatness of man.

Synesius de regul. ad Arcad. Κρηπὶς ἀσφαλὴς, ἐφ' ἧς ἐρείδει τὸ ἄγαλμα ἔμπροσθεν.

8. Honesty.

VIII. To frame to your self a soul, which is in a certain temper of integrity, consisting in well following the Light of Nature, and the touch of Heaven, which teacheth us we must do to another all that, which we would have others to do unto us, and not to offer to another what we dislike in our selves. Behold the road-way of honesty, which whosoever forsaketh to become crafty, ever byassing to his pretended advantages, shall in the end of his accompt find himself deceived. That great forementioned Emperour *Antoninus* saith, the wisdom of man consisteth in three points: well to behave himself towards God, which is done by Religion; with himself, which is done by mortification of his passion; and with men, which is effected by sparing and tolerating them, every where doing good, and after he hath done good, to have his ears prepared to hear evil.

Antonin. l. 5. de vita sua.

9. Government of pretensions.

IX. To govern his desires within the limits of his capacity, and modesty. It is a great note of folly to attempt all things, and do nothing; to be turmoyled with the present, and to have always the throat of an enraged concupiscence gaping after the time to come; to be vexed with himself, and not to be of power to repose within himself; to make the steps of honour the degrees of his ruin; to raise a fortune like a huge *Colossus*, to make it fall upon his own shoulders, and to leave no other witnesses of his greatness, but the prints of his fall. It is a thing very difficult to have much, and impossible to have all: but it is so easie a matter to despise all, that it consisteth in nothing, but in a bare refusal.

Senec. ep. 63. Contemnere omnia quivis potest, omnia habere nemo.

10. Tranquillity.

X. To procure such an equality of spirit, so even, so regular, that he scarcely feel the approach of happiness, and when it is lost, not to make any shew of it. To behold the good of another as his own, and his own as an other man's. To hold riches, and honours, as a river that glideth to day for you, to morrow for an other. It is the nature thereof always to run gently; what wrong doth it to us? When prosperity laugheth on you, look back upon adversity, which cometh in the rear, and remember you have seen tall ships lost in the harbour, even as it were in jest. S. *Augustine* pleased to repeat that verse of *Virgil*:

August. Ep. 113. & alibi.

Mène

Mêne sali placidi vultum, fluctúsque quietos
Ignorare jubes?

Desirous thereby to signifie to us, that we should no more confide in the prosperities of the World, then to a still Sea, which in his over-great calm oftimes presageth the near-approaching tempest. Brave and valorous Captains heretofore made a Sacrifice to War in the midst of Peace; and in the midst of War dressed Altars to Peace: to declare, that in Good we should live in distrust of Ill, and in Evil in hope of Good; but in both, the one and the other, ever in equality. This verily is one of the Master-pieces of wisdom, which God imparteth to spirits greatly resigned, and who have passed through the most thin and slender searces.

11. Discretion in affairs.

XI. To behave one's self prudently in all kind of occasions, to examine the tenents and utmost bounds, the original, progress, end. Never to judge, till you have seen the bottom of the business, and therein to carry your self so, that if success cannot wait on your desires, you may not justly accuse either any crooked intention, or want of discretion. We are Masters of our Wils, but God hath reserved to himself the command over Events.

12. Meditation of death. *Chrysostom.* 2. in Epist. *Pauli* ad *Colost.*

XII. To be alwaies ready to depart from hence chearfully, when death shall sound the retreat. Saint *Chrysostom* saith finely: *This life is a Nest framed of straw, and morter*; we are the little birds, shall we putrifie in the stench of this filthy Nest? If devotion hath made us wings, why are we slothful? Let us bravely mount and take that flight, which our Eagle tracked out unto us in the day of his Ascension. Remember, the quintessence of all wisdom is the meditation of death. It is a business we should learn all our life time, to exercise it once. The faults therein committed are irreparable, and the loss without recovery. This consisteth in three things, resignation, dis-engagement, and union. As for resignation, be not too faint-hearted, nor suffer your self to be called upon to pay a debt, which so many millions of men have discharged before you, and which so many millions shall likewise pay after you: shew to those who visit you, patience in your sickness, resolution at your last hour, and not to desire any thing but spiritual assistances.

As for your departure, go out of the world as the Chicken out of the shell.

1. Dispose of your temporal goods in time, by making a just, clear, and perspicuous Will. 2. Restore the goods of another. 3. Pay your debts as far as you can. 4. Lay open your Affairs. 5. Give pious Legacies to charge the Altars of mercy with the last Victims. 6. Reconcile your self; and above all things, beware you carry not with you too much confidence and inordinate affection into the other world. 7. Take order for the education of your children. 8. Dispose of Offices, if you have any, with an upright conscience. 9. Forget not the labors of your poor servants. After this dis-engagement, draw the curtain betwixt your self and all creatures. By a good Confession unite your self to your Creator, by the sacred Viaticum, extreme Unction, by acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by good suffrages of the Church, good admonitions, good purposes, good remembrances of the death of our Saviour, yielding your soul up upon a Crucifix, as a childe who sleepeth on the breast of his Nurse.

The eight SECTION,

The practice of Devotion, and Prayer.

ONe of the shortest waies to gain wisdom is to be devout. Devotion is, as it were, the flame and lightning-flash of charity; and it is properly a prompt and affectionate vivacity in things, which concern the service of God. It principally shineth in prayer, and in the exercise of the works of mercy. Prayer, as saith the great Saint *Dionysius* the *Arcopagite*, is, as it were, a chain of silver, which from heaven hangeth downward to draw man up from earth, and unite him to God. It is the Mount *Tabor*, where an admirable transfiguration is made of the soul into God. It is the spirit, which speaketh to God, which poureth it self on God. In conclusion, it is coloured by God, even as *Jacob's* Ews did denote their burden to be of the same colour, of which those Wands were that they stedfastly beheld. It is it, which the Apostle pleased to say: *Beholding the glory of God, we are transfigured into the same image, from brightness to brightness, as by the Spirit of God.* Prayer is the Conduit of Grace. It is (as very well S. *Ephraim* hath said) the standard of our warfare, the conservation of our peace, the bridle of our impatience, the guardian of temperance, the seal of virginity, the advocate of offenders, the consolation of the afflicted, the sepulture of the dying. For the Just are buried in prayer, as the Phenix in perfumes. Prayer doth all. A *Christian* without prayer is a Bee without sting, who will neither make honey, nor wax. It is to little purpose to propose unto you the mysteries of Faith, and the maxims of *Christian* wisdom, if you use not meditation to ruminate them. It is as meat cast into a stomach without digestion, which will do more hurt then good, not of its own nature, but by your indisposition, which is bad. From hence proceed the desolations of the earth: from hence are derived so many falls, so many miseries, for that men apply not themselves to taste the things of God in prayer.

Voluntas quadam prompta tradendi se ad ea, quæ pertinent ad Dei famulatum. S. Th. 2. 2. quæst. 82. S. Dionys. cap. 3. De Divinis nomin.

Prayer in Mount *Tabor.* Genes. 30.

Gloriam Domini speculantes in eandem imaginem transformamur, à claritate in claritatem, tanquam à Domini spiritu. 2 Corinth. 3. 18.

Praise of Prayer.

That which ought to incite us to this exercise is, first, the necessity, which is so great, that in matter of Spiritual life it is as requisite to pray, as in the Animal to breath. We are choaked with flesh and fat, and the flames of concupiscence, unless we upon all occasions open our mouths to take the gentle air of God.

Necessity of Prayer.

Os meum aperui, & attraxi spiritum.

Secondly, The pleasures we therein take, in process of time, is verily that, which the Prophet *Isaiah* calleth *Sabbathum delicatum*, the delicate Sabbath. As much as to say, the delicious repose of the soul. The corporal eye (as saith the learned Prelate *William* of *Paris*) maketh its repast upon the beauty of the fields, the flowers, the heavens, the stars, and on all the objects, which are found in this Universe. But the eye of contemplation by the means of prayer nourisheth it self with the excellency of *God*, and the perfections of *Jesus*.

Isai. 58. 38. *Sabbatum delicatum.* Pleasure. *Sola, prima, ac luminosissima veritas cibus est nostri intellectus. Sola prima inundantissimáque bonitas cibus nostri nobilis ac sublimis affectus.*

Thirdly, The purity and perfection of the soul, which is derived from this exercise, ought to serve us as a special spur. "There it is (saith *Albertus* "*Magnus*) where we carry our mouths even to the "source and well spring of virtue. There it is where "God is known, and knowing him that we love him, "and in loving him we search him, in searching him "we take pains, and in taking pains we finde him.

Perfection of the soul. *Albert.* cap. 27. *De virtut.*

In the fourth place, we have the example of our Saviour, who for our instruction spent the nights in prayer; the example of the Apostles, and all Saints, who have practised and recommended this exercise to us.

Pernoctans in oratione Dei. Luc. 6. 12.

The ninth SECTION.

The necessity of Confession.

MEn resemble Snails, every one carrieth his own house with him, a house wholly replenished

nished with darkness, although it ever seem lightsom. A house, which hath neither door, nor window, though therein be a thousand witnesses, which see all that passeth with as many eyes as heaven hath stars: a house composed of labyrinths, yet cannot the Host hide himself in it: a house, whereinto the sun peepeth not, and yet may even the very least Atoms be seen: a house, wherein there are perpetual pleadings, yet never any issue of process, but with issue of life. Finally, a house, which hath two faces altogether different, the one called Hell, the other Paradise. In a word, this House, whereof I speak, is the Conscience. It is full of darkness: for the thoughts of men are involved in such a cloud of obscurity, that neither the Devils, nor Angels themselves see any thing therein: yet is it lightsom; for ever the eye of proper conscience reflecteth thereon. There is no door, nor window, for all is very close shut up: yet do a thousand witnesses fix their eyes thereon; for the Conscience alone is called a thousand witnesses. It is composed of labyrinths, for there are all flexibilities, and subtle mazes. In this labyrinth the Host cannot hide himself; for it is ever day-pierced by the eie of God, before whom, neither the Abyss, nor Hell it self hath darkness enough to hide it. The Sun peepeth not in there: for in effect its light, which displayeth all the objects of the world before our eyes, cannot discover the simplest of our thoughts: yet may the very least Atoms be seen; for there is not any thing so subtle, which can free it self from the eyes of God. They perpetually plead there: for every moment the Conscience challengeth us even upon the least sins, and the issue of the process concludeth not but with the end of life; because at that very hour the decisive sentence of our eternity is given.

Nullus molestior oculus cuiq; suo. Bern. lib. 5. De considerat.

Putásne Deus è vicino ego sum, & non Deus de longé? Hierem. 23

Aula Sathanæ, hortus deliciarum, & aurem reclinatorium. Bernard. de interiori domo.

In fine, this House hath two faces, whereof the one is called Hell, to wit, the evil conscience, and the other Paradise, that is the good and innocent, which we cannot throughly settle in this great corruption of the heart of man, but by a good confession.

Ambr. in illud Revela Domino viam tuam.

Too much shade hurteth seeds, which begin to grow, darkness dulls them, and the eye of the Sun serves them as a Father. Assure your self the buds of Virtue hold the same course: there must be day to bring them into the light, and he, who will hide his life, shall lose all the fruit he may hope thereof. *Confession is the price of our immortality, the City of refuge given us by God: but, if it be once ill managed, it is not a confession, but a double confusion; for feigned misery excludeth true mercy, nor did ever presumption well accord with pity.*

Idem.

Bernard. de interiori domo cap. 37.

Among the most especial exercises of devotion are Confession, Communion, Meditation, spiritual Lection, and the fruit we derive from the word of God. Concerning the practise of Confession, we will only speak with much brevity thereof, for at this present there are great store of books, which teach this method. Hear a true observation made by Saint *Augustine: That the beginning of our good works is the accusation of our evil.* If you desire utterly to forsake the animal life, to submit to the spiritual, put in the fore-front a good general confession. *Confession,* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *Is the price of our immortality: it is the tribute of Heaven, signified by the piece of Coyn, which S.* Peter *found in the mouth of a fish.*

August. tract. 12. in Joan.

Gulielm. Parisi. De Sacrament. Pœnitent. lib. 12.

Necessity seems to require it, for the reasons which follow. First, How many sins are left by the way, how many by culpable ignorance, sometimes through fear, and shame, and other reprehensible manner? Secondly, What invalidities and nullities of confession may happen, now by the defect of the Priest, who perhaps hath not sufficient Jurisdiction, sometime through your own indisposition, who neither will have sorrow, nor good purpose of amendment; and sometime for other circumstances? Thirdly, Who seeth not, that the foundation of a life truly *Christian* is humility? And we know not how better to attain this Virtue, then by representing to our selves, no longer by piece-meal, but wholly in gross, the youth, follies, the slackness, negligences, infidelities, and impurities of our passed life. All that coming to pour it self upon our consideration, like a great Squadron, necessarily stirreth in us a great confusion and dolour for our ingratitude. In the fourth place, We ordinarily see those, who duly make this act unfolded and delivered in all its particulars, do come, as it were, out of the Furnace, sparkling with radiant brightness, to form a life absolutely new. You therein observe a conscience most curious, intentions better rectified, actions more purified, a promptness better awakened for the service of God, a modesty more regular in prosperity, a heart more elevated in adversity, a more generous contempt of the world. Briefly, although one should reap but this only good, which is the peace and tranquillity of Conscience, it would always be a matter marvellously recommendable. And we know by experience, many consciences, tormented with divers remorses and scruples, have after a general confession found themselves wholly pacified, and have begun to breath a more benign air of the mercies of God. To proceed therein, it is good well to sound your heart afore-hand, and to descend into the knowledge of your self, which is a work of no small importance.

Its utility.

The manner.

The tenth SECTION.

The Practise of Confession.

THE heart of man is a little Abyss, which seemeth neither to have bounds, bottom, nor shore. *It is malicious and inscrutable* said the Prophet. The *Hebrew* readeth in the same place, that it is a *Supplanter*, who escapeth from us like an Eel, when we think to hold it, and oftentimes it overthrows us. The great S. *Macarius* assureth us it is a little vessel, but full of Caverns, Labyrinths, Precipices, Lions, Serpents, and other venemous Beasts. Moreover, self-love, which oftentimes like a wicked watchman, placeth himself at the gate of our heart, will not suffer truth to approach. It maketh him think, it is too crude, dry, austere, old, wrinckled to be presented to such a Prince. In the mean time it relateth all things to the heart to its own advantage, and entertaineth it with a thousand curiosities of conceits: it maketh all vices to be beheld therein in full proportion, and Virtue in eclipse.

Heart of man. *Pravum cor hominis & inscrutabile. Hier. 17.*

Macar hom. 43.

Knowledg of one's self very hard.

Self love.

This admitted, necessarily the assistance of God is to be implored in a very particular manner, to obtain the knowledge of our selves, and to labor therein couragiously and stoutly, without flattering our selves. God threatneth in the Prophet, he will lay a heavy correction upon us, leaving us to our selves. It seemeth, we now have our heads turned backward, never to know what passeth in our hearts. But God in the day of judgment will turn it before, and, if we take not very good heed, to our confusion. S. *Augustine* triumpheth upon this passage: *That, which thou hast put behind thee, I will place before thine eyes. Thou shalt see thy impurities, not to correct them, but to confound thee. Turn thy face, go behind thy self, and set thy self before thy self.*

Arguam te, & statuam contra faciem tuam. Psal. 49. Qua post dorsum posuisti ante faciem posnam: videbis fœditatem tuam, non ut corrigas, sed ut erubescas. Tolle te à tergo tuo, & constitue te ante te. August. in Psal. 49.

The manner will be after an humble and serious invocation of the Holy Ghost, to call to mind all your life, according to the course and progress of

Ages, remembring your self of the places, where you have made aboad; the persons, with whom you have conversed; the affairs, which you have handled; the sins, to which you have been most inclined, and which most afflict your conscience. Observing also (if it be possible) the number of those, which are most heinous, which if it cannot be done, do not search them out with pensiveness, and anxiety.

Multa D. Th. opusc. 64. de modo confitendi, & putitate conscientiæ.

The order, which ought to be observed, is to run through the Law, or the ten Commandments of God, and those of the Church, taking every one in his place. As *upon the first Commandment* to examine the sins of infidelity, of contempt of holy things, of impiety, sorceries, divinations, magick, dreams, superstitions, distrusts of the mercy of God, presumptions of one's own ability, languishment, coldness, hypocrisies, impurities, sacrileges in the service of God, speaking distinctly upon every word, wherein, and how, by what motive, and to what purpose.

II. *Upon the second*, unnecessary oaths, false oaths, blasphemies, execrations, profanation of things sacred, and words of Scripture.

III. *Upon the third*, the exercise of labour, traffick, of civil, and criminal justice, and other works forbidden on *Sundaies*.

The irreverence committed on this great day, in neglecting to hear the whole Mass, or some notable part thereof, and employing all your time in excess of tongue, dances, masks, follies, sensualities.

IV. *Upon the fourth*, contempt, hatred, distast, ingratitude, irreverence, disobedience towards father, and mother, kindred, and superiours, neglect towards your subjects, vassals, and household-servants.

V. *Upon the fifth*, the clamours, enmities, quarrels, violences, faithlesness, injustices, oppressions, poysonings, abortions, slaughters, malice, outrages, cruelties committed against your neighbour: the ill usage of your own person, by perplexity, despair, or impatient desire of death.

VI. *Upon the sixth*, fornications, adulteries, incests, whoredoms, ravishments, secret marriages, sacrileges, self-softnesses, pollutions, ill use of marriage, and other infamous luxuries, which *Tertullian* termeth *Monsters*. Add all that, which attendeth on wantonness, as dishonest thoughts, unchast words, lascivious glancings, kisses, touches, books, pictures, Comedies, love-letters, dancings, masks, too free conversations with evident danger of sin, and sometime charms, love-potions, or other attractives, characters, and witch-crafts.

VII. *Upon the seventh*, thefts, pilferies, robberies, connivence with thieves, falsification of instruments, of letters, seals, wills, contracts, scedules, obligations false purchases, false buyings, false sales, false coyns, deceits, defraudations, surprizes, usurpations of the goods of the Church, simonies, usuries, delaies of reasonable payments, injustices, litigious wranglings, excessive expenses, foul play in game, cruelties toward the poor, and such like things.

VIII. *Upon the eighth*, false witnesses, and sollicitations thereof, calumnies, diffamatory libels, lies, impostures, hypocrisies, dissimulations, flatteries, treasons, confusion of your neighbour.

IX. *Upon the ninth*, enterprizes, and designs, contrary to marriage, by seducing the parties with words, signs, gestures, letters, gifts, attractions, with deliberate purpose and unbridled desire of sin.

X. *Upon the tenth*, disordinate thirsts of riches, principally to the prejudice of your neighbour.

Upon the commandments of the Church, the omissions of Mass, or notable negligences & distractions in hearing it on Feasts commanded. The sin against abstinence from meats, and fasts appointed; against the use of Sacraments of Confession, and Communion; against the observations of times fit for marriage, against faith and sincerity in the payment of Tythes.

Amongst the sins against the law of God, and ordinances of the Church, are comprehended the seven sins, which we call *mortal* and *capital*. As against the first Commandment, the sin of pride, in the great opinion of your self, the obstinacy in your own judgment and will, the disobedience to Superiours, the ambition of honours, vanities, vaunts, follies. The sin of sloath, in slackness, ill expense of time, negligence, remisness of courage, pusillanimity. The sin of gluttony, in making a God of one's belly. The sin of avarice upon the seventh. The sin of wrath and envy upon the fifth. The sin of luxury upon the sixth. Behold an abundance of matter to be examined in a general Confession! All is proposed, which may have happened. I do not say, that we must rest upon every point scrupulously, to search into that which never hath been, and (as they say) *shave an egg*.

Particular sins.

Every one ought more particularly to descend into the vices of his own nature, and profession: as Lords and Gentlemen to examine the sins of pride, tyranny, curiosities, delights, in looking after their pleasures, more then the profit of the publick, in exacting things not due, in usurping the pains, goods, sweat, blood of vassals, and, being men, to have served themselves with men in all prodigality. In neglecting the keeping of peace, and justice, the duty, charges, and reparation of places, to which they stand obliged. In giving estates, offices, benefices, to vitious and uncapable persons. In violating Ecclesiastical rites. In notably damnifying, for the pleasures of hunting and hawking, the fields and possessions of others. In stopping the course of justice by favour. In vexing, tormenting, imprisoning, condemning, through passion, without lawful proof. In over-lashing, in ambition, lust, bragging, excessive expenses, and such like things.

Judges and Magistrates, of ignorance, malice, negligences, as being intruded into their places without capacity, by favour, and money. In behaving themselves carelessly, without serious study of that, which is their profession. In not soundly, seriously, and solidly examining processes, but contenting themselves with superficial notice. In giving sentence for money, and favour, and many times against men unheard, without order or form of justice. In going out of the circuit of their jurisdiction, to encroach upon the authority of others. In bearing themselves with pasion in affairs. In entertaining bad Officers, in prolonging processes by cautelous references, or affected lazineſs. In solliciting the wife and daughter, who plead, upon promise of favour. In exercising on festival daies acts of judicature without necessity. In neglecting the government, and weal-publick, for the accommodation of his own affairs. In tolerating scandalous sins against the honour of God.

Practice of ordinary confession.

Women, about their pomps, curiosities, excesses, dissolutions in apparel and dressings, pride, fierceness, boldness, impatience, quarrels, loves, jealousies, courtings, idleness, and so of the rest.

Thoughts of four sorts.

For those, who often confess in ordinary Confessions, it suffices to examine their thoughts, words, deeds, omissions. Of thoughts, some are burdensom, some affected, some bitter, some vain. The burdensom, as those, which proceed against faith, and honesty, to persons, who much are alienated from ill affections; and such thoughts ought rather to be despised, then examined. The affected, as those of complacence,

placence, of curiositie, of our own commodity, and of some passion a little exorbitant towards creatures. The bitter, as those of suspicions, jealousies, disdains, aversions, choler. The vain, as those, which are brought forth at all moments, in the childishness of a scattered uncollected heart, and flie therein as Birds do in the Air. It is as impossible, as unnecessary, to take an accompt of them. It is sufficient to confess in general, and to declare the habitudes, and dispositions of his heart.

Words, the Charriot of the Soul.

Words are the Interpreters of our Soul, and the Charriots, which carry our Senses, and Affections: some carry Rice, others Honey, the rest Vineger. They carry Rice, who are over-joyous, recreative, impertinent, idle, facetious. They carry Honey, who have petty affectations, courtships, lies, exaggerations, complacences, flatteries, soothings, boastings. And they bear Vineger, who are somewhat rude, fierce, disdainful, biting, riotous, and ill-spoken.

Works.

Deeds concern God, your Neighbour, and your Self. For that, which appertaineth to God, you must first accuse your self of defects in the exercises of Devotion, as Prayer, Vocal, Mental, Meditation, Examen, Spirtual reading, the Sacraments. For that, which appertaineth to your Neighbour, and your Self, you have four Horses in the Charriot of imperfection, which transport many of your actions, to wit, Vanity, Impatience, Curiosity, Negligence.

Vanity intrudeth it self into all parts, saith *Cassianus*: into apparel, going, speech, into watchings, prayers, into abstinencies, and fasts. It combateth in the middest of virtues, to triumph over virtues. It presenteth it self as well to the victorious, as to the assailant. *Impatience*, in so many contentions, and encounters, with your Neighbour, and if one have no other adversary, he strugleth with himself. *Curiosity*, in too much seeking his own commodities, and ease of body. *Negligences* in offices, in managing of affairs, and charges: omissions, as of good resolved purposes of prayer, and laudable actions, which one ought to do either by justice, or by charity, or by vow, or by rule, or by promise, or necessity. One may upon this choose seven or eight imperfections, which most molest him, to be therein short.

Behold (as it were) the matter of Confessions! For the form, to unfold one's self, no man should make strange, if some, for the comfort of their memory, having run over the abridgment, and summary of matter of Confession, do make an extract of that, which concerneth them, principally in general Confessions. The wisest of the *Roman* Emperours, *Augustus*, was so considerate, that, treating upon some affairs with his wife, he spake to her by writing, to avoid mistaking. Can a man take too much consideration in an affair of so great importance, which passeth with God?

Three sorts of Consciences.

When the principal points are marked out, they must be explicated in intelligible terms. There are some large consciences, who have nothing to say; some scrupulous, who desire to say all; and some reasonable, who proceed therein with mediocrity. To say he is a great sinner, that he hath broken all the branches of mortal sins, that he hath not served God so well as he should, and that if he have done such or such a thing, he asketh pardon, that is to say nothing. You must specifie, and descend to particulars, propose the act, deliver it with lawful and necessary circumstances, touch the motive without extravagancies, and the intention, which hath excited us to do it, and continuance of the sin, to represent the state of the soul to the life. Yet for all this you must not so much think upon this preparation, nor the means to unfold your self, that thereby the principal part of penance be neglected, which is Contrition.

Contrition.

This Contrition is a sorrow to have offended God, not principally for the deformity of sin, and the fear of punishment (for that is nothing but Attrition) but for that this sin is committed against God, infinitely good, and infinitely amiable; and for that one maketh a firm resolution to be confessed, and to preserve himself from sin in time to come. Behold the point of Contrition, which to attain, you must seriously and advisedly represent to your self the greatness, goodness, power, wisdom, justice, love, mercy, benefits of God; opposed to your malice, weakness, baseness, ignorance, presumption, misery, ingratitude: and well-figure to your self the hostility of mortal sin, to obtain an eternal detestation against it. To consider how it ruineth riches, honours, credit, reputation, posterity, and Empires. That it soileth the glory of an innocent life, and leaveth a character of infamy. That it overthroweth bodie, health, good grace; that it openeth the gates of sudden & unexpected death. That it maketh man blind, dumb, deaf, wicked, senseless, stupid, savage, and many times furious, and enraged by the remorse of conscience. That it despoileth a soul of all the graces, beauties, excellencies, privileges, love, favour of God, hope of life, and salvation. That it killeth it, and rendeth it more cruelly then a Tiger, or Panther. That a life of God was needful to take away such a blemish, and that if a Soul be spotted at the hour of death, an eternity of flames cannot deliver it: and such like.

Hostility of sin.

In sins, which seem least, you shall always have great cause of Contrition, when the benefits of God shall be represented unto you, which he particularly and personally hath conferred upon us, opposed to our childishness of heart, tepidity, slackness, infidelity, negligence, ingratitude. As for the proceeding to Confession, the preparatives being well made, it is needful to choose a Confessour, who hath four qualities, jurisdiction, reputation, knowledg, discretion: and after you have confessed to him entirely, faithfully, sincerely, to accomplish the penance enjoyned you, with obedience, promptness, and punctual diligence: afterward to take a new spirit, to resist temptations, and to busie your self in good works, with more courage then ever.

Proceeding in confession.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Practice of Examen.

Necessity of Examen.

THe practice of Confession is made more easie by the Examen of conscience, as well general, as particular. Think not too much is required of your profession, if there be speech used to you of the Examen of conscience. Not onely the Philosophers have made it, as *Pythagoras*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, but poor Barbarous *Indians*, by the relation of *Apuleius*, took an accompt every evening of the good and evil they had done each day. This is it, which is required of you. Prepare daily a little Consistory of Justice in your conscience; see what passeth within your self, acknowledg your defects, and amend them, to prevent the justice of God.

It is said, the eclipse of the Sun causeth the earthquake: and the eclipse of Reason, by ignorance of the interiour man, produceth great disorders in the soul. For the wicked spirit (saith *Procopius* upon the first of *Kings*) endeavoureth to use us, as did the *Ammonites* the Inhabitants of *Jabes*. They

seek to pull out our right eye, and to bereave us of the sight of our selves, to bury us in great and deep confusions: but let us make use of all the lights, which God hath given us, to cast reflections into the bottom of our thoughts. *The Conscience is an admirable Tribunal, where Justice pleadeth, and Mercie sentenceth. All that which the one writes, the other blotteth out, putting, as it were, the point of the pen upon the heart of the Penitent.*

Gulielm. Parisiens. cap. 12. Sacr. Pœnit. In hoc Tribunali sedet Misericordia, assidet autem Justitia; ubi quidquid contra pœnitentem inscribit Justitia, totum delet Misericordia, acumen stylli valut figens in corde pœnitentis.

** Delrio Ser. De Conscientia.*

*A good Interpreter of the Scripture relateth the Vision of a wise man, who on a day sought for the house of Conscience, and it seemed to him he beheld a Citie built with goodly Architecture beautified with five Gates, which had as many narrow Paths ending in one larger Way. Upon this way stood a Register, who took the names of all Passengers to record them. Beyond that he saw two Tribunes, attended by a great concourse of the common people, who governed the inferiour parts of the Citie: above was beheld a Cittadel, wherein a great Princess commanded, who had a Scepter in her hand, and Crown on her head.

By her side was a Ladie very antient, and venerable, who in one hand held a Torch, with which she lighted this Queen, and in the other a Goad, wherewith she pricked her, if she governed not according to her direction.

The wise man, amazed, asked in his heart what all this Train meant, and he heard a voice within, which said unto him: Behold thy self, e're thou art a ware, arrived at the house of Conscience, which thou soughtest for. These five Gates thou seest, are the five Senses. The way where they all meet is Common Sense. All the people, which enter in by heaps, are the Objects of the creatures of the world, which first touch our Senses, before they pass into the Soul. This Register, who writeth down the names, is Imagination, that keeps record of all things. These two Tribunes are the two Appetites: the one is called the appetite of Concupiscence, which is ever in search after its desires, the other the appetite of Anger, extremely striving to strike at all obstacles, which oppose its good, either real, or pretended. This mass of people thou seest are the Passions, which make ill work in the inferiour parts of the Citie. This Princess in the Cittadel, with Crown, and Scepter, is Reason. The antient and venerable Ladie, by her side, is Conscience: she hath a Torch to shew the good way, and the Goad to prick those that wander. In a word, if thou desirest to know what Conscience is, it is A sovereign notice of good and ill, which God impresseth on our hearts, as with an hot iron, and is very hard to be taken off.

Dictamen rationis, spiritûs corrector, & pædagogus animæ, S. Thom. 1. p. q. 79.

Happy he, who often visiteth this interiour house God hath given him, & pondereth all his thoughts, his words, and actions, to adopt them to the measures of the eternal Law.

Parts.

You know a general Examen hath five parts: *thanksgiving*, *invocation*, *discussion*, *petition*, *resolution*. In *thanksgiving* we thank God principally for the benefits received that day. In *invocation* the light of Heaven is required to know our sins, and amend them. In *discussion* an accompt is asked of our soul, running through the hours of the day, of thoughts, words, works, and omissions. In *petition* pardon of our sins is implored. In the up-shot of all, *good purposes* are made to correct one's self by the assistance of grace. If you think to live in such purity, that you may find nothing more to examine, it is for want of light, or application of mind. Know there are six things ever to busie the most perfect in their Examen.

Six things in Examen to employ the most perfect.

The first, to ponder the roots of our defects, errours, imperfections. The second, to see the remedies, which may be given thereunto. The third, to distinguish true and solid virtues from those, which are no other then virtues in apparence. The fourth, to pick out in all our works the intentions, and motives, which transport us, and what the affections are, which at that time govern our soul. The fifth, to see what wanteth of perfection in good works, which we do, and how they may be performed with the most accomplishment. The sixth, to compare our gains, our losses, our encrease, our decrease in matter of virtue.

Particular Examen.

A particular Examen is made, when one undertaketh to wrastle with one vice alone, and to extirpate one sole imperfection. For he, that will sometime strike at them in gross, resembleth the Soldier of *Sertorius*, who tugged at an Horse's tail, by strength of arm to pull it quite away: another more wise pulled it off hair after hair, and so prevailed. The like happeneth in our vices, and defects. He must pull them away by little threds, who will effectually correct them. Wherefore, one riseth in the morning with a thought not to fall that day into such an imperfection, and to oppose it in every place, as some enemy, which one would vanquish. After Diner retiring himself apart, he doeth three things. The first, to ask an accompt of his soul of the relapses, which have been made into this imperfection. The second, to note the number, making so many pricks with a pen. The third, to purpose to arm himself for the rest of the day. After Supper the like exercise is made, and so one findeth out, from day to day, from week to week, from moneth to moneth, what profit is made. There is no imperfection so deeply rooted, which is not pulled away by the grace of God, you remaining in the constancy of such an exercise.

Plutar. in Sertor.

The twelfth SECTION.

The practice of Communion.

ALl those, who dispose themselves to a life more Christian, know they have not a means more wholsom, nor effectual to acquire, and preserve the grace of God, then the Sacrament of the Altar, and for this cause it is fit both often and duely to have access thereunto. But a beautiful Looking-glass in a golden frame in the house of a Blind man; an excellent Lute in the chamber of the Deaf; a goodly Diamond in a truss of Straw; an Honey-comb in the throat of a dead Lyon, what availeth all this? The Blind-man seeth not, the Deaf heareth not, the Diamond sparkleth not, the Honey-comb nourisheth not. And what profiteth likewise the Blessed Sacrament in a faint, languishing, and indispos'd Soul? Imagine according to that, which the learned *Rupertus* saith, that the Blessed Sacrament is the fountain of terrestrial Paradise, which watereth the whole Church with its delicious refreshings.

Communion without preparation, what it is.

Eucharist, the foundation of Paradise.

Three sorts of Hearts.

All the Faithful draw from thence, but all come not with the same disposition. Some bring thither an heart of Paper, that is to say, a childish heart, which padleth in the water, and no whit profiteth. Others an heart like a sive, that lets all go through, and reta[i]neth nothing but a little moysture. The rest an heart of a sponge, which is abundantly replenished with the favours and mercies of God. If you desire to communicate fruitfully, make a Present to your celestial Spouse (who is pleased to feed among Lilies) of a Lily of six leaves. There are six remarkable qualities, which must be had to accomplish this exercise.

Lilie with six leaves to communicate.

cise. Two before Communicating, Desire, and Puritie: two in Communicating, Humility, and Charity: two after communicating, Thanksgiveing, and Renovation of the inward man by the oath of Fidelity.

Desire. You must then endeavour from the eve of the day you are to receive, to make a Furnace of desires in your heart, that so you may say with the Prophet *Jeremie*: *I feel in my heart a burning fire, which fixeth it self even in my bones, and the violence thereof is such, that I cannot bear it.* Let us go to this sacred Table, as the thirsty Hart to the stream of Waters, as an hungry creature to a Feast, as the Bride-groom to the Wedding a thousand times desired, as the Covetous to a myne of Gold, as the Conqueror to Spoils. Is not there matter sufficient to serve as a spur to your desires, since there is our beginning, our Origine, our Treasure, our sovereign Good?

Jer. 20. 9. *Factus est in corde meo quasi ignis exæstuans, clausúsque in ossibus meis: & defeci, ferre non sustinens.*

Tob. 10. 6. *Omnia simul in te uno habentes non debuimus dimittere te.*

The mother of young *Tobie* sighing said: *My son, all our treasures, our riches, our honours, our contentments, our delights were in thy person, and therefore we ought never to be separated from thee.* But it is verily in this subject we have true cause to speak these words. All is in the sacred Eucharist; the body, the blood, the soul, the life, the humanity, the divinity of *Jesus Christ*, all that which he hath derived from the Eternal Father, all that which he hath taken from our nature, he yieldeth us in this blessed Sacrament, and doeth as the Bee, who robbeth the flowers of his Master's garden, to restore all again in Honey. All the perfections, which our Lord hath conferred on his own Person, are seasoned to us in this high and majestical Mysterie, as in a Honey-comb. It is an extension of the Incarnation of the Son of God. He was once hypostatically united to one sole man, but here he is united to all men, as often times as they receive him, by a visceral transfusion of himself, as one should melt one piece of wax within another (as saith S. *Cyril.*) And then who would not desire such an union of a Saviour so merciful with a sinner so miserable? Of a sovereign Physician with a sick man so remedilesse? Of a King so powerful with a vassal so wretched? Of a Father so benign with a son so refractory? May we not well say, that they, which tast not this celestial viand, have their rellishes much dulled with the leeks and onions of *Egypt*? May we not affirm, that they lead no other life, but of a mushrome? Ought we not all the night before to make our hearts sparkle in good desires & jaculatory praiers, when we go to the bed of our celestial Bride-groom?

Greatness of the Eucharist.

Endeavour then to awaken and cherish your desire with a thousand aspirations, and elevations of heart, and have always in your mouth some good words, which may be the pledges and earnest-penies of your intentions. Behold the first leaf of the Lily.

Second leaf of the Lily. Purity

The second is called *Purity*. I speak not of that, which concerneth the purging of mortal sins by confession, which is wholy necessary, and cannot be omitted without sacrilege: I speak of purity more subtile, and fine, which consisteth in faith, affections, and intentions. You ought first to have a singular faith, and a most worthy and serious understanding of the mysterie, not onely in believing what the Church teacheth us of this Sacrament, either of the reality of the pretious body of our Saviour, or of transubstantiation, but to believe it sincerely, clearly, firmly, without curiosity, restriction, or hesitation; not as those, who convinced, and as it were confounded with reason, do in some sort believe, and upon the least occasion repent in their faithless heart what they have believed, and make to themselves a faith floating, and racking up and down, like clouds under the breath of the winds. When you go to receive the Blessed Sacrament, you must do as *Abraham* did in his Sacrifice, hold the Bond-men, and Ass, which are your Senses, at the foot of the hill, and let your will, and understanding ascend, lightened with the torch of Faith, even to the height, to sink it self down into these resplendent nights of the wisdom of Heaven.

What ought to be the faith of a good communicant.

For purity of Intention, which is the character of our actions, I would have nothing side-ways, nor bearing upon any byas: I will not, that you communicate for some humane respect, some civil decencie, or to please those, whose favour you desire, nor for some trifling vanity, and sometimes hypocrisie, or other ends, and aims, which are far estranged from the ways of God. You must communicate with intention to unite your self to God, your beginning, to whiten and gild your self with his sights, to enkindle your self the more in his love, to retain the memory of that Sacrifice, which he offered on mount *Calvarie*, that is to say, of his most venerable Passion; to appease the anger of God for as many sins as are committed; to implore the assistance of Heaven for the necessities of the Church, as well for the living, as dead; to obtain for your self, and persons, of whom mention is made, some victory over temptations, some new virtues, some temporal grace, in as much as shall concern the spiritual state. Briefly, for thanksgiving for the benefits, which we receive from his Divine Majesty, both in general, and particular.

Intention.

Purity of affections consisteth principally in two points: to banish from your heart all animosities, revenges, quarrels, punctillioes, and readily to reconcile your self before you come to the Altar; the other is to free your self, not onely from affections dishoneſt, and unlawful, but also a little exorbitant, which one may have to any creature whatsoever. It is convenient, your heart be then as a Crystal-vial filled with clear water, wherein the least mote of uncleanness may be seen. It is to put *Adonis* in the crib of *Beth-lehem* (which heretofore the Infidels did) when we communicate still retaining impure Passions with a deliberate purpose.

Purity of affection.

Adonis in the crib of *Beth-lehem.*

Germanus Patriarch of *Constantinople* in his Theory saith, the *Pix*, which is the vessel, and resting-place, where the Blessed Sacrament is put, is called *Ciborium*, as one would say *the Ark of lights*, to teach us, that at the onely sight of this Sacrament we must dispel all thoughts of darkness, which have possessed our soul. And for the better obtaining this purity it is good to practice some devotions in the eve of receiving, as mortification of tongue by retirement, and silence, as abstinence, or some other exercise of humanity, or work of mercy. When the day cometh, run to this heavenly Manna in the morning: amuze not your self too much in decking and accommodating your body, nor in scattering and disordering your mind in vain cares and sollicitudes, but keep the vessel of your heart as a well-stopped pot, to pour it out at the table of your Spouse. It is at the instant of receiving, that you must imitate the Seraphins of the Prophet *Isaiah*, to hold all your wings still; but onely two, which are Humility, and Charity: these are the two wings, on which you ought to poize your self at your pleasure. First grounding all in reverence before the eyes of this ineffable Majesty, abasing your self even to the center of your nothing, treading underfoot all presumptions, vanities, follies, by a most perfect humility of spirit. Secondly, to stir up lively and ardent affections with all the endeavour of your heart, and, if that suffice not, offer all

Germ. Patriarch. in Theoria.

Exod. 5. What ought to be done on the day of Communion.

Third and fourth leaf of the Lily. Imitation of Seraphins. *Isaiah* 6. Moving wings.

to God in the Union of his onely Son, and merits of the most Blessed Virgin *Mary*.

To cherish the affections of these holy virtues, you must have your Prayers, Meditations, and considerations upon the Blessed Sacrament, well prepared, and digested with variety, that you may still hold your devotion in breath: as,

Considerations for Communion.

I. To represent *Moses* in the Bush burning, fiezed with an holy fire, who heard these words: *Put off thy shoes, take away thy sensual affections, the land here is holy; yea it is the Holy of Holies.* This is the noble fire, which enflameth Angels in Heaven, and pure Souls on Earth, which is enchased within the species of the Sacrament. What ought you then to do?

Moses before the burning bush. *Solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis: locus enim in quo stas, terra sancta est.* Exod. 3. 5.

II. To represent unto your self, that your soul is as the Hostess of the Prophet *Elizeus*, the good *Shunammite*, who prepareth her heart as a lodging for the King of Prophets, thanksgiving as a table, humility for a seat, and charity for a candle lighted.

4 Reg. 4. The Hostess of *Elizeus*. *Unde mihi hoc, ut inveniam gratiam ante oculos tuos? & nosse me dignaris? peregrinam mulierem?* Ruth. 2. 8, 9

III. To represent to your self, that it is a *Ruth*, who accounted it a great favour to be esteemed by *Boaz*, and to have leave to glean in the Fields after his Harvest-men, and acknowledging with gratitude so small a benefit, she said with her face prostrated on the earth: *From whence cometh this favour, which I have gained in your presence? From whence proceedeth, that you deign to know me, who am but a poor foreigner?* What ought you to say?

Qua est petitio tua, Esther, *ut detur tibi? Et quid vis fieri? Etiàm dimidiam partem regni mei petieris, impetrabis.* Esther. 7. 3.

IV. That it is as the humble *Esther* before *Ahasuerus*, and that it kisseth the golden Rod, and moreover that it understandeth these words: *What is thy demand*, Esther? *Tell me, to the end it may be granted. What wouldst thou have me do? If thou askest me the moiety of my Kingdom, thou shalt have it.* Answer, you would have nothing but the King, and that he alone sufficeth you.

Mephibosheth. *Et tu comedes panem in mensa mea semper. Quis ego sum servus tuus, quoniam respexisti super me, canem mortuum?* 2 Sam. 9. 7, 8.

V. That it is as *Mephibosheth*, the son of *Jonathan*, to whom *David* spake these words: *My meaning is, you shall eat at my table all the days of your life.* What answered this little son of the King thereupon? *Alas, Sir, Who am I your poor servant, that you please to cast your eye upon me, a dead dog, such as I am?*

Jonathan, 1 *Sam.* 14. 29.

VI. That it is as *Jonathan*, who, extremely tired, dipped the end of a wand, which he carried in his hand, into an Honey-comb, and lifted it to his lips, at that instant behold his eyes, before heavy and oppressed, became clear again, and his body re-assumed new and fresh vigour. There needeth but a little consideration to a well-composed spirit, both to cast it presently down by humility into the centre of nothing, and to raise it by love even above the Emperial Heaven. One may likewise every time he receiveth, prepare divers meditations to entertain himself more at large, either before or after the mystery.

Other Considerations.

I. As meditation upon the History, considering 1. The eating of the Lamb. 2. The washing of Feet. 3. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

II. The Names; as Eucharist, Communion, Sacrifice, Bread, Viaticum, and other such like: practising your self to search out the reason of every one, with application of spirit, to derive from thence things agreeable to the name, which one meditateth: as upon the name of Communion, the resolution of Peace, Concord, and Charity.

III. The Figures; as the Bread and Wine of *Melchisedech*, the Paschal Lamb, Manna, the Bread of *Elias:* meditating upon the Histories, and conformities, which they have with this Divine mysterie, and the fruits we ought to draw from thence.

IV. The Causes of the institution. 1. As to serve us for a memory of the Passion. 2. An incitement of love and charity. 3. For spiritual nourishment. 4. For Sacrifice. 5. For a pledg of beatitude: considering whether we answer to the intention of the Son of God in this action. After receiving you must rest upon the two last leaves of the Lily, which are *thanksgiving*, and *renovation of spirit*. You then must adore this great guest, whom you have in your heart, with all the powers of Heaven, and creatures of the earth, to play your part, as if you were a little string of the great Harp of the world. To offer to God the whole world as a votive-table hanged on his Altar, collected in the perfections of his only Son, who is wholly yours, being so freely given to you, so solemnly, so irrevocably, as he, whose Divinity, Soul, Life, Flesh, and Blood you have in this incomprehensible Sacrament. To give him thanks for the infinite riches he hath placed in this sacred humanity, which you enjoy, and for that he hath given you his Son for Father, Brother, Master, Leader, Redeemer; for the good he communicateth to all faithful people by the means of this inexhaustible Fountain of Grace, for the special favours he hath done to you and yours, for the natural talents with which he hath adorned you; and likewise for the various change of comforts, and discomforts, with which he hath enterlaced your life: briefly, for the present visit, which he hath made in the house of your heart, so ill prepared.

Fifth and sixth leaf of the Lily. What you are to do after Communion.

After adoration, and thanksgiving, followeth *petition* for the faithful and unfaithful, whose conversion we desire: For the Church, and all the Prelats, which govern it, namely him, whom he hath appointed to be our Pastour: For our person of the King, and all the Realm: For his kinred, friends, benefactours, living and dead. To ask for your self seven gifts, which an holy Virgin (by the relation of S. *Bonaventure*) daily begged of God. 1. Effectual grace to accomplish the law of Love. 2. To love all that God loveth. 3. To hate all he hateth. 4. Humility, Chastity, Obedience, Contempt of the world, Garnishment of all virtues. 5. That God would make his true Temple of our soul and body. 6. That he would give us his vision in beatitude. 7. That he may be divinely served in this place, where you receive the Blessed Sacrament, and in all the other parts of Christendom. To conclude, to make in the end a *renewing* of the Oath of fidelity, which we have sworn to our great Master, and to employ our time in his service with more diligence then ever. And since we are upon the Palm-tree, let us gather the fruits, which are spiritual food, strength against temptations, heavenly alacrity, light of understanding, flames of charity, union with God, augmentation of virtues, hope of glory, renovation in all our faculties and functions, and namely let us often stay upon some particular object of virtue, which we would ask of our guest in favour of this celestial visitation.

Bonavent. lib. 6. *Med.* cap. 3.

Fruits of Communion.

The thirteenth SECTION.

* *The practice to hear Mass.*

TO hear Mass is verily one of the most serious actions of all spiritual life. Had one all the understanding and reverence of Angels to be present thereat, it would never be enough. Saint *Dionys* the *Areopagite* saith, that exactly to discharge this duty we must purifie our heart *usque ad extremas imagines*, so despoiling it, that it may be free from all imaginations, and humane representations: and that is it, which Saint *Bonaventure* hath more clearly expressed, principally speaking of Priests, who celebrate: *That the time, when they ought to approach, is, when they feel themselves wholly changed, and*

* *Parcè hac, & in transcursu, tantùm delibat Lector, ut canis à Nilo.*

Usque ad extremas imagines. *Dionys.* cap. 6. *De Eccl. Hierarch.*

An excellent saying of St. *Bonaventure.* *Cùm fuerit totus alteratus, &*

divinus effectus, ità ut nihil videas nisi Deum, tunc accede.

and become divine, in such sort that they behold not any thing but God. Philo the Bishop addeth, that the Sacrificers are as the ivory neck of the Spouse, which must serve as a chanel for the Holy Ghost to make his graces distil upon the rest of the members, that are present at this Sacrifice.

The first practice and most ordinary to hear Mass, for those who understand the words there spoken, is, to follow them with application of spirit, and to accompany the silence of the Priest with some meditations, or vocal prayers.

The second is, to stay one's self upon the signification of all the parts of the Mass. As at the *Confiteor* to represent in your self man banished from Paradise, miserable, suppliant, confessing, deploring his sin. At the *Introite*, the enflamed desires of all mankind expecting the *Messias*. At the *Hymn of Angels, Glory be to God on high*, the Nativity. At the *Prayers*, thanksgiving for such a benefit. At the *Epistle*, the Preaching of the Precursour S. *John*. At the *Gospel*, truth preached by the Saviour of the world: and so of the rest.

The third is, to divide the Mass into certain parcels; and behold a very considerable manner. Represent to your self five great things in the mystery of the Mass, from whence you ought to draw so many fruits. These five things are, Representation, Praise, Sacrifice, Instruction, Nourishment.

Five notable things in the mystery of the *Mass*.

Representation. Because the Mass is a perfect image of the life and passion of our Saviour, and therefore the first fruit you ought to gather from thence is, daily to imprint more lively in your heart the actions and passions of the Son of God, to conform your self thereunto.

1. Representation. *Radicati & superædificati in ipso.* Col. 2. 7.

Praise. So many words as are in the Mass aim at this purpose, to give praise unto God for this ineffable mystery of our Redemption; and to conform your self to this action, you ought to bend all the endeavour of your heart to praise God, whether it be by vocal or mental Prayer.

2. Praise.

3. *Mass* a Sacrifice.

Sacrifice. It is a most singular act of Religion, by which we reverence and adore God for the infinite glory of his sovereign Being. And the Mass is a true Sacrifice by eminency, where the life and blood of beasts is not offered, but the life of a Saviour, which is more worth then the life of all Angels and men.

Cedren. in Compend. Hist. Wonder of *Justinian.*

Cedrenus recounteth, that the Emperour *Justinian* caused an Altar to be made in the Church of Saint *Sophia*, wherein he used all sorts of metal, of precious stones, of the richest materials, which might be chosen out amongst all the magazins of nature, to incorporate all the beauties in the world in one sole Master-piece. And verily this Sacrifice is the prime work of God, in which he hath as it were locked up all that, which is great, or holy, in all the mysteries of our Religion. It was the custom daily to proportion the Sacrifices to the benefits of God. When in the old Law he gave the fat of the earth, they offered the first-fruits to him: but now that he hath granted to us the dew of Heaven so long expected, his onely Son, we must render to him his Son again; which is done in the Sacrifice of the Mass. And the fruit you should derive from this consideration is, at the elevation of the host, to offer *Jesus Christ* to God his Father by the ministery of the Priest: and to offer it, First, for a supreme and incomparable honour of the Divine Majesty. Secondly, for thanksgiving for all benefits received, and to be received. Thirdly, to obtain protection, direction, and prosperity in all your works. Besides offer up all your powers, faculties, functions, actions, in the union of the merits of *Jesus*.

4. Instruction.

Instruction. Those, who understand the words of the Mass, may draw goodly instructions from reading the Epistle, the Gospel, the Collects. All in general teach us the virtues of *honour* and *reverence* towards the Divine Majesty, seeing this Sacrifice is celebrated with so many holy, sacred, and profoundly dutiful ceremonies. *Of Gratitude*, since God, being once offered in the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, will also be daily presented to God his Father, in the title of gratitude: and that ought to awaken in us the memory of observing every benefit of God with some remarkable act of devotion. *Of Charity* towards our common Saviour, and towards our neighbour, since we see a life of God spent for our redemption, and all faithful people.

5. Nourishment. Spiritual Communion.

Nourishment. The Eye liveth by light and colours, the Bee by dew, the Phœnix by the most thin and subtile vapours; and the Soul of the Faithful by the nourishment, which it receiveth in the Blessed Sacrament, which is purely spiritual. This nourishment is not onely derived from the Sacramental Communion by the real presence of the body of our Saviour, but also by the spiritual Communion, which is made, when in the Sacrifice of the Mass, at the time of the Priest his communicating, the same dispositions, apprehensions, and affections are entertained, as if really and actually one did receive. For this purpose it is fit to do three things. First, to excite anew in your self the acts of self-dislike, and contrition for your wretchedness, and imperfections. The second, to take spiritually the carbuncle of the Altar, not with the pincers of the *Seraphin*, but with acts of a most lively faith, a most resolved hope, and a charity most ardent, to open boldly the mouth of your heart, and pray our Saviour to enter in, as truly by the communication of his graces and favours (which are the rays of this Sun) as by the real imparting of his body and blood he gives himself to those that communicate. The third, to conclude all your actions with a most hearty thanksgiving.

The fourteenth SECTION.

Practice of Meditation.

OF four worlds, which are the Archetype, Intelligible, Celestial, and Elementary, Prayer imitateth the most perfect, being a true image of the Oeconomy of the holy Trinity, which, according to the Maxims of Divines, cannot pray to any (having no Superiour) yet affordeth a model for all prayers: for Prayer, as saith *Tertullian*, is composed of reason, words, and spirit: of Reason, as we may interpret by the relation it hath to the Father: of Words, as it is referred to the Word: of Spirit, by the direction it hath to the third Person. Now this principally agreeth with meditation. For it is that divine silence and delicious ravishment of the soul, which uniteth man to God, and finite essence to Infinite.

Exod. 23. 29.

It is that *Plenitude* and that *Tear* spoken of in *Exodus*, according to an antient Translation. *Plenitude*, because it replenisheth the soul with the splendour of consolations, and sources, which distil from the Paradise of God. *Tear*, yea tear of myrrh; because it distilleth under the eyes of God, as doth the tree, which beareth myrrh, under the the rays of the Sun. It is a wonderful thing to behold this little shrub, which doth not perpetually expect to be cut with iron, that it may drop forth its pleasing liquor; but the Sun, reflecting on the branches thereof, becomes as it were a Mid-wife, and maketh it bring forth what is sought after: which caused an excellent Wit to say, that *it drew life out of its blows, and made a dug of it wounds.*

Oh

Oh happy ſoul, that reſembleth this generous plant, and which, replete with pious deſires, holy affections, and ſincere intentions, produceth apprehenſions, and works a thouſand times more pretious then Myrrh, when in meditation the rays of *Jeſus Chriſt* (who is the true Sun of juſtice) ſtrike the heart!

nolis eſt bene, cum eum adoramus, ipſam vitam precè ad eum facientes, per inquiſitionem & imitationem de ipſo.

Neceſſity and eaſineſs of Meditation.

The practice of Prayer conſiſteth in mental, vocal, and mixt. Mental is that, which is exerciſed in the heart; Vocal, which is formed in the mouth; Mixt participateth of both. Think it not to be a new thing, not ſevered from your profeſſion, to meditate. It were ſo, if one would make your brain ſerve as a Limbeck for ſubtile and extravagant raptures, diſguiſed in new words, and forms. But when one ſpeaketh of meditation, he adviſeth you to ponder and ruminate the points, and maxims, which concern your ſalvation, with all ſweetneſs, that fruit moſt agreeable to your condition may be derived from thence. The faintneſs, weakneſs, infidelity, ignorance, drineſs, which reigneth in your ſouls, cometh from no other ſource, but the want of conſideration. Take this worthy exerciſe couragiouſly in hand, and you ſhall feel your heart fattened with the unction of the Holy Ghoſt, and your ſoul of a wilderneſs to become a little Paradiſe of God. Be not affrighted hereat, as if it were a thing impoſſible for you: uſe a little method, and you ſhall find nothing more eaſie, and familiar. What have you ſo natural in vital life, as to breathe? And what more proper in the intellectual, then to think? Your ſoul hath no other operation; for Night and Day it is employed in this exerciſe. The Sun caſteth forth beams, and our ſoul thoughts. Gather together onely thoſe wandering thoughts, which are ſcattered amongſt ſo many objects, into your center, which is God: employ one part of the ſpirit, induſtrie, invention, diſcourſe, which you are endowed withall for the managing of worldly affairs: employ them (I ſay) in the work of your ſalvation, and you ſhall do wonders.

I undertake not here to raiſe you above the earth, nor in the beginning to plunge you into the ſeven degrees of contemplation, whereof S. *Bonaventure* ſpeaketh in the Treatiſe he compoſed hereof: I ſpeak not to you of *fire*, *unction*, *extaſie*, *ſpeculation*, *taſt* of *repoſe*, or *glory*; but I ſpeak that in few words, which you may read more at large in the works of ſo many worthy men, who have written upon that ſubject. Firſt know what Meditation is, ſecondly how it is ordered.

What you muſt underſtand to meditate well.

Definition of Meditation.

Meditation properly is a prayer of the heart, by which we humbly, attentively, and affectionately ſeek the truth, which concerns our ſalvation, thereby to guid us to the exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues. That you may meditate well, you muſt know the cauſes, degrees, matter, and form of meditation.

Cauſes.

The principal cauſe thereof is God, who infuſeth himſelf into our ſoul, to frame a good thought, as the Sun doth upon the earth to produce a flower. It is a goodly thing to have the ſpirit ſubtile and fruitful. *It is to work without the Sun* (ſaith *Origen*) *to think to do any thing here without the grace of the Holy Ghoſt.*

The firſt degree, which leadeth to good and ſerious Prayer, is a good life, and principally purity of heart, tranquillity of ſpirit, deſire to make your ſelf an inward man. Saint *Auguſtine* reciteth a ſaying of *Porphyrius* very remarkable, which he deriveth from the mouth of this perfidious man, as one ſhould pull a thing ſtoln out of a Thief's coffer: *God, the Creatour and Father of this whole Univerſe, hath no need of our ſervice, but it is our good to ſerve him, and adore him, making of our life a perpetual Prayer, by a diligent enquiry of his perfections, and imitation of his virtues.* Obſerve then, the firſt degree of good Prayer is good life.

Aug. lib. 9 De civit. Dei cap. 23. Deus omnium Pater nullius indiget, ſed

The ſecond (as well this Authour hath noted) is the perquiſition, to wit, the ſearch of verities by thinking on the things meditated, which are the ſundry conſiderations ſuggeſted to us by the ſpirit in the exerciſe of meditation.

The third is the affection, which ſpringeth from theſe conſiderations. Our Underſtanding is the ſteel, and our Will the flint: as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affections to flie out. We muſt bray together the matters of Prayer, as Aromatick ſpices, with the diſcuſſion of our underſtanding, before we can extract good odours.

The fourth is the imitation and fruit of things we meditate on. It is the mark, at which our thoughts ſhould aim, otherwiſe, if one ſhould pretend nothing elſe but a vain buſineſs of the minde, it would be to as much purpoſe to drive away Butter-flies, as to meditate. Good meditation and good action ought to be entertained as two ſiſters, holding one another by the robe.

Matter of Meditation. Three Books of Meditation.

As for the matter of meditation, you muſt know that all meditations are drawn from three Books. The firſt and moſt inferiour is the Book of the great world, where one ſtudieth to come by knowledg of the creature to the Creatour. The ſecond is the Book of the little world, where man ſtudieth himſelf, his beginning, his end, qualities, habits, faculties, actions, functions, and the reſt.

The third is the Book of the Heavenly Father, *Jeſus Chriſt* our Saviour, who verily is a gilded Book, limmed with the rays of the Divinity, imprinted with all the characters of ſanctity, and from thence an infinitie of matter is drawn, as thoſe of benefits, of four laſt things, of the life, death, and paſſion of *Jeſus*, and of all the other myſteries. You muſt digeſt every one in his time, according to the opportunity, taſt, and capacity of thoſe who meditate. Some appropriate meditations to every day of the week; others make their circuit according to the moneth; others follow the order of the myſteries, and life of our Saviour, as they are couched in ſo many Books written of theſe matters.

Practiſe and form contained in ſix Articles.

The practice and form of meditation conſiſteth in ſix things. The firſt, to divide the ſubject you would meditate on into certain points, according to the appointment of ſome Directour, or the help of a Book: as if you meditate upon the knowledg of ones ſelf, to take for the firſt point, what man is by nature. For the ſecond, what he is by ſin. For the third, what he may be by grace.

1. Article.

2. Article.

The ſecond, a little before the honour appointed for meditation, to call into memory the points, which you would meditate on.

3. Article.

The third, after you have implored the light and aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt, that he would be pleaſed to direct this act to his glory, and that you have framed to your ſelf a lively thought of the preſence of God, and that actually you may meditate to ſelect the points, and articles propoſed, ſweetly, attentively, affectionately: and, not to want matter for every point, it is good to weigh the cauſes, the effects, the tenents, and utmoſt limits of the myſtery we meditate on.

Seven ways to dilate one's ſelf in meditating in abundance upon ſundry thoughts contained in this third Article.

As in the firſt point of the knowledg of your ſelf, *What man is according to Nature?* A reaſonable creature, intelligent, capable of the knowledg of God. *Who made it?* God himſelf. He would that his

his Divine hands (saith S. *Basil*) should serve him as a womb. *What are the Essential parts thereof?* A soul, a body, an understanding, a memory, a will. *What are the Accidentals?* A general mass of so many little parcels, as have their names, and entertainments. O the powerful hand, which hath composed such a master-piece! *Where was it made?* In the Earth, and not in Heaven, to teach him humility. *And to what end made?* To praise God, and serve him, and to save himself in praise and serving him. *Who hath concurred to its creation?* God. *Hath he made use of Angels?* No: he would attribute the honour of such a work to himself. *And how did he make it?* He was not content with one single word, as in the Creation of the world, but he put his hand thereto, to shew it was a more supreme effect of his power. *And when did he make him?* After other creatures, to prepare the world for him, as a Cradle, as a Temple, as an Hall to banquet in, and such like things. You see these circumstances, who, what, where, what help, wherefore, when, and how, in every subject of what kind soever, will lead you along.

The second manner to dilate your self, when you meditate History, is, to represent the divers persons with their words, actions, and passions. As in the mysterie of the Resurrection, the Soldiers shivering for fear, the Person of our Saviour all enlightened with splendour, saying, Courage, I have overcome, all power is given to me in Heaven and Earth; I come to wipe away your Tears, to make your Faces bright-shining, to put you into possession of an eternal felicity, and such like things. On the other side, *Magdalen*, who seeketh her Master, and not content to behold the Angels, speaketh these words, which *Origen* prompteth her: *All these goodly comforters are burthensom to me: I seek the Creatour, and therefore I cannot see any creature without anxiety. I seek not Angels, but him, who hath made both me, and Angels.*

Oneroſi ſunt mihi omnes conſolatores: quaro Creatorem, & ideò mihi gravis eſt ad videndũ omnis creatura. Ego non quaro Angelos ſed eum, qui fecit me, & Angelos.

The third, to represent things to your self by certain Images, figures, and similitudes: as *Hermas*, cited in the *Bibliothec of the Fathers*, who, meditating on the joy of worldlings, imagined to himself a delicious Medow, enammeled all over with Flowers, where certain fat and plump Sheep cropped the grass, and skipped to and fro, with many jumps in the delights thereof: and in an instant this Medow became waste, plain, dry, lean, parched, and barren, and the same Sheep appeared starven, scabbie, and full of botches, a rude surly Sheepherd driving them to feed among thorns, and brambles. Afterward he applied all that to the voluptuous, and made to himself a perfect representation of their life, to avoid their unhappiness.

S. *Gregory in his Hymns.*

The fourth, to extend your self by comparing of one thing to another, as did Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, meditating upon the love of God. "Tell me "confidently (O my soul) what thou desirest? For "I will please thee. Thou wouldest perhaps have "*Gyges* his enchanted ring to gain a kingdom. "Thou wouldest have all that which is in thy hand "chang'd into gold (the desire of the fabulous *Mi*-"*das*.) Thou wouldest covet Palaces stuffed with "gold, and silver, rich possessions, curiosities, "boundless honours. Poor distracted man, dost "thou not see, thy God is all that, and above all "that, and incomparably more then that? Thy "God is the true riches, the true glory, the true "repose, without him all thy blessings would be "curses, and with him all thy afflictions may be "turned into felicities.

The fifth, to make sometimes a Dialogue; God, and the intellectual creatures, sensible, and insensible enterchangeably speaking: as did S. *Augustine*, meditating upon the perfections of God. "He "went wheeling round about the world, and asked "in heaven, in earth, sea, and depths, addressing "himself to every one in particular, Are you God? "And these Creatures answered, No, those have "lyed, who Deified us. And after he had run all over the world, he entereth into himself, and saith to himself: *Who art thou? From whence cometh this creature? My Lord, and my God, from whence, but from thee?* By these ladder-steps he mounteth to the knowledg of his Creatour, and plungeth himself in the abysses.

Circuibam omnia quærens te, & propter omnia derelinquens me. Interrogavi terram, ſi eſſet Deus, & dixit mihi, quòd non. Tu quis es? unde hoc tale animal? Domine Deus meus, unde niſi a te? Aug. Solil. 31.

The sixth, to make sometimes a gradation, ascending from degree to degree, as in meditating on these words of Saint *John: God so loved the world, that he gave his onely-begotten Son.* If God should onely appoint a bird to bring the news of thy salvation, would it not seem to thee to deserve many thanks? But what if a reasonable creature? What if a man endowed with all manner of excellencies? What if an Angel? What if an Archangel, a Cherubin, a Seraphin? What if all the Angels, and all the Blessed Spirits? But all these, in comparison of his Son, are but as a little drop of water to the vast Ocean. And he hath given thee his Son. O prodigie! O superabundance of love!

Sic Deus dilexit mundum, ut filium ſuum unigenitum daret. Joan. 3. 16.

The seventh, easie, and fruitful, is, to ponder that, which you meditate on, with application to your self, attentively considering the actions and words of our Saviour to form ours. To examine carefully your deportments, and see how often times they wander from this rule of perfection; to repeal them, to square them, to level them, as much as you can, according to the model, which is set before your eyes.

4 Article of the manner of Meditation. Lights.

After the discussion of every point, the Lights follow in the fourth place, which are Maxims, and conclusions drawn from the discourse we have made. As if we have meditated upon the knowledg of our selves, to derive this fruit from thence: "That we "have nothing of our selves, but ignorance, weak-"ness, vanity, misery. That we are wholly God's. "That it is a sacrilege to live for our selves. That "we cannot have a worse Master, then our own li-"berty, and scope: and such like things.

5. Article. Affections.

In the fifth place come the Affections, which are flaming transportations of the will, bent to pursue and embrace the good it acknowledgeth, as when S. *Augustine*, having meditated upon the knowledg of God, brake forth into these words: *Alas! I have begun very late to love thee; a beauty ever antient, a beauty ever new. Too late have I begun. Thou wert within, and I sought for thee without, and have cast my self with such violence upon these created beauties, without knowledg of the Creatour, to defile, and deform my self daily more and more.* To this it much availeth to have by heart many Versicles of the most pathetical *Psalms*, which serve as jaculatory prayers, and as it were enflamed arrows, to aim directly at the proposed mark.

Serò te amavi, pulchritudo tã antiqua, & tam nova; serò te amavi, & tu intùs eras, & ego foris, & ibi te quærebam: & in iſta formoſa, quæ feciſti, ego deformis irruebam. Aug. *Solil.* 11.

6. Article. Colloquies

For conclusion you have Colloquies, which are reverent and amorous discourses with God, by which we ask of him to flie the evil, or follow the good discovered in the meditation. And, of all that which I say, Discussion, Light, Affection, a Colloquy may be made upon every point, but more particularly at the end of the Prayer. And note, in every Prayer, especially in Colloquies, you must make *acts of the praise of God*, in adoring him with all the Heavenly host, and highly advancing his greatness, and excellencies. *Of thanksgiving*, in thanking him for

for all benefits in general, but particularly for these most eminent in the subject we meditate. *Of Petition*, in asking some grace, or favour. *Of Obsecration*, in Begging it by the force of holy things, and agreeable to the Divine Majesty. *Of Oblation*, in offering your soul, body, works, words, affections, and intentions; afterward shutting all up with the *Pater Noster*.

Another manner of Meditation, more plain, and profitable.

Behold briefly the practice of Meditation. If you yet desire one more plain, more facile, and greatly profitable, often practise this same. As the true meditation of a good man is (according to the Prophet) the Law of God, and the knowledg of one's self, meditate the summary of your Belief; as sometimes the Creed of the Apostles, sometimes the *Pater Noster*, sometimes the Commandments of God, sometimes the deadly sins, sometimes upon the powers of your soul, and sometimes your five natural Senses. The manner shall be thus. After you have chosen a place, and time proper, and a little sounded the retreat in your heart from temporal affairs:

First, invoke the grace of God to obtain light and knowledg upon the subject you are to meditate.

Secondly, if it be the Creed, run over every Article briefly, one after another, considering three things, what you ought to believe of this Article, what you ought to hope, what you ought to love: How you hitherto have believed it, hoped it, loved it: How you ought more firmly to believe it hereafter, to hope for it more confidently, to love it more ardently.

If it be the *Pater Noster*, meditate upon every Petition, what you ask of God, the manner how you ask it, and the disposition you afford to obtain it. If the Commandments of God; what every Commandment meaneth, how you have kept them, and the course you will presently hold, the better to observe them. If the powers of your Soul, and five Senses; the great gift of God, which is to have a good Understanding, a good Will, an happy Memory; to have the organs of Eys, Ears, and all the Senses well disposed for their several functions. How you have hitherto employed all these endowments, and how you will use them in time to come.

Another way.

Thirdly, you shall make oblation of all that you are to God, and shall conclude with the *Pater Noster*, and *Ave Maria*. Another manner very sweet for those, who are much affected to holy Scripture, is mixed prayer, consisting in three things.

The first, to make prayer to obtain of God grace and direction in this action, as it hath been said above.

The second, to take the words of holy Scripture, as a Psalm, a Text of S. *John*, S. *Paul*, and such like things; to pronounce it affectionately, pondering, and ruminating the signification of each word, and resting thereon with sweetness, while our spirit furnisheth us with variety of considerations.

The third, to make some resolution upon all these good Considerations, to practice them in such and such actions of virtue. Lastly, to end the Meditation with some vocal Prayer.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Practice of vocal Prayer, spiritual Lection, and the Word of God.

Practice of Vocal Prayer three ways.

THe practice of vocal Prayer consisteth in three things; to observe whom we should pray unto, what we ought to pray for, and how to pray. For the first, we know what the Church teacheth us, how, next unto the Majesty of the most Blessed Trinity, incomparably raised above all creatures, we pray to Angels, and Saints, who are (as it were) the rays of this great and incomprehensible Sun, from whom all glory reflecteth. Above all creatures we reverence the most holy Mother of God, who hath been as a burning mirror, in the which all the beams of the Divinity are united. *Origen* calleth her *the treasure of the Trinity*: Methodius, *the living Altar*: Saint Ignatius, *a Celestial Prodigie*: Saint Cyril, *the Foundéress of the Church*: Saint Fulgentius, *the Repairer of Mankind*: Proclus of Cyzike, *the Paradise of the second* Adam, *the Shop of the great Union of two Natures*: Saint Bernard, *the Firmament above all Firmaments*: Andrew of Crete, *the Image of the first Archetype, and the Epitome of the incomprehensible excellencies of God.*

To whom to pray.

* *Pramonitus, pramunitus.*

Praise of the Blessed *Virgin.*

All that may be said redoundeth to the glory of the workman, who made her, and advanced her with so many preeminences, yea, that alone affordeth us a singular confidence in her protection. The devotion towards this common Advocate of mankind is so sweet, so sensible, so full of consolation, that a man must have no soul not to relish it. Next, we honour those Angelical spirits, who enammel Heaven with their beauty, and shine as burning Lamps before the Altar of this great God of Hosts. We have a particular obligation to our holy Angel-Guardian, whom God hath deputed to our conservation, as a Celestial Centinel, that perpetually watcheth for us. We behold in Heaven, with the eys of faith, an infinite number of chosen souls, who read our necessities in the bosom of God, written with the pen of his will, and enlightened with the rays of their proper glory, who apply this knowledg to their beatified understanding. Behold the objects of our Devotion! As concerning that, which we ought to pray, and beg for, our great Master hath abridged it for us in our Lord's Prayer, a true Epitom of the celestial wisdom; as if one would comprehend all this great Universe in the round circuit of a Ring. From thence it is that all prayers are derived, as all waters flow from the Ocean.

Angels.

Lord's Prayer.

Rosary.

From the union of this excellent prayer with the Angelical Salutation the *Rosary* is composed; a prayer as singular, as familiar to the whole world, whether it be simply recited, or whether one proceed therein by the way of meditation upon the Mysteries, as many pious and devout Books do teach.

Psalter.

We have besides this, the *Psalter* of the Kingly Prophet, which operateth that in the Church, which the Sun doth in Heaven. It illuminateth, heateth, and makes fruitful all the good desires, and devotions of Christianity. Consequently there follow many well-digested Offices, many Collects, Letanies, Prayers, collected from holy Scriptures, and Fathers. You have a plentiful treasury of them compiled by *Henry Kispenvigius*, able to satisfie the most curious devotions. But all is not in multitude. The Breviaries, Hours, and Manuals of Devotion say enough. Those, who have obligation of saying some Office, ought seriously to think of the discharge of their consciences upon this point. But you, which have it not, it is reason, with the advise of your Spiritual Father, you task your selves upon some daily exercise seasoned with some variety, that every day you may repeat it with exact diligence: and moreover you have many jaculatory prayers drawn from the Psalms, or other Books, for all manner of necessities, as well spiritual, as temporal, and a list of the persons, as well living, as dead, for whom you are to pray.

Government of Vocal Prayer.

The form.

When you have the matter digested, it remaineth, your self add form thereunto, a serious attention, a pro-

profound reverence, a fervent love. You muſt imagine with your ſelf, that with thoſe holy old men in the *Apocalyps* you ſtand before the Throne of God, with a Vial or Cup in the one hand, (which is your heart repleniſhed with holy thoughts, as with odoriferous Balm) and an Harp in the other, which is the collection of ſo many notable prayers. Serve your ſelf well with this celeſtial Harp. Do not as one *Neanthus*, who, having inherited *Orpheus* his Harp, thought to do wonders, and played ſo ill, that Dogs, affrighted with his unſpeakable skreaking noiſe, tare him in pieces. It is not enough you have ſo many holy prayers, which ſound like the ſtring of God's Harp, conſigned to you by *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf, and ſo many holy perſonages: you muſt uſe them well, leſt you find your puniſhment even in the ſacrifice of Propitiation. Take heed you ſacrifice not (as S. *Gregory* ſaith) *the Calf without flower*; which is, to make prayer with lips without application of heart.

Cup and Harp in prayer.

Neanthus. To uſe it well.

To ſacrifice the Calf without flour.

Remedies againſt diſtractions.

Four things will greatly ſerve you to reſiſt diſtractions, and dineſs, which happen in prayer. The firſt, Before prayer, and in the time of prayer, frame to your ſelf a lively and ſtrong Idea of the preſence of God, and when any diſtraction occurreth, recal your thoughts into their center by often renewing your intentions in the beginning of every part of prayer.

The ſecond, Not being charged with any Office by obligation, make a few vocal prayers, and ſtay upon every word the ſpace of a breathing-fit: in the mean time, pondering both the word which you pronounce, and the perſon to whom you ſpeak, and your baſeneſs and unworthineſs. This manner is very ſovereign and available to pray.

The third, To follow the counſel of *Caſſiodorus*, to take this vocal prayer, which you rehearſe, as if it were particularly made for you, or that it originally had born the very like ſprouting buds in your heart. So ought you to connaturalize it, and punctually eſpouſe all the affections, which the Author of this prayer had, when the Holy Ghoſt did dictate it unto him. You muſt rejoyce, bewail, hate, and love upon *David*'s Harp, as by a certain divine inſpiration.

The fourth, Often to ask of God the gift of prayer, to offer him all your devotions in union with thoſe of our Saviour, and to chaſtiſe your neglects by ſome voluntary ſatisfaction. To water and moiſten your prayers, and retain them in full vigour, it is needful, that as you ſpeak to God in the exerciſe of prayer, he ſpeak to you in books, and by the mouth of Preachers. Wherefore make a reſolution to imploy daily ſome part of your time in the reading of ſome devout book, as well that, which containeth Precepts, as Examples. Go not, as it were, boot-haling, with an unſteady curioſity, which ſwalloweth all, and ever remaineth hungry: but fix your thoughts and affections upon that which you read, in ſuch ſort, that you may be imbrued and coloured with a firm tincture. Good books are as the Cave of *Sibylla*. *Caſsius Longinus* ſaith, the inhabitants of that Cave had a certain rapture of propheſie; and in often revolving the writings of Saints the ſpirit of Saints is acquired.

Good books the Cave of *Sibylla*. Spiritual readings, and Sermons.

And as for Sermons, take heed of that canker of worldly ſpirits, who hear Preachers, as *Athenian* Orators, or as one would a curious Lute-player, or a Comedy in the *Burgundian*-Hoſtery. If he, who preacheth to you have no other intention, but to pleaſe you, nor you any other purpoſe, but to ſooth your own curioſity; he hath wearied his Lungs, and you in the mean ſpace have had the itch in your Ears. The time will come, when he ſhall have the worm in his heart to gnaw him, and you the tingling in your ears for your puniſhment. The ſeller and the buyer ſhall be paid with the coyn of Reprobation. Who ſpeaketh not, and who heareth not, to do and become better, abuſeth a word ſigned with the blood of *Jeſus Chriſt*; the loſs whereof is moſt dangerous, and the account ineſtimable.

The ſixteenth SECTION.
Of the ſecond Combat of the Spiritual man againſt Weakneſs.

ALL that, on which I have before very largely diſcourſed, ſerves to diſſipate the darkneſs of ignorance, and to repleniſh a ſoul with the knowledge of God, with good Maxims, good deſires, and good purpoſes: and doubtleſs nothing would be found more eaſie and familiar then to do well, were it not temptations come athwart us, which are the Remoras, as it were, and hinderances of the ſoul. And therefore it is neceſſary to frame to your ſelf an undoubted courage, high, and reſolute, to reſiſt with an invincible hand, and to ſtrike at an infinite number of obſtacles, which preſent themſelves in all ſorts of occaſions, and which bring upon our ſouls acceſſes of fire and ice; fire of concupiſcence, ice of puſillanimity, to form in the end an abſolute inability of Virtue. This inability is vanquiſhed by the grace of God, and virtue of fortitude, which warranteth courage to undertake, and ſtrengtheneth it to bear what Reaſon dictateth. And although to undertake ſeem a thing very glorious, it is, notwithſtanding, the hardeſt task to endure a temptation, to oppoſe it with unmoved foot, to wraſtle with it, to trample on it, and in the end by Virtue to erect Trophies over it.

Temptations remoras in the Soul.

Sufferers more courageous, then Undertakers.

Saint *Thomas* very judiciouſly yieldeth the reaſons: 1. Becauſe he, who is aſſaulted, ſeemeth ever in worſe ſtate, then he that aſſaulteth: for encountering he alwaies preſuppoſeth himſelf to be ſtronger. Now it appeareth, he who undergoeth ſome brave action of courage is the Aſſailant, and he who withſtandeth a temptation is oppoſed, and ſometimes ſhaken without thinking thereof; which is far more troubleſom and hard, and therefore draweth after it much more reſolution, in caſe a good and generous reſiſtance be made againſt it. 2. The Aſſailant beholdeth the peril as future, and he who is tempted ſeeth the temptation even almoſt within his gates, in his heart, in his bowels. 3. The Aſſailant often diſchargeth his Piſtol like an Harcubuſier before he have leiſure to know the danger, and readily retireth: the other, who ſuffereth, burneth as with a gentle fire, and in the mean ſpace, if he be patient, he long time ſtayeth with a repoſed reſt, yet not ſtriking at all; which is a thing worthy of an eternal Crown. The *Alexanders*, the *Caſars*, who flew like Eagles to the conqueſt of Worlds, oftentimes yieldeth themſelves up to the leaſt temptation. Their ſtrength was diſguiſed, not real.

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. q. 123.

The ſeventeenth SECTION.
The Arms againſt Temptation, contained in twelve Maxims.

THE means to reſiſt temptations is not to frame to your ſelf a ſpiritual inſenſibility, which feeleth nothing: it is hard to obtain it, ſo ſenſible Self-love is; and when one hath it, he rather is a ſtone, then a man. It is not to drive away one temptation by another, and to do one miſchief to be

The means to reſiſt Temptations.

freed of another. For to purſue ſuch courſes, is like waſhing one's ſelf with ink. It is not to hide one from all kind of encounters, and never to do well for fear to have occaſion of a combate againſt ill: but to reſiſt it couragiouſly in that ſort as I will ſhew. That great fore-mentioned *John Picus Mirandula* hath collected twelve notable Maxims, the practice whereof is moſt profitable to enable your ſelf in ſpiritual combate againſt impotency.

1 Theſ. 3. 3. *In hoc poſiti ſumus.* Temptation our Trade.

I. Maxim. That you muſt be tempted, on what ſide ſoever it happen. It is our profeſſion, our trade, our continual exercise. The Eagle complaineth not of her wings, nor the Ninghtingale of her ſong, nor the Peacock of her tail, becauſe it is by kind. and it is as natural for man to be tempted, as for a bird to fly, ſing, to prune her feathers. If you forſake not the way of ſpiritual life fearing to be tempted, and turn head to worldly contentments, hold it for an infallible verity, you therein ſhall be much more engaged; and which is worſe, without comfort, honour, merit, or recompenſe: you ſhall leave a Paper-Croſs, which, if you knew well how to manage, would load you no more then feathers do the bird; you will forſake it (ſay I) to take another hard, uneaſie, and bloody, which would inveſt you in the Confraternity of the bad Thief.

Sidon. Apol. li. 1. c. 2.

That great Prelate of *France*, *Sidonius Apollinaris* relateth, that a certain man called *Maximus*, being arrived at the height of honour, by unlawful, and indirect ways, much grieved from the firſt day, and breathing out a great ſigh, ſpake theſe words: *O* Damocles, *I eſteem thee moſt happy to have been a King only the ſpace of a diner-time. It is now a whole day, that I have been ſo, and can no longer endure it.*

A remarkable Speech of *Maximus.* *Felicem te, Damocles, qui non uno longius prandio regni neceſſitatem tolerâviſti.*

II. Remember that in the affairs of the world we fight a longer time, we travel more painfully, we reap more fruitleſly. The end of one toil is the beginning of another. In pains-taking there is no hope, but ever to labour. A temporal toil draweth after it an eternity of pain.

Travel of Worldlings.

III. Is it not a meer folly to believe a Paradiſe an eternal life, a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who made unto himſelf a ladder of the Croſs to aſcend to the Throne of his Glory, and you in the mean-while to be deſirous to live here with arms a-croſs? To ſee the Maſter open the way of Heaven through ſo many thorns, and the ſervant not to be willing to tread but upon flowers? To ſee under an head, all waſted, and worn with ſuffering, delicate members, as one ſhould make to a *Coloſſus* of braſs feet of flax.

Indignity of Curioſity.

Greatneſs of Temptation. Conformity to *Jeſus Chriſt.*

IV. Were there no other fruit in Temptation, but the conformity, which we thereby have with *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Sovereign Wiſdom, it would be highly recompenſed. A brave Captain ſaid to a Souldier, who died with him: although thou hadſt been unknown all thy life-time, it is no ſmall honour for thee to die this day with thy Maſter. And who would not hold it for a great glory to have the Son of God for Captain, for Companion, for Spectator, for Theatre, for Guerdon, in all his afflictions and tribulations? Who would not account it a great dignity to be daily crucified with him? To diſtend his hands, and arms upon the Croſs, in withholding them from violences, rapines, ruins, wherewith the ſpirit of lying tranſporteth us? To fetter your feet, and hinder them from running after the unbridled deſires of your heart? To make bitter your tongue in ſubduing the pleaſures of taſte? To cover your body with wounds, in ſuppreſſing the incitements of fleſh by an holy Mortification? To leſſen your ſelf by the contempt of honour, according to the example of him, who, being able always to walk upon the wings of Cherubins, would creep amongſt us like a little worm of the earth? What a glory were it to ſay what Saint *Paul* ſaid: *I bear the marks of my Saviour* Jeſus *on my body?*

Gal. 6. 17. *Ego ſtigmata Domini* Jeſu *in corpore meo porto.*

V. Not to confide in humane remedies, when you undertake to overcome a temptation. It is not a thing which dependeth meerly upon us. It is neceſſary God go before, and we thereto contribute our free-will. If he watch not over our heads, it will be an hard matter for us to keep centinel. No creature is ſo feeble, as he, who holdeth himſelf for ſtrong, being only armed with his own confidence. *Many good things are done in man, which man doeth not: and man doeth no good, which God doeth not.* Who thinks to reſiſt temptations without his help, is like him who haſteneth to the wars, and ſtumbleth at the threſhold of his own door. And therefore an effectual means in this battel is to inſiſt much on prayer, eſpecially at the firſt enterance of a temptation.

Diſtruſt of one's ſelf.

Concilium Arauſicanum. *Multa in homine bona fiunt, quæ non facit homo bona: nulla verò facit homo mala, quæ non Deus præſtet, ut faciat homo.*

VI. When you have vanquiſhed a temptation, take very good heed you leave not your rank, and wholly ſlacken your courage, as if there were no more enemies to be oppoſed. As diſtruſt is the mother of ſafety, ſo overmuch ſecurity is the gate of peril. If your enemy ſtill roar up and down like a roaring ion, become you on the other ſide a watchful lion in the centinels of the God of Hoſts.

To ſtand always upon your guard. *Super ſpeculam Domini ego ſto.* Iſa. 21. 8.

VII. Content not your ſelf only to be beaten, but aſſail your enemy. When *Satan* lays a ſnare to entrap you, make it an inſtrument of merit. If he preſent a good work to you, which glittereth in the world, thereby to tempt you with pride, make a good work of it, and leave vanity, referring all to the greater honour of God.

To combate your Enemy.

VIII. When you are in combate, fight with alacrity, as if you already were certain of victory. Turn away the eye of your conſideration from what you ſuffer, and hold it perpetually fix'd upon the reward. A great unhappineſs, which maketh many to fall head-long into temptation, is, that they have their minds ſo ſtretched and bent upon the thought of pain, they cannot abide to behold the reward, which waiteth on them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, thirty nine of them looked back upon the future crown; and one of them unhappily thought of nothing but his puniſhment. All of them remained victorious, except this wretched creature: who, ſoyling the glory of his patience, came out of the pool to die preſently after in his infidelity. Do you not think, that which comforted our Saviour on the Croſs, in that bottomleſs abyſs of calumnies, and dolours, was a mirrour of glory, where he ſaw all his ſufferings in crowns? Behold the courſe which is to be held! To ſtay a little on the preſent, and reſt in a ſtrong apprehenſion of the future: and ever to have theſe words of S. *Paul* in your heart, *A ſhort moment of our tribulation worketh in us an eternal weight of glory.* Fight then with courage, as if it were the laſt temptation, which ſhould aſſail you, and be perſwaded, that herein is the extent of your Predeſtination. When you have overcome it, govern your ſelf like a man readily preſt to enter again into the liſts, and make one victory the degree for another.

What is the cauſe, that many yield.

Momentaneum & leve tribulationis noſtræ, æternum gloriæ, pondus operatur in nobis. 2 Cor. 4. 17.

IX. Though you be valiant, brave not danger, tempt not temptation, caſting your ſelf into the occaſions thereof through preſumption of heart. He, that much affecteth hazard, inſtead of finding glory therein, ſhall trace out his own tomb.

Not to tempt Temptation.

X. A ſovereign Means to conquer temptations, is ſeaſonably to diſcover the countenances of them, to open your heart freely to your Ghoſtly Father,

to

to declare your thoughts, to know them well, to conſider their nature, and to ſee the power they have over your ſoul. It ordinarily happeneth what the good *Epictetus* ſaith: *It is not the thing, that troubleth us, it is our fantaſie.* How many temptations would be vanquiſhed by ſlighting them, if one took but a little leiſure to laugh at them? We make Elephants of Flies: and of little Dwarfs, who by ſtealth pinch us, we frame Giants. We reſemble young children, who, for fear of a vizard, hide themſelves with tears in their Nurſes boſoms: but take away the mask, and give them it to handle, and they will make ſport with it. How many things ſeem terrible, and impoſſible to us, which we finde ridiculous, and eaſie to overcome, if we never ſo little touch them with our finger? In temptations of puſillanimity it is good to repreſent to your ſelf theſe falſe Giants as Dwarfs. But in that of Luſt you muſt not deſpiſe any thing, rather lay hold of little threads, as if they would become huge cables. Both in the one, and the other, there is nothing to be done, but to daſh theſe little *Babylonians* againſt the ſtones. Withſtand beginnings, and ſuffer not your enemies to fortifie themſelves to your diſadvantage.

A Sovereign Means.

Sweetneſs of Victory of a Temptation.

XI. The ſtone of offence and ſcandal to many is, that they lively preſent to their imagination the ſweetneſs of ſin, and never conſider the pleaſure, which is derived from the victory over ſin. As ſoon as man is plunged in the puddle thereof, behold a bluſhing ſoul, drenched in penſiveneſs, melancholy, and deſpair, whom a loathſom pleaſure, which paſſeth away as a dream, furniſheth from a dream with an heap of ſcorns, ſorrows, and confuſions. But quite contrary, that ſoul, which hath reſiſted, findeth her ſelf content, generous, advanced, ſatisfied with holy comforts, which come from the Paradiſe of God. Few men revolve this thought, which Saint *Cyprian* much recommendeth. Behold why the number of the damned is very great! and yet notwithſtanding doth it not ſeem to you very reaſonable, that man, who a thouſand times hath yielded to temptation, ſhould once in his life-time taſt the ſweetneſs, which is in the victory over a temptation, to rejoyce for ever? Many have been diverted from a great and manifeſt precipice, by conſidering theſe words: "Well, go to. To yield to ſin, "what will be the end thereof? To purchaſe repent- "ance at ſo dear a rate? To render up a renown "of ſo many years, as a prey to the moſt unhappy "moment of pleaſure? Where is the faith promiſed "to God? Let us at leaſt ſeek out ſome place where "he is not. And where is he not? So many Stars, ſo "many Intelligences, wherewith the world is repleniſhed, are ſo many eyes to behold thee. Himſelf "looketh into the bottom of thy conſcience. Ask "leave of him, if thou wilt ſin. But how ask, "and how obtain? Exerciſe a little patience, and "this temptation will vaniſh away as a cloud. Thou "goeſt about to commit a ſin, the pardon whereof "is very uncertain: but, it is doubtleſs, through all "eternity, when thou haſt committed it, God him- "ſelf cannot make it to be undone.

XII. Think not you are the leſs acceptable to God, when he ſuffereth you to be tempted, yea with diſhoneſt thoughts, which to chaſte ſouls are extremely irkſom. Alas, why? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, ſcorched with celeſtial ardours, who fixed his foot upon the front of the ſtars, if we follow the opinion of S. *Ambroſe*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*, felt the ſtings of concupiſcence in a fleſh rapt to the third Heaven: think you, for having ſome good diſpoſitions of well-doing, you ought to be freed from wars of Nature, which ever keeep in humility your ſoul a little too indulgent to it ſelf?

The eighteenth SECTION.

Remedies againſt Paſſions, and Temptations, which proceed from every Vice.

I.

TO conſider, that Paſſion is a motion of the Senſual Appetite, which proceedeth from the imagination of good, or evil, with ſome agitation of the body.

II. *That there are eleven Paſſions, ſix in the Appetite of Concupiſcence: which are Love, Hatred, Deſire, Averſion, Joy, Sadneſs. Five in the Appetite of Revenge: which are Hope, Deſpair, Boldneſs, Fear, Anger.*

III. *That there are two Means to vanquiſh all Paſſions: whereof the firſt is a Precaution of mind againſt the occaſions, and vain apparences of all things of the world; and the ſecond a ſerious Entertainment of the mind in better things, as Prayer, Study, Labour, Affairs: but, above all, you muſt beg of God the light, and ſtrength of his holy Grace, which infinitely ſurpaſſeth all humane Remedies.*

We here add ſome Preſervatives againſt Paſſions, and the moſt ordinary Vices.

Againſt Carnal Love.

I. *To conſider the barrenneſs of wordly loves, which are the true Gardens of* Adonis, *wherein nothing is gathered but wretched flowers environed with many thorns.*

II. *To ſet a true eſtimate upon things, and not to be deceived with apparences.*

III. *To keep watch over your Senſes, to avoid the opportunities and occaſions of ſin, and above all to have recourſe unto God, upon the firſt impreſſion of your thoughts.*

IV. *To free your ſelf by main force from the preſence of objects; to be delighted with ſerious purpoſes, and good employments.*

V. *To preſent to your ſelf very often the defect, ingratitude, levity, inconſtancy, and treachery of creatures, which we moſt ſervilely love.*

Againſt Averſions, Hatreds, and Envies.

I. *To eſteem nothing great in this life, is the way to envy nothing.*

II. *To love only the great inheritance of the land of the living, which never becomes leſs by the many and ſeveral diviſions made to thoſe, who poſſeſs it.*

III. *To conſider attentively the Motives, which excite us to love our neighbour; as the participation of the ſame nature, ſame life, ſame blood, and like profeſſion, and ſuch other reaſons, which are as ſo many knots of amity.*

IV. *The wretched life of* Cain *to live in envy, troubles, diſturbances, and rage of a diſtempered ſpirit, which cauſeth the immortality of its being to contribute to the eternity of its pains.*

V. *To behold how envy, ere it is aware, ſerveth many times to the advancement of thoſe, who are envied.*

Againſt Covetouſneſs, worldly Hope, and Joy.

I. *The diſquiet of an hungry mind.*

II. *The unſatiableneſs of deſires.*

III. *The wars and battels we muſt oft-times undergo to ſatisfie one ſole deſire.*

IV. *The diſhonour of denial, inſupportable to a generous ſoul.*

V. *The dependence and ſlavery we muſt endure, to pleaſe thoſe, from whom we expect the accompliſhment of our deſires.*

VI. *The frailty in offending God through too much greedineſs of temporal things.*

VII. *The poor and ſhort pleaſure taken in things we moſt ardently deſire.*

VIII. *That God many times affordeth us the accompliſhment of our deſires, as a puniſhment of our imperfections.*

Againſt Sadneſs, and Deſpair.

There is an Holy ſadneſs, as that we entertain upon the Paſſion of our Saviour, or for our ſins; which is a gift of God, and not a puniſhment.

There is another Furious, which hath no ears, and which is rather cured by Miracles, then Precepts.

There is one Natural, which proceedeth from humour: and another Vitious, foſtered by evil habits, and neglects of ſalvation.

I. *Againſt this laſt, we muſt conſider our deſires, and affections, oft-times make up all our ſadneſs, and that the true means to leſſen the cares, which conſume us, is to ſweeten the ſharp and ardent love, we bear towards worldly things.*

II. *The ſmall accompt we make of God is the cauſe we many times are troubled at frivolous things, either diſtantly threatening us, or already happened. He, that would truly love this great God, who deſerveth all the love both of Heaven, and Earth, ſhould not ſuffer fear or ſadneſs for any thing, but the loſs of the love of God, which no man loſeth, if he be not willing to forgo it.*

III. *Nought but tears of the Damned is remedileſs. He, that may be in the way of Paradiſe, ſhould not make a kind of Hell on earth; and who may hope this great All, ſhould never be ſad for any thing.*

Againſt evil Confidence.

I. *That to be confident in evil things is to have a deſperate inſtrument of one's own miſery, which entertaineth all exorbitances of the heart, to make them the more puniſhable.*

II. *That there is no aſſured confidence againſt the power of God, which in an inſtant ruineth the poſterity of the greateſt Tyrants.*

III. *That the ſtrongeſt things are waſted by the weakeſt. Lyons have been eaten up by Flies: and ruſt (though contemptible) conſumes the hardeſt metals.*

IV. *That to be confident through preſumption of ſtrength is the high way to become ridiculous in enterpriſes, and unfortunate in all ſucceſſes. We muſt not go about to ſoar to the Sun with the wings of a Rear-mouſe, nor ſail on the Ocean in the ſhell of a Tortoiſe.*

Againſt Fear.

I. *Neither to deſire, nor love any thing inordinately, is the path-way to peace, where fear never harbours.*

II. *To have a ſtrong charity towards God, and to love him fervently, with perſwaſion of his reciprocal love. This is the means to enter into a firm confidence. For what evil may we fear againſt us, when God is with us?*

III. *We many times fear evils, which are the ſources of great bleſſings: ſome are not truly evils, other much leſs then we make them, and many will never happen. Why will you abide where you are not, and put your ſelf on the rack in your imagination.*

IV. *He, who reſolves to ſuffer all that God will have him, takes in hand a powerful remedy againſt all ſorts of fears: for he, who is a Maſter over ſorrow, commandeth terrour, ſince the evil preſent is much more troubleſom, then the future.*

V. *There are natural fears much tied to fleſh, unleſs they be vanquiſhed, and ſweetened by frequent cuſtom with the things, which are feared, and converſation with men confident and couragious.*

Againſt Anger.

I. *To conſider how it depriveth us of ſix things very pretious, to wit, of wiſdom, juſtice, civility, concord, truth, and the ſplendour of the ſpirit of God.*

II. *How it ſuddenly transfigureth a man into a little monſter.*

III. *How it is hurtful to the ſtate of health, which we ſo tenderly love.*

IV. *That it abaſeth the perſon ſurprized with it, and eſpecially if he be in ſome eminency of life, and dignity.*

V. *That the effects thereof are cruel, the ſpoils pernicious, events ſhameful, and falls for the moſt part irrecoverable.*

VI. *The contentment to have kept back an evil word, which had deſtroyed a good affair.*

VII. *The abſtinence from curioſities, and niceneſs of life, cutteth aſunder the ſinews of anger. The leſs curious a man is, the more humble he is; and the more humble, the leſs ſenſible is he of the croſſes, which happen to things without us.*

VIII. *We muſt prevent occaſions, and not afford them too much power over our hearts, in all thoſe things, the loſs whereof may trouble us.*

IX. *To eſchew the occaſions of places, of perſons, recreations, and affairs, which uſe to diſturb the peace of our minds.*

X. *If one feel himſelf inwardly moved, to bridle the tongue, that ſo the apprehenſions of the heart may not break forth. To re-enter into your ſelf.*

To ask truce of your paſſion, ſtedfaſtly believing, that you ſhall pardon many offences, if you begin to underſtand before you grow angry.

Againſt Vanity.

I. *To repreſent to one's ſelf very often the extreme vanity of all worldly things.*

II. *The miſery of preſent ſtate, wherein all things invite us to Humility.*

III. *The vanity of Opinions, which afford us nothing but winde.*

IV. *The blindneſs, incapacity, inconſtancy, perverſeneſs of men's judgments, who often love, and admire all that, which is the moſt Vitious.*

V. *The frailty of honour, and reputation, which is ſought by unlawfull ways.*

VI. *The tortures and torments of a vain ſpirit.*

VII. *The oſtentation in good ſucceſſes, the diſcouragement in bad.*

VIII. *The ſurprizal of his practices, and imperfections, which cannot be hidden from the moſt judicious.*

IX. *The Worm, which gnaweth all good works by the means of vanity, and the ſhameful deprivation of eternal comforts to attend the ſearch of earthly ſmoke.*

Againſt Gluttony.

I. *Repreſent unto your ſelf the miſerable ſtate of a ſoul brutiſh and bemired in fleſh.*

II. *Hardneſs of heart.*

III. *The dulneſs of underſtanding.*

IV. *The infirmities of body.*

V. *Loſs of goods.*

VI. *Diſreputation.*

VII. *What an horrour it is to make of the members of* Jeſus Chriſt *the members of an unclean Creature.*

VIII. *What indignity it is to adore and ſerve the belly as a beſtial and baſe God.*

IX. *The great exceſs of ſins, which proceed from this ſource.*

X. *The puniſhments of God upon the voluptuous.*

Againſt Intemperance of Tongue.

I. *To conſider, that it is the Throne of Vain-glory.*

II. *An evident ſign of ignorance.*

III. *The gate of ſlander.*

IV. *The harbinger of ſcoffing.*

V. *The architect of lying.*

VI. *The deſolation of the ſpirit of Piety.*

VII. *The diſſipation of the heart's ſafety.*

VIII. *The inſeparable companion of Idleneſs, as ſaith S.* John Climacus.

Againſt Sloth.

I. *The indefatigable labour of all creatures in the world, both civil, and natural.*

II. *The facility of good works after grace given by* Jeſus Chriſt.

III. *The anxiety of an inconſtant and fletting ſpirit.*

IV. *Shame, and contempt.*

V. *The confuſion at the day of Judgment.*

VI. *The irrecoverable loſs of time.*

Of three Temptations, which hinder many in the way of Perfection: to wit, Shame of Well-doing, over-much Affection to ſome Creature, and Penſiveneſs in Well-doing.

The nineteenth SECTION.

Againſt the Shame of Well-doing.

MAny would quickly be in the way of a life truly Chriſtian, having ſouls of an excellent temper, and pious reliſhes of God, but that they have one temptation: who would believe it? It is the ſhame of well-doing. Their ſouls are big with good deſires, reſembling the Eagle's ſtone, which ever hath another in it, and never brings it forth. So have they in their hearts (according to their own opinion) a good reſolution ſeriouſly to embrace Devotion: but the fear of what men will ſay ſcattereth as many good thoughts, as the heart can conceive. What practice of remedies will you have againſt this puſillanimity, effeminate ſoul? Onely conſider

Eagle's ſtone.

consider what you do, and if you be ashamed, it can be of nothing, but of your self.

Unworthiness to be ashamed of well-doing.

First I ask, Who maketh you blush in the service of your Spouse? Do you blush at his poverty? at his deformity? at his ignorance? Or, tell me, what decay have you observed in him to imprint a blushing Vermilion on your face? Poor? How can he be so, since he maketh all Rich? Deformed? How can he be so, since he is the original Beauty spred over all the creatures of the world? Ignorant? How can he be so, since he is the Eternal Wisdom? Tell me then, what have you to be ashamed of? Some will say, that you would seem to be virtuous, and devout. Do not so, but be so indeed. If you have not cause to blush for Heaven, why should you blush for Virtues, which are the daughters of Heaven? Behold what Sacrilege you commit. Shamefac'dness is made for Vices. It is the veil, wherewith Nature covereth them, when they endeavour to hide themselves, and you will shadow Virtues. Alas! the Martyrs have become red with blood to preserve Devotion, and you blush with shame to betray it. A severish respect towards some creature, which passeth away in the turning of an hand, hindereth perhaps thirty or fourty years of virtue. O misery!

Number of the devout should settle you.

Secondly, What have you so much to excite, and drive you forward in well-doing? Think you your self to be at this present the onely creature in the world, which tasteth Devotion? A thousand and a thousand well-qualified have advanced the Standard of Piety. If the number of the bad authorize wickedness, why should not so goodly a Troop of honest men furnish us with confidence enough to vanquish one impious fantasie, which verily is nothing, nor hath any substance, but what your remisness affordeth it?

Doubt and childishness of this shame.

Then tell me in the third place, What is it you so much fear, to addict your self wholly to Devotion? The twinkling of an eye, a silly smile, a breath of words, which quickly passeth, and hurteth none? And behold why you forsake God. What is more easie to be overcome, then all that? A little silence answereth all. It is not required of you, you should oppose your arms against the violent stream of a torrent. Silence onely is demanded, and to hope well, which are the two easiest things in the world. Will you put a great affront upon a babler, who flouteth at your Devotions? Answer him not. All he saith is to put you into passion; your impatience pleaseth him, your silence confounds him. In the end he cannot say so much, but that you may hear much more. He hath but one mouth, and you have two ears. Let *Michol* revile, and persist you in dancing before the Ark, your patience shall stop all mouths, and in the end purchase all Crowns. But you fear you cannot persevere in the way of virtue, and that many changes may cast some aspersion of inconstancy upon you. You do well to fear your self, if you so much expect perseverance from your self. But if you look for it from God, ought you not to have more hope of his goodness, then fear from your own infirmities? You are not advised to make your Devotions eminent by some notable alteration, extraordinary in the exteriour, accompanied with ceremonious enforcements insupportable to your condition. No: but undertake a devotion sweet, facile, and conform to common use, which hath less of outward semblance, and more of inward worth: so shall you the better preserve it, and it shall be the more profitable for you.

Isai. 11. *In silentio & spe erit fortitudo vestra.*

2 Reg. 9.

What you should fear.

The twentieth SECTION.

Love of Creatures.

Adhering to Creatures marreth all.

After shame cometh likewise a snare much more dangerous, to wit, the love of creatures. Many souls seem already to poyze themselves, and soar into the Skie, but there is some little thread, wretched, and weak, which fettereth their feet. One cannot forsake such a lodging, another such an exercise, a third such a custom, a fourth such a company, which in the mean space dissolveth the course of his good purposes, maketh his heart become childish, and sometimes dull and stupid to the relishes of God. Amongst all encounters this is the most powerful, which proceedeth from the passion of Love, and sometimes among persons, who have their souls most pure: and such, as are in their own opinions far removed from this mischievous passion, yet are not without peril. If this should come like some other gross and carnal love, with an Arrow and Torch in hand, one might more easily defend himself; but it approacheth with a little Sting, subtile, slender, and as it were wholy Spiritual, that one cannot well perceive it in the beginning. It resembleth those little flying worms, which *Phædon* speaketh of, that unperceivably sting? *When they have fixed their sting, we do not know they have stung us, untill we see some swelling rise upon the skin.* So in such petty love-dalliances, we see not the Wound, nor Sting, we know not what we suffer, what we do, what we undertake, what we desire. One doth hardly know that he loves: notwithstanding the soul is puffed up, and goeth out of its limits, and is dissolved into an Ocean of disturbances, which are very prejudicial to purity. It were better to have as it were some kind of Leprousie, then such a passion: for that would infect but the body, but this diveth in the end even into the bottom of the soul, weaveth its web in the marrow, forrageth all over, that which hath vigour in our inward parts, leaveth meagerness, and sterility, and maketh our heart like to those abortions of Pearls, which have been blasted with Lightning, having, instead of a bright substance, nothing else but an exteriour film.

Passion of Love.

Love is like to Insects.

Phædon. *apud* Seneca. *Ep.* 49. *Adeo tenuis illis & fallens in periculis vis est: tumor indicat morsum.*

The danger thereof.

Preservative.

What shall one do in this case? It is a very easie matter to give a preservative, that may keep us from the blow, but it is very difficult to draw the soreness from the wound. You need sometime but the very wind of your hat to turn away a Thunder-clap, that it may not strike where it seems to be aimed; the Thunder maketh his claps as remedilesse as sudden and violent: even so this Passion in the beginning may be dispelled with a very little heed, and dexterity; but, when passage is made for it into the heart, it raiseth a tempest. But in conclusion, what means is there to stay it? It will be told you, you must have recourse to Prayer, to Meditation of the Cross, the day of Judgment, the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and Saints, the frequentation of Sacraments, Fasting, the austerities of Penance, and these are good remedies: yet you notwithstanding will say, what Prayer can one make, when he is ingulfed in a Passion, which perpetually buzzeth in his brain? Do (like *Jonas*) crie out of the Whale's belly, call from the bottom of the abyss with many jaculatory prayers. But to what use will austerities serve? the body is subdued, it is true; but yet passion remaineth still in the bottom of the soul. It nought importeth: the weakness of flesh by little and little cutteth the sinews of passions, which are inherent in the flesh. All this, you will say, is likewise feasible, provided

Ordinary remedies.

provided I be not thereby ſeparated from the company of ſuch an one. And, behold the inconvenience! you will perpetually put oyl into the flame, and not have it burn.

Sovereign Remedies.

I. The moſt Sovereign Remedy is, what you leaſt deſire, though you make ſhew of deſiring health. All that, which cheriſheth the Malady, is the preſence of the object. Our paſſions reſemble ecchoes.

Paſſions are Ecchoes.

Do you not ſee, that ecchoes, the further you go from them, the leſs repercuſſion there is; they leſſening, and loſing themſelves in the air. This affection, that ſpeaketh ſo loud by reflection of the countenance, which you daily behold with ſo much contentment, will quickly vaniſh by a little abſence. But one day alone of ſeparation is an Age to you. Suffer this Age, and the time will come it ſhall not laſt an hour with you.

Folly of this Paſſion.

II. Verily, all well-conſidered, the play is not worth the candle. Muſt you inflict ſo many pains upon your bodies, ſo many torments on your mind, loſe ſo much time, make ſo many ill tongues talk, to pleaſe I know not what petty, wicked, and foundered deſire, which you know not what it is, nor to what it tendeth?

III. If you knew what you deſired, you would be aſhamed of your ſelf, you would have cauſe to be amazed, that ſo noble a ſpirit ſhould ſuffer it ſelf to be tranſported with ſuch follies. The notable *Raymond Lullius*, who paſſionately was enamoured of a Lady, wiſe, and honeſt, when, purpoſely to cure his frenzie, ſhe ſhewed him one of her breaſts eaten and gnawn through with a canker, and extremely hideous to behold: *Stay, ſimple man* (ſaid ſhe) *behold what you loved*; he, at that inſtant coming to himſelf, ſpake: "Alaſs! was it for this I loſt ſo many good "hours, that I burned, became entranced, that I paſ-"ſed through fire and water? All lovers would ſay the like, were the ſcarf taken from their eyes.

Cure of *Raymond Lullius.*

Want of Employment.

IV. It well appeareth you want ſome great affront, ſome real pains, ſome ſerious employment. It is the ſuperfluous exceſs of idleneſs, which diſſolveth your heart into theſe effeminacies. You were better have ſome miſchievous proceſs againſt you, then all theſe trifling entertainments. Frame ſome good employment to free your ſelf from a bad. Remember that, which was ſaid: *When one hath no leiſure to live, he hath no leiſure to love.*

Hier. ad Ruſtic. *Vivere non licet, & fornicari licebit?*

V. Repreſent to your ſelf, that a thouſand undaunted courages (for that they have twice or thrice reſiſted paſſion conſtantly) have found themſelves free, at liberty, in peace, and tranquillity of ſpirit, wholly admirable: and you, for want of a little reſolution, daily tumble, and involve your ſelf in your fetters. Make a little reſiſtance, caſt away (I pray) all theſe little urchins, which afflict you. Is an abſence ſo troubleſom, that to avoid it you muſt torture your body, vilifie your ſpirit, and yield your reputation up as a prey to ſlander? You ſhall no ſooner put the wedg into the block, but it ſhall be done; you ſhall have a ſoul victorioufly elevated over paſſion, which ſhall rejoyce amidſt the trophies thereof.

Strength of Reaſon.

The one and twentieth SECTION.

Againſt Sadneſs.

HAve you never repreſented to your ſelf the poor *Elias* lying under the Juniper-tree, oppreſſed with melancholy, and ſaying to God with an affectionate heart: *My God, it is enough; take my ſoul. I am no better then my fore-fathers?* This paſſion often happeneth in perſons, who are entered into the liſt of a life more perfect. Anxiety croſſeth them, ſadneſs gnaweth them, melancholy afflicteth them, and *Satan* (willing ever to fiſh in a troubled water) ſerves himſelf with this diſturbance of mind, to make them return back again to the falſe pleaſures of the world. What remedy, what practice ſhall we confront this miſchief with? Let us uſe *David*'s harp to charm this dangerous Devil of *Saul*. You are ſad, ſay you. It much concerneth you to ſound your heart, that you may know from whence this penſiveneſs proceedeth, and apply fit remedy thereunto. Sometime ſadneſs cometh from an indiſcrete zeal, when one will of his own accord undertake auſterities, neither ordered, nor digeſted by counſel. He cannot finde good ſucceſs, yet is aſhamed to go back again, which is the cauſe he is tormented between the hammer and the anvile. Sometime it proceedeth from a great immortification of paſſions, which at the enterance into a ſpiritual life (he beginning to pick quarrels with them) put themſelves into the field, aſſailing and turmoyling the mind. As it is ſaid, a little fiſh, called the Waſp of the ſea, in the Dog-days ſtingeth and diſquieteth the repoſe of other fiſhes. It is perhaps as yet in your ſoul neither day, nor night, winter, nor ſummer, cold, nor heat; but good and evil ſtruggle, who ſhall get the upper hand: and this war troubleth you. Sometime it proceedeth from a great tenderneſs of heart, and a paſſionate love of one's ſelf. It ſeemeth to a little Girl, who weepeth in the nook of a chamber, that the whole world is intereſſed in her ſorrow, and that every body ſhould bemone her. Nothing is like to her unhappineſs, her burdens are of lead, and all others are as light as feathers; or, if you weep not with her, ſhe becometh the more melancholy: and, if you do ſorrow with her, ſhe taketh an higher tone to deplore her grievances. There is many times much niceneſs in our ſorrows, and oftentimes our tears are nothing elſe but meer ſopperies. From this ſelf-love proceedeth vanity, and complacence, which ſerve us with worm-wood to ſeaſon our morſels withal.

Sadneſs the ſnare of *Satan.*

Cauſes of Sadneſs. Immortification.

Tears of Self-flatterers.

Self-love.

The man, who is over-much pleaſed with himſelf, neceſſarily diſpleaſeth many, and, to gain too great a friend within himſelf, he purchaſeth ſundry enemies without himſelf. All things cannot happen to his wiſh: and as good ſucceſſes inebriate him with contentments, ſo evil torture, and immoderate contriſtate him. Briefly, bad melancholy often riſeth from a jealous and envious eye: the good hap of another is a ſtraw in his eye, which ever will trouble him, if charity bring not her helping hand. Behold here a lamentable miſchief! All the perfections of another are ours, when we love them in another: and when we hate them, they are thorns in our eys, which extremely torment us. Have we not pain enough within our ſelves, but we muſt plant croſſes in the proſperity of others? Sound your heart, and ſee whether your ſadneſs proceeds from one of theſe five ſources, or from many of them together. Take away the cauſe, by the favour of God's grace, by the help of your endeavour, courage, and reſolution, you ſhall have the effect, and enjoy a peaceable ſoul, like Heaven, ſmiling in a bright ſerenity.

Jealous eye.

Tarùm alicui eſt, ſi ipſe ſis felix, niſi alter fuèrit infelix. Salvian. *De gubern. Dei.* lib. 5.

My ſadneſs, ſay you, cometh not from this occaſion. Would to God it were ſo. You were already ſufficiently happy, if all I have ſaid were not of force to make you ſad. From whence cometh it then? From the accidents, which befall me on every ſide; and, if nothing happen to me, I am unquiet with mine own ſelf. If you think to live wholly without ſadneſs, you muſt frame a new world for your ſelf. Sadneſs is a bitter plant, which groweth in your

Sadneſs, a plant of our own growing.

your garden: you muſt know at one time or other what taſt it hath. To think wholly to free your ſelf is to make your ſelf a King in the Cards, and only to brave it in paper, like the antient Philoſophers, who had their Hands ſhorter then their Tongues. Our Saviour was contriſtated in the dolorous Garden, watered with bloody ſweats, to teach us, the perfection of a Chriſtian is not in being ſenſible of ſorrow, but to moderate the ſame with reſolution.

Remedies. The beſt remedy is that, which *Jeſus Chriſt* hath ſhewed to us, to wit Prayer. It is a wonderful contentment to ſpeak to God, and to tell him your afflictions. Behold you not in a Garden-bed, how thoſe poor Tulips are ſhut up with melancholy under the ſhady coldneſs of the night? And you may well ſay, the Sun within his rays beareth the key to open them; for ſo ſoon as he riſeth, and courteth them a little with that eye, which exhilarateth total Nature, behold they unlooſe themſelves, dilate themſelves, and witneſs their joy for the arrival of this Planet. The like hapneth to your heart, it ſometimes long remaineth benummed and frozen for want of having recourſe to prayer. Learn a little to talk with God by jaculatory prayers. Learn to complain your ſelf to God, and to ſeek the remedies of your wounds in his mercies, and you will find a great lightning and alacrity.

The ſecond, To have a ſpiritual Father or a diſcrete, and faithful friend, to whom one may unburden his conſcience with all confidence and ſecurity. The cloud, how dark or ſurcharged ſoever it be, in that proportion it emptieth it ſelf, cleareth, and the heart, unburdening its calamities in the ear of another, becometh more bright and luſtrous.

Thirdly, Some ſpiritual Fathers adviſe a diſcipline, to ſuppreſs interiour ſadneſs by exteriour ſorrow: but this remedy is not for all ſorts of men. Saint *Hierom* is a better Phyſician, who ordained for certain melancholy men, rather to uſe the fomentations of *Hippocrates*, then to afflict their bodies, and diſtil their brains in other practices. You muſt take very good heed you make not your ſelf a *Timon*, and hate men and life, entertaining your ſelf in hypochondriack humors, which throw a mind into the gulf of diſturbance. God willeth us to take moderate pleaſure in creatures, which he hath made for our content and eaſe, that we may enjoy them in time and place, every one according to his condition profeſſion, and rule of wiſdom, *Syneſius* ſaith, the Creator hath given the feeling of pleaſure to ſenſe to ſerve as an arreſt to the ſoul, and to hold it in good quarter with the body. Saint *Thomas* among the remedies of ſadneſs preſcribes ſleep, and bathing. The Scripture it ſelf counſelleth us to give wine and other fitting draughts for them to drink, who have their hearts oppreſſed with bitterneſs. If one think to make a great ſacrifice to God, reſting perpetually, ſtretched and involved in a penſive auſterity of ſpirit, as being deſirous to avoid all pleaſures of life, he deceiveth himſelf. It hath happened, that many running in their own opinion to Paradiſe by this path, according to peculiar fancy, have found themſelves on the borders of Hell.

Hier. ad Ruſticum. *Hippocratis magis fomentis, quàm noſtris monitis indiget.* Remedies of *Hippocrates.* Not to play the *Timon.*

Σοβυη ψυχῆς ἡδονή. Pleaſure lates hold of the ſoul. *Somnus & lalnea dolorem mitigant.* S. Thom. 2. q. 38. *Date ſiceram mœrentibus, & vinum iis, qui amaro ſunt animo.* Prov. 13. 2.

Fourthly, To remember our life is a Muſick-book, ſeldom ſhall you find there many white Notes together in the ſame line; black are mixed among them, and all together make an excellent harmony. God gives us a Leſſon in a little book, which hath but two pages, the one is called Conſolation, the other Deſolation: It is fit for each of them to take its turn. In the day of Adverſity, think of proſperity: in the day of Proſperity, remember your ſelf of Adverſity. That great Prelate of *Cyrenum* ſaid, That the Divine Providence hath mingled our life, as one would do wine and water in a cup; ſome drink the pureſt, ſome the moſt compound, but all taſte a commixion.

Our life is a Muſick-book.

Fifthly, If you exactly compare our condition to that of an infinite number of miſerable creatures, who groan in ſo many tedious and diſaſtrous torments, you will finde your fardle but a dew. But we have a certain malignity of ſpirit, which ever looks back on the good it hath not, to envy it, and never conſiders the evil, from whence it is freed, to render thanks to God. Behold ſome are in the bottom of a dungeon in fetters, others are bowed in painful labours from the riſing to the ſetting Sun, to get their bread. Some have the Megrim in their head, the Gout in their feet and hands, the Stone in their kidneys. Others are overwhelmed with buſineſs, loſs, miſfortunes, ſtrange and portentous accidents, yet carry it out with courage. Your heart is nipped with a little ſadneſs, and behold you deſpair, what effeminacy of ſpirit is this? It is ſaid, Hares, ſeeing themſelves purſued on every ſide, had one day reſolved to drown themſelves, but coming to the brink of a river, and beholding frighted Frogs, who caſt themſelves at all adventure in the water to eſcape: *Courage* (ſaid they) *we are not yet the moſt miſerable creatures of the world, behold thoſe, who are more fearful then we.* Ah! how often ſhould we ſay the ſame, if we ſaw the miſeries of others.

Syneſ. in Hymnis.

Sixthly, Is it not a goodly thing to behold a man, who probably ſpeaking is in the favour of God, who is here nouriſhed with Sacraments, with *Chriſt*'s body and blood, with the word of his Maſter; who liveth among ſo many helps and comforts, ſpiritual and temporal, who expecteth a reſurrection, a Paradiſe, a life eternally happy, and happily eternal, in ſo beautiful a ſociety of Saints, to frame penſiveneſs and ſcruples to himſelf of his own head, to afflict himſelf like a Pagan, or a damned ſoul, that hath no further hope? It is related, that God one day, to give an antipaſt of beatitude to an holy man turmoiled with ſundry cogitations, cauſed an unknown little bird to chant in his ear in ſo melodious a manner, that inſtantly his troubled ſpirit became clean and pure, and held him wrapt many years in the moſt taſtful delicacies may be imagined. O! if you often had ſtrong imaginations of Paradiſe, how your melancholy would melt, and diſſolve, as ſnow before the Sun-beams.

Unworthineſs of Sadneſs.

Laſtly, Sing ſpiritual Canticles, labour, employ your ſpirit without anxiety, and if needs you will weep, lament your imperfections, bewail the miſeries of the poor, ſorrow for your curioſity, lament the paſſion of your ſpouſe, grieve & ſigh at your impatience after this glory of Paradiſe, weep over the deluge on the earth, look back like a chaſt Dove on the Ark of your good father *Noah*, the father of repoſe and conſolation: then will I ſay of ſuch tears with S. *Ambroſe*; *O the delicious tears, O the pleaſing complaints, which extinguiſh the fervours of our mind, and make our affections ſweetly to evaporate!*

Noble tears.

Dulces lacryma ſunt, ipſi fletus jucundi, quibus reſtringitur ardor animi, & quaſi relaxatus evaporat affectus.

The two and twentieth SECTION.

The third Combat of the Spiritual man againſt Impurity.

All impurity of life ariſeth from three ſources, (whereof S. *John* ſpeak) concupiſcence of the fleſh, conrupiſcence of the eyes, and pride of life. Let us now ſee the practice of virtues, which oppoſe theſe three ſorts of impurities. Againſt concupiſcence

1 *Joan.* 2. Three ſources of impurity.

science of the Flesh, Temperance, Chastity, Modesty do wage War: against the concupiscence of, Eyes, to wit, the unbridled desires of temporal Blessings; Povertie, Justice, Charity, Mercie, Gratitude: against pride of Life, Humility, Obedience, Magnanimity, Patience, Clemencie.

The three and twentieth SECTION.

Practice of Chastitie.

CHastity is a virtue, which represseth the impure lust of the flesh, a Celestial virtue, an Angelical virtue, which maketh Heaven and Angels descend upon the earth, and in this Kingdom of mortality planteth the image and titles of immortality. *Clemens Alexandrinus* maketh mention of certain Enchanted Mountains, at the foot whereof was heard a voice as of People preparing themselves for Battel; a little further, the Encounter and Conflict; and on the top, Songs and Triumphs. Behold (as it were) the condition of three sorts of Chastity. With some it beginneth with Labour, and Uncertainty; there is at the first Toil and resistance against Lust, but the even thereof is not known. With others it is become more manly, as being already practiced in Combats. With others it Triumpheth after a long habit, yet notwithstanding, whilest here on earth it abideth, it is never absolutely secured.

Clemens Alex. Stromat.

Three sorts of Chastity.

Acts.

The acts thereof are,

I. To renounce all unlawful Voluptuousnes of the flesh.

II. To abstain from Carnal acts, not onely those, which are unlawful, but sometime such as are permitted among married folk upon just occasion, or for some certain time, which is very ordinary; or perpetually, which is singular and remarkable in the lives of some Saints. So *Martianus* lived with his Wife *Pulcheria*, and *Henry* the Emperour with the Empereſs *Chunegundis*.

III. To repress all the desires and concupiscences of flesh, and if one have any feeling thereof, not to give consent thereunto.

IV. Never to stay at all upon thoughts and imaginations of things dishonest; but so soon as they present themselves, to chase them away, and extinguish them in your heart, no otherwise then you should quench a burning hot Iron in a Fountain.

V. To mortifie your Senses, which are most commonly the fore-runners of sin, and above all to restrain your Eyes, which, according to the opinion of S. *Isidore*, are as Dishes, wherein Luxury serveth up the Viands of Voluptuousnes. They are the Windows, the Allurements, the Snares, the Conduits of Love: it buddeth in the eyes, that it may at leasure blossome in the heart. And therefore it is fit to stand upon your guard with so subtile and vigorous a sence, which often filleth the soul with appetites, and flames. I do not say, that one should look upon nothing, and alwaies live as if the soul were buried alive in the flesh; but I affirm, you must divert your sight from objects, which dart a Sting into a mind sensible of such penetrations. As for the Ears, there is no doubt they may serve as handles for love, & that it hath taken many that way. An evil word hath fingers to incite the flesh. He who heareth it, and he that willingly speaketh it, is not innocent before God. Smelling blasteth Chastity, and Tast roughly assaulteth; but Kisses and unchast Touches cut her Throat.

Eyes. Oculi patella luxuria. Isidor. apud S. Bern. tom. 1. serm. De luxuria. Salvian. lib. 3. De gubernat. Prov. 23. 3. Oculi tui videbunt extranea, & cor tuum loquetur perversa.

VI. To flie Idleness, reading of Love-books, Comedies, Stage-plays, immodest Pictures, Feasts, private Familiarities, loose Company, and all occasions of sin.

VII. To have in detestation even the shadows of Impurity. To speak, to proclaim in every place the praises of Chastity, and for this purpose to love Penance, Mortification of the Body, Labour, rough and harsh Apparel, Modesty, even to the seeming somewhat way-ward, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the Meditation of the four last things, Devotion toward the most Blessed Virgin, and all that may conduce to the maintainance of honesty.

VIII. To remain firm in great and forcible Temptations is verily the Trophy of Chastity. Since (as *Plato* hath said) *the triumph of Virtue is to have the power, not the will to sin.* It was a notable act of Continencie in *Charls the Eighth*, ardently to love a Maiden endowed with an exquisite Beauty, to have her at his dispose, and yet to abstain for one sole word, which this poor creature spake to him, brought even into his chamber: for she, by chance perceiving the Picture of our Lady, cast her self at the King's feet, shewed him this Image, crying out with a face all bathed in Tears; *Sir, I beseech you for this Virgin's sake preserve the honour of a silly maid.* At this word spoken for a young King enkindled with Love, and absolute in power, to conquer the motions of Lust, is it not a matter, that meriteth much applause?

Chastity of Charls the Eighth. Lipsius in Monita Politic. lib. 2. cap. 17. exemplo 12. addit datos puellæ 500. aureos.

IX. To contemn great rewards, and high advancements of fortune, for the preservation of Chastity: as did that noble Lady, of whom *John Moschus* speaketh, who, seeing her Husband consume in perpetual Prison for Debt, not able any way to relieve him, was reduced to terms of extreme and miserable want, and besides pursued by a man of prime note, with all sorts of allurements, offers, and accommodations, which might shake and stagger an afflicted heart, and enforce her to condescend to a sin, which seemed to have necessity for a Patroness; she notwithstanding stood firm like a Rock, preferring Chastity poor and patient, before a rich and delicate dishonour. I could also nominate creatures as Pure, as Strong, adorned with most excellent natural parts, more Chaste, more Wise, more Fortunate then *Lucrece*, who with as much industry as courage, have refused powerful and passionate men, that sought them with such excessive benefits, as would have overwhelmed any inferiour Chastity. But they, not to commit one onely sin, covered under the Curtain of the Night, have despised Treasures, to guard another Jewel in an earthen Vessel, who for this act deserve to be raised above the Stars.

Johannes Moschus in Prato. A couragious Ladie.

X. To withdraw the Chastity of others from this sink, with liberal Alms, great labour, infinite incommodities: as that worthy Hermit *Abraham* did, of whom *Surius* speaketh, who, loaden with years & merits, went into a Brothel-house in disguised habit, to reduce a Niece of his, that went astray: as at this day many honest Matrons, worthy of eternal memory, spare nothing to gain poor abused Doves out of the Faulcon's tallons, and dedicate them to Altars, where soon after they work wonders in matter of Virtue.

Abraham the Hermite.

XI. To suffer in your body great Torments, yea death it self for the defence of Chastity, as many holy Virgins have done. As that Youth, reputed the son of a King of *Nicomedia*, who, fast tied on a Bed of Flowers, and woed by a Courtizane with intention to corrupt him, spit out his Tongue like a Dart of Fire and Blood in the face of this She-Wolf. A Tongue, which in dumb eloquence speaketh to all posterity, and proclaimeth the honour of chastity.

Hieron. in vita Pauli: & Sabel. lib. 5. cap. 6. Lingua silet, clamátque silens, loquiturque pudorem, Sanguine quæ pinxit sola pudicitiam.

XII. To expose your self to great sufferings for the preservation of others Chastity: as that brave *Didymus*, a young beardless Gentleman, who beholding

A bold attempt of Didymus.

ing a poor Christian maid, named *Theodora*, thrown into a brothel, caused her to escape by giving her the habit of a man, and himself remained for pledg in the attires of a woman, expecting the fury of Executioners, who gave him the crown of Martyrdom. Saint *Ambrose* makes him speak to the maid to this effect: "Sister, I am come hither, as an Adulterer, and, if it please you, I will go out a Martyr: let us change habits, I pray you; we are, as "I perceive, both of one stature: my apparel very "well fitteth you, but yours will sit much better upon me, and both will agree in the service of *Christ* "*Jesus*. My attire shall make you a Virgin, and "yours me a Martyr. You shall be most fortunately "clothed, and I more happily despoyled. It was so done. *Didymus* was apprehended, and *Theodora*, understanding it, run back like a lioness amidst the swords to die with him.

Ambr. lib. 2. De Virgin. Quasi adulter ingressus, si vis, Martyr egrediar. Vestimenta mutemus; conveniunt mihi tua, & mea tibi: sed utraque Christo. Tua vestis me verum militem faciet, mea te virginem. Bene tu vestieris, ego melius exuar.

The twenty fourth SECTION.

Practice of Temperance.

S. Thom. 2. 2. quæst. 141.

TEmperance, taken in general, is a Virtue, which represseth the Appetites of Concupiscence in things, that please the senses, especially of touch, and taste. The temperance of touching consisteth in chastity; that of tasting is properly abstinence, and sobriety. It is the first virtue, which God seems to have required of man from the world's infancy; the first tribute of Sanctity, and Innocency, which our first Parents could not leave without losing themselves, and all posterity. A virtue, which is the Horizon, that separateth vegetative man from the intellectual: a virtue, which raiseth us from the earth, and bringeth us near to heaven: a virtue, which makes a noble soul shine in a mortal body, as a torch of odoriferous wood in a Crystalline watch-tower. On the contrary, a body, surcharged with kitchin-repletion, holdeth the soul as one would a smoaking snuff of a candle in a greasie lantern.

Temperance, the first tribute of Sanctity.

The acts of this virtue are

Refection of body. *S. Aug. Conf. l. 31. Hoc me docuisti, ut quemadmodum medicamenta, sic alimenta sumpturus accedam.*

I. In refection, to have no other rule but necessity, no other aim but the glory of God, and entertainment of the body for the service of the soul. Saint *Augustine*, after his conversion, came to meals (as himself saith) as into an infirmary to take a medicine.

II. To take all the necessities of body, as the *Ægyptian* dog doth the water of *Nilus*, running, thereby saving himself from superfluous excess. To take them, as the Soldiers of *Gedeon* drank at the fountain in the hollow palms of their hands, chearfully, not prostrating themselves on the ground; or as the Dove taketh grains of corn, pecking her meat up with her bill, and turning her eye to heaven.

III. To eat, and drink with all civility, decency, discretion; and seeing we must use this necessary trade of a beast, to do it at least like a man.

IV. To abstain from prohibited meats in times limited by the Church, exactly to observe Fasts devoutly ordained by the same authority, and practised by our Ancestors, not becoming nicely curious, nor repining at Lenten abstinencies. To prescribe also a law to your self of some Fasts of devotion upon certain days of the week, and especially *Friday*, as many noble Personages have done, and daily do. *Galen*, that great Physician, advised to make a fast from ten days to ten, in the manner of a Physical prescription, affirming it was an excellent Mean to defend one's self from great and dangerous Maladies.

Fast of *Galen. Joann. Sarisbl. l. 8. Polycr.*

V. To be very sober in drinking, to take little wine, and mingle it well. Drunkenness (saith Saint *Ambrose*) is a superfluous creature in the world: it is the scorn of Nature; it is an old shoe soaked in water. A man is no longer a man, but a Bottle perpetually filled, and emptied: he lives like a Butt, which doth nothing but leak, and roul up and down; and when the head thereof is knocked out, you finde nothing there but lees, and dregs. Wine is a familiar, or spirit, which possesseth him, and is the milk of *Venus*, which nourisheth his concupiscence. All his life is an enterlude, and drunkenness his tomb. All men truly great are sober. It is utterly to degenerate from Nobility, to be addicted to this infamous Vice. You, who serve Kings, who are in their Royal seats as the Sun in the heavens, remember your selves, that heretofore in the Sacrifice of the Sun hony was offered, not wine.

S. Ambros. de Elia & Jejun. A Drunkard what.

Væ qui potentes estis ad bibendū!

VI. To be very temperate in the quantity of viands: for it is a very great shame to make one's self, as it were, a living sepulchre of all sorts of butcheries, and build to your self a tomb of fat, with excess in eating, as did the wretched *Dionysius*, spoken of by *Ælian*, who had grooms of his chamber about his bed, ever ready, night and day, to prick him with needles, with distances between, lest his fat, conspiring with sleep, should suffocate him. On the other side, it is dangerous to destroy your stomach by scrupulous and extraordinary observations of your own inventing, which may put you into a course of providing pain for your self, and attendance for others.

Thilosorus. lib. 12. Histor.

VI. Not to be so curious in the choice of delicate meats, but to take them indifferently, according to your quality, and profession. It may happen, that a Noble-man, feeding on a curious dish with sobriety, may observe temper, and another cracking his guts with beans fall into a nasty superfluity of gormandise. The virtue of Temperance is not so much in the matter, as the manner. It is written, that a great *Roman* Lord, being retired into the deserts of *Egypt* to attend contemplation, was one day visited by an *Egyptian* Monk, who had all his life-time been a gross Peasant bred among cows, and cattle, and had an iron stomach, which, in excessive quantity, devoured the most sordid and despicable meats. This man, much scandalized to see the *Roman* Monk feed on that, which seemed delicate to him, and to drink a little wine at his repast, for sook his Cell with small account of his host, and much presumption of his own temper, when the other, miraculously penetrating into his thoughts, reprehended him, and he at that time easily acknowledged himself very short of his perfection, whom he despised.

VIII. Not to have your mind employed on sauces, and kitchin-cookeries, as those lazy *Sybarites*, who made such account of a new kind of broth found out, that by an expres law they permitted the author thereof to enjoy it alone one whole year, before the invention should be communicated to any other.

Shameful law of the *Sybarites*.

IX. Not to enlarge your thoughts upon viands with a greedines, and profusion of spirit, as if one would swallow the sea, and fishes therein, as *Epicharmus* writeth of a certain Gentle-man, who bowed his whole body in eating, crashed his teeth, made a noise with his chaps, blew his nose, rubbed his ears, made a certain sound in his throat, all his body went along with it. A true mediocrity of feeding is, to be neither too greedy, and gluttonous; nor too abstinent, or transported: but modest in your countenance, prompt to help, prudent to see what is done, and to prevent want in others. It would ill become a Noble-man so to abstract his spirits at the ta-

Strange greedines.

Notable distraction.

ble, as those good Religious men, of whom it is recorded in the history of the *Anchorets* of *Egypt*, that they took Capon for Cabbage: they were at *Theophilus* the Patriarch of *Constantinople*'s table, and did eat like mad men, thinking they still had been in their Monastery. It happened the Bishop, carving to the eldest of them, gave him the wing of a Capon, & courteously said unto him; *Father, eat hereof, doth not this Capon seem good meat to you?* He coming, as it were, out of a trance: *How, is this Capon then, Sir? I pray you pardon us: for we took it for Cabbage, else verily none of us had touched it.*

X. Not to out-run the hours of repast through impatience: not to be so addicted to serve our curiosities, and delights, that thereby we leave not a good diner to do a good work. Is it not a shameful thing of one *Huguccio*, who lost two Towns (as *Jovius* relateth) for fear he should lose a good meal: so that it being at the same instant in his power to give order for a revolt, which was plotted, he rather chose to sit out his diner, and by this means forsook a fair opportunity?

Huguccio lost two Cities for a diner.

XI. To content one's self with a little upon occasion, as the young *Theodosius*, who thought he had made a good meal, when he had eaten certain sops of bread steeped in water, within the Cell of an Hermit. The wise *Hebrews* have a Proverb, which saith; *Man is known by three things, by anger, by his purse, by his glass.* It is a note of a well-mortified spirit, when complaints are never made of wants, that happen in service for the mouth.

Man known by three things.

XII. To speak willingly of sobriety, yea even in a feast, like the *Persians*; or from some other honest discourse, which may give refection to the soul, while the body taketh his: and beg perpetually of God to deliver us from the necessities of the body, and that he weaken in us these base concupiscences of the flesh, that we may preserve for him this his Tabernacle in all purity.

The five and twentieth SECTION.

Practise of Modesty.

Modesty is important.

MOdesty is a branch of temperance, a goodly and eminent virtue, which seemeth, as it were, to incorporate our soul, and make her visible in her actions, whose office is to guide the motions, gestures, words, mirth, habit, gate, and garb, and all that, which appertaineth to the exteriour ornament of the body.

Her Actions are

To speak, what.

I. To govern the Tongue, to speak truth in time and place, roundly and freely, without deceit, palliation, boasts, impostures, detractions.

II. Never to have a bitter and furious silence, prying into another's words, nor to use a tattle unmannerly, clamorous, and tiresome, catching the word out of another man's mouth, as little Chickens do, who snatch bits one from another: it was the comparison, which father *Gontery* of happy memory used.

III. Not to be magistral, with a counterfeited gravity, nor riotous, haughty, fierce, rude, no buffon, nor loud laugher: *A fool* (saith the Wiseman) *crackleth in laughing, as thorns in the fire.*

Tone of voice.

IV. Not to have your Tongue either of too high or low a tone, but moderate, distinct, in sweet, honest, ordinary, intelligible accents.

Countenance.

V. To have the composition of your countenance pleasing, gratious, modest, without crabbedness, or affectation: the carriage of your body native, comely, free from extraordinary gestures; not to have a giddy head, like a Linet, alwaies shaking, no wrinkled brow, nor crumpled nose, nor perplexed visage, nor eyes wandring, wanton, or proud.

Habit.

VI. The Apparel neither superfluous, fantastick, nor dissolute, without too much affecting new fashions; nor peremptorily, out of your own conceit, tying your self to the old: but to attend your own condition, and remain in the lists of the modesty, which is most practised by the wisest. Above all, let women beware they set not to sale to carnal eyes that nakedness of their breasts, which may serve for baits for sin. The Scripture saith, *Whosoever shall cause sparkles of fire to fly into another man's corn, shall be accountable for all the dammage, which the flames shall make.*

Means to acquire modesty.

VII. To acquire modesty, it is good to represent to your self often before your eyes our Saviour conversing upon earth, and to pray him, he will give us a soul pure, and radiant, like a star, which impresseth his rays upon the body, as the Sun on a cloud, in, and through all, to edifie our neigbour.

The six and twentieth SECTION.

Practise of Prudence and Carriage in Conversation.

Isidore. Urano-scope.

HAve you observed a fish in the natural history, which the *Grecians* call *Uranoscopus*, as one would say, *The beholder of Heaven*? This admirable creature, contrary to the nature of others, hath but one eye, which is, as it were, a vertical point, fixed directly in the top of his head, ever elevated, and perpetually open, to discover so many labyrinths of snares, and treacheries, as commonly are in the sea. Some will say, it is *Tobias* his fish, a notable creature, which not only contributeth his gall to illuminate the eys of the body, but his example to enlighten the eies of the mind. It is a true Hieroglyph of prudence, which telleth us, we should at this day converse in the world, as in a sea ful of monsters, tempests, rocks, perils, surprises; and that we must have the eye of prudence throughly awakened and purified, to preserve and maintain it among so many hazards. This prudence in a word (according to S. *Bernard*) is nothing else but the knowledge of good and evil, which sheweth how we should demean our selves, and the waies we should tread, in the course of our life, and affairs. It is one of the principal virtues, because all our actions depend on it. Yea, prudence holdeth them, as it were, infolded in the plaits of her Robe, and unfoldeth them according to place, time, persons, occasions; which to know, is to know all.

S. *Bernard. serm. De Villico.*

Importance of Prudence.

It is said, a *French* King enquired one day of a man, who was held in great reputation of wisdom, after divers instructions to govern himself, & guide his Kingdom, this wise man took a fair large sheet of paper, and for an infinite number of Precepts, which others use to produce upon this subject, he only wrote this word, *Modus*, *Measure* or *Mean*; thereby inferring, that the whole mystery of our wisdom, and felicity, consisteth in doing things with grace, fashion, and measure, and that is it, which prudence teacheth. We speak not here in particular of the religious, œconomical, military, politick, monarchical, but in general of the direction of life in ordinary conversation: for that seemeth annexed to the virtue of modesty. Imagine to your self, that prudence, as antiquity hath presented it unto us in their Hieroglyphicks, is an hand enchased with eys, which hath five remarkable fingers, wherein all discrete actions are contained. These five fingers are memory, understanding, circumspection, fore-sight, execution; which is to say, that for the practise of this virtue

All wisdom reduced to one word.

Prudence an hand sprinkled with eyes.

Five fingers of Prudence.

I. A good memory is necessary, to remember things passed, as well what one hath read in books, as those which are observed by proper experience; for that much conduceth to inform the judgment. And besides, he that in all actions hath not memory, when there is occasion to manage some affair, oftentimes findeth he hath not well called to mind all particulars; which putteth him into confusion. Behold, why (as all men have not servants for memory, as had the Kings, the great men of *Persia*, and *Romans*) it is necessary to have recourse to registers, records, and table-books, to help your self. Some are of so happy memory, that they go (as it is said) to gather Mulberries without a Hook, to the Well without a Pitcher, into the Rain without a Cloak.

Understanding. II. To be intelligent and able to judge well: and for this purpose, he must endeavour to know the men, with whom he converseth; their nature, humour, their capacity, intention, and proceeding, to penetrate affairs even to the marrow: not contenting himself with the outward bark, and superficies. To consider them in all senses, all semblances. To put a tax upon things according to their worth, not to run into innovations, and cunning inventions, which disguise objects. To take counsel of the most understanding, faithful, and disinteressed men, to condescend to good counsels by docility of spirit after they are well examined, ever to rest upon that, which hath most honesty, integrity, security.

Docibility.

Choice.

4 Rocks of prudence. III. In every deliberation which one makes upon any occasion, to preserve one's self from four very dangerous Rocks, which are Passion, Precipitation, Self-conceit, and Vanity. Passion coloureth all businesses with the tincture it hath taken. Precipitation goeth head-long downward into ruine. Self-conceit, not willing to forgo some hold, gnaweth, and consumeth it self. Vanity maketh all evaporate in smoak.

Circumspection. *Pagulus Junius.* IV. To have a great circumspection, and consideration, not to expose your self but to good purpose. To do like that Sea-crevis, which hideth himself till he hath a shell over his head, and striketh no man. To spy occasions out, and mark how the little hedghog doth, into what quarter the wind changeth, to alter the entrance into his house. To stand alwaies upon your guard, to discover the ambushes, and obstacles, which occur in affairs. To hold the trowel to build with one hand, and the sword in the other to defend your self. Well to observe these four Precepts; *To have your face open, but your thoughts covered from so many wiles, which perplex our affairs: to be sober in speech: not lightly nor easily to confide in all men; nor, on the other side, to shew too much diffidence.*

Fore-sight and vigilance. V. To be very vigilant in affairs, to fore-see what may happen in occasions, and prompt to finde out means, which may forward the execution of a good design. You finde yet to this day in some old Medals for a Hieroglyphick of Prudence a Mulberry-tree having a Crane upon his branches, and on the stock thereof a *Janus* with two heads: to teach us, that one proceedeth in matter of prudence, first, by not precipitating, no more then the Mulberry, the wisest of all trees, which is the last, that blossometh, to enjoy them with the more security, and thereby to avoid the pinching nips of frost: in watching as the Crane doth, who abideth in an orderly centinel: in casting the eye upon what is past, and fore-seeing the future, as this antient King of *Italy*, to whom for this cause is given a double face.

Hieroglyphick of Prudence.

Execution VI. To use dexterity, promptitude, and constancy in the execution of things well resolved on; that is, the type and crown of Prudence. Many brave resolutions are seen without fruit, or effect, which are like eggs full of wind: all is but a shadow and a meer illusion of prudence. Seasonable time must be taken; for, as *Mithridates*, one of the greatest Captains of the world, saith, *Occasion is the mother of all affairs*: and, time being well taken, you must execute warily, effectually, constantly. *Ferdinand* Duke of *Bavare* seems to have made a recapitulation of the principle actions of this virtue upon a piece of Coin, where was to be seen Prudence, like a wise Virgin, seated on the back of a *Dolphin*, and holding in her hand a balance, with this Motto in three words; *Know, Choose, Execute quickly*. The Virgin, bearing the ensigns of wisdom, said you must know: the Balance, that you must ponder and elect with mature deliberation: the Dolphin with his agility, that you must set a seal upon your businesses by a prompt execution.

Occasio omnium gerendarum rerum mater. A notable Medal. *Cognosce, elige, matura.*

True prudence. VII. In the conclusion of the whole, the best wisdom is to distrust your own judgment, and to expect all from heaven, often asking of God not a wisdom humane, crafty, and impious, which is condemned; but the wisdom of Saints, which investeth us with the possession of a true felicity. *The thoughts of mortal men are fearful, and their providence uncertain. My God, who is able to know thy meaning, if thy self give him not Wisdom?* Behold the virtues, which guide the senses, and conversation of man, against the disorders of flesh and blood, the chief plagues of nature. Let us now survey those, which oppose the second impurity, to wit, Covetousness.

Cogitationes mortalium timidæ, & incertæ providentiæ nostræ, sensum autem tuum quis sciet, nisi dederis sapientiam? Sap. 9. 14. 15.

Of the Virtues, which oppose the second Impurity, called Covetousness; to wit, Poverty, Justice, Charity.

The seven and twentieth SECTION.

Poverty of rich men.

Three sorts of poverty. THere are three sorts of poverty; poverty of necessity, poverty by profession, poverty of affection. Poverty of necessity is that of the wretched, a constrained, needy, and disastrous poverty. Poverty by profession is that of Religious, professed by their first vow, which is meritorious, and glorious. Poverty of affection is an expropriation from the inordinate love of terrene goods.

We speak not here to you (O Noble men) of the poverty of Rogues, which is infamous, nor of that of the Religious, which to you would be insupportable, and to your condition unsuitable: but of the poverty of Affection, the practice whereof is necessary for you, if you desire to be Citizens of Heaven. The practise is,

Practice of the poverty of affection. I. To acknowledge all the goods, and possessions you have, are borrowed, which you must infallibly restore, but when, you know not. You live here like birds, who are alwaies hanging in the air, where either fortune despoileth, or death moweth the Meadow, and then it never groweth again. It is a great stupidity of spirit, a great unthankfulness to God, if you account that to be yours, which you may daily lose, and which in the end you shall forgo for ever. think not you have any thing yours, but your self. *If you love riches, put them in a place assured for eternity.*

August. ep. ad Armentar. & Paulinam. Divitiæ si diligantur, ibi servantur, ubi perire non possunt.

II. If you be not poor, live in riches like the poor. Oftentimes place your self, in thought, even in that state you were born in from your mother's womb, or in that state you must return unto in the earth. You then will have no cause to become proud of your riches, when you shall see your self encom-

1. Tim. 6. 17. *Non sublime sapere, & nec spe vare in incerto divitiarum.*

passed with false feathers, fastened together with wax, which with the first rays of the other life will scatter, and fly away.

III. Never suffer gold and silver to predominate over you like a King, but hold them under obedience like a slave. All these things come from the earth, and are made for the use of an earthly body: what esteem can a soul make of them, unless she become terrestrial? If you regard necessity, you have but very little need of them; if your own sensual appetites, you shall never satisfie them. Leave concupiscence, and serve necessity.

IV. Live in such a manner, that, if you did know it to be purely and simply the will of God, you should from this day be despoil'd of all your wealth, and nothing left you but so much as would suffice to entertain life; you notwithstanding would shew this change to be acceptable to you, saying with holy *Job*; *God hath given it to me, God hath taken it from me: his name be praised.* *Theodoret* makes mention of a very rich man, a *Persian* by nation, and a Christian by profession, called *Sames*, from whom the King of *Persia* took all his plentiful possessions, depriving him of gold, silver, garments, stock, revenues, and retinue; and, not contenting himself with that, gave his wife and house to a servant of this holy man, further enforcing him to serve as a slave to this varlet, most ungrateful and barbarous to his good Master. Behold herein whither humane miseries may arrive. Notwithstanding *Sames*, a rock of constancy, was never a whit shaken, having this Maxim well imprinted in his heart; that For Accessories we must never lose the Principal.

Martyr of Poverty. *Sames.*

V. Govern your house in all frugality, and modesty: make the expenses, which you know to be necessary and agreeable to your estate, not as a possessor, but as a steward, and know you shall be accountable of the poor's portion before God. Apprehend not so much the future time, either for your self, or children, nor afflict your self for present or passed loss. Likewise when you have good success in your affairs, pass over it as a wary Bee over honey, not clamming your wings; according to the notable sentence of S. *Augustine* in his Epistle to *Romanian*. Living in this manner, although you have *Crœsus* his wealth, you shall live happily poor. It is said, that a great *Pope* with all the riches which he had, and daily distributed for supply of needy mankind, was thought to be poorer (and, as I may say, more expropriated) then a silly Hermit, who had nothing in his Cell but a Cat, he now being become a Master over his own affections.

Divitem te sentiant pauperes.

August. ad Roman. Ep. 113. Non frustrà in melli copia pennas habet apicula, nectit enim harenam.

The eight and twentieth SECTION.

Practice of Justice.

Necessity of Justice

THat, which the air is in the elementary world, the sun in the celestial, the soul in the intelligible, justice is the same in the civil. It is the air, which all afflicted desire to breathe; the sun, which dispelleth all clouds, the soul, which giveth life to all things. The unhappiness is, it is more found on the paper of Writers, then in the manners of the living. To be just is to be all that, which an honest man may be, since justice is to give every one what appertaineth to him.

Its Actions are

First Justice.

I. To subject within us the body to the soul, and the soul to God. For the first actions of injustice are to place Passions upon Altars, Reason in fetters, and not to search for the Kingdom of Heaven, but in the sway of our own private interests.

II. Concerning him, who sits in place of Magistracy, to have an ardent zeal for the maintenance of Laws, to bend all his endeavours, to apply all the forces of his mind and courage to authorize Justice, to strengthen his arm against the torrent of iniquities, and to put all his peculiar interests under the discharge of his imployments. He must have a great spirit to carry himself in that manner, and especially in a world of corruptions. A good and perfect Justicer, like unto *Job*, is a *Phœnix*. Ages as scarcely produce him: and when he dieth he contristates the whole world. Where shall you finde him, who can attribute to himself this rare commendation couched in the books of this worthy man? *I am cloathed with justice as with a garment: I am adorned With righteousness as with a diadem. I have been an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, a father of the poor, I brake the jaw-bones of the unjust man, and took the prey out of his teeth.*

Justitiâ indutus sum, & vestivi me sicut vestimento, & diademate, judicio meo. Oculus fui cæco, & pes claudo. Pater eram pauperum, conterebam molas iniqui, & de dentibus illius auferebã prædam. Job. 29. 14, 15, 16, 17.

III. Not to know the favour either of parents, friends, flesh, or blood, when there is occasion of doing an act of justice; as *Canutus* King of *Denmark* did, who, after he had examined the process of twelve thieves, and condemned them, found one, who said, he was extracted of royal blood: *It is reason* (saith the King) *some grace should be done to him, wherefore give him the highest Gibet.* So the famous *Zaleucus*, to satisfie the law, pulled out one of his own eyes, and the other of his son. So *Andronicus Comnenus* caused publickly to set one of his Favourites on the Pillory, and commanded all those, who wrought mischief under the hope of his favour, *either to leave injustice, or life.* So the Emperour *Justine* suffered one of his greatest Minions to be apprehended at his own table, by the Provost, and thence dragged to execution.

Helmodi Chronicon. Admirable Justice without favour.

IV. To abhor those, who betray justice either for money, revenge, love, or any other passion as monsters of nature, murderers of mankind, to hold them anathematized with the great excommunication of nature. Not to admire their fortune, nor in any sort to participate in their riches, to become a companion in their crimes, holding this undoubted, that the fire of God's judgment will devour their Tabernacles, who practice these corruptions. In the form of an oath exhibited under the Emperour *Justinian* the Magistrates sware to maintain Religion, and justice, according to their power; and, in case of corruption, they wished upon themselves by way of execration the trembling of *Cain*, the leprosie of *Gehezi*, the lot of *Judas*, and all that which may astonish man.

Peremptorium est in principe vel auram adware munerum, vel favorem quarere personarum. Cassiod. *Ignis devorabit tabernacula eorum, qui munera accipiunt.* Job 15. 34. Oath of Magistrates under *Justinian.*

V. To have ears alwaies open, and bowels of compassion, ready to hear the complaints of Widows, Orphans, Afflicted, and forlone people, who endure all the torments of the world to break through the press to manifest their miseries. The Emperour *Trajan* hath done many brave and eminent acts, but none of his atchievements were so resplendent, as the justice he readily afforded to a virtuous Widow. Her son had been slain, and she, not being able to obtain justice, had the courage to accost the Emperour in the midst of the City of *Rome*, amongst an infinite number of people, and flourishing Legions, which followed him to the wars he was then going to take in *Valachia*. At her request, *Trajan*, notwithstanding he was much pressed with the affairs of a most urgent war, alighted from his horse, heard her, comforted her, and did her justice. This afterward was represented on *Trajan's* pillar, as one of his greatest wonders. And it is said, he was highly commended and admired by S. *Gregory* the Great.

Notable act of *Trajan.*

VI. To

VI. To do good, and to execute Justice with expedition, not stretching the leather with the teeth, as said the good King *Lewis* the *Twelfth*, taxing the delays, references, and neglects of Judges. The Chronicle of *Alexandria* relateth an admirable passage of *Theodorick* King of the *Romans*, to whom a widow named *Juvenalis* made her complaint, that a suit of her's in Court was drawn at length for the space of three years, which might have been dispatched in few days. The King demanded, who were her Judges, she named them; they were sent unto, and commanded to give all the speedy expedition, that was possible, to this woman's cause: which they did, and in two days determined it to her good liking. Which done, *Theodorick* called them again: they, supposing it had been to applaud their excellent Justice now done, hastened thither full of joy. Being come, the King asked of them: *How cometh it to pass, you have performed that in two days, which had not been done in three years?* They answered: *The recommendation of your Majesty made us finish it. How?* replieth the King, *When I put you into Office, did I not consign all Pleas, and Proceedings to you, and particularly those of widows? You deserve death, so to have spun out a business in length three years space, which required but two days dispatch.* And at that instant commanded their heads to be cut off. The good *Juvenalis* was so strucken with admiration for such an act, that she came to the King to render thanks, and to offer candles to him as to an holy Saint. And would to God *Theodorick* had still persevered in such integrity.

Strange Act of *Theodorick*. Chron. *Alexandrin.*

VII. Not to be contented with conscience alone, but to have science also, well to examine matters, and to observe the forms of right: not to cause any body to be punished, or tormented by precipitation without sufficient proofs. It is a lamentable thing, when through a desperate haste an innocent is bereaved of that in a moment, which never can be again restored, although he should live an hundred years. But it is to be wickedly unjust, when that is also confirmed by malice, and cruelty, which was begun by mistaking: as happened to *Piso*, who rashly condemned a poor Soldier to death, wrongfully suspected of the murder of his living companion. As the innocent man had now his neck under the sword of his executioner, this Camerado of his, supposed to be slain by him, appeared living, and in health. The Centurion, who attended the execution, brought them both back again with much concourse of people, to present them to *Piso*. This furious Judg, enragedly ashamed of the first Sentence, which he over-hastily had given, commanded they should both be put to death, and that also the Centurion should be added to them: one, because he was already condemned, although guiltless; another, because he was thought to be dead; and the third, because he would preserve in the Judg wisdom, and innocency. This Barbarian shortly after paid for this fault, joyned with many others, by a marvellous turn of Fortune, and a most shameful death.

Mad cruelty of *Piso*. *Senec.* lib 1. *De Ira*, cap. 10.

VIII. To be more inclining always to mercy, then severity; yet notwithstanding well to take heed, lest this mercy degenerate into a softness very prejudicial to the maintainance of Justice. Also to visit prisons, to see what is fit to be done, and not suffer prisoners to consume in a tedious, and irksom misery without true cause of delay.

IX. To extend the hand, that honest men may maintained, protected, recompensed for services done to the Common-wealth; and Malefactours punished, and used according to their demerits: since *reward and punishment* (as *Democritus* said) *are the two Divinities of Weals-publick, and the two Poles, on which the affairs of the world do move.*

X. As for the Justice of particular men, it is to obey Laws and Magistrates, keep peace and concord among their neigbours, to wrong no man in his honour, body, goods, allies, reputation, nor any thing that appertaineth to another, either by word, deed, or by sign.

Justice of Particulars.

XI. To be true in words, loyal in promises, faithful in proceedings, to handle the affairs, which one manageth roundly, and freely, without dissimulation, deceit, treachery, to avoid usury, and all unjust gain, to pay debts, not to withold servants or hirelings wages, to be ready to satisfie those, whom one hath offended, often to beg of God, that in the day of his great Assizes we may appear in the robe of Justice, to expect with all confidence the benign breath of his mercies.

The twenty ninth SECTION.

Practice of Gratitude.

ONE of the noblest acts of Justice is the acknowledgment of a benefit. A Virtue very rare in this Age, where (as well Sir *Thomas More* said) *Good turns are written in sand, and injuries, and revenges on marble.* Saint *Ambrose* assureth us, it was not without mysterie young *Toby* took a Dog for the companion of his voyage: God would, he should learn acknowledgment of benefits in the nature of this creature, the hieroglyphick of gratitude.

Beneficia pulveri, si quid mali patimur marmori inscribimus. A singular Saying of Sir *Thomas More.* Amb. *l.* 6. Hexæ. c. 4. *Tobie's* Dog.

The acts of acknowledgment are,

I. Not to deny, dissemble, nor ever to forget a benefit, but to acknowledge it, retain it, praise, extol it, as the antient *Hebrews* did, who set marks on their arms, and ensigns at their gates, for the remembrance, and acknowledgment of a benefit received. It is a great shame to be ashamed to owe a benefit, and to avoid the sight of a benefactor, as if his presence upbraided either our ingratitude, or disability.

Gratitude of *Hebrews*. *Joseph.* Antiq. l. 4.

II. To be thankful, not only in the preserce of the benefactour by some little vain ostentation of acknowledgment, but to publish it to others in time, and place, and to retain it as it were engraven in a respective memorie.

III. To recompense him according to power, not only in proportion, but superabundantly, which that it may be the better effected, to consider what is given to us, from whom, when, and how. A benefit is ever best accepted from a friendly, frank, and free hand, and many times from whom it is least expected, in a pressing necessitie. A benefit from an harsh man, given as it were frowardly, is a stony loaf of bread, which necessity enforceth us to take, not free-will. It is no gift, when that is given, which can no longer be withheld; as *Emmanuel* the Emperour, who, seeing his full coffers in the hands of the *Persians*, said to his Soldiers: Go take them, I give them to you. It is a negligent and remiss giving, when the extreme want of a poor man is expected: as the fountain of *Narni*, which never distilled its streams, but on the eve of a famin. A small courtesie seasonably done deserveth much, and that was the cause why King *Agrippa* made a poor servitour, named *Thaumastus*, the second person of his kingdom; for that he had given him a glass of fair water in his great necessity, when under *Tiberius* he was tied to a tree before the Palace of the Emperour, and endured a most ardent thirst.

Sordid Liberality of *Emmanuel Comnenus.*

Leander in Umbria.

Joseph l. 18. Antiq. *Thaumastus* the second man in a Kingdom, for having given a glass of water.

IV. As it is not good to suffer a benefit to wax old,

old, so it is not always expedient to recompense it so readily, as if we bear our obligation with impatience, and that we had an opinion this benefit came to us from a hand besmeared with birdlime, with intention to grasp another. The best way is to let your observances creep into credit, in time, and place, with so much the more precaution, as they ought to have the less of ostentation.

The thirtieth SECTION.

Practice of Charity.

Eminentissimum charismatum. S. Iren. l. 4. cap. 63. S. Maximus Oeconom. cent. 1. 38. 4 Reg 2. 9. Plenitudo legis, Charitas. Aug. tract. in epist. Joan. Dorotheus. 5. Bibliothec. PP. Doct. 6.

SAint *Irenæus* (as we have said) calleth Charity a most excellent present from heaven, the top and Zenith of all virtues, gifts, and favours of God. Saint *Maximus* saith, it is the gate of the Sanctuary, which leadeth us aright to the vision of the holy Trinitie. It is the double spirit, which *Elizeus* required, wherewith to love God, and our Neighbour. Behold the whole law! behold all perfection! You are not much to afflict your self (saith S. *Augustine*) to become perfect. Love God, and then do what you will: for, if you desire to know whether your love towards God be real, and not counterfeit, mark how you love your neighbour. By how much the lines draw nearer one to another, so much the more they approach to the center: by how much the nearer you approach to your neigbour in love, by so much the nearer you are to God.

The Actions of this Royal Virtue are

Acts of Charity.

I. To have an affectionate delight in God: for that he is God, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful, all-amiable, all-just, all-merciful; the original fountain of all wisdom, goodness, power, beauty, justice, mercy. Most heartily to rejoyce, that he sitteth in the throne of glory, as in an abyss of splendor, adored without intermission by all the celestial powers, by all the Saints, by all the exalted Spirits. To desire, that all the creatures in the world might adore, and serve him, that all understandings were replenished with the knowledg of him, all memories with his benefits, all wills with his love. Such was the affection of that good Frier *Giles*, companion to St. *Francis*, who was much moved in beholding the beauties of God, and afterwards wept bitterly, as he said, love was not beloved enough.

Amor non amatur.

II. To be sensibly sorrowful for the impieties, heresies, infidelities, errors, sins, dissolutions, which have covered the face of the earth. To resent the injuries done to God, as one would the rebukes of a good father, of a loving brother, or of some person most tenderly affectionate, as the apple of your eye.

Marvelous Zeal of a Lady.

It is an admirable thing to see in Scripture a poor Princess, daughter in-law of *Heli*, falling in travail upon the news brought her of the taking of the Ark of Covenant, and death of her husband, and neighbours; for her neither to think of father, brother, husband, no nor the pains of her child-bearing, nor to complain of any thing, but of the surprisal of the Ark, and to have dying these words on her lips: *Farewel the glory of Israel, since the Ark of God is taken away*; what zeal is this in a woman? And now adays, one cannot lose a grey-hound, a curtal jade, a bird, but all the house is filled with noise, and outcries; whilst for injuries done to God the hearts of men are very insensible.

Translata est gloria de Israël, quia capta est Arca Dei. 1 Reg 4 21.

III. To love all mortal men as creatures made to the image of God, but, above all, the Faithful, in the quality of persons destined to the sovereign beatitude: to wish them true blessings, as Justification, Grace, Virtues, spiritual Progression, Glory. Moreover, to desire they may be fortunate in riches, honour, credit, good success in their affairs, if such comforts may conduce to procure them beatitude.

IV. Never to despise, never to judge rashly, never to interpret other mens actions in an ill sense; but to compassionate their infirmities, bear their burdens, excuse their weaknesses, make up, and consolidate the breaches of charity happened by their fault, to hate imperfections, and ever to love men, yea even your enemies: therein the touch-stone of true charity is known. The means to preserve one from his enemies, is to pardon enemies, said S. *Augustine*. One of the goodliest spectacles, able to attract Angels to the gates of heaven to behold it, is neither Theatres, Amphitheatres, Pyramids, nor Obelisks; but a man, who knoweth how to do well, and hear ill, and to vindicate himself from ill by doing well.

Discè diligere inimicum, si vis cavere inimicum. Aug. in Psal. 59.

Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* relateth, how he, being a Student at *Faenza*, one told him of an Act of Charity happened (as I believe) in his time, at the same place, of which he made more account, then of all the wonders of the world. It was a man, whose eyes another most traiterously had pulled out, and this accident had confined him in a Monastery, where he lived a pure, and unspotted life, yielding all offices of charity according to the ability of his person. It fell out, this cruel creature, who had done this mischievous act, sickened of a languishing malady, and found himself enforced to be carried to that same place, where he was, whom he had bereaved of sight. His heart said within him, he would never endure him; but for revenge would put out his eyes. On the contrary, the blind man made earnest suit to do this act of charity to him with all the most fervent endeavour, as if he had sought some great fortune from the hand of a Prince. Behold he prevailed, he is deputed to the service of the sick man, and he dedicated to him all the functions of his body, except the eyes, which the other had pulled out. Notwithstanding (saith the *Cardinal*) he wanted not eyes, having those of supreme Charity, and Patience. You would say this good blind man was all eyes, all arms, all hands, all heart, to attend this sick man; so much consideration, vigour, diligence, and affection he used. And what should they here say, who upon the least affronts burn with a revengeful spirit?

An excellent Passage of Charity.

V. Not to have a lazy and languishing charity, which is only in idea: but to be diligent, cordial, strict; not for particular ends, but the taintless Maxims of Virtue. It was a great folly in those Philosophers, called the *Contemplators*, who placed perfection in sitting with arms a-cross, without doing any act to assist in the society of men. Witness the prime Prince among them, named *Pyrrho*, who beheld the stars, whilst his companion *Axaquus*, falling into a ditch, cried out for help. They both were found, the one in this misery despairing, and the other contemplating. It was said to the Master: *What do you here, my friend? Why endeavour you not to draw your companion out of this ditch?* No other answer would he make: *Let me alone. I meditate, how to become an honest man.* And behold him a lazy truant, without any further search in giving aid to this miserable man. In the whole history of *Pliny* the best word is this: *It is a Divinity for one man to do good to another, and behold the most assured way of eternal glory.*

Laert. l. 6.

Stupidity of *Pyrrho*. *Sine: meditor, ut bonus sim.* Plin. l. 2. *Deus est mortali juvare mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

VI. For this purpose you ought to know not only at your finger-ends, but to have both in heart, and hand, the works of mercy, spiritual, and corporal. You must dispose your self with especial endeavour to alms-deeds. There is the schole of rich men, it is their lesson, their Philosophy, their heavenly Alchimy, their justification, their salvation, their glory. The

Alms.

practice

practice of alms is not now to be required. It is easily found. There are as many ways of mercy, as there are miseries in mankind, which are every day exposed to our eyes: a thousandfold happy are they, who seriously bend themselves to comfort such, every one to the proportion of his power. How many brave, and noble spirits are industrious in that kind? Some (as the Emperour *Titus*) thought they had lost a day, wherein they had obliged no man. Others daily fed some poor creature, in whom they acknowledged the Person of *Jesus Christ*. Others went up and down into publick streets, to finde out the necessities of men, to relieve, and consolate them. Others humbled themselves continually to the services of the sick, and indigent. Others taught this practice to their little children, almost from the Nurse's breast; as soon as they began to stutter out words, they were made Orators for the poor. Others distributed their revenue in equal portions to Churches, needy persons, and for their own maintainance. Others gave the first-fruits of all their increase of profits. Others founded, and instituted a thousand excellent works of piety. Behold good life herein, fair hope, and generous charity. And is it not to be the scorn, and scandal of mankind to amass riches for worms, for moths, for children many times wicked, drunken, loose Libertines, who will play, and desport upon their Parents tombs? It were a notable Inscription, if one should put these words upon your Monument, which *Valerius* gave to one called *Gillias*:

Ista verò injustitia magna, ut egeat Dominus, & habeat, unde luxurietur filius tuus. August. *De disciplina Christiana.* Val. l. 4. c. 8.

QUOD GILLIAS *POSSIDEBATO, MNIUM QUASI COMMUNE PATRIMONIUM ERAT. HIC IPSIUS LIBERALITATIS PRÆCORDIA HABUIT, ET DOMUS EJUS QUASI QUÆDAM MUNIFICENTIÆ OFFICINA. What* Gillias *had, was the possession of all Mankind. This man had his heart, and entrails composed even of Charity it self: his House was a Shop of Bounty.*

Of Virtues, that oppose the third Impurity, which is Pride of Life.

The thirty first SECTION.

The Practice of Humility, and Magnanimity.

TO say, that Noble-men, and Persons of quality have no need of the virtue of Humility, is to say that sick men have no need of health. Humility is the element and orb of Virtues. It is the gate of Christianity (saith S. *Cyprian*) and we ought not to think that man will be loyal to saith, who is unfaithful to the virtue of *Jesus Christ*, to wit, humility. It's necessary for all men, but especially Great ones, who are more roughly assaulted by the storms of pride: and if this virtue be a contempt of its own excellency, where shall you finde out this excellency to finde out the contempt thereof? Shall it be in mean, and inferiour spirits? They naturally are in their own way of baseness, but not therefore in the path of humility. *The most exact humility is that, which hath more of honour, and less of the sense of honour*, saith S. *Bernard*. The Stars are beheld in the bottom of a pit: and profound humility maketh the most radiant splendours appear in greatness. The sun dispelleth the grossest vapours, and draweth the thinnest, and subtile to himself: how much the more you lessen your self, so much the nearer you shall approach to the Sun of true glory. If you desire to practise this celestial virtue, behold the actions.

Primus Religionis introitus. Cyprian. *De Nativitate Christi.* Humility of Great men. *Magna virtus est humilitas honorata.*

Acts. Pride of Nobility reprehensible.

I. Do not intoxicate your brain with a mad vanity of noble race, which causeth many to dig out, and disentomb their Grand-sires, as it were, from the ashes of old *Troy*: and, as *Ausonius* saith, in so carefully searching out uncertain parents, they many times give occasion to think they have none certain. Nobility is not to be blamed, since it is the happiness of good extraction; but to be vauntingly puffed up on this occasion, is a meer folly. He, that should revolve, and rifle the whole mass of mankind (saith *Plato*) should find there is no King, which cometh not from servitors, nor servitor, who cometh not from Kings.

II. Not to affect, nor seek after humane praises, flattery, complacence, ticklings of reputation, which inebriate all shallow brains. Nor through affectation to display a large list of titles and qualities. The time hath been, when men named lands; at this day lands denominate men. So many abject villages, boroughs, hamlets, brave it in paper, and set our memories on the rack to name one man, who should rather be named, and renowned for virtues, which are the inheritance of men. Our Ancestors, who raised their titles upon noble actions, were men of heaven; but now, when we so passionately seek to acquire names of the earth, we well thereby declare we are men of the earth.

Names of land.

III. When one is arrived by virtue to some fortune, and condition eminent, not at an instant to turn his brain, as with a voluntary drunkenness, and forget not only his poor parents, but himself also, affecting wry-mouths, crabbed looks, disdains, ill countenances, and much exteriour seeming, to blot out the memory of his extraction. The good *Primislaus*, being come from the fortune of a Peasant to the Soveraignty of *Bohemia*, caused his country-cassock, and high shoes to be kept in the Church, and yearly represented to him, to renew the memory of his blood, and thereby cherish his own humility. Pope *Benedict the Eleventh*, the son of a silly Peasant, his mother being brought unto him in a rich and sumptuous habit, with intention much to please him, turned his eyes away, and said, he could not acknowledg this woman for his mother. But she afterwards returning to him in her rustick attire, he acknowledged her, and yielded all the duties of a good son. Their hearts were deep in humility, and not of these petty spirits, who are ashamed of their beginning, and resemble those beasts, which think they are well hidden, if their heads be covered, shewing the rest of their bodies.

Modesty in its exaltation. Humility of *Primislaus*, and Pope *Benedict* the 11.

IV. Neither to make your self *Fierabras*, nor the Knight of the burning sword, in matter of valour. Those, who most brave it in words, are found very short in performance. The world is full of *Rodomonts*, who only are transported with arrogant and sudden furies, as *Rabsaces* in the Scripture; but few are found truly valourous. When *Homer* maketh his brave Captains march, he gives them silence for guide. Contrariwise, he maketh cowards to babble, and chatter like cranes. The one pass along like great rivers, letting their streams glide softly with silent majesty: the other do nothing else but murmur like little brooks. A sign of not being valiant at all is to strive to seem valiant.

Rodomonts.

V. To boast the beauty of body is to have a great defect in the judgment, which is the beauty of the soul. It is verily a desperate vanity, when a Lady, under the colour, that some scribling Rimer hath given her the locks of *Aurora*, the eys of *Venus*, the port of *Juno*, the feet of *Thetis*, makes her self the Queen of *Antioch*, and glorifies her self many times with a beauty meerly imaginary. Queen *Stratonica*, wife of *Seleucus*, had not one hair upon her head, yet notwithstanding gave six hundred crowns to a Poet, who had celebrated her in his verse, and sung, that her hair had the tincture of the Marigold. I know not how this soothing flatterer meant

Vanity of Beauty. Ridiculous Pride of Queen *Stratonica*.

meant it, but this Queen became very proud, which made her so much the more ridiculous. Although this Beauty were true, it is but white and Vermilion skin distended over a Carcase, which covereth many ordures: it is a Dung-hill blanched with Snow, an Idol of Fools, a Flower of the Field, which hath (as it were) for horizon the instant of its Birth. We may well give it the Epitaph of the Rose:

Mirabar ceterem fugitivâ ætate ruinam, Et dum nascuntur, consenuisse rosas.

Here lies the Rose *in one day come*
From the first Blossom to a Tomb.

VI. A much more notorious folly it also is to boast and brave it in Apparel, which are Plaisters of the scars of Sin, to wit, Nakedness; borrowed Feathers from all kinde of Birds, unpunished Thefts, witnesses of our Poverty, which causeth us to beg the assistance of all creatures to cover our shame. What an indignity is it to be desirous to brave it above one's State, Quality, or Port, and to arrive at this height, oft-times to bear the fat and marrow of the Poor in the plaits of Garments? Nay these many rapines are not sufficient to entertain this enraged Prodigality. Debts must grow, which cannot be discharged; Silk must be dragged at your heels, and a Sergeant ready behind you; to shew Gold, and hide Misery and Sin; to adorn a Body, as if it were a Temple of *Egypt*, with all possible splendour, and to lodge within it the soul of a Rat. What infamy is it to behold in a Banquet a *Roman* Lady, called *Lollia Paulina*, carry about her in Chains, Carcanets, and Pretious Stones, a Million of Gold; and her Father, who had despoiled all the *Roman* Provinces to cloath this onely Daughter, drink afterward Poyson, overwhelmed in the despair of his own affairs? Is not the Chamlet-Coat of the greatest of all our Kings S. *Lewis*, of power to confound all Courtiers of both sexes, who, having nothing worthy of praise in them, would dignifie themselves with Apparel, shewing they have like Peacocks a little Head, little Brain, beautifull Feathers, and a long Tail?

Habits.

Plin. lib. 9. cap. 35. Paulina bare about her a million of Gold.

VII. Not to be proud for Riches: for they are a River, which now this day pass along by your Lodging, and are no more yours, then the River of *Seyne*. Not to look with a surly face in great Fortunes, and Dignities; for it is a Vizard in a Comedie, which must presently be pulled off. Not to value your self highly for an happy memory; for it is, as it were, the Belly of the Soul, many times filled with much windiness: nor for wit; for it is often but thin, like the Spider's Web, fit to catch Flies, and nothing else: nor for the judgment, for much to confide therein is a dangerous Leprosie in the heart of man.

Superemineence of person.

VIII. To measure your self by your own rule, to know your own Ability, not overmuch to presume of your own Forces, not to undertake a great burthen, and shrink under the Weight of it. To speak little of your self, and of all that, which is your own, not to over-prize, nor deject your self, to do good without speaking of it, to obey the commandments of Superiours faithfully, readily, couragiously, to moderate desires, to love mediocrity in all things, to have a sweet, affable, and respective conversation.

Modesty.

IX. If you be truly humble, you will necessarily have the acts of Magnanimity, which are to undertake great things for the honour of God: for there is not any thing so potent as the humble man, who expecteth all his power from Heaven. To contemn the promises and menaces of Great-men, when they request or command you to do any injustice.

Magnanimity.

X. To drive from you with courage any Obstacles, which present themselves to divert you from a good work: to make little accompt of all the states and dignities of the world: to enter into it, stay in it, go out of it, ever with the same countenance. To take honour as a Tribute, which you are to put into the Coffers of God. To abide continually both in Adversity and Prosperity within your self. To recompense a benefit liberally, never to detract, to praise sparingly, beg seldom, admire nothing lightly, nor complain of any man. To hold rank among Great-men without Vanity, and to humble your self to inferiours through Charity. Not to undertake many things, but perform brave things. To hate flattery as a Plague, hypocrisie as a Poyson, complacence as a Mockery. To do and speak freely, what is reasonable. Not to remember injuries. To aim rather at true honour, then profit.

Arist. lib. 3. Ethic.

The thirty second SECTION.

Practice of Patience.

Praise of Patience.

BEhold that, which setteth a Seal upon all Virtues, Patience, ever the first in the List, and last in the Triumph. It is the crowned Pome-granate, which hangeth among the Bels in the lowest Bordure of the High-Priest's Robe of the old Law. It was a goodly thing to carry all the world on his Habit, all was imperfect without the Crown of Patience; she it is, which hath the Bell, to teach us, that all Virtues are very excellent, but it belongeth not to them to proclame Victory without patience and perseverance. Other Virtues are as those antient Painters, who subscribed at the foot of their Table, *He painted, he made*: but Patience may affix, *I have made, I have perfected*, since it giveth full accomplishment. It is the Schole of Christianity. *So learned are we* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *as we have patience: so much do we participate with God, as we can suffer by his example. He hath taken a body to be able to suffer, and to make himself altogether the mirrour of sufferers, and the reward of those, who have patiently endured. If we suffer not to imitate him, our Soul is no longer ours: for it is the word of the Son of God, that we possess not this Soul but by the means of patience. If we leave it, we lose all.* For the practice of this Virtue, I require not, you should be a Saint *Macarius*, who for having killed a Gnat, which stung him, went (as if he had committed a great act of impatience) for the space of six moneths, exposing his naked body to all the Flies, Gnats, and Wasps of the Wilderness, to be revenged on himself. This patience is not for your purpose, learn one more easie.

A notable Observation upon the habit of the High-Priest.

Ambr. super Proverb.

Tanto quisque minus ostenditur doctus, quanto minus ostenditur patiens.

Vita P. P. Patience of S. *Macarius.*

I. That you a little bear with your self. All folie hath this property with it, that it is perpetually in disturbances, ever wearie of the present, and with open mouth gaping for the future. It leapeth like Quick-silver, it boundeth and skippeth from thought to thought, from purpose to purpose, from place to place, as the Stag from the Hillock to the Mountain, from the Mountain to the Hillock. And all that proceedeth from impatience of heart.

Patience of Great-men what.

Acts.

Take for the first act of patience, to reclame your self within your self, not to be still upon change, to rest with firm footing in the conditions, professions, employments, recreations, in which through duty you are engaged.

First patience to endure one's self.

II. To spare men (as saith the Emperour *Antoninus*) and suffer men. You would have men speak, laugh, go, and spit, even after your fashion, that is the way to please you. Superiours molest you, Equals trouble you, Inferiours can do nothing to content your Appetite: the noise of a Door, the winde of a Window, a Glass broken, a mess of Broth over-salted, a Fly in the kitchin negligently driven away by a Servant makes you enraged. You have more

To spare men, and endure men.

more disturbances, then the winding *Euripus* hath waves. This proceedeth from the great weakness of your understanding, effeminacy of flesh, tenderness of education, custom of curiosity, sickness, and giddiness of spirit. If you do not seasonably prevent the mischief, and daily accustom your self to tolerate some inconvenience with sweetness, and patience; you will become a Monster in conversation, insupportable to all, and in conclusion, troublesom to your self. What an indignity is it, that a man full of rebellions against God, should desire, that men and beasts serve him according to all his humours? Some slight fellow will be so observed in *puncto*: and a thousand and a thousand Kings have endured a million of indiscretions of their servants with patience. Is is not said, that *Philip* the Second King of *Spain*, having written a Letter with his own hand, with much study and labour, to be sent to the Pope; when he asked for Sand to cast upon it, his Secretary half asleep, poured the Ink in the Standish upon it? This would have put you into a fury; and yet behold a man of this eminency! bare it without speaking one angry word to his servant.

Calumnies

III. From hence you shall learn to suffer calumnies and slanderous words, not raising a storm in your mind, about the interpretation of a doubtful word: not to frame differences about the leg of a flie. Not to be amazed at forged imputations, which trench even upon the Diadems of Kings, and Mitres of Popes. The Buckler wherewith you must resist them, is, Contempt, and Innocency. It is said, the *Basilisk* desirous to infect a Looking-glass, killeth himself by repercussion of vapours which proceed from his own body: and the Calumniator doth the like, when he meeteth with a pure unspotted life. It is a smooth glass, which slayeth him with his proper arms. Speak only these royal words of *David*, a King, and Prophet: *My God, if thou suffer this persecution against me; at the least, I beg the sacrifice of my Patience may ascend to thy Altar in the odour of sweetness.* S. *Ambrose*, as I have demonstrated before, hath observed, that this great man was so disposed to patience, that being persecuted by his son *Absalom*, and at the same time furiously pursued with the foul slanders of *Shimei*, he took the clamorous tongue of this Detractour to make it, as it were, an Antidote of it, and apply it to the sorrow he received from the parricide of an unnatural son.

Patience of *David*. *Si Dominus insitat adversùm me, odoretur sacrificium meum.* 1 *Reg.* 26. 19

Verborum contumelia parricidii levavit ærumnam.

Malady.

IV. Patiently to endure a malady. It is an hard matter in vehement pains, but that some out-cries and exclamations escape Nature. I know not what heart that Gentleman had, of whom the Table of Constancy speaketh; who played on a Lute when his leg was cut off with biting Saws, and burning Cauteries, without breathing forth one silly sigh. That is not exacted of you, but that you use some moderation; and above all, to have a soul resigned, principally in dolours, and small maladies, which give you leisure enough to re-enter into your self.

Heroick acts of patience.

V. Finally, To swim in a strong stream, you must fortifie your self against all humane accidents, as are the hurly-burlies of Fortune, (which in a moment thrust a man down to the bottom of the wheel) banishments, imprisonments, shipwracks, loss of goods, infamous accusations even of Innocency it self: crimes, calamities, death of friends, near kindred, fathers, mothers, brothers, children, and all that which hath sadness, and horrour in Nature. Out, alas! what lightnings, thunders, tempests on all sides? What traps, what snares? O man (miserable creature) drenched in the water of thy tears, which are more familiar to thee, then the sea and rivers to fishes; where wilt thou save thy self, if thou put not thy self under the shelter of patience? All is replenished with miseries, and to be desirous of exemption is a petty apostacy in Nature. Tribulation is the King's high-way, beaten, and tracked with the sacred steps of thy Master, and with a countless number of Saints, who all of them have made their afflictions the degrees of their glory. Behold thy *Jesus*, he is the brazen Serpent, planted in the wilderness of this world, which healeth all the bitings of our impatience. Behold Patience, it is the Salt of the Prophet *Elizæus*, which purifieth the polluted waters, and sweeteneth all the bitterness of life.

Patience the Sanctuary of Mortals.

The thirty third SECTION.

Practice of daily Actions.

Every day a table of life.

ALl our Virtues are included in our Actions, and our Actions in the hours, the hours in the day, and the day in the month, the month in the year, and the year in the Ages. Every day is a brief table of our life, and the means to make one's self perfect quickly, is to perform all our daily actions with mature consideration and perfection. Behold a portraict, the lineaments whereof I have taken from a man endowed with great wisdom, religion, and integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, able to endure any thing but his own praises.

Means of perfection.

Motive to pass the day well.

I. It is a long time, since the Sun for your benefit hath dispersed the shadows of the night, that you may rejoyce at the sight of the great spectacle of the works of God; and yet your Curtains are still shut to entertain you in the dusky image of death. Get out of your bed, and think this goodly Star, which maketh you begin the career of this day, will this day run more then ten or twelve millions of leagues. And you, how many steps (I pray) will you set forward to draw near to Virtue? This indefatigable Harbinger is gone forth to score you out the lodging of a Tomb; so many minutes are so many points deducted of your life. Will not you follow the counsel of the Son of God, and do well whilst it is day? A great night will speedily involve you under its wings, wherein you shall no more have further means to travel.

Day pretious

II. Take every day as a day in harvest: take it as a day of a Fair, or mart; take it as a day wherein you are to labour in the mines of gold; take it as a Ring, which you must engrave, adorn and embellish with your actions, to be in the evening offered up at the Altar of God.

To pass for eternity.

III. Represent unto your self a notable consideration of S. *Bernard*, that your actions pass, as not passing: for every good work you do, is a grain of seed for life eternal. Say as did *Xenxes*, that Painter so renowned, *Æternitati pingo, I paint for eternity.*

Counsel of S. *Thomas*.

IV. Follow the counsel of S. *Thomas*; Do every action in the virtue of *Jesus Christ*, desiring to have all the good intentions and affections of the Church, Militant and Triumphant. Do it, as if thereon depended the praise of God, the good of the whole world, all your happiness; and as if it were to set a Seal on all your Works.

S. Thom. *De morib. divin.*

To provide on the evening for the day to come.

V. Begin from the evening the purpose of good works, which you are to perform the next day, what points you ought to meditate on, what vice you should resist, what virtue exercise, what affairs you are to handle, to make all appear in its proper time, with a well-matured providence. It is the thread of *Ariadne*, which guideth our actions in the great labyrinth of time; otherwise, all runneth to confusion.

Diligence in the Morning.

VI. Have so much curiosity in you, as sometime to know of what colour the day-break of morning is, outstrip the steps of light, according to the counsel of the Wise-man, to praise God. Take good heed, lest you imitate that hog *Epicurus*, who boasted, he had waxed old without ever beholding the Sun rising or setting. It is a good custom to rise in the morning, but very difficult to perswade women so, and all the Antipodes of nature, who change day into night, and night into day. That famous *Apollonius*, held in his time for an Oracle of the world, coming very early in the morning to *Vespasian's* gate, and finding him awake, conjectured thereupon that he was worthy to command an Empire, and said to one, who accompanied him: *Undoubtely, this man will be Emperour, seeing he is so early a stirrer.*

Ἀνὴρ ἄρξει.

Three Parts of the Day.

VII. All that, which you are to dispose the day unto, is divided into three Parts, Devotion, Business, Recreation. Devotion must carry the torch, and open the door to all our actions.

Awaking.

VIII. Make account at your first awaking to give all the first fruits of your faculties, senses, and functions to the divine Majesty. Let the Memory presently put it self in mind, that it ought to do the work of God. Let the Understanding cast a consideration upon its Creator, like a flash of lightening. Let the Will be enkindled with his love. Let the Heart shoot forth some fiery shafts, some desires, and some affections wholly celestial. Let the Mouth and Tongue endeavour to pronounce some vocal prayer to the most holy Trinity. Let the Hands figure on the forehead and breast the Sign of the Cross, since they are lifted up to heaven. Let the Arms and Feet shake off the sluggishness of sleep, as S. *Peter* did the chains at the voice of the Angel. Behold a good beginning, how to offer one's self to God. The hair was pulled from the Victim, and put into the fire, before it was sacrificed; so must you draw away at your awaking those slighter actions, to give beginning to your Sacrifice.

IX. This Action should serve as a Preparative to another more long and serious devotion, which you are to make in your closet, when first you come out of your bed. If you have so gorgeous garments to put on, that necessarily you must bestow some notable time to dress you, it is a miserable servitude. Observe you not it should be done to render your tribute to God? Then cloath your self indifferently, as much as shall be necessary for comelinesse, and health. Afterward with bowed knees use five things, *Adoration*, *Thanksgiving*, *Oblation*, *Contrition*, and *Petition*.

Exercise of the Morning.

Five things to be practised.

Adoration in adoring God, prostrated on the earth, resounding like a little string of the world's great Harp, and offering to the Creator this whole universe, as a Votive-table hanged upon his Altar, wholly resigning your self to his will. For this act it is very expedient to use the Hymn of the three Children in the fornace, who called all creatures, as by a check-roul, to the praises of God.

Thanksgiving for all benefits in general, and particularly for that you have happily passed over this night. The Church furnisheth us with an excellent form of Thanksgiving in the Hymn *Te Deum laudamus*.

Oblation of your faculties, senses, functions, thoughts, words, works, and of all that you are, remembering the sentence of S. *John Chrysostom*, That *The worst avarice is to defraud God of the oblation of your self*. Offer to God the Father your Memory, to replenish it with profitable and good things, as a vessel of election; to the Son your Understanding, to enlighten it with eternal verities; to the Holy Ghost your Will, to heat it with his holy ardours: consign your body to the Blessed *Virgin*, to preserve it under the seal of purity.

Contrition, in general for all sins, and particularly for some vices, and imperfections, which most surcharge you, with a firm purpose to make war against them, and extirpate them with God's assistance.

Petition, not to offend God mortally, nor to fail with grace, light, and courage, to resist those sins, to which you are most inclined. To practise those virtues, which are most necessary for you. To be guided and governed this very day by the providence of God in all that may concern the weal of your soul, body, and things external. To participate in all the good works, which shall be done in the Christian world. To obtain new graces, and succours for the necessities of your neighbours, whom you then may represent, and this by the intercession of Saints, wherewith your prayer should be seasoned. It is then to very good purpose to spend some quarter of an hour at the least in reading some spiritual book, imagining it as a letter sent from God to you for direction of your actions.

Spiritual Lesson.

X. When you put on your apparel, to acknowledg your great servitude, so to serve with much industry the most abject and brutish part of man. To think, you garnish a body, which even this very day may be a putrified rottenness. What time, and diligence had *Jezabel* used in the last day of her life to adorn and deck a body, that was trampled under the feet of horses, and gnawn by dogs some few hours after?

Cloathing.

Mass must be heard at a due hour, in the manner before related: and that is a most especial act of devotion.

Mass.

XI. The second employment of the day is in the affairs, which one manageth, whether it be for the publick, or for your own particular, in the government of your family, or discharge of some Office. A good business is a good devotion; and nothing is so much to be feared as idleness, which is a very Ant-heap of sins. *He, who taketh pains* (said the antient Fathers of the desert) *is tempted but by one Devil; he, that is idle, by them all.* There is no person so noble, or eminent, that ought not to finde out some employment. If iron had the reason of understanding, it would tell you, it better loved to be used by much exercise, then to rust and consume in the corner of an house.

Affairs.

XII. In the practise of charges, offices, affairs, to use *knowledg*, *conscience*, *dexterity*, *diligence*. *Knowledg*, in learning that, which is profitable to be known for the discharge of duty, informing one's self of that, which cannot be guessed at, in hearing counsel, examining and weighing it with mature deliberation. *Conscience*, in administering all things with integrity according to laws, both divine and humane. *Dexterity*, in doing all things discretely, peaceably, with more fruit then noise. In such manner, that one shew not anxiety in affairs; but like that Prince, of whom in antient time one said, That in the most busie occupation he seemed ever to have the greatest vacation. *Diligence*, observing occasions well, and performing every thing in time, and place.

He, that hath never so little spirit, and good disposition, shall always finde wherein to employ himself, principally in the works of mercy, both spiritual, and temporal, amongst so many objects of our neighbour's miseries.

XIII. Time of repast, recreations, sports, and visits should be very regular, for fear nature be not dis-

Recreation.

dissolved in a lazy and bestial life, greatly unworthy of a noble heart. Away with gluttony, play, detraction, curiosity, scoffing, babling. Let the conversation be as a file to smooth and cleanse the spirit, and ever to adapt it to its proper functions.

Elevation of heart to God.

XIIII. One should not in affairs, recreations, retirements, omit at some times to elevate his heart to God by jaculatory prayers. Happy are they, who in every hour of the day do make unperceivably some little retrait in their hearts, casting their eys like a lightning-flash upon the hour past, and foreseeing the direction of the next. Above all, after diner it is fit to reenter into one's self, and to see the good order, which hath been given for the execution of the morning's good purposes.

Evening.

XV. In the evening before you go to bed, you are to use examen of conscience, Litanies, and other vocal Prayers, with the preparation of the meditation of the next day, happily to shut up the day with acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prayers for the living and dead. Thereupon settle your self to sleep with some good thought, to the end, according to the Prophet, your night may be lightned with the beauties of God. If any interruption of sleep happen, mark it out with jaculatory prayers and elevations of heart, as antiently the Just did, who for this cause were called The crickets of the night. This doing, you shall lead a life repleniſhed with honour, repose, satisfaction towards your self, and shall each day advance one step forward to eternity.

The Marks, which amongst others may give you a good hope of your Predestination, are principally twelve. 1. A lively, simple, and firm Faith. 2. Purity of heart, which ordinarily is free from grievous sins. 3. Tribulation. 4. Clemency, and Mercy. 5. Poverty of spirit disengaged from earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity towards your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. 9. Love to the word of God. 10. Resignation of spirit to the Will of your Sovereign Master. 11. Some remarkable Act of virtue exercised by you upon occasion offered. 12. Devotion to our Blessed Lady: in honour of whom, you shall do well to observe daily three things. First, to present unto her an oblation every hour of the day of the Angelical salutation, when, at the striking of the clock, you recal your heart to your self. Secondly, to exercise some mortification of mind or body, by some motive of the imitation of her virtues. Thirdly, to give alms to her honor, either spiritual, or temporal.

This have I enlarged in a little Manual, called THE CHRISTIAN DIURNAL.

Instructions for the Married.

The thirty fourth SECTION.

Of the Misery of ill-governed Marriages, and to whom we may impute it.

Nyss. lib. de hom. c. 18. Damasc. lib. 2. De fide orthod. cap. 30.

THE great evils in ill-managed marriages, made S. *Gregory Nyssen*, and S. *John Damascen* say, wedlock had not been invented, but to serve as a Remedy for the wound of Concupiscence; and that, if the first Authors of mankind had remained in original Justice, the world would have been multiplyed in a manner wholly Angelical, rather then by the ordinary ways of marriage. Notwithstanding S. *Augustine*, and S. *Thomas*, who diligently looked into it, assure us, marriage was treated in the state of Innocency by natural ways, since *Eve* was created before sin, and given to man to serve as a companion for him in the world's propagation. But, if the Divine Providence would have pleased to have made choice of other means for this increase, he had created millions of men in the beginning of the world like unto Angels, and not one man alone, nor one sole woman, who were set in the front of all Nations, of purpose to produce them with that progress of time and succession, we therein observe. I pronounce, marriage had been without the ardours and disturbances of concupiscence, the pains of child-bearing, disloyalty, riots, and discontents: but rather entertained with a tender love of the man towards the woman, and a perfect obedience of the wife towards the husband, with a sweet education of children, free from poverty, loss, and all sorts of troubles. Christian Religion endeavoureth to recal wedlock to the purity of the first institution, whilst good liking accordeth with the commandments of God, and the immutable Laws of eternal Justice.

There is a most remarkable thing written of the Peach-tree, that, in *Persia*, which was the first and only place heretofore of its own growth, it was venemous and mortal; but, being carried and transported into other countreys, as *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Italy*, *France*, it wholly changed nature, and losing with the country its malignity, bare, and to this day beareth fruits relished with much tastefulness. The like is marriage, a strange plant, if you leave it in its Province, that is to say, within the limits of Nature, extremely passionate, and irregular; beware of poyson, and death: but, if you transplant it into the Evangelical Law, and manure it with order, continency, and that restriction, which the Law of God dictateth to you, you shall derive delectation and profit from it, for the solace and ornament of humane life. Nay we must affirm, the exorbitancies, which now reign in the world, and which draw so many miseries along with them, make married people very often feel most harsh conditions, and so render marriage a soyl as natural for cares, as it is barren for roses and violets.

Marriage now adays throughout the greatest part of the world is a posie of thorns, we know not where to lay hold of it: on what side soever it be touched, it pricketh the fingers. Marriage is the ivy of *Jonah*, exteriourly verdant with some apparance of chearfulness and delight; but the worm of grief and anxiety gnaws the root within. Marriage is the plant, which the *Indians* call the thorny bodkin: it is all over sprinkled with stars, and the rays of these stars are nothing else but prickles. Maidens take heed, one may think to gather a star, who shall finde a sharp thorn.

Marriage is the balm of *Arabia*, whereunto little Vipers hasten to make their nests: such an one sees the leaf, and sents the good odour, who perceives not the little Serpents of a thousand disturbances, which lie hidden there-under.

Marriage is the Island of dreams, of which the Antients speak, where a thousand griefs are presented, covered at first with the veil of pleasure; you would swear, they were little *Cupids*, who say, Come to me young man, come to me: Come hither fair maid, come hither. They are entertained, they are courted, in an instant, they take off the mantle, and appear, as they are, with ugly countenances, and horrid shapes. Marriage is a stormy sea, where nothing is to be seen, but ruins, tempests, and shipwracks; one cries *mercy*, and another, *help, save, if it be possible*; and there are very few, who arrive at the haven without infinite hazard.

Nescis, quid Ismaël est, qui tecum ludit.

Marriage is a long pilgrimage, which findes but

three hosteries: the first is called false Pleasure, the second Repentance, the third Calamity; and, if you go any farther, you shall meet with Despair.

The first difficulty there encountered is, that of a Free-man you become a Bond-slave, and the sweet liberty, which Nature impressed on the heart of all living creatures, is the first Trophey you must hang up over the Bridal bed: *The wife* (saith the Apostle) *hath no power over her own body; that jurisdiction is reserved to the husband: nor can the husband reciprocally dispose of his own body; for it is in the power of the wife.*

Mulier sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed vir: similiter vir sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed mulier. 1 Cor. 7.4.

Nay, did she know into whose hands she consigned this pretious Treasure, it would be some comfort to say thus much at the least, If I be a Slave, I will choose a good Master. But thou silly Maid, who hast been so tenderly bred, and hatched up under the Wings of thy Parents as a chaste Dove, art put into the hands of an Husband, as into the tallons of a Faulcon. When he wooed thee as a Suitor, he made shew of much mildness, he was a Lamb, nay rather a Wolf in a Sheep-skin. No sooner was Marriage consummate, but the Mask was taken off, he shewed what he was, a Gamester, a man Cholerick, Base, Barbarous, and Tyrannical, that held this wretched Dove in his bloody claws, making her hourely vapour out her life through the sighs of her sorrows. Young man, who as yet art not fettered in the bands of Marriage, thou makest love to a Maid with infinite services, and for that purpose thou learnest to dance the Cinque-apace, thou cloathest thy self in Silk, and cuttest thy Beard in fashion, thou dost crisp and comb thee, thou dost curl thy Hair, and knowest not thou seekest for a Master. Thou thinkest thou hast found a Pretious stone, but thou meetest with a counterfeit: thou thinkest she is a Lamb, but she proves a Wolf, yea a Serpent, which beareth fire and flames: thou must take her at adventure, and such as she is must keep her. Oxen and Asses are tryed before they be bought (saith Saint *Hierom*) but Wives are taken without notice of their humour and deportment.

Nulla uxoris electio, sed qualiscunque veneris habenda. Hieron. contra Jovin.

Nay, which is worse, this poor Maid with huge sums purchaseth her slavery. Fathers and Mothers have sweat hard for the space of twenty or thirty years to amass a Portion: behold they have attired, decked, and adorned her like a Temple, and she is led out with the sound of Violins, as to the Galley, and many times thrown into the arms of an Husband, who wasteth all. And the Young man, to become a Slave, makes a thousand journeys, offereth a thousand supplications, a thousand thanksgivings, and as many salutations. Ah poor creatures! if you be weary of your liberty, are there no Prisons, Caverns, nor Chains more pleasing?

Galley-slaves, who toil at the Oar, hope after five years, after ten years, or some term prescribed them, to be discharged from bondage. The ill-Married are enforced to expect death for freedom from their Fetters; and there is not any Deity, to which they offer more Vows and Candles, then to Death, which is notwithstanding the terrible of terribles.

I give you leave to think, when two contrary humours meet, as Fire and Water, an holy man with a spiteful and an immodest Wife, or a noble Spouse with a wicked Husband, what an affliction it is. Saint *Augustine* relates, that certain Thieves, cruel and bloody, to torture Captives, resolved on an execrable Barbarism, which was, to joyn and straightly tie a live body with a dead, and so let the poor Patient expire amongst Ordures, and insupportable Stenches. It is the very like, when an Holy and Pious Wife meets with an Husband Impious, Wicked, and Unnatural: she, alive by Grace and Virtue, is joyned to a rotten Carrion, which intolerably tormenteth her: and, if she in such occasion exercise Patience, she gains so many Crowns, as there be hours in every day.

Let us pass further, and not here conceal some Roses of Marriage mingled among Thorns. If Beauty be therein, Jealousie doth easily slide into it; and doubtless it is more aimed at, and is more subject to be surprized by temptations. If there be Deformity, it much altereth the band of affections. If there be Riches, and ample Fortunes, they are exposed to much Embroylment, great Travel, and infinite Peril: for the strokes of Thunder ruin not any thing so often, as the tops of high Steeples. If there be Poverty, it is a misery intolerable. Are there Children? Wives, you know how dear they cost you. They, who are tortured on the Rack, suffer nothing in comparison of a poor creature, who is constrained to be delivered of her Fruit by a Travel extraordinary, hideous, painful, and oftentimes in seeking to give life to another, she there leaves her own. This sometime happeneth, because those Children come into the world laden with Benefices, Mitres, and Crosiers. Abuse preceeds Birth; they are Fathers before they are Children. It is not yet known whether they be Males or Females, and all the world sees, they already are charged with Ecclesiastical Livings. Mothers, you still bear them in your entrails; their fortunes, their accidents, their maladies, their deaths, through a reflection of Nature, imprint on your hearts all their passions, all their disasters: you are transfixed with as many Martyrdoms, as evils happen to your Children; nay, should all succeed prosperously, and according to the course of Nature, yet must you a second time produce them to Honours, Estates, and Fortunes. This pain perpetually ties you to the Rack: to have them upon your hand, and not wherewith to provide for them, is a very sensible sorrow, yet richly to endow them is to give them wherewithal to enkindle their Lust, entertain Disobedience, and cherish Vice. You think after your Travels they will afford you the like, who oftentimes prove Lewd, Ungrateful, and malicious Wretches, that waste the Wealth you amassed for them, as it were on your Tombs. Behold the slender scantling of the toyls and perplexities of Marriage, drawn from the Doctrine of holy Fathers! I wonder not at all, those antients in the Ceremonies of Marriage carried before the Bride a Torch made of Black-thorn, and never of any other wood; to testifie Wedlock was replenished with difficulties very thorny. Nor shall I any more admire their Custom, who in like manner caused the new Wife to touch Fire and Water. For, to say truly, she passeth through the boyling ardours of many Dolours, through the waters of infinite many afflictions, and many repeat that Verscle, when she hath met with some ease: *I have passed through Fire and Water, and thou hast set me in repose and comfort.*

Rarum facit mixturam cum sapientia forma: & nihil est tutum, in quo totius populi vota insistunt. Molestum est possidere quod nullus habere vel amare dignatur. Pauperem alere, difficile est: divitem ferre, tormentum. Mulier, cum parit, tristitiam habet.

Eccel transivimus per ignem & aquam: & eduxisti nos in refrigerium. Psal. 65. 12.

Now, it is not sufficient to have expressed the inconveniencies of Marriage, if we also declare not the causes and remedies thereof: and this (Reader) is the reason, why I desire you to proceed in your attention. Men, who will always conclude to their own advantage, speaking of this matter, cast all upon women, and ordinarily affirm, we must not ask from whence the evils of Marriage come: it is enough to say, one cannot be Married without a Wife,

Wife, and that Woman is the source and seminary of all the miseries and disasters, which happen in this affair.

Behold a very slippery place! what shall we answer? It seems, that generally to condemn women, were to produce more testimonies of Passion, then marks of Judgment. They are the Mothers of men by Nature, Nurses by Charity, and (as it were) Hand-maids by Patience. It is the devout Sex, the Sex of Compassion and Pitie. They daily do many good things, they succour the necessities of the poor, they visit Hospitals, Prisons, the Sick; they replenish Churches, and edifie Families with examples of Pietie; and can you then speak ill of them? Notwithstanding, as we are not to flatter them, so it is undoubted, that those, who have once resigned themselves to evil, and become Libertines in sin, are the cause of many ills, and practice much frailty in their Sex, and cunning in their Behaviour, to disturb Families, and the affairs of the world, if not guided by virtue.

Immisit Deus soporem in Adam: cúmque obdormivisset, tulit unam de costis ejus, & replevit carnem pro ea, & ædificavit Deus costam, quã tulerat, in mulierem. Adam, particeps Angelica curiæ, intravit in sanctuarium Dei. August. lib. 9. de Genes. ad lit.

If we now will consult with the Antients, both *Greek* and *Latine*, they will tell us wonders; but let us hearken to Holy Scripture, and Fathers. First in *Genesis* (chap. ii.) where the creation of Woman is declared, it is said, that God caused a profound sleep to steal upon *Adam*, and that, he being asleep, he drew woman out of his side. These words are very considerable. What meaneth it, that God, before he made Woman, caused sleep to steal into the eyes of *Adam*? I will not here tell you, that some have Glossed, that he could not have admitted this production of Woman in any other manner: but I affirm with the *Septuagint*, this sleep was an extasie; with Saint *Augustine*, that it was a rapture; and with others, a trance of Spirit: for he then had need enough to fortifie himself with consideration, since Woman came into the world, who would bid him many battels. Poor *Adam* fell into an Apoplexy, into a Convulsion, into Swooning fits, as already feeling the cross Thwartings, Passions, and Afflictions, he should receive from Woman.

הרדעה Aquila. Κατὰ φοβέν. Symmach. χάεον. Tertul. *Accidentiam spiritus.*

Moreover who can but admire the Phrase, which the Scripture useth in this Creation, where it is said Woman was *built*. Good God! What meaneth this? Thou already hadst erected so many goodly Buildings, Heaven and Earth, the high and low stations of the world; thou hadst created *Adam* with a plentiful concurrence of many parts: and yet the Scripture saith not, thou then didst build; but, when Woman was to be created, *God built*, God made his first piece of Architecture. And why? It is because Woman is a house, wherein the heart of man should inhabit, who is, alas! there but too often Captive? Or is it, that a Woman costs as much in making, as a fair House? To build an house you must have so much Sand, Lime, Stone, Timber, Iron-work, Manufactures, Hands, strokes of Hammers, Masons, Carpenters; and, to dress and attire a Woman, so many Coifs, Kerchiefs, Cawls, so many false Hairs, Paintings, Gowns, Petticoats, Chopins, Verdingals, Whale-bones; so many Carcanets, gold Chains, Jewels, Gems, Attendants, that a House were almost as soon built, as a Woman furnished.

What doth she, when she is built? Saint *Augustine* saith, she becomes the Scholar of a Serpent, the gate of Sin, the fountain of Errour, and the rust of Pietie? Good God! What unhappiness is this? If from the side of man a flaming Dart or keen Sword had been drawn, they would have done less hurt, then an evil Woman; which I speak without prejudice of the Virtuous. The first Woman ungrateful towards God, a Traitoress to her Husband, a Murtheress of her race, made a bridg for Satan to pass into the world, and needs would lodg him in her heart, whom God had confined to the deep Pit of Hell.

Others, who have prostituted themselves to evil for these five thousand six hundred and thirty years, that the world hath circumvolved, have acted, upon this large Theatre of many forms, so many bloody Tragedies, that they make Histories to blush thereat. The daughters of *Loth*, the *Thamars*, *Athaliahs*, *Jezabels*, *Vasthis*, *Helenas*, *Fredegundas* approve it, and their ashes also incessantly produce others into the world, Work-mistresses of all mischief.

Alas, Mothers! Instruct your Daughters well whilst they are young, breed them up in the fear of God, frame them to duty, imprint on their tender hearts, as with a searing-Iron, the love of Chastity, modesty in their Behaviour, and devotion in their Souls.

And you, Young men, who suffer your selves to be cheated and deceived by impudent women, permitting them to bewitch you with Love-drinks, and wicked attractives, open your eyes, and behold the precipice before you, and then I doubt not you will abhor it. Trust not their familiar conversation, and dalliances; know they are full of danger, and that there is not any can resist them without the particular grace of God. Strength little availeth; the *Samsons* sunk to the ground: Wisdom is to seek; the *Solomons* fell: Valour therein is short; the *Davids* found it: Sanctity is not free from their Batteries, the *Elishaes* were persecuted by women, and the *John Baptists* therein lost their heads: that venerable face, those eyes enflamed with heavenly rays, which won reverence from the wilde Beasts of the Desert, could not mollifie a female Dancer. That wise head, where the Maxims of eminent virtues resided, was taken from the shoulders of a Saint, carried in a dish to a Banquet by the Sacrilegious hands of a shameless woman. That tongue, from whence distilled a stream of Honey, was pricked and pierced with a Bodkin, wherewith the wretch used to curl her hair. Now, according to the counsel of Saint *Chrysostome*, take into your hands this bloody head, ask of it, O head, which should never die, who hath drenched thee into the wanness of death? Who hath bathed thee in this blood? Who hath put out thine eyes, the Torches of the elect, and Thunder-strokes of the wicked? Who hath layed an eternal silence on that Tongue, which first of all announced the Kingdom of Heaven? *The love of women.* Lions and Tigers reverenced me in Wildernesses, and Women massacred me in a King's Palace, women mingled my blood with wine, and made me as a pompous morsel of their Tragical Banquets.

Efficacissimum est glutinum ad capiendas animas, mulieris. Aug.

When I say this, I not onely accuse women, but Carnal men, who suffer themselves to be allured, and surprized with sottish love, and trampling under foot the honour of God, the presence of Heaven and Angels, the conjugal bed, and faith promised to their Wives, wallow themselves in execrable adulteries, which fill Families with Opprobrie, Confusion, and Tragedies; why say I Families? nay, Kingdomes, and Empires: and, if we will examine it, we shall finde the greatest part were turned topsie-turvie by fooliish love.

O you that sigh, hearing speech of the furious disorders this unhappy sin brings into the world, I beseech you with Saint *Paul*, by the very bowels of our Lord's mercy, offer your bodies to God as an Hoast lively, holy, and acceptable to the Divinity; and you especially, who are in the state of Marriage, entertain your beds honourable and chaste, cement-

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ted with a perpetual knot of faith, love, and peace, that God may pleaſe thereon perpetually to ſhower down from on high his holy benedictions, and, after the courſe of this painful life, crown you with comforts in the glory of the Bleſſed.

The thirty fifth SECTION.

That the evils of Marriage ought not to be imputed to Sex, but Sin; and of the diſorders committed in this Sacrament.

IF the unhappineſs of Marriages proceeded only from women, we might neceſſarily conclude, they were alwaies unfortunate, as never being without a woman: but ſince experience daily teacheth, there are of them excellently governed, we muſt not impute to the condition of Sex that, which proceeds from the vice of depraved Nature. Though the Scripture condemn evil women, yet it beſtoweth ſo great Elogies on the virtuous, that they are able to dazle calumny, and enlighten virtue. One while woman is called *A lamp, which ſhineth on a holy candleſtick*. A title only given to perſons eminent, as it was ſaid of Saint *John Baptiſt*, *He was a burning and reſplendent lamp*. The body of this lamp is the rib, created by the hand of a great Workman; the ſoul is the fire of it, virtue the light, grace the oyl, devotion the match and nouriſhment, and marriage the holy candleſtick wher einto it is put. Another-while ſhe is called a Sun: *As a Sun* (ſaid the Wiſe-man) *riſing in the world from the palace of God*. Whereby he would have us to underſtand, that a *Mary* ſhould ſo neer approach to the Divinity, that ſhe was to poſſeſs the higheſt place above Angels, Thrones, Virtues, and all Intelligences. Sometimes the ſame Scripture, to declare the rank, a virtuous woman holds in the world, preſenteth unto us a balance; in one ſcale a woman, and in the other all the riches of the world, and a woman is the weightieſt. *A chaſt woman is a grace above all graces, admitting no compariſon*. And, beſides *Holy-writ*, repleniſhed with the virtues and remarkable acts of famous women, the Wiſe-man ſeems alſo to have undertaken as a task, the praiſe of women, in the Panegyrick of the one and thirtieth Chapter of the *Proverbs*. There he compareth woman to a ſhip carrying victual from a far diſtant country, deſirous to ſignifie, that ſhe is laden as much with virtues, as a ſhip with merchandize. Do you ſeek for devotion in her, a moſt eſtimable ornament of ſouls? Behold how the great Saint *Auguſtine* by ſingularity calleth this Sex, *the devout Sex*. Their firſt mother, as I told you, was created in terreſtial Paradiſe, and they are perpetually at the gates of celeſtial Paradiſe, either praying, or hearkening to the word of God. Were there not women, who accompanied our Saviour with his holy Mother, in ſo many painful pilgrimages, ſuccouring his neceſſities, according to their abilities? & it is not a prodigy, that on the day of that bloody & dolorous paſſion, which ſhook the pillars of heaven and made the Apoſtles fly, women were found, who followed the Son of God with heart, affection, preſence, tears, ſighs, even to the foot of the Croſs: terrours of arms, fury of ſouldiers, earth rent in ſunder with ſorrow, and Heaven wholly covered with darkneſs, unable to force affrightment into theſe ſouls, to ſtop the current of their holy undertakings? Beſides, they have done ſo many ſervices to the Church, yea, ſo many wonders, that not only Cities, but whole Kingdoms, have many times been converted, and brought to the knowledge of God, by the means of women. Deſire you prudence in them? Behold a poor *Thekoaite*, who treateth with King *David* of *Abſalom*'s reconciliation, with ſuch dexterity, that ſhe obtained whatſoever ſhe asked. See in the hiſtory of *Eſther*, how, by the treachery of *Aman*, ſwords were drawn out of ſcabbards, to be thruſt into the throats of an infinite number of poor innocents, throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom: at which time God raiſed a young captive, an *Eſther*, who ſo well knew how to temper the ſpirit of this harſh and haughty King, that ſhe made him open his ears to innocency, and ſhut them up from flattery and cruelty: withold the wings of thunder already ſhot over the heads of thoſe poor Citizens, and turn them againſt the guilty. If you among them ſeek for juſtice, the hiſtory of the antient *Gauls* will ſhew you, that antiently they decided differences among people, and often ſtaid arms ready to encounter, planting the Temple of peace in the midſt of furies and liberty of arms. Yea, God himſelf for the government of his people was pleaſed to make uſe of a *Debora*, whom the *Hebrews* called by the name of a *Bee*, for her wiſdom, valour, and induſtry.

You will perhaps think ſtrength is wanting in this ſex: Behold *Judith*, who conſecrated her victorious hand to the defence of her country, and, ſlaying *Holofernes*, defeated a whole Army ſpread over *Judea*, and ſurging on every ſide like a furious deluge. And if you will thereunto add the hiſtories of later times, ſee a ſheepherdeſs, a ſimple maid, commonly called *Jeanne Pucille*, who oppoſed her ſelf as a wall for the defence of this Kingdom againſt *Engliſh* Arms, with ſuch military proweſs, that ſhe ſeemed to bear fire, blood, war, and victory in her hands.

Let us then no longer ſay, that woman is the ſeminary of evils happening in marriage; but rather that they are vices which proceed from both, when the husband and wife take the liberty of doing ill.

The firſt diſorder is, that ſuch matches are almoſt never made, but for covetouſneſs. We do not well to call this an iron Age, it is all compoſed of gold and ſilver. Heretofore marriages were made for love, which cauſed them to be of a laſting condition, and to be indiſſoluble: but now adaies avarice alone predominateth. We thought love was the moſt powerful Archer of the world to transfix a heart; but avarice is found to confront him. Had a maid now all that, which fools uſe to couch in their writings, the brows of *Juno*, the eys of *Venus*, the hands of *Minerva*, and feet of *Thetis*: if ſhe be not rich, were ſhe *Pandora* her ſelf, if ſhe bring not where-withal to gild the hand of her husband, it is no match for him.

And from hence it comes, that marriage is not, as it were, marriage, but a mercinary traffick, a Fair, a market, where reaſonable creatures are ſold like bruit beaſts. Antient laws teſtifie, that heretofore nothing was given with maids in marriage, but their apparel, mean enough, I warrant you: it was for men, who fought them, to endow them. This is practiſed ſtill the new world, to wit, in *China*. It is a treaſure there to have many daughters, men buy them with large ſums of money, which they give to the parents that breed them: now they purchaſe men, and ſuch huge portions buy their bondage. This makes their parents hair to wax griefly, and impoveriſheth families, which fear to be over-burdened with daughters; becauſe one cannot be rid of them, nor drive them away, but with a rod of ſilver. So much this miſchievous avarice, this feaver of the heart, this voluntary frenzy hath prevailed upon the ſpirits of theſe times. And, were the maids in this

Lucerna ſplendens ſuper candelabrum ſanctum. Eccl. 26. 21. *Erat lucerna ardens & lucens.* Joan. 5. 35.

Sicut Sol oriens ſurgo in altiſſimis Dei.

Gratia ſuper gratiam omnis ponderatio non eſt digna continentis animæ.

Erat Debora pro Prophetis. Judic. 4. 4. *Tu gloria Hierusalem tu lætitia Iſrael, tu honorificentia populi noſtri, quia feciſti viriliter.* Judith 15. 12.

Si uxorari oportet, ſit amor in cauſa. Hieron. in ep. ad Ruffin.

Oculos ſuos ſtatuerunt declinare in terram.

this caſe ſuch as they ſhould be, ſeeing the covetouſneſs of men, they would rather reſolve to take God for an husband in the ſtate of virginity, then yield their bodies and riches up to an husband, who ſeeks after nothing leſs then themſelves. S. *Hierom* relateth an excellent paſſage of *Martia*, daughter of the great *Cato*, who ſaid, that among ſo many Gallants, as made love to her, there was not any fit for an husband. Say the like, Maidens: Avaunt mercenary husbands, who have the fever of money, marry them to the Mines of *Peru*, and not to virtuous Maids.

The ſecond evil I obſerve is Riot, which now adaies waſteth body, and goods, and becomes more inſatiable then Hell. It is asked, why avarice ſwayeth in Marriages, and wherefore husbands are ſo greedy of Portion? becauſe indeed they ſtand in need of it, to entertain the bravery and vanity of their wives Apparel. It is a prodigious thing to what height this folly is mounted. Lawyers are much troubled to reckon up all the attires and trinkets of women; what pain ſhall then the husband ſuffer to buy them?

O Woman! what makes thee ſo paſſionately to deſire theſe gauderies? Thy firſt mother, whoſe garments were cut out by the hands of God, was contented to be clothed with skins, and now Seas muſt be ſailed over, and the bounds of Elements broken, to ſeek out dreſſings for thee. Miſerable that thou art, who inordinately deckeſt thy ſelf, and for an ill purpoſe! Knoweſt thou not, thy garment is to thy body, as the plaiſter to the wound, or an Ivy-leaf to ſtop a Cautery? S. *Iſidore* ſaid, Before ſin *Adam* and *Eve* were clothed with light: O pretious Attire! The Sun will have no other mantle then his own rays, nor the Roſe any other robe then her ſcarlet; becauſe Nature hath ſufficiently adorned them. So Man, had he continued within the limits of Original juſtice, would not have wiſhed any garment but Innocency. Sin is come, which hath by reflection impreſſed an ugly ſcar both on ſoul and body; and needs muſt gold and ſilk be ſought out to involve it. A man in former Ages was ſeen, who, having feet of wood, ſhod them with golden Pantofles. O miſerable and ridiculous vanity! Woman doth the like to cover her wretched body, which one of theſe daies muſt putrifie, and which hath received the wound of ſin and death. All the moſt exquiſite beauties of Nature muſt be drawn together; yea, marry, if it could afford any comfort and eaſe to the body: but you ſhall many times behold a young Gentle-woman groan, as at a torture, under the weight of her garments; yet ſhe for all this will have, and adore her own puniſhment. The great Chancellour of *England*, & glorious Martyr, Sir *Thomas Moor*, was he not pleaſantly diſpoſed, when he ſaid to one, who complained of heat: Ah ſilly creature! what wonder is it? Thou carrieſt upon thee Medows, Vine-yards, Mills, Manſions, and Iſlands, in the value of Jewels: how canſt thou poſſibly be cool? This was the cauſe why *Tertullian* complained before him: *A little Cabinet makes ſhew of a large patrimony. Twenty three thouſand Crowns are diſburſed for one rope of Pearls. A woman's neck puts on Woods, and Iſlands, and her ears, which are ſo curious, waſte ample Revenues.*

But the matter moſt to be lamented is, that it often happens, the ſervile and unfortunate husband buys all this bravery at the charge of the poor, and if any perhaps wring theſe gorgeous garments, there will be ſome danger, the blood of the poor may diſtil from it.

Dreſſisimis loculu patrimonium grande prafertur; uno lino ſeſtertium inſeritur; ſaltus & inſulas tenera cervix fert: graciles aurium cutes calendarium expendunt. Tertul. *De habitu mulebri.*

The third diſorder is the diſcord, which proceedeth from the ill government of men, from the obſtinacy of women, and jealouſie of both. And verily we may affirm the ſleight vanities of wives are much more tolerable then the diſorders of men. It it is no ordinary folly, but rather a rage and madneſs, to ſee a poor woman, full of children, groan under the heavy burden of an houſhold charge upon her hand, daily fading and withering away like a plant without juice or moiſture, to live on gall and tears; and in the mean time, a diſloyal husband to conſume in exceſs of diet and game (the inſtruments of Satan) that ſubſtance God gave him for the entertainment of his Family.

O ungrateful and unnatural wretch, who, to give way to thy paſſion, trampleſt under-foot the commandments of God, and honour of marriage! This money, which thy cruel hand ſo profuſely ſcatters in game, if thou wouldſt well underſtand, is the blood of this poor creature, which was ſo charily to thee recommended: it is the ſweat of her Parents labours, they are her proper entrails, which thou piece-meal teareſt in this fatal Dicing houſe. I do not ſay, thou art an Homicide; there is ſome difference between thee and a murderer. The murderer in an inſtant taketh away life and bodily pain both together: but thou, who liveſt in perpetual Riots, thou draweſt the vital parts from this afflicted Turtle one after another, which thou oughteſt to love as thy ſelf. Thou cutteſt the throat of thy family, of thy poor and unhappy children, who are thine own blood, which thou ſhouldſt fervently affect, hadſt thou not renounced Nature, and entertained the heart of a brute beaſt, for that of a man; what ſay I, a beaſt's heart? *The* Lamias *have bared their breaſts, they have given ſuck to their young, and there is not any but the daughter of my people, who is cruel as the Oſtrich of the Deſert.*

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammas, lactaverunt catulos ſuos; filia populi mei crudelis ſicut ſtruthio in deſerto. Hier. Thren. 4. 3.

Knoweſt thou to whom S. *Paul* compares ſuch a man? To a *Cannibal*, to a *Barbarian?* No, he tells thee, he is worſe then an Infidel. *If any one neglect his own, and namely, his domeſticks, he hath renounced faith, and is become worſe then a Pagan.*

Si quis ſuorum, & maximè domeſticorum, curam non habet, fidem negavit, & eſt infideli deterior. 1 Tim. 5. 8.

On the other ſide, the obſtinacy of woman is an horſe hard in the mouth, head-ſtrong, untractable: and I can no longer wonder (ſaid one) that ſhe was made of a bone, ſince many times her head is ſo hard, which brings infinite trouble on a family. The Antients, dreſſing up the ſtatues of the Moon in humane ſhape, ſet on her ſhoulders the head of the Sun: to ſhew, a virtuous wife ſhould have no other will, nor other intentions nor glory, then the will, intentions, and glory of her husband, if they be reaſonable. It is the doctrine of S. *Paul* to the *Epheſians*; That *wives ſhould be obedient to their husbands, as to* Jeſus Chriſt *himſelf, becauſe the husband is head of the wife, as* Chriſt *of this Church.*

Mulieres viris ſuis ſubdita ſint ſicut Domino, quoniam vir caput eſt mulieris, ſicut Chriſtus caput eſt eccleſiæ. Epheſ. 5. 23

But if ſhe withdraw and diſunite her ſelf from this ty of obedience, and inceſſantly vex her husband with her obſtinacy, this will be to him a martyrdom almoſt inſupportable. The rocks of *Caucaſus* are much gentler then a wicked woman: which verily you may ſee in the hiſtory of *Job*, to whom the evil Spirit granted a wife to be the accompliſhment of his afflictions. For this holy man, after the loſs of his large poſſeſſions, ſo ſtrange, ſo ſudden, ſo dreadful; after his poor children were murdered and undone, had for tomb the ruines of their own houſe; after he ſaw himſelf changed into a ſcurff, covered over with ulcers, and placed on a dung-hill before the eyes of a City, whereof he had been Lord, he then thought the rage of Satan was ſatisfied:

fied: but he made use for the last piece of battery of a spiteful and malicious woman, who seeing her husband in this plight, said unto him; *Do you still remain in your simplicity? Curse God and die.*

Adhuc permanes in simplicitate tua? Benedic Deo, & morere.

But amongst all these disorders, no influence is more malign then jealousie, which cruelly tortures marriages, when it hath once bewitched the weak brain of man or woman, interpreting all the actions of each part in evil sense. Why went she to such a place? Did she not smile upon such an one? Did she not cast a pleasing glance upon such an one? Why spake she of such an one? And why shewed she compassion in such a man's mishap? Questionless she loves him, her affections grow cold towards me. Behold the Idol of false Zeal, whereof the Prophet *Ezechiel* speaketh at the entrance into the Temple of *Jerusalem.*

Behold, how before the Temple of Marriage, which is holy and sacred, man placeth the statue of Jealousie, and daily offers a thousand sacrifices of sinister suspicions, ill-digested fantasies, purposes wicked and injurious, to the prejudice of one who is in heart both chaste and modest.

A woman oftentimes is made loyal by thinking her loyal, and he who doubts faith well observed, puts himself in danger to ruine it by his suspicion. There are some care not to forsake innocency, when they have lost reputation, and when they entertain the opinion, that their actions are ill interpreted, they are in danger to do all sorts of mischief. It is far better to think well of an hundred faulty, then ill of one innocent. It is a notable mystery to judge of hearts; nor is it any wonder that God reserved it to himself. Besides, as jealousies are very prejudicial to wedlock, so they cause many Tales and matter of mirth to arise in a City replete with curious people, who many times fatten themselves with the mishaps of another: and it often happens, that from jesting they draw men and swords in revenge to act horrible Tragedies. Happy they who know how to prevent by wisdom all those miseries which may grow from malice and misfortune, or discretely correct by patience, what prudence cannot avoid.

The thirty sixth SECTION.

Very profitable Instructions for the Married, drawn from the choice of Holy Fathers, and abbreviated in a short Discourse.

NOw will I descend to Instructions suitable to this subject, and let you know (O husbands and wives) you should greatly take heed in all your deportments, as well in the beginning, middle, as the end. It very much importeth to begin with a good choice, and to enter with prudent consideration, and strong resolution unto the Sacrament of Marriage: for that ought a long time to be deliberated, which is to be done but once for the whole life. What sense is there to thrust some forward upon marriage with a Fork, when they have no disposition thereunto, and divert others who are more notably called to this kinde of life? What rigour of Parents, to tie young people by command to matches, from which they have infinite aversion? Is is not enough to have the contentment of sage direction over a free-will, without usurping a petty tyranny upon the functions of Nature? I do not tell you, you must readily obey all those who marry by the eye, without calling reason to counsel, or having any other guide in a matter of so great importance, then the exorbitancy of their sensuality. But for my part, I hold it unfit to be violent by striking at the reasonable inclinations of children, for the accommodation of interest; otherwise, marriages are made without love, to create love afterwards without marriage. It is a ridiculous thing to put wedded couples into the Nuptial bed, without any foreknowledge, as if they had been brought thither in a sack. So likewise should you not draw these treaties at length, lest they drag with them some disorder, and waste love before the beginning thereof. Love, which commenceth by fervours of a fire of Tow, very often endeth in Ice. Happy they who have the blessing of succes, and are favoured from above to make an equal alliance between good hap and virtue. It was a great simplicity amongst those Antients, who offered Sacrifices to Fortune, to make their beards grow handsomly, and not to crave the benediction of God in their marriages. Fathers and Mothers give riches (said the *Wise-man*) but a wise wife is properly the gift of God. If one have matched ill, he must correct by prudence, what wants of felicity. Beware, O husbands, for in this kinde of life, which so straitly ties you, you are accountable to God, to your selves, to your wives. To God you owe a sincere conscience, that you may serve him worthily in the vocation wherein he hath established you to become a member of humane society. Beware you hasten not to marriage, as to a duty of Nature, and not a Sacrament; if so, you wed like a *Sarazin*, not a *Christian.* Those, saith the Angel to *Tobit*, are in the power of the fiend *Asmodeus*, who banish God from their hearts, and have no other intention in marriage, but to satisfie their brutishness. Observe marriage as an invention of Almighty God; to produce man on earth, and to make elect for heaven. Entertain it as a golden Mine, from which vessels of Election are to be taken for the other world. Love your condition, and think you have a great privilege, since you are to afford Heirs to your houses, Citizens to Cities, Religious to Monasteries, and Angels to Paradise. Look upon God in the midst between you both, since he perpetually beholdeth you: the nearer lines draw to the centre, the more they approach one to another: the nearer you are to God, the better shall you be united. If you build not the foundation of your house upon the fear of his Divine Majesty, and sincere devotion, you raise fortunes like a *Colossus* of glass, which will shiver in pieces over your head.

Domus & divitiæ dantur à parentibus: à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens. Prov. 19. 14

Tob. 6. 17.

After you have resigned this your conscience to God, you owe to your self the government of your senses and use of reason. And (as it appears) you are, O men, strictly bound in marriage, the more to render your selves men, since God placeth you therein, to afford men to the Christian Commonwealth. It is necessary you draw from the fountain of wisdome, more wit, and more delight, since you are to make use of it to enlighten a wife and children, who depend on your direction.

As for the duty of both, I finde, if Marriage be a Lilly, it must have six leaves, which are *Respect*, *Love*, *Loyalty*, *Support*, *Direction*, and *Help.* It is fit Love begin by a certain *Regard*, which man and woman should bear one to another all the time of their life. For the functions of this society permitting a great familiarity, if it be not counterpoized with a chaste reverence, soon degenerateth into contempt. The wives *Respect* ought to pass even to obedience, which the Apostle S. *Paul* so punctually recommendeth to Christians; and the husband's should be mixed with a tenderness and moderation, to let him know, God drew woman out of his side, to make her

Malier est lateralis viro. Gloss. in Gen.

her his companion, and not his ſlave.

It is good for the entertainment of this reſpect, that both of them accuſtom to conceive a good opinion of each other's abilities: for where there is diſeſteem, honour will hardly be found; becauſe it is tied to worth, as the ſhadow to the body. For this purpoſe they muſt endeavour to cover the defects they may have by nature, by other virtues in their power; and to perſevere in a belief of ſufficiency in each one's condition.

To this reſpect the *Love* is added, which ſhould be rendred, according to the precept of S. *Paul*, in the matter of conjugal duty. For it is an intolerable thing, and wherein God may be grievouſly offended, when a woman imagineth, that to be married is nothing elſe, but to have a Coach to her ſelf, to buy Stuffs according to her own fantaſie, to become brave, and have no regard to obligations eſſential amongſt the married. But we may truly affirm all love of ſenſe is very low, if it tend not to thoſe eternal ſources of amities, which diſtil from the Paradiſe of God, and learn to love by grace, and reaſon, that, which is is to be loved. God, to cement this love together, drew woman out of man (ſaith *Tertullian*) as ſome part of a liquor from the veſſel, which contained it: he made two of one, to put them both afterward into one. It is to tear each other's fleſh, and gnaw their bones, to waſte one another by diſcord, the moſt capital plague of marriage.

Tertul. lib. De reſur. carnis.

Holy Love is always accompanied with mutual *Loyalty* in any thing, which concerneth conjugal chaſtity, as being the knot of affections, and foundation of all the happineſs of the married. O wife, a ring is given you of a circular form, to teach, your loves are limited within the nuptial bed. The ring, which heretofore bare the ſeal of promiſe, to ſignifie your heart ought to be ſealed with charity, and cloſed up from all other pretenſions. Believe not thoſe make-bates, who tell you, good is of its own nature communicable, and that a fair wife is not for one alone, that chaſtity is a note of deformity, and that an husband, and a friend are not things incompatible. Theſe are not words, but hiſſes of the Serpent. Fear the leaſt blemiſhes of honour, and do not ſo much as caſt an eye upon the ſmoak of this coal, which now adays burneth ſo many unhappy ſouls. Love not to be woed, and courted by ſo many eys, and lips, nor to behold ſuch worldly pleaſures, to become pliant to others, or to attempt to afford love, and receive none back again. Out alas! theſe ſlight entertainments breed many acerbities. They are enchanted apples, which poiſon all, who taſte them. Men likewiſe remember, the beſt leſſons of loyalty, which your wife can learn, ſhe muſt derive from your example. Think not, becauſe you are a man, all things are permitted you, and that your ſex is a ſanctuary for your crime. If you be the head (ſaith S. *Auſtin*) move it that way, whither you would have the body follow. You are the more bound to conjugal chaſtity; becauſe you ought to be the moſt wiſe and ſtrong; becauſe you have the moſt employments to divert your temptations in the affairs of civil life: and laſtly, becauſe you have moſt liberty, and may make your evil moſt general by diſturbing many wedlocks, as it happeneth to reprobate and inordinate ſouls in this kind.

Caput ducat, corpus ſequatur. Auguſt. Serm. 49.

I add to Loyalty *mutual bearing with defects, and imperfections*, which is a ſingular virtue in marriage. For, we being in this world, as in a territory, where good and evil eaſily mix together, there is no plant, which hath not its worm, nor beauty, which ſuffereth not diminution. There are not any married couple ſo accompliſhed, who have not vices, defects, and imperfections, which who practiſe not to digeſt through Chriſtian Patience ſhall become not unlike a Sea-calf, ſaid to be always moody againſt his fellow. The Husband and the Wife are upon the river called *Life in marriage*, as in a boat: if there happen a leak, and it receive water, they muſt ſeek to ſtop it preſently, and, if you have nothing to put into it, rather ſet a foot upon it, then pierce round about it, to make the leak wider. A word, or indiſcrete action hath eſcaped, to what purpoſe is it to reproach or pick quarrels with a man, or woman, upon it on all occaſions? Rather uſe the ſpeedieſt remedies, you may; and, if none be at hand, bury it in ſilence.

Finally, know you enter into marriage for *direction*, and aſſiſtance; and, though direction be principally proper to man, notwithſtanding, it is a poor buſineſs to ſee a woman have neither care, nor government in her family, imagining ſhe, from morning till night, ſhould have no other employment, but to dreſs her ſelf, and many times to be attired, when divers think of unclothing to go to bed. It is a ſhameful thing to prattle all the day-long, and make a whole City trot upon her tongue, and yet be ignorant of what is done in her own houſe. A virtuous wife ſhould not only govern her family, but with wiſdom, and diſcretion, temper her husband's paſſions; and, if ſuch things eſcape him, redreſs them rather by love then power. If God heretofore cauſed a ſhe-aſs to ſpeak, to inſtruct a falſe Prophet; why ſhould he not at a need draw a good word from the mouth of a diſcrete woman, to ſet man into a fair way. Know we not, that the laſt unhappineſs of *Pilate* was not to have believed his wife, much more enlightened by God then himſelf?

As for *help*, it is ſo neceſſary, that next after the comfort of poſterity marriage is conſtituted for that end. It is not enough to aſſiſt a mortal body in its infirmities, but ſo much as one may, mutually to manure a ſoul immortal; you muſt between you ſhare all your proſperities, and adverſities: I ſay, proſperities, to moderate them; and adverſities, to honour them: you muſt mutually ſtrive to lend a ſhoulder; and, if your burdens be weighty by the yoke of neceſſity, ſanctifie them by your patience. You muſt think it is a bleſſing even from God, to be choſen out to preſerve an husband, or a ſick wife, ſince this infirm creature is the Image of God, and your proper fleſh, to whom you render duties, which perhaps at this time ſeem thorns unto you, but ſhall one day be crowns, if you know how to make virtues of your neceſſities. Be not diſcouraged through puſillanimity, but do like the Dolphin, who raiſeth himſelf with much alacrity againſt the ſea-waves during the tempeſt. Underſtand you not the Holocauſt muſt burn from evening till morning? Burn in this fire of love and tribulation, expecting to ſee glory in the day-break to crown your perſeverance. Though God allot you no iſſue, yet no whit the leſs love your comfort: God oftentimes ſuffereth barrenneſs of body to afford fruitfulneſs of virtues.

The thirty ſeventh SECTION.

Inſtructions for Widows.

PErfect Widows are in the Church, as the Horizon of Marriage, and Religion; they participate of both conditions: when they be in the world, for the example of the world, for the goverment of their children and family; but they alſo have a ſhare in the life of the Religious, when they wholly diſpoſe their hearts to God.

We sometimes see a bank of earth, which keepeth two Seas from intermixing; but, being taken away, those two waters will pass along together, and engulf themselves one within another. O how often said you, during the knot of marriage, that, if God once took away your husband, you would wholly be for him? Conjugal obligation, and affairs of the world was your bank, and your obstacle; but now God hath taken it away, dissolve your heart into his.

This is the passage, where you are expected: here it is, where proof shall be made of your constancy. When you have deplored the death of your husband as a wife, you must learn to bear it like a Saint. It is a wretched virtue not to know what else to do then bewail the dead, and be desirous to derive glory from the peevishness of your sorrow. If we could draw aside the curtain of Heaven, to see the state of souls already passed out of mortal bodies to the promised recompense of the faithful, how much we should be ashamed and confounded at the weakness of our tears: we should see this great Eternity seated in a chair of Diamond, all sparkling with stars and brightness, holding a flaming mirrour in its hand, at which time it would let us behold a goodly harmony of all the beatitudes, these glorious souls now enjoy, separated from the contagion of our mortality: then, wiping away the tears from our eys, it would say to us with a voice replenished with sweetness, and majesty, Why bewail you these kinred and friends, who live better then ever in my bosom, absorpt in a torrent of eternal felicities?

An hundred, and an hundred-fold happy are the dead, who depart in the favour of God! Behold them for the time to come discharged from labours: Behold them freed of a thousand, and a thousand cares, fears, pains, passions, maladies, wants, ignominies, and all those evils, which divide our miserable life: Behold them folded within the arms of the Sovereign, where they reap the good works they sowed on earth. You are much troubled, O widow, that this your Spouse is at this present of the household of God, and an inhabitant of his mansion, and a possessour of his glory. Have you so many tears to lament miseries, that you waste them in felicities? as if it were a great unhappiness to pass from the servitude of the slaves of the world, to the liberty, and joy of the children of God.

This is admirably well expressed in the 21. Chapter of *Exodus*, where God, at the going forth of *Egypt*, shewed himself to *Moses*, *Aaron*, *Nabal*, *Abiud*, and all the most eminent of this Nation, having Sapphires for his foot-stool (which are stones of a celestial colour;) whereupon a learned Commentary, drawn from the *Hebrew* Interpreters, most divinely answereth, that God would say unto them: You have laboured in *Egypt* with much patience about morter, and tyles; and behold all your tyles turned into Sapphires, into heavenly stones, to build of them the foot-stool of your glory. This is it, which most Blessed Eternity saith to us concerning the dead, whom we deplore. It is not fit any longer to take pains with tyles, and morter; businesses, cares, troublesom affairs of the present life are past; there is not any thing but repose, peace, glory, and felicity. Behold that, which comforteth all solid and generous souls, with lively, fruitful, and eternal consolations. Will you have a singular resignation in the death of your kinred, which may daily happen, and fall out of necessity? Behold Saint *Lewis*, when news was brought him of the death of his mother Queen *Blanch*; he soon perceived by the countenance of the messengers, who were the Arch-Bishop of *Tyre*, and his Confessor, they were ready to tell him somewhat able to afflict the heart of man, before they could open their mouths, Let us go (saith he) into my Oratory; (for it was the magazin, where this great King took up arms to combate against wordly disasters:) and, when they came thither, speak now, what have you to say? Sir, God, who had a long time lent you your mother for the good of your person, and Kingdom, hath taken her out of the world for her own repose. At these words S. *Lewis* fell upon his knees before the Altar, and lifting up his hands to heaven, said: *O my God, I give thee thanks, thou hast vouchsafed me my dear mother whilest it was thy will, and that now according to thy good pleasure thou hast taken her to thee. It is true, I loved her above all the creatures of the world, and she well deserved it; but since thou hast bereaved me of her, thy Name be for ever blessed.*

Conclude your tears, as he did, but never the resolution of your widow-hood. It were to be wished, a good vow might fix it with a nail of Adamant: but that should be done with discretion; for, all in woman being frail, her tears can have no constancy. You may have read, in the History of the unhappy Politician, the sorrow of *Glaphyra*, the wife of *Alexander*, son of *Herod*, whom his Father most cruelly put to death to satisfie his Chimæraes, and suspicions. Never woman more passionately resented the death of her husband: her lamentations were yellings, her tears torrents, her words furies, her countenance despair, and life a little hell. There was no light to be seen after the eclipse of her Sun, no world after her little world, nor life after the loss of the moiety of her soul. In the mean space some babler insinuating hereupon, and saying, she did ill to afflict her self for a death, which could not but be happy, since it was free from the sense of pain; and that for her self (it was true) her loss was unspeakable, but the providence of God made it reparable by a second wedlock, which would wipe away her tears, and that in her constancy the world approved all, but the resolution she took to remain for ever miserable. She so much with time mollified her courage upon the like remonstrances, that she married the brother of her dead husband, and after him a third, the King of *Mauritania*. *Josephus* relateth, that, the first night of her wedding, the soul of her husband appeared to her, and said: *Glaphyra*, you have approved common bruit, which says, Women are light. Where are now your tears? Where your sorrow? Where the vows you made me? Your words were full of promises, your promises of oaths, and your oaths of perjuries, and infidelity. For after my father's cruelty had violently pulled away this my immortal soul, which now speaks to you, you laid aside your great grief, which seemed would never have an end, and yielding your self up to the importunities of ill-proposed suits, you have admitted my brother into your bed, entertaining my memory, and ashes, as if I had been but a shadow; and not content herewith, after his decease you married the King of *Mauritania*; and behold you now have turned your wanness into vermilion, your tears into pearls, and sorrow into gold, and scarlet. You are drenched in delights over head and ears, and take so much pleasure among the living, that you forsake the memory of the dead. Now know, although you be so ungrateful towards me, I have not forgotten you; nor shall it be long before you be with me. The poor Queen was so terrified with this vision,

Joseph. lib. 17. Antiq.

Vision, that she was quickly taken into the other world, leaving (saith the History) by the publication of this Apparition a notable proof of the immortality of our Souls.

Yet we do not forbid second Wedlocks: but all Widows are advertised, they must proceed with great discretion, and that, according to the Apostle's counsel, *The greatest perfections rest in widowhood.* But above all, so use the matter, that this widow-hood be not idle, that your Children may finde you a true Mother, the Church a perpetual Votaress, Virgins a Protectrice, the Poor a charitable Nurse, Monasteries a good Friend, Orphans a Tutoress, the House one retired, Societies an example of good Odour, and God above all a faithful Servant. To encourage you to this resolution, you shall presently hear Saint *Hierom* speak, who used words to this effect in the Treatises he wrote unto two Widows.

You have learnt in marriage the troubles of marriage; God was pleased to give you this Schole to instruct you for widowhood by your own experience. You have vomited up the choler, which surcharged your stomach, would you take it up again to bear it in your mouth? Would you return to the snare from whence you went? Fear you the world may want, if you bring no children? Let it fail through virtue, rather than be supported by weakness. All those who are married have not children: and such as have, are many times enforced to curse their fruitfulness. To whom (say you) shall I leave all this wealth, since I am mortal? To God, who cannot dy: to Jesus, that you may make an heir of your own Master. Your father will be afflicted at it, but God glorified; your family mourn, but the Angels will rejoyce. Let your father do what he will with his riches: it is not to him to whom you owe your birth, but to Jesus, the Author of your regeneration.

Beware of those venomous Creatures, who seek their gain from another's charge, and who tell you, there is no sense, that a young woman should waste her youth in sad solitude, and neither taste the delight of children, nor reward of pleasure. If you have posterity, why desire you a second marriage? and if you have none, why fear you not a second sterility? If you be a Mother, you perhaps set over your children, not a nursing Father, but an Enemy; not a Parent, but a Tyrant. Needs must you forget your own children in the pursuits of your loves, and trick up your self in the defect on from your Orphans, who as yet scarcely know how to lament or understand their own misery. Alledge not here unto me Wealth, Affairs, and Services. No woman takes an husband, but to lie with an husband Otherwise, what a folly were it to resign up her chastity to multiply her riches: What will it be, when an husband shall persecute you, having your estate? What will it be, when you no longer shall be suffered to love the children by your first husband, and that you must hide your self from doing them any good, and hate them, to shew you have renounced the cares of the dead? If you have children of a second Wedlock, be you never so good, you shall be a step-mother. If you spare ought from your Son-in-law, you will be cruel; and if by accident any ill befal him, it is you did it; if you deny him meat, you are ingrateful; and if you give him any, you have poisoned him.

It is time you bury to your self all these pleasures in the Tomb of your husband. Counterfeiting cannot make a fair accord with tears, nor doth grief permit the pomp of Attire. Mourners and Fasts should be your Pearls, and Prayer your Perfumes. If a Queen of Carthage said heretofore of her husband; He, that espoused me in the first wedlock, took my heart and love with him; let him enjoy, let him possess them unto the grave. If she set Glass at so high a rate, what shall we do by Gold and Pearls? If a Pagan widow, in the law of Nature, condemned all the pleasures of marriage? what may be expected from a Christian Lady, who owes her chastity not only to a dead husband, but a living God, and with whom she ought to live and reign for ever? The reputation of Chastity is a most delicate Lily in the person of women: it is a very beautiful flower, but there needs no more then a little breath, a little bad air to corrupt it, when age bendeth towards vice, and that she hath the freedom of an husband's authority, whose shadow many times might serve as a Bulwark to Chastity. What doth a Widow in so great a Family, and amongst so many Servants, whom I would not have her to despise as Servants, but regard with some modesty, remembring with her self they are men? If the state and quality of her condition require a Retinue, let at the least some antient grave man be seen to bear sway, who by his good life may commend the honour of his Mistress. I know many of them, who, having shut their door against strangers, have had an ill report raised by occasion of their Household-servants, who ministred matter of suspition, either through excess of their bravery, or their gentile garb, and handsomness of proportion too lovely; either for their Age proper to wantonness, or the vanity of an haughty Spirit, or confidence in the favour of their Mistress.

All that by prudence should be prevented, which the world through malice may imagine. I desire not to see about you an Household-Steward so spruce, nor any Servant, who may savour of an effeminate Comedian; no wanton Musician (the true Instrument of Satan) to poyson your Ear with his warbling. Have nothing remiss, nothing which may smell of the Stage in your Family; but rather Quires of Widows, and Virgins, to be an honour to your Sex, and to serve as a recreation in your most innocent delights. Let the reading of godly Books never be laid aside, and let your prayers be so frequent, that they may serve as a Buckler to repel the fiery Arrows of evil thoughts, which ordinarily assail Youth. Let Virtue consummate the good, which Intemperance had prepared for it self. Redeem Virgins, to present them to the Chamber of the Spouse. Take care of Widows, to mingle them, as Violets, amongst Virgins, and Martyrs. It is a Garland you shall give to God for his crown of Thorns, wherein he bear the sins of the world.

It is very hard, and almost impossible, to cut away all the seeds of passion, which we may call Avant-passions, because Concupiscence soothes our Senses, and insinuateth it self very subtilely: but it is in the power of the will to dismiss, or entain them. The God of Nature said in the Gospel, Evil Thoughts, Homicides, Adulteries, Fornications, Thefts, false Witness-bearings, Blasphemies, proceeded from the heart. Mat. 15. 19.

The spirit of man is more propending to evil then good, from the first cradle of Infancy; and in this battail of the Spirit and the Flesh, whereof the Apostle speaketh, our soul is almost wholly floating, and knows not to what part to incline. Galat. 5. 17.

No man comes into the world without bringing Vice, and ill Inclinations with him; and he is the best, who hath the least evil, and can preserve a fair body amongst many little Infirmities.

The Prophet, said, he was troubled, and that thereupon he held his peace. Psal. 76.

He tells you, one may be angry without sin, like Archytas *the* Tarentine, *who said to his Servant,* I would chastise thee, were I not angry; *which sheweth, it was no sin, but a simple passion; for otherwise Anger puts not the Justice of God in execution. That, which is spoken of one passion, may be understood of another. It is proper to man to be moved with choler, and for a Christian to overcome choler. So the flesh desires carnal things, and by the itch thereof draweth the Soul to mortal pleasures: but it is your part to quench the heat of lust by the love of* Christ, *and to conquer the flesh, when it seeks liberty, by the help of abstinence, in such sort, that in eating it may search for nourishment, not lust; and bear about the spirit of God, descending into it, with a firm and even pace. Every man may be subject to passions, which are common to Nature: we are of one and the same clay, of the same Element. Concupiscence may as well be found in Silk, as in Wool; it neither fears the Purple of Kings, nor contemns the poverty of Beggars. You were better to have the disease of Stomach, then Will. Rather let the body obey, then the spirit; and if you must needs make a slippery step, do it rather with the foot, then modesty; not flattering your self before sin with pretense of a future penance, which is rather a remedy of misfortunes, then an ornament to Innocents: for you must ever defend your self from wounds, where sorrow serves for remedy.*

To MAIDS.

The thirty eighth SECTION.

The praises of Virginity, and the Modesty they ought to observe in their Carriage.

THE great S. *Basil* calleth Virginity *The perfume of the living God*: and I note from the thirtieth Chapter of *Exodus*, this perfume of God, which is spoken of, was composed of four Ingredients; to wit of *Galbanum*, *Myrrh*, *Onyx*, and *Incense*. *Galbanum* is the juice of an Aromatick herb, as white as Milk, & which, borrowing its name from Milk, figureth unto us the whiteness and purity of Virginity. *Myrrh*, it is Mortification. *Onyx*, a S. Basil. apud Metaphras. λογιδ. Θυμίαμα Κυείας.

kind of little Oister, from whence issued a most odoriferous savour, signifies its Constancy: and *Incense* in flames, its Patience in tribulations. But as for Purity, I say, reasonable Nature hath engraven on the hearts of all Mortals, and namely, Maids, so particular a love of integrity, that Souls the most prostituted to sin have ever had some remorse and feeling of the honour they had forsaken.

Should I prove this by a passage of Scripture, or a Father, it were the less effectual; because it may be said, Chastity ought to be praised by such lips: I will evict this verity from the confession of a *Pagan*, to let you understand it is a voice of Nature. Behold a passage of *Seneca*, whom I have ever much admired! It is a wonder (saith he) that prostituted women still retain some modesty, and that those bodies, which seem not to be made but to serve as an object for publick uncleanness, have ever some veil for their unhappy patience. The infamous place it self is in some sort bashful. See the cause why there never hath been any people so loose, and exorbitant, which afforded not some honour to chastity, convinced by their own conscience. But we must likewise affirm, it was never known to be true purity, until the Standard be advanced by *Jesus Christ*, and his most blessed Mother.

Etiam aliqua etiam prostituta mode stia, & illa corpora publico objecta ludibrio aliquid, quo infelix patientia lateat, obtendunt; adeo lupanar quoque verecundum est. Senec. *Natural. quæstion* lib. 6. c. 16.

We finde even among those, who lived in the law of Nature, some shadows of chastity. We have from the relation of *Tertullian*, that one *Democritus* voluntarily made himself blind by earnest looking on the Sun, that he might not behold the corporal beauty of women, shutting up two gates from love, to open a thousand to wisdom. But what chastity is this (I pray) since himself confesseth he did it not for any other purpose, but to be freed from the importunities of lust; seeking out therein his own peculiar ends, not the honour of the Creatour? A Christian Champion proceedeth much otherwise. He hath eys for the works of God, and none for concupiscence. He pulleth not out his eys to bereave himself of the spectacle of this Universe, but tearcth from his heart all the roots of depraved thoughts, to prepare therein a Paradise to our Sovereign Lord and Master. He sees all, and desires nothing: and, although he touch at the sense of it, staies not in the consent. There is never a more undoubted triumph of chastity, then to deprive one's self of the instruments of evil. For, as very well *Climachus* saith; The dead are never crowned, nor any man justly praised for having the impotency of doing ill. We finde in antient *Rome*, *Vestal* Virgins, and in the City of *Egea*, and Temple of *Delphos*: we are not ignorant, that many have made profession of virginity: but what virginity? A virginity mingled with Idolatry, and secret impurities, loose liberty, and thoughts resigned to all kind of objects. Which caused *Tertullian* to say: (*a*) *O goodly continency, which offers sacrifice to Hell.*

Christianus uxori suæ soli masculus nascitur, animo adversus libidinem casus est. Tertul. *Apolog.*

Νικᾶς σφαγὴν ἕλαι εἰδὼς δίκαιος καὶ διὰ ἀδυναμίαν τῆ κακῆ. Meliss. λογισ.

(*a*) *O continentiam Gehennæ sacerdotum! diabolus præcipit, & auditur; nihil apud eum refert alios luxuriâ, alios continentiâ occidere.* Tertul. ad uxorem.

Virginity amongst Christians admitteth not one sole glance with deliberate consent; one dishoneste thought, if voluntary. It reverenceth its secrets, and tells it not. Let us sin, none see us, there is nothing but darkness round about us, which cannot accuse us; our sins shall be letters sealed up from God. Nay, much otherwise; the eys of God are two flaming Torches more resplendent then the Sun it self, which will drench us in the Abyss: and for this cause we keep chaste our most secret thoughts. O excellent, and admirable purity! O the true juice of *Galbanum*! O the true tribute of Heaven!

Quis me videt? tenebræ circumdant me, quem vereor? delictorum meorum non commemoralitur Altissimus Eccl. 23. 26. *Oculi Domini multò plus lucidiores sunt super Solem, circumspicientes omnes vias hominum, & profundum abyssi.*

Consider now the second Ingredient of the perfume of God, which is *Myrrh*; to wit, mortification of Senses. Where shall we finde throughout the whole Synagogue, and all antiquity, a Chastity preserved with so many austerities and mortifications, as in true Christianity? Saint *Ambrose*, in an Oration he made against *Symmachus*, mocketh at *Vestal* Virgins, who made a shew to embrace Virginity, living in superfluity and delights: which is, as if one would quench hot Embers with Oyl, or hope for beauty from the dawbing of a Coal. Mortification of appetites hath ever been esteemed by Saints as a *Palissado* of the delicious garden of Chastity, and formal reason proveth unto us, that, to cut off a vice subsisting in the flesh, necessarily the sinews of the flesh must be taken away. You may have as many fruits of honesty, as there are of it in terrestial Paradise: you may have an infinite number of Virtues, the ordinary companions of purity of body. If you destroy Mortification, the Serpent will enter into your Garden, and sting you.

Qui dissipat sepem, mordebit eum coluber. Eccl. 10. 8.

O Maids, you infinitely betray the glory of your soul, when you think to preserve the treasure of purity in vanity, bravery, and curiosity, which have ever been accounted the nest of Immodesty. How can you imagine, that living in Banquets, pleasures, dissolute sports, among stage-plaies, love-pamphlets, and continual occasions of sin, you can keep to God the faith you promised him in your confessions. You deceive your self, you have betrayed your Bulwarks, and ruined your Ramparts; the Serpent will rush in upon you to suck your blood, and then will be a fit time indeed to cry out, Murder.

Quis miserebitur incantatori à serpente percusso? Eccles. 12. 13.

You take delight to play with Aspicks, and then say, They have stung me, give me a remedy. Must you needs confide in Serpents? Must you needs approach so near to a creature untractable? With what Arms think you did the Church in its first beginning preserve this gift of Chastity, and raise it to such a degree, that it filled the world with astonishment, but by flight from occasions, but by rigours and austerities of life? What flames of sensuality did not they quench, who lived in Wildernesses, covered with skins, companions of brute beasts, feeding on roots pulled up with their nails, and steeped in the sweat of their fore-heads?

Circumierunt in melotis, in pellibus caprinis, egentes, angusti, afflicti; quibus dignus non erat mundus: in solitudinibus errantes, in montibus, spelunci, & cavernis terræ. Hebr. 11. 37. 38.

All passed times have infinitely commended a *Joseph*, for leaving a cloak in his flight, in the hands of an unchaste Mistress: he forsook his own (saith S. *Ambrose*) as no longer accounting it his, since it was in the hands of an Adultéress, and thought a Garment, touched by the hands of an unchaste woman, was no longer for *Joseph*'s wearing. If this act be laudable, what shall we say of those, who have not left a simple habit already polluted by an evil touch, but quite forsaken and abandoned, in their best health, their own bodies, although most chaste and innocent, to preserve purity of soul by an extraordinary mortification of flesh? What shall we say of a Christian Maid, of whom *Isidore* of *Pelusium* speaketh, who seeing her self sollicited by a young man, shaved her head close to the skin to cure another's love, depriving herself not of a coiff, not of a petticoat, or gown, but of an ornament, which is on woman's head, as flowers in medows? What shall we say of those, who to chastise a slight glance, rather curious, then unchaste, have put irons about their necks, that so they might perpetually look on the earth, as unworthy to behold Heaven? And what of others, who were threescore years without sight of any creature? Is not this properly to cast off, not a Cloak as *Joseph*, but the body, as if it were dead? Is not this to live

Reliquit sua tanquam non sua, quæ adultera suis manibus detinebat, & aliena judicavit, quæ ab impudicitia poterant comprehendi. Ambros. de *Joseph.*

Isiod. Pelus. lib. 2. Ep. 53

Accepsimus ut refert *Theodoretus & Menæa logia Græca.*

live in mortal flesh as if he had it not? And can you think God hath sold Virginity to such, at the price of so many Travils and Mortifications, and will afford you it in pleasures and continual conversation amongst men, since where there is most battel, is most merit? What else is it to say, I will have wherewithal to overcome, but that I will have wherewith to undo my self? Be ware lest you purchase an eternal ignominy, where you promise your self a Triumph. For amongst all the Battels of Christian Religion none is more sharp then that of Chastity, where the danger is daily, and the Victory very rare.

Quid est dicere, Volo habere quod vincam, nisi volo habere quo peream? vide nè unde te putas habere triumphũ æternum incurras, opprobriũ: inter omnia enim Christianorum pia certamina sola sunt dura prælia castitatis, ubi quotidiana pugna, & rara victoria, Auguſt. De vitanda familiaritate mulierum Tom. 9.

If you regard the third Ingredient of this Perfume, which is the *Onyx*, solid and permanent, the Symbol of Constancy; where can you meet with a Virginity more bravely defended then among Christians? For if constancy (as Saint *Thomas* teacheth) consist in surmounting all difficulties and obstacles, which offer to cross a good affair, who hath overcome more innumerable in quantity, more sharp in kind, more various in quality, then Virginity? Domestick enemies are ever most to be feared, and such there are, who have torn Lions, that could not rend from their hearts the least passion: but Virginity, how many times hath it within its own body extinguished the flames of concupiscence by couragious and magnanimous acts, as are those, which we finde in the lives of so many Holy creatures? How often did some roul themselves in Ice, and Snow; as Saint *Francis?* How often did others drag themselves over Thorns, all torn and bloody; as Saint *Bennet?* How often did others fight against Fire with another Fire, taking in open hand the prime Element to vanquish the principal passion; as Saint *Marcian?* It seems to me, when I hear of these combates, I may apply a notable place of the seventy fourth *Psalm* to them: *Help, O my God, help; the earth of this mortal flesh is all on fire, it is consumed, if you assist not.* What have you to fear, faithful Soul? answer the God of Hosts. Be firm in your good purpose. It is I, who will strengthen the Columns, and foundation of the Earth: it is I, who will shiver in pieces the Bowes, Arrowes, Quivers, Bucklers, and Swords; yea all the temptations, and powers of Hell, opposed against thee. My God, thou madest it. O what peace I now finde in my heart, what great and Divine lights descend upon me from the eternal Mountaines!

Liquefacta est terra, ego confirmavi columnas ejus. Psal. 74. 3. Confregit potentias, arcum, scutum, gladium, & bellum. Factus est in pace locus ejus. Illuminans tu mirabiliter de montibus æternis. Psal. 75. 3, 2, 4.

Behold the Interiour combats, but if you regard the Exteriour, what violences, what warlike Engines have not been employed against Virginity? The teeth of Lions and Tigers were onely to be feared in Beasts, yet they have been sought out in Forests, and Wildernesses, to be encouraged against Virgins, and Virgins have vanquished them. How many times hath a Lion been seen, let loose against a silly Christian Maid in an Amphitheatre, to lick her feet, and in sight of fourscore thousand people adore his prey, taking upon him that courtesie, which in men was wanting? Coals, which cast up devouring Flames, Frying-pans, boyling Cauldrons made their hair stand an end, who afar off beheld them without danger, yet Virgins felt them on their bodies, Virgins overcame them, Virgins stood free from hurt in the midst of these horrours, singing the praises of God, and the Triumphs of Chastity. Wheels, armed with sharp Irons to make bodies flie in pieces by gobbets, were the practises of Satan, never seen, heard, or thought on, yet being applied to the bodies of Virgins, Virgins blunted and rebated them with their tender and delicate flesh.

Now, that none may object all this to be done by wily tricks of ecstatick souls, and that there could not be a true constancy observed therein, which is onely seen, when there is a firm setling for some good space in the exercise of a virtue, you find an infinite number of them, who waxed old in great combats, great afflictions, great austerities, great flatterings, yet never left their resolution. And to let others pass under silence, who are innumerable, I will onely remember a Maid of *Alexandria*, endowed with an exquisite Beauty, and sued unto with all possible importunities, who hid her self in a Sepulchre of the dead, and lived twelve years in a little Cell made to lodge such, as had nothing to do with the world: she being found in this manner, and asked what she meant to do, made answer: *I preserve the treasure of Chastity amongst these dead Carcases, from whence I behold not the sparkles of concupiscence to flie.* O my God, what constancy is this! what vigour of spirit! what Adamantine courage! and what may weak souls say to this, who yield at the first brunt, and seem to have nothing in the world more easie and familiar, then to lose that, which can never be recovered.

O quàm pulchra est casta generatio cum claritate! immortalis est enim memoria illius, &c. Et in perpetuum coronata triumphat, in coinquinatorum certamine præmium vincens. Sapient. 4. 1, 2.

Thesaurum castitatis servat inter aretes calvarias unde nulla flamma erumpit. Raderus.

To conclude, constancy being never consummate without perseverance to the last breath, behold the fourth Ingredient of the Perfume of God, which is *Incense*, and you shall see that as Incense is melted on Coals, so many have been dissolved in Torments for the defence of Chastity. Some have presently yielded up their Lives, others were burned with a slow Fire, delivering their bodies up to Flames, as freely as one would be despoiled of a Garment. Witness that Young man mentioned by S. *Hierom*, fast tyed with Silken cords upon a Bed all strewed over with Flowers, who, in such posture having nothing at liberty but his Tongue, spit it out all bloody in the face of a Lewd woman, who came to tempt him. Witness another Maid called *Lucie*, who lived a Virgin among many others, and whose exquisite Beauty was sought unto with vehement sollicitations by a powerful Lord, who, having command and authority in his hands, sent messengers of his fury to seize on this innocent Lamb; and whilest they were at the gate menacing to kill her, and to set all on fire if this poor creature were not delivered into their hands, the Maid came forth. Who is there, Sirs, said she? What demand you? I beseech you, tell me whether there be any thing in my power to purchase your Lord and Masters love? Yea (answered they in a flouting manner) your eys have gained him, nor ever can he rest till he enjoy them. Well, go to then (saith she) onely suffer me to go to my Chamber, and I will give satisfaction in this point. The poor Maid, seeing herself between the Hammer and the Anvile, acted a thing at that time, which could never have been done without the particular revelation of God; she spake to her eys, and said: How my eys are you then guilty? I know the reservedness and simplicity of your glances, nor have I in that kind any remorse of conscience. But howsoever it be, you appear to me not innocent enough; since you have kindled fire in the heart of a man, whose Hatred I have ever more esteemed then his Love: Quench with your blood the flame you have raised. Whereupon with a hand piously cruel she digged out her eys, and sent the torn reliques embrewed in her blood to him, who sought her, adding: *Behold what you love!* He seized with horrour, hastened to hide himself in a Monastery, where he remained the rest of his days to expiate his loves. O incomparable patience! I would go further, but she stays me. For what can I speak more, having said this? Is it

Raderus in Viridario.

not

not enough to shew Chastity can do little of it self, but that it dissolveth as Incense on the burning Coals of Charity? To give away the light of the day, the sweetest of all creatures; to give up her blood drop after drop; to give her torn eyes, so to avoid a sin, which faithless souls accompt but a sport! Infinite many pusillanimous people, justly chastised for their sins, cannot endure the least sting, but with complaint and murmur against God; they burn, but it is as Laurels, crackling in the Flames: but this Virgin in the sharpest rigours of a most sensible torment burnt sweetly, couragiously, silently. O what a Perfume of the living God is Virginity! If the smoak of the bodies of the Damned, and despairing *Babylon*, perpetually mount to Heaven in a Sacrifice of Vengeance, may we not affirm this delicious Perfume of Virginity will on the other side ascend as a Sacrifice of Honour, whilest there is Religion and Altars, Men and Angels? O Women, prodigal of a good irrecoverable! Ah wretched Maids! Ah young witless Women, that give for a momentary delight a treasure, for which the Church hath shed so much blood! Ah inexcusable Treachery, to give to a bold libertine what is taken from *Jesus Christ*! Ah Pusillanimity, to yield at the first shock, by delivering up a gift of God, for which so many Virgins have persisted under the teeth and paws of Lions, under the sharp Irons of tyrannical Wheels, in Cauldrons of scalding hot Oyl, in the tearing out their Eye-strings, in dislocation of their Bones, and Massacring their Bodies, yea even to the last breath of life.

Unhappy victime, made a prey to dishonour, what wilt thou answer to an *Agnes*, a *Thecla*, a *Katharine*, a *Lucie*, when they shall shew thee their Palms, their Blood and Wounds, more bright and radiant then the Stars in the Skie? And what will they say? Behold what we have suffered for a virtue, which thou hast so slightly valued, as to trample it under foot, and through a strange prostitution hast thrown into their eys, who required it not. O Mothers, breed your Daughters piously, and preserve them as Pledges charily recommended unto you by Almighty God. What a shame, what an ignominie, nay, what a fury, to behold maids now adays ill taught, bold amongst men as Souldiers, wanton as leaping Kids, and impudent as *Sirens*! Who hath ever sequestred shamefacedness from the soul, that did not separate modesty from the body? How can you accompt a gadding House-wife, a dancing Reveller, an idle Wanton to be modest, since the strongest Chastities have now adays much ado to defend themselves from calumnie? Snares are laid on every side, as well upon the Mountain, as the Valley. There is not a stone, whereon some Scorpion sleepeth not. Never was the lust of impudent men so enflamed, and yet you dally without fear, or danger. Hearken to the advise of S. *Hierom*, concerning the Instruction of Maids, with which I will conclude this discourse:

Hieron. ad Latam.

Let a Maid, who ought to be the Temple of God, be so instructed, that she neither hear, nor speak any thing, which tendeth not to the fear of God. Let not impure speeches approach her ears. Let her be ignorant of worldly pleasures. Let her tongue in her tender years be seasoned with the praises of Jesus Christ. *Let her banish young men from her company, who have any loose fashion in their behaviour, and let the maids themselves, who come amongst them, be alienated from worldly commerce, lest having been ill Disciples of sensuality, they thereby become the worse Mistresses. If she also learn to read, let her Letters be made of Box, or Ivory, and be all called by their names, that so they may be a recreation for her eys, to serve as instruments for her instruction. Let her in good time practice to write, and let her tender hand be guided on the Paper, to trace the Letters, which are shewed her. Let her have some reward for doing well; for in this her minority these slight ornaments prove to be an allurement to virtue. Let her have companions for emulation, and entertain a generous envy against their praise. Let her not be chidden, if she be of an heavy spirit, but encouraged by the help of commendation. Let her take delight to overcome, and be as loth to be vanquished. Heed must be taken, she hate not study, and travel, lest the bitterness she may conceive in her infancy, spread beyond her most innocent years. Let the first Letters she begins to call, compose some holy Names, to prepare her memory to Piety. Let her have a Governess grave and modest. Let her entertain her companions with serenity of countenance. Let her become affable and amiable to all the world. Accustom her not to wear Pendants in her ears, to Paint, to load her neck and head with Pearls. Change not the colour of her hair by Art, nor Frizzle, or Crisp her with Fire and Irons, lest it prove a prediction of infernal Flames. Take heed she be not touched with the Hammer, which now adays strikes all the world, to wit, Vanity. Let her not drink in the Cup of* Babylon, *which is Impurity. Beware she go not forth with* Dinah, *to see how the maids of the Country are attired. Let her not be a Dancer, nor gawdy in Apparel. Poyson is not given but by rubbing the Goblet with Honey, nor doth Vice deceive us but under colour and pretext of Virtue.*

Above all, let her see nothing either in Father, or Mother, the imitation whereof may make her guilty. Let her be disposed to the reading of good Books, and never appear in publick without the advise of her Mother. Let her not entertain some spruce young Amouriſt to cast wanton Glances; nor let her bear particular Affection towards any of her Servants, who may whisper in her ear, but cause them to speak aloud, that all the rest may hear. Let her orderly every day offer her Devotion to God; be very sober in her Deportment, and delighted with Works worthy of her condition. Let her be most obedient; nor ever so hardy as to see any, or undertake ought, without their leave, who govern her. Doing this, she shall save her soul, and edifie all the world.

To Fathers and Mothers.

The thirty ninth SECTION.

Concerning the Education, and Instruction of their Children.

O What a goodly Chain of gold is Charity, which with its many Links enchaineth the world! The more closely it shutteth, the more strength it affordeth, the more it tieth our hearts, the more it fasteneth our felicities. The first liberty of a reasonable creature is the thraldom of an honest love, wherein Fathers and Mothers have a great part; for their union floweth from the bowels of Nature, and none can falsifie it, who violate not the first Laws of the world. The Father loves the Son as a portion cut from himself, naturally the Son loves the Father; and so often as he wandereth from this love, he is like a Fish out of the Water. This was the conceit, which S. *Ambrose* had upon the passage of *Genesis*, *Let the Waters bring forth Fish.* Let the good Mother be the Water, and good Children the Fish, saith he. God once commanded the Water to bring forth Fish, and instantly it obeyed, and ever since for almost these six thousand years, that the world wheels about, the Water feedeth its Fishes without murmur, and the Fish never go out of the Water but by constraint. O man, who hast taught divisions between Father and Son, Mother and Daughter, thou shouldst be ashamed: entreat the Water to teach thee, and the Fish to shew thee thy lesson. It is a strange thing, the Patriarch *Noe*, justly provoked against an unnatural Son, who had revealed the nakedness of his Father, shooteth the Arrow of malediction, not against the head of the guilty Son, but his Children; he cursed not *Cham*, but *Canaan*; and if you ask why, *Theodoret* upon *Genesis* answereth, *Noe* would not curse him, whom God had blessed: for this had been to take off the seal of the Sovereign Master, and raze his Edicts. But S. *Ambrose* says very pertinently, that *Noe*, the more to punish his evil Son, cursed him in his race: as if the wounds, which Fathers receive in the

Producant aqua reptile. Genes. 1. 20

Quam bona mater sit aqua, hinc considera, ô homo: docuisti altercationes parentum in filios, separationes, odia, offensam; disce ergo ab aqua, qua sis parentum & filiorum necessitudo. Genes. 9. 25

Maledictus Chanaan, servus servorum erit.

the affliction of their children, were more sensible to them, then their proper and personal hurts. Take away the beam from the Sun, and he shines not; the stream from the Fountain, it drieth up; the member from the body, it putrifies; the son from the father, and he no longer is a son. This admitted and resolved, we draw a necessary consequence from the reciprocal love between two. And since we must hereafter speak of the duty of sons towards their parents; let us now pursue the course begun, and mention the duty of parents towards their children.

One would not at first perhaps believe what I say; but it is most undoubted, Parents are in some sort more obliged to their children, then children to parents. For, who is more bound then he, who, by justice both divine, and humane, oweth most? Now, what owe children to their parents? The life they received, which they cannot render again, and therefore are not bound to it: well may they owe the honour, which falls upon themselves; well, the helps and services in case of necessity. But, the father, so soon as the infant hath set foot into being, is very straightly obliged to provide him two things; Nourishment, and Instruction, according to capacity. These are the two heads of this discourse, wherein I purpose to shew (O Fathers, and Mothers) that you commit a great sin when, you abandon your children, to become a prey of misery, ignorance, and iniquity.

The Reasons are evident: for first, you sin against the grand law of Nature, written by God with a style of fire, not only on the hearts of all living creatures, but even on Plants, which is to cherish what they have produced. Grapes hang on the Vine, Fruits on the Tree, and take with time their just encrease from the juice and substance of the wood, which brings them forth. The Lamb knows his Damm among a thousand to suck her, and ask the tribute of Nature. Eagles bear their young on their backs: Serpents throw themselves many times into boyling Caldrons to save their eggs. The Pelican, as the report is, lets herself blood, to make a bath of it for her brood. And you in this Vessel of the vast world, wherein all creatures row alike in this point according to the course of Nature, would you be an unprofitable burden? Deserve not you to be banished from all the parts of the earth, and not to enjoy any thing but fire, or nothing to settle on, since the one is barren, and the other devoureth all. Secondly, See you not, that, neglecting your children, you do like an Adulterer, not a Father? For what seeks the Adulterer, Posterity? No, To afford a child to the world, servant to God, a citizen to the Common-wealth? No, to have a creature, who may serve for the exercise of his charity, to be an object of his providence, and an encouragement for his diligence? No. What pretends he then? Loathsom and lewd lust. And what do you else, when after consummation of marriage, and the birth of a son, you carelessly leave him, without providing for his necessities? Besides, if (as saith *Tertullian*) it is to be an homicide antidated, to hinder the generation of man, what will it then be, when he is already born and registred amongst mortals, through remisness and sloth, to suffer him to die with hunger, cold, thirst, and misery? When wrinkles and griesly hairs shall seize on your forehead; when old age shall bow your back, and necessity cast you into calamity: with what face dare you crave help from that son, or daughter, whom you all the time of their life have neglected? Were it not well, all creatures made complaint over your ashes?

Homicidii festinatio est prohibere nasci. Tertul. Apol.

This man will perhaps answer, As for my part, (God's name be praised) I have had a care of my children, they want nothing necessary for sustentation of life. Is it enough to give them necessaries? But how do you give them? without love, and void of charity: as a stony loaf given and taken by constraint. Fathers, and Mothers, it is a strange thing to see your odd proceedings: One loves the male, another the female; one the girls, another the boies: one this, because he is nosed like himself; the other that, because she hath her eies, gate, and speech. The father takes his Idol to his side, the mother hers; and in one and the same house set up Altar against Altar: If you strike my little Deity, I will not spare yours; If you bring not incense to mine, I will overthrow yours. Childish and ridiculous people! to cast affection on children through sensuality, passion, and fury, perpetually to fall out about children, to let them suck discord with their milk, from the example of those who begot them: what is it else, but early to put a sword into the hand of these little creatures; but to tear one another, and to cherish factions and partialities, before their eies be open to understand them?

Partiality of Parents

Let them look to it, who govern in such manner, (saith the other) as for my self, I take no other care then to breed my children well, and regard them all alike. What do you call *breed them well*? Behold another vice: some offend through negligence, others with too much indulgence. You term well-breeding the childe, to cram him up to the throat, and let him have all he asketh. Senseless creature! see you not first, you do a great injury to God? He hath trusted a childe in your hand to be bred like a man, and you have made a lump of flesh of it, a Bear's whelp, and think there is nothing to be done, but to lick it, that it may grow. Secondly, It is a base thing to say, the sovereign Creatour having made you a Father, Master, Director, and Governour, over this Infant, you should forget the character God hath engraven on your face, and make your self a slave of a glutton ous belly, and an irregular concupiscence. Besides, you put spurs to his vices, to make him run head-long into the precipice: you noose halters to strangle him, you light torches to consume him. For what good can be hoped, nay, what evil not expected from a childe bred up in pride and effeminacy? Hear *Tertullian* speak; *Take away the curiosities, and superfluities. It is not the life of a Christian. He hath renounced faith, who breedeth his children in riot.* Is it not a goodly thing to see *Hercules* spin silk with those hands, which were made to vanquish monsters? Know, God hath put us into the world to hew monsters more pernicious then *Hydras*, or *Cerberus*, and not to make Coronets of Roses. You cannot breed your children in voluptuousness, and not thereby render their souls soft and effeminate, which quite extinguisheth the flame of a generous spirit: and yet you complain, that coming to the degrees of maturity, they are fit for nothing, but to live lazily, and pick quarrels. But it is no whit to be wondered at; it is the tincture you gave them from their most tender years. You have made them all their lifetime to dance to the tune of their own proper wills, light, fond, and childish; and now you would put the bridle over their necks, and make them lead a serious life. Know you not what happened to the horses of the *Sybarites*, an effeminate kinde of people, who were so intoxicated and addicted to dances and balls, that not so much as their horses but learnt to dance? In the mean time their enemies awakened

Discutienda sunt delicia, quarum mollitie & fluxa fides virtus effæminari solet. Tertul. De cultu fœmin.

wakened them, and so closely pursued them; that they were enforced to take arms for the defence of their lives. They drew into the field a brave squadron of Cavalry, the flower and strength of the City: but a Fidler, seeing them approach mounted on these dancing horses, promised their Adversaries to deliver them into their hands, whilest they were dancing: and instantly he began to strike up his Violin, and the horses to bestir themselves in dancing, to break all their ranks, and put the Army into disorder; which shamefully made them become a prey to their enemies. Behold (O indulgent parents) what happeneth to your children! You have always bred them in sottishness, sports, and liberty, the fatal plagues of youth: when they must come to combate, to undertake some brave affair, some thing important for the good of their Country, for the honour of your house, for the advancement of themselves, they stand eclipsed. Nay, perhaps it might be tolerable, to behold them benummed, and stupified in worldly affairs; but they are deaf, blind, and dumb in matters concerning God: so that, whilst you seek to make great and powerful Lords of them, you (e're aware) have drawn the malediction of the Serpent upon them, and made them creep on their bellies; as much as to say, according to the interpretation of some Fathers, to spend their thoughts, study, and affection, upon the care and education of the body, to the prejudice of the Soul. Yet you would have those creatures to be instructed in the law of God. How can it be? Do you not well know, that *Moses*, seeing the *Israelites* dance with full bellies about the golden Calf, brake the Tables of the Law? If you demand the reason, S. *Hierom* will tell you, he knew the law of God was not for Sporters, Dancers, and Drunkards; and that in the kingdom of Intemperance an Eclipse ensues, not only of the Divine Law, but of Nature also.

Supra pectus tuum, & ventrem tuum gradieris.

Ἐπὶ τῇ στήθει, καὶ τῇ κοιλίᾳ, Lxx Interpr. Genes. 3.14

Sciebat Dei sermonem non posse audire temulentos.

I come to the second point, which is Instruction, so much recommended in Scripture. *If you have children* (saith the *Wise-man*) *instruct them, and take great care of them from their childe-hood.* You must think your children be as Temples of God, recommended unto you from the hand of God himself. It is an intolerable thing to have good Cooks, good Lackeys, good Grooms, good Horse-boys, to serve the belly and stable: and a Father, who sends his Son to Schole, many times ignorant, whether the Master be black, or white; good, or bad; milde, or harsh; religious, or wicked. If Kine, or Hogs, are to be driven into the fields, one is fought out, who knows the business. But to train up a childe of a good family an idle fellow many times is trusted, who hath in him no talent at all, but malice and ignorance. Fathers, and Mothers, fear you not, God will say unto you; My house is forsaken, I freed it from evil Spirits, I with-drew it from the power of Divels, I purged, decked, and adorned it; I put it into your protection, I consigned it into your hands: What have you done with it? Why have you polluted it, and why suffer you it still to lie drenched in ordure? You have put the Lamb into the Wolf's keeping, you have given the Victim to the slaughter-man, you are the cause of his unhappiness, you have twisted the cord of his ruine, so soon almost as the web of his life. Fathers and Mothers do well, if they become as great Saints as are the Hermits of the Desert: but, if they neglect their childe, they render themselves guilty before God of one of the greatest injustices in the world. The Scripture, in praising the great Patriarch *Noe*, doth not only say, he was a good man in his own person, but in his whole race, so far as his power extended.

Filii tibi sunt, erudi illos, & cura illos à pueritia illorum. Prov. 7.

Noë vir justus, & perfectus in generationibus suis suum. Genes. 6.9.

As much honour and glory as it is to leave a good Citizen to the Common-wealth; so much dishonour and infamy it is, to afford it ungracious wretches to trouble its repose, disunite peace, and embroil affairs. They are such, of whom the Scripture speaketh: *They shall be nails in your eys, and lances in your sides, and they shall oppose you in the land of your abode.* Cruel Father that thou art, who, quite dead, and turned into ashes, afflictest the Common-wealth by Children ill instructed, thou woundest and teares Christianity. Were it not injustice, thinkest thou, to break up thy Tomb, and disturb thy ashes, for having voluntarily bred a little Viper for thy Country, to which thou art accomptable for thy life? And from hence it cometh to pass, that Fathers, who have carried themselves so negligently and perfidiously in their childrens instruction, are the first, who drink down the poyson they mingled for others, over-whelmed with toyls, and miseries, for the continual disorders of these Extravagants. O how often they make complaint like the Eagle in the Emblem of *Julian*, when, strucken by a mortal Arrow, partly framed out of her own wings, she said, Out alas, wretched bird that I am! must I breed feathers to serve as a swift Chariot to the steel, which transfixeth my body? Must I bring forth children to give me the stroke of death? What remedy then for this unhappiness, which, creeping into the bowels of the most flourishing Monarchies, depopulates and deprives them of good subjects, and furnisheth them with the shadows of men? What remedy, but to observe three things in this matter? First, To give a good tincture of Religion to your children, pious apprehensions of God, and a filial fear of his judgments. Secondly, To manure them with Arts suitable to their understanding and condition, to settle them in the world upon some good employment, lest, having nought to do, they become fit to act any evil. Thirdly, To accommodate them, as much as possibly and reasonably may be, with exteriour moveables, called the blessings of Fortune, that necessity open not them the gate of iniquity; and then leave the rest to the providence of God, whose eie is alwaies open over his work. Behold the course most fit to be observed! Piety goeth foremost: for, as the eloquent Prelate of *Cyrenes* saith, It is not only the foundation of houses, but of whole Monarchies.

Erunt vobis clavi in oculis, & lancea in lateribus, & adversabuntur vobis in terra habitationis vestra. Num. 33.

Synes. ad Arcad.

Parents now adaies seek to do quite contrary, and set the cart before the horse: they voluntarily imitate the stupidity of those *Egyptians*, who prepared Altars to a Reer-mouse, for no other reason, but that she is weak-sighted, and is a friend of the night. Now they preferred darkness before light, by right of Antiquity: but these do much worse; for, putting Heaven and Earth into one balance, they set an estimate upon terrene things, to the vilifying and confusion of celestial. Nay, there are Mothers to be found so malicious, as was one named *Clotilda*; not the Saint, but a mad-woman, who, being put to her choice, either to consent, her sons should enter into a Monastery to become religious, or resolve to see them lose their lives. Kill, kill, said she, I had rather behold them dead, then Monks. How many are there now adays, who for a need would suffer their children to become Pages to Antichrist, to make a fortune; at the least, would well endure to see them preferred to honour in the great *Turk*'s Court, with shipwrack of their Religion?

There

There are few Queen *Blanches*, either in courage or worth, who rather desired to behold her children in their grave, then in sin. They must now adays be either *Cæsars*, or nothing. None fear to put them into infamous houses, into scandalous places, to give them most wicked Teachers, to thrust them into snares, and scandals, under hope of some preferment. Nay, with how many travels, and services, crouchings, and crimes, do these miserable creatures purchase their chains? *All cannot finde a fortune in Court. Warfare picks out those with a kinde of disdain, whom it entertains for labours, and hazards of life. Only Virtue shuts not the gate against any, yet it is daily dessised.*

Non omnes curia admittet: castra quos ad laborem & pericula recipiant, fastidiosè legunt; bona mens omnibus patet. Senec. *Ep.* 44.

Unfortunate Fathers and wretched Mothers, live on gall and tears, rise and go to bed with gnawing care, to set an ungrateful son on the top of Fortunes wheel, who quickly grows weary of them, and after their deaths, gluts himself with the delights, they with so much industry prepared for him; mindless of those who obliged him: Nay, far otherwise, he unfolds the Riots of his unbridled youth even upon their Tombs. God grant this evil may pass no further, and that the father and son do not one day reproach one another in the flames of Hell, that the one ministred matter of damnation, and the other gave accomplishment. *William* the learned Bishop of *Lions* relateth, that a young Hermit, retiring into a horrid wilderness to attend the exercise of penance, saw his father and brother, whom he had left in the world, embroiled in ill causes, at that time deceased and buried in everlasting fire, who made hideous complaints: the son questioning his father as authour of his ruine, by amassing unjust riches for him, and the father answering, the son was the source of all his calamities, since, to make him rich, he had spent his miserable life in perpetual anxiety, and now suffered eternal punishments in the other world, for loving a disloyal son more then Almighty God. Cursed blindness, to buy Tortures and Gibbets with afflictions and crosses! O Fathers, and Mothers, let your first care extend to those whom you begat, to teach them virtue rather by your example, then others instruction. These young creatures are your shadows, your ecchoes, they turn and winde themselves easily, to imitate those who gave them life, and from whom they hope both wealth and honour. Wo to the Father, and Mother, who make their children witnesses of their crimes, and not content to be evil, make their sin immortal in the immortality of their discent! An Infant, though but two years old, should be used with much regard, as if it were an Intelligence enchased in this little body. It is a great sacrilege to impress the first tincture of vice on those, who as yet rest in the innocency of baptism. The good *Eleazar* being advised to dissemble his Religion to save his life, or at least to make semblance of eating hogs-flesh, beholding round about him many youths, who expected the end of this combate, pronounced these worthy words couched in S. *Ambrose*: God forbid, I should serve for an incentive to the vices of these young people, who should rather be a pattern of wisdom. God forbid, I defile my gray hairs with this execration, and that Posterity may take notice, I opened the gate to impiety by my example. That is undoubted which *Julius Firmicus* spake: Nothing hath so much advanced the power of Satan, as the making of sinful gods. The young man looking on the statue of *Jupiter* soothed his own lust, and drew the nourishment of his sin even from Altars. So doth the Son, who beholds himself in the vices of his Father, and takes paternal authority for pledge of his wickedness. I leave you to think, if in *Exodus* 22. he, who unawares suffered a silly spark to fly into his neighbour's corn, be guilty of the fires hurt, as we heretofore told you, what will it be with a Father, who in his house shall enkindle the torch of iniquity to enflame his whole family? First then, lay the foundation of piety, and consequently finde employments for your children, lest they consume in idleness, which is the Seminary of all vices.

Guliel. *de* Lugdun. *tract. De avarit.* rubric. 11.

Nequaquam contingat mihi, ut sim senex incentivum juvenilis erroris, qui esse debet forma salutaris institutis. Ambros. *l.* 2. *de* Jacob.

Adulteris delectatus aliquis? Jovem respicit, & inde cupiditatis suæ fomenta conquirit. Julius Firm. *de* error. profan.

Charlemain soon put his sons to exercises, and commanded his daughters to sow, or spin, that the gate might be shut up against lazy sluggishness of spirit, wherewith the soul suffers it self insensibly to slide into all sorts of corruptions. Yea, great discretion must be used in this point, not to enforce children to undertake Vocations wholly disproportionable to their humours and qualities, to make them thereby row all the rest of their life against the stream. Saint *Basil* in the Epistle to *Eudoxus* praiseth the *Athenians*, who tried the nature of their children, before they put them to any profession, proposing unto them sundry instruments of all kinde of Arts, and easily admitting that, to which they most inclined. As for accommodation, you must therein reasonably provide according to your estate, and not according to the extravagant Ideas of this insatiable Age. It is an admirable thing to see to what a height these offices and huge marriages are mounted; I think they will fly into the Kingdom of the Moon. The time hath been, when a man was thought rich, who had fifty Crowns of yearly rent. We finde when the marriages of the daughters of *France* exceeded not six thousand crowns paid down. Nay, which is more, daughters were bought, and now they purchase husbands with prodigious summs. This is it, which wasteth spirits, which renders instructions unprofitable, and throws all our evils into the despair of remedy. If you knew well how to order this matter, you would finde repose and facility in the rest of the government of youth: and when you have done that which belongs to you leave the rest in the hands of the Divine Providence, who well understands how to handle the web of our lives, and to apply every one to what is fittest for his salvation. If all I have said (O Fathers, and Mothers) be not sufficient to instruct and perswade you, I would draw hither out of the other world *Hely* the High-priest, severely punished by the revengeful hand of God, for negligences committed in the education of his children. He would cry aloud unto you; I am that *Hely*, heretofore the prime man amongst the people of God: that *Hely*, from whose lips passed so many brave Oracles: that *Hely*, who with the wink of an eie, made the people obedient: that *Hely*, who shined as a *pharus* in the Tabernacle of God; and in the mean space, for permitting youthful follies and indiscrete liberty to my children, see me become the object of the most enflamed anger of God, which may be imagined against one of my profession. Behold me, cast from the High-priesthood as a rotten member, my house everlastingly deprived of that honourable dignity, all my Posterity condemned to die under the scourge of God, and not any one of them ever to attain to man's estate: another enriched with my spoils, which my Nephews shall never see but to wither with grief, in consideration of the felicity of their rival: my two Sons sensual and voluptuous, slain in one day, my daughter-in-law dead in Childbed; but above all, through my sin, the Ark of God taken away by enemies, and dishonoured by

Infidels: and lastly, my self buried under the ruines of my Country, as the last Victim of God's Justice. O Sovereign Creatour of Heaven, and Earth, how terrible thou art! nay, how just; nay, how severe, to chastise Parents for the sins of their Children! but how reasonable in this their punishment? Fathers, and Mothers fear: Fathers, and Mothers shake under the hand of the Omnipotent: Fathers, and Mothers be satified with your own sins, and carry not your childrens into the other world: instruct them so, that in their education you may finde the discharge of your consciences, they good doctrine, and you rest, and comfort, to have well-bred them.

The fourtieth SECTION.

Advice to Children, concerning the Duty they should render to their Fathers, and Mothers, contrary to the contumacy of irregular Youth.

Funiculus triplex difficilè rumpitur.

THe *Wise-man* said, It was an hard matter to break a triple Cord. A triple Law, Divine, Natural, and Civil, hath straightly bound Children to the honour, and duty, they ordinarily yield to Parents. He is forsaken of God, an enemy of Nature, and an Infringer of publick Tranquillity, who would be exempted.

First, I say, Nature distilleth with the Soul those amorous infusions of Amity, which Children have towards their Fathers, and Mothers. The Beam belongeth to its Sun, the River to its Fountain, the Branch to its Tree, and the Childe to his Progenitours. They are not Storks alone, who have taught us the law of reciprocal Love: Lions, though of nature untractable, of live savage, even in their roaring moods, which make Woods and Mountains tremble, give us a lesson of this Charity. Lions Whelps, whose paws itch, and blood boileth in their veins, go chearfully an hunting to seek out food for their Sire now worn with age. And Hunters have often observed an old Lion lying in the enterance of a Cave, and a young one to come laden with booty, putting it into the paws of the other, who expected it. He received the prey, making shew of a thousand thanks to his Whelp, which freely divided the prize according to the law of Nature. These inclinations are found even in Birds of rapine, who pull the prey one from another, to feed those with it, who begat them.

Albertus Magnus noteth, that Fowlers, seeking for Goshawks, found one in a vast Wilderness perched upon a tree, not offering to stir from them, but seeming wholly immovable. They wondering why this bird flew not away at the sight of men, as well as others of her kinde, perceived, she was weak, blinde, lame, and wasted with decrepit age: whereupon they hid themselves, expecting the coming of other Goshawks; when instantly, behold! two hastened thither laden with meat, which they pulled in pieces, and thrust into the beak of the poor old one. They made no doubt, but these were the young, who fed the Dam. O! what charms of Nature? nay rather, what providence of God? Is not he an *Apostata* to the great Law of the world, who violateth charity due to Fathers, and Mothers?

As for humane Laws, what have they in them more noble, or Religious, then the charitable offices of Children towards those, who begat them? If we believe the History of the *Persians*, there have been some found amongst them, who voluntarily made wounds on themselves to bury therein some part of the bodies of their Parents reduced to ashes? A matter truly very strange, and which confoundeth the ingratitude of children, who deign not to preserve the memory of their Fathers so much as in their hearts, much less their ashes on their bodies.

Ælian. De animal. l. 16. c. 7.

Hath not *Tertullian* written, that certain people, called the *Nasamones*, through much reverence held their meeting over the Tombs of their Ancestours, as upon Oracles? Doth not *Herodotus* make mention of the *Issedons*, a people of *Scythia*, who enchase the heads of their deceased Ancestours in Gold, and reverence them as things sacred? And although there be in this action reprehensible superstition, yet it is much more tolerable then the Law of the *Egyptians*, who burnt Incense to Rats, and Crocodiles.

Tertul. De anima. c. 57

Herodot. l. 4.

On the other part, *Nicolas Damascene* assureth us, the *Pisidians* presented the first-fruits of all the Viands of a Feast to their Fathers, and Mothers, thinking it an unworthy thing to take refection without honour done to the Authours of life.

Nic. Damasc.

Yea, *Plato* passeth so far, as to call Parents ἀγάλματα, καὶ κειμήλια, as one would say, Housheld-Gods, the pledges of Religion, the reliques and choicest pieces of the household treasure. *Solon* would never establish the law against Parricides, saying, God forbid, a Monster should ever come into our Commonwealth. Against impossible crimes there needs no prohibition. Did not *Romulus* the like in the institution of his Common-wealth? He never inserted one word of the sin of Parricide, as if it had been a mere *Chimæra*: and verily six hundred years passed in the City of *Rome* amongst *Pagans*, and not so much as the name thereof known. The first stained with this barbarous cruelty was one *Lucius Ostius*, detested afterwards through all Ages. Men not knowing what punishment to invent for this monstrous sin, it was said, such should be thrown into the water, shut up in a sack with an Ape, a Cock, and a Viper.

Plato. De Leg. 11.

Finaly, *Aristotle*, who is ever in Argumental discourses, will not make use of any for the honour of Parents: for saith he, That man, who doubteth of the honour of Gods, and Parents, let him be instructed, not with words, but sharp punishments.

Arist. 8. Top.

As for the Divine Law, what hath it more authentically recommended, then this band of Charity? What doth it inculcate with more respect, after the honour of God, then duty towards Parents? For whom are recompenses awarded, if not for the piety of Children? And for whom Menaces, but for their rebellion? Saint *Thomas* in his seventh little Treatise observeth, how in the Decalogue, after that which concerneth God, immediately followeth the precept of the honour due to the Authours of our life, for the resemblance they have to God. And *Philo* saith, this Commandment is the knot and ty of all the Law. Saint *Augustine* writing upon the passage of Saint *Paul*, *God, from whom all fatherhood proceedeth*, saith, That God is the Prince of all Fathers, & Fathers the Vicars of God, because they give Children (although with dependence on the Sovereign Cause) both Being, Education, and Instruction.

S. Thom. Op. 7.

Philo in vita Mosis.

A quo est omnis paternitas.

This duty of Children towards Parents being proved by the triple knot of the Law, Natural, Civil, and Divine: I will now enlarge upon the four parts thereof; which are, Love, Reverence, exteriour, and interiour, Obedience, and Succour. I say, Love; for what childe is there can hate his father, if he be not unnatural? How (O wicked son) can the hatred of a title so sacred, so sweet, ascend into thy heart, if thou art not become a Bankrupt in nature? If Tigers, and Lions had the like obligation, they would honour him: and thou persecutest him. Ah! but he

is unreasonable, troublesom, and insupportable. What wilt thou not say? He is thy father, and therefore to be supported. Behold the rock, whereon all the waves of passion should crack asunder. But I know not what Antipathy I have contrary to his nature, I cannot rellish him. Must we talk of Nature, when there is question of the God of Nature? Know you not what the excellent Martyr St. *Justine* said, *To live according to Nature, is to live like an Infidel?* If your nature cannot agree with one, whom you are bound to love, you must bridle that ill nature, you must put Reason into command, and Passion into fetters. Tell not me, you have endeavoured to mollifie it, but finde it untractable. Rather say, you are refractary against the yoke, which Nature hath put over your neck from your mothers womb: for which cause, see whether in the judgment of prudent men, who may advise you, you yield him that duty, which God commandeth.

Justin. Ep. ad Zenam & Serenam.

The second part of your tribute is Reverence. For it is natural to fathers, and mothers, who by the light of Reason are Tenants of that honour, which both age, Nature, and the commandment of God hath put into their hands: and if any thing happen to the contrary, it galls their heart, and transfixeth them more sensibly then one can imagine. For which cause the Wise-man said, *Honour thy Father both in word, and deed with patience.*

In opere & sermone, & omni patientiâ, honora patrem tuum. Eccles. 15.

It is a malignity, and a most intolerable baseness, to see children of poor, or indifferent extraction, advanced either by the gale of favour, or by their travel and industry, to some publick charge, who no sooner have set foot therein, but their brains turn, and they scarcely acknowledge those, who gave them life and breeding, which is the first moveable of all the wealth they either posses, or may hope. But yet far more barbarous are they, that despise their parents, who, heretofore rich and wealthy, are now despoiled even to nakedness, and drawn dry to the very marrow, to place them in Dignities. This is a tyranny, which deserveth, that all the Ravens from the brooks, and lay-stals, should fly with fury upon him to pick out the eys of this offender, who hath dared to contaminate himself with such an attempt.

Ungrateful creature, thou art ashamed of Nature, thou blusheſt at the Divine Providence, what say *I blush?* nay, thou dismembrest it: a father, who is the Ornament of thy head, and happiness of thy house, if thou knowest how to use him, reduced by thy insensibility, thy cruelty, into the condition of a servant, whilest thou perhaps feedest dogs, hawks, or some fatal Harpies, worse then dogs, or hawks. Where is thy brow, thy blushing, thy understanding? O, but he is poor. True, because thou hast despoiled him, because thou hast wasted him, because he voluntarily made himself poor, to make thee rich.

Tell me, was it not an honour to King *Agathocles*, who, from being the son of a Potter, raised his fortune to a Throne: was it not (I say) an honour to mingle, on his Cup-boards, earthen vessels with his rich pieces of gold and silver plate, that he might not belie his birth? Nay, so far was he from blushing, or from being ashamed at it, that he made boast and a trophey of it. What then would he have done by his poor father, if he set such a value upon the mean implements of his Cottage? And thou, wholly Christian as thou art, canst not behold without confusion of thy countenance, what a great Captain, a great King, a great States-man, sought to proclaim to all the world.

Contempt of the person of Fathers entereth sometimes so far into their souls, as it hath transported them into horrible and tragick acts, Never have I read any thing upon this subject without more amazement, then that, mentioned in *Justine*, of a certain *African*, named *Cartallus*, who was by the people's consent raised to an eminent degree of dignity; and casually upon some solemn Embassage sent into a place, where his father, with many other, was banished. He, looking on himself at that time like a Peacock, gloriously furnished out with the rich ornaments of his employment, thought it was not suitable to his honour, to admit that his father should so much as see him. The unfortunate father became so enraged with this refusal, and pride of his son, that instantly he raised a sedition, and mustering together a tumultuary Army of Exiles, he fell upon his son, although a Magistrate, took him, condemned him to death, presently prepared an high Gibbet, and attired (as he was) in Gold and Scarlet, with a Crown on his head, caused him to be fastened to this fatal Tree, for a strange spectacle. What fury of despised Nature is this, and what butchery?

Let us pass on to the third tribute, Obedience, which (as an Antient said) is the mother of felicities: it is the first band of Families, and chief foundation of Monarchies. S. *Gregory Nyssen* hath a notable Observation, saying, That *Moses* of set purpose caused the *Hebrews* to wear Ear-rings, giving them thereby to understand, their beauty and grace was in the ear, to wit, in obedience: and verily in *Exodus*, the people beginning to revolt, their Ear-rings were taken from them, as from men unworthy of this privilege. That, which is expressed in *Deuteronomy*, is much more bloody and terrible, where the father and mother are permitted to bring forth a disobedient and refractary son in publick, and upon their own deposition to cause him to be stoned to death by the people. It seems this Law was well understood by a silly Peasant (a *Mardonian* by Nation) named *Rachones*, (*a*) who, being the father of seven sons, perceived the youngest of them played a little libertine, and unbridled Colt: what doth he to bring him back into the stable? First, He endeavoured to cure him with fair words and reasons; but, finding him to reject all manner of good counsel, he bound his hands behind him, carried him before a Magistrate, accused him, and requires he may be proceeded against, as a Delinquent against Nature. The Judges, who would not discontent this incensed father, nor hazard the life of this young man, sent them both to the King, who at that time was *Artaxerxes*: the good man went thither, resolved to seek his son's death; where, pleading before the King with much fervour and forcible reasons, *Artaxerxes* stood amazed at his courage. But how can you (my friend) said he, endure to see your son die before your face? He being a Gardiner, 'As willingly '(said he) as I would pull away leaves from a rank 'Lettice, & not hurt the root. The King, perceiving this resolution & zeal of justice in the poor man, of a Gardiner made him a Judge, and severely threatened his son with death, if his carriage were not better.

Tollite in aures filiarum vestrarum eurihus, & aforte ad me. Exod. 32. 2. *Filius noster iste protervus & contumax est, monitis nostris audire contemnit, comessationibus vacat, luxuria, atque convivis. Lapidibus eum obruat populus, & moriatur.* Deut. 21. 20, 21.

(*a*) Ælian. *Var. Histo.* lib. 2.

See young man; behold, wicked son, who disobeyest thy father, and mother, not in a slight matter or, of little importance, but in such, as concerns thy life, safety, and reputation: see what thou maist expect from the justice of God, since that of men hath so much severity in this point.

You dare dispense with your selves in the Laws of Piety, and Religion, not shewing even on Festival days any more feeling of God then a beast; doth this seem tolerable? you haunt the company of Buffoons, wicked and wretched creatures, which waste

the means that are not yours, weaken your body, violate your reputation, and defile your soul, and is not this a crime ? You make resolutions, and frame *Chimæras*, without advise either of father, or mother, you bring them into debt, you treat clandestine marriages, you thrust those alive into their graves, who gave you life; and can you think the vengeance of God will ever have leaden feet? Faithless, and brutish as you are, how many Fathers for far less faults have inflicted severities on their children, dreadful even to those, who read them? *Marcus Scaurus*, in the *Roman* History, sent this message to his son, who fled with the rest of his Army defeated by the *Cimbrians*: *Son, you are born of a father, who knows either to vanquish, or die: rather send me your bones, then return alive after the death of your honour.* A father could not endure the flight of a son, which was very excusable in a general defeat, because it seemed to cast some blemish upon his Family; and you, who surcharge your house with reproach, and confusion, would you escape unpunished? Another Father, *Aulus Fulvius*, understanding his son had ranked himself in the Faction of *Catiline* (a wicked wretch, who supported and debauched all the youth of *Rome*) caused him to be taken in the place, and condemned to death, and this young man, begging pardon with all manner of suppliant intreaties, had no other answer, but, 'Son, I 'begat you to make war upon *Catiline* in your 'Countrie's quarrel, not in *Catiline's* cause to assail 'your mother. And who can but wonder at another *Torquatus*, that had a son in great employments of the Empire, flourishing in honour, age, and reputation; who, being accused by the Embassadours of *Macedonia* to have ill-carried himself in their Province, when he had it in charge, this Father, with the Senate's permission, would himself be Judg in the Son's cause, heard the accusers two whole days together, confronted witnesses, gave his son full scope to defend himself, and to produce all that he could for his justification, in the end on the third day he pronounced sentence: *It having sufficiently been proved unto me, that my son* Syllanus *hath ill acquitted his charge, and taken money from the allies of the* Roman *People, contrary to the command of Laws, and Honesty, I declare him from this time forward unworthy both of the Common-wealth, and my house?* The unfortunate son was so overwhelmed with melancholy upon this judgment given by his father, that the next night he killed himself; and the father, esteeming him degenerate, would not so much as honour his funerals with his presence. Good God, what severity, what thunders, what lightnings against the disobedience of sons among Pagans! And you wicked sons, in Christianity, where the Law of Love should oblige you to the duty, which I prove unto you, with an adamantine knot, do you think, all is permitted you? And you fathers, are not you most worthy of your unhappiness, when you cherish by negligent and soft indulgence the disobediences of your children, which you should root up from their infancy, and not suffer them to grow, to the prejudice of your houses, with so many bloody Tragedies, as are seen in the mournful theatre of the world's miseries?

Fili, sesipe senectam patris tui, & non contristes eum in vita illius, & si defecerit sensus, veniam da, & non

Let us conclude upon the fourth duty of children, which is Succour: "Son, receive the old age of thy "father and mother in thy bosom: take heed, thou "do not contristate them in any kind: beware thou "scorneſt them not: if they chance to fall into any "debility of spirit, assist them with all thy might. It followeth, "The childe, which feareth God, never "fails either in the honour, or aid, he should yield "to his parents: nay more, he shall serve them as a "Servant his Master. We need not here seek out examples in holy Scripture, or where the Law of Nature is handled; the more our proofs are taken from Infidels, who had nothing at all, but the light of reason, so much the more colour and weight they have. I will not make mention here of a *Roman* daughter (*a*) who fed her father from her own breasts, condemned to die of hunger between four walls; you may sufficiently see that often recorded in writing. Yea, under *Peter* of *Castile* there lived a man, that never ceased weeping until he were put to death instead of his father, who was to be executed. I speak nothing now at all of that, but cannot omit an example recounted in the *Bibliotheck* of the great wit *Photius*, who telleth, on a time there happened in *Sicily* (as it hath often been seen) an eruption of *Ætna*, now called *Mount-Gibel*. It is a hideous thing, and the very image of Hell, to behold a mountain, which murmurs, burns, belches up flames, and throws out its fiery entrails, making all the world fly from it. It happened then, that, in this horrible and violent breach of flames, every one flying and carrying away all they had most pretious with them, two sons, the one called *Anapias*, the other *Amphinomus*, careful of the wealth, and goods in their houses, reflected on their father, and mother, both very old, who could not save themselves from the fire by flight; and where shall we (said they) finde a more precious treasure then those, who begat us? The one took his father on his shoulder, the other his mother, and so made passage through the flames. It is an admirable thing, that God in consideration of this piety, though Pagan, did a miracle: for the monuments of all Antiquity witness, the devouring flames staid at this spectacle, and the fire roasting and broyling all round about them, the way only, through which these two good sons passed, was tapistred with fresh verdure, and called afterward by posterity *The Holy field* in memory of this accident.

Spernas eum in tua virtute. Eccles. 3. 14, 15.

Qui timet Deum, honorat parentes, & quasi Dominis serviet iis, quos genuerunt. Ib. 3.

(*a*) Fulgos. l. 5. c. 3.

What may we answer to this, what can we say, when the virtues even of Pagans dart lightening-flashes of honesty and duty into our eys? What brasen or adamantine brow can covetous and caitiff sons have, who, being rich and abounding in means, deny necessary things to those, who brought them into the world, yea have the heart to see them struggle with extreme misery, whilest they offer a sacrifice of abomination to their burning avarice? Wicked son, wretched daughter, know you what you do, when you commit such a crime? You hold the soul, blood, and life of your progenitors in your coffers, you burn them with a soft fire, you consume them with a lingring, and shameful death; you are accomptable before God for what they suffer. And for whom is remorse of conscience? for whom infamy? for whom necessity? for whom punishments in the other life: but for such, as in this manner abuse a treasure so recommended by God? Take heed (O children) take heed of breaking this triple cord of the Law Divine, Natural, and Civil, which indissolubly tie you to the exercise of that piety, which you have abjured. Take heed of irreverence, disobedience, and ingratitude towards your parents, expect not only in the other life the unavoidable punishments of God's Justice against such contumacy, but in this present life know you shall be measured with the same measure you afforded others. You know the History of the miserable Father dragged by the hair with the hand of his Son unto the threshold of his

his door, where seeing himself unworthily used, Hold son, saith he, it is enough: the Justice of God hath given me my due; I committed the like outrage heretofore against my Father, thy Grand-father, which thou at this instant acteſt upon me: I dragged him hither, and behold me hither haled; go no further. O Justice! O terrour! O dreadful spectacle! Great eye of God, which never sleepest over the crimes of mortals! O divine hand, which ever beareſt arms of vengeance hanging over the heads of rebellious children! How terrible thou art? who can but fear thee? who will not hereafter tremble at the apprehension of thy judgments?

Children, be pious, live in the duty you have vowed and resigned to your progenitors, and to all your superiours: live full of honour and glory in this world, live in expectation of palms and crowns, which you shall enjoy in the other world. And you likewise, fathers, and mothers, embrace charity towards your good children with all affection; and, if any forget their duty, and afterward stretch out hands humbly to your obedience, receive them into favour, exercise mercy towards them, as you desire should be done to you by God our common father. But, if you still groan under the ingratitude of wicked children, and the fear of future evils, wipe away your tears, sweeten your acerbities, season your bitterness with the comfort of a good conscience. When you have done all you can, and all you ought to do, leave the success to God, and say unto him, My God, who hast seen the cause of my afflictions to proceed from my self, accept my good desires for the works of this evil childe, my sufferings in satisfaction, and my patience for sacrifice.

THE FOURTH BOOK, Of the Impiety of COURTS.

The Unhappy Politician.

HItherto having proposed the Motives, and Obstacles, that men of Quality finde in the way of Christian perfection, I have made a collection of the most wholesom Instructions, which may guide them to the wisdom of heaven. Consequently I purpose, according as time and leisure will permit, to write the History of the Holy Courts, pursuing the course, which I proposed in the Preface. But this Volume, being become big already in the Press, requireth nothing but the seal upon it. Behold the cause, why I have been willing to affix it thereon with two Books of grave and admirable Histories, which may serve as a scantling of the whole piece I intend. The scope of all this work is to declare a most worthy saying of S. *Augustine*, that *Nothing is so miserable as the prosperity of the wicked, nothing so happy as true and solid piety.*

To bring these two verities into their full lustre of light, as well by example, as precept, I have chosen two Courts very different. The one is the Court of *Herod*, the other of *Theodosius* the Younger. In the one, the disasters of impiety are beheld; in the other, the happiness of virtue. Verily, I have cast the eye of my consideration upon divers Histories, and have seen none, which may make great men more sensibly apprehend, how those, who rule in Courts, and places of dignity by mere policy, and humane prudence, accommodating Religion to their own interest, are deceived, then the life and death of this unfortunate King of *Judea*. He had an infinite natural judgment, an admirable penetrating wit, a courage unspeakably dauntless. A man, who, derived from nothing, advanced his Fortune even to the Regal Throne, and established it amongst so many thorny affairs, as to make himself admired by the wisest of the world. But, because he built upon this Maxim of impiety, that Religion and Law must be made to serve our proper interests, he led a life full of crimes, and disturbances, concluded with the most disasterous death, that may be imagined. That also, which hath made me resolve upon this History (drawn from *Josephus*, with some other little Fragments, & Memorials, dilating it according to the talent of my stile, without using any other transcription) is, that, besides *the unhappy Politician*, you shall read therein *Innocency persecuted* in the life of a Lady, who hath been a true mirrour of Patience, and whom I purpose to propose as one of the greatest ornaments of our Holy Court. It is from hence I may truly gather a most beautifull Rose amongst the sharpest Thorns, shew the calmest serenity in the roughest storms, and seek the Hony-comb in the Lion's throat: since I in *Herod*'s Court endeavour to find out the patient, and chaste *Mariamne*, the true Table of innocency, unworthily used.

Mariamne, Wife of *Herod*, the Picture of Patience.

The sufferance of this poor Queen would deserve to be consecrated with a pen of Adamant in the Temple of Eternity, since she is able to dazle the eys of the most hardy, to repleniſh the mouths of the most eloquent, and ravish the minds of those, who admire no vulgar things. God, who ever raiseth the glory of his Elect as it were upon the depth of the greatest miseries, seeing the soul of this Princes amongst the most eminent and illustrious, thought he must give her a large field for encounter, to reap the richest palms of patience, and he gave her *Herod*, a bad husband, a barbarous persecutour, an infamous executioner: but ever more suitable to the patient *Mariamne* in the quality of a Persecutour, and an Hang-man, then in the office of an Husband. To conceive the strength of this anvil, we must know the force of the hammer, which beateth on it. To speak sufficiently of the singular virtue of this Queen, we must thereunto oppose the malice of *Herod*: we necessarily must behold how this disloyal man, holding his life, scepter, and crown from the house of *Mariamne*, for recompense thereof took from her, her scepter, crown, and life, after he had drawn her bowels out, causing her neareſt of kin

kin to be put to death before her eyes, then casting her all bloody upon the Pile, where the bodies of her Parents and Brethren were burned, as the last sacrifice of his fury, yet never at all startling her invincible patience. Every man speaketh of *Herod*, as of a man of Mortar steeped in Blood, as of a Tyrant, who would murther Mercie it self; but every one knoweth not the wiles he used to possess himself both of the Queen *Mariamne*, and Sceptre of *David*, oppressing the one with all ingratitude, and governing the other with unspeakable mischief.

The estate of the Kingdom of *Judea* before *Herod* came to the Crown.

About some fiftie years before the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, the Kingdom of *Judea*, which had subsisted, although amongst strange Eclipses, and horrible vicissitudes, from King *David*, almost a thousand years, after it had so many times tottered, and so often by many shocks and concussions been established, in the end found its total ruin and Tumb in the discord of two brothers. At that time

Hyrcanus.

Hyrcanus Reigned, a good man, but a bad King, who neither had Fortitude, Valour, nor Courage. He used as much remisness in his Charge, as he practised innocencie in his Manners. His overmuch easiness made him degenerate into a certain stupiditie, and, being unapt to do ill, he rendred himself capable to be an instrument of all kind of evils, by being too easie for the impressions of another. He, acknowledging his own weakness, freely resigned the dignity and burthen of rule to his Brother

Aristobulus

Aristobulus, a valiant and hardie man, who had little succes, and many enterprises.

Antipater the Father of *Herod* affected the Kingdom of *Judea.*

In the mean time *Palestine*, during the inconstant wavering of this Royalty, was much courted by her Neighbours; but above all by *Antipater*, Father of *Herod*, an *Idumean* by Nation, an *Arabian* in manners: who, being Wealthy, Factious, able to overturn a large Empire by his subtil wiles, had for a long time a Plot upon the Kingdom of *Judea*. He well foresaw, it would be a matter very difficult for him to force a passage for his wicked ends, whilst this couragious Lion *Aristobulus*, bare sway; but were he dismounted, and *Hyrcanus* seated again in his Throne, all would be in his own power. What doth this *Arabian* then? He soweth in the souls and minds of the people seeds of revolt against *Aristobulus*, saying, *They were very remiss, and disloyal, so to suffer* Hyrcanus *their lawful King to be dethroned, to whom Nature had granted Empire, to transfer the Kingdom to a mutinous and turbulent spirit, who quickly would with ill manage make them feel the ruin and desolation of all* Palestine. *That they had forsaken a King blame-worthy in nothing but in surplusage of goodness, to take another, who, having made entry into principality by the gate of infidelity, could not reign but in the disasterous misery of his Country. Although* Hyrcanus *should yield up his right, he were dispensable in this his modesty. The more unworthy he should esteem himself to rule, the more were his worth. The glory, which he endeavoured to decline in the undervaluing of his own person, would wait upon him even to his Tomb. Yea, should they object to him his great sweetness, and facility of nature, it were more suitable to the piety and gentleness of the* Jews. *If Doves were to choose themselves a King, they would rather have a Statue, then a Sparrow-hawk.*

This wily spirit by such like Remonstrances quickly found much credulity, partly in the minds of those who affected innovation, partly amongst such as were guided by justice; but all saw not how under the colour of publick good he sought to raise a Monarchie for himself, or his Heirs. He, thus having already put the Iron into the Fire, gained the heart and opinion of *Hyrcanus* by all kind of observances and testimonies of Amity, which was a matter not hard to do, this Prince suffering himself to be governed by those, who made shew of any the least affection towards him. Behold him now as Procuratour, Tutour, and Master of this flexible spirit, whom

Cunning of *Antipater.*

he so under pretext of friendship possessed, that the actions of *Hyrcanus* sought no other issue, no other extent, but as they were guided by the thought and counsels of *Antipater*. Notwithstanding, when he proposed to him to make War against his Brother, to repossess himself of the Royal Throne, he found his heart all of Ice, and was fain to use his best endeavour to enkindle him, by reason of the excessive coldness of Nature. In the end he one day plainly discovered to him, *That this is abrenunciation of rule, which he had transacted with his Brother, was a thing incompatible with his honour, and life. What eye would not be dissolved into tears, to behold him despicable, and wretched, whilest his Brother lived in all Superabundance, and Pomp? It were to confound the Laws of Nature, it were to authorise Tyranny, to say, that little Theeves should live in Fetters, and* Aristobulus, *who had usurped a Kingdom, sit in Silken Robes, and resplendently glitter in Diamonds. That a Kingdom was a short, which never was to be put off but with life. That they were tales of lazy Philosophers to affirm, that Diadems were tissued with Thorns, their Rubies and Diamonds never having pricked any man. The life, which* Hyrcanus *then lead, was good for a Religious* Essean, *but not for a King. To conclude, that the people desired with passion to see him reestablished in the Throne of his Ancestours.* He plied the ear of the Prince with so many forcible words, that he already began to gain him: but yet found himself combated by two powerful reasons, the one was his Oath, by which he had renounced Principalitie, and the other his weakness. From the Oath *Antipater* absolved him, saying, he had sworn to a Sin, and that there was no obligation to execute it. For inability, he made overture unto him of *Arabian* succours, which he had in his power. So that finding him wavering upon this wicked passage, he cast into his soul black jealousies of his brother, as of him, who, after he had usurped his estate, would enterprise on his life, counterfeiting conspiracies framed against him with so much art, that *Hyrcanus* yielded himself up, and gave him an absolute commission to make War, or Peace, as best pleased him. This concluded, the apple of discord is cast, *Antipater* faileth not to solicite *Arethas* the *Arabian* King, who cometh with an huge Army to fall upon *Palestine*, not without Barbarous hostilities and lamentable disolations, even to the near straightning of *Aristobulus*, and the holding him Besieged in *Jerusalem*, the capital City of his Kingdom.

Pompey in *Palestine.*

But as the greatest Serpent devoureth the lesser, it happened about the time of these undertakings, the *Romans*, under the conduct of *Pompey the Great*, making their Eagles to glitter in *Syria*, and leading an Army of fire, before which the petty Kings were but as Chaff, forced the *Arabian* to retire into his Kingdom, they marching in all parts Victorious, and undertaking to give Law, Peace, and War to whom they pleased. The two Brothers fail not to seek the gracious favour of the *Roman*, every one in his own way, with their best endeavour, well seeing, that therein was the main of the business. *Aristobulus* as the more free, couragious, and royal, found in the very beginning most favour, having presented to the *Roman*, amongst other largesses, a golden Vine, one of the most curious Workmanships of the world, which was afterward seen to serve as an Ornament in the *Capitol*. In the end, behold the two Brothers contesting at the feet of *Pompey*, to plead, not for a Medow, or a Vine-yard, but for a Kingdom, little considering, that putting their fortune into the hand of a stranger, who had no other law but his own ambition under the shadow of Arbitration he would fix his Tallons. *Antipater* beholding from the beginning the Balance to bend towards *Aristobulus*, as unto him, from whom the *Romans* had most cause

to

to hope readieſt ſervice for their pretenſes, ſpared not to diſgrace him, to lay aſperſions on him, to caſt the *Romans* into a diſtruſt of his ſpirit, and perpetually play the ſleeping dog before *Pompey*, in ſuch ſort, that *Ariſtobulus*, foreſeeing well, that this pernicious man, abuſing the name and weakneſs of his Brother, ſold them both to the *Romans*, ſtood upon his guard, having more animoſitie then ability to reſiſt the Army of a vaſt Empire. The poor Prince, ſhrinking under the burthen of ſuch an enterpriſe, is taken, put into Fetters, with two of Sons, and as many Daughters, and was lead to *Rome* to ſerve as a ſport in *Pompey*'s Triumph. *Jeruſalem* is made tributary, the High-Prieſt's place given to *Hyrcanus*, and all authority in the hand of *Antipater*. It was a ſpectacle, which drew tears even from thoſe, who before loved not *Ariſtobulus*, to behold this unfortunate King in fetters, with the Princes his Sons, and thoſe much to be deplored Princeſſes, his Daughters, all heirs of their Father's miſeries, who left their Country, where they had flouriſhed with ſo much honour, to ſeek, amongſt tedious and irkſom Voyages both by Sea and Land, ſervitude, or death; which ever is the ordinary Vow, and Prayer of the wretched. *Antipater* as yet all bloody gathered the Palm of this victory, and eſtabliſheth his little Monarchy, which he along time had plotted. *Hyrcanus* reſembled an old Sepulchre, which retaineth nothing but a bare title; all was acted by him in apparence, and nothing for him in effect: the other entertained and courted the *Romans* with his money, gave Preſents, ſent, and received Embaſſadours, practiſed ſupports, gained correſpondencies, corrupted powers, ruined reſiſtances, which oppoſed his greatneſs, and made this poor High-Prieſt in all things to bear the ſeeming Scepter. Then, ſeeing him dayly become more weak then himſelf, to ſecure this ſtate upon his own Sons, he makes the eldeſt, to wit *Phaſelus*, Governour of *Jeruſalem*, and giveth to *Herod* his youngeſt the Tetrarchy of *Galilee*. Some time after, having ſucked down all the wind, which his ambition preſented to him, and not knowing what more to do, he drank a cup of Poyſon, which in a Banquet was offered to him by the ſlie cunning of *Malicus* his eneme. Behold the current of humane things! Theſe ſpirits, enragedly mad after greatneſs, which they purſue with all manner of toyl, and ſiniſter practiſes, are as thoſe little bubbles, that riſe on the water in time of Tempeſt; they encreaſe, and crack in a moment.

Ariſtobulus Priſoner. *Jeruſalem* tributary.

Antipater eſtabliſhed

Unhappy Politician.

Antipater being dead, his two Sons, *Phaſelus* and *Herod*, divide the ſucceſſion; each one holdeth firmly his ſhare, and ſtriveth to poſſeſs the heart of *Hyrcanus*, making him always perſonate his own part.

Beginning of *Herod*.

Herod, as ſoon as he was in office, even in the life of his Father, being as yet but fifteen years of age, well diſcovered what he would be by his natural inclinations, which proceeded from him, as flaſhing ſtreaks from a Cloud, to be inſtantly turned into lightening. He had a malign ſpirit, crafty, ambitious even to fury, and whoſe fingers perpetually itched after blood and ſlaughter. And verily he defiled his tender years, and firſt beginning of Principality with effuſion of humane blood, falling not onely upon one called *Ezechias*, reputed a Pirate, but he alſo cut in pieces with him many *Jews*, without either warrant, or knowledg of the cauſe, which involved many innocents in this ruin. The Mother's of thoſe people maſſacred by young *Herod* went out of the Temple diſconſolate, with their hair diſheveled; requiring juſtice of *Hyrcanus*, who was no other then a mere Idol of Principality. Notwithſtanding, much importuned by the cries and lamentations of theſe weeping women, and incited by the Peers of his Kingdom, he ordained, that *Herod* ſhould appear before a Tribunal of Juſtice. In this action the young man ſufficiently ſhewed the boldneſs of his ſpirit, and fierceneſs of his courage. The other, who were accuſed, came to this Parliament of *Judea* altogether in mourning habit, he thither went as to a Feaſt, or a Theatre, waited on with a flouriſhing retinue, cloathed in Scarlet, frizled, perfumed, and beſides with the recommendations of the *Romans*, who ſent nothing but armed words, commanding the Judges to pardon without any other Proceſs. He, then being but fifteen years old, ſo amazed the Judges, and Advocates, with his very faſhion, and countenance, that of all thoſe, who were prepared for long pleadings againſt him, there was not one to be found, that had the heart to mutter in his preſence. One of the Judges, called *Sameas*, an honeſt man and more hardie then the reſt, cried out aloud to King *Hyrcanus* there preſent, *Sir, I wonder not, this young Lord cometh in ſuch equipage to this Bar; every one doth what he can for his own ſafeguard: but I admire, that you and your Council ſuffer him thus to proceed, as if he came hither not to be adjudged, but to murther the Judges: you preſently through favour will enfranchiſe him, but he one day by Juſtice will aſſail you.* And verily of the whole Senate no one eſcaped, whom *Herod*, being come to the full manage of the Kingdom, put not to death, except him, who delivered his opinion with ſuch liberty. It is reported of *Sameas*, that, when afterward there was queſtion moved to receive *Herod* for King, the reſt conſtantly oppoſing it, he freely ſaid, he gave his voice to *Herod*; and ſome amazed thereat, *Let it not ſeem ſtrange unto you* (ſaith he.) *God in his indignation will give unto you a bad King, and a worſe he cannot finde then* Herod: *he is the ſcourge you ſtand in need of, to chaſtiſe your infidelity.* *Hyrcanus* then ſeeing the Judges animated by *Sameas*, more inclining to the balance of juſtice then mercy, cauſed him ſecretly to be ſhifted away. For he emboſomed him with love, and ſo hatched the Serpent's egg in his breaſt.

Liberty of a Judg.

Grave Speech.

Herod, nothing inferiour to his Father in policie, purſuing his plots and examples, inſeparably united himſelf to the *Romans*, gaining them with all manner of ſervices, and entertaining *Hyrcanus* to ſerve his turns, as a ſhadow, with all manner of complacence, and flattery. The Kingdom of *Judea* ſeemed as yet not to behold him but at diſtance, his brother *Phaſelus*, as the eldeſt, held the beſt part. *Ariſtobulus*, whom you have ſeen led in fetters to *Rome*, had alſo two ſons. The eldeſt of which was called *Alexander*, father of this chaſt *Mariamne*, whoſe patience we decipher. The other was *Antigonus*, with whom *Herod* had much occaſion. Of both he diſcharged himſelf in proceſs of time. For the unfortunate *Alexander*, ſucceſſour to the unhappineſs of his father *Ariſtobulus*, putting himſelf into the field, with ſuch troops, as he could maſs together in the diſaſter of his fortune, was in favour of *Herod* oppreſſed by the *Romans*. *Antigonus*, having eſcaped out of captivity, wherein he was held at *Rome*, with *Ariſtobulus*, his father, gave *Herod* matter enough to work on. For, putting himſelf into the *Parthians* power, he wrought ſo much with promiſes, and hopes, that they undertook to eſtabliſh him in his Royal Throne. And thereupon they arm both by Sea and Land, and handled the matter ſo by force and policie, that they ſtir up *Hyrcanus* and *Phaſelus*. *Herod* with much difficulty ſaved himſelf, and, though he had a courage of Steel, was ſo aſtoniſhed with this ſurpriſe, that it was a great chance, he had not Ended his life upon his

Great revolution in the Kingdom of *Judea*.

his own ſword. *Hyrcanus*, unworthily uſed by the commandment of his Nephew *Antigonus*, had both his ears cut off, and thereby made for ever uncapable of the High-Prieſthood. *Phaſelus*, the Brother of *Herod* enraged with the turn of fortune, voluntarily knocked out his own brains againſt the ſide of a rock.

Herod, who always cleaved to the fortune of the *Romans*, as Ivy to a wall, ſeeing his affairs reduced to an extremity, imploreth their aſſiſtance, repreſenteth the outrages of *Antigonus*, the hoſtility of the *Parthians*, ſignifieth the ſervices of his father *Antipater*, promiſeth on his part all the world, and ſo handleth the matter, that beyond his expectation he is declared King, and at that inſtant *Antigonus*, enemy of the people of *Rome*, as a Fugitive, and Ally of the *Parthians*. *Herod* purſueth him with might & main, aided by the *Roman* forces. The miſerable *Antigonus*, after a very long reſiſtance was impriſoned, becoming the very firſt of Kings, who, by commandment of *Mark Anthony*, was executed with a puniſhment moſt unfit for his quality, and condition, and among the *Romans* not uſual, leaving his head upon a ſcaffold in the City of *Antioch*, for no other cauſe, but for the defence of the inheritance of his Anceſtours. But *Strabo* ſaith, *Mark Anthony* could finde no other way to make *Herod* to be acknowledged for King, while there was yet any of the blood Royal left capable of rule. So much this people loved their natural King, and abhorred a Stranger.

Entry of *Herod*, to the Crown.

After theſe ſlaughters, *Herod* mounteth to the top of the wheel, behold all the thorns (as he thinketh) pulled out of his feet, he now had nothing to grapple with, but an old man, an infant, and two women, the laſt remainder of the noble race of the *Aſmodeans*. *Hyrcanus* was the aged man, who in truth grew old among the thorns, and horrible changes, of his ſtate. He was as yet captive among the *Parthians*, but the King, although a *Barbarian*, had ſo much commiſeration of his ſo greatly afflicted goodneſs, that he permitted him to live with all free liberty in his City of *Babylon*. This poor Prince, who had paſſed his whole life void of ambition, bare the change of his fortune with great equality, and temper of mind. The *Jews*, who at that time inhabited in the *Parthian*'s dominions, beholding him all wounded, disfigured, wretched, abandoned, diſarrayed, did notwithſtanding honour him as their King with ſo much reſpect, and reverence, that he had almoſt found a Kingdom in Captivity. *Herod*, who ſaw, this man might ſerve as a colour for thoſe ſpirits, that would aim at him in the ſwinge of his affairs, as yet not well confirmed, diſpatcheth an expreſs Embaſſadour to the *Parthian* King, with many preſents, and letters, ſweetned with ſilken words, wherein he beſought him not to bereave him of the greateſt contentment he could poſſibly have in this world, which was to be grateful to thoſe, who had obliged him. *Hyrcanus* (ſaid he) was his Benefactour, his Protectour, his Father, and ſince God had given him ſome repoſe in his affairs, it was an unſpeakable comfort to him to ſhare the Scepter, greatneſs, and affluent content of Kings, with a friend ſo faithful, and worthy to be beloved. The King of *Parthia*, willing to gratifie King *Herod*, whom he beheld ſupported by the *Roman* Empire, the power whereof he more feared, then honoured the virtue, gave free leave to *Hyrcanus* to go whither he would; he put the buſineſs in conſultation with the prime Peers of his Country, who much diſſwaded him: but through the eaſineſs of his ſingular nature, which ever ſwallowed the bait without conſideration of the hook, he yielded himſelf to the diſſembled courteſies of *Herod*, and returned directly to *Jeruſalem*, where he was received with infinite demonſtrations of amity.

Behold the whole Regal family in the hands of this Tyrant! *Hyrcanus* had but one only daughter named *Alexandra*, a woman no whit of her Father's temper; for ſhe was extremely haughty, and had much ado with her ſelf to bite the bridle in this ſervitude. She was Mother of two Children, one Son, and one Daughter; the Son was the little *Ariſtobulus*, and the Daughter *Mariamne* married to *Herod*.

Marriage of *Mariamne* to *Herod*.

Mariamne was accounted the moſt beautiful Princeſs of the earth; for *Gellius*, who went prying after all the beauties of the world, to make relation thereof to *Mark Anthony*, having well conſidered all the moſt exquiſite Maſter-pieces of Nature, when he beholdeth *Mariamne* in *Paleſtine*, he proteſteth, all other beauties were terreſtrial in compariſon of this, which ſeemed to have been compoſed amongſt the heavenly Orbs. This man ſaw nothing but the exteriour bark, and was rapt with admiration; but her form was not worthy eſteem in compariſon of the noble Qualities of her mind. She was a Grandchilde of the great *Macchabees*, well verſed in the Law of God, diſcrete, wiſe, ſtayed, circumſpect, courteous, chaſte as *Suſanna*, but, above all, couragious, and patient; who lived in *Herod*'s Court, as *Job* on the dunghil. Never beauty and virtue were ſo diſgraced in any match. This creature, which had power to make ſo many brave Princes to ſigh for her, and who might have beheld ſo many obſequious ſervices done at her foot, hath now *Herod* for her Husband, who had nothing humane in him, but lineament, and figure. It was to match the Lamb with the Wolf, the Dove with the Faulcon, and to tie a living body, mouth to mouth, with the dead, to marry ſuch a Lady to ſo Prodigious a Monſter. But he, who already had power in his hand, paſſionately ſought her, as well for her incomparable beauty, as beſides for ever to eſtabliſh his ſtate, conſidering the alliance of this little creature, deſcended from ſo many Kings, would cover the obſcurity of his Houſe, and gain him more reputation among the *Jews*.

Mariamne, by Euphony *Mariamne*.

Hyrcanus, Grand-father to *Mariamne*, and *Alexandra* her Mother, ſeeing *Herod* was Maſter of his deſires, the Sceptre already in his hands, although by injuſtice, and tyranny, meaſuring all things by his fortune, not perſon, judged this way might be yet advantagious, and that his Wife might mollifie him, and make him favourable to the Royal blood. The generous Lady well foreſaw, that the putting her into *Herod*'s hands was to caſt her into the Lion's jaws. But not to gainſay thoſe, to whom ſhe had been taught to ſacrifice her whole life, and to obey the Laws of neceſſity, ſhe underwent the yoke, fortifying her Royal heart againſt all the ſtormy tempeſts, which ſeemed already to menace her. Behold her married! *Herod* loveth her, as the Hunter Veniſon, for his appetite, and advantage; his love being not of power to make him loſe one ſilly grain of his ambition, or cruelty. This perverſe and violent ſpirit, who held the Kingdom, as a Wolf by the ears, ever wavering, yea even, in the ſecure ſafety of his affairs, endeavoured nothing, but to rid himſelf of thoſe, whoſe ſpoils he poſſeſſed, the reſpect of this good Queen being not able to ſweeten, or ſoften his ſavage humours. He well ſhewed, how little affection he bare towards her Allies, when it might any way import his pretended intereſt,

Herod depreſſeth the Royal Stock.

eſt, even at that time, when there was queſtion to ſubſtitute an High-Prieſt in the place of *Hyrcanus*, who, having his ears cut off with much deformity, neceſſarily fell into the irregularity ordained by Law, which forbid him Altars. *Herod* daily ſaw the young *Ariſtobulus* in his Palace, Son of *Alexandra*, and ſole Brother of his Wife, a moſt accompliſhed Prince, to whom every one deſtined the Mitre. He ſets his eys a wandering, and finds out on the further ſide of *Euphrates* in the City of *Babylon* an unknown *Jew*, named *Ananel*, and createth him High-Prieſt. This was a pill, which *Alexandra*, the Mother of *Ariſtobulus* and *Mariamne*, could not ſwallow, yet thought fit to diſſemble it. She ſaw her houſe manifeſtly dejected, in that her ſon after ſo many obligations was diſpoſſeſſed of an honour, to which blood, nature, and the 'conſent of the whole world called him, to give it to a man of no value; ſhe could not ſo well digeſt her choler, but that ſhe thundered more loudly, then the miſery of the time and malice of *Herod* permitted.

Ariſtobulus the Brother of *Mariamne* put from the High-Prieſthood.

Mariamne, ſtill repoſing in the calmneſs of her noble ſpirit, declared to the King in her natural ſweetneſs, *That* 'He was the ſupport of her houſe 'greatly decayed, and at that time upon ſuch terms, 'that ſhe had no care to pretend to Sceptres, ſhe 'only deſired to breath her laſt in the world with 'honour. If he ſhould give a Mitre to her Brother '*Ariſtobulus* it were to make a creature, from 'whom he had no cauſe at all to fear, his Throne 'being throughly eſtabliſhed, and he being one, 'from whom reaſonably he might expect any thing, 'having the tender youth of this Prince as a ſoft 'piece of wax in his hands. This act would make 'him rule in hearts, as well as in Provinces, when 'he ſhould be known to be a Father, and a Protectour of a young Son of *Hyrcanus*, whoſe virtue he always had honoured. Briefly, that the 'honour, which ſhe had by matching with him, 'ſeemed not complete to her, whilſt ſhe ſaw her 'Allies kept from degrees, wherein he might eſtabliſh them without prejudice of his authority.

Prudence of *Mariamne*.

Herod ſuffered himſelf this time to be gained by the charming ſweetneſs of *Mariamne*, and, having deliberated the affair with his Councel, he reſolved to give the High-Prieſt's place to young *Ariſtobulus* his Brother-in-law: which was performed with much ceremony. He aſſembleth his friends in the Hall of his Palace, then ſending for *Alexandra*, he made in the preſence of them all a premeditated ſpeech, complaining of her, and ſaying, ſhe had a mutinous and turbulent ſpirit, which ſought nothing but to embroil the affairs, and take a Sceptre from him, which heaven had cauſed him to purchaſe with ſo much travel, and pain, to put it into the hands of an Infant, to the prejudice of the Queen her Daughter. Notwithſtanding that, forgetting all injuries, he could not neglect his own diſpoſition, which was to do good even to thoſe, that wiſhed him ill; in confirmation whereof he gave the High-Prieſthood to her Son, his purpoſe having never been other, and the ſubrogation of *Ananel* having not been made, but during the time of expectation of maturity in the tender age of an infant.

The young *Ariſtobulus* created High-Prieſt.

This ambitious Mother, according to her Sex, and indeed beyond her Sex, upon the offer of this High-Prieſt's place, was ſo ſenſibly tranſported with joy, that tears guſhed from her eys, and ſhe at that inſtant freely proteſted to *Herod*, that 'She had endeavoured all ſhe could poſſibly 'to keep the Mitre in the Royal Family, ſuppoſing 'it an unworthy thing to tranſfer it elſewhere: but 'as for the Kingdom, ſhe never had pretended 'thereunto, and that ſuch reſolutions ſhould never 'enter into her thoughts. Whenſoever it ſhould 'pleaſe Almighty God to call her out of the world, 'ſhe would die well ſatisfied, leaving her Son High-'Prieſt, and her Daughter Queen. As for the reſt, 'if ſhe had exceeded in ſome words, ſhe was excuſable as a paſſionate Mother towards a Son, who 'well deſerved to be beloved; a Mother-in-law of 'the King, to whom Kindred and Alliance permitted ſomewhat the more liberty; and a Daughter 'of a King to whom ſlavery was an hard morſel, and 'her ſtomach unable to digeſt it. But hereafter, ſince 'he uſed her ſo courteouſly, he ſhould have no 'cauſe to complain of her obedience. Hereupon 'they ſhook hands, and behold they are friends.

The ambitious woman.

But out alas! the amities of the world are like the felicities thereof. If the amities be deceitful, the felicities are tied to a rotten cable, or grounded upon the moving ſand. The poor Mother rejoyced for a little ſenſe-pleaſing flattery of her feveriſh ambition, and ſaw not, that her Son was not (to ſpeak really) the High-Prieſt, but a ſacrifice of the ſavageneſs of *Herod*. The diſcrete *Mariamne*, who by long obſervation had learned to hold proſperity as ſuſpected, ſuffered her heart not to be ſo diſſolved into joy, but that ſhe ſtood ſtill armed againſt the counter-buffs of Fortune.

Entrance of *Ariſtobulus* into the High-Prieſthood.

The Feaſt of the Tabernacles, greatly celebrated amongſt the *Jews*, being come, *Ananel*, after he had ſerved as an O in ciphering, is ſhamefully rejected; *Ariſtobulus* beginneth to exerciſe his charge. He was at that time but ſeventeen years of age, yet of a gallant ſtature, tall, and ſtrait as a Palm-tree, radiant as a Star, and very like his Siſter. When the people beheld him cloathed with the Pontifical habiliments, which were repleniſhed with Majeſty, and to go towards the Altar, and perform thoſe ceremonial Rites with ſo much gravity and comlineſs, he appeared as a new Sun, which brake out of the clouds, and came to gild the world before covered over with darkneſs. All the hearts of thoſe poor *Hebrews*, which ſo much had ſighed in the civil wars, freſhly bloomed, and newly opened themſelves, as Roſes at the benign, and gentle aſpect of this young Prelate. His excellent natural graces, enchaſed in the Majeſty of his robes, rendred an incredible luſtre, which dazeled the eys of all beholders. Some ſtedfaſtly beheld him, and became as ſtatues, yet ſhewing by their tears their eys were not made of marble. Others ſpake to him with infinite dumb teſtimonies of a never-ſilent hearty affection. The reſt made reſentments of their hearts burſt forth from their lips, not being able to withhold acclamations too free and profuſe for the ſeaſon, but for their love excuſable. They remembred the virtue of the antient *Machabees*, who had delivered them from Idolatry; they knew the wretched *Hyrcanus* was no other then a ſhadow following his own funerals! they retained the freſh memory of the Grand-father of this young High-Prieſt, *Ariſtobulus* the Great, who had been carried bound, and fettered to *Rome*, like a Gally-ſlave; they were not ignorant, how *Alexander* his Father, and *Antigonus* his Uncle, had loſt their lives by oppoſing the government of a ſtranger: this young Prince only remained free from ſo many ſhipwracks, and in the green tenderneſs of his Youth they ſaw all the hopes of their Country to bud and bloſſom. And as one is credulous to hear what he affecteth, they perſwaded themſelves, *Herod*, who at the beginning had demanded the Kingdom in the name of

this young *Ariſtobulus*, would come to let go his hold, giving way to Juſtice: and for this cauſe, they with the more liberty enlarged themſelves in theſe applauſes. But poor creatures, they reckoned without their Hoſt. *Herod* having beheld this countenance in the people, inſtantly obſerved, that according to his own Maxims he had played the Clerk, and that this was not his ordinary manner of proceeding: entering at that time into a furious jealouſie, he maketh the High-prieſt, and his Mother, and Wife, to be ſo narrowly watched, that neither within, nor without the Palace they could ſtir a finger, but *Herod* was advertiſed of it. The prudent *Mariamne* amongſt theſe ſuſpicions lived ſtill in grace, ſweetening upon one ſide and other all Acerbities, as much as buſineſſes of that nature would permit. But her Mother *Alexandra* touched to the quick to behold her ſelf amongſt ſo many Spies; ſhe, who was ever deſirous to converſe and live with all royal liberty, reſolved to play at double, or quit, to break the gives of ſpecious ſervitude, or yield her neck to *Herod*'s Sword, if it ſhould come to paſs, her calamity tranſported her into ſuch extremity. What doth ſhe? *Cleopatra*, that Queen, who had filled the world with her fame, was then in *Egypt*, and naturally hated *Herod*, as well for his barbarous diſpoſition, as for particular intereſts of her own perſon: for ſhe knew he much had intermeddled in her Affairs, and given *Mark Anthony* counſel to forſake her, yea, to kill her. This Tyrant was ſo accuſtomed to ſay, Kill, that he eaſily adviſed others to uſe the ſame Medicine, which was with him to his own maladies frequent. It is a ſtrange thing, that *Cleopatra* one day paſſing through *Judea*, he reſolved to ſend her into the other world, thinking therewith to gratifie *Mark Anthony*, but was diſſwaded by his friends, ſaying, it was too audacious to attempt, and able for ever to ruine his fortune. The deſign was never publiſhed; but *Cleopatra* had cauſe enough beſides to hate *Herod*, which much emboldened *Alexandra* to write to her in ſuch like terms.

Malice of *Herod.*

ALEXANDRA *to the* Queen CLEOPATRA *Health.*

Madam,

Letter of *Alexandra* to *Cleopatra.*

"SInce God hath given you leave to be born the moſt accompliſhed Queen in all qualities, "it is fit your Greatneſs ſerve as a Sanctuary for "the Innocent, and an Altar for the Miſerable. The "wretched *Alexandra*, who hath much innocency, void of ſupport, and too many calamities without comfort, caſteth her ſelf into the arms of "your Majeſty, not to give her a Sceptre, but to ſecure the life of her, and her Son, the moſt pretious pledge which remaineth of Heaven's benignity. Your Majeſty is not ignorant, that Fortune having made me the Daughter and Mother "of a King, *Herod* hath reduced me to the condition of a Servant. I am not ambitious to recount "my ſufferings, which I had rather diſſemble: but "whatſoever a Slave can endure in a Gally, I bear "in a Kingdom, through the violence of a Son-in-"law, who having ſtolen the Diadem from my "Children, would alſo deprive them of life. We "are perpetually among Spies, ſharp knives, and "black apprehenſions of death, which would leſs "hurt us, if it were more ſudden. Stretch out an "hand of aſſiſtance to the afflicted, and afford us "ſome petty nook in your Kingdom, till the ſtorm "be over-blown, and that we may ſee ſome ſparkles of hope to glimmer in our Affairs. Glory "thereby ſhall abide with you, and with us everla-"ſting Gratitude.

Cleopatra having received theſe Letters, made a ready Anſwer, and invited her to haſten ſpeedily into *Egypt* with her Son; proteſting, ſhe ſhould eſteem it an unſpeakable Glory, to ſerve as a Sanctuary and refuge for the affliction of ſuch a Princeſs. Reſolution of departure is taken, but the execution is an hard task. The poor *Io* knows not how to withdraw her ſelf from this many-eyed *Argus*. In the end, as the wit of a woman is inventive, eſpecially in matters, that concern their proper intereſts: ſhe, without diſcovering ought to any one, no, not to her daughter *Mariamne*, fearing leſt her nature too milde ſhould adviſe her rather to reſt in the liſts of Patience, then to attempt waies ſo perilous. She, I ſay, only adviſing with her own paſſion in this buſineſs, cauſed two Biers to be made (a matter of ill preſage) to put her ſelf, and ſon into; thinking by this means to elude the diligence of the Guard, and ſo to be carried to the Sea, where a Ship attended her, and by this way ſave her life in the power of death. But by ill hap a ſervant of hers, named *Æſop*, who was one of thoſe, that were appointed to carry the Biers, going to viſit one called *Sabbion*, a friend to the houſe of *Alexandra*, let ſome words fall of the intention of his Miſtreſs, as thinking to have ſpoken to a faithful and ſecret friend of hers. The perfidious *Sabbion* had no ſooner wrung the worm out of this ſervant's Noſe; but he haſteth to open all to *Herod*, ſuppoſing it was a very fit opportunity to work his reconciliation; he having a long time been ſuſpected and accounted to be of *Alexandra*'s faction. *Herod* after he heard this news, wanted not Spies, and Centinels. The poor Lady with her ſon is ſurpriſed upon the Biers, drawn out of the Sepulchre of the dead, to return to the living, aſhamed, and diſgraced, that her Comedy was no better acted; little conſidering, that after her perſonal part had failed, ſhe could nothing at all pretend to life. *Herod* notwithſtanding, whether he feared the great credit *Cleopatra* had, or whether he would not wholly affright *Alexandra*; thereby with the more facility to oppreſs her, contained himſelf in the ordinary diſſimulation of his own nature, without ſpeaking one ſole word unto her. Although very well in the face of this painted hypocriſie was ſeen, that the clouds were gathered together, to make a loud Thunder-crack, and raiſe an unreſiſtable tempeſt.

Enterpriſe of *Alexandra.*

The Caitiff, after he had given ſo many deaths in the horrour and affrightment of Arms, would inflict one, even (as it were in ſport) upon a fair Summers-day. Being at diner at the houſe of the miſerable *Alexandra*, feigning to have buried in deep oblivion all what was paſt, ſaith, That in favour of youth, he this day would play the young man, and invite the High-prieſt *Ariſtobulus*, his brother-in-law, to play at Tennis with him, or ſome other like exerciſe. The ſides were made, the emulation was enkindled; the young Prince hot, and eager, played not long, but he became all on a water: as at that time happened to many other Lords, and Gentlemen. Behold they all run to the Rivers, which were near this place of pleaſure where they dined.

Pitiful death of young *Ariſtobulus.*

Herod, who knew the cuſtom of *Ariſtobulus*, and well fore-ſaw he would not fail to caſt himſelf into theſe

theſe cold baths, ſuborneth baſe villains, who, under the ſhew of paſtime, ſhould force him to drink more then he would. All ſucceeded, as this traiterous wretch had premeditated. *Ariſtobulus*, ſeeing the other in the water, uncloathed himſelf quickly, and bare them company. There was no cauſe, why he ſhould ſwim, ſport, and dally upon this Element, ever dangerous, although leſs faithleſs then *Herod*. The poor Sacrifice skipped up and down, not knowing the unhappineſs, which attended him. But the accurſed Executioners remembered it well: for, ſpying their time in this fatal ſport, they ſmothered the poor High-Prieſt under the waters, in the eighteenth year of his age, and the firſt of his High-Prieſthood. This bright Sun, which roſe with ſuch ſplendour and applauſe, did ſet in the Waves, never to appear again, but with horrid wanneſs of death on his diſcoloured Viſage.

Vanity and miſery of the world.

Humane hopes, where are you? True dreams of the waking, aiery fantaſies, fleeting fires, which ſhine not, but to extinguiſh your ſelves, and in being put out to bereave us of light, leaving us the evil ſavour and ſorrow of loſing it! This Prince ſo accompliſhed, that Nature ſeemed to have framed him to be the object of Thoughts, the love of Hearts, the admiration of Souls: this Prince, in whom was ſtored all the Glory of the Royal Houſe of the *Aſmoneans*: this Prince, who was to marry the Mitre with the Diadem, and raiſe all the hopes of a loſt Race; behold him by a moſt treaſonable practiſe ſmothered in the water, in an Age, in a Beauty, in an Innocency; which made this accident as full of pity, as it was unfurniſhed of remedies.

Sorrow upon his death.

Upon this News the whole City of *Jeruſalem* was in as great a confuſion, as if *Nebuchadnezzar*, returning from the other world, had been at the gates thereof: in every place there was nothing to be ſeen but tears, groans, horrour, aſtoniſhment, yellings, repreſentations of death. You would have ſaid, that every houſe bare their firſt-born to burial, as was ſeen heretofore to happen among the *Egyptians*. But above all, *Alexandra* the diſconſolate Mother afflicted her ſelf with uncurable ſorrow: ſometime ſhe wept, proſtrated on the body of her Son, and ſought in his eclipſed eys, and dead lips, the remnant of her life. Sometimes ſhe rowled her eys like a diſtracted Lunatick, calling for fire, ſwords, halters, and precipices, to finde in them the Cataſtrophe of life. The ſaid *Mariamne*, although infinitely patient, had much ado to reſiſt the impetuous violences of an incomparable ſorrow. She loved this brother of hers moſt dearly, as her true Image, as the pledg-bearer of her heart, as the hope of her houſe, all rent in pieces. All confounded as ſhe was, the good daughter reflected on the wound of her Mother, and ſtaied near the corps of her brother, as if ſhe had been the ſhadow of the ſame body. Then, turning her ſelf to God, ſhe ſaid to him with an affectionate heart: 'My 'God, behold me preſently in that eſtate, wherein 'I have nothing more to ſtand in fear of, but your 'juſtice; nothing more to hope, but your mercy. 'He, for whom I feared, for whom I hoped, all 'that which one may fear, or hope in the revolu- 'tion of wordly Occurrences, is taken from me by 'a ſecret judgment of your Providence, ever to be 'adored by my obedient will, although not to be 'penetrated at all by the weakneſs of my thoughts. 'If I yet, among ſo many acerbities, ſuck ſome 'ſweetneſs out of the world, in the preſence of de- 'licious Objects, of which you have bereaved me, 'behold me wholly weaned; hereafter I will finde 'therein nothing but wormwood; to the end, that, 'renouncing the comforts of the earth, I may learn 'to taſte thoſe, which are proper to your children. Behold, how fair and repoſed Souls draw honey from the rock, and convert all into merit, yea, even their tears. The impatient, like *Alexandra*, afflict themſelves without comfort, torment themſelves without remedy, and many times become deſperate without remiſſion.

Singular reſignation.

Extreme hypocriſie of *Herod*.

What ſhall we ſay? *Herod* himſelf in this ſad conſort of ſorrow would needs play his part. He maketh externally appear, in a diſſembled hypocriſie, all the ſymptoms of a true ſorrow. He deteſteth play he accuſeth Fortune, he complaineth Heaven had ſiniſterly envied him an object, on which he deſired much to make all the love and reſpect appear, he bare to the Royal Blood, from whence he greatly derived his advancement. He moſt ceremoniouſly goeth to viſit the Queen, and her Mother, and when he findeth them weeping about this dead body, ſcalding tears flowed from his eys, whether it were he had them at command, to make his diſſimulation the more great, or whether he verily had at that time ſome reſentment of grief; beholding on one ſide this little bloſſom ſo cruelly cropped under the Sythe of death, and ſo many celeſtial beauties, which had for limit and Horizon the inſtant of their birth: and on the other ſide, conſidering theſe poor Queens, drenched in a ſea of ſorrow, which had force to draw tears from rocks. This traiterous creature had yet ſome humanity in him; and I could well believe, that Nature had at this time wrung theſe tears by violence from his barbarous cruelty; notwithſtanding he feigned willingneſs to ſtop his paſſion with manlineſs. Afterwards, turning himſelf to the Ladies, he ſaid; 'He 'was not come ſo ſuddenly to wipe away their 'tears, which had but too much cauſe to be ſhed: as 'for himſelf, he had enough to do to command his 'own. Nature muſt be ſuffered to have her ſway. 'Time muſt have his, and would apply a plaiſter to 'this ſorrow. That he would perform, for the me- 'mory of the dead, whatſoever an only Son might 'expect from a paſſionate Father, and a puiſſant 'King; that hereafter he would be true Son of *A- 'lexandra*, true Husband, and true Brother of *Ma- 'riamne*; ſince God was pleaſed to redouble theſe 'obligations in him by the loſs they had ſuffered.

Tyranny of revenge

O the powerful tyranny of the appetite of revenge! *Alexandra*, whom one might have thought would burſt into contumelies & reproches (as wel knowing *Herod*, what face ſoever he ſet upon the matter, was Authour and plotter of this death) held her ſelf conſtantly in the degrees of diſſimulation, not ſhewing to the King any diſcontent on her part, and all for the hope ſhe had to be opportunely revenged in time & place. *Herod* retiring, thought he had acted his part well, free from any ſuſpicion of offence, ſeeing *Alexandra* ſpake not a word, who heretofore too frequently accuſtomed to complain in far leſs occaſions. To apply the laſt lenitive, he cauſed the Funerals of the dead to be celebrated with ſuch pomp, and magnificence, that nothing could be added there unto, as well in the order of the equipage, as in the curioſity of the perfumes, with which the body was embalmed, and the magnificent furnitures of Sepulchre. The moſt ſimple and ignorant ſuppoſed all this proceeded from a real and ſincere affection: but the wiſeſt ſaid, they were the tears of the crocodile; that *Herod* could not cordially deplore his death, which had taken a ſtraw out of his eie, and put him in full poſſeſſion of

Herod accuſed.

the Kingdom of *Judea*. *Alexandra*, joining the paſſion of her ſorrow to her reſolution of revenge, immediately after the Obſequies faileth not to give notice to Queen *Cleopatra* of all that had paſſed, with ſo pathetical a Letter, that every word ſeemed to be ſteeped in tears of blood. *Cleopatra*, who was apt enough for theſe impreſſions, ſuddenly takes fire, and affecteth the affair with that ardour, ſhe would her own cauſe; ſhe rowſeth up her whole Court, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe perpetually filleth *Mark Anthony*'s ears, crying out, it was a thing inſupportable to ſee a ſtranger hold a Sceptre, to which he could pretend no right, to maſſacre the Heir with ſo much barbarous cruelty, to torment with ſervitude poor afflicted Queens, contrary to all equity, reaſon, and royalty of their birth. *Anthony*, who knew *Herod* to be his creature, and the work of his own hands, would not willingly underſtand theſe complaints. Notwithſtanding, to pleaſe *Cleopatra*, he ſwore a great oath, he would examine the buſineſs in ſending for *Herod*, and, if he were found culpable of ſuch a villany, he would inflict an exemplar puniſhment upon him.

Behold *Herod* cited to *Laodicea*, where *Mark Anthony* was to remain for a certain time, whither he was ſummoned to appear, and purge himſelf of the murther of *Ariſtobulus*, of which he was ſuppoſed to be the Authour. This was a clap of thunder to this diſloyal wretch, which moſt powerfully awakened him, when he leaſt thought of it, and put ſuch terrours upon him, as are not to be imagined.

Herod's affrightment.

Upon one ſide he had before his eys the image of his offence, and the voice of blood, which rung in his ears; on the other ſide he ſaw all his fortune depended on *Mark Anthony*, who at that time handled nothing, but by the counſel of *Cleopatra* his mortal enemy, and whom he well knew to have an enterprize in hand upon the Kingdom of *Judea* for her advancement. But nothing ſo troubled his brain as a furious jealouſie. For he imagined, that *Anthony*, a looſe and wanton Prince, one that courted all the Princely beauties of the world, would do the like to his wife, whoſe picture he formerly had, and that, with the more eaſe to enjoy her, he would make him ſerve as a ſacrifice for his fatal loves. This ſpirit of his was torn, and diſtracted on all ſides, and in all objects diſcovered precipitation, and affrightment: one while he ſeemed to reſolve to undergo a voluntary baniſhment, ſometime he ſuppoſed death more ſuitable, otherwhile he framed to himſelf ſome purpoſe of reſiſtance: but nothing appeared to him better then to delay, and draw the buſineſs out at length as long as he could.

Anthony, preſſed with the voyage he undertook to war againſt the *Parthians*, ſent inſtantly for him; delays and excuſes thruſt him further into ſuſpicion. Neceſſarily he muſt go, or reſolve to loſe all. He taketh leave of his mother-in-law *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* his wife, without ſeeming to be amazed, without complaint, without giving teſtimony of his diſcontent, as if he had a ſhort journey of pleaſure to make. Laſt of all, he had his own mother, and his ſiſter *Salome* in Court, to whom he much recommended vigilancy over the deportments of thoſe, whom he eſteemed to have wrought him the miſchief. Then drawing his Uncle *Joſeph* aſide, he ſpake theſe words to him: "Uncle, you know the occa-
"ſion, that tranſporteth me to *Laodicea*, which truly
"is very difficult, ſeeing my innocency aſſaulted by
"powerfull and ſecret malice, which would be ſo
"much the more dreadfull, if it had as much effect
"as paſſion. But I hope to finde day-light through
"the ſtorm, and that you ſhall ſee me return tri-
"umphant over calumny through my integrity,
"as I have already raiſed Trophies over hoſtility
"by arms. If God ſhall otherwiſe diſpoſe of me,
"it is a mere plot prepared againſt me for the beau-
"ty of my wife, on whom *Mark Anthony* may per-
"haps have ſome deſign, and this may be a cauſe to
"ſhorten my days, and he thereby to get more li-
"berty for his unbridled paſſion. But I, for the pre-
"ſent, conjure you, by the love, which I have born
"you, by my fortune which you reverence, by
"blood, and nature; if happily you hear I am
"otherwiſe uſed, then my quality, and innocency
"permit, never let the death of *Herod* be waited
"on with the injury of his bed. Preſerve the
"Kingdom for your ſelf, and your blood, and cauſe
"my wife inſtantly to take her leave of this world,
"to accompany me in the other. Kill her couragi- Horrid jealouſie.
"ouſly, leſt another enjoy her after my death. If
"the ſouls of the dead have any feeling of the affairs
"of the world, that ſhall ſerve me for a ſolace.

Joſeph, much amazed at this maner of proceeding, doth notwithſtanding promiſe him, he would perform all according to his will, if neceſſity ſo required; but that his fortune, ever powerfull, and invincible, made him conceive other hopes in all kinds. Thereupon he ſet forward on his way, carrying along with him the richeſt parcels of his treaſure, to make a Preſent of them to thoſe, whom he ſhould moſt ſtand in need of, ſhewing in all things elſe, as much confidence in his countenance, as he hatched deſpair in his heart.

When he was arrived at *Laodicea*, he found ſtrange Informations prepared againſt him, which ſtrongly charged him with the murther of *Ariſtobulus*. It was ſhewed to *Mark Anthony*, how *Herod* ever had a deſign upon the Sceptre of *Judea*, with a deſperate, and enraged ambition: That nothing ſo much perplexed him, as to ſee *Ariſtobulus* alive, to whom he in conſcience knew the Kingdom in ſuch ſort belonged, that himſelf durſt not demand it of the *Romans*, but under the title of Regency, whileſt the right Heir grew to maturity: That he had converted this Regency firſt into an Empire, afterwards into a Tyranny, removing, as much as he could, the Royal blood from Dignities, to advance men of no worth; witneſs *Ananel*, placed in the High-prieſthood, of which *Hyrcanus* was deſpoiled; and that, which made him alter his reſolution therein was, not good affection, but importunity, and evident danger of popular commotions, which, he well foreſaw, roſe upon this rejection of the blood Royal: That, *Ariſtobulus* being preferred to the High-prieſthood, received with all alacrity, & applauſe of the people, he ſhewed this action to be moſt hateſull to him, being not ſufficiently able to cover the fury of his envie under the ordinary maſk of his hypocriſie: That after this time he had not ceaſed to perſecute the dead Prince, and his mother, in ſuch ſort, that, finding no longer repoſe among the living, they were enforced to put themſelves into the coffins of the dead, to be carried to the Sea, and from thence to be tranſported to *Egypt*: That he had cauſed them to be ſurprized in the act, and in ſequel thereof had not afterward ſought any thing more then to be rid of them: That the young Prince was drowned in the water, not alone, & ſeparated from the reſt, but manifeſtly ſmothered by the inſolent youth of the houſhold and boſom of *Herod*.

Great pleading againſt *Herod*.

All this Proceſs (as was then ſaid) was ſo evident, that, had it been written with the rays of the Sun, one could not wiſh more perſpicuity. The voice of blood cried to Heaven, which the traiterous wretch could not ſtop. The picture of this poor Prince, which

which had a little before his death been carried into *Egypt*, was preſented with a ſingular admiration of his beauty: his Ghoſt was made to ſpeak, which asked juſtice of *Mark Anthony* for having been ſo unworthily, ſo inhumanely murthered in the flower of his tender years, by the moſt horrid treaſon, that ever was perpetrated. The tears of the diſconſolate mother were not omitted in her abſence. *Cleopatra* made this whole Tragedie to be preſented, the combate was much enkindled, and the battery was forcible. *Herod*, who wanted no eloquence in his own occaſions, replieth with a countenance very lowly and modeſt:

Apologie of *Herod* full of craft.

Prince, and you, Sirs, who are of the Council, I hold the Sceptre of Judea, *neither of* Hyrcanus, *nor* Alexandra, *never having had any purpoſe to flatter them for this end, yea much leſs to fear them. You know (Moſt Illuſtrious* Anthony*) the Kingdom is in my hands; I hold it of you: from you all my greatneſs ariſeth, and in you all my hopes are concluded. If you command, I am at this preſent ready, not onely to leave the Sceptre, but my life alſo, which never have I been deſirous to preſerve, but for your ſervice. But it troubleth me, the way of death being open to all the world, the path of reputation, which is more dear to me then life, ſhould be ſhut againſt my innocency. I am perſecuted by women, and much I wonder, how the ſoul of Queen* Cleopatra, *wholly celeſtial, can nouriſh ſo much ſpleen againſt a King, who never hath failed in any reſpect lawfully due to her merit. For* Alexandra, *it is not ſtrange, that ſhe raiſe ſuch a ſtorm againſt me; her fierce and haughty ſpirit hath always oppoſed my patience, endeavouring by all means to diſparage my government, to pull a Crown from me, which a more puiſſant hand then her Anceſtours hath placed on my head. What apparence is there, that being by the favour of the* Romans *a peaceable poſſeſſour of a Kingdom, the which even by the conſent of my adverſaries I ſought not (ſo regular was my ambition) I ſhould attempt an horrible crime, which cannot fall but into the minde of a monſter? No man will be wicked in chearfulneſs of heart. The memory of the recompenſe, which man propoſeth to himſelf, ever beareth the torch before the crime. To what purpoſe ſhould I attempt upon the life of* Ariſtobulus, *to ſettle my affairs? They were already eſtabliſhed: your gracious favour (moſt Noble* Anthony*) hath afforded me more, then all their machinations can vanquiſh. But I perpetually have kept back the blood Royal from Dignities. What keeping back is it, when I have cheriſhed them in my own boſom, as much as poſſible? Every one knows,* Hyrcanus, *the prime man of this Royal family, being held as a Priſoner among the* Parthians, *I bent all my ſpirits, employed all my credit to have him ſet at liberty, and to procure his return to Court, where he now liveth in full tranquillity, enjoying all the privileges of Royalty, but the careful ſollicitude of affairs. It is known, I have divided my Crown, and Bed with his grand-child* Mariamne, *making her both Queen of people, and wife of a King. I have given the High-Prieſthood to her brother* Ariſtobulus, *of my meer, and free will; not enforced by any conſtraint (as being abſolute in the manage of my own affairs) and if in ought I delayed him, it was becauſe the minority of his age ran not equal with my affections: but in effect he hath been beheld High Prieſt at eighteen years of age, which is a favour very extraordinary.* Alexandra *his mother, who maketh way to this buſineſs, hath ever had all the liberty of my Court, except the licence of ruining her ſelf, which ſhe paſſionately purſueth. For what reaſon had ſhe to hide her ſelf in a Coffin, and cauſe her ſelf to be carried in the night as a dead body, to ſteal from my Court, and after ſhe had wronged me in mine houſe, to traduce me among ſtrangers? If ſhe deſired to make a voyage into* Egypt, *ſhe needed to have ſpoken but one word, it had been ſufficient. But ſhe pleaſeth her ſelf in counterfeiting a falſe peril in a real ſafety, to thruſt into the danger of life thoſe, who make her live in all repoſed aſſurance. I, having diſcovered this practice, did not let fall one word of bitterneſs againſt her, deſirous ſhe ſhould enjoy at her eaſe the ſight of me as a ſpectacle of patience, and thinking all folly ſufficiently puniſhed with its own proper conſcience. Certain time after, the death of this young Prince happened, which draweth tears of compaſſion from me (for I loved him) and much it troubled me, his mother perverted the ſweetneſs of his excellent Nature, and cut more ſtuff out for his youth, then he was able to ſtitch together. He is dead, not in my houſe, but in the houſe of his mother; dead, by an accident, which no man could prevent; dead, ſporting in the water, a faithleſs Element, where a thouſand and a thouſand have without any ſuch purpoſe periſhed; dead, among the youth of the Court, with whom daily he did ſporting himſelf. His own mere motion bare him into the water. The bravery of his youth cauſed him to dally even in danger it ſelf, without any poſſibility to divert him, and his own miſhap hath drowned him. It is to tie me to hard conditions, if* Alexandra *will make me both accomptable for the youthfull levities of her Son, as if I were his Governour, and of the frail inconſtancy of Elements, as if I were Lord of them.*

This pernicious Spirit ſpake this with ſo much grace, and probability, that he gained many hearts. So much force had eloquence even in the hands of iniquity. Behold him now on the ſhore out of peril, remaining in *Anthony*'s Court in all liberty, to attend the ſentence of his juſtification. In the mean time, being (as he was) wiſe, and liberal in all occaſions, by force of Preſents he purchaſed the hearts of the chief, and made all the accuſation of *Cleopatra* appear to be the paſſion of a woman ill-adviſed. *Mark Anthony* himſelf ſaid to *Cleopatra*, ſhe did ill to intermeddle ſo much with foreign Kingdoms, and that, if ſhe took this courſe, ſhe would raiſe enemies prejudicial to her eſtate. That, *Herod* being a King, it was not fit to uſe him like a Subject, and that it would be her happineſs rather to have him a friend, then an enemy.

As theſe things were handled in *Anthony*'s Court, the Queen *Mariamne*, and her mother *Alexandra* ceaſed not to be obſerved by the ſollicitous diligence of the mother, and ſiſter of *Herod*. *Joſeph* his Uncle played the Goaler, and often viſited Queen *Mariamne*, ſometime to treat ſome affairs with her, ſometime in the way of complement. This man began to burn like a Butter flie in the eys of this incomparable beauty, and much affected her, although he ſaw himſelf far off from all maner of hope. Notwithſtanding, he found ſome contentment to have fixed his affection in ſo eminent a place. This paſſion made him fooliſh, and full of babble, having already rudeneſs enough of his own nature, which made him utter ſtrange extravagancies. For one day, there being occaſion to ſpeak of *Herod*'s affection to *Mariamne* his wife, *Alexandra* the mother mocked thereat in an exorbitant faſhion, and indeed ſomewhat too bitter, according to her cuſtom. *Joſeph*, who was deſirous to entertain the Queen in the good favor of his Maſter, were it out of folly, or drunkenneſs, ſaid: "Madam, your mother *Alexandra* may tell you "what pleaſeth her: but to give you a clear and "ample teſtimony of King *Herod* your husband his "love, know, that, in caſe he happen to be put to "death, he hath commanded me to kill you, not be"ing able to abide in the other world without your "company. At theſe words the poor Ladies looked pale with horrour. Out alaſs thou frantick man! (ſaid *Alexandra* in her heart) what wil he do living, if after death he intend to deſtroy thoſe, who are yet alive?

An act of great ſtupidity in *Joſeph*, Uncle of *Herod*.

In the mean time many bruits (the dreams of the credulous) were ſpread through *Jeruſalem*, that *Herod* was dead, that *Mark Anthony* had cauſed him to be executed, he being convicted of the murther of *Ariſtobulus*; whether theſe rumours were divulged by *Herod*'s enemies, or whether himſelf cauſed them to be ſecretly buzzed, to try the face and diſpoſition of the times. The wiſe *Mariamne* ſeemed to believe nothing; *Alexandra* grew paſſionate, and bated like an Hawk on the pearch, entreating *Joſeph* with all poſſible ſupplications, he would remove them from Court, and conduct them to the Court of Guard of the *Roman* Legions, diſpoſing them into the hands of Colonel *Julius*, from thence to paſs to *Mark Anthony*: for ſhe vehemently deſired this Prince might ſee her Daughter, perſwading her ſelf, that, ſo ſoon as he ſhould behold her, he would be taken with her beauty, and do any thing in her favour. Theſe intentions being oblique, were unhappy in the ſucceſs, and all *Alexandra*'s purſuits ſerved her for no other purpoſe, but to vent her paſſion.

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Return of *Herod.*

In the end, *Herod* returneth victorious, with authentick testimonies of his justification, and *Anthony's* amity; notwithstanding the endeavours of *Cleopatra*: God reserving this Parricide for a life like *Cain*, attended with a death most dreadful. His Mother and Sister failed not, presently upon his arrival, to serve him up a dish of their own dressing, and to tell him the design, which *Alexandra* had to put her self into the power of the *Romans*. *Salome*, envious against *Mariamne* even to fury, steeping her serpentine tongue in the gall of black slander, accused her of some secret familiarity with *Joseph*: whereupon *Herod*, who was extremely jealous, thought in that very instant to ruine her; and so drawing *Mariamne* aside, he demanded of her from whence this correspondence grew, which she had contracted with *Joseph*? The most chaste Queen, who never went out of the lists of patience, shewed her self both with eie, visage, countenance, and word, to be so penetrated with this cursed calumny; that well the traiterous wretch perceived, how far she was alienated from such thoughts: and verily being ashamed to have uttered such words, he asked pardon of her, bemoaning with scalding tears his credulity, giving her many thanks for her fidelity, and making a thousand protestations of an everlasting affection.

The good Lady, who was displeased to behold such hypocrisie, said covertly to him; *That truly it was an argument of love to his wife, to desire her company in the other world.* He, who understood by half a word, presently perceived what she would say, and entered into such desperate fury, that he seemed as a mad man, tearing his beard and hair off his head, and crying out, *Joseph* had betrayed him; and that it was apparent, he had great correspondence with *Mariamne*: otherwise so enormous bruitishness would never have escaped any man, as to reveal such a secret. Thereupon he commandeth *Joseph* should be killed in the place, to serve as a Victim at his return, not consenting to see him, nor hear one sole word of his justification. It was a great chance, he had not at that time finished the sacrifice of his intemperate cruelty, and that to satisfie his Chimerical humour, he had not put *Mariamne* to death. But the irrefragable proofs of her Innocency, and the impatient ardours of his love, withheld the stroke; only to make the sparkles of his choler fly further off, he discharged it upon *Alexandra*, shutting her up for a time, keeping her apart from the Queen her daughter; and doubtlesly resolving with himself, it was in her shop, where all these counsels, plotted for his ruine, were forged and filed.

Troublesom affairs of *Herod.*

Certain time after, *Herod* saw himself embarqued in other business, which he thought to be at least as perilous as the former. *Mark Anthony*, who always had lent his shoulders to underprop him, after he had for a long time stroven against the fortune of *Augustus Cæsar*, fell to the ground in the *Actiack* Battel, ending his hopes and life with a most mournful Catastrophe. This accident struck the Tyrant more then one would think, seeing his support ruined, his affairs, which he supposed to have been so well established, in one night dissolved, and that he had him for an enemy, who was in a fair way to become Emperour of the world. His friends and enemies judged him as a lost man. He, who already had escaped so many ship-wracks, despaireth not at all in this extremity; but resolves to seek out *Cæsar*, who was then at *Rhodes*, and prostrate himself at his feet. But, before he set a step forward, he did an act wholly barbarous and inhumane.

Most lamentable death of *Hyrcanus.*

Hyrcanus, the true and lawful King, who by his sweetness and facility had first raised *Antipater*, and afterwards saved *Herod's* life, seating him in the Regal Throne, to the prejudice of his own allies, was as yet alive, worn even with decrepitness: for he now was past eighty years of age. The Tyrant, fearing, lest he, being the only remainder of the blood royal, should again be re-established in the Throne, by the suppliant request of the people, who much affected his innocency; seeing him already upon the brink of his grave, threw him head-long into it, tearing out his soul with bruitish violence, which he was ready to yield up to Nature. Some held this was mere cruelty, without any colour of justice, wherewith this Diabolical Prince was wont to palliate his actions. Others write, that *Hyrcanus's* days were shortened upon this occasion.

Ambition of *Alexandra* causeth the death of her Father.

Alexandra, being not able to put off her ambition but with her skin, seeing *Herod* gone upon a voyage, from which it was likely he should never return, sollicites her father *Hyrcanus*, shews him the time is come, wherein God will yet again make his venerable age flourish in Royal Purple. The Tyrant is involved in snares, from which he can never free himself. Fortune knocketh at the gate of *Hyrcanus*, to restore the Diadem, which is due to him by birth-right, and taken away by tyranny. It only remaineth, that he a little help himself, and his good hap will accomplish the rest. *Hyrcanus* answereth her; 'Daughter, the time is come, wherein I should 'rather think of my Grave, then a Regal Throne. 'You know what opinion I had of Greatness, in an 'age, and condition, wherein rightfully I might che-'rish it. I voluntarily forsook it, preferring repose 'before all the Crowns of the world. Now that I 'am in the Haven, would you recall me into the 'storm? Daughter, leave such words: I have 'seen too many miseries, speak to me of my Grave, 'not of Sceptres.

Alexandra replied, That although, in his own person, he not at all pretended to life, nor to the fortune of the living; he notwithstanding ought not to neglect his blood, but permit justice to be done, and meddle with nothing, but by writing a word or two to *Malichus* the Lievtenant of *Arabia*, who would aid him with mony, and forces, as much as should be needful. In conclusion, he was bound to save both his daughter, and grand-childe, from the ravening teeth of this Tiger. She deafned his ears with so many reasons, that in the end he yielded, and treateth with *Malichus*, who should safe conduct him with a good troop of horse. The Letters are put into the hands of one, called *Dositheus*, a cosin of *Joseph* (whom *Herod* lately had caused to be massacred) to be with all safety delivered. But the perfidious wretch, betraying the blood of his allie, and the fortune of *Hyrcanus*, in stead of carrying the Letter faithfully to *Malichus*, delivered it into *Herod's* hands, who commandeth to require an answer, and bring it to him, thereby to discover the practice thereof, and understand the *Arabian's* purpose. He faileth not to promise *Hyrcanus* all assistance, inviting him with much earnestness to be with him as soon as possible. *Herod* having discovered the whole plot, sends for *Hyrcanus*, and asked, if he received not some Letters from *Malichus*? Yes, answered he; but they contain nothing but complement. The other demanded, *Had you not some present with those letters?* He confesseth, That verily *Malichus* had presented him with four horses to draw his Coach. Thereupon, without any other form of process, the tyrant made this venerable old man to be murdered, imbrewing the hoary hairs

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in the blood of him, who had been a Fosterer, a Father, a Protectour of him; yea, all. Then after he had imprisoned *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* in a strong Fort, under the custody of *Joseph* his Treasurer, and *Sohemus* the *Iturian*, he goes directly to *Rhodes*, leaving the absolute charge of his Kingdom to his brother *Pheroras*.

Alexandra and Mariamne prisoners.

The History telleth not the sorrow of the Queen, and her Mother, for the death of *Hyrcanus*. It is probable, all was a long time concealed, as from such who were held in a straight Prison, and had conversation with no man. *Alexandra* gnawed her bridle of Impatience: *Mariamne* resisted the dull languishments of this Captivity with a generous constancy, and endeavoured to sweeten the discontents of her Mother. All her comfort was in God; for how could she speak, or think of any thing else? 'My God (said she) you steep all creatures for 'me in Wormwood: if I heretofore have loved 'them, and sucked some sweetness from the world; 'for an ounce of Honey, you have given me a 'pound of Gall. From the time I began to bear a 'Diadem on my head, I have felt nothing but 'Thorns: and Royalty hath been nothing to me 'but a specious slavery. My God, how long shall 'it continue? Shall we not behold that bright day 'to shine over our heads, which is perpetually in 'its Eastern rising; which may dry up our tears, 'and breaking the bands of our captivity, place us 'in *Abraham*'s bosom, the liberty of the Elect?

These poor Ladies stayed there, perpetually pent up between horrid Walls, beholding nothing but Rocks, and savage Wildernesses, which to their sorrow seemed to resound compassion. They knew not in what state the world was, much less the affairs of Court. At every season the Goaler came to visite them, they expected nothing but news of their death. The Guard in the beginning shewed themselves severe in their countenances, and reserved in their words: all was full of horrour, affrightment, and melancholy silence. In the end (for there is no Iron but will be softened in the fire) *Sohemus* visiting them more oft, according to the Commission he had, felt fiery arrows fly from the eys of *Mariamne*, so sharp, that they transfixed his heart with compassion, judging it a hard thing to hold a Queen in captivity, who was able to enthral all hearts with so many supereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her. He began to shew her a pleasing countenance, and *Mariamne*, seeing him one day in a good humour, took confidence therein to know some news of the other world. 'Sohemus, '(said this Lady to him) you now behold us in a 'most woful state, and much unworthy our quali- 'ties; but the day perhaps will come, the storm may 'blow over. Mischief and misery knock not al- 'waies at one and the same gate. You know who 'I am, and that in obliging me, you engage not an 'unable creature; much less, an ungrateful. Tell us 'in a word, to what end doth King *Herod* hold us 'here, and of what condition are the affairs of the 'times?

Mariamne confereth with Sohemus.

Sohemus at these words, felt his heart assaulted with most violent counter-buffs: on the one side, he represented to himself the avengement of *Herod*, freshly exemplified in *Joseph*: on the other side, he was so touched with compassion of those words this noble Lady spake to him, that the Ice of his heart dissolved, and began already to evaporate through his eys. *Mariamne* finding him waver, spake boldly; 'Sohemus, It is a word which can no whit 'prejudice you, being stored up in deep silence, and 'which may much advantage us for the security of 'our Affairs.

Sohemus supposing, either that *Herod* never would return again in the quality of a King, or that he, being under the protection of *Mariamne*, might easily work his reconciliation, openeth his heart unto her, and said; 'Madam, I put my secrets and 'life into your hands: yea, I desire to die before 'ever I undertake to execute this barbarous com- 'mand which *Herod* hath imposed upon me, in case 'the Affairs he negotiateth at this time with *Cæsar*, 'succeed not according to his wish. And what is it? '(saith *Mariamne* to him.) *Madam*, I tremble on- 'ly to think of it; it is a matter, which concerneth 'your life. My friend (replieth the good Queen) 'it is his ordinary guise, he enjoyned his Uncle *Jo- 'seph* as much upon his first voyage. But is there no 'means to deliver us from this? *Sohemus* answereth, That *Pheroras* brother of *Herod*, had charge of the Kingdom, and he being a man extremely distrustful, ever had his eie upon sudden surprizals. 'Well then '(said this poor Princess) we must die: on what 'side soever I turn me, I behold nothing but the 'image of death, with which I am already grown 'acquainted. *Sohemus* comforted her with his best endeavour: but she then shutting up her tears from all earthly comfort, opened her heart to celestial contemplations, daily more and more purifying her soul both in the water of tears, and in the boiling Furnace of afflictions. O the Providence of God! That is true which the Scripture saith: *Your ways are now in the abyss, and your paths on the waters.* Who could discover such tracks, whilest this most chaste and Innocent Queen, amidsts the dark obscurity of a Prison, daily drowneth one part of her life in tears?

Herod, who was now embarqued, all bloody with massacre committed on the person of *Hyrcanus*, found the Sea, Winds, Men, and all his affairs successful. This *Protens*, who made his wit comply with all accidents, seeing he could not conceal the service which he had done for *Mark Anthony*, ever playing the dog, sleeping under the feet of his fortune, resolved to colour and cloak them with the mantle of Virtue. He knew *Augustus* was a Prince born to goodness, generous, just; and that he endeavoured to make faithful servants in this change of affairs, which he began to undertake: he deceives him under the shadow of Virtue, with the colour of constancy, and pretext of fidelity. Behold! he presenteth himself to the Emperour, and speaks in these terms.

Arrival of Herod at Rhodes.

'O Great *Augustus*! behold here my Person, 'and Crown at your feet: it is good reason that 'all depend upon your Greatness, since God is plea- 'sed to put the Empire of this Universe into your 'hands. For mine own part I cannot deny what I 'have been, no more, then I will dissemble what I 'ought to be, and what I will be. I have hitherto 'been a great friend of *Mark Anthony*; it is true, 'and had he believed me, as he hath done *Cleopa- 'tra* his Mistress, you, *Cæsar* had felt how far I was 'your enemy, and he, how much I was his friend. 'But this miserable Prince cozened by this crea- 'ture, took money of me, and counsel of her, to 'destroy, in so doing, his fortune, and raise 'yours upon his own ruines. I have followed him 'even to the brink of the grave, and not fallen 'therein, since my death could nothing advance his 'service. He is in that state and condition, wherein I 'am able to render him nought but tears. To you '(O *Cæsar*) are due the services, which I tender

His speech to Augustus.

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'with much heartineſs, if you ſhall pleaſe to accept 'them, on this condition, that you enforce me not 'either to hear or ſpeak evil of my old Maſter, 'whom being no longer able to ſerve, I notwith-'ſtanding ought after death to love.

Auguſtus took pleaſure in this liberty, and thought this man was made of the wood, whereof good ſervitours are compoſed; not ſeeing the ſubtilty of the Fox, who meaſured all according to his own intereſts. He then taketh the Crown, which *Herod* had laid at his feet, and ſet it on his head, ſaying: *I deſire you may live peaceably in your Territory; onely be faithfull to me, as you have been to* Mark Anthony. *Herod*, after this ſo favourable acceſs, ceaſed not to put himſelf forward into the grace of *Auguſtus*, by ſeeking out all occaſions to procure it, and namely in the voyage the Emperour made into *Egypt*, wherein he perpetually attended him, and performed many ſingular offices. This buſineſs ſo proſperouſly diſpatched, he triumphantly returneth into the City of *Jeruſalem*, to the amazement of the whole world.

Accuſation, and pitiful death of *Mariamne*.

Here it is, that the virtuous *Mariamne* endeth her career, to ſerve as a ſacrifice in the lamentable triumphs of her Husband. Let us behold how this bright flame is extinguiſhed, we ſhall from thence expect no evil odour; the good vapours of her life will wait upon her even to death. So ſoon as *Herod* was arrived in his capital City, he haſteneth to ſalute the Queen his wife, whom he had already cauſed to be ſet at liberty, being ſecure of his affairs, and was the firſt brought her the news of his happy ſucceſs in his voyage. He was ſo puffed up with his proſperities, that he could not contain himſelf, and the love of ſo amiable an object (which he then beheld in his preſence after ſo many dangers) did ſo unlooſen his tongue in exceſs of vaunts, and ſuperfluity of words, thinking he made himſelf very acceptable with ſuch impertinencies. *Mariamne* much perplexed to hear him, and being free, and generous in all her actions, ſhewed not to take much pleaſure in theſe his idle boaſtings, which Paſſion likewiſe made to appear ſomewhat childiſh. He thinking at the firſt this was nothing but a trifling humour of Melancholy, which would quickly vaniſh into ſmoak, flattered her the more with words, playing the wanton beyond his cuſtom. Upon theſe dalliances the poor Lady ſighed often, remembering her ſelf of the ſecret commandment very lately given to *Sohemus*. He well ſaw by this her countenance, ſhe was not content, and beginneth to enter into ſuſpicion, that *Sohemus* had uſed the like intemperance of tongue, as *Joſeph*. He at that time knew not what face to ſet upon it, ſo much was he turmoiled: love, anger, jealouſie, ſuſpicion, drew him with four Horſes. He could not be angry, as he would, nor knew how to love what he affected. This proud ſpirit, unacquainted how to bow under any one, but to deceive him, was aſhamed to behold himſelf dis-armed, and to become a counterfeit in amorous courtſhips, not ſo uſual to his nature. He then, ſeeing this Mommery ſucceeded not, was the more afflicted, and thought it was time to brandiſh his ſword. But love proved of more force then anger, and withheld the ſtroke. He retired, ſhaking his head, and muttering I know not what between his teeth; as curſing love, which made him mercifull in deſpite of his own diſpoſition. Out alaſs! Can one finde out a more ſpitefull hatred then in women againſt women, when jealouſie hath laid hold of their brain? *Cypre*, an *Arabian* by nation, mother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his ſiſter, ſeeing him ſo paſſionate, ceaſed not to blow the Coal with their tergues, and enkindled him with many Calumnies, which the Tyrant partly believed, yet could not ſuddenly reſolve to give the blow. He was long time debating with himſelf, without power to conclude any thing. In the end, an unhappy day comes, in which, about Noon, being retired into his Chamber, he ſendeth for *Mariamne*, who inſtantly came thither: but, Conjugal Rites being required of her, ſhe ſtuck in the refuſal ſaying, The Law of Nature forbad her to company with a man, who had murthered her Father, and Brother: ſpeaking of her Father *Alexander*, who by the purſuit of *Herod*, had been oppreſſed by the *Romans*, and of her brother *Ariſtobulus* ſo cruelly ſmothered. Here *Joſephus* the Hiſtorian, after he had highly praiſed *Mariamne*, as a moſt chaſte Queen, and truly endowed with an admirable Faith (for ſuch are his words) taxeth her with a little diſdain, which was (as he ſaid) ingraffed in her nature; for that ſhe rejected the dalliances of her husband. But he that will wel conſider, how *Herod* had uſed her neareſt of kin, moſt unworthily maſſacring them, and how, holding the Sceptre from her houſe, he uſed her not in the quality of a Queen, nor a Wife, but of a poor Sacrifice; which he cauſed to be ſhut up, commanding to murder her as often as he fel into any danger of his own life, for fear ſome other ſhould enjoy her after his death, ſhall finde the Lady had moſt juſt cauſe to make him this anſwer. *Herod* notwithſtanding, who would not afford ſuch liberty, was ſo moved with theſe words, as it was a great chance he had not laid violent hands upon her; ſhewing, by his eys ſparkling with anger, his ſhrill voice, and hands lifted up, he would proceed to force. And, as he ſtamped up and down, tranſported with rage, acting his anger like a Fencer, without *Mariamne*'s reply to any one word, the perfidious *Salome*, thought it was now high time to ſtrike her ſtroke. She ſent a truſty Servant, whom ſhe a long time had ſuborned, to cauſe him to depoſe a calumny as wicked, as ridiculous; to wit, that *Mariamne*, having a purpoſe to give *Herod* a love-drink, had addreſſed her ſelf to him, who was Cup-bearer to the King, to corrupt him with many promiſes, to which he never had given ear. For the reſt, he had ſuch inſtruction given him; that, if perhaps *Herod* ſhould ask, what this Potion was, he ſhould anſwer without further difficulty, it was the Queen's invention: and that herein ſhe only required the ſervice of his hand.

Sottiſh love.

Strange miſchief.

This wicked fellow entered into the Chamber in cold blood, and very ſeriouſly makes oath hereof: whereupon *Herod*, who was already enkindled, becoming more enflamed then ever; thought within himſelf he muſt no longer wonder, from whence theſe his impatiences of love proceeded. At that inſtant he cauſed an Eunuch to be laid hold on, one of the Queen's moſt truly ſervants; ſuppoſing nothing was done without his knowledge: he putteth him to the torture, cauſing him to be moſt cruelly tormented, of purpoſe, that his body, very feeble, not being able to endure the violence of tortures, and on the other ſide, having nothing to ſay againſt his good Lady, in whoſe converſation he had never perceived any thing, but Honour, and Virtue, ſhould for a long time remain in very great perplexities. In the end, he let a word fall, ſaying, He had ſeen *Sohemus* talk a long while in ſecret with Queen *Mariamne*, as framing ſome Relation to her: and that after this very time he well perceived ſhe was troubled. *Herod* had no ſooner heard this word; It is enough, ſaid he, take him from the torture, and let

Sohemus

Sohemus be called. *Sohemus* knew nothing what had passed, and lived in great contentment, having very lately obtained a good Government by the Queen's recommendations: he was wholly amazed, they laid hold upon him, and would enforce him to confess the discourse, which he had with *Mariamne* during this specious imprisonment. But he persisting in denial, is massacred in the place. *Herod* retired into his Cabinet, drinking in deep draughts the gall and poyson of his deadly choler, and contriving in his heart the fury, which he soon after was to shew in publick: for without giving any truce to his spirit, he assembled his Privy-Council, and sendeth for the Queen, who expected nothing less then such proceeding. This Monster, who always endeavoured to give colour of justice to his most exorbitant actions; beginneth a long speech, which he had prepared at leisure: and while every one was in horrour and silence, not knowing what would be the Catastrophe of the Tragedy, except the couragious *Mariamne*, who was armed with an invincible constancy against all Exigents, he speaketh unto them in such like words.

Death of *Sohemus*.

Oration of *Herod* against his Wife.

'*SIRS*, It seemeth God will counterpoize the 'prosperities of my state by the misfortunes of my 'house. I have found safety in winds and tempests, 'in so many painful Voyages as I have undertaken; so many thorny affairs which I have ended, to 'finde a storm in my own Palace. You are not ignorant how I have cherished the whole Family of '*Hyrcanus* within my bosom, in a lamentable time, 'when it was in decay and confusion: for recompense whereof, as if I had hatched the eggs of a 'Serpent, I have got nothing but hisses and poyson. 'God knoweth how often I have dissembled, and 'how often I have cured my self by patience. Notwithstanding I cannot so harden my heart, but that 'it may be softened, and ever become penetrable to 'a new wound. Behold the Queen my wife, who 'following the steps of her Mother, is always ready 'to disquiet my repose. As soon as I was returned 'from the Voyage so full of danger, as you know, I 'brought her news of the happy success of my Affairs. She shewing the little account she made both 'of my state, and person; at that time heard me 'with so great disdain, that what endeavour of 'courtesie soever I used, never could I extort from 'her pride one good word. And afterward not contenting her self therewith, she proceeded to very 'bloody Injuries, which I love better to conceal, for 'the honour of your ears, and come to deeds. Behold one of my faithful servants, who testifieth, she 'would have suborned him to give me a love-potion, to wit, a poyson, of purpose to turn my brain, 'or take away the life which God reserveth for me 'to acknowledge the many good offices, which you 'all in general, and each one in particular have afforded me. Thus you see how I am returned, my 'head crowned with Laurel, honoured and courted 'by the prime men of the world, to serve as a sport 'for the malice, and a mark for the treachery of a 'woman, whom I cannot reclaim by the force of 'love, nor benefits, no more then if she were a Lioness. Consider what you ought to do, I deliver 'her into the hands of your justice, not willing to 'direct my self herein by my own advice, to the 'end Posterity may know, that my proper interests 'are ever seated beneath the truth.

Herod speaking these words would seem less passionate, putting all tortures upon his natural disposition, pliable enough: but he notwithstanding so vehemently fretted, that all the Council knew well, he was in heat of choler; and that his purpose was no other but to ruine the poor Queen. She is summoned to answer at that instant, without an Advocate. The glorious *Amazon*, Grand-childe of the *Machabees*, and Inheritrix of their patience, being presented before this wicked Tribunal, 28 years before the coming of the Son of God, did then, what he afterward taught us most remarkably by his example. Never from her mouth was heard one syllable of impatience, never did she use one sole word of recrimination; and being able to declare to the Council a thousand and a thousand outrages, received by her self, and the persons of her neerest allies, she swalloweth all these bitternesses with a patience more then humane; only saith she, That as concerning the essential Article of this accusation, to wit;

Admirable modesty of the poor Queen.

'The love-potion which was objected against 'her, it was a thing in the judgment of all those, 'who would truly weigh it, very far from her 'thought: since she had always more feared King '*Herod*'s love then hatred. Lastly, That she made 'no reckoning of life, wherein she had suffered too 'much sorrow; yea, much less of the Court, from 'whence she never received any contentment: and 'that if they would oppress her by false testimonies, 'it was easie to gain Victory of one who made no 'resistance; more easie to take the Diadem from 'her head, and her head from her shoulders: but 'most hard to bereave her of the reputation of a 'Princess of honour, which she had of her Ancestours, and would carry to her Tomb.

The poor creature was like a silly sheep in the Lion's throat, or among the paws of many Wolves. They proceeded to sentence, all tended to baseness. It was supposed, the King was willing to be rid of her, and that sufficed. Never was any one to be found, who had the courage to plead the cause of this innocent Queen, or in any sort to mollifie the passion of *Herod*. All those consciences were oppressed either with crimes, or cowardise, from whence it came to pass, these false Judges did more for the Tyrant, then he desired: for they all resolved upon death. He himself was surprized with horrour, though he were wholly a bloody [illegible] and commandeth she should be kept in a prison of the Palace, with delay of execution; thinking perhaps by that means to make her more pliant to his passion. But the enraged *Salome* who had raised this storm, not willing to do any business to halves, approached to the King her brother, and shewed him such Birds were not to be kept in Cages; that his life and Crown thereby run into hazard: that already all tended to a revolt, and that if he delayed this execution, he hastened the ruine of himself and his whole state. Whereupon *Herod* let fall this word: *Let her be taken away.* And [illegible] instantly an Officer dispatched to the good Queen, who brought her the news of the last hour of her life: saluting her with a low reverence, and saying, *Madam, The King commandeth you must presently die.* She without any disturbance said: *Let us then go (my friend) it cannot be so soon for King* Herod, *but it will be as late for me.* And speaking this word, she set forward, and went directly to the place of execution, without change of colour, having a sweet aspect, which drew tears from the whole world.

Invincible patience and very admirable.

To crown her patience, as she was ready to receive the stroke of death: *Alexandra*, her own Mother, the companion of her imprisonment, the Guardian of her thoughts, who had ever been one heart with her, betraying blood, Nature, and all

piety, by a miſchievous trick of State, thereby avoiding the ſuſpicion of *Herod*, as conſenting to her Daughter's humour, came to charge her with moſt bloody injuries; and it was a great chance, ſhe had not taken this poor Lady by the hair, to drag her up and down the pavement: ſaying to her with the foam of boiling choler; *That ſhe was wicked, and extremely proud, and well deſerved to die in that manner, by ſhewing her ſelf refractory to ſo good an Husband.*

Barbarous act of *Alexandra.*

Behold verily the greateſt indignity, which could happen in ſuch an accident. There is no better honey, nor worſe ſting, then that of Bees: no better amities, nor greater injuries, then of Allies. The patient *Mariamne* only made her this anſwer: *Mother, Let my Soul paſs in peace, which already is upon my lips, and trouble not the repoſe of my death.* And with a generous ſilence ſhutting her mouth up to further replies, and opening her heart to God, the only witneſs of her innocency, moſt unworthily uſed, ſtretched out her neck to the Executioner, to ſeal with her blood the laſt teſtimonies of her patience.

Heroick ſilence.

Joſephus ſpeaketh not expreſly enough of the puniſhment, ſhe doubtleſs being executed in the manner at that time ordinary, which was to behead Offenders of that quality. This day-break, which bare ſtill in the Rays thereof joy and refreſhment to the poor afflicted Souls, through the horrible confuſions of tyranny, was then extinct in her blood. Yea, the eys of all the ſtanders by, bathed in tears, beheld her in her Eclipſe, when that Forehead, full of Royal Majeſty, was ſeen couragiouſly to affront approaching death, which maketh the moſt confident to tremble; and when this Alabaſter Neck was ſtretched out, and bowed under the ſhining ſteel, to be ſeparated from this beautious body, a ſhivering horrour crept into the bones of all the Beholders, and there was no Rock ſo hard, which afforded not the water of tears, before ſhe poured out her blood. The head was ſeparated from the body, and the body from the ſoul: but the Soul never ſhall be divided from God, raiſing to death ſuch a Trophey of Patience. The limbs lay all cold and ſtiff extended on the place, and the voice of innocent blood, which already penetrated the Clouds to ask vengeance of God, was inſtantly heard, as you ſhall underſtand. Only I beſeech you ſtay to behold the Pourtraict and Elogy of the good Queen, by us here inſerted.

What horrour.

Moſt pitiful death.

MARIAMNE REGINA, MACCHABÆORUM STIRPE INCLYTA; HERODIS PESSIMI OMNIUM VIRI UXOR OPTIMA, FORMA CORPORIS SUPRA CÆTERAS EXIMIA, ANIMI ETIAM VIRTUTIBUS MAJOR, INTEGERRIMÆ PUDICITIÆ, ET INELUCTABILIS PATIENTIÆ FOEMINA, INIQUISSIMIS CALUMNIIS OPPRESSA, MARITI GLADIO REGIAS CERVICES DEDIT, ANNO ANTE CHRISTI NATALEM VIGESIMO OCTAVO.

Upon the PICTURE of *MARIAMNE.*

Fortune a heavenly Beauty did engage
To a fell Husband, who, through boundleſs rage,
Practis'd fierce tyranny, and foul debate,
As well in Love, as in his Royal ſtate.

She

She liv'd on gall, upon the ſword ſhe dy'd,
Soon in the Lamb's blood to be purifi'd.
The Croſs ſo to prevent, in pains partake
With patient God, miſhaps thrice happy make:
Which after death immortalize her ſtory,
And from her body take leſs blood, then glory.

Thus from the world this holy Queen remov'd
Breaths forth affections to her God belov'd.
And her great Soul to Heav'n in ſilence rears,
Purg'd in her flame, and waſhed with her tears.
Who bravely ſo both lives, and leaveth breath,
Makes of a dying life a living death.

Fury of *Herod* after the death of *Mariamne.*

THe diſloyal Husband, who ſo inhumanely had treated a Lady worthy of all Honour: as ſoon as ſhe rendered up her Soul, as if he had been ſtrucken by ſome inviſible Dart, cried out with grief, and ſaid, He had done an act worthy the wrath of God: then dreadfully howling, he ceaſeleſly invoked the Memory, and Name of the poor dead creature, to whom he by his ſorrows could not again reſtore, what had been taken from her by the ſword of the Executioner. Whereſoever he went, he ſtill was accompanied with the image of his Crime, ſtill tormented and aſſailed with black Furies, Monſters, and hideous ſights. He tried all ſorts of Feſtival Entertainments, Dancings, and Delights, to divert this ill; but it ſtill augmented, in ſuch ſort, that he was enforced to abandon all the affairs of his Kingdom, though he had been very eager and ardent in this employment: and became in the beginning thereof doltiſh, and dull, not knowing what he did; for often, in the time of diner, he ſpake to his ſervants, and commanded them to call the Queen, as if ſhe had been yet living: they ſlipped aſide without making anſwer, and the whole Court was drenched in terrour and ſilence. In the end, not being able any longer to endure the walls of his Palace, as if they had upbraided him with his cruelty, he ran into the Foreſts like a mad man, where he got a ſtrange malady of the minde, and ſo horrible a frenzy, that the Phyſicians were to ſeek, ſaying freely, it was a blow from Heaven. God, who yet reſerved him for greater calamities, would not at that time take away his life. The wicked Mother *Alexandra*, who ſo outragiouſly had complained of her daughter upon the Scaffold, inſtantly died, taſting the bitterneſs of death, and loſing her glory. Laſt of all, followeth a Plague, which took away even many of *Herod*'s Counſellours; and all that was nothing but the ſcourge of Heaven in avengement of this death ſo deplorable, and never ſufficiently lamented.

The Sons of *Mariamne* bred at *Rome.*

Mariamne of her chaſte Wedlock left two ſons to *Herod*, *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, who were very young, able to ſuffer much in time to come, but as then incapable of feeling their own miſeries. *Herod*, to take from them the ſenſe of this cruel Tragedy, and to raiſe them likewiſe, by the degrees of good Education, to the glory of his Sceptre, happily puts them aſide, and ſends them to *Rome*, to be bred in the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, held at that time the Academy of Kings, and prime Schole of the world. Some years being paſſed, he had a deſire to make a Voyage into *Italy* to ſalute *Cæſar*, and by that opportunity ſee his Children, whom he found excellently trained, and ſo accompliſhed, that he purpoſed with the good leave of *Cæſar* to carry them back into *Judæa*, which he did. Theſe young Princes, returning into *Jeruſalem* with *Herod*, raviſhed all the people with admiration. They were of a gallant preſence, ſtraight, active, quick-ſpirited, couragious in the exerciſe of Arms, well-ſpoken, affable, as lovely, as the perſon of the Father was odious. Men looked on them, as one would upon the two Stars of *Caſtor*, and *Pollux*, after a ſtorm: they repleniſhed all with alacrity, and ſeemed already to win all hearts, to approve their Titles to the Crown. Thoſe notwithſtanding, who retained the memory of the uſage of poor *Mariamne* their Mother, could not abſtain from tears.

Calumny is plotted againſt them.

Pheroras brother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his ſiſter, who both had dipped their fingers in the blood of the innocent Queen, entered into affrightments and apprehenſions unſpeakable; ſeeing the blood they had ſhed ſhould one day ſway over their heads. Wherefore they began ſilently to calumniate them, and cauſed, by truſty inſtruments, many bruits to paſs into the ears of *Herod*; which intimated, That the Princes his ſons, in conſideration of their Mother's wrong, had a great averſion from the Father, and that they never ſeriouſly would affect him. *Herod*, who was yet in the heat of his affection, and could never be ſatisfied with beholding them, gave no credit to this calumny. But rather, ſeeing them now upon the confines of maturity, ſought to match them highly; plotting for *Alexander* the daughter of *Archelaus*, King of *Cappadocia*, named *Glaphyra*, which was aſſented unto: and for *Ariſtobulus*, he cauſed him to marry the daughter of *Salome* his Coſin-germain: ſo plaſtering over the domeſtick Enmities, which ever after found many Factions. *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* converſed together with great freedom, and uttered whatſoever they had upon their hearts; ſpeaking of the death of their Mother in ſuch manner, that they ſhewed a great reſentment thereof. *Pheroras*, and *Salome*, cloſe-biting, and watchful, ceaſed not to provoke them to ſpeech: and whatſoever they ſaid, either through vanity, or ſlight diſpoſition to anger, or in the liberty of ſecrecy, was inſtantly by a third perſon related to the ears of *Herod*. The ſubtile *Salome* holding ſtill a power upon her married daughter, who was a ſimple creature, put her upon the Rack, to tell her all, that her husband, and her brother-in-law had ſpoken in the privacy of their converſation. She then recounted the words poor Princes had through ſimplicity and bravery ſpoken, to wit, that *Ariſtobulus* vaunted himſelf, The Kingdom belonged to the children of *Mariamne*, as to the line of the true Queen: as for *Herod*'s other ſons, who were ſpread abroad in very great number (for he had nine or ten Wives) that he might make Regiſters of them in ſome petty Towns, and that they ſhould do well to learn to write, and read. She added, that *Alexander* ſaid in boaſting, He was a better man then his Father: notwithſtanding that converſing with him, and ſeeing him [illegible] humour, he reſtrained himſelf as in [illegible] and durſt not diſcover himſelf, for fear [illegible] ould give him ſome ſuſpicion of his power. That hunting, or walking with *Herod*, he did, as it were, bow, and contract himſelf together, that he might not appear taller then his Father: that, if he were to ſhoot in a Bow, he purpoſely made himſelf unskiful, thereby to take all occaſion of envie from him. It was a notable act of wiſdom to do it, but a great folly of youth to breath out many words, as innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted: and above all, an infinite ſimplicity to commit their ſecrets to a woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold water.

When *Pheroras* and *Salome* had a long time filled the ears of *Herod* with theſe trifling reports, ſeeing

the ſuſpicion began to take footing in his mind, and that the affection of a father cooled towards his children, they ſtruck the iron while it was hot, and wiſhed him ſeriouſly to take heed of his Sons, for they ſpake big, and had boldly ſaid, That all thoſe, who were embrewed in their mother's blood, ſhould not carry the puniſhment into the other world: for verily, as they were vexed upon the remembrance of the dead, ſuch like words had eſcaped them. *Herod* was much amazed at the liberty, and thought he muſt repreſs their boldneſs by ſome counterpoize. What doeth he? To humble the hearts of theſe Princes, he ſelecteth among his children one called *Antipater*, his Son by *Doris*, nothing noble, and who had ſhamefully been hunted out of the Court; he puteth this his Son, in the turning of an hand, upon the top of the wheel, not that he had a purpoſe to raiſe him, but to uſe him to counterbalance the children of *Mariamne*, reputing him an Inſtrument proper for this end. For certainly this *Antipater* was of a dark ſpirit, cloſe, and miſchievous, much of his Father *Herod*'s diſpoſition, as it was preſently to be ſeen. When he was advanced, he reſolved fully not to deſcend but with loſs of life, and to hold that Kingdom, as well as others, by ſome notable trick. Behold why he played the *Proteus*, and changed himſelf into all forms to gain credit with *Herod*, who then began to like him very well; and he, the more to fortify himſelf, ſpared not under hand to aggravate the calumny againſt the children of *Mariamne*, and, after he had thrown the ſtone, withdrew his arm ſo cunningly, that it ſeemed he had not touched it: for he always was converſant with *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, with much reſpect, as with his Maſters; yea, when he made falſe tales to tickle the ears of his Father, then feigned he by a counterfeit modeſty to take their cauſe in hand, and defend them ſo diſcreetly for his own advantage, that thereby he caſt them further into ſuſpicion. King *Herod* judged, that, to countenance him, it were to good purpoſe to ſend him to *Rome*, which he did, allotting him a flouriſhing retinue, & an infinite number of recommendations. There it was, that he much embroiled buſineſſes, writing to his Father, That he had diſcovered at *Rome* ſtrange plots, that he ſhould take heed of his brothers, *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, that they had practiſed ill diſpoſitions in every place, that their purpoſe had no other aim, but to ſhorten his days, and diſpoſſeſs him of his Empire. This had ſo much the more colour, for that theſe miſerable Princes, galled with their repulſe, could not diſſemble their diſcontent; they ever caſting forth ſome words, which, gathered by the Spies of *Pheroras*, and *Salome*, never fell to the ground.

The young *Antipater*, Son of *Herod*, exalted.

Herod ſighed to ſee, that he having pacified all abroad, the fire ſhould kindle in his own houſe, and thereupon had ſome deſire to arreſt his Sons, but he would attempt nothing upon their perſons without *Cæſar*'s commmand, referring all to him, both for his ordinary complacence, and ſafegard of his own affairs. After he had revolved this affair with a thouſand anxieties in his heart, wherein he bare the chief extent of his counſels, he reſolved in his own perſon to carry his Sons to *Rome*, and accuſe them before *Cæſar*. In the whole courſe of his long way from *Paleſtine* to *Italy*, he held himſelf cloſe, and reſerved, not making the leaſt diſguſt againſt his children appear, that he might not occaſion in them any ſuſpicion. Being arrived at *Rome*, he learned, *Auguſtus Cæſar* was then in the City of *Aquilea*; without delay he went thither, conducting with him *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, who were received by the Emperour (who was as their Father) with all demonſtration of love. In the mean time this miſerable Father, ſpying his opportunity, demands day of *Cæſar* for an audience, which he affirmed was of great conſequence; it was granted him, and he came at the time appointed, bringing theſe two poor delinquents, who doubted nothing, nor at that time ſought any thing but to laugh, and paſs their time with their antient acquaintance. When they were in the midſt of a brave aſſembly of Princes there preſent: *Herod* breathing out a great ſigh, ſaid:

Behold me, GREAT CÆSAR, *an happy King by your favour, and an unfortunate father through the diſgrace of my houſe. If Nature had denied me children, Fortune ſhould ſee me without miſeries: all my diſaſters proceed from my own progeny. It much troubleth me, to defile your ears (worthy* Cæſar) *with the recital of ſo great wickedneſs, but neceſſity, which hath no law, enforceth me, and your juſtice, which eſtabliſheth all laws, inviteth me. Behold my two unnatural ſons, who after they had received the honour to be bred at your feet, after they had obtained from me all the favours, which could be expected from a King, by your gracious Clemency ſufficiently powerful, and from a father of his own Nature moſt indulgent, betraying the glory of the education they had at your hands, and forgetting even the Nature and Blood they received from me, have attempted a crime, which I dare not name. I live too many years in their opinion, and too long enjoy a Kingdom, which with ſo much labour I purchaſed. I have opened to them the gate of Honour, that they may enter, after that natural death ſhall cloſe up mine eys: and they will paſs through by the portal of Parricide, preparing Ambuſhes for my life, to ſnatch away the ſpoil ſteeped in my blood. Behold I proſtrate them at your feet, not willing to retain any right in mine own diſpleaſure, neither of King, nor Father, but that which ſhall be decreed for me by your juſtice. Yet notwithſtanding (O Great Cæſar) I would beſeech you to beſtow upon my old age, which you have pleaſed ſo much to honour, ſome repoſe in my own houſe, and free me from the hands of theſe Parricides. So likewiſe I think it not expedient for children ſo ungrateful, who have trampled laws both Divine and Humane under foot, to live any longer, and ſtill to have the Sun in their eys, to ſerve as a witneſs and an upbraiding of their crime.*

Herod ſpake this with a marvellous vehemency, ſo that he put the whole aſſembly into an aſtoniſhment, and theſe poor young men, who had as much innocency, as ſimplicity, ſeeing themſelves charged on the ſudden with ſuch a tempeſt of words, made the apple of their eys to anſwer, and weep in good earneſt. They endeavoured to ſpeak, fearing, leſt their ſilence might make them culpable; but the more they ſtrove, ſo much the more the ſobs choaked up their words. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was a judicious and courteous Prince, ſaw well by this their aſpect, theſe young men had more miſhap then malice, and caſting a gracious eye upon them, *Courage, my children, be confident* (ſaith he) *anſwer at your leiſure, and be not troubled.* All thoſe there preſent bare already much compaſſion towards them, and *Herod* ſhewed even by his countenance he was moved: ſo eloquent are the tears of Nature. *Alexander*, ſeeing the eys of the whole aſſembly very favourable, took heart, repreſſeth his ſighs, and being (as he was) eloquent ſpeaketh in theſe terms:

Apologie of *Herod*'s ſon before *Auguſtus*.

MY LORD AND FATHER, *Your Majeſty hath not brought us ſo far to the Altars of Mercy, to offer us up as a ſacrifice to Revenge: we are at the knees of* Cæſar, *as in the Temple of Clemency, whether being conducted by your Warrant, and command, it maketh us ſay, your words are ſharp, but proceedings moſt ſweet. If calumny had ſo altered your excellent Nature, as to make you take reſolution upon our lives, to the prejudice of our innocency, you might have done it in* Paleſtine: *as a Father, and a King, the ſentence and execution were in your own hands. But God permit you to bring us to the Court of* Auguſtus *not to leave the head, where the Crown was deſigned, but rather to return it back victorious, and free from ſlander. It is a very ſtrange thing to pretend the moſt enormous of crimes againſt perſons of our reputation, and quality, without ſaying wherefore, or how. Nothing is ſpoken of Letters, Poyſons, Complots,*

Complots, Conſpiracies, Suborned ſervants: it is onely affirmed, we are Parricides, and proofs are pretermitted. If this be ſufficient, you ſhall have in the world no more innocency, but that, which calumny ſhall diſdain to fix her tooth in. Our enemies, who for many years have ſpun this web, never could alledg any other thing, but that we were old enough, and of ſufficient courage to do it, and that we might perform it in reveage of the death of our mother Mariamne. *As for the firſt reaſon, who ſeeth not how weak it is? If nothing but Age and Valour be neceſſary to perpetrate a Parricide, it is to fill the whole world with blood, to put all fathers into jealouſie, and all ſons into crime. For the ſecond, which concerneth our dead mother, ſhe left us in an age, wherein neither could we as yet bewail, nor feel her miſery. After we came out of our Childhood, we have not been willing to ſearch into your Counſels, to ſift out your reſolutions, the iſſue of them ought to make us not more audacious to undertake to do evil, but more ſtayed and adviſed to do good. We onely have afforded tears to her, not to bemone her death, for ſuch were unprofitable, but to ſatisfy our paſſion, ſeeing our enemies ceaſed not to diſturb the aſhes of her, whoſe blood they had ſhed. Father, if our tears, which proceed from ſo juſt a reſentment of nature, be in your Court accompted criminal, where ſhall we any more finde ſafety, but in your juſtice? Never in the ſo ſenſible apprehenſions hath any word of bitterneſs eſcaped us againſt you, but rather againſt thoſe, who abuſe your authority to the ruin of yours. We have no cauſe at all to hate your life, but to love it by ſo much the more, as you have judged us capable above the reſt of our brothers, to ſucceed to your Crown. Yet have ſet all the marks of Regality upon us, all the bleſſings we could hope for, and to aſk more would be to require liberty to overthrow us. To what end ſhould we ſeek by Parricide a Kingdom, which is purchaſed for us by your favour, that ſo Heaven, Earth, and Seas, conſpiring with Cæſar, might ſhut the gate againſt us, for which we ſhould be deſirous to make a key ſteeped in the blood of our father? Your Majeſty hath begot us, perhaps more unfortunate then now would be expedient for your eſtate, but never ſhall we be ſo ſottiſh, nor impious, as to do a miſchief, irrecoverably to undo us. Moſt honoured Father, ſuppreſs the ſuſpicion, which you have conceived, or, if you be pleaſed ſtil to retain it, we both will leave this life, of which we are not ſo fondly affectionate, that we would be willing to preſerve it to the diſpleaſure of him, that gave it.*

This Oration, accompanied with the tears of this yong Prince, ſtruck all the ſtanders by with admiration, and as they were both beheld with lowly looks, expecting the Judge's ſentence, every one was enkindled with deſire to juſtifie them. *Cæſar* caſteth his eye on *Herod* to ſee his countenance, who ſhewed himſelf much moved with compaſſion, and could have been content never to have thought of ſuch an accuſation: for verily this action, in the apprehenſion of thoſe preſent, much hurt him, and cauſed his credulity to be condemned. *Auguſtus*, who would not confound them, pronounced, that undoubtedly his children had done ill to diſpleaſe him; but as for the pretended crime, he ſhould raze it out of his papers. Theſe young Princes were too well born and bred to proceed ſo far: there remained for them hereafter to live in good correſpondence, and renew this holy knot of Nature, which could not be diſſolved by ſo good a father, nor children ſo futurely hopeful. This ſaid, *Herod* embraced his ſons one after another, much weeping, which drew tears even from thoſe, who were not intereſſed in this affair. After all manner of complements were done, behold them upon return with their father and brother *Antipater*, who had cauſed all this goodly Tragedie to be played. Notwithſtanding, this wicked creature overwhelmed them with courteſies, and congratulation, as if he would make Bonefires of joy in his heart. Thus diſſimulation goeth along in Court, till ſuch time, that God taketh away the mask.

Hortible malice.

Being return'd to *Jeruſalem*, one year was ſcarcely ſpent, but that calumny ſet new ſnares to entrap the innocency of theſe poor Princes. *Pheroras* reſolved to excite *Alexander* with jealouſie, telling him in great ſecret, *Herod* his father made too much of the beautious *Glaphyra* his wife, daughter of King *Archelaus*, ſuppoſing it was a powerful means to turmoil his ſpirit, and enkindle it with fury againſt the King his father, and this was to precipitate him into ruin. Theſe words upon the matter were moſt ſenſible to this generous heart, and then he began with a jealous eye to pry into *Herod*'s actions, who, it is true, familiarly converſed every day with this Princeſs, endow'd with incomparable beauty, but in concluſion he obſerved no other thing in ſuch converſation, but loving entertainments of a Father-in-law towards a Son's wife, worthy to be cheriſhed for many excellent parts. *Alexander* notwithſtanding, after this advertiſement of *Pheroras*, turned this Honey into Poyſon, interpreting all in ill ſenſe, and was ſo tranſported, that one day entering into his father's chamber he diſcovered the jealouſie, and ſuſpicion, he had conceived, with ſighs and tears of rage. *Herod* found himſelf much troubled with this accident, and thinking it a thing unworthy his perſon to juſtifie himſelf to his Son, with many words to excuſe that which was not, he onely ſaid: *My Son, who hath put this into thy head?* The other replieth, he knew much of it himſelf, and *Pheroras* had confirmed it. *Pheroras* was inſtantly ſent for, and *Herod*, who oft-times uſed him as a ſervant, caſting a furious glance of his eys upon him, "*Rake-hell* (ſaith he) What haſt "thou ſaid to this yong Prince? It is not a word "thou haſt put into his ear, but a ſword into his "hand againſt his Father; for verily he would no "more endure a companion of his bed, then I in my "Kingdom. Ingratefull creature, ſhouldſt thou not "rather teare out thine own heart, then entertain "ſuch a thought of thy brother? Such crimes as "this never were in our houſe, nor ever will be, un-"leſs thou bring them hither. Get hence, and let me "ſee thee no more. I ordain tortures for other de-"linquents; but for thee, ſince thou art ſo wicked, I "leave thee to thine own conſcience, not being "able to finde a fitter Executioner.

Pheroras, who was not much aſtoniſhed with this noiſe, anſwereth, he knew nothing, but what *Salome*, who was there preſent, had told him, as indeed this came from her. But the ſubtile woman caſting out at that inſtant a loud complaint, and tearing her hair, ſaith: It was a lamentable thing, that ſhe of all the world ſhould be perſecuted for being onely faithfull to her brother. *Herod* knew not what to think, and ſighed in his heart, beholding the diſſentions of his houſe, and in the mean time ſaw not, that his own ill example was the influence of all theſe maledictions. He did nothing elſe to *Pheroras*, but ſequeſter him for a time: for, although he ſeemed much moved with anger, he was not exaſperated againſt any in good earneſt, but thoſe, whom he thought would practiſe againſt his State; and ſuch *Pheroras* appeared not to be, for he was a Libertine, who had married his own ſervant, attracted by dalliances, refuſing the Daughter of a King, and all his deſigns aimed at nothing but ſenſuality. It was thought, this was not ſufficient ſatisfaction in *Pheroras* for ſuch a crime, and that this might ſtill feed a diſtruſt between the Father and Son. Behold the cauſe why the pernicious *Antipater*, who ever was gracious with *Herod*, making uſe of this opportunity, beginneth his battel more furiouſly then ever, and having perceived ſome familiarity between *Alexander* and three Eunuchs, the moſt intimate of *Herod*'s chamber, he underhand giveth notice, that the conſpiracy of *Alexander* againſt his father was now abſolutely contrived, and that the chief Eunuchs of the chamber, and

Antipater Son of *Herod*, calumniateth his brothers.

privacy

privacy of *Herod*, had an hand therein. Behold them presently apprehended, and put to the torture: these bodies, corrupted with ease, and delicacy, feeling themselves so roughly racked, spake what they knew, and what they knew not, and in the end delivered nothing but boasts, and vain-glorious bravados of youth, which had escaped the mouth of *Alexander*, that is to say, "That those Eunuchs were "very fools to be so affected to this old man, who "caused his hair to be painted, like a spruce yonker. "He had done all well enough: his time was past, "theirs was coming, the Kingdom could not forsake them, having justice, force, and credit in their "hands, and so many valorous men, who would not "in time of necessity forsake them: and such like things, speaking nothing of that, which *Antipater* pretended, yet too much for a jealous spirit.

It was a pitifull thing to behold, how this miserable Court was dis-membered. It was nothing but calumniations, threatenings, summons, distrusts, examinations, tortures. All men looked upon one another, and every one supposed, there was no other security, but in preventing his companion. A thousand sottish things were daily deposed, that were of no effect. There were found not past one or two, who, extremely racked upon the torture, to free themselves, said, *Alexander* had dishonoured his Father at *Rome*, as much more inclining to amity with the *Parthians* then with the *Romans*; and as torments were incessantly redoubled in favour of *Antipater*, they spake at random whatsoever they would have them, to wit, That *Alexander* and *Aristobulus* had conspired to kill *Herod* by poison, then to go to *Rome* to demand the Kingdom: which had no probability. And when it was asked where this poison was, it was replied, it was in the Castle of *Ascalon*: and the whole matter searched into, there was nothing to be found. *Alexander* notwithstanding is arrested. He, generous, and much offended to see so many tortures, said stoutly to *Herod*, bitterly scoffing: *To what end is it to make all these slaughters, seeing you will have it, that you are deceived? I have conspired, and if you desire to know with whom, with* Pheroras *your brother, and* Salome *your sister,* Ptolemy, *and* Saprinius *your Counsellour. Kill all the world, and you alone shall reign.*

He spake too much to be believed, and delivered it in an accent, which sounded nothing less. However, he was for certain days imprisoned, untill such time as *Archelaus* King of *Cappadocia*, his father-in-law, advertised of this disaster, came to the Court of *Herod*. He took great care not to affront him, nor tell him, that he wronged himself to be so credulous: this was not the maner to treat with a man, who extremely desired to justifie his actions. The *Cappadocian* striketh sail, seeming to have great compassion to finde him in such trouble, saying, *His children had done ill to disquiet him in that maner: that he came not to excuse his Son-in-law, but to chastise his Daughter, if she were found blame-worthy.* *Herod* was so comforted to hear him speak in this sort, that the tears stood in his eys, and *Archelaus*, seeing he had found the ready way of perswasion, began by little and little to declare unto him, that in truth the Princes his Sons had shewed a little too much insolence, but that their facility was much abused, and it would be good to take heed thereof. He did so well, that at the last he dissolved the calumny, and *Glaphyra* being there present, with her eloquence, and tears, obtained whatsover she would for her husband; so that the poor prisoner was instantly released.

Herod in the mean time lived like a *Cyclops* in his Cave, perpetually in the obscurity of an infinite number of distrusts, still upon the point of acting new cruelties; and, being observed to be capable of all sort of suspicions, the wicked *Antipater* failed not to furnish him with matter enough to foment his jealousies, and by the same means advance his fortunes. A wicked *Grecian* came to the Court of *Judea*, named *Eurycles*, who took upon him to be a Prince, and gave Presents to *Herod*, to insinuate himself into his friendship. The unhappy King relished this man, and ranked him in the number of his intimate friends. He was lodged with *Antipater*, and observing, that he at that time bare the greatest sway in affairs, he endeavoured by all means to win his favour, which he did, familiarly conversing with *Alexander*, and undermining him, that afterward he might carry truth and falshood to the ears of *Herod*, who gave him much credit.

Three years were not fully past, but behold calumny casteth the rest of her venome. Two Souldiers of *Herod*'s Guard, cashiered for some slight offence, were afterward indiscretely entertained in the house of *Alexander*, who loved them, seeing them sufficient men, and capable of good employments. Behold them accused of conspiracy, immediately apprehended, and put to torture. The vehemency of torment made them say, that, at the solicitation of *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*, they had a plot upon the person of *Herod*, to kill him in hunting. At the same time the Governour of the Cittadel of *Alexandrina*, (which was one of the strongest Fortresses of the Kingdom) is accused to have been willing to deliver it into the hands of these young Princes; which he denied strongly and stoutly. But his son, provoked against the father for some disgrace, said, the disposition was true, and at the same time produced false letters of *Alexander*, which seemed to confirm the same, held notwithstanding to come from the hand of Secretary *Diaphantus*, a store-house of falsifications.

Herod would have no more proofs, he caused his two sons to be apprehended, resolving to ruin them: and verily every man at that time accompted them lost. When these things were in hand, *Melas*, a Counsellour of the King of *Cappadocia*, came into *Judea*, to understand the knot of the business: he found it much envenomed, and desperate of remedy. The wicked father caused his sons to be fetched out of Prison, to examine them before *Melas*, and to confront them with the Depositions. *Alexander* asketh, *Where the accusers were*: it was answered, *They were already dead.* He replieth: "It was an unjust "proceeding to put them to death in the guilt of a "lie, drawn out by force of torments, for ever to "shut up their mouth from verity. As for himself, "and his brother *Aristobulus*, they never had any "other purpose but to flie to *Cappadocia*, and from "thence to pass to *Rome*, to free themselves from "the unquietness of their father. When *Herod* heard speech of the voyage of *Cappadocia*, he entreated *Melas* to enquire particularly of *Glaphyra*, if she more clearly would utter any thing touching this design. *Glaphyra* then was sent for, and when at her approach she beheld her husband in fetters, it was a dreadful thing to see her afflictions. *Alas! my dear husband* (said she) *are these the favours of your father? Is this the Diadem he hath promised you?* And thereupon her heart, oppressed with grief, stopped up the rest of her words. Tears stood in the eys of the miserable *Alexander*, who passionately loved her, and all the company was so troubled with this spectacle of pitie, that those there present to examine looked one upon another, and forgat the formalities

Court of a *Cyclops*.

Alexander, Son of *Mariamne*, imprisoned.

He is delivered by *Archelaus*.

Last endeavour of calumny.

Alexander, and *Aristobulus*, sons of *Mariamne*, imprisoned.

malities of justice. *Herod* asketh *Alexander*, if his wife were not partaker of all his secrets. He answereth, Such was her desert, and discretion, that he concealed nothing from her. The poor Lady was a little amazed at this word. Notwithstanding, with great simplicity she said, she was ignorant of all that had passed, as the child not yet born, yet was very ready to tell a lie to save her Husband, and that she never would disavow it, although he should charge her with some crime. *Alexander*, touched to the quick with this tenderness, said to her: "Madam, be not "astonished; you very well know, I never had any "other plot, but to carry you into *Cappadocia*, to "visit the King your Father. Behold all our offence.

This cured not *Herod*, but made him extend his suspicion upon King *Archelaus*, taking it ill, he should go about to withdraw his Son, without his privacy. He commanded the Prisoners to be set at liberty, and in the mean time sendeth new Ambassadours to *Rome*, to purge himself from some slanders wherewith he was charged, and to obtain of *Cæsar* full liberty to dispose of his children according as justice should require; which was assented unto. The young Princes are disgraced, and soiled with strange calumniations at *Rome*, so that no man durst undertake their defence. He very glad to have such dispatches, being (as he was) a man precisely formal, and ever giving colour of justice to his passion, assembleth the Council to frame an Indictment against his Sons, admitting all those, whom he saw mischievously bent to countenance his bad purpose, and sequestring others, who might cause some obstacle; amongst the rest *Archelaus*, expressly nominated by *Cæsar* to examine this business. Moreover, that which was an act of great injustice, he never would suffer his children to appear before the Judges, to be heard in their justification: but himself alone entereth into this Assembly, full of gall, and poison. Never was he seen to be so out of countenance, Passion having wholly transfigured him, in such sort, that he spake, and acted things little consonant to his gravity. His friends were to seek in him, and he seemed rather a savage Beast, then a King. Sometime he accused, and lamented within himself, sometime he stammered, and cut himself short. He produced Letters of his Son's, that had no value in them, as was those of their journey into *Cappadocia*, and yet, as if he had got a great victory, he cried out: *Sirs, What say you to this? Behold you not great malice? O that I had been dead before I had known any such thing!* Sometime he said he referred himself to Justice, and that through passion he would do nothing passionately. Sometime he published, he had not summoned this Assembly to judg, but to approve his opinion, to the end posterity might the more abhor Parricide. Then he cited *Deuteronomy*, which permitted Fathers to stone their rebellious children to death, and played the Scribe, or the Divine: then he shewed *Cæsar's* Letters, of which he made more account then of his *Deuteronomy*, and insisted thereupon, as if the offenders had already been peremptorily condemned by the sentence of *Augustus*. When they came to voices, *Saturninus* the *Roman*, a Consular man of great authority, absolutely disswadeth this cruelty, saying, Himself was a father, that he knew the price of children, and that *Herod* would repent him of this precipitation. This good man had three of his Sons with him, all gallant Personages, and well entertained in good employments, who spake in favour of these poor Princes. But to no purpose. After them standeth up *Volumnius*, a rude man, who drew to his faction all those, which practised to serve *Herod's* passion, who altogether most unjustly concluded upon their deaths. As soon as this Decree was published, on old Souldier of *Herod's*, named *Tyron*, very passionate for the innocents, went directly to the Palace; demandeth to speak to the King alone by himself, which was granted him. This honest man, taking him aside, gave him a sharp admonition, even to the reproaching him, that he had lost his wits, in commanding his true heirs to be put to death, to advance a Viper, who in the end would secretly sting him. *Herod* hearkened to him in the beginning with great patience, but speaking over-much, he asked him, Who are those, that take exception at this judgment? *My self* (saith the good old man) *first, and such, and such men of quality, whom he named.* *Herod* caused him to be cast into prison, laid hold of the rest, and condemneth them all to death. Afterwards causeth his Sons to be carried to *Sebaste*, and directeth the most cruel of his Guard to strangle them in prison.

Attaignment, and death of the innocent.

These unfortunate Princes, who expected nothing less then such a sentence, seeing the dreadfull faces of Executioners, and the fearfull Image of death before their eys, looked pale with horrour, and asked them, *Who brought you hither?* But they, pulling them aside as sacrifices, and discovering the instruments of their cruelty, soon shewed wherefore they came: for without making any other answer, they took them by the throat, and puting the fatal Cord about their necks, by main force strangled them, devoid of mercy.

The poor *Glaphyra*, who as yet lost not the hope of her husband's liberty, having at that time prepared a new battery to dispose her father-in-law to clemency, heard the tidings of the death of *Alexander*, and withall of her own widow-hood. She, a good space, remained in a trance, then mute as a statue, last of all a little recollecting her spirits, and casting out a sigh from the bottom of her heart, "Wo is me! "(saith she) I thought not *Herod* would have pro- "ceeded thus far. Tell him the sacrifice of his cruelty "is not finished, for behold, one part of the Victim "is yet alive. *Alexander*, my dear *Alexander*, who "for ever in my heart shall survive, needs must you "end your innocent life by this infamous punish- "ment? Must you have him for Executioner, whom "Nature allotted you for a Father? At the last, I "might have been called to receive the last groans "of thy pensive soul, to embosom thy final words, "and enchase them in my heart. Then turning her self to two little children, which she had by her sides: *Poor Orphans, what a Father have they snatched from you? Alas! you are timely taught the trade of misery.* The poor Lady, night and day, disconsolately afflicted her self, and being no longer able to endure the Court of *Judea*, no more then a Lion's den, she was sent back into *Cappadocia*, to the King her father. *Herod* kept with him the two Sons, under colour of their education, but in effect to establish himself, fearing lest their name should serve for a pretext of some revolt.

O the providence of God! It seemeth you much slacken to fall upon guilty heads. These young Princes, Sons of so virtuous a mother, so well bred, so well educated, accomplished with so many excellent parts, declared lawfull successours to the Crown; these Princes, who had been seen (not above five years before) to return in triumph from *Rome* to *Jerusalem*, like the two twin-stars, who gilded all *Palestine* with their rays; these Princes, that promised so many Tropheys, so many wonders, behold them in the sweetness of their years, in the flower of their hopes, at the gate of the Temple of Honour, for a small

ſmall liberty of ſpeech unworthily maſſacred, in ſtead of a Diadem on their heads, an Halter about their necks, and cauſed to be ſtrangled by two Sergeants, that ſo they might breath out their Royal ſouls under the hand of a Hangman. Behold the brave apprentiſhip, which *Herod* exerciſed three year together about the time of the birth of our Saviour, to prepare himſelf for actions much more enormous. It was ſaid of *Sylla*, that if Mercy had come upon the earth in humane ſhape, he had ſlain her. But *Herod* did much worſe. There remained nothing for him, after ſo many ſlaughters, but to embrew himſelf in the blood of fourteen thouſand Innocents, and attempt upon the Son of God himſelf, which preſently after happened, and of which every one by relation of the Scripture taketh notice.

Antipater, the Son of *Herod* from the top of the wheel.

It is time to behold the recompenſe thoſe wicked ſouls received, for having dipped their fingers in ſo much blood, and ſo many tragedies, to the end we therein may obſerve the proceedings of the Divine Providence, which ſpareth not, firſt ſlightly to touch and aſſay by ſome viſitation thoſe, which it afterwards reſerveth for the eternal pains of Hel. The deteſtable *Antipater*, who had directed all the paſſages of this wickedneſs, ſeeing the two Heirs of the Kingdom removed quite away by his practiſes, thought he had already a foot in the Throne. He continueth his cunning and malice, ever masking himſelf with the veil of piety, as if he had an unſpeakable care of the life and ſtate of his Father, while he in the mean time had no other aim, but quickly to make himſelf abſolute Maſter of all, fearing leſt the diſpoſition of *Herod*, which was very fleeting, might alter; and for this cauſe he went up and down daily practiſing very great intelligences. But he was hated by the people like a Tiger, and the ſouldiers, who ſaw him embrewed in the blood of his brothers, ſo beloved by all the Nobility, could in no ſort reliſh him. Above all, the people were extremely touched with compaſſion, when theſe little children of *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus* were led through the ſtreets, who had been bred in *Herod*'s Court. All the world beheld theſe poor Orphans with a weeping eye, and with ſorrow remembred the diſaſters of their fathers. *Antipater* well ſaw, it was fit for him to withdraw himſelf, and decline envie, and not ſindge his wings in the candle, fearing his father in proceſs of time (who in ſuch matters was ſubtile enough) might diſcover his purpoſes. Notwithſtanding, he was ſo ſecret, that he avoided to ask leave of *Herod* to ſequeſter himſelf, for fear to miniſter matter of ſuſpicion to him. But he cauſed letters cloſely to be written from *Rome* to his father, by friends whom he had wrought for that purpoſe, which imported all he deſired, to wit, that it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſent to *Rome*, to break the enterprizes which the *Arabians* plotted againſt the State of *Judea*. *Herod* having received theſe letters inſtantly diſpatched his Son *Antipater* with a goodly train, rich Preſents, and above all the Will of *Herod*, which declared him King after the death of his Father. Behold all he could deſire in the world. But as the eie of God never ſleepeth, and ſupprizeth the crafty in their own policies, it happeneth the miſchievous *Pheroras*, who had acted his part (as we have ſeen) in this lamentable tragedy, departed this life, by a ſudden death, and poiſoned (as it is thought) by the maid-ſervant whom he had married.

Conſpiracy of *Antipater* diſcovered.

Herod being requeſted to come into the houſe of his brother, to take examinations upon the fact, unexpectedly learneth how his Son *Antipater* had given poiſon to the dead *Pheroras*, at ſuch time as he was out of favour, to poiſon the King his Father, whileſt he was at *Rome*, that he ſpeedily might return into *Paleſtine* with a Crown on his head. This was depoſed even by the Son of the Comptroller of *Antipater*'s houſe, and circumſtanced with grounds and particulars ſo expreſs, that there was not any cauſe of doubt. *Herod* demanded where this poyſon was. He anſwered, It was in the hands of the Widow of his brother *Pheroras*. She being examined upon the Fact, goeth up into a higher Chamber, feigning to fetch it: and being mounted to the top of the houſe, ſhe, through deſpair, fell down headlong, with a purpoſe to kill her ſelf. But God ſuffered not the fall to be mortal; they much heartned her, and promiſed all impunity, if ſhe freely would deliver the truth. She telleth that true it was, her husband had received the poyſon of *Antipater*, and had ſome inclination to give the blow: but that a little before his death, he repented himſelf, and deteſted ſuch wickedneſs; and with theſe words, ſhe drew out the poyſon, which afterwards was known in the death of Delinquents to be very mortal. At the ſame time *Bathyllus*, ſet at liberty by *Antipater*, was taken coming from *Rome* to *Judea*, to adviſe *Pheroras* to haſten the buſineſs, and bearing with him a new poyſon, if the firſt were not of force.

In the mean time, *Antipater* wrote to the King his Father, that he laboured earneſtly at *Rome* to diſſolve Obloquies, and accommodate his affairs with clearneſs: that he hoped to come to a period in them, and quickly return into *Judea*. *Herod* was deſirous to lay hold upon him, and ſendeth him this Letter.

'My Son, the frailty of my age, and debility of 'my body, daily inſtructeth me that I am mortal. 'One thing comforteth me, that having made 'choice of your perſon to ſucceed me in my Eſtate, 'I ſhall behold the decrepitneſs of my age flouriſh 'again in your youth, and, as it were, bury my 'death in your life; ſince I ſhall live in one part of 'my ſelf, to me moſt pretious. I wiſh, you preſently were with me, not ſo much for the aſſiſtance I 'expect from your piety, as for the prejudice your 'abſence may impoſe on my Fortune. I ail not with 'the good leave of *Caſar*, to return hither as ſoon 'as you can: delays nothing advance our Affairs.

Subtilty againſt Subtilty.

This bait was too tempting to defend him from the hook: upon this news he would, as it were, fly to *Jeruſalem*; he diſpatcheth his affairs, takes leave of *Auguſtus*, and haſtily poſteth to obey his Father's commandments. It was an admirable thing, that in the way he never had any notice of that which paſſed, ſo hated he was both of God and men. Yet ſo it was, that being in *Cilicia* he learned, his Mother was diſgraced, which much aſtoniſhed him, ſo that he reſolved to retire back again, but one of his Council (perhaps wrought by *Herod*) ſhewed unto him, that, if nothing were plotted againſt him, he ought not to fear: and if any calumny were forged, he rather ſhould haſten to ſtrangle it; otherwiſe his abſence would thruſt him further into ſuſpicion. This counſel he believed, and notwithſtanding the remorſe of his conſcience, he took the way to *Judea*. When he was arrived in the Port of *Sebaſte*, he began to enter into greater apprehenſions of his own unhappineſs then ever. For upon the ſame Haven, where he before had beheld ſo great confluence of people, which made many loud acclamations at his departure, not for the love they bare him, but for obedience to *Herod*, who ſo would have it, he perceived the chance of

Woful event of *Antipater*.

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the Die to be now changed: he was entertained with reſpectleſs countenances, and that ſome beholding him ſcornfully muttered between their teeth, as curſing him for ſhedding the blood of his brothers. He was too far engaged to retire back, and the vengeance of God already had ſcored him out his lodging. He goeth directly from *Sebaſte* to *Jeruſalem*, and haſteneth to the Palace magnificently attired, and well attended. The Guard ſuffered him to enter, commanding all thoſe, who accompanied him, in the King's name to withdraw. He was much amazed to ſee himſelf taken like a bird in a ſnare; notwithſtanding he went forward, and entereth into the Hall, where his Father expected him, accompanied by *Quintilius Varus*, newly ſent from *Rome* as Governour of *Syria*. After he had made an humble obeyſance, according to the cuſtome, he came to kiſs his Father, but at that inſtant he heard the roaring of the Lion: for *Herod* retiring back, ſaid unto him; 'Avant thou murderer 'of Brothers, and Father: the kiſs of a Father was 'not inſtituted for thee. Behold *Quintilius* thy 'Judge. Adviſe with thy ſelf, what thou art to 'morrow to anſwer upon crimes whereof thou art 'accuſed.

He ſtrucken with this word, as with a thunderclap, withdrew, bearing terrour in his face, and the image of his crime in his thoughts. He in the next Chamber found his Mother and Wife weeping, with many laments already preparing his Funerals: amazement ſo ſeiſed him, he had not language to comfort them, nor ſo much as tears to bemone his own miſhap. He ſpent the whole night in great afflictions, finding by experience, it was much more eaſie to commit a crime, then excuſe it. The next morning he is ſent for by the Council, where he found the King his Father with *Quintilius Varus*, and many Counſellours of ſtate. Yea, Letters were then intercepted, very lately written by his Mother, which ſignified all was diſcovered, and that he ſhould careſully beware not to return, and put himſelf into the hands of his Father, if willingly he would avoid the throat of the Lion. This was repreſented unto him at the entrance to the Council: he expected nothing but the inſtant of ſtrangling, ſo much his conſcience tormented him. Behold the cauſe, why, caſting himſelf on his knees, he beſought his father not to condemn him, before he was heard.

Antipater accuſed before his Father.

Herod replieth: 'Impious Villain, what haſt thou 'to ſay? Hath God then preſerved thee to be the 'laſt ſcourge of my old age? Thou knoweſt, I have 'extracted thee from the dregs, to place thee over 'thy brothers, above, and beyond all hope. I have 'given thee my Money, my Revenues, my Autho'rity, my Favour, my Secrets, my Heart, and 'Crown into thy hands, in a Will ſigned with my 'own hand, and thou canſt not a little ſtay, till thy 'Father's eie is cloſed by natural death, to enjoy it? 'It was thither thy purpoſe aimed, when with ſuch 'heat thou didſt purſue the death of thy Brothers: 'nothing have I done in their Indictments, but by 'thy information, and advice. Wicked creature, I 'fear, leſt thou haſt ſtained me with their blood; 'thy Crime now makes their Innocency appear.

At theſe words he bitterly wept, the memory of *Mariamne*, and his unfortunate Children coming into his mind. He was ſo oppreſſed at his heart, that he was enforced to entreat *Nicholas Damaſcene*, who was as his Chancellour, to purſue the reſt. *Antipater* preventeth him, and ſpeaketh in his own defence: 'That he was much wronged in giving credit to Slaves, and ſilly women to his prejudice, that 'he had received Letters from *Cæſar*, whom a man, 'could deceive no more then God himſelf; which 'gave a moſt ample teſtimony of all his demeanors, 'and of the ſatisfaction he had given to *Rome*. That 'he never had failed in duty towards his Father, 'and that it were a paſſage of extreme folly to put 'himſelf into an uncertain hazard for a Crown, 'which he had, as it were, already in his hands. 'Briefly, without any further diſcourſe, he offered 'himſelf to be uſed like a Slave, and to be put to the 'torture for proof of his Innocency. And therewithal he dreadfully tormented himſelf in ſuch ſort, that he began to move all the company.

Nicholas Damaſcene, who was a rough Gameſter, taketh the word out of his mouth; he confronteth the Witneſſes, he interrogateth, urgeth, involveth, and puts him into confuſion, and thundereth a very bloody Invective againſt him: which at large is couched in *Joſephus*'s hiſtory, where like an Oratour he exagerateth all the circumſtances of his Crime. 'Behold you not (ſaith he) a brutiſh ſtupidity to 'conſpire againſt your Father, having as yet the 'blood of your Brothers before your eys, and all 'the aſſurances of the Sceptre in your hands? Needs 'muſt you perpetrate a Parricide, to make your 'ſelf poſſeſſour of a Crown, which was acquired 'for you by ſo ſolemn and authentical a Teſta'ment? Look you after nothing, but the blood of 'your Father, to ſet a ſeal upon it? Yea, of a Fa'ther, whoſe life is ſo dear to all honeſt men, and 'of nature ſo indulgent to love his Children, that 'have never ſo little merit. An ingratitude able to 'make Heaven bluſh, and Earth tremble under 'your feet. An ingratitude worthy, that all the E'lements ſhould conſpire to puniſh it.

This man ceaſed not to diſcharge againſt him words of fire with a maſculine eloquence, and the miſerable *Antipater* proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and prayed God to do a Miracle in favour of him, to make manifeſt his innocency, ſince he found himſelf ſo oppreſſed by the malice of men. It is wonder (ſaith the Hiſtorian) that thoſe, who, during their life have believed no God, would yet acknowledge him at their death. This man lived as if there were neither Heaven, God, nor Angels; and now, ſeeing himſelf in the horrours of death, prayed the Divinity to excuſe his Crime. *Varus* ſaith unto him; 'My friend, expect not extraordi'nary ſigns from Heaven in your favour, but, if you 'have any good reaſons, boldly produce them. The 'King your Father, deſireth nothing more then 'your juſtification. Thereupon he ſtood confounded, like a loſt man. *Varus* taking the poyſon, that had been before repreſented to the Council, cauſed it to be given to an Offender already condemned, who inſtantly died, and all the Aſſembly aroſe (as it is ſaid) with manifeſt condemnation of *Antipater*. His Father, eſteeming him abſolutely convicted, required of him his Complices: he only named *Antiphilus*, who brought the poyſon, ſaying, This wicked man was cauſe of all his unhappineſs.

It was a great chance, *Herod* at that time had not cauſed the ſentence of death to be executed upon him; but, according to his ordinary proceeding, he reſolved to inform *Cæſar* of all that had paſſed, and to ſend him the whole Proceſs formally drawn, to order all at his pleaſure. In the mean time *Antipater* is ſtraightly impriſoned, expecting hourly, as a miſerable Victim, the ſtroke of death.

Horrible ſtate of *Herod* in his laſt daies.

Herod at that time was about ſeventy years of age; and already felt, through imbecility of body, the

the approach of the laſt hour. It was a very hard morſel for him to digeſt. Never man better loved this preſent life: very freely would he have forſaken his part of the next world eternally, to enjoy this, though he in effect was therein moſt unhappy. Towards the end of his days he grew ſo harſh, ſo wayward, then ſo cholerick, and furious, that his houſhold-ſervants knew not how to come about him: they handled him in his Palace as an old Lion, chained with the Fetters of an incurable Malady. He perſwaded himſelf, he was hated of all the world, and was therein no whit deceived, as having given too great occaſion thereof. The people almoſt forgot their duty with impatience, and could no longer endure him.

The golden Fagle thrown down.

As ſoon as his ſickneſs was bruited abroad, *Judas* and *Matthias*, the principal Doctours of the *Jewiſh Law*, who had the youth at command, perſwaded the moſt valiant of their Sect to undergo a bold adventure; which was, that *Herod* having re-edified and adorned the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, and (as he had always ſhewed himſelf, for the accommodation of his own Eſtate, to be an Idolater of *Caſar*'s Fortune) to ſet upon the principal Gate the *Romane* Eagle, all glittering in Gold. This much offended the ſight of the *Jews*, who could not endure any ſhould place Portraictures of men, or beaſts, or any other figures in their Temples; ſo much they abhorred ſuch Monſters, which their Fathers had ſeen adored in *Egypt*. Behold why this *Judas*, and *Matthias*, who were the chief, thinking the ſickneſs of *Herod* would help them, began earneſtly to exhort the moſt valiant of the young men, who every day frequented their houſes, to take in hand the quarrel of God, according to the ſpirit of their Anceſtours, and to beat down this abomination, which they had fixed upon their Temple. That the peril was not now ſo great, *Herod* having enough to do to wraſtle with his own pain: but, if it ſhould happen they loſt their lives, to die in ſo glorious an act was to be buried in the midſts of Palms and Triumphs.

There needed no more to encourage the youth. Behold! a troop of the moſt adventurous came forth about the midſt of the day, armed with Axes, and Hatchets, who climbed to the top of the Temple, and hewed in pieces the Eagles in the ſight of the whole world; *Judas*, and *Matthias* being there preſent, and ſerving for Trumpets in this Exploit. The noiſe hereof inſtantly came to the Palace, and the Captain of the Guard ran thither with the moſt reſolute Souldiers. He much feared ſome further Plot, and that this defacing of the Eagle might prove a preamble to ſome greater Sedition. But at the firſt, as he began to charge, the people retired, which the more encouraged him for purſuit. Fourty young men, of thoſe who had done the feat, were taken in the place; *Judas*, and *Matthias*, who accompanied them, deeming it a thing unworthy to fly away, and that at the leaſt they ought to follow them in peril, whom they had brought into danger. Being preſented to *Herod*, and demanded from whence this boldneſs proceeded, they freely anſwered, Their Plot had been fully agreed upon among themſelves, and if it were to do again, they would be in readineſs to put it in execution, in regard they were more bound to *Moſes*, then *Herod*. *Herod* amazed at this reſolution, and fearing greater commotions, cauſed them to be ſecretly conveyed to *Jericho*, whither himſelf after, though crazy, was carried, and, aſſembling the principal, ſpake to them out of his Litter, making a long Narration of the good Offices he had done in favour of the whole Nation; of the Temple he had built for them; of the Ornaments, with which he had enriched it: adding, He had done in few years, what their *Aſmonean* Kings could not perform in ſixſcore: and, for recompenſe of his piety, at Noon-day they had hewn down, with notable boldneſs, an holy Gift, which he had raiſed in the Temple, wherein God was more intereſſed then himſelf; for which he required a reaſon.

Theſe now, fearing any further to incenſe him, declined the danger, and put him upon their Companions, leaving them to the pleaſure of the King. At that time the High-prieſthood is taken from *Matthias*, and another *Matthias*, who was held to have been the Authour of the Sedition, burned alive that night with his companions; at which time an eclipſe of the Moon was ſeen, that made this ſpectacle much more dreadful.

Fearful Malady of *Herod*.

Herod in few days, after he had tried in vain, and worn out all humane remedies, was reduced to that horrible ſtate of malady, which is rightly deſcribed by *Joſephus*, and *Euſebius* of *Caſarea*. God would have him in this life taſt in long draughts the cup of his Juſtice, waſting that caitiff carkaſs with lingering torments. Behold the cauſe, why he was touched with a manifeſt wound from Heaven, and aſſaulted with a furious Squadron of remedileſs dolours. He, who from his young days had been enflamed with a deſperate ambition, felt at his death a fire, which devoured his marrow and entrails with a ſecret and ſubtile flame. He, who all his life-time had an enraged hunger to heap up treaſures, even to the opening of *David*'s, and *Solomon*'s Sepulchres, to extract booty from thence, was afflicted with dog-like hunger, both horrible, and ſhameful, which cauſed him day and night to cry out for meat, yet never was ſatisfied. He, who had made ſo many voyages, and gone ſo many paces to make himſelf great, ſaw then his feet ſwoln with bad and phlegmatick humours. He, who in his life had cauſed ſo many tortures to be inflicted, felt outragious and intolerable cholicks, which racked him. He, who had taken life away from ſo many men, was ſeiſed with an Aſthma, which hindered his breathing. He, who eſteemed Prudence and humane Policy for the ſinews of his Eſtate, felt in his body Cramps, and Convulſions of ſinews, which gave him many ſhakes. He, who ſhed the blood of the poor *Mariamne*, who ſlew her Sons, to make the Kids (as ſaith the Scripture) boil in the milk of their Damm; briefly, he who wallowed in the blood of about fourteen thouſand Innocents, of purpoſe to involve therein the Saviour of the World; died in his own blood, afflicted with a cruel Flux. He, who abuſed his body with prodigious Luxuries, had, dying, his ſecret parts filled with Lice, and Vermine, with an ignominious Priapiſm, a Malady not to be named.

Shall we then ſay, the Divine Providence of God hath no eys to be wakeful for the puniſhment of the wicked? This deſperate Wretch, inſtead of adoring the Juſtice of God at his death, and kiſſing the Rod, which had chaſtiſed him, dreameth of new Slaughters, publiſheth an Edict, by which he ſendeth for the principal of the *Jews* of every Province to *Jericho*, whither he cauſed himſelf to be carried, and, ſhutting them up in a Theatre, calleth his Siſter *Salome*, and her Husband *Alexas*, and then ſpeaketh to them in theſe words:

Notorious cruelty.

'It troubleth me not to die, and tender the Tri-
'bute, which ſo many Kings have paid before me:
'but I am afflicted, that my death ſhall not be la-
'mented as I deſire, if you aſſiſt not. Know then,

'for

'for this purpose I have sent for all the Nobility 'of *Judea*, whom you have in your hands. As soon 'as my eys are closed, put them all to the Sword, 'and let not my death be divulged, till first the for- 'tune of these same people be known, to their 'friends: by this means I hope to fill *Judea* with 'tears, and sighs; which shall make my Soul leave 'my body with the more contentment.

The Wretch in saying this, with many scalding tears, besought his Sister by all that which she esteemed in the world most glorious, most sacred, as if he had asked Paradise of her, and that necessarily she must promise it to content him at that instant with oath, though afterward it were never executed. In this act alone he well declared, he had the spirit of a ravening Wolf in the skin of a man, and that the thirst of humane blood was become natural to him.

Death of *Antipater*.

As he was framing this notable Testament, Letters were brought him from *Rome*, written by *Cæsar*'s command; which certified him, that *Acme*, a *Jewish* Lady, of *Livia*'s Train, the Wife of *Augustus*, had been condemned for sinister intelligence with *Antipater*, and for that cause punished with death. As concerning his Son, he wholly left him to his disposition. This man in the very point of death still sucked vengeance with marvellous sweetness. Upon this news he taketh courage again, and calls for an Apple, and a Knife, busying himself in the paring of it. But in these employments, as his pains redoubled, he waxed weary of life, which he so much had loved; and at that instant, one of his Grand-children, named *Achiabus*, who stood near to the Bed, perceiving he rolled his eys full of rage, and made a shew as if he would have stabbed himself with the knife he had in his hand (which much affrighted the young Prince) held back his arm, as well as he could, and began to make a terrible out-cry, as if his Grand-father had yielded up the Ghost; whereupon the whole Palace was in an uproar. *Antipater*, who from the Prison heard all this tumult, supposing *Herod* was at the last cast, his feet itched in his Fetters, and did not as yet despair of the Crown, offering, as one would say, Mountains of Gold to his Keeper, to set him at liberty. But, O the judgment of God! his Goaler, in stead of giving ear to all his rewards, went directly to his Father, and relateth to him, how *Antipater* used all possible means to get out of prison, and take possession of the Kingdom. *Herod* howling, and knocking his head, *How* (saith he) *will the Parricide murther me in my bed? I have yet life enough left to take away his.* Then lifting himself up, and leaning on his Pillow, he calleth one of his Guard; *Go you immediately* (saith he) *to the Prison, and kill this Parricide, and let him be buried in* Hyrcanus's *Castle without Funeral pomp.* This was incontinently executed, and such was the end of this wicked Wretch, who had disturbed Earth, and Hell, to place himself in his Father's Throne, according as certain *Mathematicians* had foretold him.

Few days after his death, *Herod*, having declared *Archelaus* for Successour of the Kingdom, contrary to his first will, which was disposed in the behalf of *Antipater*, after he had accommodated his two other Sons with such shares, as seemed good to him, and given large Legacies to *Augustus Cæsar*, yielded up his wicked Soul in rage, and despair, in the LXX. year of his age, and XXXVII. of his Reign.

End of a Politician most disastrous.

A Prince (saith *Josephus*) who all his life desired to be Master of his Laws, and a Slave of his Passions; and who, notwithstanding all his great felicities, ought to be reputed the most miserable on the earth. Behold in what terms this Authour, a great Statist, speaketh it, to teach humane policy, there is no Prudence, Wisdom, Counsel, Greatness, nor Happiness, where God is not present. For laying aside eternal torments of the other life, wherewith this barbarous man, dying in punishments, was encompassed; I assure my self, there is neither Peasant, nor Handy-crafts-man, if he be not mad, would give one day of his life for the thirty seven years of *Herod*'s Reign, which he passed in continual apprehensions, thorny affairs, perilous voyages, sinister distrusts, frosty fears of death, barbarous cruelties, remorses of conscience, the fore-runners of Hell, leaving besides a short and unfortunate Posterity. Behold his Picture, and Elogy!

HERODES ASCALONITA, VULTU FERUS, ANIMO BARBARUS, LUTO ET SANGUINE MACERATUS, A QUO NIHIL AD SUMMAM CRUDELITATEM PRÆTER DEICIDIUM ABFUIT, DEICIDIO VOLUNTAS NON DEFUIT: VULPINA FRAUDE REGNUM JUDEÆ INVASIT, AN. MUNDI TER MILLESSIMO NONGENTESSIMO SEXAGESSIMO QUINTO. REGNAVIT IRÆ SERVUS, JURIS DOMINUS, FORTUNA FELIX, CYCLOPÆA VITA INFELICISSIMUS. DESIIT COELESTI PLAGA FERALIS MORBI, ANNO REGNI TRICESSIMO SEPTIMO, VITÆ FERME SEPTUAGESSIMO, CHRISTI OCTAVO.

Upon the PICTURE of *HEROD.*

A man no whit with civil Grace endu'd,
Of Viſage hideous, of Manners rude;
A Monſter, made of maßacres and blood,
That boldly God, Heav'n, Nature's Laws with-
(ſtood:
Ill words within no certain limits fall,
But who once mentions Herod, *ſpeaketh all.*

BY the carriage of this Court one may ſee whither Vice tranſporteth great Fortunes. In the perſon of *Ariſtobulus*, and *Hyrcanus*, you behold that the Canker is to a body leſs dangerous, then the diſcord of Brothers to a State.

In the perſon of *Antipater*, a friend for advantage, who ſeeketh to fiſh in a troubled water, in the end fiſheth his fill, but is drowned in the act; to teach you, there is no policy ſo great, as to be an honeſt man, and that he, who prepareth ſnares for another, diggeth his own Grave.

In the perſon of *Pompey*, an Arbitratour, who worketh his own ends under the colour of juſtice, who buildeth his ambition on the ruines of ſtate, in the end, the Earth, which faileth him for his Conqueſts, denieth him a Sepulchre. He found no more Countries to conquer, and ſcarcely had he ſix foot of earth to make him a Tomb.

In that of *Hyrcanus*, too much credulity, too much facility to pleaſe others humours, too much puſillanimity in the government of Juſtice, which head-long threw him into a life as miſerable, as his death was cruel and bloody.

In that of *Anthony*, a paſſionate Judge, who turneth with all winds, and ſuffereth himſelf to be carried along by the ſtronger, without conſideration of Juſtice.

In that of *Joſeph*, and *Schemus*, that it is perilous to treat with women, though free from ill purpoſe, and much more dangerous to reveal a ſecret, which who will ſafely keep, muſt make his heart a Sepulchre for it.

In that of young *Ariſtobulus*, how the moſt beautiful hopes are ſtorm-beaten in the bud, and that you muſt walk upon the proſperity of the world, as on Ice, that it muſt be handled like glaſs, fearing always they break not in the luſtre of their brightneſs.

In that of *Alexandra*, a boundleſs ambition, deſigns

ſigns without effect, afflictions devoid of conſolations, torments without patience, and a death without deſerts, and all this becauſe ſhe gave not a good temper of virtue to her ſoul.

In that of the ſons of *Mariamne*, innocency perſecuted, and a little vanity of tongue deſperately revenged.

In that of young *Antipater*, policy deceived, the cloud of humane hopes cracked, puniſhment and revenge ever attending an offender.

In the perſon of *Herod*, an enraged ambition, which giveth motion to all his crimes, a double ſoul, crafty, cautelous, politick, miſchievous bloudy, barbarous, ſavage, and withall in the beſt of his tricks benummed, doltiſh, and dull, thinking to make a fortune to the prejudice of Religion and Conſcience. A goodly fortune, to make himſelf great, and live in the hatred of all the world, in the remorſes of a Cyclopean conſcience, a thouſand times a day to call upon death, not being able to die, and in the end to die in a body Leaprous, Stinking, Lowſy, and death to teare his ſoul from him with Scabs, Stench, and Lice, to make it ſurvive its torments in an eternity of flames. See you not here fair fruits of humane Wiſdom, Impiety, and Atheiſm?

In that of *Mariamne*, a ſoul raiſed above the higheſt ſphere of true greatneſs, a ſoul truly royal, holy, religious, courteous, merciful, wiſe, affable, and endowed with an incomparable patience, who as an Eagle, ſtrong of wing and courage, ſoaring above the ſtorms of the world, maketh her ſelf Miſtreſs of Tempeſts and Thunders, which for that they had ſerved as an exerciſe of her conſtancy, and perpetual battels for her life, ſhall through all Ages attend the immortality of her glory.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

Fortunate Piety.

WE have hitherto beheld a Court, which rather reſembleth *Polyphemus* Cave, then a King's Palace, to teach Great-ones, there is no brutiſhneſs ſo ſavage, whereinto Ingratitude towards God, and Vice, doth not precipitate a forſaken ſoul. Let us now ſee, that as unbridled Paſſions are of power to make an hell of a Prince's Court, ſo the Practice of Piety and other virtues make it a true Paradiſe. Behold the Court of *Theodoſius* the Younger, a Prince, who ſeemed to be born for nothing elſe but to ally the Sceptre to virtues, and manifeſt what royal greatneſs can do, guided by the rules of Piety.

Ring of God.

It is no ſmall miracle to behold an holy King. If God affected the curioſity of wearing a Ring, as well in effect as the Scripture attributeth it to him in Allegory, the moſt agreeable characters he would engrave therein, were the names of good Kings, who are his moſt lively repreſentations, as thoſe, who wed together power and goodneſs, two inſeparable pieces of God, but very incompatible in the life of man, ſuch are the corruptions of this Age.

Four ſorts of life.

Some live in the world tranſported with the torrents thereof, and that is weakneſs. Others flie the world, and in flying oft-times carry it along with them, and this is an illuſion. Others ſeparate themſelves as well in body as affection: and this is prudence. But few are found, who bearing the world on their ſhoulders through neceſſity, do tread it under-foot by contempt of vanities. That is it, which this great Prince hath done, whoſe Court we here deſcribe: for being ſeated among people, he built a deſert in his heart, and in a vaſt Ocean of affairs he lived as fiſhes, which keep ſilence within the loud noiſe of Waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh waters. I go not about to place *Theodoſius* the Younger in the rank of the braveſt and moſt heroick ſpirits, you hereafter ſhall ſee others more couragious and warlike; but I purpoſely have ſelected this Hiſtory, drawn from the Chronicle of *Alexandria*, *Zonaras*, *Sozomen*, *Raderus*, and others, to teach certain vain-glorious people, who make no accompt but of thoſe trifling ſpirits, fierce, mutinous, and unquiet, ſtamped with the coyn of impiety, how much they miſs of their reckoning; ſeeing this Emperour, with the ſole arms of piety, and modeſty, carried himſelf in a very long and moſt proſperous Reign, amidſt horrible tempeſts, which ſeemed ready to rend the world; and other raſh Princes, who made ſhew to ſwallow earth and ſeas, were drowned in a glaſs of water.

Extraction of *Theodoſius*.

God made his birth and education ſingularly to contribute to the ſanctity of his life. He was deſcended from *Trajan*, called the good Emperour by ſupereminence of worth: his Grand-father was the great *Theodoſius*, a man, who in arms had no ſuperiour that preceded him, and in piety no better ſecond then his Grand-child. The Emperour *Arcadius* was his father, a moſt generous Prince, who in the very begining of the fifth Age, to wit, the year after the Nativity of our Saviour, four hundred and one, ſaw this infant riſe as a bright Star, at that time when he ended the courſe of his life: as the Poets feigned the Sun reareth himſelf from the bed of aged *Tython*, to illuſtrate the world. His Nativity was foretold by the mouth of Saints, his moſt tender infancy conſecrated by the deſtruction of Idols; God at one and the ſame time putting him in the number of the living, and in the rank of Protectours of the Church, by a moſt remarkable act, of which behold the narration.

His birth foretold.

Propheſie of S. *Procopius*.

Saint *Procopius*, an Hermit endowed with admirable ſanctity, illuminated with the ſpirit of Propheſie, lived in the iſle of *Rhodes*, praying daily for the deſtruction of ſome remnants of Idolatry, which reigned in the *Roman* Empire, when by good chance two holy Prelates, *Porphyrius* and *John*, the one Biſhop of *Gaza*, the other of *Caſarea* in *Paleſtine*, ſaying for that purpoſe to *Conſtantinople*, went to lodg in the Hermitage of this holy man. He having received them with all reſpect anſwerable to their qualities, and entertained them according to the poverty of the Cell, underſtanding they travelled to the capital City

City of the Eastern Empire, of purpose to obtain an Edict from the Emperour, absolutely to destroy the Temples of Idols, and bridle the insolencies of Pagans, who stirred with so much the more boldness, as the drouping faintness of the government of those times promised them impunity, he was infinitely comforted to see so great Personages undertake so worthy a work, and God then prompting him these words, he saith: *Conrage, Fathers, the glory of this Conquest is due to your piety: Go stoutly to* Constantinople, *and acquaint the holy Bishop* John Chrysostom *with this design, resolving to execute what he shall think fit. For the rest, know the Empress is nine moneths gone with childe, and that, which is more, she beareth an Emperour in her womb: upon the Mother, and the Son who is to be born, depends the expedition of this affair.* They, very glad of this prediction, left the good Hermit *Procopius*, and in ten days arrived at *Constantinople*, where presently they visited Saint *John Chrysostom*, who received them with much respect, and very great contentment.

The affair being put into deliberation, the Bishop of *Constantinople* saw well, that the Empress might therein much assist, and that God ordinarily useth the piety of women to advance the affairs of Religion. Notwithstanding, he durst not present these two Prelates to her, fearing his recommendation might be prejudicial: for he very lately had a sharp difference with the Empress. It was *Eudoxia*, a woman of a great spirit, and who naturally loved virtue, as milk in her Infancy, but she had a heart extremely haughty, and quickly would be offended, if any thing of great consequence were undertaken against her authority. Behold wherefore St. *Chrysostom*, who was of no pleasing disposition, as one, who had a spirit alienated from ordinary complements, sometimes towards those of his own coat, reprehending her openly at many meetings in the point of glory, wherein she most desired to be soothed, raised her indignation to the clouds. She was as yet in the height of her passion against him, and therefore he, judging it to no purpose for him to sollicite her, caused the two Bishops to be presented by the means of one called *Amantius*, an attendant of *Eudoxia*'s chamber, a very wise man, and of great credit with his Lady. She, who knew her childe-bed-time at hand, gave very free access to religious men, as hoping all good success by help of their devotions; and seeing these two Bishops were particularly recommended to her by *Amantius*, in quality of persons endowed with a very eminent sanctity, she was unsatisfied till she had seen them, and having most courteously saluted them, excusing her bigness with child to have hindred her passage to the door for their reception, according to the usual practice towards persons of their worth, she forbear not most affectionately to conjure them to employ their most fervent prayers to obtain of God a happy delivery for her. The holy Bishops, after they had wished her the childe-birth of *Sarah*, of *Rebecca*, and St. *Elizabeth*, began to declare the cause of their voyage, unfolding in very express terms the indignity of this Idolatry, the insolency of Pagans, the contempt of things sacred, the oppression of people, the lamentable mischief it would be to behold the worshipping of Idols still to flourish, which to abolish, the Saviour of the world had so much sweat, so much wept, and shed so much blood; and to see it predominate, as it were, in the eys of a most magnificent Emperour, and a most religious Empress, who had all the means to extirpate it. That in such a field the palms of eternal glory should be gathered, and that better they could not secure their estate, then by destroying the work of Satan, to erect the Tropheys of *Jesus*.

Eudoxia, mother of *Theodosius*.

Her humour.

Bishops treat with the Empress.

Eudoxia taketh fire, being thereto otherwise well enough disposed, and promiseth to recommend the business to the Emperour, to obtain the dispatches they required for their better contentment. The Bishops retired, expecting the effect of this promise. The Lady faileth not to offer her requests, and strike the stroke with her best dexterity. But Court-affairs proceed not always on the same feet, which the desire of the zealous move upon: she findeth the Council engaged in these retardations, who think it to no purpose to roll such a stone, "That Idolatry "should be left to bury it self, and at leisure dress "its own funerals. That the means to ruine it, is "to remove the heads of the Sect from all kinde of "Honours, and publick Dignities: to forbid the exercise of Superstition, and Conventicles, which "they make in private houses, to subdue Idolaters, "and burn them, as it is said, with a soft fire: That "the demolishment, which should be made of those "great Temples of Idols which yet remained, "would make much noise, and yield little fruit: "That this might thrust rebellious spirits into manifest despair; and in a word, it was feared, it "might be a means to turn the coin of the Empe-"rour's coffers another way, who drew a good "round revenue from the City of *Gaza*, which "even at that time was in hand.

Zeal of *Eudoxia*.

Judgment of *Arcadius* his Council.

The consideration of interest, which ever holdeth as it were the ascendent in the spirits of men, transported at that time the belief of the Empress, who would no further proceed in this pursuit. She caused the Bishops to be assembled, signifying to them, how having treated this business with much fidelity, and sollicitude, she could not finde the Council disposed to this resolution; that they must have patience, and suffer the fruit to ripen before it be gathered.

Porphyrius unfoldeth the Prophesie.

Thereupon *Porphyrius*, Bishop of *Gaza*, the principal Agent, as being the most interessed, well perceiving the Empress had not used the utmost of her credit, saith to her in a discrete, and effectual manner: "Madam, that your Majesty may not "fear seriously to employ your endeavours in the "business now in question, I promise you in recompense, that God will give you a Son, which you "bear in your body, and that quickly you shall "see it to sway the Scepter by your side. Women desire nothing more then to conceive male children: but, if it concerneth the establishment of houses, they passionately love their Sons. *Eudoxia*, who, notwithstanding all the forcible words of *Porphyrius*, had before not undertaken the affair but sleightly, upon this promise made to her of a male childe, and of a Son to be Emperour, protesteth to employ her self wholly therein, and in such maner, that she not onely would cause the Idols of *Gaza* to be thrown down to the ground, and absolutely raze the Temple, but (which was not to be expected from her zeal) she addeth, she would build in the place of the Temple (it being demolished) a most magnificent Church. *Porphyrius*, thanking her for so much favour, taketh leave to retire to his lodging, attending the effect of the good man's Prophesie. *Eudoxia* faileth not in few days to be delivered of a fair Son, who is our *Theodosius* the Younger. As soon as he beginneth to breath air, behold him covered with royal Purple, declared *Augustus*, with intention to associate him the year following to the Empire of his Father. All the world was poured into joy at the birth of this infant, there was nothing but sports, largesses, and pub-

Birth of *Theodosius*.

lick

lick alacrity, so much happiness they promised themselves from this little *Theodosius*, in whose infancy already were seen all hopes of the publick to bud.

The Empress, seven days after her delivery, shewing her self very gratefull to God, caused the Bishops to be called, and received them at her chamber-door; then holding her little *Theodosius* covered with a royal garment in her arms *Fathers*, (saith she to them) *behold the fruits of your Prayers, bless the Mother, and her Infant.* Then bowing her royal head under the hands, and benediction of the Bishops, she presenteth to them the fruit of her childe-bearing to be marked with the Sign of our Redemption, which they presently did.

Dream of *Porphyrius.*

The good Empress having made them to sit down, *Well then* (saith she) *what shall we do for discharge of our promise? Porphyrius* taking the word relateth to her a dream he had the night before upon this subject, which was, that he seemed to be at *Gaza*, a City of his Bishoprick, in the Temple of Idols, named the Temple of *Marna*, and that the Empress coming to him, offered him a book of the *Gospels*, entreating him to open it, and read therein whatsoever he should first encounter, and that, upon the opening thereof, he found these words couched in the Gospel of St. *Matthew*: *Thou art* Peter, *and upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the gates of Hel shal have no power against it*: and that thereupon the Empress should say: *Courage, in good time.* That (saith she) very well accordeth with the design I have figured in my mind for the expedition of our affair. In few days, I hope the Son, whom God hath given me, shall be presented at the holy Font of Baptism: in the mean time prepare some very ample request, whatever you think good of, and upon return from the Christening, just at your going out of the Church, present it confidently to my Son. I will instruct him, that shall carry him in his arms, to take it, and do what then shall be needfull. When he is returned to the house, I will do the rest, and hope so much from the mercifull hand of God, that we shall have all we desire. The Bishops assembled fail not to present their request, causing therein to be inserted not onely the destruction of the Temple, but also many Privileges, and immunities in favour of their Churches.

Pious stratagems of a woman.

Baptism of *Theodosius.*

The day of Baptism being come, all the City is adorned, and hanged, in such sort, that it seemed a little Heaven, where the Sun and Stars smiled out of their houses. The Infant is carried in solemn pomp to the Font, washed, and regenerated with the water of Baptism, by the hands of St. *John Chrysostom*, who gave him the name of *Theodosius* his Grand-father, and then adopted him for his spiritual childe. Baptism ended, they went out of the Church in very good order: the Princes, and Lords of the Court glittered in robes of their degrees, as Stars; the Court of Guard was in very good equipage, the number of those, who attired in white bare burning Tapers in their hands, was so great, that they seemed to equal the lights of Heaven. The Emperour *Arcadius* was there in person, appearing that day with a most singular Majesty, as he, who had given an Emperor to the world. Near to the father the little *Theodosius* was carried, who drew tears of joy from all the people. The Bishops, *Porphyrius*, and *John*, beheld this goodly Procession to pass along, and in the mean time spied their opportunity. They failed not to approach near, as the Empress had instructed them, and with a lowly obeysance presented their Petition to the Infant. The Gentleman, who bare him in his arms, received it, and opened it, as if he would make the little *Theodosius* to read it, afterwards, skilfully guiding him with his hand, he made him bow his head, upon which he cried out aloud, speaking to the Emperour, who was near: *Sacred Majesty, our little Master agreeth unto all whatsoever these good Prelates have asked of him:* and in speaking this held the Petition upon his breast. The people credulous, and desirous to flatter the Emperour, thinking the Infant had made this inclination of his own motion, began at that instant to thunder with loud acclamations of joy, congratulating with the Emperour, that he had a Son, who, through forwardness of judgment, already received Petitions.

As soon as they were come to the Palace, the Mother, who had contrived all this business, made it to be read to her over and over, as a thing she had never thought on before, and straightways commandeth in the presence of the Emperour to open the Petition once again. There was to be read the destruction of the Temple of *Marna*, and many immunities, which the Bishops earnestly demanded. The Emperour knew not which way to turn him, well knowing he had very lately rejected this suit at his Council-table, resolving with himself to refuse it the second time. But the battery was too forcible. *Eudoxia* declared, it was an ill presage not to ratifie the first grant her Son had made by a kinde of miracle, in such an age, such an habit, on such a day, and among such shouts of the people. I know not who could have resisted such sweet violences.

Marna destroyed by the Infant *Theodosius.*

Arcadius, will he nill he, was constrained presently to sign the Petition, without restriction, or modification; and, which is more, to constitute expres Commissioners for the execution thereof, who failed not, upon the urgent sollicitation made by the Empress, to raze the Temple of *Marna*, and build a most stately Church in the place.

Women stout to do good.

Behold how potent, and religiously cunning women are, when they addict themselves to good. But God made all these passages conduce to the glory of his well-beloved *Theodosius*, willing, that Hell should howl, and tremble already under the feet of an Infant, who was no more then born, to make him one day dreadfull to all the powers of impiety.

Contentions between the Empress *Eudoxia*, and Saint *Chrysostom.*

The joy of the Parents conceived for the birth of *Theodosius* was not long. I know not through what mischance *Eudoxia* contested again with St. *Chrysostom*, upon a wilfulness, as forcible in the pursuit as unfortunate in the issue; for it steeped the remnant of this poor Princes days in bitter distasts, and headlong threw her into a death disavantageous to the reputation of her life: to teach Great-ones, and above all, Ladies, to bridle their passions, and never to oppose the authority of the Church. The Mitres of Prelates are as the Crowns of the Kings of *Egypt*, they carry aspicks, which insensibly sting those, who too near approach with intention to offend them, having Justice on their side. It was a shamefull spectacle for Christendom, to see, upon this great Theatre of the world, a woman contest with a Bishop, and hazard her reputation against the most eloquent Tongue of the World. This Princes was ardent in any thing she enterprized, and made all affairs dance to the tune of her intentions: she so powerfully wrought the Bishops, that they assembled a little Council of Prelates, passionate, and pliant to her will, who passed a sentence of condemnation against *Chrysostom*, under pretext of a scroul, charged with a tedious contexture of calumnies, invented against this holy Prelate. *Eudoxia* would free her self, and, to give contentment to the people, it behoved her to proceed therein with some colour of justice. Behold

A good document for Great-ones.

Saint *Chrysostom* banished.

him

him baniſhed into *Bithynia*. It was a bold act to tear out of the Throne of *Conſtantinople* a man, who, filling the ſayls of Eloquence, as eaſily moved the people, as Winds do the ſands of *Lybia*, which ſtir at their pleaſure. The people of *Conſtantinople* ſpared not to murmur, as do the Waves of a mutinous Sea, and their mutterings were ſeconded with an Earthquake, which happened there at the ſame time; all tended to a revolt, if *Chryſoſtom* had not been repealed from this exile by the Emperour's authority.

Being returned to his See, he altered nothing of his former manner, crying out, thundering, and violently beating down the vice and corruptions of that Age. And as by chance *Eudoxia* cauſed a ſilver Statue to be dedicated to her ſelf in a publick place, at the conſecration whereof many ſports, dances, and diſorders were uſed; this gave new occaſion to ſpeak, which ſo vexed the Empreſs, that ſhe reſolved to ruin him, whatſoever it coſt her. *Arcadius* ſhewed himſelf a little ſoft, and obſequious to the humour of his wife, who ſpared no wiles, inventions, credit, nor violence to bring her enterprize to paſs. She came in the end (unhappy as ſhe was) to be as proſperous, as ſhe wiſhed in this purſuit. S. *John Chryſoſtom* is exiled to *Cucuſa*, a town in *Armenia*, which hath nothing more remarkable in it, then to have been honoured with the baniſhment of this worthy man. He ſwallowed ſo many toils and incommodities in this exile, that there he left his life, the more to illuſtrate the glory of his death. Divers prodigies happened at *Conſtantinople*, as meſſengers of the anger of Heaven armed for revenge of this injuſtice. Among others a violent ſtorm of Hail, which much aſtoniſhed all the City, and, four days after, *Eudoxia* died in travel, having long endured many bitter throws. It is held, her Sepulchre ſhook, until ſuch time as the body of the Saint, carried in Triumph through *Conſtantinople*, ſeemed by the preſence thereof to fix her tomb, who had furniſhed him with ſo many diſturbances in his life.

Death of the Empreſs.

The emperour *Arcadius* made no long abode in this world after the death of the Empreſs his wife, and S. *John Chryſoſtom*; behold him ſurprized with a maladie, which he preſently knew to be as it were a fore-runner of his death. After he had ſettled the affairs of his conſcience, he ordered thoſe of his Kingdom, and though he had his brother *Honorius* Emperour of the *Weſt*, he would not rely upon him for the guardianſhip of his ſon; all great men are jealous, and many times diffident of their own blood: but he appointed as Tutour for his little *Theodoſius* (who then was onely eight years of age) *Iſdigerdes* King of *Perſia*, his friend, who deputed a great Prince, named *Antiochus*, to eſtabliſh an abſolute peace with the Emperour, and offer him his aid againſt all pretenſes, that might be raiſed againſt his ſtate. *Artemius*, a Conſular man, very wiſe and faithful, took the ſtern of affairs in hand, which moſt proſperouſly he managed in the great troubles and revolutions of the *Weſtern* Empire.

Qualities of Pulcheria ſiſter of Theodoſius.

Theodoſius was left an Orphan with four ſiſters, *Flaccilla*, *Pulcheria*, *Arcadia*, and *Marina*, but above all the reſt *Pulcheria* poſſeſſed his heart from his infancy. She was the Pearl of Princeſſes, and one of the wiſeſt women, which ever managed the affairs of a Kingdom. She had a ſtrong and pleaſing ſpirit, a ſolid piety, an awakened wiſdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. Her brother made ſuch accompt of her rare virtues, that he aſſociated her for a companion of his Empire, holding her in the quality of a Queen. She was onely two years elder then himſelf: the one was thirteen, the other fifteenth years old. In the fifteenth year of her age, behold her already ſo capable of government, that ſhe was Regent of the Empire, and as it were a mother to her brother. *Artemius*, who had inſtructed her in ſtate affairs, could not ſufficiently admire the vivacity of her wit, the ſolidity of her judgment, the equity of her counſels, and the happineſs, which ordinarily accompanied her reſolutions. She then reſolved to live in perpetual Virginity, not, as ſome have thought, to take away the jealouſie of an husband towards a brother, and to hold the government always, wherein ſhe ſo happily thrived; but for a mere inclination ſhe had to the love of Chaſtity. She eaſily perſwaded her ſiſters to the ſame, who took their flights to Chriſtian virtues under the wings of this Eagle.

The holy Virgins, to make the offer of their Virginity the more ſolemn, gave an Altar of gold, garniſhed with Precious ſtones to the Church of S. *Sophia*; as preſenting upon this monument the incomparable treaſure of their Purity, and making humble prayer for the proſperity of their brother's Empire. This infinitely pleaſed *Theodoſius*, and the more *Pulcheria* reſigned her ſelf to virtue, the more reputation ſhe got with the yong Emperour. She then began ſeriouſly to make Religion, Juſtice, and Peace to flouriſh in the Empire. And ſeeing the perſon of her brother was it, which ought to ſpeak by example to all the world, the good Lady embraced the care of his education, as the moſt important piece of her government. Firſt, with an admirable wiſdom ſhe ſequeſtred all thoſe, who might cauſe any vices to ſlide into the ſoul of this young Prince, well knowing, no plague was ſo much to be feared in the Courts of Great-men, as to expoſe the ear of a childe to the Hiſſes and Venom of Serpents, which caſt ſin into the ſoul before they have eys open to behold it. She hated, as the ſhadows of Hell, all thoſe ſubtile Artiſts of Fortune, who, to confirm themſelves in authority, oftentimes thruſt Great-ones into vice, and catch them by ſenſual pleaſures, as Birds are with lime, to entangle and ſnare them all together. Secondly ſhe procured worthy men to attend near the perſon of the Emperour, who royally might train him in the exerciſe of piety, wiſdom, arms, and letters, as much as is neceſſary for a King. She herſelf, who was well verſed in the *Latine* and *Greek* Tongues, and no whit ignorant of the Precepts of the Wiſe, often diſcourſed with her brother.

Altar of gold.

Education of *Theodoſius*.

Plague of Great-ones.

That God, who made Kings, had charged him with a Crown, the more to oblige him to be the beſt man in his Empire. That if he would gloriouſly reign, he muſt begin by the ſway of himſelf. That by how much the more he acknowledged the dependance he had of God, to be united to him in the quality of an inſtrument, ſo much the more he ſhould command over men. That our ſouls were as the mirrours of the Divinity, which, by how much the more pure, ſo much the more were they diſpoſed to receive the rays of wiſdom to their benefit. That vices in mean men were ſimply vices, but in the ſouls of Kings they were monſters. That, if he would reign happily, he muſt eſtabliſh his Throne upon two columns of Diamond, Piety and Juſtice; the one would give him to God, and the other would give men to him. Moreover ſhe exhorted him to make himſelf of an eaſie and open acceſs to the neceſſities of all, who ſhould proſtrate themſelves at his feet. To bear very much Reverence to perſons Eccleſiaſtical, advancing the affairs of religion with all his endeavour. To be very merciful towards the poor, and ſick. To gain the hearts of all his ſubjects by ſweetneſs, therein imitating the Sun, who neither breaketh doors, nor windows to enter into houſes, but penetrateth very peaceably with the benignitie of his favourable beams. To conclude, ſhe often repreſented the examples of good Princes, as of Conſtantine the Great, *and of his Grand-father* Theodoſius, *who becauſe they took an happie way, had on earth enjoyed a moſt bleſſed Kingdom, and immortalized themſelves in the memory of men, with much advantage, reaping whileſt they lived, the firſt fruits of*

of the glory, of which they now in Heaven have an ample fruition. On the contrary, those, who desired to have their passion reign, who, and about them, in their Thrones, were involved in a brutish life, and extreme calamities, pursued with the execration of posterity, and torments of eternitie.

The blessed *Pulcheria* with so much grace did make these good instructions distill into the soul of her brother, who was already naturally disposed to the pursuit of good, that he took therein unspeakable contentment, and resigned his heart to be handled as a soft piece of wax in the artful hand of such a wisdom. Notwithstanding, as it is a matter very difficult so to banish vice from Princes Courts, but that there always will be found some Wolf covered with the skin of a Sheep, so amongst these, who guided the youth of *Theodosius*, there was a certain man called *Chrysaphius*, a subtile and crafty spirit, with too far insinuating himself into the favour of the Prince, cast in the end some blemish upon this fair soul, and made work enough for *Pulcheria*, as we shall see hereafter. But at that time all was very peaceable: *Pulcheria* repleniſhed the heart of her brother with wisdom, the Court with good examples, the Altars with vows, and the world with benefits. And all so prospered in her hands, that it seemed, the golden Age, foretold to be under the government of a Virgin, was returned to the world.

The Emperour was now arrived near the limits of his twentieth year, and it was thought very expedient to tie him in the bonds of a chaste marriage, to which he should bring the innocency of an Age, bred either in the contempt, or ignorance of vice. *Pulcheria* cast her eys both within and without the Kingdom, to finde a wife suitable to his humour, at which time the providence of God, that guideth our lives and affairs, gave an admirable testimony of his authority, leading a Maiden, poor, unknown, needy, as by the hand, first to *Constantinople*, afterward to the Marriage-bed of the Emperour. So many Queens and Princesses affected this alliance, and every one promised it to themselves, flattering their hopes therein, when to the wonder of the world God caused the lot to fall upon a silly creature.

Admirable adventures of *Athenais*

Leontius, a Painim Philosopher, bred up in a poor Cottage, had one onely Daughter, which at that time was as a Diamond hidden in a dung-hill, no man knowing the worth thereof: God drew it from this darkness to make it glitter in the prime Court of the world. This is the admirable *Athenais*, who was singularly privileged from Heaven with beauty of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Her father instructed her from her tender years, and enabled her in Philosophie, Rhetorick, Poesie, and other arts, wherewith usually they are adorned, who are ingeniously bred. This Maid lived by learning as the Bee by the dew, and all her pleasure was to study, thereunto invited by two powerful motives; first, the fervour of her Spirit, sparkling like a flaming Wheel, and secondly, ambition of Sex, which made her desire to transcend men in their best faculties. That, which the Poets have feigned of *Pallas*, is a fable, but he that should behold *Athenais* might see a true *Pallas*. It seemed she was some Intelligence, who had left the Heavenly Orbs, to come to be enchased in this beautious body, and converse with men. It was said, her father, well read in the knowledg of Stars, foretold the good fortune which should happen to her, and that making his Will he left all his wealth to two sons he had, to wit, *Genas* and *Valerius*, making no mention of his daughter so much beloved, whereat she being sad, *Let Heaven alone* (saith he) *dear daughter, your fortune will be good; more shall you have then your brothers.* Thus man is often pleased to mix the verity of Histories with some Fables, to give reputation to predictions of *Mathematicians*, as if the Stars had some power upon that which absolutely dependeth on the pleasure of God, or as if one must study much in the book of the Planets, to say, that a Maid bright as a Star, and wise as *Minerva*, was to come to great fortune. Howsoever it be, as soon as her fathers eys was shut, the wicked brothers, greedy, as Griffons, used their sister most inhumanely. Interest had neither eys for the Beauty, nor ears for the Eloquence of *Athenais*: behold her despoiled and driven from her fathers dwelling, enforced to retire to the house of a poor Aunt she had in the City of *Athens*.

She must make this Ship-wrack to arrive to a good Haven: she were lost, had she not had such a loss. This Aunt gave her notice of another Kinsman in *Constantinople*. They both resolve to visit her, and mediate something by her means. Behold they are now in the capital City of the Empire, not well knowing who brought them thither: but God, who was their guid, secretly contrived this work. The good Kinswoman of *Constantinople* competently entertaineth, and lodgeth them, very glad she might exercise her charity on a creature so well deserving. The City was much pleased with the gracious acceptance *Pulcheria* gave to all afflicted persons, and the justice she rendered to those, who were oppressed by violence. The good women, Cousins of *Athenais*, thought they should not do amiss to complain to the Princess of the wrong she had received from her brothers, and espying their opportunity, they both took her along with them. It was not now needful to beg much the favour of admittance, the Maiden bare her letters of recommendation on her fore-head. *Pulcheria* at her entrance was dazled with the brightness of her aspect, and when she began to unlose her tongue, never was *Syren* so attractive with songs, as she with words. *Pulcheria* not onely heard with patience, but greediness, still fearing she would make an end of her discourse, such pleasure she took therein. Many questions she asked her, and above all very particularly enquired of her Kindred, how she had been bred, and whether she were a Virgin: which having judiciously found according to her desire, she put the business into suspense to hear it again another time, by the course of audience ordinarily given: and from that time she had a strange design in her heart, to make her wife of the Emperour her brother.

Politicians, who will measure all things by their own ell, and penetrate into the purposes of the whole world, judg this manner of proceeding was a great wisdom in *Pulcheria*, ever desirous to sway and possess the spirit of her brother. She foresaw, if he married some great Princess, she might bring with the titles and Crowns of her Ancestours, pride and disdain into the house, and that so many alliances as she might have, might divert *Theodosius* his mind on many objects: That she being of noble extraction would rule without a companion, and therefore it was better still to hold the highest place in government: that she should make choise of some virtuous and handsom Maid, though of mean parentage, to frame her as her creature, dispose of her where she best pleased, and then last of all conform her to her own will. Thus many judg of others intentions by their own dispositions.

But it is much more likely *Pulcheria*, a creature wholly celestial, guided herself by other motives, the

honour of God, piety, peace, and her brother's contentment. He already had signified to her, he would not captivate himself in an enforced and ceremonious Marriage, and that he desired no other portion with the woman he should marry, but Virtue, and Beauty; which was the cause the Princess supposed this Maiden was fitly sent from Heaven, in the time he was in the treaty of Marriage. She failed not to make relation to her brother concerning an *Athenian* Maid, who was presented to her upon a suit in Law, which she commenced against her brothers, who unworthily had used her, and was indeed the most Beautiful, Innocent, and best-spoken creature, which might be found throughout the whole Empire. She thereunto added no other thing at this time. It is enough to put matches to the fire without commanding them to burn. *Theodosius*, upon the report his sister made of this incomparable beauty, asked if there were no means to see her. *Pulcheria* answereth, she had given day to hear her cause. The Emperour, whether it were he used not to be present in such Audiences, or whether he would hear her speak to her own Sex with the more natural propriety, fearing he should give her too much respect, if he presented himself in judgment, made his sister to sit in the Tribunal, himself resolving to see all that should pass through a secret window prepared for this purpose. *Athenais* faileth not to come, on the day and hour assigned, to plead her cause. Then was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane beauty and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers. The confident maid, having before broken the ice when first she spake to the Princess, speaks now to her with much liberty:

Athenais pleadeth her cause.

MADAM, *I shall have cause to love my shipwrack all my life-time, since it hath given me opportunity to arrive at your feet, as to the port, where all miseries are powred out, to be changed into felicities. Your Majesty may see the violence of my brothers rage, since it hath constrained me to undertake this voyage with much toyl, and now presently to trouble your ears with my complaints, which the softness of my nature should cause me to smother, were it not they are extorted by a powerful hand, which is that of necessity. Had my brothers granted me so much of my father's goods (which was mean enough, yet for my enablement sufficient) but one sole silly Cottage, I patiently would have satisfied my self without pressing their fortunes. But they have not left me one inch of Land, and, which is more, have driven me from my father's house (where I ever have inhabited) with exceeding much incivility, which I had rather dissemble, it being not my intention to accuse my own blood, to which I have wished as much good as to my self. By their own saying, I have no other fault, for which I ought to be banished, and despoiled, but certain privileges of Nature. They alledg unto me for all reason, that I may hope for a good fortune, and that it was sufficient even in my father's judgment. If imaginary hopes are of power to dispose true and lawful heirs, what may we hereafter expect to be solid in the world? As for my own part, I have nothing to do with such fantasies as they form to themselves: I desire not great fortunes, but content my self with that mediocrity my birth hath allotted me. A little wealth shall suffice to put me in safeguard against the accidents of a necessitous life, and sweetly to manure the Sciences my father left me as a portion. Hereupon* Madam, *I most humbly beseech your Majestie will be pleased to be informed of this I affirm, and if you finde it, as it is, true, to do me justice, which I must seek in your Court, it being banished from all the world beside.*

She spake these words with so much grace, that all those there present were ravished therewith, persecuted beauty never wanting compassion throughout the world. Every one wished her well, each one became her Advocate, yet some were pleased to importune her with many curious questions in this affair, to put her upon replies, and make her exercise the vivacity of her excellent wit, wherein most happily she gave satisfaction.

Theodosius beheld all this with affectionate tenderness: the eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at once and the same instant love surprized him by the eys and tears. *Pulcheria*, without making any other proposition, promiseth all favour to the suppliant, and having dismissed her, goeth to visit her brother, who had the arrow of chast love deeply fixed in his heart. Resolutely he saith to his good sister, that never would he have other wife then *Athenais*. They were now upon the point to proceed in the marriage: but it was found she was uncapable of that Sacrament, being not as yet baptized. Her Painim father had bred her in Paganism: better she knew the *Theogony* of *Hesiodus*, then the Genealogie of *Jesus Christ*, better *Homer*'s Iliads, then the Books of the Gospels, better the Apopthegms of *Pythagoras*, then the Commandments of God. All the Court, which had be rapt in admiration with her pleading, was much troubled to see so fair a soul drencht in infidelity: some seriously treated with her about her conversion. *Atticus* the Patriarch of *Constantinople* employed himself therein to the utmost of his power. *Paulinus*, a great favorite of *Theodosius*, who was now upon some terms of jealousie with him, by occasion of a late accident, made himself as it were a prime agent in this business, seeing his Master affected it so ardently. And being wel read in divine and humane learning, beyond the profession of a Sword-man, and most eloquent to explicate himself, he marvellously by his conference advanced the conversion of *Athenais*. In the beginning she was obstinate in Pagan doctrine, and fortified her self upon all propositions with *Homer's Iliads*, which she alledged as her Gospel; and when the great indecencies were opened to her, which this Poet attributeth to these heathen gods, she sheltered her self with subtilties, as a Hedg-hog with his quils, evading by oblique interpretations, drawn from the allegorical sense, so that much ado there was to disarm her. In the end, God, who would have her to be his, unsealeth her eys, and maketh her behold, as in the glass of a bright mirrour, on the one side the impertinences of Idolatry, and on the other the greatness, majesty, verity, solidity of our faith. As soon as the first reflection began to fall directly upon her understanding, behold all the wild fancies of her opinions were scattered, to give place to the truth. Never any soul more savourly tasted its conversion, never any creature more affectionately resented the benefit of calling to Christianity. She bathed her self in the knowledge of our mysteries, as in a sea of delights, and in short time became so skilful in the law, that she wrote in *Homer*'s verses the principal acts of *Jesus Christ*: and even as *Mary Magdalene* with the same hair, wherewith she had weaved nets for wanton love, made a towel to wipe the feet of our Saviour, so the devout *Athenais* consecrateth from henceforth all the graces of her wit and learning, which she had mis-used in vanities, to the Tropheys of *Jesus*.

Her conversion.

She was baptized at *Constantinople* with joy, and incredible magnificence, named *Eudoxia*, at the holy Font of Baptism, confirmed in Christianity, nourished with holy Sacraments, wherein she was entertained with most sensible devotion. The Ceremonies ended, *Pulcheria* caused her to be called, saying:

Eudoxia, *my sister, it is now time you forget the house of your father, and that you withdraw the suit against your brothers. God who hath graciously provided for the ornament of your person: for he hath chosen you to be the lawfull wife of the Emperour* Theodosius, *our most honoured Lord and brother. All is agreed on, and such is his resolution, nothing more remaineth but your consent.*

The holy maid astonished at such words, covered her forehead with the vermilion of shamefastness, and prostrating her self at the feet of *Pulcheria*, be-

beſought her, to entertain her onely in her Palace with her maids, in the quality of a ſervant, to waſh the feet of others, as *Abigail* ſpake. But the more ſhe ſhewed humility, the more ſhe ſeemed recommendable, and *Theodoſius*, to whom virtue ſerved as a powerfull motive, was after her converſion much more enflamed to love her. She muſt yield her ſelf to the will of God. Behold her, wife of the Emperour; the marriage was ſolemnized on the ſeventh of *June*, in the year 421. with all pomp correſpondent to the Majeſty of ſo great an Emperour, and the joy of ſuch a marriage.

Her brothers underſtanding the good fortune their ſiſter had, afflicted as they were with their own conſcience, fled like wilde men, no man purſuing them. But the good Queen, conſecrating the firſt acts of her Chriſtianity to forgetfulneſs of injuries, cauſed them to return, and obtained of the Emperour for the one, the government of *Sclavonia*, and for the other, a moſt honorable place in Court. God knows, the good women, who, with ſo much charity had aſſiſted her, were not forgotten. Nothing was changed in her but ſect, and condition, all the virtues of humility, modeſty, and affability, remained with her, and how much the higher ſhe was raiſed, ſo much the more ſhe under-valued her ſelf, as if ſhe had foreſeen the ſtorm which ſhould afterward aſſail her.

Sanctity of *Theodoſius* his Court.

Hither it is, I call all Noble and Great men, who flatter their ſenſuality by a falſe imagination of impoſſibility in the way of perfection, while they abide in Courts and greatneſs, in company, and affairs. The Court of young *Theodoſius* was at that time, the prime Court of the world; that of the *Roman* Emperour was fallen into eclipſe. Thither was the confluence of all Nations, the ebb, and flood of great affairs, a profound peace, an abſolute power to ſatisfie all ſorts of deſires with attractive objects, and delights, ever ready to be reaped; and in the mean time, what a life led the new couple? what a life *Pulcheria* and her ſiſter? what Monaſtery more regular then the Court of this Emperour? what virtue, what chaſtity, what ſanctity, what devotion, was ever found in Cloiſters, which hath not here been ſeen with ſo much the more luſtre, as it is more difficult to have all vices a power, and all virtues in will? If in Religion the firſt accompt be made of devotion, which is the maſter-wheel of all great actions, this Court was as the Tabernacle of the antient Law, which born amongſt Armies, environed with hoſts of men, briſtled round about with Pikes and Javelins, ever retained a ſweet ſilence, a chaſte Religion, a ſacred veneration, and perpetually had holy fire in centinel, victims, and prayers in ſacrifice.

So the Palace of *Theodoſius* amongſt all the clamours of affairs, all the rumours tumults, and accidents, which upon one ſide and other occur in a large Empire, never ſo much ſlackened as to loſe the ſweetneſs of prayer, which was as the Manna theſe Royal ſouls daily gathered in the deſert, which they had planted in the midſt of their hearts. *Pulcheria*, as the Abbeſs, governed the devotion of all the reſt, by her counſel and example. As ſoon as break of day drew the curtain of Heaven, to diſcover the works of God, they adored the work-man, and aſſembling in the houſhold Chappel, ſung the praiſes of God, following therein the courſe of the Church-prayers. The whole time was there circumvolved in compaſs: the divine office had the firſt fruits of affairs, and recreations had likewiſe their turn, nothing was exorbitant, where all was done by weight and meaſure. If in religious life ſo much eſteem be had of poverty, as of walls, and rampires of the City of God, where ſhall you find a more admirable poverty, then in this Court? Is it not a prodigious thing to be ſpoken, that this good Emperour, for whom Seas and Rivers ran, for whom the earth opened her boſom with ſo much prodigality, for whom ſhe kept ſo many magazines of Gold and Silver within her entrails, beholding himſelf among the revenues of a great Empire, ſo husbanded them for the entertainment of things neceſſary, wherein he was ever magnificent, that he ſuffered no exceſs in his own perſon? He uſed all his bleſſings as things borrowed, and ſometimes in his own particular, would not permit the expenſe of his diet exceed the value of the work of his own hands. He painted verly well, and took pleaſure, ſo much as affairs would give leave, to delineate the holy Scripture in moſt noble characters, ſaying to his familiars, It was reaſon, ſince all the world took pains in his Kingdom, himſelf ſhould have a Trade, and that as others, he ſhould learn to dip his bread in the ſweat of his brow, and his body being of the ſame compoſition which others are, it was fit to exerciſe the ſame labours.

Note here O Noblemen, an holy Court

Such innocency was very far from the profuſions which are made in Princes Courts, with the expenſe of the peoples blood, a matter, that beyond all other burthens would ſurcharge them at the Judgment-ſeat of God. The Emperour's ſiſters, to imitate him, had always their works in their hands, that they might leave no paſſage open to idleneſs. If in Religion chaſtity be eſteemed, here the conjugal ſupereminently flouriſhed between *Theodoſius*, and *Endoxia*, virginity in *Pulcheria*, and her ſiſters, *Marina*, *Flaccilla*, *Arcadia*, was as redolent balm, which aſcended to Heaven in a perpetual ſacrifice. The very name onely of diſhoneſty, was not ſo much as known in this Palace, yet all things were therein learned, but vice and idleneſs. Glances of the eye were ſimple, and Dove-like, words pondered, ordinary diſcourſes of the imitation of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and virtues of Saints, carriage full of reſpect, Honour, and Majeſty. This chaſtity abode among the chief in Court, and was ſpread over all the reſt by the odour of good example, as do the rays of the Sun, which involve the whole world, without ever parting from the original Fountain of light. If in Religion obedience be eſteemed, this Court was the very model of well-obeying, and commanding. Thoſe holy ſouls had made a law to themſelves moſt exactly, to obſerve all the Commandments of God and the Church; to reverence the Prelates of the ſame, to cheriſh, aſſiſt, comfort the religious, and all Eccleſiaſtical Orders with moſt cordial affection, tempted with holy reverence in ſuch ſort, that the moſt auſtere Monks could not be more punctual in religious obedience, then all of this Court, were in the government of their conſciences. God for reward, imprinted on the Emperours forehead the rays of his Majeſty, which made him ſo much the more awfull, as he leſs of purpoſe ſought to make himſelf ſuch.

Excellent chaſtity and modeſty.

If in religious Orders, they live in perpetual exerciſe of mortification, what life more mortified, then to behold ſo much humility in ſovereign Greatneſs, ſo much chaſtity in vigorous youth; in an abſolute power to do all, ſo much retention? In ſo much ſcience, ſo much conſcience? ſo much temperance, among ſo many occaſions of delights? Beſides the Faſts of the Church, which were there exactly kept, abſtinence was obſerved on the Wedneſday, and Friday in every Week. The Emperour gave the example, his wife, and ſiſters imitated it, their table was rather a perpetual liſt of temperance, then a proviſion of dainties.

Mortification.

A worthy Act.

It was obſerved, the good Prince travelling one day through the heats of Summer, full of duſt, and ſweat, his Court being in great ſcarcity of water, behold a Peaſant cometh, who preſenteth him with a draught of cool water in a fair cryſtal glaſs: he was in his paſſions ſo mortified, that as another *David*, after he magnificently had recompenſed the good man's Preſent, he gave it back again to beſtow where he pleaſed, without once touching it, thinking it unreaſonable he ſhould flatter his own taſte, during the thirſt of his followers.

He ſometimes ſtole away in hunting, and went to Dine with ſome Hermit, where he fed on a little ſlice of mouldy bread, and drank the clear water of the Fountain, proteſting afterward, it was one of the beſt repaſts he had made, for commonly it was ſeaſoned with ſacred diſcourſe, and wholſome counſel. In his apparel, although he appeared full of Majeſty, according to his quality, yet he oftentimes hid under his royal Purple the old frock, or hair-ſhirt of ſome holy Anchoret. In publick Shews he alſo abſtained from gazing, that ſeeing, one would have thought him blinde. His virtues were ſo much the more, as they had the leſs of affectation. He was in converſation among men, as a man, and yet therein preſerved himſelf pure as an Angel.

If Religion be the Hive, wherein the hony of good doctrine is made, *Theodoſius* was moſt ſtudious, and well verſed in divine and humane Learning: he oft ſpent one part of the night in ſtudy, that he might employ the day in his affairs; and that which is an admirable note of infinite ſweetneſs, and facility, this good Emperour, for whom a thouſand, and a thouſand, would have thought themſelves moſt happy to paſs the night in watching, he, for fear of interrupting the ſleep of any the meaneſt ſervant, cauſed by art a marvellous Lamp to be made, which perpetually flamed, Oil running thereinto by certain little paſſages, or conduits, which eaſily were turned. There was no Prelate ſo learned, who admired not his great promptneſs to repeat by heart all the Texts of the Bible: and as for the Civil Law, he was ſo converſant therein, that he cauſed, by his direction, that notable Book of *Imperial Conſtitutions* to be compiled, which to this day beareth his Name.

Admirable lamp.

Briefly, to ſhew that *Theodoſius* in his Court yielded nothing at all in perfection to the moſt auſtere Hermits, *Glycas* recounteth, that an holy Anchoret, who had paſſed fourty years in the horrour of a dreadfull Penance, as he one day was touched with ſome ſleight imaginations of his own merit, God revealed unto him, that in thoſe fourty years he had done nothing in the deſert in matter of perfection, which the Emperour *Theodoſius* had not performed in his Court. This put into his heart ſo ſharp a ſpur to know the conſcience of the Emperour, that he went directly to the Court, where he was very courteouſly received: and conſidering with himſelf how the Prince was clothed, uſed, ſerved, honored, he had much ado to underſtand where this perfection was. In the end, one day ſpeaking to him apart, he conjured him for God's ſake, to recount ſome good works he did. *Theodoſius* felt a marvellous ſtriſe in his ſoul, in the contention between his humility and obedience: humility ſought to hide it ſelf, but the obedience he ought to yield to a man, who conjured him with ſo many ſigns, to tell him in the name of God what he did, and to teſtifie a truth, prevailed with him. After he had bewailed his imperfections, he recounted with much modeſty his prayers, abſtinencies, alms, mortifications of hair-cloth, and ſuch like, and then added, that being ſometimes enforced to be preſent in the Theatres, to wit, in ſports, and paſtimes, wherein the wiſeſt were ſpectatours with much liberty, he at that time in ſuch maner withdrew his ſight, that none of thoſe levities entered into his eyes: ſo that amongſt ſo many Horſe-races, ſhews, oſtents, pomps, and noiſe, he was ever in a perpetual tranquillity. The Hermit was ſo amazed, to hear of ſuch mortification of ſenſe and appetite, in occaſions ſo moving, that away he went, no further preſuming of himſelf, but ſingularly edified by the life of the Emperour.

Arrival of an holy Hermit, and his diſcourſe with *Theodoſius*.

If then in his retired life onely he equalled the perfection of Anchorites, who now may ſufficiently value the virtues of a King, which neceſſarily muſt be ſhewed in publick, after they have been watered with the tears of his prayers, and ſweetly manured in the ſolitude of his heart? He was ſo wiſe, and diſcrete, that all his actions and words remained perpetually in as juſt an equality, as do the nights and days under the Equinoctial; ſo milde, that he not onely deſired to ſave the living, but alſo to raiſe the dead; ſo mercifull, that all the miſeries of the poor which came to him went no further then himſelf; ſo juſt, that he made a golden Age of his Kingdom; ſo much he obliged the Church, that it ſeemed his hands were fatal to overthrow all the Monſters of Hereſie, as were the *Eunomians*, *Encratites*, *Macedonians*, *Novatians*, *Donatiſts*, *Neſtorians*, and other ſuch like: and how much the more he endeavoured to advance the Kingdom of God, in ſtopping all impiety with incomparable zeal, ſo much the more God, who maketh Kings to reign, eſtabliſhed his Sceptre, cauſing the heavenly powers to fight for him, and holding the winds and tempeſts at command in his favour. Witneſs the notable victory he obtained againſt *Roylas*, who having paſſed *Dannbius*, with all the forces of *Scythia*, and *Ruſſia*, came pouring like a furious torrent upon *Conſtantinople*. God ſo ſtayed this *Barbarian*, in favour of his well-beloved *Theodoſius*, that he turned him into aſhes with a thunder-ſtroke, and blaſted his whole Army by the violence of horrible tempeſts. On the other ſide, *Baravanes*, King of *Perſia*, breaking the treaty of peace, came into the field with innumerable forces, to ſwallow the *Eaſtern* Empire, aſſociated with *Alamondar* the *Saracen* King, who drew along with him no leſs then an hundred thouſand men: and all this was ſcattered in an inſtant, a Panick terrour being crept into the diſorder of this vaſt Army. This is to teach thoſe, who make no account of Princes, if they be not hot-ſpurs, raſh, and many times impious, what a devout Emperour can do.

Great Virtues.

Notable victory.

But ſince there is no beauty in creatures ſo perfect, which it not ſoiled with ſome blemiſh, it cannot be denied, but that this excellent Prince had (as others) his defects. Among the reſt, he is blamed not to have uſed ſufficient induſtry in affairs, but to ſuffer himſelf, through too much facility, to fall into the complacence of others humours. He ſometimes ſigned diſpatches without well-examining them, through over-much confidence in thoſe, who were much converſant about him, and being of a ſingular integrity meaſured all others by himſelf.

Defects of the Emperour.

Pulcheria his ſiſter, to correct his negligence, reſolved one day to draw a transaction in formal, and expreſs terms, by which *Theodoſius* gave, and conſigned into her hands his Wife *Eudoxia*, to uſe and handle her at her pleaſure. He, without reading the contents of the Writing preſented unto him, according to his cuſtom, let his Pen run, and ſigned it. *Pulcheria* wiſely made uſe of this her grant: for gently leading the Empreſs into her chamber, ſhe there held her

Rare act of *Pulcheria*, to correct the haſty precipitation of her brother.

her as a prisoner. The other demanding the reason, this transaction was produced, signed by the hand of her Husband. The good Queen knew not what to think, and shewed rather a disposition of offence then laughter. Notwithstanding her complaints, she was held in captivity, and *Theodosius* asking where the Empress his Wife was, it was answered, she was in the Princess his sister's chamber. She is in good company (saith he) but I wonder what tedious business can keep them so long together: Go, bid her come hither. He was so passionately affected, that the hours he spent without beholding her seemed years unto him. A Gentleman deputed thereto bare this message to *Pulcheria*. She persisting in her game, with a serious countenance, sendeth word to the Emperour, he should not expect her, and that she was not at his command. *Theodosius* was amazed at these words, and could not imagine what game his sister meant to play, having never hitherto known any such levity in her. He presently hasteneth into *Pulcheria*'s chamber, *And what device* (saith he) *is this? Where is my Wife?* The poor Prisoner stretched out her hand to him; *Pulcheria* opposed it, and sheweth she was hers, to buy, and sell, and dispose of at her pleasure. And as the Emperour admired much these so extraordinary proceedings, in a Person of his sisters humour, she caused him to read the Writing, signed with his own hand; then adding good counsel, *Behold*, (saith she) *most Sacred Majesty, the goodly order, precipitation, and negligence bring to affairs.* The holy Emperour took this advertisement in good part, and promiseth he never more would sign dispatches at this rate. But *Eudoxia* was vexed at this sport in good earnest. She was in an estate wherein she would no longer be overawed; she knew the power she held over her husband's heart, having already given him pledges of her fruitfulness, to wit, a daughter named *Eudoxia*, who was afterward married to the Emperour *Valentinian*. It much troubled her, that *Pulcheria* still retained some small predominance over her, and shewed a spirit of command: she resolved with self, that her person at this time required another consideration; that such tricks had heretofore been well enough accepted in that estate she was in, but not as now she is: it is too great a game to play upon Diadems. These petty resentments of the point of honour easily creep even into the purest souls, and who seasonably stops them not, findeth his heart drencht in the gall of certain aversions, which weaken charity. I know not what cooling-card this goodly game cast between the two Princesses, but from that time the one would no longer be commanded, and the other pursued her ordinary course, which was to command. These hearts formerly united were now upon breach, which notwithstanding never outwarly appeared, so retentive they were on both sides. God would exercise both, and put them into the furnace of tribulation to purifie them, and take away some dross, which by long prosperities is easily contracted. He first began with the Empress *Eudoxia*, to whom he suffered a most sensible accident to happen, the nature whereof behold, which verily is pitifull. But who will think it strange to see *Eudoxia* fallen into the sinister opinion of *Theodosius*, seeing the same hath chanced to many Saints, yea, to her, who hath born the Standard of all sanctity, the most Blessed Virgin.

Honours change Manners.

Athenais, a poor Maid preferred by *Pulcheria*, could not brook her.

Sinister accidents.

Upon the day of *Epiphany*, as the Emperour returned from Church, with great pomp, and magnificence, a certain countrey-man, a stranger, and unknown, brake through the press, accosteth *Theodosius*, who was of most easie access, and presenteth him with an Apple of an extraordinary size, esteemed at that time as a rare fruit. The Emperour receiveth it gratefully, and commandeth to give the good man presently about the value of one hundred and fifty crowns. As soon as he was returned to the Palace, he goes to visit the Empress, and, full of joy, giveth her this fair present, which he had taken of the Peasant for a great rarity. Out alas! this verily was the Apple of discord, infected with the breath of the Serpent, which horribly rent asunder this poor Court. The good Empress, having understood that *Paulinus*, a great favorite of *Theodosius*, was in bed sick of the Gout, to please and comfort him, sent him the Apple, not mentioning from whom she had received it. *Paulinus* was seized with so great joy, seeing such a courtesie from a person so eminent used towards him, that the contentment he received at that time charmed the pain of his Gout. He so admireth this goodly fruit, that he judgeth it worthy of Imperial hands, and without delaying resolved to send it to the Emperour, excusing himself through indisposition of health, that he himself was not the messenger. *Theodosius* knew the Apple, which he had very lately put into the Empress hand, he turned it on every side, and judged it to be the same: thereupon a furious jealousie, as if it had been breathed from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle spirit, all the objects of what was past returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and resolve it into a storm. It is true, the Empress loved *Paulinus* with a most chaste and innocent love; one must have had the heart of a Tiger not to love him. He was a Lord very much affected by her husband: it was he, who partly had drawn her from the obscurity of Gentilism by his learned and friendly conferences; he, that had procured her Baptism; he, that had wrought her marriage; he, that yielded the most faithfull service to their Majesties in the chiefest charge of the Empire, wherein he had been most nobly employed: all which made him worthy of great respects, besides that, he was of a very royal conversation, which had great power over all those, who treated with him. The good Lady, who ever had her Pen in hand to work some piece of her invention to the glory of Altars, which she affected, was pleased to communicate her labours to *Paulinus*, and discourse with him of holy things. All these conferences, which ever had been for the honour of an entire reputation, and which before yielded nothing but Honey, were all turned into gall in the heart of *Theodosius*, by this lamentable jealousie, wherewith he was possessed.

Apple of discord.

He instantly sendeth for *Eudoxia*, the more deeply to sound her heart, demanding what was become of the fair Apple he had given her. The poor Princess was overtaken, and seeing her self between the Hammer and the Anvile, I know not what gesture appeared on the brow of her husband, but she well perceived this fair soul was not in its ordinary situation. She therefore declining suppliant intreaty thought to under-prop her innocency with a Lie, and said, she had eaten the Apple. Virtue hath nothing to do with the veil of untruths to cover it self, it is not her custom. Had she freely told what she did with the Apple, as her intention was most sincere, all the malignity of suspicion would have been diverted. But this sudden surprizal a little altered her judgment, and all she did was to remedy the passion she saw to be enkindled in the heart of *Theodosius*, by the eys, which are as the mirrours of our Soul. The Emperour urged her upon this answer. She, who already was involved, tumbled her self further into the snare, and, that she might not seem a Liar,

The evil of a sleight Lie.

a Liar, ſware by the life and health of her Husband, ſhe had eaten the Apple. He to convince her of this impudence, drew this fatal fruit out of his Cabinet; it is then flown from your ſtomach into my Chamber without corruption: behold I have found a wonder. The Empreſs at the ſight of this fruit, endured the ſame ſymptoms in innocency, ſhe had done in crime; for ſhe becometh very pale, and was ſo confounded, that ſhe had not courage enough to ſpeak one only word. *Theodoſius* in an inſtant retireth like lightening, and withdraweth into his Cabinet, having his heart wholly drench'd in gall and bitterneſs. The poor *Eudoxia* on the other part poureth her ſelf into tears without comfort, as her miſery ſeemed devoid of remedy.

Here was a rough tryal which God ſent to theſe innocent Souls, and yet we need not wonder, ſince Saint *Joſeph* (as I have ſaid) one of the moſt perfect husbands which the earth ever bare, gave too much ſcope to his ſuſpicion, upon the chaſtity of her, who was more pure then Angels. Love, jealouſie, anger, and ſorrow divided the heart of the Prince in the ſad retirement of his Cabinet, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

A ſilly Maid (ſaid he) *come of nothing, who was toſſed in a ſtorm as the Tennis-ball of Fortune, without ſupport, without means, without favour, to have been preferred before ſuch, and ſo many Princeſſes, who ſought my alliance, raiſed even to my bed by lawful marriage, to plant diſhonour there; to have been enobled with a Diadem, and negligently to pollute it by her ingratitude*, and Paulinus *whom I truſted as my ſelf, that he might ſatisfie his deſires with all the greatneſs and beauties of my Empire, (for all was in his hands) to proceed ſo far as to attempt the bed of his Maſter! Where ſhall we hereafter finde fidelity? We muſt ſearch for it among* Tartars *and* Scythians, *for it is baniſhed from Chriſtianity.*

It is not well known, who in theſe confuſions ſuggeſted to the Emperour this wicked counſel, to deſtroy Prince *Paulinus*. The Soul of *Theodoſius* was too ſweet to reſolve on an act ſo tragical, without others motion: ſo likewiſe, it is not credible it ſhould proceed from *Pulcheria*, who was in affairs more reſerved, and ever guided by the rule of conſcience. However it was, the hiſtory ſaith, the poor *Paulinus*, who knew nothing of that which paſſed, was cured of the Gout the ſame night, by a very rough and moſt bloody Phlebotomy, for he was put to death without any form of proceſs. Others have written, he was firſt baniſhed into *Cappadocia*, and there oppreſſed by the faction of his enemies. O God, what may not depraved Love do, ſince ſincere amity cannot avoid ſuſpicion, attended by an accident ſo ſtrange! Some have ſaid, nothing elſe followed, but the ſequeſtration of *Paulinus*, and that ſhould more pleaſingly run from my Pen, which abhorreth blood. But as the Scripture, ſpeaking of *David*, and other holy Kings, hath not diſſembled their faults, I will not ſo paint *Theodoſius* exteriourly, that I cover this aſpertion of too much credulity, precipitation, and revenge in this matter, which proceeded even to blood; as the Chronicle of *Alexandria* aſſureth us.

It is a fearful example, to ſee a Soul ſo milde, by the diſturbance of a paſſion, and ſome pernicious counſel, tranſported ſo far, to teach Great-ones they cannot maturely enough conſult in the like occaſions. The Father of this *Paulinus* had been High-Steward in the Court of the Emperour: *Paulinus* himſelf from his infancy had been bred with *Theodoſius*, participating in all his counſels and pleaſures of youth: he was grown ſo high, that nothing but the hand of his Maſter could ruine him. He lived in the reputation of a great man, and his words were heard in Court like Oracles: yet notwithſtanding, behold him, to ſatisfie jealouſie, miſerably maſſacred, and the glorious Services he had done to the Crown, recompenced with a direful Cataſtrophe. It is unknown why the Divine Providence permitted the ſame. It often-times holdeth the affairs of the world under the Veil and Silence: but we muſt preſume, all which it permitteth, is done with juſtice. When the afflicted Empreſs underſtood the death of *Paulinus*, ſo ſudden and unexpected, ſhe well ſaw the Emperour was tainted with the venome of moſt cruel jealouſie, and that all her Apologies would be fruitleſs. The poor Lady ſaw nothing about her but darkneſs, fantaſies, and affrightments. The clock which ſtruck, ever ſeemed to her the laſt moment of life, yea, and that in her opinion, over-flow to end her miſeries. When her Soul was able to ſurmount the ſtorm, ſhe ſaid to God with an affectionate heart;

Strange affliction of *Eudoxia*, and her words.

Alas! God of juſtice (for I dare not implore thy mercies) thou haſt well touched me on that part which was moſt ſenſible in me. Although I had ſeen my Diadem, thunder ſtrucken by thy hand, fall into duſt at my feet, though thou hadſt taken this creature from my ſide, which thou haſt afforded me as a pledge of our Marriage, though all infirmities and maneys of death had conſpired againſt me, I doubted not always to have had courage enough to bear my ſelf above wind and tempeſt. But what light of ſpirit would not be eclipſed, what temper of heart would not be loſt in theſe dolorous affections? Thou haſt lifted me up, as thy do little children to the branches of a Tree, to make me fall down head-long, and cruſh me with a ruine, as ignominious, as my fortune was eminent. Were I now under the poor roof of the houſe, from whence thou driveſt me, I ſhould be too happy. You have expoſed me to th' mid day light, that I might not be unfortunate without making all the world witneſs of my wretchedneſs and diſgrace. And yet (my God) thou knoweſt my eys have ever been chaſte, and that never any other love entered into my heart, but that of a lawful husband. It is better to ſuffer in Innocency then Crime: but it always is a thing worthy of compaſſion, to behold Chaſtity unworthily perſecuted. That poor innocent hath gone before me into the other world, and hath ſerved as a Sacrifice for his Maſters jealouſie: his ſervices ought not to have been crowned with ſuch a recompence. It is my friendſhip, as chaſte, as unhappy, that hath betrayed him: my ſins are ſo great, that I cannot do good, but by doing ill. My God, expiate them by death, and only deliver me from the hands of diſhonour.

Vanity and inconſtancy of worldly affairs.

Thus went the afflicted Turtle mourning in the ſolitary retirement of her heart: the nights were irkſom to her, ſo much was her ſleep clogged with dreams and fantaſies, which with the more horrour repreſented her calamity; and when the Sun aroſe to bring comfort in his rays to all creatures, he found the eie-lids of this poor Princeſs all watered with tears, which he could not dry up.

In the mean time, the Court of *Theodoſius* was in a ſad ſilence. It was not well known what Tragedy was played. The Emperour ſhewed a melancholy diſtracted ſpirit; the Empreſs bare the image of her ſorrow in her dejected countenance: *Pulcheria* abode in a prudent diſſimulation, and an admirable adviſedneſs. The ſudden death of *Paulinus* made it to be ſuſpected there was ſome ſtrange accident. Every one diſcourſed according to his opinion. At that inſtant, *Eudoxia* was ſeen to be removed from Council, and manage of affairs, deprived of the Imperial Bed, abandoned by all thoſe who before adored her: ſhe was dead to the evil life, and only ſurvived to ſee her own Funerals. It was thought *Pulcheria*, who was deſirous to make a ſequeſtration, (fearing leſt her preſence might again enkindle the fire covered under aſhes in the Emperours heart, to poſſeſs it to the prejudice of affairs) cauſed the counſel of undertaking the voyage of the Holy Land, to be ſuggeſted to her under-hand. But it is more credible far, the good Empreſs took this reſolution upon her own motion, for the reaſon I will deliver.

Departure of *Eudoxia*.

A devout *Roman* Lady of a noble houſe, named *Melania*, who filled the Deſerts, Cities, Provinces, and Empires, with her fame, paſſing into *Paleſtine*, there

there to wear out the reſt of her days in peace, went by *Conſtantinople*, and was received at the Emperour's Court; where ſeeing *Eudoxia* endowed with an admirable ſpirit, but yet untrained to the ſweetneſs of things ſpiritual, ſhe endeavoured to give her a taſt. The Empreſs, who at that time was in the proſperities & delights of a flouriſhing Court, thought ſhe ſhould handle devotion, as a Captain Philoſophy, and it was enough to taſt it outwardly. But when this ſad accident, like the ſteel, began to ſtrike on the flint, it made the ſparkles fly out in good earneſt. She was on fire to forſake the Court, whete ſhe no longer was what ſhe had been: ſhe ſighed after thoſe places of the Holy Land, as the thirſty Hart for the ſtreams of a Fountain. I well believe ſhe took counſel at that time of *Chryſaphius*, a powerful Eunuch, who had governed *Theodoſius* from his infancy, and was much reputed in Court, cloſely countermining the over-much authority, which *Pulcheria* had, according to his opinion, in affairs; but he took good heed openly to affront her, ſatisfying himſelf to act his part by *Eudoxia*, according to the directions ſhe gave him. This man, very underſtanding in buſineſſes, found it was to good purpoſe to retire back, to come on the better, that it was neceſſary the Empreſs ſhould give way for a time, and that her abſence would make her the more deſired; and that he in the mean ſpace would do all good offices for her with the Emperour, and act his part in time and place. Concluſions of the voyage are made, leave was not hard to be obtained of the Emperour, ſeeing his Inſtrument *Pulcheria* was therennto wholly diſpoſed. When it came to a ſeparation, which was a thing very ſenſible in mindes ſo long time, and with ſuch ardour, mutually loving: the good *Eudoxia* could not refrain to ſay to her Husband with tears in her eys;

SACRED MAJESTY, *I am upon terms to ſee you no more in this world; for which cauſe it is fit I diſcharge my Conſcience. Behold me ready to depart, not only from the Court, but this life, if you ſo ordain. I ſorrow not for greatneſs, nor delights. I have ever thought the proſperity of the world was a current of freſh water, which looke h not back on any thing, and haſteneth to pour it ſelf into the ſalt Sea. I only grieve, that having brought to your Court two ineſtimable Jewels, Virginity, and the reputation of a Childe of Honour; the one, which I ought rather to have given to God, I dedicated to your Bed, and the other is taken from me by your ſuſpicion, grounded upon a ſudden ſurprizal of a word ſpoken from a heart perplexed to ſee you troubled. You have cauſed the Prince* Paulinus *to be put to death, and in doing this, you have not bereft me of a Lover, but you ſelf of a good and faithful Servant, and God grant the voice of blood accuſe you not before the Tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. I hope God, who is the Protectour of Innocents, will one day take my cauſe in hand, and when Truth ſhall give light through your ſuſpicions, you at leaſt will render me the honour, which I ever only have ſought, to be conveyed into the aſhes of my Tomb.*

Theodoſius knew not how to anſwer her but with the moiſt dew of his eys, which began to do the office of his lips: a few ſuch words were enough to turn his Soul topſie-turvy. *Pulcheria* readily made the ſtop, ſaying, That which was paſt could not be recalled, over which God giveth us no other power but of forgetfulneſs. That the Empreſs might in good time go to ſatisfie her devotion; and that, were ſhe her ſelf free from the bondage of affairs, it would be one of her greateſt contentments to bear her company.

Voyage of *Eudoxia* into Paleſtine.

Thus *Eudoxia* departed, travelling directly to *Jeruſalem*, and with her the grace and alacrity of Court. All *Conſtantinople* was filled with ſadneſs, at which time the Plains of *Paleſtine* were already comforted with the firſt rays of this bright day-break. Whereſoever ſhe paſſed, the people ran thither by heaps to behold her, ſhe was received with much applauſe, with eloquent Orations, and all demonſtrations of hearts affections; and particularly her approach was much celebrated in the City of *Antioch*. For it is ſaid, the Senate going out to receive her, ſhe replied at an inſtant, as ſhe was ſitting in her golden Caroch, to the Oration pronounced before her, and undertook to praiſe this famous City with ſo much grace and judgment, that the principal and moſt eminent of the City, raviſhed with ſuch courteſie, dedicated two Statues to her, the one of Gold in the Senate-houſe, as to the Empreſs, the other of braſs in their Library, as to the tenth Muſe. Entering into *Jeruſalem*, ſhe was received as an Angel from Heaven: but above all, the Clergy rejoyced at the abode ſhe meant to make there, well knowing the Church ſhould thence derive great ſuccours in its neceſſities. Some perſwaded her *David* had propheſied ſhe ſhould re-edifie the Walls of *Jeruſalem*, becauſe in the Fifteenth *Pſalm*, where theſe words are read, *In bona voluntate tua ædificentur muri Jeruſalem*: the *Septuagint* have tranſlated, in Εὐδοξίᾳ. The interpretation was not amiſs; although it were not literal, it had the effect. For the pious Empreſs in proceſs of time made many moſt worthy reparations. There ſhe began to live as in another world: ſhe ſeemed to her ſelf to have caſt from her ſhoulders the burthen of a huge Mountain, ſhe now breathed a far other air then that of Court, ſhe had another taſte of things divine. All her ſtudy was to pray, meditate, and hear exhortations and ſpiritual conferences, to read and learn holy Scripture, to ſow Charities, that ſhe might reap Merits, to viſit the Cells of Anchorets, to ſee how their Garments and Girdles were made, to obſerve their manner of living, to multiply Monaſteries, to cloath Virgins, to heap up Reliques together, and ſuch like things.

Chryſaphius laboureth the return of the Empreſs; in the mean time ſeeking his own ends.

Theodoſius underſtanding her carriage, and the good entertainment ſhe had every where, thought it was the work of God, who favoured her innocency, and at that time the flames of his chaſte love began to burn more forcible then ever. He loved her with a love mingled with reſpect of her merit, and compaſſion of perſecuted innocency. He was pleaſed to have her ſpoken of in private, and hear the life deſcribed ſhe led in this new world. *Chryſaphius* perceiving him to take fire in good earneſt, followed his opportunity according to promiſe, and one day ſeeing the Emperour well diſpoſed, adventured to ſay:

SACRED MAJESTY, *How long will you deprive us of this Saint? Muſt needs the Deſerts of* Paleſtine *ſo long time poſſeſs her to our prejudice? It is a wonder your Palace hath not been able to endure a Virtue, which maketh it ſelf to be ſeen, heard, and adored in the ſavage Wilderneſſes. The poor Lady hath well paid for a little ſudden ſurprizal of ſpeech. Know beſides, ſhe never hath failed in fidelity to your Bed, and hereon I would ſwear upon the holy Evangeliſts, and expoſe my hand to the fire: but God hath already ſufficiently declared it by the ſequel of her deportments. What is done, is done; we cannot reſtore life to the dead, but we ought to yield honour to the living, which hath unjuſtly been taken from them. It is an obligation of conſcience. Who hinderech we cannot ſuddenly ſee her by your ſides?* Theodoſius anſwereth; *It would be my deſire, but thou ſeeſt the impediment. I fear my ſiſter will not like it.* Chryſaphius replieth; *Truly, my Lady, your ſiſter ought to be ſatisfied with the abſolute command your Majeſty giveth her in all the affairs of your Kingdom, without attempting on the contentments of your marriage, or the honour of this good Princeſs, whoſe faults ſhe ſhould rather cover with her royal purple, if any ſuch had eſcaped her, but of neceſſity ſhe ought to honour her merits. Let me alone, and I will give her ſatisfaction.*

Theodoſius giveth him abſolute commiſſion, and thereupon, as it is moſt probable, he adviſeth the Empreſs

Empreſs to return to *Conſtantinople*, with ſmall noiſe, and much haſte, and ſo plotteth, that the Emperour, under colour of going a hunting, ſaw her, ſpake to her, treateth with her of her return, which preſently was publiſhed, and all the City, which paſſionately affected her, uſhered her in. Behold her arrived, as if ſhe had flown in the air, and received with much honour and magnificence into the Palace. *Pulcheria*, amazed at this accident, ſetteth a good face upon it, entertaineth her with ſtrict embraces, congratulateth her pilgrimage, ſpeaketh to her of nothing but Monaſteries, Croſſes, Reliques. In the mean time very cloſely ſheweth, ſhe did not well like him, who had contrived this. *Chryſaphius* imagining he had to do with an imperious Maid, ſeaſoned from her youth in government, who never would forgive him this fault, reſolveth to play at faſt and looſe, thinking he had credit enough to do this by the means of *Eudoxia*. For the love, which *Theodoſius* bare to her upon her return, was a torrent, which after it hath a long time been reſtrained, breaketh the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuouſneſs drowneth the fields. He was ſo ardent and paſſionate, that he ſeemed unable to deny her any thing. This was the cauſe why *Chryſaphius*, whoſe name is, as much as to ſay, *a Seamſter of Gold*, having already made a ſeam of his Trade, ſtitched another together more ſtrong then the former. He boardeth the Emperour under the wings of *Eudoxia*, in the heat of his affections moſt ardent; both joyning to make the battery more forcible, declare to him, That MADAM *his Siſter daily deſired to gain repoſe, as ſhe had often ſaid, and that it was a thing lawfully due for the long ſervices ſhe had yielded to the Crown. That it was a wonder, how ſhe, having dedicated her ſelf to the Church by the vow of Virginity, could perſevere ſo long in Court That hereafter* Theodoſius *had one, who held with him the firſt place in all favours, on whom he might repoſe himſelf, and was thereunto obliged by reaſon, which was his wife. That the ſpirit of* Pulcheria *was not ſuitable to the humour of* Eudoxia; *when one ſtar riſeth, the oppoſite muſt fall.*

Chryſaphius, an heretical Eunuch, projecteth to ruine *Theodoſius* his Coſin.

Theodoſius apprehended this buſineſs as the moſt ſlippery path he had ever trod: but what cannot love and the ſoft inticements of a woman do? Wearied out with ceaſeleſs importunities, he yieldeth; he ſendeth for *Flavian* the Patriarch, and entreateth him to put his Siſter *Pulcheria* in the rank of Virgins, who are dedicated to the ſervice of the Church, were ſhe willing, or unwilling. *Flavian*, much amazed at this manner of proceeding, telleth him, he ſhould take good heed of this reſolution, that he undertook one of the greateſt paſſages of State he had ever done in his life, and that the danger thereof was much to be feared. The Emperour replieth, He hath well pondered it, that ſuch was his will, and he muſt ſpeedily ſee it executed. The Patriarch (*Pulcheria* being exceedingly affected by all the Clergy) adviſeth her to withdraw without further reſiſtance, otherwiſe he ſhould be forced to do that, which would much trouble him. The good Lady underſtood well what he would ſay, ſhe had already ſmelt the plot, and was unwilling to do any thing unworthy of her virtue: for ſeeing her fortune altered by the change of the Emperour her brother's will, ſhe freely deſpoiled her ſelf of the manage of affairs, as from a ſhirt, which one hath long worn; and retiring from the Palace, went to lodge in a houſe ſomewhat diſtant from *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe lived in marvellous Sanctity. Virtue is as the Geometrical Cube, on what ſide ſoever it be caſt, it always findeth its baſis.

Virtue of *Pulcheria*.

Behold then a new face of government, which beginneth under *Chryſaphius*, and *Eudoxia*; but the miſchief was, an old Dotard, called *Eutyches*, came into the field to ſow an hereſie, holding the body of our Lord, after the union with the Word, was no more of the ſame nature that ours are, but that the Humanity was wholly diſſolved into the Divinity. The hypocrite ſo covered his opinion, that he ſhewed not to teach this doctrine, but for the reverence he bare to the Son of God. This became a ſtumbling-block to many good Souls. As he advanced this propoſition, the Biſhops oppoſed to ſuppreſs it, and he for ſhelter caſt himſelf into the arms of *Chryſaphius*, who not contented to embrace this buſineſs with all fervour, embarqueth likewiſe therein the Emperour *Theodoſius*, and *Eudoxia* his wife, firſt through great ſimplicity, afterward by a ſtrange unhappineſs, which almoſt brought them to deſtruction, if the Divine goodneſs had not otherwiſe diſpoſed. *Theodoſius*, the holy and pious Emperour, perſecuted the Religious, and Saints. He wrote to Pope *Leo*, in favour of *Eutyches*, he cauſed falſe Councils to be held, and covered the ſeditious under the protection of his arms, even to the authorizing the attempt committed on the perſon of the good Patriarch *Flavianus* by expreſs Letters. What doth not a plaiſtered ſanctity for the ſubverſion of the ſimple? What doth not a bad ſervant, when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Chryſaphius entangleth the Emperour, and his wife, in the Hereſie of *Eutyches*

Pulcheria, who ſome years before had ſeen the hereſie of *Neſtorius* to ariſe, and had partly ſtifled it, when ſhe was in the manage of affairs, by her excellent direction, never was deceived in the choice of a ſide, but moſt conſtantly tied her ſelf to the doctrine of the *See* Apoſtolick. That gave a particular benediction to all her enterprizes, and made her ſway in the peoples hearts, as ſhe cauſed true Religion to flouriſh on Altars. All the Eaſtern and Weſtern Clergy eſteemed her, and lent their aſſiſtance to maintain her authority, which was no little ſupport. All thoſe, who have ſought to ſtrike theſe Powers, have therein loſt their endeavours. And very well *Ariſtobulus* King of the *Jews*, one of the greateſt States-men, who had governed that Kingdom, being upon his death-bed, freely confeſſed, the fouleſt fault he had ever committed in matter of policy, was, to have oppoſed the Phariſees, who then had lawful authority over affairs of Religion; and gave his wife *Alexandra*, counſel to practice and hold good intelligence with them by all poſſible means. The very ſame, which he adviſed out of reaſon of State, *Pulcheria* practiſed by conſideration of piety, and ever held her ſelf firm on the Rock of S. *Peter*; as it is ſaid, The Mothers of Pearl fix themſelves to Rocks during the tempeſt. If the wicked *Eutyches* had appeared in her time, ſhe had conſumed his hereſie, as the Ice of one night under the rays of the Sun; but it was then in the kingdom of darkneſs. *Chryſaphius* perpetually beſieged the ears and heart of the Emperour *Theodoſius*, diſguiſing all affairs to him, according to the ſway of his own paſſion. He drew along with him the good *Eudoxia*, who became too curiouſly intelligent in matter of Religion, and loſt her ſelf to follow rather the aims of her pregnant wit, then the tracts of holy humility, more agreeing to her Sex.

Great prudence to ſtick to Altars, and the true Church.

Pulcheria, who underſtood all this goodly buſineſs, was much perplexed to ſee her brother and ſiſter-in-law, after they had ſhaken off the yoke of her good precepts, to fall into a little apoſtaſie: and not being able to get acceſs to talk with them, ſhe made the apple of her weeping eys ſpeak to God in continual prayers. She wrote to *Rome*, ſometime to the Emperour *Valentinian* her Coſin, ſometime to *Eudoxia* the younger, his wife, daughter of our

Eudoxia,

Endoxia, ſometime to Pope *Leo* himſelf, ſolliciting them for the reduction of theſe poor wandering ſheep: ſhe every where diſpoſed ſquadrons of religious perſons, to force God with the arms of prayers. All the powers of Heaven and earth conſpired at that time; the battery was ſtrong enough to move a heart that never yet was obdurate.

Theodoſius awakened. In the end, *Theodoſius* awakened, as out of a long ſleep, opened his eys, and with horrour ſaw the precipice, whereinto he was ready to fall. He deteſteth the diſaſterous *Eutyches*, and leaveth him to the cenſures of the Church. *Pulcheria* four years after her baniſhment returned in triumph to the Court, with the general applauſe of all ſorts. Her firſt care was to ſeiſe on the perſon of *Chryſaphius*, and by form of juſtice, to ſend him into the other world, that he might no longer trouble this; wherein ſhe ſhewed, that living otherwiſe as a Bee in the delights of Virginity, ſhe had not ſo much honey, but withall a ſting.

The poor *Endoxia* well perceived her Miſtreſs was returned, and her heart bled to behold this change. She no longer remembered the condition of *Athenais*, and ſhe, who before would not be but under the feet of *Pulcheria*, could not endure her now by her ſides. It is a ſtrange thing, how the air of the Court doth, as it were, neceſſarily breath ambition. Theſe two pure Souls, which ſeemed in the beginning (as an Antient hath ſaid) able to abide together in the eie of a Needle, when they were in concord, found the whole world in their diſcord too little for their ſeparation. *Endoxia*, tired with the many revolutions of Court, returneth to *Jeruſalem*, as a Pilgrim, with a great oath never to ſet foot again in *Conſtantinople*: and verily, ſhe had her Tomb in *Paleſtine*, as we ſhall ſee anon.

Theodorus in the collection of his Hiſtory inſinuateth to us, that ſhe never undertook this voyage till the death of the Emperour *Theodoſius* her Huſband, which happened ſhortly after. You would have ſaid, that his good ſiſter was come of purpoſe to diſpoſe his Soul for this paſſage. He was about fifty years of age, and had already ruled fourty three years, with a moſt happy Reign, had not this apple of diſcord been, which outragiouſly diſturbed the peace of his Court, and ſteeped his life in many acerbities. That which is read moſt probable of his death, is, that riding a hunting at full ſpeed, and falling from his horſe, he hurt the reins of his back, ſo that of neceſſity he muſt be carried back to his Palace in a Litter; at which time, he plainly ſaw his laſt hour approached, and ſigned his innocent life with the ſeal of a death truly Chriſtian. A Prince in all things elſe of a moſt ſincere life, religious, learned, milde, courteous, patient; in whom nothing could be blamed but the over-much facility of his nature, which many times made his heart of wax to be moulded in the hands of thoſe, who were neareſt unto him, and this was in a manner the cauſe of his ruine. But it was well for him he betook himſelf firmly to the good counſels of his ſiſter, who dearly loved his good, and aimed at nothing but the glory and repoſe of his Empire. We have here inſerted his Portraicture, and Elogy. *His death.*

FLAV. THEODOSIUS JUNIOR, ARCADII ET EUDOXIÆ FILIUS, OCTO ANNORUM PUER ORIENTALE CEPIT IMPERIUM, ET PER ANNOS QUADRAGINTA TRES PULCHERIÆ SORORIS AUSPICIIS, ARMIS ET LEGIBUS FELICITER ADMINISTRAVIT: PRINCEPS DE MELIORI NOTA, CHRISTIANUS, VITÆ INTEGERRIMÆ, DIVINIS LECTIONIBUS INTENTUS, PATIENTIA ET CLEMENTIA SUPRA CÆTEROS CLARUS, OBIIT CONSTANTINOPOLI ANNO CHRISTI CDLII. ÆTATIS XLIX.

Upon the PICTURE of *THEODOSIUS.*

A Sceptre free from pride, a goodneſs ſweet,
A life not feign'd, but where true graces meet.
As zeal, he for ſole favour did advance,
So Heav'n his Shield became, the Croſs his (Lance.

Marriage of *Pulcheria*, and new Government.

HE had no Male Iſſue by his Wife *Eudoxia*, and the Empire might not fall to the Diſtaff, which ſeemed to invite theſe two Princeſſes, who till this day had ſwaied in Government, to ſound the retreat. But *Pulcheria* was become very neceſſary for the State, and as yet had not loſt the appetite of rule. *Theodoſius* having caſt his eys by the advice of his Council upon *Martianus*, to declare him Succeſſour in his Empire: *Pulcheria* married him, only under the title of Wedlock, with mutual conſent of both parties to keep Virginity. This woman was made to govern men, and Empires. She was already fifty years old, and had managed the State about thirty ſeven. Behold ſhe beginneth a new Reign, with the beſt man of the world, who only had the name of a husband, and in effect ſerved and reſpected her with as much regard and humility, as if he had been her own Son. She could not in the world have made a better choice. This great man was naturally enclined to Piety, Juſtice, compaſſion towards the neceſſities of man-kind. He was very valiant, for he had all his life-time been bred among Arms, and, during his Empire, no barbarous Nation durſt ſtir, ſo much was he feared. It was a wonder by what byaſs God led him directly to the height of worldly honours. He was of baſe extraction, a *Thracian* born, of a good wit, and a body very robuſtious, which made him finde a ſweetneſs in War. He going to *Philippolis* to be enrolled in the liſt of Souldiers, by chance it happened he found a dead body upon the way, newly maſſacred. This good man, who was very compaſſionate, had pity thereon, and approached to give it burial: but this charity was like to have coſt him his life; for being buſily employed to enterr this body, one laid hold on his throat, as if he had been the murtherer, and that he made this grave for no other intention, but to bury his own guilt. The poor man defendeth himſelf in his innocency as well as he could, but conjectures prevail beyond his defence. He was now under the Sword of the Executioner, when by good hap the Homicide was produced, who had done the deed, convicted by his own confeſſion. This man thruſt his head into the place of the innocent, and *Martianus* brought his away to behold it one day glitter under the Rubies and Diamonds of the Imperial Crown. This was not without long trials of his ability, which transferred him from degree to degree, through all the hazards of a long and painful warfare. He was then mature in years, in account one of the greateſt Captains of the Empire. Behold why *Pulcheria* could not be deceived in her choice. This good husband, who held his wife as a Saint, was wholly directed by her counſels, and ſhe daily purified his Soul in religion and policy. He became in ſhort time ſo brave & perfect in this Schole, that he was accounted one of the moſt accompliſhed Emperours, who had born the Sceptre ſince *Conſtantine*. God well ſhewed his love and faithful protection towards *Martianus*; when, in the ſecond year of his Empire, he diverted the furious *Attila* from the Eaſt, who even now roared over the City of *Conſtantinople*, as a thunder-ſtroke before it brake in ſhivers.

Marvelleus accident of *Martianus*.

Good ſucceſs of *Martianus*

This *Attila* was a *Scythian*, a great Captain, who promiſed to himſelf the Empire of the World, and for that cauſe had taken the field with an Army of 700000 men, compoſed of ſtrange and hideous Nations, who had gone out of their Country like a ſcum of the earth, ranging themſelves under the conduct of *Attila*, for the great experience he had in the manage of Arms. He, notwithſtanding was a little man, harſh, violent, his breaſt large, his head great, the eie of a Piſmire, his noſe flat, his beard cloſe-ſhaved, beginning already to wax griſled. He walked with ſo much ſtate, as if he thought the earth had been unworthy to bear him; and, though meerly barbarous, the deſire of honour ſo poſſeſſed him, that being one day at *Milan*, and ſeeing Pictures, where the *Roman* Emperours were repreſented, who had *Scythians*, his Country-men, caſt at their feet, was ſo enraged, that inſtantly he ſent for a Painter, and cauſed himſelf to be drawn, in a very eminent golden Throne, and clothed in royal Robes, and the Emperours of *Rome* and *Conſtantinople* bearing Bags on their ſhoulders filled with Crowns; then made them to be poured at his feet, alluding hereby to the vaſt ſumms of money he in good earneſt extorted from the Empire, and which *Theodoſius* gave him afterwards to divert the courſe of his Arms,: thinking that ſpeedily to diſpatch ſuch an enemy out of his Territories, it was only fit to make for him a bridg of ſilver. This man ſeemed created to ſhake the pillars of the earth, and for that cauſe made himſelf to be called *The ſcourge of God*. There was no Infant ſo little, in the arms of the Nurſe, who hearing *Attila* named, did not think he ſaw a Wolf. He conſidering, that *Martianus*, a moſt valiant man, at that time ſwayed the Eaſtern Empire, durſt not come near, but haſtened to fall upon the Weſt, where *Valentinian* the younger reigned, Son of *Honorius*, Coſin of *Theodoſius*, and *Pulcheria*, a wanton and diſſolute Prince, as you ſhall underſtand in the courſe of this Hiſtory, loſing his life and Empire by his ſenſuality. So it was, that *Attila*, attempting firſt upon the *Gauls*, found work enough; for the *Romans*, *French*, and *Goths* (not unlike dogs, who, after they have worried one another, rally themſelves together to reſiſt the Wolf) by a common conſent, heartened each other under the conduct of *Ætius*, *Moroneus*, and *Thyerry*, againſt this Barbarian, and having given him battel, defeated one part of his Army in the *Catalonian* Plains: but he failed not to pack away, creeping along like a great Serpent, which, loaden with redoubled blows given by Peaſants, hath received a maim in his body, and notwithſtanding ſaved his head.

God, who derideth the proud, and in his Amphitheatre is pleaſed to make, not Lions to fight with Bulls, but the weakneſs of the earth againſt the moſt inſolent greatneſs, reſerved the conqueſt of this Monſter to religious perſons and women. It is a wonder, he coming to *Rome*, as to the period and butt of his ambitions, all enflamed with great deſires, in this clattering of harneſs, and loud noiſe of Armies, all the world trembling under the ſcourge: the brave Pope S. *Leo* went out to ſeek him, and preached ſo well unto him, that being come thither as a Lion, he returned as a Lamb: for *Attila* entertained

tained him with marvellous reſpect. So had he done before to S. *Lupus*, Biſhop of *Troys*, granting him whatſoever he could deſire. All his Chaplains were much amazed; for, among other Titles, this *Hun* had the name of being inexorable to Suppliants: and it then being curiouſly asked of him, who made him at that time loſe his fury, he confeſſed he ſaw a venerable perſon by *Leo*'s ſide (it was the great Saint *Peter*) who threatened him with death, if he condeſcended not to what the good Pope deſired of him.

Attila then leaving *Italy*, and paſſeth into *Sclavonia*, without being wiſhed for again, but by one ſole woman. Alas! who would believe it? *Honoria*, ſiſter of the Emperour, Coſin-german to *Pulcheria*, fell in love with this Monſter. I know not what ſhe had ſeen in this Picture, which commonly was painted with the horn of a Bull on his forehead. It was not in my opinion his fair eys, nor goodly noſe, which made him ſought after, for he was one of the moſt deformed creatures of the world: yet he notwithſtanding was reputed a great Captain, and a puiſſant King. This blind Princeſs ſo breathed the air of ambition, that, though he were wholly Pagan and hideous, ſhe no whit was affrighted: for verily her paſſion was ſo much enkindled, that ſhe ſecretly diſpatched one of her Eunuchs with expreſs Letters, beſeeching *Attila* he would demand her in marriage of the Emperour her brother, and ſhe ſhould account it a great honour to be his wife. This *Scythian* entered into a much greater eſtimation of his own worth then ever, beholding himſelf ſued unto by a *Roman* Lady of noble extraction, and thereupon grew ſo eager, that he immediately addreſſeth an Ambaſſadour to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to require his ſiſter of him in marriage, and the moiety of his Kingdom; otherwiſe he was not gone back ſo far, but he would return with his Army to enforce his obedience.

All the World was now ſtrucken with terrour, when by good chance he ſaw himſelf, for ſome preſſing occaſions, engaged to return into his Country, where all theſe lightenings were quickly turned into a ſhower of blood. After he had ſweat under harneſs, like another *Hannibal*, who, in the end of his conqueſt was brutiſhly beſotted in the boſom of a *Capuan* Lady: this haughty King of *Huns*, as ſoon as he came into his Countrey, wholly engulphed himſelf in Wine, and Love. Beſides a great rabble of creatures, which he had to ſatisfie his luſt, he became in his old days paſſionately enamoured of a Gentlewoman, named *Hildecon*, whom he married with Sports, Feaſts, and exceſſive alacrity. That evening, after he had freely drunk, according to his cuſtom, he retired into his Nuptial Chamber with his new Spouſe, and the next morning was found dead in his bed, floating in a river of blood, who had drawn blood from all the veins of the world.

Death of *Attila*.

Some ſaid, it was an eruption of blood, which choaked him, but others thought *Hildecon*, lead thereunto, one knoweth not by what ſpirit, nor by whom ſollicited, handled her pretended husband as *Judith* did *Holofernes*. Behold how God puniſheth the proud. A deſpicable Dwarf, who commanded over 700000 men, who forraged every where, environed as with a brazen wall, who boaſted in the lightenings of his puiſſant Arms, who razed Cities all ſmoaking in blood and flames, who waſted Provinces, who deſtroyed Empires, who would not tread but on Crowns and Sceptres; behold him the very night of his Nuptials, full of drink, maſſacred by a woman, having not ſo much as the honour to die by the hand of a man.

The ſame night that *Attila* yielded up the ghoſt in his own blood, our Saviour appeared in a dream to the good Emperour *Martianus*, and ſhewing him a great Bow all ſhivered in pieces, ſaith; Martianus, *behold the Bow of* Attila, *which I have broken: thou haſt no further cauſe to fear thy Empire.* Thus you ſee, how God fighteth for the pious even while they ſleep.

This ſcourge being ſo fortunately diverted, *Martianus*, and *Pulcheria*, attended with all their power, to the conſolation and ornament of the univerſal Church, under the direction of the great Pope Saint *Leo*, whom their Majeſties moſt punctually obeyed. At that time were ſeen the Reliques to march in triumph into *Conſtantinople* of the good Patriarch *Flavianus*, maſſacred by the practiſes of Heriticks: at that time the exiled Biſhops were with honour re-eſtabliſhed in their ſeats. At that time the Council of *Chalcedon* was celebrated, where the Emperour *Martianus*, though wholly a Souldier, made an Oration, firſt in Latine, for the honour of the *Roman* Church, then in Greek his natural language. At that time Hereſie was fully condemned, and impudence ſurcharged with confuſion. At that time an infinite number of godly Canons were confirmed by the Council, and ſtrongly maintained by the authority of the Emperour. At that time Juſtice was fixed in the height of perfection. Briefly at that time the whole world was infinitely comforted by the good order and liberalities of this Holy Court.

It was an admirable Empire, and a happy Marriage, and nothing could be deſired more in this match but immortality. But the holy Virgin *Pulcheria* being about fifty years of age, not ſo much loaden with years, as merits, wearied out with continual travel and care, which ſhe had endured almoſt fourty years, in the manage of affairs, found her repoſe in exchange of the Court of *Conſtantinople* for that of *Paradiſe*. She died in a moſt pure virginity, which ſhe carefully had preſerved all her life-time, leaving the poor for her heirs, who were her delight, after ſhe had built in her own life time five Churches, and among the reſt, one to the honour of the moſt bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, which ſurpaſſeth all the other in magnificence, beſides many Hoſpitals, and Sepulchres for Pilgrims. Torches made of Aromatick wood caſt out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almoſt waſted: and the virtuous *Pulcheria* made all the good odours of her life evaporate in the laſt inſtant of her death. She, who had lived as the Bee in the taſtful ſweetneſs of purity, died as the Phœnix in the Palms, not of *Arabia*, but of conqueſts, which ſhe had obtained over the enemies of our nature. We have here annexed her Picture, and Elogy.

PULCHERIA FLA. THEODOSII JUNIORIS SOROR, AUGUSTA, VIRGO ET CONJUX, AUGUSTORUM FILIA, SOROR, NEPTIS, UXOR: PROPUGNATRIX PONTIFICUM, MAGISTRA IMPERATORUM, CUSTOS FIDEI, MUNIMEN ORTHODOXORUM, ECCLESIÆ ET IMPERII DECUS, NOVA HELENA, NOVUM ORBIS MIRACULUM, ANNO CHRISTI CLIII. ÆTATIS LV. IMPERII XXXIX. AD COELESTEM AULAM PROFICISCITUR.

Upon the PICTURE of *PULCHERIA.*

A golden Virgin in an Iron Age,
Who trampled under foot infernal Rage:
A barren Wife, a fruitful Maid, unſtain'd;
That all the World within her heart contain'd.
Mother of People, Miſtreſs over Kings, (brings.
And who 'twixt Church, and Law, firm union
She in her ſelf bright Sceptres did behold
Joyn'd to the Croſs, Altars to Crowns of Gold,
The married life unto Virginity,
And glorious greatneſs to Humility.
If Virtue were a ſubſtance to be ſeen,
Well might we here ſuppoſe this happy Queen
Should lend her body, that it outward may
Reſplendent luſtre to the World diſplay.

GReat Ones may here behold, the ſhorteſt way to the Temple of Honour is to paſs by that of Virtue. Never Woman was more honoured in her life, never Woman more glorious in her death. That great Pope, S. *Leo*, S. *Cyril*, and all the excellent men both of the Eaſt, and Weſt, have employed their Pens in her honour. So magnificent and noble Acclamations were made to her in Councils, that nothing would be wiſhed more glorious. A little before her death in the Council of *Chalcedon*, they cried out, *Long live the Empreſs moſt Sacred*; *Long live* PULCHERIA; *Long live the Second S.* Helena: *God preſerve the Saint, preſerve the Orthodox, preſerve her, who is the Guardian of Faith.*

What Tropheys of *Alexanders*, and *Cæſars*, are comparable to ſuch Honour? *Raderus*, who hath learnedly written her Life, maketh a Collection of her Titles, and calleth her the holy *Pulcheria*, ever a Virgin, always ſacred, a Virgin out of Marriage, a Virgin in Marriage, Daughter of an Emperour, Miſtreſs of Emperours, Protectreſs of Popes, Guardian of Faith, Bulwark of the Faithful, Honour of the Church, Glory of the Empire, the new *Helena*, the new Miracle of the World, the new Example for Poſterity. The Titles, which Saints have given her, and her Name in the quality of a Saint, have been couched in the Menologe of the *Grecians*, and the *Roman* Martyrologe, the Tenth of *September*, a Month wherein ſhe paſſed from this World, to the glory of Saints, in the year of our Lord 453. And *Martianus* her Husband, being not able to live without this Celeſtial Soul, fled quickly hence after her, to enjoy the recompenſe of his Piety. Of whom behold here the Picture, and Elogy.

FL. VA-

FL. VALERIUS MARTIANUS, SOLA VIRTUTUM COMMENDATIONE AD IMPERIUM EVECTUS, PULCHERIÆ CONJUGIS INTEGER CONJUX, MODERATUS DOMI PRINCEPS, FORIS ATTILÆ FURORI MODUM IMPOSUIT: QUASSATUM IMPERIUM CONTRA PARTHOS ET VANDALOS CONFIRMAVIT PRUDENTIA, ET ORTHODOXAM FIDEM ADVERSUS EUTYCHEN TUTATUS EST FIDE: VIXIT ÆTATI SATIS, IMPERIO PARUM, SIBI SEMPER VICTURUS. OBIIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLII. IMPERIO VI. MENS. VI.

Upon the PICTURE of *MARTIANUS.*

A Man without Eſtate, Souldier untrain'd,
Husband not wiv'd, an Emperour unſtain'd:
Whoſe ſtrength, triumphāt acts, & virtues bright,
We may his proper children call aright.
What did he not, ſince in himſelf he made
No change, but to a Sceptre from the Spade?

Eudoxia lived in the holy Land in the *Eutychian* Hereſie.

LEt us return now to our Pilgrim, *Eudoxia*, who lived in the holy Land, not being in the way of ſanctity. A woman, endowed with a goodly body, and a fair ſpirit, hath the charge of a veſſel very hard to be ſteered; more of ſuch ſuffer ſhipwrack then reach the Haven. The good Princeſs departed from *Conſtantinople* in grief, gall, and anxiety, which proceeded from the change of her fortune, and, that which is more, ſeduced alſo with the hereſie of the wicked *Eutyches*. *Theodoſius* her huſband yielded at the firſt encounter, and ſubmitted under the obedience of the Church: *Eudoxia* ſtill perſiſted, ſo apt the nature of women is to maintain an errour with obſtinacy. She had but too much wit to be deceived, and yet not prudence enough to diſcover the deceit. A Wolf clothed in the skin of a Sheep, that is to ſay, one *Theodoſius*, a falſe Monk, who had gained her under appearance of ſanctity, and much wrought upon her, during her abode in *Paleſtine*, wholly plunged her in the mire of hereſie, which ſhe ſupported in his favour, and endeavoured to illuſtrate by the ſubtilty of her wit.

How was it poſſible, but this hereſie of *Eutyches*, maſked with the falſe zeal of reverence towards the Perſon of the Son of God, might not enſnare a woman, very eaſie to take impreſſions, which had ſemblance of devotion, ſince even divers holy Hermits, who numbred many years in auſterities, and penance, before they were well informed, ſuffered themſelves to be tranſported with this novelty? Among others, the great *Geraſimus* was ſeen to fall; that Angel of the deſert, who tamed Lions, and uſed them as Mules, was beheld involved in the ſnares of this infamous Apoſtata, from whom he afterward freed himſelf by the mercy of God. It was a lamentable thing to ſee this poor Empreſs, who had forſaken all the greatneſs of Court, to live in retired ſolitarineſs, thus caught in the nets of her own judgment. She thought daily to amaſs infinite heaps of good works in the exerciſes of piety, which ſhe inceſſantly practiſed, and it was but duſt ſhe bare in her hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption. God would not loſe this fair ſoul, which he had enchaſed in a beautious body, to make her in the end of her days, an exact miracle of virtue, and as ſhe kicked ſomewhat too eagerly againſt ſo many teſtimonies of verity, he reſolved to break this feminine pride with the iron rod of another very ſenſible affliction. She was then, in her own opinion, out of the danger of inconſtancy, but had ſtill one part of her ſelf upon the Imperial Throne, who received all the violence of the ſtorm, to make the effects thereof

Eudoxia's affliction in her daughter,

paſs

paſs into her heart, by the painfull counterbuff of a love, which could not be renounced without a petty apoſtacy in nature.

Strange diſorder in the Roman Empire.

Endoxia her onely daughter, inheritrix of the name and beauty of her mother, was admired to *Valentinian*, Emperour of *Rome*, to be the ſubject of a wofull tragedy, and to make poſterity behold, that too eminent greatneſs is often ruined with thunder. This *Valentinian*, ſiſter's Son of the Emperour *Honorius*, coſin of *Theodoſius*, not being able to content himſelf with the ſprings of his own houſe (according to the Proverb) and repoſe himſelf in the beauty of a Princeſs ſo accompliſhed, as he in lawfull wedlock had eſpouſed, daily went an hunting after change in the infinity of forbidden loves. The ſenſuality of this Prince ſo much diſpleaſed God, that for this vice he ruined in his perſon this great *Roman* Empire, which ſo many times had cauſed her victorious Charriots, loaden with Palms, and Laurels, to paſs over the heads of the Kings and Monarchs of the world, ſo often had it been ſhaken, and ſo many times eſtabliſhed by concuſſion; needs muſt a wicked ſin of luxury interpoſe irrecoverably to entomb it.

Luſt ruineth Empires.

The Emperour then beholdeth with a wanton eye the wife of an eminent Senatour, named *Maximus*, and ſeeing this Lady was honeſt, and loyal to her husband, he thought her a bird not eaſily caught. Behold, he reſolveth to try all the priviledges of his power, and break all the bands of equity to give vent to his paſſion. What doeth he? Behold, he inviteth *Maximus* to a ſumptuous, and royal banquet, which he had prepared, miſerable man! who knew not this feaſt was a ſnare to entrap the honour of his wife. After ſupper, *Valentinian* inviteth him to play, under the colour of paſſing away the time, which he moſt willingly did, and ſo heateth him in game, that, after he had loſt all, he gaged down the Ring off his finger, wherewith he uſed to ſeal his Letters. *Valentinian* wan it, greatly rejoycing, not ſo much for the value of the Gem in it, which was of great price, as to have found a paſſage to his treacherous deſign. He preſently diſpatcheth a Gentleman with this Ring, who bare news to the Lady, that her husband ſent for her to the Palace to ſalute the Emperour. This was a very well-coloured pretext. Notwithſtanding, it caſt moſt ſtrong apprehenſions into the ſoul of his Lady, who too well knew the deportments of this Prince. But conſidering this precious pledge of her husband, held for an undoubted earneſt-peny of his command; ſhe goeth, and conſecrateth all the difficulties, which ſhe conceived, to the obedience towards her Lord. The poor Lady was no ſooner arrived, but was raviſhed, and violated, to ſatisfie the bruti ſh luſt of a man, more drunk with love then wine.

The Palace of a Chriſtian Emperour, which ſhould be a Sanctuary for the chaſtity of Ladies, is by an act black, and villanous defiled. The chaſte Turtle, who would not ſurvive her honour, as ſoon as ſhe returneth to her lodging, exclameth againſt her husband with outragious words, thinking he had conſented to this diſaſter. *Go* (ſaith ſhe to him) *ingrateſull, and unnatural man as thou art, to proſtitute the honour of thy wife to the bruti ſhneſs of a Prince, abandoned by God and men: doſt thou not yet feel the Executioners of thy conſcience, which reproach thee with thy crime? Maximus* much amazed at ſuch words, *What is the matter, or where have you been, fooliſh woman?* ſaith he. She ſhewing the Ring, *Doſt thou not yet acknowledge thy diſloyalty, ſilly, and perfidious man? behold that, which will accuſe thee before God.* He, as ſhe began to unfold her ſelf, too ſoon found his own ſhame, enjoyneth her to ſilence, and diſſimulation, and hath no vein in him, which tendeth not to vengeance.

Valentinian had a brave and valiant Captain, who ſupported the whole Empire: this was *Aetius*, very lately adorned with the ſpoils of *Attila*, whom he in a pitch'd battel had vanquiſhed. *Maximus* thought he muſt ruinate this pillar to make the whole houſe to fall, & therein was not deceived. But, being a man full of craft, ſo diſſembleth what was paſt concerning his wife, as if it had never come to his knowledge, onely he endeavoureth to gain the good opinion of a powerfull Eunuch, named *Heraclius*, who was the Emperour's inſtrument, and having already gotten him at his devotion, ſuggeſteth to him in great ſecret, he had learned from a good hand, that *Aetius*, Lieutenant General of the Emperour, was much puffed up with the victory he obtained againſt *Attila*, & that he on all ſides practiſed confederacies both without the Kingdom, to make himſelf abſolute Maſter of all: that under the ſhadow of entertaining the *French* and *Goths* in good correſpendence with the Empire, he purchaſed them for his own ſervice with the Emperour's revenues, and that nothing remained for him, but to ſet the Diadem upon his own head, which quickly he would do, were he not with all ſpeed prevented. *Heraclius* faileth not roundly to relate all this to his Maſter, who was already ſtirred with jealouſie towards *Aetius*, ſeeing his fortune took ſo high a flight, that it ſeemed to mount above wind and tempeſt. *Valentinian*, an hair-brain'd Prince, perpetually drunk with luſt and choller, without any further inquiſition, ſendeth for *Aetius* to the palace, and with enraged paſſion, *How* (ſaith he) *Traitour, Is it thou, who undertakeſt to bereave me of the Crown?* and ſaying that, taketh out a poinyard which he had in his boſom, and killed him with his own hand. An act both bold and barbarous.

The poor *Aetius*, who had born the brunt of an Army of ſeven hundred thouſand men, who firſt confronted a man, that ſhoke the pillars of all Empires, who returned from the *Gauls* amply loaden with victorious Palms, one of the moſt glorious Captains that ever was, at that time ſhewed at *Rome* as a prodigie of valour, fell dead as a ſacrifice at the feet of his Maſter, receiving by the juſt judgment of God that entertainment he before had given to *Bonifatius* the great Governour of *Africk*. *Valentinian*, as if he had acted a Maſter-piece, went preſently to one of the wiſeſt Counſellours to boaſt thereof, asking of him, if he had not well played his prize. The other replieth: *Sacred Majeſty, if you had taken an Hatchet with your right hand, and cut off your left arm inſtead of giving this accurſed blow, you had not done ſo ill. And I believe you too ſoon will feel the loſs you have received.* Theſe words were not without effect, for the death of *Aetius* being preſently after divulged, it put the ſouldiers into fury, who loved him as a brave and valiant Captain, under whoſe ſtandard they had given ſo ample teſtimonies of their worth. Two of the moſt hardy of them, *Oſtias*, and *Tranſilas*, after they had maſſacred the Eunuch *Heraclius*, aſſailed the perſon of the Emperour, who was at that time in the field of *Mars*, and deſperately murthered him, it being impoſſible to free himſelf from their hand, God permitting this in revenge of the murther lately committed, and ſo many adulteries, wherewith this miſerable Prince, degenerating from the blood of *Theodoſius*, was polluted.

Maximus, who caſt the Stone, and afterward withdrew his arm, cauſing all this tragedy to be acted

to

to his own advantage, after the death of *Valentinian*, as being moſt eminent, obtained the Empire with little reſiſtance, and his wife, during theſe enterprizes being dead (perhaps through diſcontent for her own diſaſter) ſeeketh the marriage of the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, wife of *Valentinian*, and daughter of our *Athenais*. The poor Princeſs drenched in a deluge of ſorrow for the death of the Emperour her husband, ſhewed in the beginning to be deaf in this motion of marriage: but as the ſpirits of women are mutable, and ſoothed with glory, in few days, forgetting death, ſhe reſolveth to live among the living, and, for accomodation of her affairs, weddeth *Maximus*. Behold him in a ſhort time in the Throne, and bed of his Maſter, revenging himſelf of one wickedneſs by another much more execrable. But vice in greatneſs hath ever a ſtaggering foot. *Maximus* was no ſooner entered into the Palace, but his head aked, and the remorſe of conſcience diſtracted him. His moſt truſty friends heard him ſighing ſay, he eſteemed that antient *Damocles* happy, who was a King but the ſpace of a diner-while; ſo much already was he diſquieted with the Empire, as if he had foreſeen his own cataſtrophe. It chanced one day this unhappy man, familiarly diſcourſing with his new ſpouſe, let a word eſcape him, which coſt him his life: for, to give her a great token of his affection, he confeſſed himſef to have intermedled in the deſign of *Valentinian* his death, not ſo much for the deſire of the Empire, as of her beauty. *Endoxia* was ſtrucken with ſtrang horrour at theſe words, not ſuppoſing her firſt husband had been deprived of life and Sceptre by his practices, and therefore reſolving to be revenged, ſhe covereth her plot with diſſimulation, & bendeth all her powers to content his humor. She ſaw how her mother had been uſed at *Conſtantinople*, ſo that from thence probably ſhe could expect no ſuccor. The fury of revenge tranſported her to an act very hazardous, which was to call *Genſericus* King of the *Vandals*, in ſect an *Arian*, reigning in *Africk*, to make a voyage into *Italy*, which he did with an huge Army, by means whereof he eaſily poſſeſſed himſelf of *Rome*, where all was in diſorder. And as he came thither, rather led by his unquenchable avarice then any motive of juſtice, or piety, he rifled all that which was rich and excellent, even to the treaſures of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, whereof ſome had ſtill been preſerved at *Rome*, ever ſince *Veſpaſian*. *Maximus*, after he had reigned two moneths, is knocked down, and rent like a ſacrifice. He, who in all charges had well thrived with honeſty, when he began to practiſe treachery, found that, which a great Prelate had ſaid in his Hiſtory; *That great mens fortunes, like Scorpion, carry their venom in their tails.*

Wicked revenge of a woman.

Sidon. Apol. lib. 3. Ep. 13. *Ut ſcorpius ultimâ parte percutit.*

The Empreſs *Eudoxia*, who, to ſatisfy her feminine Paſſion, had made all this goodly innovation, in the ſight of the great Pope S. *Leo*, who was ſpectatour of all theſe calamities, mended not her market: for ſhe, with her two daughters, were by this Barbarian carried into *Africk*, one of which bare her name, and was married to the Son of *Genſericus*, who afterward poſſeſſed the Sceptre: and the other was *Placidia*, ſent in the end with her mother to *Conſtantinople*, after the death of *Martianus*. Behold terrible accidents.

Converſion of Eudoxia.

Endoxia our Pilgrime, after recital made to her of all this tragedy, began ſeriouſly to open her eys, and laying her hand juſt upon the wound, acknowledged ſo many diſaſters had befallen her, for that ſhe had ſtrayed from the true faith. Thereupon, to ſettle her wavering ſpirit, ſhe deputeth an Embaſſadour to holy *Simeon Stilites*, near the City of *Antioch*.

This *Simeon* was a prodigie of man, who lived in a body as if he had been but a ſpirit. For figure to your ſelf a Pillar fourty foot high, and on this Pillar ſome little ſhroud fixed there as a Bird's neſt, open, and expoſed on all ſides to the injuries of weather; there this great man, to raiſe his body to God as well as his heart, placed his abode. It was a ſtrong lodging, where he could neither lie nor ſit in any faſhion, but ever ſtood bolt upright, without roof, without coverture, his hair being ſome-what whitened with Snow, and his beard full of Ycicles, ſome time roaſted with the boiling heats of the Sun, and in the midſt of all this he paſſed the days and nights in contemplation, eating but once a week, and that very ſparingly. Stilites.

To this famous Hermit then, who was the Oracle of Chriſtendom, *Eudoxia* ſendeth *Anaſtaſius*, a truſty Biſhop, who in much ſecrecy laboured her converſion, to conſult with him upon doubts of faith. *Simeon* anſwereth in theſe terms:

"Poor Princeſs, the malice of the evil ſpirit, who "ſaw the great treaſures of thy rare virtues, would "needs winnow and ſift thee. *Theodoſius* the falſe "Monk, a Miniſter of Satan, hath corrupted thy "fair and glorious ſoul. But courage, my daughter, "thou ſhalt die in the faith, conſult no more with "me, thou ſeekeſt waters far off, having the Foun"tain near at hand. It behoveth to addreſs thee to "*Euthymius*, who will ſerve as thy directour in an "happy way.

This anſwer being related to *Eudoxia*, ſhe cauſed this *Euthymius* to be ſought out on all ſides, who ſhould undertake this buſineſs. He was a venerable Hermit, having become hoary in the exerciſe of a long penance, and one who was hard to be found out, ſo much he avoided light and the converſation of men. Notwithſtanding God permitted him to be found, and brought, as it were by force, to the place where the good Empreſs was. She ſeeing this bleſſed old man, proſtrated herſelf at his feet, ſaying: "Fa"ther, I have lived long enough, ſince I have the ho"nour to behold you, it is from your hand I expect "the remedie of all my evils. *The holy man raiſing "her with much ſweetneſs*, Daughter (*ſaith he*) the "evil ſpirit hath too much abuſed your credulity: "it is time you open your eys to ſee the ſcourges "of God. All your ills have proceeded of nothing "but Infidelity. And if now you deſire to be cured, "there is but one word: ſtand no longer upon di"ſputation, but follow the Councels of *Nice* and "*Conſtantinople*. Behold the rule of your faith, which "you ſhall learn of *John* Biſhop of *Jeruſalem*.

Euthymius, after he had thus ſpoken to her, returned to his Cell, and ſhe goeth directly to the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, attended by an infinite number of Religious, lifting their hands to Heaven in thanksgiving for this converſion. She abjureth the hereſie of *Eutyches*, between the hands of the Biſhop, and abſolutely reconcileth her ſelf to the Catholick Church, with ſo much fervour and zeal, that ſhe ceaſed not all the reſt of her days to extirpate impiety, and amplifie the Church in all parts of the *Eaſt* where her power extended.

The good Empreſs then led a life wholy celeſtial, her ſoul being purged in the Furnace of painful tribulation, afterward purified more and more in the love of God, held not of the body but by a ſlender thread. Her heart was an incenſe, daily diſſolved into the flames of her charity, ſending to Heaven its fragrant exhalations. Her two eys were the Conduits, by which penance with a powerful expreſſion diſtilled tears, which are as the nectar of the love of God;

Worthy life, and glorious death of Eudoxia.

God, her hands like those of the Spouse, true globes of gold, repleniſh'd with an ocean of bounty, poured through the Cities, and deſerts of *Paleſtine*. In every place nothing was to be ſeen but Churches and Hoſpitals, but houſes for the poor built at her coſt; ſo that an Authour named *Cyrillus*, who lived in her time, aſſureth us, it was a thing impoſſible to number them, God being willing to diſpoſe her paſſage out of this life by the exerciſe of ſo many good works. And being upon the confines of her laſt year, ſhe went to viſit a magnificent Church of St. *Peter*, which ſhe had founded, and one day repoſing near to a Ceſtern, where ſhe laboured for the good of the ſaid Church, ſhe began to caſt her eys upon a great number of Monaſteries, all near one to another, which were in the charge of her good father *Euthymius*, then fetching a deep affectionate ſigh, ſhe ſpake theſe words of the 24. Numeri: *O Jacob, how fair are thy pavillions! O Iſrael, how excellent thy tabernacles!* Then turning her ſelf to a Gentleman of her train, "Go (*ſaith ſhe*) ſeek out *Euthymius*, and "intreat him to do me the honor, that I once again "may ſpeak to him. If he ſhall ſay, he ſpeaketh not "with women, tell him I no longer know what ſex "is, and that I converſe onely with Angels. *Euthymius* in his Cell had by revelation, that this Saint ſhould quickly paſs to a better life, and he came directly to bring her the news thereof. The Empreſs ſaluted him very courteouſly, and diſpoſed her heart to ſpeak to him touching a certain ſumm of money, ſhe deſired to give for the entertainment of his Monks: but the good man divining the thoughts of her heart, ſaith to her: "Madam, trouble not "your ſelf for this money, there are other affairs "which more concern you: know, you very ſhortly muſt depart out of this world, and now you "ought to have but one care, which is to entertain "your ſoul in that ſtate you deſire it ſhould part "out of this life. *Eudoxia* at the firſt was amazed at this diſcourſe. It ſeemeth ſouls (as *Plato* ſaith) go not but with grief out of fair bodies, but this was too much diſengaged to do in the end of thoſe days any unreſigned act. After ſhe had a long time talked to *Euthymius*, as one would with Angels, ſhe gave him the laſt adieu, full of hope to ſee him at the Rendez-vous of all good men. Returning into *Jeruſalem*, ſhe had no other care, but to ſet a ſeal upon all her good works, then diſtributing whatſoever ſhe had to the poor, ſhe expected the ſtroke of death freely, and reſignedly: her ſoul was taken out of her body throughly ripened for Heaven, as fruit which onely expects the hand of the Maſter to gather it. She was about threeſcore years of age, having ſurvived *Theodoſius* her husband, and *Pulcheria*, *Flaccilla*, *Marina*, *Arcadia*; for all of them went before her into the other world: ſhe was married at twenty years of age, ſhe ſpent twenty nine in Court, and as it were eleven in *Jeruſalem*: ſhe deceaſed in the year of our Lord 459. the one and twentieth year of Pope *Leo*, and the fourth of the Emperour *Leo*, Succeſſour of *Martianus*. A woman very miraculous among women, who ſeemeth ſo much to have tranſcended the ordinary of her ſex, as men ſurpaſs Beaſts. More then an Age is required, ere Nature can produce ſuch creatures. They are born as the Phenix, from five hundred to five hundred years, yea, much more rare. A great beauty, great wit, great fortune, a great virtue, great combats, great victories; to be born in a poor cottage, as a Snail in his ſhell, and iſſue out to ſhew it ſelf upon the Throne of an Empire, and die in an hermitage! all is great, all is admirable in this Princeſs: but nothing more great, nothing more admirable, then to behold a golden veſſel, with ſails of linen, and cordage of ſilk, counterbuffed by ſo many ſtorms, overwhelmed, and even accounted as loſt, in the end happily to arrive at the haven. Behold her Portraicture and Elogie.

Numb. 24. *Quàm pulchra ſunt tentoria tua, O Jacob habitationes tua, O Iſrael!*

EUDOXIA

EUDOXIA AUGUSTA, THEODOSII JUNIORIS CONJUX, EX HUMILI FORTUNA IN MAGNUM IMPERIUM TRANSCRIPTA SCEPTRUM VIRTUTIBUS SUPERAVIT, COELESTIS INSTAR PRODIGII FOEMINA, INGENIO, FORMA, VITA, SCRIPTIS, ET RELIGIONE CLARISSIMA: CUM VICENIS NUPTA ANNOS XXIX. EGISSET IN IMPERIO, ET UNDECIM FERME IN PALÆSTINA, HIEROSOLYMIS RELIGIOSISSIMO EXITU VITAM CLAUSIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLX, ÆTATIS LIX.

Upon the PICTURE of *EUDOXIA.*

Fortun'd unparallel'd, Beauty her own,
A ſpirit that admits no Paragon.
Divine, immenſe, although it ſeem to be,
'Twas but the Temple of the Deity.

HER example drew an infinite number of great Ladies, to contempt of pleaſures and vanities of Court, to ſeek the Temple of repoſe in the deſerts of the Holy Land. Among others, Queen *Eudoxia* her Grand-childe, who, as we have ſaid, was married into *Africk*, treading the world under foot with a generous reſolution, came with her Crown to do homage at the Tomb of her Grand-mother, kiſſed her aſhes, as of an holy Empreſs, and was ſo raviſhed with the many monuments of Virtue ſhe had erected in the Holy Land, that there ſhe would paſs the reſidue of her days, and chooſe her Tomb at the foot of that from whence ſhe derived her blood, and name.

It is a great loſs to us, that the learned books written by this Royal hand have been ſcattered; for thoſe varieties of *Homer*, which are extant, are not *Eudoxia's*. *Photius*, much more ſubtile then *Zonaras*, to judge of the works of antiquity, maketh no mention thereof in the recital of the writings of this divine ſpirit, but of her Octoteuch, which he witneſſeth to be a worthy, heroick, aad admirable Piece. Behold that which is moſt remarkable in the Court of *Theodoſius*.

And verily for as much as concerneth the perſon of the Emperour, he did enough to make himſelf a Saint, by living ſo mortified in his paſſions, in the delights of a flouriſhing Court. It is a meer brutiſhneſs, a very plague of man's ſoul, to make no account of Princes, but of certain braggards, vain, brain-ſick, and turbulent ſpirits, who fill Hiſtories with vain-glorious bravadoes, whoredoms, murthers, and treacheries: theſe are they of whom the ſpirit of fleſh (an enemy of God) proclaimeth falſe praiſes, and ſuch an one ſeemeth to himſelf ſufficiently great, when there appeareth a power in him to do ill. A calm ſpirit, united, docible, temperate, though he have not ſo many gifts of nature, is a thouſand times to be preferred before theſe vain-glorious and audacious, who are only wiſe in their own opinion, valiant in raſhneſs, happy in vice, and great in the imagination of fools. It is good to have the Piety of *Theodoſius*, and to let over-much facility work in praying, and pray in working: to have the beak and plumage of an Eagle, and the mildneſs of a Dove; to lay the Hide of a Lion at the feet of the Statue of Piety.

As for *Pulcheria*, ſhe was the mirrour of perfection among the great Princeſſes of the earth, yet not without her ſpots, but ſtill giving water to waſh them away. And for *Eudoxia*, you finde in her what to take, what to leave, many things to imitate, few to reject, but an infinite number to admire. Behold in the end the *Fortunate Piety*, which I have ſet before your eys as a golden Statue, not only to behold it in paſſing by, but to gild your manners with the rays, and adorn your greatneſs with the glory thereof.

Who will not admire the proſperity of the Empire of *Conſtantinople*, in the manage of *Theodoſius*, of *Pulcheria*, of *Martianus*, under the rule of piety, and not ſay, Behold the world, which trembleth in all the parts thereof under the prodigious armies of Barbarians, who ſeemed deſirous to rend the earth, and wholly carry it away in fire, and blood from the centre? Behold the *Roman* Empire, which hath troden under foot all Sceptres and Crowns of the earth, ruined, diſmembered, torn in a thouſand pieces, in the hands of a vitious Emperour, who buried it under the ſhivers of his Sceptre: and behold, on the other ſide, God, who preſerveth his *Theodoſius*, his *Pulcheria*, his *Martianus*, among theſe formidable inundations, which caſt all the world into a deluge, as heretofore he did *Noe* in the revengeful waters, which poured down from Heaven to drown the impurities of the earth. What Nurſe was ever ſo careful to drive a fly from the face of her little Infant while it ſlept, as the Providence of God ſhewed it ſelf affectionate in the conſervation of theſe elevated Souls?

Obſerve the perſons preciſely, and conſider each in particular. What happineſs in the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, whileſt ſhe laboureth for the glory of Altars: God gave the heart of her husband into her hands, the World in honour at her feet, and a little *Theodoſius* by her ſide, who in his infancy maketh all the hopes of his Mother to bud. But as ſoon as this poor Princeſs, forgetting her duty and ſelf, contended with S. *John Chryſoſtom*, behold her cut down with the Sithe of death, carried away in her flowre, deprived of the contentment and glory which ſhe poſſeſſed. Behold ſhe received a breach in her reputation, which cannot in the memory of all ages be repaired. Her bones are in horrour and dread, till ſuch time as S. *Chryſoſtom*, baniſhed by her commandment, and returning dead to *Conſtantinople*, came to ſerve as an Anchor for the floating aſhes of this unfortunate Empreſs.

Conſider this little *Theodoſius*, who even at his birth maketh the Idols to fall, the Pagan Temples to ſinck, and Hell to houl under his feet. What glory was it to bury the remainders of Idolatry, what a Trophey to extirpate under his Reign ſo many Monſters of Hereſies? What celeſtial comfort, to ſee in his time ſo many learned writings to be laid at his feet? to ſee ſo many worthy men flouriſh, ſo many Saints; as *Leos*, *Cyrils*, *Chryſoſtoms*, *Simeons Stilites*? to ſee the Church all garniſhed with ſtars and lights? to ſway a Sceptre more then fourty years in a peaceful Kingdom, among ſo many tempeſts? and, which is more, to fall into ſome defects by ſudden ſurprizal, and expiate them by a happy repentance? to ſee himſelf drawn by a powerful hand from the brink of a Precipice, and in the end to yield up his ſoul in the midſt of Palms and good odours of a glorious life? See you not a *Fortunate Piety*.

Behold *Pulcheria*, as an Eagle on the top of a Pyramid,

ramide, which ever hath her eie on the Sun, and ſeeth all ſtorms broken and confounded under her feet. Was there ever a more Fortunate Piety? To ſay, that a Maid at fifteen years of age, ſwaying Emperours, and Empires, enchaining all hearts of the world, to make her ſelf on earth a Crown, might boaſt to have had the Univerſal Church for trumpet of her praiſes, and from the government on Earth, to mount to Heaven by ſo happy death, born as on a Chariot of Liberality, and Magnificence! Where may one more manifeſtly ſee the happineſs of true and ſolid piety?

Behold *Athenais*, a ſilly Maid, who had not ſo much as a poor Cottage for ſhelter, as ſoon as ſhe embraceth Piety, and offereth the faculties of her Soul to the honour of Altars; behold her raiſed upon the Throne of the prime Empire of the world: afterward, as ſhe came a little to forget God, he ſent her a very ſharp affliction, but as ſoon as ſhe hath again recourſe to the arms of Devotion, the cloud of calumny caſt on her forehead diſſevereth, the ſtorm paſſeth away, and her face all glittereth in glory; and, which is moſt admirable, God layeth hold of her even in the gulph of errour, whereinto a wicked hypocrite had caſt her, re-conducteth her to Altars, receiveth her ſoul in peace, and cauſeth her to reign both in her ſelf and blood in all the three parts of the world: for ſhe held in perſon the Sceptre of *Aſia*, her daughter *Eudoxia* was married to the Emperour of *Rome*, the Capital City of *Europe*, and her Grand-childe was Queen of *Africk*, miraculouſly finding a Kingdom in her own captivity. Is not this a *Fortunate Piety?*

Add alſo hereunto *Martianus*, a poor Peaſant, who now had his neck under the Sword of the Executioner, falſly accuſed of a crime, whereof he was innocent; and God taketh him by one hair of the head, delivereth him from ſhame and peril, marvellouſly guiding him to the government of a great Empire, giveth him innumerable proſperities, and indeed maketh him another *Conſtantine*. Ought not impiety to burſt with rage, and confeſs, that happineſs, greatneſs, benedictions, and favours of Heaven are for piety?

Here it may be, you will alſo have ſome remembrance of the Court of *Herod*, where you have ſeen the poor *Mariamne* in virtue ſo ill-entreated, and will think that piety in this creature was unfortunate. But if this thought occur, would it not condemn all the Martyrs, and all the Saints, whoſe lives notwithſtanding we ought to judge moſt happy, ſince that vanquiſhing the petty miſfortunes of the world, ſhe hath fallen into the boſom of felicity? Tell me, one hour of life in patience and tranquillity of ſoul, which this good Queen had among ſo many ſtrange accidents, is it not more worth then the thirty ſeven years of her husband, all clouded with crimes, diſturbances, and fury? Tell me, is it not a happineſs and an incomparable glory, that God would partake in perſecutions with this good Princeſs, ſuffering himſelf by this ſelf-ſame man to be purſued, who had been the hammer of all her afflictions? Is it nothing to die in the Amphitheatre of Patience, in the Theatre of Honour by the ſame Sword, which was afterward unſheathed againſt *Jeſus Chriſt?* Is it nothing to give up the life of a Piſmire in exchange of an immortal glory on earth, and an happy repoſe in Heaven.

And if you beſides deſire to ſee her fortunate piety according to the world, is it not a blow from Heaven, to ſay, That all the race of *Herod* iſſued from his other wives was unlucky, miſerable, execrable, deprived of their Father's Sceptre, chaſed away, exiled, ſcourged with whips from Heaven, and the Grand-children of *Mariamne*, remained laſt in royal Thrones? *Tigranes* her Grand-childe deſcended from *Alexander*, was King of *Armenia*, crowned by the hands of the *Roman* Emperours. *Agrippa* the Great, iſſued from *Ariſtobulus*, who having been fettered with an iron chain, through the cruelty of *Tiberius*, was ſent back to his Kingdom by *Caius Cæſar*, and honoured with a golden chain of like weight, with the ſame of iron, wherewith he had been fettered.

Agrippa the youngeſt, under whom S. *Paul* pleaded his cauſe, was preſerved from the horrible ſack of *Jeruſalem*, as *Lot* from the flames of *Sodom*, and reigned in *Tyberiade*, and *Juliade*, even to decrepit age.

Berenice, Grand-childe of *Mariamne*, was extremely courted by the Emperour *Titus*, entituled The world's Darling. Another called *Druſilla*, was married to *Felix* Governour of *Judea*, of whom is ſpoken in the *Acts*, God likewiſe recompenſing the virtue of the Mother in the Children by ſome temporal favours: and all thoſe, who diſpoſed themſelves to virtue, were fortunate, to make it appear by evident teſtimonies, that unhappineſs ariſeth from nothing but impiety.

Theſe two Courts, the Hiſtories of which we have here repreſented, in my opinion ſufficiently ſhew the unhappineſs of impiety, and fortunate ſucceſs in the lives of Great-ones, when they are guided according to the Laws of Heaven.

If I hereafter ſhall continue this work, I will unfold, according to the ſucceſſion of Ages, the Elogies of great men, who in the practice of the world flouriſhed in all piety, to caſt confuſion upon the foreheads of ſuch, who, being heirs of their blood and fortunes, alienate themſelves ſo far from their merit. Yet cannot I abſolutely promiſe any thing: firſt, Becauſe the exerciſe of preaching and other miniſteries, afford me little leiſure to write; and although I might have ſome time for this purpoſe, yet have I ſome other labours upon the holy Scripture of a longer task, which would require their ſeaſon. Secondly, I ſee many worthy men, who much more ably can perform it, then my ſelf; my Talent is ſmall, and my Pen is ſlow, it can haſten nothing, I muſt ponder my works before I publiſh them, though very imperfect. They ever ſeem to me too ſoon to take flight and light: I would, as it were, perpetually hold them by the wings. Briefly, it is no ſmall labour to finde ſo many Saints in Courts. You know the Philoſopher, who ſearched for men with a Candle at Noon-tide, and had much ado to finde any: how much more difficult think you is it to meet with Saints, eſpecially in the decrepitneſs of this age, wherein there is little vigour, and many maladies? If you require books of me, I ſay, give me Saints, although verily I rather ſhould endeavour to engrave ſanctity in my manners, then writings. The time will come when books ſhall be gnawn by Moths on Earth, and works in Heaven eſteemed.

LAUS DEO.

THE HOLY COURT.

THE SECOND TOME.

Treating of the { PRELATE. / SOULDIER. / STATES-MAN. / LADY.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSIN*, of the S. of JESUS.

Translated into Engliſh by S^R. *T. H.*

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD D'SACKVILE,

Earl of DORSET, Baron of BUCKHURST, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen's Majeſtie, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and of his Majeſties moſt Honourable PRIVIE COUNCEL.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE eminent, and well deſerved place, your Honour holds in the Court of her Majeſty, to whoſe gracious favour the firſt part of my Work was heretofore humbly conſecrated, emboldens me in the adventure of this preſent addreſs to your Honour; nor ſhall there, I hope, any notable diſproportion appear to the eys of the judicious, that I thus purpoſely ſelect your Honour to wait on her HIGHNESS in a printed Dedication, who at Court in ſo near a degree daily attend on her Sacred perſon.

The great and general applauſe, with which *France* hath entertained the whole Work in the original, gave encouragement to my pen to continue that firſt labour in the tranſlation of this Second piece. Here may be ſeen the Court of a great and glorious Prince ſtanding conſpicuous to all eys, like a goodly Fabrick raiſed on four fundamental columns; two of which, the Souldier and the States-man, may not improperly ſeem to reflect on your Honour.

The firſt, when in the fair occaſions of his Majeſties fit employments, his juſt reaſon ſhall at any time call you forth into action: the ſecond, in the preſent and frequent uſe he hath of your well matured counſels: both which, by maſculine courage and ſober wiſdom, aptly perſonated in *Conſtantine* and *Boetius*, are here preſented to the life, as ſtrong patterns for imitation. It is your honours patronage, that thus brings them with the reſt into the fruition of *Engliſh* air, and me by this opportunity, into the grateful acknowledgment of many favours received from your Honour, which ſince I cannot make known by more real demonſtrations, I offer this poor endeavour to ſupply the plentiful deſires of him, who reſolves to perſiſt,

The humble devoted ſervant of your Honour,

28 MR 59 T. H.

TO THE
WISDOM of GOD INCARNATE.

ETernal WISDOM, Supream INTELLIGENCE, behold me proſtrate before the Abyſs of your great and Divine lights, to offer up the homage of my perſon and book, acknowledging the nothing both of the one and other; and proteſting to have neither ſpirit nor pen, which is not of You and for You, who are the ſource of good thoughts, and accompliſhment of all praiſe-worthy diſcourſes.

The Deſign and Order of this Book.

WE have, to ſpeak properly, but two great Books, Heaven and the Bible, which ſhall never periſh: The reſt bear ſome ſway, and have ſome laſting among men, yet in concluſion we finde their ends; but the moſt part of thoſe which are written in theſe days, fall into the world as drops of Rain into the Sea, of which the Ocean neither feeleth the approach nor departure. I expoſed my firſt Tome of the *HOLY COURT*, amidſt ſuch a throng of Writers, as it were with this conceit, thinking I carried a little dew into a great River, and that when I had ſpoken ſome truths, as it were paſſing along, I ſhould in my birth, bury my ſelf in the Tomb of ſo many Volumns; which is excuſable by the law of neceſſity, and honourable for the multitude and quality of thoſe, which are there to be found.

Notwithſtanding I ſee that God, who guideth our lives and pens, hath been pleaſed this work ſhould gain ſome eſtimation, and that, as it hath exceeded the merits of its Authour, ſo hath it ſurmounted his hope, expoſing it ſelf with ſome fruit and comfort, by an endeavour which I ſhall never think ill employed.

This hath again put the pen into my hand, to continue what I had begun, whereunto ſuch Honourable perſonages have perſwaded me, with motives ſo reaſonable, that having ſmall ability to undertake a ſecond labour, I had likewiſe leſs power to refuſe it.

Such as complain, my pen hath not ſoon enough ſatisfied their deſires, muſt remember, that though tardineſs be a mother ſomewhat unpleaſing, yet are not the children therefore deformed. The production of good Books ſhould not reſemble that of certain Birds, which according to the ſaying of an Antient, iſſue from their mothers before they are born; but we muſt a long time form and foment them in our minds, that they may appear in publick: for it is a very poor buſineſs, by precipitation to be able to hope no other thing, but through haſte to fail, that you may repent at leiſure. I rather fear the reproach of raſhneſs then delay, becauſe in this mortal ſtate wherein we live, all our perfecteſt actions are no other then groſs eſſays of perfection. *Sympoſius.*

This may be ſpoken without extenuating the worth of ſome celeſtial wits, who make expedition, and goodneſs walk hand in hand; it being abſurd, that thoſe who are unable to imitate them, ſhould boaſt infirmities oppoſite to their abilities. For my part, I content my ſelf to afford good liking and admiration to the Works of others, reſerving nothing elſe but labour for mine own. And although, notwithſtanding my endeavour, I never finde ſufficient ſatisfaction in this Book, to pleaſe thoſe Readers whom I have found ſo propitious, yet doubt not but I have in ſome ſort anſwered their deſires.

For in this ſecond Volumn I treat of the Courts of *Conſtantine the Great*, the two *Valentinians*, *Gratian*, *Theodoſius* the Elder, *Theodorick* in *Boetius* his cauſe, *Clodoveus*, *Clotilda*, *Levigildus*, *Hermingildus*, and *Indegondis*, in ſuch ſort, that I have ſelected the principal ſanctities of Great-ones in the firſt ſix Ages of Chriſtianity, which will not be ſleightly valued by thoſe, who better love to finiſh a Work then unboundedly diſtend it.

Moreover alſo, to be better then my promiſe, in my firſt Volumn having taken the Court in general, I here deſcend into particulars: and there being four ſorts of perſons, which compoſe the life of Great-ones, that is to ſay, the *Prelate*, the *Souldier*, the *States-man*, and the *Court-Ladie*, I have made a brief Table of the conditions neceſſary in every ſtate, couched in four Diſcourſes, purſued with as many Books of Hiſtories, which contain excellent Models of virtues, proper to all orders and ſtates of life, in perſons moſt eminent.

I can aſſure my Reader, theſe Summaries of Precepts, which I have ſo contracted in ſo few words (it being in my power to enlarge them in divers Volumns) are not unprofitable; and the Hiſtories are ſo choſen, that beſides their majeſty, which unfoldeth the goodlieſt affairs and paſſages of Empires in the beginning of their Chriſtianity, they have alſo a certain ſweetneſs, which ſolid ſpirits ſhall finde as much to tranſcend fables and modern elequence, as the ſatisfaction of truth ſurpaſſeth the illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall perpetually therein obſerve a large Theatre of the Divine providence, wherein, God himſelf knoweth, I have no other aim, but to digniſie Virtue, and depreſs Vice, without any reflection upon the perſons of theſe times, no more then if I wrote in the Reign of *Charlemain* or Saint *Lewis*. I heartily entreat all theſe ſpirits of application, who cannot hold their noſe over a piece of work, unleſs they finde it to ſuit with their own fantaſies, imagining that all literature is the eccho of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make gloſſes upon their own dreams, then my Books. We are not as yet, God be thanked, in ſo miſerable an Age, that we dare not offer ſacriſice to truth without a diſguiſe, ſince it is the glory of Great-ones, openly to wage War againſt Vices, as their greateſt Enemies.

For to ſpeak truly, after I had preſented my Firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I likewiſe conſidered in his Court rich and reſplendent lights, in all orders, which might ſerve as Models for my Treatiſes,: but to avoid affectation of all worldly complacence, I have purpoſely declined it; my nature and habit having already ſo alienated me from all worldly pretences, that it would prove painful to me to court any man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to give me for reward.

For

For ſo much as concerneth the form of writing, obſerved by me in this Second Volumn, I will truly confeſs to my Reader, that I have therein proceeded, rather guided by my proper Genius, then art, or cunning. And although I heretofore have been curious enough to read and obſerve all, what ever *Greek* or *Roman* eloquence hath produced of worth, yet I confeſs there is a certain ray of God, which encountering with our ſpirit, and mixing with nature, is more knowing then all precepts; and I may affirm this for the inſtruction of Youth, which hath asked my opinion concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtile. True it is, I have handled many books, written in all Ages, and have found the wiſeſt of them to be elevated in conceits and words, above the ordinary ſtrain, but always free from affectation. Others are ſo paſſionately enamoured of certain petty Courtſhips of language (which are capital enemies of perſwaſion, and which we moſt eſpecially ought to avoid in diſcourſes of Piety, the nerves whereof they weaken, and blemiſh the luſtre, ſince even thoſe who ſpeak to us out of Chairs, by word or writing, although in terms deſcreetly modeſt, make the leſs impreſſions on our hearts) and many times ſo ſeek after their own reputations, as they forget how much they are engaged to truth. We ſee ſome, who through over-much wit ſearch out ſtrange ways, conceptions different from common underſtanding, words extravagant, and in all things ſo vehemently adore their own imaginations, that they cannot endure any but themſelves in paper (which is the cauſe they very ſeldom meet with the habit of humane underſtanding, as being true Citizens of *Plato*'s Common-wealth) of ability to controle all, and to do nothing. Some glory in barreneſs, and would willingly be diſpleaſed with God, that he hath more plentifully ſown Stars in ſome parts of the Heaven then in others: they can brook nothing that is generous, without ſnarling at it, and taxing it, ſuppoſing beauties and ſplendours are defects, becauſe they ſurpaſs their capacities. Finally, there are ſome, who ſo furniſh themſelves, with the worth of others ceaſeleſs allegations, that they frame diſcourſes like to thoſe *Helenas* all of gold, where we can finde nothing but Drapery; not being able to diſtinguiſh the hand from the foot, nor the eye from the face. I enter not into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to regard the Works of the meaneſt Writers then cenſure them. But, to ſpeak ſincerely, I never thought it fit to adviſe or purſue ſuch courſes: and as in this Work I have not wholly declined Learning, nor ornament of Language, which I ſuppoſed apt for the purpoſe, endeavouring many times to enchaſe them with ſeemly accommodation; ſo have I been unwilling to repleniſh my leaves with Authours and Foreign tongues, this being undertaken rather to perſwade virtue among men eminent, then to fill the common places of young Students.

I likewiſe have ſo intermingled my ſtyle, that not deſcending into a petty language of complement, which had been below my ſubject, I thought to make it intelligible, yea even unto thoſe who make no profeſſion of arts or ſtudy. My onely aim is to ſpeak, and to be underſtood, perſwaded thereunto by the ſaying of *Philo*, that Speech and Thought are two ſiſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. I have more laboured upon the weight of ſentences then ornaments of words, not at all pretending to the honour of earthly pens, which we daily behold to grow in ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be much more abſolute, did they apply themſelves to graver ſubjects, and in ſome ſort imitate the Sun, who affording admiration to the world, hath none himſelf.

Notwithſtanding it often happeneth, not with the moſt eminent Writers, who ordinarily are endowed with much modeſty, but certain extremely profane wits, to idolatrize their own inventions, to condemn all treatiſes of worth and value; that it is impoſſible to be eloquent in our language, but in the expreſſion of vanities and impurities. Truly, if queſtion were made to judg of *French* eloquence, the riches of *Babylon* are not ſo exquiſite, as to be compared with the beauties of *Sion*.

Whileſt there are letters and men, there ſhall ever be praiſes for the excellent Books, which come from the pens of ſo many worthy Prelates, and other perſons of quality; yea, even from the Laity, who have exerciſed their ſtyle upon arguments, Chaſte, Honourable, and well-worthy of all recommendation. I ſpeak this as it were by the way, having at this time no purpoſe to enlarge upon recital of an infinite number of able men, who ſtand ready with pen in hand; nor likewiſe to commend thoſe of my habit, who have expoſed their excellent labours to publick view, and which I know might be well waited on by a large number of choice wits of the ſame Society.

But for as much as concerneth my ſelf, I have already diſcharged my promiſe, and doubt not, but that in theſe four Models, I have ſufficiently comprized the whole ſcope of my deſign. For the reſt, I think the Books of devotion that are publiſhed, ought to be rare and extraordinarily well digeſted; becauſe ſuch is the quantity of them, that the number of Authours will quickly exceed the proportion of Readers. Diſtaſt is a worm, which ſticketh on the moſt reſplendent beauties; and although a thing may be excellent, we muſt not therefore glut any man with ſuperfluity, leſt good offices turn into contempt, and charity make it ſelf tireſom. Yet ſo it is, that we muſt confeſs, pieces well ſelected and curiouſly handled can never ſo ſuperabound in number, as to offend thoſe, who can diſtinguiſh of merit.

For if it be true, as I have heard, that there are many good and learned Religious men of divers Orders, who prepare themſelves to write upon this ſame ſubject, I am very glad, and proteſt it ſhall be acceptable to me, becauſe ſo they may perfect what I have begun, with more profit then my ſelf.

Note here the cauſe why I ſtay my pen, and if there be ought good in this Volumn, I look upon it as that Mirrour, which was fixed on the wall of the *Arcadian* Temple, where thoſe who beheld themſelves, ſaw in ſtead of their faces, the repreſentation of the Divinity they adored. So in all this, which here may profit my Reader, I ſee nothing of mine own, but in it acknowledg the Father of Light, who is the ſource and end of all, which is in us eſteemed laudable, and whom I humbly beſeech, if there be any thing attractive in this Diſcourſe, he would be pleaſed to draw it upward, as the Adamant, tranſporting ſuch as ſhall read it to the love of their CREATOUR, to whom is due the tribute of all honour, as to Him who is the beginning of all perfections. This is the onely comfort of our labour: for, not to diſſemble a truth, he that more regardeth to write then to live, courting his pen, and neglecting his own conſcience, ſhall always have trouble enough to defend himſelf from Moths, Rats, and Oblivion. And though he ſhould be laden with the applauſes of the whole world, in a paſſionate life, it were but to gain a ſilly ſacrifice of ſmoak without him, to harbour fire and tempeſts within his own houſe.

Pauſan. in Arcadicis.

Centrum terræ validius accenditur, ex limpiditate flammæ cæleſtis. Vienna ex Ptolomæi Almageſto.

It is ſaid, the Stars by contribution of their rays, ſtrengthen the activity of Hell-fire; and I may ſay, all the lights of underſtanding and reputation will ſerve but to encreaſe the torments of a reprobate ſoul, who ſhuts his eys againſt God, not to open them to other object then vanity.

TO

TO THE

NOBILITY,

Dedicated to the

CHURCH.

SRIS,

THE Benefits you have received from God, and Examples the Weal-publick expecteth from you, are so essential obligations of duty, that when we speak of the Piety of Great-ones, you instantly are selected out to hold the first rank therein, and to be the cause, that Virtues, which ever are voluntary, may turn, as it were, into title of necessity. For, to joyn the Clergy to Nobility, is to connect two things together, which are both in Nature, and the Gospel, very eminent. It is to profess one's self an honest man by Birth, and Dignity, to stand on a Pinnacle, and serve as a Torch, to change your Word into Law, and Life into Example.

The Bishops of all Ages have been esteemed amongst men, as the Stars in the Firmament, whereof the Prophet Daniel speaketh; as the Senatours of Heaven, the Fathers of the Common-wealth, the Interpreters of God, the Mediatours of the Marriage contracted between the Lamb and the heavenly Jerusalem. Daniel 12. 3. *Dionys.* ἀρχιερ. De Ecclesiastica Hierarchia.

This is the cause why we ever think it is to desire a good work, to desire a Bishoprick, taking the words of the Apostle in a sense, which flattereth sensuality, informeth not the Conscience: but now, that the passage to Offices, and secular Dignities, is closed up from many with bars of Gold and Silver, whom birth seemeth to invite thereunto; they hope to repair themselves on the spoils of the Church, where such as proceed by sensual and worldly ways, often-times finde poyson and death hidden under a seeming sweetness.

For, Sirs, we must tell you, your Dignities, how eminent soever they be, are like the roof of the Temple in Jerusalem, which had Flowers among gilded Prickles; in my opinion to teach Bishops, that Mitres bordered with gold, and diversified with stones, have notwithstanding their points and prickings. *Villalpandus* upon *Ezechiel*, out of *Josephus* de bello Judaico lib. 6. c. 6.

Had we as many eys open towards Heaven, as Heaven openeth to behold here below the most secret actions of men, we should be strucken with horrour to see an Ecclesiastical Dignity fall to the lot of a depraved Soul, which changeth all the abilities thereof to incentives for sin, and to make of his proper honours the true snares of his Soul.

But it is a common disaster, that the smoak, which in the book of Toby driveth away the Devils, doth here daily surprise men. We stick on apparences, and if we retain some Maxims of Verity, we use them as Letters written with the juice of a Lemon, which can hardly be read but by the help of fire.

So, that when the day of Judgment shall manifest it self by fire, and, that at the departure of the Soul, flames shall be presented to enlighten it, even to the bottom of the Conscience, then shall it be, when all the knowledge of virtue, which we here on earth retain so poor and languishing, shall appear with enflamed characters for our condemnation. *Hermannus Hugo* de prima scribendi origine.

It is an admirable thing, which the good Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about four hundred years ago, as he lay on his death-bed, where, with much advantage the vanities of the world are discovered, and, when perhaps some too indiscreetly flattered him upon the splendour of his dignity, spake in the voice of an Oracle; Take away these vanities, for I protest, if it were to do again, I had rather die in a Monastery covered with leprosie, then with the scarlet Robe of a Cardinal. The life of *Hugo*.

Yet notwithstanding this man had been so little idle, that besides the Concordances of the Bible, which he composed, and the Commentaries he made upon the whole Corps of holy Scripture, he so couragiously employed himself in the exercise of good works, that being drawn out of the excellent Order of S. Dominick, he retained all his former virtues, which found no change in him, but that they added to their native beauty the lustre of authority. I speak this, not to inform Prelates, from whom I should receive instruction, but to represent to so many of the young Nobility, as we now daily behold advanced to Ecclesiastical charges, the peril there is in Prelacies, which are not guided by the paths of a good Conscience.

It is a monstrous thing (said holy S. Bernard) to hold the higheſt place, and have the lowest Courage, the first Chair, and the last Life, a Tongue magnificent, and an Hand slothful; much noise about you, and little fruit, the countenance grave, and actions light; great authority, and no more constancy then a Weather-cock. It were a better sight to behold an Ape on the house-top, and smoak in a Candle-stick, then a man dignified without merit. *Bern.* de consid. lib. 1. cap. 7.

On the contrary part, when Science and Virtue agree with Nobility, to make up a good Church-man, it is so glorious a spectacle, that it may be said, God, to produce it on earth, hath taken a pattern from himself in Heaven. I wish no more faithful witnesses then this Prelate, which I shall present unto you in this first Treatise, after I have made a brief Summary of Precepts, which I have purposely comprised in very few Pages, to render them the readier for the understanding; well knowing, there are store of Books largely enough dilating on this Subject, the length of which I have avoided to attend the matter.

I wish it may have an effect in your hearts worthy of your courage, that honouring your Dignity for Virtue, Virtue may enoble you with Titles of true Glory.

THE

THE HOLY COURT.

SECOND TOME.

THE PRELATE.

The First SECTION.

That it is convenient the Nobility ſhould govern the Church.

Æternitas mundi ex obedientiâ ad intelligentiam matricem. Apud. *Matthiam de Vienna*, qui liber impreſſus anno 1462.

I Begin by the Altar to meaſure the Temple of the Holy Court, and ſet a Prelate before your eys, who bare Nobility into the houſe of God, and there furniſhed himſelf with all the virtues, which made him ſpeak like an Oracle, and live as a true Image of Divinity. the *Platoniſts ſay*, the whole order of the world dependeth on Intelligences, which bear ſway in the motion of the firſt Heaven; and we in imitation of them may ſay, all the good of Chriſtendom proceeds from the examples of Eccleſiaſtical men, to whom the Son of God hath conſigned his authority on their brows, his word in their mouths, his blood and Church into their hands. For if Bees, ingendred of the body of a Bull, carry in their entrails the very form of that Bull from whence they are derived; by a much more juſt Title the people will bear the marks of thoſe, whom God hath given them for Doctours, and Fathers, whether it be by correſpondence of nature, through cuſtom, or by imitation, which ever hold a very great predominance over ſpirits diſpoſed to receive their impreſſions. Behold the cauſe why a Prelate, who liveth conform to his profeſſion, imprinteth the ſeal of the Son of God on all thoſe ſouls he governeth, and produceth himſelf in as many objects as he hath imitatours of his virtues. As on the contrary part, he who liveth ill in great Nobility, and Dignity, is a Seraphin in appearance, but a Seraphin without eys, without heart, without hands, which hath wings of a profane fire, able to burn the Propitiatory, if God afford not his helping hand.

Ulyſſes Aldrovan. de apibus.

And for as much as we at this day ſee the Nobility aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical charges, and many fathers to diſpoſe their children thereunto, ſometimes with more fervor then conſideration, it hath cauſed me to undertake this Treatiſe for the Nobility, which dedicate themſelves to the Church, as well to ſhew the purity of intention they ought to exerciſe therein, as to give them a fair diſcovery of the goodly and glorious actions they ought to purſue in the practice thereof. I here will firſt offer you a ſimple draught, which I afterward intend to adorn with the greatneſs of St. *Ambroſe*, as with more lively colours.

Plato rejoyced to behold Princes and Governours of Common-wealths to become Philoſophers, and we have cauſe to praiſe God, when we ſee the children of Noble Houſes to diſpoſe themſelves to Prieſthood, not by oblique and ſiniſter ways, but with all the conditions which their blood requireth, and ſacred dignity exacteth in ſo noble a ſubject.

Why ſhould we deny them Mitres, Croſiers, and eminency in the Church? ſo far is their birth from miniſtring any occaſions of the contrary, that it rather affordeth them favour both to undertake ſuch charges with courage, and diſcharge their conſcience with all fidelity.

The reaſons hereof are evident. For firſt, we muſt aver, that by how much the more honourable the charges are, ſo much the rather they are proper for ſuch as make profeſſion of honour; provided always on the other ſide, they have qualities ſuitable to thoſe miniſteries they pretend to exerciſe. And are there any in the world more ambitious of honour then Noblemen? Oſtentation is the laſt ſhirt they put off, and where can you find a more ſolid, and eminent honour, then that which is derived from the lawfull adminiſtration of Eccleſiaſtical functions?

Ariſtotle ſaith, *Truths, which tranſmit themſelves through the commen ſenſe of every man, get into credit as it were by the degree of nature.* Now ſuch hath been the eſteem of all Nations, that Kingdoms, and Common-wealths being eſtabliſhed upon Religion, and temporal juriſdiction, as on two columns; Religion ſo much the more excelleth politick government, as things divine tranſcendently ſurmount humane. And for this cauſe, favours, priviledges, & preheminences, have ever been given to Prieſts in the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Monarchies and Common-wealths of the world, as we may ſee in Hiſtories, & as the policy of the *Ægyptians*, *Aſſyrians*, *Chaldeans*, *Medes*, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Gauls*, and other nations.

Ariſt. l. 1. περὶ ἐρμηνείας *Xenophon.* l. 4. de factis & dictis *Socratis*, tribuit etiam *Socrati Strabo* Geograph. lib. 14. *Ælian.* lib. 14. cap. 34. Var. Hiſt. in Cæſon. Agathias Hiſtor. lib. 2, &c.

The honour of Prieſthood gained ſo much on the hearts of all people that the Monarchs of the earth ſeemed not to rule but with one arm, if they made not in one and the ſame perſon the alliance of Prieſthood and Royalty: ſo that oftentimes they ſhewed themſelves as depraved in their proceedings, as greedy in matter of honour.

The *Roman* Emperours, who ſtretched their authority as far as the point of their Lance could be extended, and who needs would be Commanders of arms,

Arms, to become thereby Masters of Laws, failed not to joyn the Mitre with the Diadem, and as soon to make themselves great Prelates, as great Emperours; thinking by this means to have the more power over the hearts of the people, and the less opposition for resistance, when they had depressed the forces, which might give some remarkable counterpoize to their greatness. And it is an admirable thing, that the first Christian Emperours, as *Constantine* and his children, still retained the titles of the *Great Pontifices* of Gentilism, as a Maxim of State, lest, foregoing this fantasie of dignity, they should behold themselves bereaved of some Jewel of their Crowns.

Baron. ad annum Christi. 383. num. 6. Gratianus primus nomen Pontificis respuit.

This is to authorize my proposition, which saith, True Honour belongeth to Ecclesiastical charges, when they are well administred: since the Monarchs of the world, from the very abuse of these Dignities, have derived glory: but to desire them for honour, is to dishonour the dignity by the unworthyness of your desire. So many *Ixions* now adays cast themselves athwart the smoak to court a cloud, that there is almost no love left, but for false Deities. That which maketh Ecclesiastical men honourable is, well to use their titles, and embellish their charges with the ornament of their lives. Otherwise all this petty gaudery, which we see sparkling round about them, is very little. It is not the Mitre, which maketh the Bishop, but to be esteemed worthy of the Mitre by transcendency in virtue, is to be more then a Bishop without merit.

Superiora non habent coronas, quia nè ventos quidem. Senec. natural. l. 1. c. 1.

Sometimes we beholding the Meteors of the air imagine to see Crowns about the Sun and Stars, which really are nothing but vapours, composed of gross air, which illusion coloureth, our imagination figureth, and the wind scattereth. This is to make fools believe there are Crowns encompassing this mighty Star. The Sun is adorned sufficiently with his proper rays, should he borrow his brightness from the vapours of the earth, he would no longer be the Sun. Even so is it, when with a terrestrial and impure eie we consider some exteriour marks of Ecclesiastical dignity: we think such things make Prelates, and we therein are deceived, for they are vapours of the earth, which the wind sooner or later will dissipate. He that will be truly resplendent, must within himself bear the scource of his own light.

Herein consisteth the most excellent form of honour, when a Prelate allieth sincerity of life to the dignity of his place, and that to serve as an example for all noble spirits, who make election to be of the Church, he advanceth his extraction by the lustre of virtues, which are as rays reflecting from the Divine greatness.

I say for a second reason, That when Noble-men hold Ecclesiastical Offices, and therein employ their whole extent of duty, we may hope from their ministeries, not only more radiance, but succour also, as from such as command with greater authority, and make themselves to be obeyd with more advantage.

It is undoubtedly true, that God sufficiently maketh it appear, he hath no need of men, when purposing to stretch out his arm to some extraordinary actions, he oftentimes extracteth creatures from dregs and dust, to set them in Thrones, and establish them with such authority, that he causeth the powers of the earth to bow under their commands, who bear the decrees of Heaven; which hath been seen in the infancy of the Church, and in the sequel thereof, through all ages: yet must we say, that, as our Saviour, although he had a science increate as God, a science infused as a Prophet, a science of beatitude, as he, who was possessour thereof from the first moment of his life: notwithstanding to accommodate himself to the laws of that nature, which he had assumed, spared not to work by humane science, which Divines call experimental. So in the government of the Church, though he sometimes operates without any regard had to dependance on the ordinary course, which himself hath established, as when he took simple fisher-men, to make them Masters over the Sages, and Instructers of Monarchs; yet at other times proceeding in a common strain, and more usual to nature, he chose men of note and authority, to employ them in the large confines of his Empire and jurisdiction.

S. Thom. 3. part q. 30.

So drew he *Moses* from *Pharaoh*'s Court, to make him the God of *Pharaoh*: so for Princes among the Gentiles, which he meant to enrole under his standard, he elected Kings and Sages; so, after he had constituted his Church under the government of a poor fisher-man of *Galilee*, he took one derived from the blood of Emperours, whom he made his Successour, to wit, S. *Clement*, so he caused in divers occasions *Ambroses*, *Gregories*, *Leos*, *Calixtuses*, to arise, and so many others of most honorable extraction, that they might bear Nobility as a dowry into the bosom of the Church, which they had so happily governed.

This Nobility was to their dignity as a gilded case to a rich tablet, as gold to the diamond, beauty of body to the soul, habiliments to the grace and garb of body. They had more lustre, more splendour, more resolution; and the subjects, who have not always intentions so pure in rendering honour to Ecclesiasticks, as not to regard the exteriour ornament of their qualities, and conditions, became more obsequious to their commands, having not boldness enough to contradict even those, who by right of their birth had as soon entered into Empire, as life.

How many times had secular powers been seen to transgress their limits, to usurp on the Church, and what disorder had we beheld to arise from the prosecution of this confusion, had not the hand of God raised Ecclesiasticks of noble houses, of great authority, of much courage, to sustain the shock, to tie the hands of the factious, and punish the boldness of the most daring; to call back (as *Job* saith) the prey out of the teeth of iniquity, and make a Diadem to himself wholly composed of actions of justice, magnanimity, religion, in this manner more resplendent then if he had possessed all the pearls of the Orient?

What a fair field of Battle, what goodly Palms, what bright glory hath a noble soul, to make it self a brazen wall for the defence of the Church, and obtain of God the blessing pronounced by the Prophet *Isaiah*, in favour of the High-Priest *Eliachim*? What a glorious honour is it, to be set in a place of trust, to be planted by the hand of God to serve as a prop for the house of God, to be the seat of glory for the Lord of Hosts, to carry the movables, riches, and greatness of the Church on his shoulders?

Isaiah 22. *Figam illum paxillum in loco fideli, & erit solium gloriæ domui patris ejus, & suspendent super eum omnem gloriam domûs patris ejus.*

Finally, For a third reason, to conduct the Nobility to Ecclesiastical Dignities is to bring it into its house. All things willingly return to their scource. The waters cease not to glide along, to render themselves to the Ocean. The rays of the Sun touch the earth, not forsaking their star; the branches of the Tree offer the homage of their verdure, leaves, and fruits, to the root: he goeth well, that hasteneth to his beginning.

Now so it is, that the greatest part of the Church endowments came from the Nobility, who then despoiled themselves to cover the Altars, and now many unveil the Altars to cloath themselves. If you (O Noble-men) desire to enjoy the patrimony; which

your Anceſtours have left to the Church, you ought not to ſeek it by unlawful, miſchievous, and tyrannical ways, but by means proportionable to the intentions of thoſe, who laid thoſe rich foundations. And what intentions had they, but to cut the Trees of *Baſan* to make Oars for the Veſſel of S. *Peter*, but to lay their wealth at the feet of God, who, according to the Prophet, made himſelf a foot-ſtep of Sapphires, to ſerve as a Ladder for glory; but to entertain on earth an image of the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, to grant to the Church men of ſcience and conſcience, men of courage and fidelity, for the ornament, ſupport, and maintenance thereof?

Ezech. 27. Quercus Baſan dolata in remos navis Tyri, divites ſeculi Eccleſia appliciti. Hieron. ſuper Ezech.

If you approach thither with ſuch an intention, I am of opinion, the gates ought to be opened unto you, and that you ſhould enter into your ſelf to govern the houſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and not deſtroy it. We have, thanks be given to God, a great King, all whoſe inclinations diſpoſe him to goodneſs, as lines to the centre: as much love as he hath for juſtice, ſo much zeal hath he for the glory of Altars. As God is pleaſed to ſow the ſtars on the azure of the firmament, ſo hath he a ſenſible delight to furniſh the Church with good Prelates, becauſe they are the ſtars of the earth. Merit under him is in poſſeſſion of good hopes, and hope is not far diſtant to be conſummate in fruition. He is pleaſed to gratifie the Nobility with the goods of the Church, but he will, his intention be ſeconded by the merit of thoſe, that ſhall enjoy them. Take the waies of wiſdom and virtue to enter into your inheritance, which ever are moſt aſſured and the moſt honourable. The time hath been, when one muſt, as it were, have done evil to receive good; if now good be offered to thoſe who do it, who would willingly be vitious, and ſow crimes to reap miſeries.

The ſecond SECTION.

That the Nobility ſhould not aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical Offices, but by lawful ways.

Lucian. In Jov. Trag. PRophane *Lucian* ſpake truer then he thought, when he feigned Gentiliſm was filled with gods, whereof ſome were made of wood and ſtone, ſubſiſting by the prerogative of antiquity, which age and time gave them: the other much more lately formed, were of gold and ſilver, repreſenting the profuſe prodigality of the later ages. This cauſed a divorce in the Temples; the Gods of earth were ſtill willing to hold their ranks, ſhewing beſides the antiquity of their original, that they were framed by the confident hands of admirable work-men, and had lineaments excellently poliſhed. The gods of gold and ſilver, dignified by the riches of the ſtuff of which they were compoſed, ſpake proudly, & needs would have priority, ſince the metal, whereof they were made, tranſcended much in the eſtimation of men. The matter was put into deliberation in the great Parliament of *Olympus*, & the golden gods carried it, not by merit, but by authority of their riches.

Should this ſcoffing ſpirit be raiſed again in theſe our days, to make a Satyre on the manners of theſe times, he could not be better fitted. For to ſpeak, not univerſally of all Eccleſiaſtical Nobles, ſince, thanks be to God, there are many, who moſt happily have linked to Nobility all the other qualities requiſite to their condition: but conſidering in groſs the diſorder & corruption, we may well ſay, the gods of gold at this day have the upper-hand. We heretofore ſaw divers ſpiritual men, extracted from low condition, who arrived to dignities by the degrees of labour, integrity, knowledge, and were finally crozier'd and mitered by the ſtrength of much merit. Theſe men appeared in the Church of God, as thoſe antient ſtatues made by the hand of *Polycletes*, *Phidias*, and *Syſippus*; there was not a lineament in them which ſpake not. But when gold and ſilver began to ſway more then ever, the rich, allured with the wealth of the Church, brake a way through by the help of contentions, authority, & command, which ſilver gave them over the courſes of humane things: they maugre induſtry and virtue, have made golden gods, which baniſh, as it were, all the gods of earth, notwithſtanding the excellent forms, and all the gifts of nature, and grace they could poſſibly acquire. It ſeemeth for theſe men the Church is at this day become a great Oak overturned, where men haſtily on every ſide run for prey: there is not a hand ſo little, that wil not become outragious to bear away ſome ſpoil thereof.

But you, noble and generous ſpirits, who in your minorities dedicate your ſelves to the miniſteries of the Church, behold the firſt ſtep you muſt tread. Be careful herein, as your lives and ſalvation are dear unto you; aim wel your carrier, enter by the gate of honor, to free your ſelf from the diſturbances of life and troubles of death. Be you aſſured it is the abomination of the deſolation, foretold by the Prophet *David*, the gall of bitterneſs, and perplexity of ſin, declared by the Apoſtle S. *Peter*, to enter into an Eccleſiaſtical benefice by unlawful and ſtrained ways, without vocation. The reaſons hereof are evident.

Dan. 9. 27. Act. 8. 23.

Firſt, The Saints have called this vice, the iniquity of *Libanus*, alluding to theſe words of the Prophet *Habacuck*; *The iniquity of* Libanus *ſhall cover thee.* Where the Text ſpake to thoſe, who deſpoiled the Holy-land, becauſe the Mount *Libanus* is a holy hill of *Paleſtine*, all covered over with fair Cedars, much renowned in the Scripture, from whence it cometh, it myſtically ſignifieth the Church: and thoſe are truly covered with the iniquity of *Libanus*, who ſurcharge themſelves with the weight of inexorable juſtice, for attempting on the higheſt pieces of the patrimony of God, wch are the offerings of the faithful, left for the maintenance of Eccleſiaſtical ſtate.

Habac. 1. Iniquitas Libani operiet te.

This iniquity of *Libanus* is the ſin of *Zeb*, *Zebeus*, and *Salmana*, who are branded with perpetual infamy for plotting againſt the Tabernacle of God. The Prophet ſaid, that encouraging one another they caſt out theſe inconſiderate words: *Let us go, and poſſeſs the Sanctuary of God, as our proper inheritance.* And what, I pray, do ſuch like now adays? Hold they not the goods of the Church, as one would a Tenement, to paſs it from hand to hand from Nephew to Nephew? although they often-times in their conſcience judge them moſt uncapable, yet needs muſt they take good heed how they forgo any thing: the chairs muſt be filled with honour, with fleſh, and hay, and rather will they ſet ſhadows on a Pinacle, then render to God what is due to him. And what will happen to theſe *Salmanas*, or *Salmoneans*? even that, which the ſame King and Prophet ſaid, *They ſhall turn about as the wheel of the Potter*: inceſſantly wandering from purpoſe to purpoſe, from ambition to ambition, from bargain to bargain, in a thouſand embroilments of ſpirit till death come, *who ſhall bruiſe them* (as ſaith the Wiſe-man) *on the Ciſtern, and ſhall ſcatter them for ever from the face of God.*

Pſal. 82. 12. Hæreditate poſſideamus Sanctuarium Dei.

Pone illos ut rotam.

Confringes rotam ſuper ciſternam. Eccleſ. 12.

It is no ſmall matter to invade the treaſure of Kings, ſince it is the blood of the people, the ſinew of war, the knot of peace; and the blood-ſuckers of State, which abuſe it, ſooner or later ſhall pour their lives out in the duſt. And what do you think is it, to abuſe the patrimony of God (whereunto ſo many good ſouls have oft-times contributed their blood and ſweat) and to enter therin as a Fox, a Lion, without

out any other intention but to slay and devour the flock, which they ought not so much as to shear?

The crimes, which do affront the Divinity, ever bear their punishments behind them. *Crassus* felt among the *Parthians* the Religion of the Temple of *Jerusalem*, which he had despoiled; the fortune of the *Romans* was made a prey, the Army routed, the Treasures forsaken, the lives of so many mortals exposed to the dint of Sword, to chastise the avarice of one man, who durst invade the goods consecrated to the Divine Majesty. Whilest he stretched out his Harpie's hands on the goods of men, God suffered him: so soon as he set his Tallons on the moveables of the Temple, he felt the steel of Barbarians, as revengers of his Sacrilege.

Plutarch. in Crasso.

An hand from Heaven before, for the same cause, charactered the dreadful decree of a *Babylonian* King, which hath served as a Tragedy for all posterity: and afterward *Heliodorus* in the *Macchabees* was prodigiously punished by exterminating Angels, who in the mid-day scourged him in the sight of all the world, employing the heavenly Whips on his body for the same crime, as he had bestowed his hardiness and hand to steal a Jewel from Heaven.

Daniel 5. 15. 2 Machab. 3.

If you say there is much difference between the Sacrilegious, who steal the Treasures of the Church, and those, who by ways unlawful seize on benefices, which they unworthily hold, to the confusion of Christianity. I answer, there may be the difference that would be between a publick Robber, and a private Thief; the one proceeding with open force, the other more cautelously, causing his venom to creep, is by so much the more pernicious, as under the skin of a Sheep he bears the heart of a Wolf.

Add hereunto for a second reason, that the *Balthazars*, *Crassuses*, and *Heliodoruses*, and the Hereticks of our time, who have made open war against the Treasures of the Temple, having nothing at all hurt the reputation of the Church, which as the Pole-star is ever in motion, and never setteth: but the unjust Usurpers of Priest-hood, who sometimes enter into charge with extreme defect of Science, and Conscience; besides, that they unprofitably devour the Patrimony of the Son of God, do burthen his Spouse with eternal reproach.

It is observable, that in these deplorable times, where all seemeth to tend to the subversion of Laws, still some new Monsters have appeared, who by their birth have declared the disasters that should happen to the world.

The tenth Age, which was the true Iron-age, wherein all vices were in force, all sciences in eclipse, all abuse in credit, and, as it were, all crimes in impunity, afforded neither Satyres, Chimeraes, Centaurs, nor other monsters against nature. But, for a certain presage of great evils, which we afterward saw to over-flow all Christendom, children of great men were seen, who had nothing great in them but vice, as being such, who were born for disgrace, bred in disorder, naturalized in sin, to enter during their minority, into Ecclesiastical charges, to debase authority, and abolish merit. A Pope *John* the Eleventh, enormously vitious, having the malice of a man most debauched, and the age of a child unexperienced, to sit in the chair of S. *Peter*! A *Theophylact*, son of the Emperour, by the absolute power of his Father, to seize on the See of *Constantinople*, to become afterwards a Merchant of Horses, which he so violently affected; that besides the prodigious race of two thousand, which he ordinarily bred, he many times left the Altar, where he sacrificed to the living God, to hasten to see some Mare of his, that had foled in the stable! Our *France* hath not been exempt from this unhappiness; for, in the same age, *Hugo*, a childe of five years old, was constituted Archbishop of *Rhemes* to possess the seat of the great S. *Remigius*, which was to parallel the foot of *Hercules* to the leg of a fly.

Baron. ad annum Christi 931 Johannes 11. Mirum si illud, neutiquam tum amoribus florente. Curopalates & Baron. ad annum 926.

Frodoardus Histor. Rhemen. lib. 4 cap. 17. Monstrum, inquit annalista quam hactenus in orbe Christiano visum.

All Christendom was amazed to behold such promotions, & held them in the rank of Comets, which make terrour to march before them, and after them sterility, massacres, & disasters. Were there no other consideration but the interests of the Church, this ever ought to touch a heart, which as yet retaineth some vein of Christianity, nor should it ever give consent to any preferment, which might appear so disadvantagious to her, whom *Jesus Christ* hath by his blood made his lawful Spouse. But besides the detriment of Religion, for a third instance, the manifest loss of young men is incurred, who are engaged in Ecclesiastical Dignities, not being accommodated with conditions necessary to undergo such a burden: much better were you to send them directly to the house of fools, then to expose them upon the pinacle of the Temple with so little discretion: for in this prison of mad-men they should finde those, that would tie them, thereby to stay their folly; and in these false dignities they meet with liberty, which freeth them, to precipitate them into all sorts of vices Fathers and Mothers, God pardon you, what a Torch do you set on fire, to burn and consume the house of God, when blind with affection, and benummed in judgment, you so embrace your young Apes, that you strangle them with excess of indulgence? To enkindle ambition in the veins of these yong sots, almost at their coming out of the Cradle, to set them on the top of the house, over mens heads with an arm and sling of silver, be they vitious, be they impious and dissolute, be they stupid and heavy as earth, so that they have the breath of favour, and oars of silver (as had the Rowers of Queen *Cleopatra*) needs must they be placed on the top of the Turret, to be seen the further off. Many times charges of great importance, and superintendence over the heads of so many mortals, are given to men, to whom a silly Farmer's wife would not have committed the keeping of a Cow. The *Idumeans* enterprize upon the Sanctuary, and these Owls endeavour to drink up the Lamp-oyl of Churches, by an ambition of so strong a flight, that it will admit no limits, but infinity. Have you no commiseration of the publick? The Common-wealth is at this day an old song (say you) whereof little care is to be had, we desire to know more then an air, which is that of our own proper interest, since it is an act of prudence well to accommodate one's affairs. Yet are you no whit ashamed of your selves? though silver furnish you with a brow of metal to regard no man, yet is it a shameful thing to be desirous to erect in the world the tree of *Nebuchadnezzar* turned topsie-turvy, where four-footed beasts are above, and little birds beneath? Were it not a goodly thing to see Horses, Asses, and Bulls to neigh, bray, and bellow upon the branches of trees, while the small birds of Heaven, so many celestial spirits, thrust from the rank, which wisdom and virtue giveth, go mourning up and down among the thorns of a necessitous life? But we must prefer our children, answer you. Who says the contrary? Raise them on the steps of actions, Christian, solid, and illustrious, cause them to pass through the Temple of Virtue, before they go to that of Honour: examine their talents, their capacity, their ability, otherwise you do not advance, but precipitate them into publick scorn, into loss of reputation, and danger of soul.

This benefice is not a benefice, but a malefice, but a golden snare, a carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan* horse, which will produce arms. You, in procuring such an honour, resemble those Idolatrous Parents, who sacrificed their children to the God *Moloch* (that is to say, the Sun) and caused them to be burnt alive in the hollow Statue of the Sun, not caring to forego their lives, so they might lose them in those flames, and lights, which were the Hieroglyphicks of honour. O mere madness! for the life of a Flie, which we daily share with death, to be willing to dam your self and posterity; to stand on the brink of the abyss, and not deign so much as onely to open your eys to behold the precipice?

Seldenus de Diis Syris. pag. 78.

The third SECTION.

Of Vocation, and Calling.

IF you desire to know how you should proceed in the preferment of your children to Ecclesiastical degrees, first, understand it is true, *Mercury* is not made of all wood. If question be concerning an Husband-man, Merchant, Artificer, or Sheepherd, we try the nature of the children, and endeavour to accommodate each one of them according to their dispositions, and natural inclinations.

Suppose you it is onely fit for the Church to expose them at adventure, without election, or discretion? What exorbitancy is it to think it lawfull to take the simplest, and weakest for Priests, and Religious? What tyranny to divert some with all sorts of cunning, and violence, and thrust others on as it were with a fork? To have in all your proceeding no other aim, but the benefit of your family, to force the Laws of Heaven to bow under the interests of your house; to give that to God, which you cannot settle else-where, and if any accident happen, to take that from God, which you have given him? Hereby it cometh to pass, that after many years we behold Birds, which change both their plumage, and kinde upon some very slight cause (not speaking of those, who do so by way of counsel, & conscience) the scarlet-Cloak succeeding the Church-Cassock, and the Sword the Breviary: wherein they do much worse then the wooers in the house of *Ulysses*, who being not able to gain access to the Mistress, made their address to the servants. But these forsake the Lady, whom they have espoused, to court the chamber-maids; professing all their life-time the infidelity of their promises by the exchange of their habits.

Vocation is most necessary for admittance into to the Church, which appeareth in two points: the one ordinary, the other extraordinary. Extraordinary calling hath marks and signs, that draw near to a miracle. So we see those, who have been great and eminent in the Church, have had some Genius, which hath even in their infancy made the first glimmers of their greatness to appear, drawing the whole world after them with astonishment.

Joseph. Antiq. lib. 2. cap. 5.

So *Moses*, though he were a little child, tossed *Pharaoh*'s Diadem like a shuttle-cock; which gave a very ill presage to the *Egyptians* of their approaching ruin. So *Elias* seemed from his mother to suck fire with milk, which was a prediction his mouth should one day be (as indeed it was) the Arcenal of the God of hosts. So the cradle of S. *Epiphanius* (as *Ennodius* relateth) was seen all on fire: a vine in a vision issued out of the mouth of little S. *Ephræm*: a flaming pillar environed the head of S. *Modestus*: and it is written, that *Gregory* the Seventh, who from a base extraction, was born to the Throne of S. *Peter*, heaping together the chips he found in his father's shop, who was a Joyner, and arranging them in divers figures, innocently wrote, without thinking thereon, as a child in sport, *Dominabor à mari usque ad mare.*

Epiph. de Prophetis. Ennodius. Anonymus in ejus vita. Raderus. Crantzius lib. 2.

All these callings, and many other of the like kind, are known by extraordinary signs; the rest take the ordinary way, and are observed to be in the good nature of children fit to be dedicated to the Church, which is a matter very considerable. If you ask wherein this good nature consisteth: I answer, It is not in the influence of Stars, nor in the Genius, as Pagans have placed it, nor simply in the beauty of minde, in the goodness of constitution, health, strength, vigour of body, though these may much contribute thereunto; but it appeareth in two principal rays, of which the one is tranquillity from passions, by making a reposed calm in a soul, fit to entertain the Spirit of God; the other, which ariseth from the first, is the docibleness of a mind tractable, with ease to dispose it self to inclinations of honesty. Behold these two principal heads, whereon this excellent nature of an inestimable price is established.

And first, for as much as concerneth the tranquillity of passions, it is undoubted, that every man, being composed of four elements, by consequence draweth along four roots of all the motions thereof, which are, Love, Fear, Pleasure, Sorrow. There is not a man, which feeleth not some touch. But as every Sea hath his winds, though Mariners observe that some are more tossed then others, so, though every soul have its passions, we must confess there be some of them mildely disposed, and others more roughly distempered. You see men, who from their most tender age taste of strange extravagancies, choler, harshness, rage, despight, which maketh them to be of a spirit fantastical, uncivil, and obstinate, against which you must ever fight with an armed hand. Others from their cradles are endued with a peaceable soul, as a Sea in the time, that Halcyons build their nests on the trembling agitation of waters; they have inclinations to virtue wholly Angelical, in such sort, that they seem to be as it were conveyed therein, as Fishes in their element. From this repose from passions ariseth the second condition of good nature, that is, docibleness of spirit, the beginning of education, and happiness of life. For as Divines require in those, who receive faith, a certain Religious affection to Divine things, discharged, and purified from all spirit of contradiction; so in matter of moral virtue and piety we stand in need of a tractable soul, which fixeth it self on good instructions, as the Ivie cleaveth to trees and pillars. Go not then about, when you make choice of an Ecclesiastical man, to tender some *Esau*, some spirit of the field, who is onely pleased with arms, and slaughter of beasts: take rather a *Jacob* under the pavilions, a sweet and temperate spirit, that is wholly disposed to the sound of virtues.

But you, Noble Spirits, who have met with this excellent nature, I may speak the words of the Prophet unto you: God hath given you a soul wholly covered with precious stones, enriched with gifts, and admirable talents; he hath enriched it in a body endowed with a singular temperature, as a Diamond set in the head of a Ring. Much hath he given you, and therefore much requireth at your hands.

Ezech. 28. Omnia lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum, & foramina in die quâ conditus es præparata sunt.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Virtues requisite in the carriage of a Prelate. The first is Wisdom.

DO you demand what God requireth from you? I answer, five principal virtues; which were

were very well repreſented in the Ephod of the High-Prieſt, of the old Law, as S. *Gregory* the great (*a*) hath well obſerved. This Ephod was a certain mantle that covered the ſhoulders, compoſed of four colours, of *hyaciath*, *purple*, *white*, and *ſcarlet*, the whole wrought all over with threds of gold, enterlaced with curious work-manſhip. Why this dreſſing? why theſe colours? to teach you ſeaſonably to bear on your ſhoulders the conditions requiſite to your profeſſion. The *hyacinth*, or sky-colour, ſignifieth, the firſt thing you ought to do is to fly, as the plague of virtues, from theſe travantly and unworthy ſpirits, who have no other object in the poſſeſſion of the goods of the Church, but fleſh-pots, and play: you are to frame for your ſelves a ſoul totally noble, wholly elate, merely celeſtial, which conceiveth ſtrong reſolutions one day to dedicate it ſelf to God, not in a mercinary manner, but with the utmoſt endeavour of its power. Think not (*b*) ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) that being called to an Eccleſiacal ſtate, you have a ſlight commiſſion from God. Wiſdom requireth, you conſider the myſteries of Heaven, and that you be highly raiſed above the ordinary ſtrain. Juſtice willeth you to ſtand Centinel for the people, who expect aid from your prayers. Strength deſireth you to defend the Tabernacle and Camp of the God of Hoſts. Temperance ordaineth, you live with ſingular ſobriety and continency. You are (ſaith (*c*) S. *Iſidore* of *Damicta*) placed between divine and humane nature, to honour the one with your Sacrifices, and edifie the other by your examples. A Prieſt (*d*) ought to be as a young childe, iſſued out of the ſchole and boſom of the ſon of God, even as an Angel, to govern the Church, not to deſpoil it, to treat with God in prayer, not to handle a ſword. He ſhould be entire in his judgments, juſt in his reſolutions, devout in the Quire, firm in the Church, ſober at Table, prudent in recreations, pure in conſcience, ſerious in prayer, patient in adverſity, affable in proſperity, rich in virtues, ſage in words, upright in preaching, and free in all good actions. Great S. *Denis* the *Areopagite* (*e*) addeth a notable ſentence, ſaying; *That he, who moſt eſpecially ſeeketh to tranſcend others in holy Orders, ought moſt nearly approach to God in all ſorts of virtue.*

For which cauſe your education ſhould not be in the ordinary way. If you have brothers that are to be bred for the world, let them live in the practice and faſhions of the world. O, how unworthy are you of the hopes to which God calleth you, if you envy them the favour of the houſe, and of thoſe I known not what kinde of petty trifles of their own profeſſion! Your condition is much other, if you follow that ſpirit which guideth you.

(*f*) Heretofore Monaſteries were the chief ſcholes of Kings, and the Great-ones of the earth, to cauſe them to ſuck in virtue with the milk: your abode ſhould be in places, where you have engaged your heart, and your faith, which beſt can prepare and manure you for the life you have choſen.

It is truly a ſcandal to your profeſſion, if you be aſhamed to wear a habit proper for an Eccleſiaſtical man, and bluſh at the ſtandard of your warfare. A ſhame likewiſe, if you muſt be terrified by way of menaces to make you ſay your Breviary; or if it be needful to allure you thereunto by I know not what kinde of worldly allurements: theſe verily reliſh of the unworthineſs of a childiſh ſpirit. (*g*) See you not that Benefice draweth an Office after it? that no man ſhould enlarge your conſcience by ſoothing your neglect, and extenuating the obligations you ought to have? If you obſerve not therein that which you ſhall be adviſed by a ſage and exact ſpiritual Father, you may very well moſt dangerouſly wander. We are in the Church (ſaith S. *Bernard*) (*h*) to ſow joy and good example: joy for Angels by our devotions, and the ſecret aſpirations of our prayers; example for men by our good works. The mind in the judgment of *Philo* (*i*) ſhould hold a little houſhold Conſiſtory, where diſcharged from ſenſe, and the maſs of ſenſible things, it may ſtudy the knowledge of it ſelf, and the ſearch of truth.

You ſhould love your condition even from your tender age, and live in the Sanctuary like a young *Samuel*. The toil of affairs and ſecular recreations is not for you. Leave the Onions of *Egypt* to ſenſual ſouls; your entertainments are in the ſociety of Angels. (*k*) Prieſtly dignity, to which you aſpire, requireth a ſober gravity, alienated from the ordinary way, a ſerious life, weight, and maturity. How would you have the people honour you, if you have nothing above them? How ſhould they admire you, beholding vices and imperfections in your manners?

(a) *Greg. de Paſtor. p. 2. cap. 5.*

(b) *Mediocre nè putes quod tibi commiſſum eſt: Primum, ut alta Dei videas, quod eſt ſapientiæ: deinde ut excubias pro populo Dei defendas, quod eſt juſtitiæ: caſtra defendas, tabernacula tuearis, quod eſt fortitudinis: Teipſum continentem ac ſobrium præſtes, quod eſt temperantiæ.* Amb. de Offic. lib. 1.

(c) *Iſiod. Peluſiota lib. 3. ep. 2.*

(d) *Sacerdos debet eſſe Chriſti alumnus, à peccatis ſegregatus rector, non raptor; ſpeculator, non ſpiculator; diſpenſator, non diſſipator; pius in judicio, juſtus in conſilio, devotus in Choro, ſtabilis in Eccleſia, ſobrius in menſa, prudens in lætitia, purus in conſcientia, aſſiduus in oratione, patiens in adverſitate, lenis in proſperitate, dives in virtutibus, expeditus in actibus, ſapiens in ſermone, verax in prædicatione.* Alphons. Torrez.

(e) *Dionyſ. ep. 3. ad Demophilum.*

(f) *Bern. l. 4 de conſid. c. 6. Ubi de comitatu Epiſcopi inter mitratos diſcurrere calaraiſtratos non decet.*

(g) *Onus perſonale ſacrificium laudis & fructus labiorum.* Suarez. de orat. l. 4. c. 12 ex Clement. 1.

(h) *Seminemus hominibus bonum exemplum per aperta opera: Seminemus Angelis gaudium magnum per occulta ſuſpiria.* Bern. ſerm. 30.

(i) *Occidente ſole anima, in totum exonerata ſenſibus mole rerum ſenſibilium, veritatem veſtiget in conſiſtorio domeſtico.* Philo de vita ſupplicum.

(k) *Sobrietatem à turbis gravitatem, poteſt obſervari à populo, qui nihil habet ſecretum à populo? Quid in te miretur, ſi ſua in te recognoſcit?* Ambr. ep. ad *Iren.*

ſeriam vitam, ſingulare pondus, dignitas ſibi vendicat Sacerdotalis. Quomodo

The fifth SECTION.

The ſecond virtue of a Prelate, which is Fortitude of ſpirit againſt Avarice and Riot.

THe ſecond livery of your colours is the *Purple*, which adviſeth you to have a ſtrong and truly noble ſoul. When there is occaſion to defend the glory of God, you muſt have the arm of God (*a*) and the thundering voice of God, not to gain reſpect by auſtere looks, and affectations of ſeverity, which many times proceed from much infirmity of ſpirit.

(a) *Si habet brachium ſicut Deus, & ſimili voce tonet, circunda tibi decorem, & in ſublime erigere.* Job 40.

The Council of *Aix* ſaith, (*b*) the Church is a dove, which teareth no man with her tallons, but is pleaſed ſweetly to ſtrike with her wings. The true gravity of a Prieſt conſiſteth in manners, not countenance. (*c*) It ought to be a ſeal of diamond, firmly to preſerve the characters of virtue, and ſign others by example. This fortitude will come upon you, by accuſtoming not to comply with any vice whatſoever. There is not a worſe ſlavery then to put your liberty into the hands of ſin. It is a long chain, and hath many gordian knots: cut them reſolutely as did *Alexander*, and conquer the Kingdom of your paſſions, which is of more worth then the *Perſian*, or *Indians*. Above all, if you deſire to rule, avoid two rocks moſt dangerous for a Church man; whereof the one is the thirſt ever to get a new, the other lazineſs and profuſeneſs in a living already acquired.

(b) *Meminiſſe oportet, quia columba eſt in divinis Scripturis Eccleſia appellata, quæ non unguibus lacerat, ſed alis pie permulcet.* Con. Aquilgran. Con. 134.

(c) *In conſtantia Sacerdos ſit adamantinus ſignatorium: Mens noſtra ſignaram ſui ſemper cuſtodiens characterem, univerſa quæ occurrerint ſibi ad qualitatem ſui ſtatûs ſignet, atque transformet, ipſe vero inſigniri nullius curſibus poſſit.* Caſſian. Collat. 6. c. 12.

Think not to advance your ſtate, and encreaſe the number of your benefices, otherwiſe it were to ſeek out God for bread, not for miracles: it were for living to loſe well living, ſo to become a bad Merchant, not a good Paſtour. What cauſe have you of diſturbance? A reaſonable benefice is enough for you. If you deſire to have a ſhoe over-wide, and not fit for your foot, you deceive your ſelf. Say not you are poor, there can be no poverty where you have God for inheritance, and he, whom God all-rich ſufficeth not, deſerves to be perpetually poor. This deſire, which men without ceaſing have to be ever on increaſe, much vilifieth Eccleſiaſticks. It affords them as many dependences as they have pretenſions. It makes them ſervilely ſooth the paſſions and vices of thoſe Great-ones, from whom they expect a recompenſe. It robbeth them of the Kingdom of God, to tie them to the chain of men, who many times are more enthralled then Galley-ſlaves.

It is a great ſhame to intrude wickedly hereinto, to ſurprize an honour by the way of a diſhonour. Saints have obtained Benefices by flying them, and now we muſt run over the heads of a man, and beaſt, to overtake them. That brave Architect *Vitruvius* thought it very ſtrange, that an Artiſan preſented himſelf to a great man, to be employed in his own faculty, and profeſſion, and thereupon ſpake a moſt remarkable ſentence: (d) *I ſee Architects, who beg, and underhand ſue to be employed: as for my ſelf, I have learned of my Maſters, that we ſhould not ask of any man, but rather be intreated by others to uſe care and endeavour. He muſt be blameleſs, who bluſheth not to require that, which may be denied him.* What would this noble ſpirit have ſaid, had he ſeen Church-men to debaſe themſelves, not onely to ſupplications, but to ſervices moſt unworthy their quality, to obtain cure of ſouls, which others in ſolitary wilderneſſes have fled from, through Briars, and Thorns, among ſavage beaſts?

(d) Vitruvius in præfat. l. 6. *Cæteri Architecti vigent, & ambiant, ut architecturæ: mihi à præceptoribus eſt traditum, rogatum non ambitum oportere ſed ſpontaneum ſui copiam quærentibus offerre.*

You ſhould imitate that worthy *Grecian* wraſtler, of whom *Clemens Alexandrinus* (e) ſpeaketh, who after long preparation going to combat ſtaied himſelf on the way, and looking on a Statue of his God ſaid unto it: *I have done my duty do you yours.* Become a good man, and a deſerving and believe God will not fail to give you what ſhall be moſt behooffull.

(e) Clem. Alexand. Strom. l. 7. Ἀπεδὸς τὸν ἐμὸν ἐμοί.

Our great King *Robert* made one day upon this occaſion an Obſervation for ever to be remembred, noted by *Glaber*, an antient Authour. He ſaith, that a certain Abbot having preſented the King with a goodly Horſe, in imitation of thoſe, who fiſh in giving, and caſt out one gift as an hook to draw another, hoped this Horſe would run ſo well for his Maſter, as to bring him home a Biſhoprick. But the good King ſeeing the ſiniſter intention of this man ſent him to the Church, commanding him to return with his Crozier, which he quickly did, propoſing to himſelf in his minde an augmentation of Livings, as his avarice had repreſented to him. But as ſoon as the King eſpied him afar off: "Hold down that "Crozier (*ſaith he*) you are unworthy of it, ſince "you think to have it from a man: to the which he obeyed, though much aſhamed, and was as one dropped out of the clouds. Our *Robert*, endowed with a natural goodneſs, was not willing he ſhould too long ſuffer this diſgrace, but commanded the Crozier to be put into the right hand of the Image of our Saviour, which ſtood directly upon the Altar, then turning himſelf to the Abbot: "Take "(*ſaith he*) your Crozier, and learn, that it is he "there that gives it you. I would not have you ſo "much as give thanks to a mortal man, but that you "freely uſe it, as the honour of your charge re-"quireth. What a King? What a Leſſon?

An excellent paſſage of King *Robert Glab. Rad. Iphas.* lib 5. c. 1. Idem refert *Sigeb. ad* Ep. 157. *Ivonis Carn.* Quæam tribuant *Henrico* Imper.

As for the other rock, which concerneth the uſe of goods, God forbid, when you come to maturity of age, that you employ the Patrimony of *Jeſus*, the ſweat and blood of the faithfull, in good chear, exceſs, and play to fatten beaſts, or men worſe then beaſts, who live but on the ſins of others, to raiſe unto your ſelf an heap of anger in the day of judgments. God forbid, the buildings of an Abbey ſhould fall to decay, the Altars become naked, the Images of Saints ſhivered in pieces, the Lamps, and Lights be eclipſed, the Walls weep, and Spiders there ſpin their webs, Rats run up and down, and Religious men famiſh: that Prieſts there ſhould preſent themſelves before the Altar with ridiculous habits, which taſte of a Tavern, whileſt I know not what little neece drags Silk at her heels, at the charge of the Crucifix.

My God! who will bring back to us a *Guy* the *Groſs*, that flouriſhed in the time of St. *Lewis*? I would kiſs his aſhes, and put them, were it poſſible, over Mitres and Crowns. (g) This great Perſonage, firſt a Proctour, married, and father of two Daughters, his wife dying, was made Prieſt; from a Prieſt, Biſhop of *Puy*, from thence Arch-Biſhop of *Narbone*, afterward Cardinal, and laſtly Pope. It was expected that his two Daughters, which he left to the world, ſhould become great Princeſſes: but the good Pope made one Religious, with a penſion of thirty pounds, and married the other, giving her for full dower three hundred pounds in marriage to a nephew-Prieſt, who promiſed himſelf many Titles, Mitres, and Croziers, of three Prebends he poſſeſſed he took two away, commanding him to content himſelf with one alone, and by his Letters ſignifying, it was not reaſon his advancement to the Papacy, which gave him cauſe of terrour, and tears, ſhould ſhould miniſter matter unto his of pride, and riot. This act of ſimplicity is a thouſand times more admirable, then if he had made his Daughters Queens of *Antioch*, and turned all his houſe into Gold.

(g) Vita (*Clemen. 4.* apud *Alphonſum Ciacconium.* (h) *Nec ſuos conſanguineos in ſua vita ac morte more vulgi tractavit; quibus, dum adhuc ſuperfuit, ſi quos fuit, quod & cæteris evenit, non ut divitias haberent, ſed ut non egerent, aut minus egerent.* Poſſidius *de S. Aug.* (i) *Non ſua propria ſunt, ſed communes Eccleſiæ facultates.* Proſper. *lib.* 1. *de vita contemplativa cap.* 6. *Sacerdotes bonorum Eccleſiæ non poſſeſſores, ſed diſpenſatores ſunt.* Aug. ep 50. (k) *Attendat Dei famulus: ut cognoſcat ille mandatos ſibi, cognoſcamus nos noſtros.* Aug. ſer. 5. *de verbo Domini.*

Behold the prudence of St. *Auguſtine*, of whom *Poſſidius* (h) writeth: He uſed his own kindred as the reſt of the faithfull, giving to them, if the caſe ſo required, not to enrich them, but to free them from neceſſity, or at leaſt to make them live in the leſs penury.

To what purpoſe ſhould you be prodigal of an eſtate, whereof you are but a Steward (i) One part thereof is due to the Miniſters of the Altar, another part to the poor, (k) and a third part to the Fabrick. If there be any magnificence in the Church, it belongs to the publick, particulars ſhould be ſatiſfied with modeſty. Why ſhould you paſs into the other world, charged with crimes, and debts, drawing the malediction of heaven and earth on your heads.

The ſixth SECTION.

The third quality of a good Prelate, which is purity of life.

YOur third attire is of *white Linen*, which ſignifieth the Angelical purity you ſhould obſerve from your moſt tender years, to carry it with you to the Altar. The Prophet *Iſaiah* (a) telleth, they ſhould have their veſſels very clean, who are choſen to bear the veſſels of God. And for this purpoſe all the Saints adviſe us to avoid the daily and familiar converſation of women, who are manifeſt ſnares of chaſtity. (b) Believe me, it is one of the moſt important points of your carriage. A Prelate abiding within the limits of this purity would appear in his commerce with men, as if he came from a Quire of Angels. But as ſoon as he falleth into a licentious life, he forſaketh the dignity of his character, and goeth out from the Throne of Majeſty, as the unfortunate *Babylonian* King, to feed on Hay among beaſts. The night diſcovereth not more Stars in the Heavens, then it openeth eys on the earth to obſerve his moſt ſecret pleaſures, ears to hearken to his deportment, and mouths to divulge them through all Provinces. He is looked on as a ſtrange bird, that is newly gone out of his element; and God permits, that, having ſold his ſoul for Hogs-draff, he ſhould ſtill reſt unſatisfied, finding eachwhere a long web of perplexities, and a rolling wheel of immortal puniſhments. To ſome he ſerves for matter of mirth, to others as a ſhuttle-cock; he giveth occaſion of tears to few, of indignation to all.

(a) *Mundamini qui fertis vaſa Domini.* Iſaiah 52. (b) *Vere continentes aſſiduas mulierum etiam probarum familiaritates fugit.* S. Ephrem. *de temperantia. Non poteſt cum Deo toto corde habitare, qui fœminarum acceſſibus copulatur. Fœminas conſcientiam ſecum partiri habitantis exuit.* Hier. *ad* Nepotianum.

Men

Men for him are wounded with jealouſie, and women, have they never ſo little honeſty, abhor him. There are none but certain Harpies, which (as ſaith Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*) flie round about Altars to pillage them, who bear him the like good will, as Ravens do to carrion. He lives in a kinde of ſtupidity of ſpirit, in continual indiſpoſition of body, diſgrace in his temporal fortunes, the fable of the world, the object of Heaven's anger, and earth's execration. Finally, he reſembleth an old Sepulchre, that hath nothing in it but ſtench, and Titles. Happily then ponder in your heart, what the life of a Prieſt ought to be, who is the houſe God, of the cabinet, and as it were of the boſom of God. To think a wickedneſs, is a crime; to commit it, a ſacrilege; to bear it to the Altar, is a ſin which hath no proper name: there are Titles, and Offices of all vices. Oh how pure ſhould that mouth be, which approacheth to kiſs the Son of God! Oh how clean ſhould thoſe hands be, which are choſen to purge away the world's ordures! Oh how chaſte ought that heart to be, which is bedewed with the blood of the Word Eternal!

What an horrour, when a faithleſs ſoul from the bed of Wolves goeth out to find the Lamb, and carrieth the pollutions of the earth to the Sanctuary of the living God: like to that beaſtly Empreſs *Meſſalina*, ſpoken of by the Satyriſt (c) who bare to the Imperial bed of *Claudius* her husband, the infamy, and noiſomneſs of places, which ſhould not be ſo much as named in the Palace of a *Roman* Emperour.

St. *Peter* (d) ſaid, we muſt break all ill thoughts by the exerciſe of the preſence of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the waves are daſhed againſt the rocks. And S. *Chryſoſtom* (e) adviſed Prieſts to be pure, as if they were in Heaven amidſt the Angels.

Chaſtity, ſaith holy *Zeno*, is happy in virgins, ſtrong in widows, faithfull in the married, but with Prieſts it ought to be wholly Seraphical. It is fit, he ſhould have little of the body, who is made to manage and handle the body of the Son of God. It is fit, he ſhould have ſmall commerce with the fleſh, who knoweth how to incarnate the living God in his hands. A carnal ſoul, ready to ſell his Patrimony for a meſs of Pottage, as the unworthy *Eſau*, is more fit for Hogs, then the Sanctuary. They heretofore ſacrificed to the Sun without effuſion of wine, and thoſe, who ſacrifice to the Maſter of the Sun, ought to entermarry ſobriety with chaſtity, which are ever mutually linked together. The banquets of rich ſeculars (ſaid S. *Jerome* f) are not ſo proper for Church-men. It is much fitter to comfort them in afflictions, then to accompany them in their feaſts. A Prieſt, who is ſtill preſent at weddings, is never well eſteemed of. He that would behold the modeſty which is to be obſerved at the tables of Eccleſiaſtical men, let him at the leaſt take a model upon that which *Tertullian* writeth in his Apologetick of the Primitive Chriſtians. Our table, ſaith he, hath nothing in it, which taſteth of ſordidneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty; we eat there in proportion, we drink according to the rules of temperance, ſo much we ſatiate our ſelves as is neceſſary for men, that muſt riſe in the night to offer their Prayers to God. We there ſpeak, and converſe as in the preſence of God, our hands waſhed, and Candles lighted, every one reciteth what he knows of holy Scripture, and of his own conceit, all to the praiſe of God. Prayer endeth the banquet, as it gave beginning thereunto. From the table we go to the exerciſe of modeſty, and honeſty: you would ſay, if you ſaw us, it were not a Supper we had in hand, but a Leſſon of Piety.

(c) *Fœda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.*

(d) *Inſtruebat* Petrus *diſcipulos actus vitæ ſuæ omni horâ cuſtodire, & in omni loco Deum reſpicere, firmiter cogitationes malas cordi ſuo advenientes movad Chriſtum allidere.* S. Clem. Ep. 1.

(e) *Neceſſe eſt ſacerdotē ſic eſſe purum, ut in cœlo collocatus inter ipſas cœli virtutes medius ſtaret.* Chryſ. de ſacerdotio.

(f) *Convivia vitanda ſunt ſeculārium, maximè eorum qui honoribus tument. Conſolatores nos potius maroribus ſuis, quam convivus proſperis noverint. Facilè contemnitur Clericus, qui ſæpe vocatus ad prandium ire non veruſat.* Hieron. Ep. 2. Nepotian.

The ſeventh SECTION.

The fourth perfection of a Prelate, which is obſerved in zeal, and charity.

YOur fourth mark is *ſcarlet*, the ſign of the ardent charity and zeal you ought to retain towards the houſe of God. The buckler of brave Champions of the God of Hoſts ſhould be a buckler of fire, and all his ſouldiers muſt appear in crimſon caſſocks. You muſt early learn to bay the Hares skin in the hall, that you may afterward go into the field for the hunting of ſouls. You muſt become a wall of fire, to ſerve as a rampart in the houſe of God. You muſt be a Star, to run over, and enlighten the little world recommended to your charge. You muſt oppoſe the power of great-ones, the ſtrength of the ſturdy, the wiles of the crafty, the cloſe practices of the wicked, to divert ill actions, advance good, leave unprofitable, deſtroy vice, plant virtue, chaſtiſe delinquents, recompenſe men of merit, protect the poor, juſtify the innocent. You muſt be an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, arm & hand to the maimed, a Sanctuary to all the world. You muſt have as many chains to oblige men to you, as God hath given you means of wel-doing. Let the miſeries, which in a right line would haſten to you, if it be poſſible, may paſs no further then you: let your houſe be a ſhop, where from ſtones the Sons of *Abraham* may be raiſed. Num. 2. *Clypeus fortium ejus ignitus viri exercitus in coccinis.*

The High-Prieſt heretofore bare the whole world on his habit, of which he was, as it were, the Advocate; and you muſt think, when you are in office, all the world is on your ſhoulders, and that both the living and dead ſhall have a ſhare in the duty, which you ſhall render thereunto. It ſhall be your act to carry the Torch of example before the people, to inſtruct men, to cure and comfort their infirmity, to pray and ſacrifice, both for the World of the living, and thoſe, whom death already hath divided from our converſation.

What charity think you can you have to be diſcharged from theſe obligations? You muſt learn to love ſouls, as the moſt precious moveables you have in the world, to pleaſe your ſelf with the places, where the objects of your zeal are, and the knots of your charge, rather then the Courts of Princes; when you ſhall have untamed ſpirits to govern, let them ſerve as an arreſt for your heart, a ſubject for your induſtry, an exerciſe for your virtues. *Satan* in *Job* went round about the earth to entrap man. Do you think you do too much, in your opinon, if you advance ſome ſteps to ſave men? *Noe* was ſhut up in the Ark with about three hundred kinds of beaſts, peaceable among the waves, and deſtruction of the world, becauſe ſuch was the will of God: and you cannot reſt among ſouls created according to the Image of the Divinity, whereunto you are by duty engaged under the peril of your ſoul. What a ſhame is it for a Church-man, if he cannot live, unleſs perpetually among Horſes, Dogs, and Apes, when God ſummons him to the charge of ſouls? *Julius Cæſar* wondred to ſee men, who dandled Apes, having children in their houſes; and who cannot but admire, if God allotting you ſo many ſpiritual children, you perpetually kiſs Monkeys, play with little Dogs, and carry Hawks? *Nullum omnipotenti Deo tale ſacrificium, quale eſt zelus animarum.* Greg. ſuper Ezech. Hom. 12.

The eighth SECTION.

The fifth excellency of a Prelate, which is Science, and Prudence.

FInally, for concluſion, you muſt ſprinkle *gold* over your Hyacinth, purple, and crimſon. Theſe

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are the rays and lights of knowledge and prudence, which are as neceſſary for a Prelate, as the eie for a beautiful body. Diſcretion (ſaith S. *Bernard*) is not a ſimple virtue, but the Governeſs of all Virtues, the Guide of Paſſions, and the Miſtreſs of Manners, which if you take away, Virtue becometh Vice (*a*). Prelates (as Pope *Zoſimus* aſſureth us) are the eies of the Church, and if theſe eies be eclipſed, what darkneſs may we expect over the other parts of the body?

(a) *Diſcretio non eſt tam virtus quàm quædam moderatrix & auriga virtutum, ordinatrixque affectuum, & morum doctrix. Tolle hanc, & virtus vitium erit. Bonav. Pharet. l. 2. c. 27. Bern. ſuper Cantic.*

We muſt not tell a noble Spirit, how ſhameful a thing it is to be in high degree of dignity, and play the golden beaſt. You cannot brook this affront, the very Infants and the dumb world ſpeak, and with a finger ſhew it you, as did the Aſs, of which *Ammianus* (*b*) writeth, who in the City *Piſtoia* mounted at mid-day into the Tribunal of a Judge, and began with much earneſtneſs to bray, as if he had done well to the purpoſe.

(b) *Tribunali aſcenſo audiebatur deſinatius rugiens. Ammian. l. 27. c. 1.*

It is a lamentable thing, if for your ſake we be enforced to ſay, that Fortune is a daughter of a good houſe, but that ſhe proſtitutes her ſelf to ſervants: that the Church is abſolutely wiſe, but becomes the ſhare of the ignorant. It were a ridiculous thing, if on you the fable of the Owl ſhould be verified, which telleth, That the ſmall birds had found a Roſe on the way, and preparing to ſing for maſtery, they appointed Judges to give it to the victorious, under title of recompenſe for his ſong, as the prize of his conqueſt. But as they were diſpoſing themſelves for trial, came a miſchievous Owl in the night, and carried away the flower without ſinging. Can a noble heart well endure this application ſhould be juſtly made upon him, and to be held an infamous bird, which hath ſtollen away the flower due to the little Nightingals? Glaſs will not preſent the figure objected, if it be not leaded; whatſoever you may have either of luſtre, or talents, will have no ſubſiſtence, if you lead not your head with the ſtrength of endeavour.

Should you have the Pomegranate, which is the fruit of Kings, and were you of the blood-royal, if you have not little Bels on the border of your Garments, as had the High-prieſt of the old Law, to make the doctrine of the word of God to reſound, you would be deſpiſed. Why then do you intermeddle with ſo many toys and petty trifles of children? You ſhould be an *Alexander*, who better loveth the Launce of *Achilles*, then the Lyre of *Paris*. You muſt in theſe Scholes be fed with the marrow of Lions, as that young Prince, and not entertain your ſelf with catching of flies. When you grow aged, you ſhould not be in a Biſhoprick, like a blinde *Cyclops* in an hollow Cave.

The ninth SECTION.

The Motives, which noble Prelates have to the duty of their Profeſſion.

IN the Name of God, permit you may be rectified in theſe five virtues, which I have before alledged. The obligations which you have hereunto, if you well conſider them, are very great. Firſt, You ſee that ſuch, as are of the ſame blood with you, endeavour to make good what they profeſs. Thoſe who manage Arms will part with nothing of the glory of Arms. The moſt timerous would be flayed, and torn piece-meal, for a poor punctilio of honour, which is oft-times merely imaginary. They fly among naked Swords, Flames, and Musket-ſhots, to purchaſe a little reputation, which hath not ever the reward it expecteth. And you, O Noble-men, that are in the pay of the Sovereign King, whoſe liberality cannot deceive you, in a moſt honourable profeſſion, and which ſhould not be blemiſhed with remiſneſs, would you ſpare your endeavour to do ſomething worthy your birth? Do you not behold a flouriſhing Nobility round about you, which being conſecrated to the Church diſcovereth marvellous hopes unto us? Some do as the vines of *Smyrna*, that, whileſt they were in bloſſom, bear their fruit. There is nothing now every where but ſtudy, and fervour. There are thoſe, who win *Troy* the magnificent, now wholly enflamed, and will you under hatches lie ſnoring in the Ship.

In the ſecond place, ſee who you are. You are deſtined to treat the cauſe of men with God; (*a*) would you betray it? You are ſelected to be the Oracles of God; would you make your ſelf a Weather-cock? You are choſen to be the Ark of the Teſtament; would you become a veſſel of reprobation? You are an Angel, and in hope a little God; would you be an Angel of darkneſs, and a god of ſtraw? Apply your ſelf wholly to God, to whom you owe all. It is not a matter of diſcretion for you to do well, it is a point of neceſſity. Angels hover over your heads, and men are on every ſide to obſerve your actions. Thoſe, who are blinde as Moles in their own errours, have the eys of a Lynx to eſpy your imperfections (*b*).

(a) *Omnis Pontifex ex hominibus aſſumptus pro hominibus conſtituitur in iis quæ ſunt ad Deum. Hebr. 5.*

(b) *Ariſtoteles lib. 4. Politic. c. 15. vocat Magiſtratus ὀφθαλμοὺς λύχνους, lumina obeliſcis præfixa, quod ſacerdotibus proprium. S. Hier. Epiſt. 3. In te oculi omnium diriguntur: domus tua, & converſatio, quaſi in ſpeculo conſtituta, magiſtra eſt publica diſciplina.*

Do you not enjoy a goodly honour, when it ſhall be ſaid of you, that you have a Dignity, which becomes you, as a ring of gold the ſnout of a hog (as ſpeaketh the Scripture (*c*), and when the King, who is pleaſed to take the pains to look into the deportments of men Eccleſiaſtical, who are of eminent extraction, ſhall perceive you are in the Church as an unprofitable burthen, (*d*) to diſgrace the charge which honoureth you, and that all thoſe that name you, when you happen to be mentioned in honourable aſſemblies, will wiſh a cloud of darkneſs at noon-day to cover the ſhame of their foreheads?

(c) *Prov. 12 Circulus aureus in naribus ſuis.*

(d) *Principatus ſine meritorum ſublimitate, honorum titulus ſine homine, dignitas in indigno, ornamentum in luto. Salvian l. 1. ad Eccleſ. Cath.*

Add, that the Church ſtretched out her arms and entreateth you would not ſuffer her Laurels to wither in your hands, to defile her victories, nor eclipſe her lights. She hath ſeen many miſeries, many hath ſhe born, many vanquiſhed; but never felt any wounds more dolorous then thoſe, which fell upon her by vice (*e*), ignorance, and the negligence of her Prelates. That is it, which hath opened the gate to hereſies, which hath fomented infidelities, enlarged impiety, diſpoſed the brows of the wicked to impudence, the tongue to ſlander, the hands to rapine, which hath darkened the preſent times with horrible confuſions, and which vomiteth upon the times and ages of poſterity. Will you encreaſe theſe calamities, and with your corruptions make a bridg for the faithleſs to ruine Chriſtianity? For that perhaps ſhall be the laſt ſcourge, which God will uſe to puniſh the abuſes of ill Prelates, and the ſins of the people in general.

(e) *Neſcio criminum an ignominiam tur-bam. Tert. adverſ. Valentinianos de eorum Diis cap. 8.*

For concluſion I demand, what will become of you in the end at the laſt judgment of God, under which the Angels tremble, who govern the world? What will become of you, when you ſhall be accuſed to have been a Viper in the Church, a ſcandal to the ſimple, an ill example to the moſt corrupt, a fiery Torch, that would enflame the houſe of God? Where may one finde puniſhments ſufficient to inflict on you, and were can you get members enough to furniſh out ſo many puniſhments, when the ſtones and marbles of thoſe places you have poſſeſſed will crack into pieces to fly into your eys? On the contrary, if you take the right way, which I propoſe,

propoſe, you ſhall lead a peaceable life in the ſecurity of a good conſcience, rich in honour and ability, honourable in reputation, terrible to the wicked, reverenced by honeſt men, fertile in good actions, abundant in infinity of fruits, fruitful in recompenſes, proſperous in ſucceſſes, glorious to poſterity, attended on earth with the odour of virtues, and crowned in Heaven by Eternity.

The tenth SECTION.

The examples of great Prelates are very lively ſpurs to Virtue.

TO come to this effect, often repreſent before your eys the lively images of ſo many worthy Prelates, who have flouriſhed through all Ages, and behold them as Stars, which God with his own hand hath planted in this great firmament of the Church, as well that he there might make his glory ſhine, as here to prepare a way for our direction. Think ſometime within your ſelf what a ſpirit one S. *Nilamon* had, who died with terrour, as they bare him to the Throne of a Biſhop, for which ſo many other pine away with ambition, he foregoing life with apprehenſion he ſhould loſe his innocency? What humility in S. *Peter* of *Alexandria*, who being the lawful Succeſſor of S. *Mark* would never mount to his Chair, but contented himſelf to ſit the reſidue of his days on the foot-ſtool, until, after his death, the people, having attired him with his Pontifical habit, did carry his body to the ſeat, which he never had poſſeſſed? A man truly humble, whoſe death muſt be expected to honour his merit, as if honour were incompatible with his life. What zeal in *Euſtathius* Biſhop of *Epiphanium*, whoſe heart was ſo ſurprized with only notice of the profanation of a Church, that he fell down dead in the place, making himſelf a Tomb, furniſhed with the triumphs of his own piety, a thouſand times more pretious then gold and richeſt Diamonds? What liberality in S. *Exuperius* Biſhop of *Tholouſe*, to give away the gold and ſilver of his Church, for the neceſſities of the poor; yea, even to the carrying of the bleſſed Sacrament in a little basket of Oſier? What charity in Saint *Paulinus*, who after he had in alms ſpent his whole Patrimony, which was both very rich and abundant, ſold himſelf, and voluntarily became a ſlave, to redeem the ſons of poor Widows? What faith in Saint *Gregory Thaumaturgus*, to remove mountains, and command over Elements, with as much liberty as a Maſter over his ſervants? What power in S. *Leo*, and S. *Lupus*, to ſtay *Attila*, and make head againſt an Army compoſed of ſeven hundred thouſand men, drawn from the moſt dreadful Nations of the earth? What confidence in S. *Martin*, to ſubmit his ſhoulders to receive the fall of a huge tree, on condition he might thereby baniſh the Idols? Let us lay aſide all other actions, which are miraculous: behold the lives of thoſe, who have traced a more ordinary way. Imitate the contemplation of a S. *Denis*, the fervour of a S. *Ignatius*, the conſtancy of a S. *Athanaſius*, the contempt of the world of a S. *Hilary*, the generoſity of a S. *Cyprian*, the auſterity of a S. *Baſil*, the mildneſs of a S. *Auguſtine*, the majeſty of a S. *Ambroſe*, the vigilancy of a S. *Gregory*, the vigour of a S. *Cyril*, the wiſdom of a S. *Remigius*. Propoſe to your ſelf the acts of S. *Vedaſtus*, *Herculanus*, *Eleutherius*, *Medardus*, *Lucipinus*, *Nicerius*, *Romanus*, *Sulpitius*, *Pretextatus*, *Germanus*, *Amandus*, *Claudius*, *Lambertus*, *Wolphranus*, *Swibertus*, and many ſuch like. Conſider the deportments of S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury*, S. *Lewis* of *Tholouſe*, and, above all, let not your eie paſs over S. *Charles Borromæus*, whom God hath made reſplendent in our days, to teach us, that no Age is ſecluded from Sanctity.

Martyrol. Rom. ad 6. Januar.

Baronius.

Chron. Alexandr.

A man is powerful to perſwade virtue, when in one and the ſame inſtant he alledgeth threeſcore thouſand reaſons, each of which weigh a Crown of gold (hath one of the beſt Writers of this Age ſaid:) and ſo did S. *Charles*, forſaking threeſcore thouſand crowns of yearly rent for one mornings Maſs.

He was a Biſhop, who often faſted with bread and water, even in the time of feaſts; who every day ſaid his Breviary on his knees, and moiſtened it with his tears: who celebrated Maſs every day with a majeſty more then humane, who had two retirements in the year to attend to ſpiritual exerciſes; who read the Bible on his knees, ſhedding briniſh tears, who gave alms above his ability, who in perſon waited on the infectious, who wore hair cloth under his ſcarlet habit, who ſlept on the bare boards, who ſtirred not out of his Dioceſs, who viſited it on foot, who in his charge made himſelf indefatigable, who ever was the foremoſt in good works, in the Church, in the Hoſpital, with the ſick, at a Sermon, who was moſt exact in not giving Orders, nor Benefices, but to perſons very capable, and of good life; who never did any matter important, without communicating it to the Pope, and his Cardinals, whom he as an Oracle honoured. Theſe are the words of this fore-mentioned Authour, which ſeem to have very little bulk, but much weight. Is it not ſufficient to make you undertake by neceſſity that, which you cannot refuſe without crime? No longer think upon piety as a thing impoſſible, and do not like ill Phyſicians, who make the ſick deſpair of health, becauſe they cannot cure them.

The Reverend Father Binet.

Theſe later Ages are not ſo barren of good men, who are moſt excellent Plants in the Orchard of Almighty God, but that it hath born, and doth ſtill produce plenty of good Prelates, who honour their profeſſion by the merit of their virtues. If you caſt your eie upon thoſe, whom the nearneſs of time doth make us, as it were, almoſt to touch, you ſhall behold a Cardinal *George* of *Amboiſe*, who was marvelloufly potent, but employed all his power to the maintenance of the Church, and State, and never ſought to be great, but to oblige inferiours, nor approach to the Court, but there moſt gloriouſly to ſerve his Prince.

A *Zimenes*, Arch-biſhop of *Toledo*, who amidſt the magnificence of Court retained the auſterity of a religious man, who was ſuch an enemy of pomp, and oſtentation, that he hath been ſeen to viſit his Dioceſs on foot, without train, or attendance, who employed his ample revenues, to make war againſt *Sarazens*, build Monaſteries, found Univerſities, imprint thoſe admirable Bibles in many Languages, which are the treaſures of all the Libraries in the world. A *Pool*, who was not only free from the ambitions and avarice of the world, but made as ſmall an account of his body, as of his ſhirt, ſince he being violently perſecuted by King *Henry* the Eighth, plainly ſaid, that for defence of the faith he would as willingly diſ-array himſelf of life, as of his habit, and would ever be as ready to enter into his Tomb, as into his bed to ſleep. You ſhall there behold the four Cardinals of *Bourbon*, who have equalled their virtues to the blood of Kings, and the Purple of their ſacred College. The great Cardinal of *Lorrain*, who hath had the honor to anoint three of our Kings with his own hands, to aſſiſt in their Councils, to enlighten them with the rays of his ſpirit, to

ſend them by his fidelity, fortifying his hard from his tendreſt youth, for the conſervation of the State. In all theſe pomps he wore auſterity under ſcarlet, he preached, and ardently catechiſed the moſt ſimple of his Dioceſs, he ſupported, as an adamantine pillar, the faith, which was both in *France* and *Germany* ſo ſhaken by the unſpeakable diſorder of the times: he received the remnants of the *Engliſh* ſhipwrack with moſt pious liberality, he inſtituted Religious Orders, he raiſed Seminaries, he, on every ſide armed againſt impiety.

A Cardinal of *Tournon*, who ſerved four Kings, to wit, *Francis* the Firſt, *Henry* the Second, *Francis* the Second, *Charles* the Ninth; and that in *France* and *Rome*, in all the moſt important affairs: being likewiſe Arbitratour of the great Potentates of the earth, with a moſt remarkable loyalty, a prudence ineſtimable, a courage invincible. A *Baronius*, who hath eternized himſelf by the endeavour of his hands, a thouſand times more honourable then all the Monarchs of *Egypt* in their rich Marbles, Pyramids, and Obeliſks. But from whence think you have the large bleſſings of his labours proceeded, but from a moſt innocent life, which was as the Sun without blemiſh? but from a moſt ardent charity, which cauſed him for the ſpace of nine whole years, to viſit Hoſpitals morning and evening, to help the neceſſities of the poor? but from a moſt ſingular piety, which waſting his life in the fervour of his prayers, conſumed alſo his revenues with good works in moſt ſacred liberalities?

A *Tolet*, a Religious man out of Order, who, raiſed to the dignity of a Cardinal, employed the moſt part of the hours of day and night in prayer; living on nothing almoſt but herbs and pulſe, faſting the Saturdays with bread and water, and adding a particular *Lent* beſides the ordinary, to the honour of the moſt glorious Virgin *Mary*, as the reverend Father *Hilarian de Coſta*, obſerveth in the Treatiſe of his life. Cardinal *D'Oſſat*, writing to *Monſieur Villeroy*, affordeth him the titles of ſanctity, learning, prudence, integrity, worth, fidelity; and ſaith, it is an admirable thing, to ſee the handy-work of God in raiſing this great man for advancement of the affairs of *France*, and abſolution of the late King of moſt famous memory. And the great Cardinal *Peron*, in a letter he wrote to this triumphant Monarch, dated the ſecond of September, in the year 1595. ſaith, among other things, ſpeaking of the negotiation of *Tolet* upon this affair. 'Beſides, that he hath 'renounced all worldly reſpects, to embrace the e-'quity and juſtice of your cauſe, that he hath ſhut 'up his eys from the natural obligation of his 'Prince, Country, Parents, that he hath trampled 'under foot all ſorts of menaces, promiſes, and tem-'ptations: he hath alſo taken ſo much pain both of 'body and minde upon this treaty, that we with 'wonder he ſhrunk not under the burthen; com-'bating ſometimes by writing, ſometime by confe-'rence with thoſe who were oppoſite, removing and 'animating ſuch as were ſtupid, and in ſum, carrying 'this buſineſs with ſuch zeal and conſtancy, that 'your Majeſty could not hope for ſo many trials, 'not to ſay, ſo many maſter-pieces, yea miracles, 'from the moſt affectionate and couragious of all 'your ſervants. Behold the teſtimony of a moſt untainted Prelate.

I ſay nothing of the excellent *Bellarmine*, nor of that prime man among the Learned, the moſt illuſtrious *Peron*, nor of the great light of ſanctity, my Lord Biſhop of *Geneva*, whoſe lives are printed. I likewiſe behold moſt eminent perſonages on the Theatre of *France*, who as celeſtial bodies, have ſufficient height and luſtre, and are of ability to exerciſe a pen more powerful then mine: but ſince I have put my ſelf upon limits, not to ſpeak here of any man now living, I better love to reſemble thoſe, who being not of ſtature able to affix Crowns on the head of the Suns ſtatue, burnt flowers to it, to make their odour mount to the Heavens. So ſince I cannot crown their merit with humane praiſe, I will offer up prayers and vows for their proſperities, with all ſubmiſſion due to their eminent qualities. As it is not my humour profuſely to enlarge upon the panegyricks of the living; ſo is it not my intention to inſert all the dead in this little Treatiſe. If you ſeek for thoſe, who ſpeak and write purpoſely, you will be overwhelmed with a main cloud of witneſſes, which will ſhew you men who have been greater then Kingdoms, who have parallel'd the paſſed Ages, edified the preſent, enlightened the future, and upheld great fortunes by a much greater ſanctity. All theſe will tell you, we have nothing immortal in us, but the riches of the minde, and all this exteriour luſtre of the world, which charmeth the eys of men, is but a cloud in painting, a petty vapour of water, a fable of time, a Dial, which we then only behold, when the Sun of honour reflecteth on it, and, which muſt in the end be buried in an eternal night of oblivion. Let us now ſee the great S. *Ambroſe*, whom we among thouſands have ſelected to ſerve as a model for this firſt diſcourſe. You therein ſhall obſerve a man of a moſt noble extraction, endowed with admirable parts, and, who by neceſsity of duty, and conſiderations of charity, was converſant in the Courts of Emperours, and in the infinite perplexity of many affairs, which he with all manner of prudence and courage handled, ſhewing in his deportments a vigorous ſanctity, choſen by the Divine Providence, to make, as it were, the whole ſtate of Chriſtendom moſt eminent.

Greg. Paſtoral curæ lib. c. 4.

St.

S^t. AMBROSE.

The first SECTION.

His Calling.

THE first mark of perfection, which we require in a good Prelate, to wit, Divine calling, is in great S. *Ambroſe* ſo manifeſt, that, were it written with the rays of the Sun, it could not be made more perſpicuous. We may in ſome ſort ſpeak of him, what he ſaid (*a*) of S. *John Baptiſt*, That it ſeemeth God began to prepare him from his Mother's womb, to exerciſe his virtue one day in main battles. Firſt, It is a thing remarkable, that ſeeing reſolution was taken in Heaven, to make this Prelate one of the moſt couragious and eloquent men of the world, he ſhould be extracted from the Nobility, which is ordinarily full of generoſity; being derived from a Father, honoured with one of the chief charges of the Empire, which was the Lieutenancy over the *Gauls*. Beſides, he came into the world firſt breathing *French* air, which hath been eſteemed (according to S. *Hierom* (*b*) the Countrey of the moſt noble and learned ſpirits of the earth: and *Sidonius* (*c*) another Prelate hath ſaid, The valour of a *French*-man extendeth further then his life; for he liveth even then, when the ſoul and body are divided. Secondly, As we have obſerved before, God many times declared the calling of Infants by ſundry preſages. It was a great ſign of the eloquence of Saint *Ambroſe*, to behold a ſwarm of Bees (*d*) all together ſettle on his Cradle, which was at that time brought out into a Court of his Father's Palace, that the Childe might thereby take a little freſh air. The Nurſe ſeeing theſe little honey-creatures buzz about him, much nearer then ſhe could have wiſhed, coming, and going to his lips, was affrighted, and thought to drive them away, but the Father, who walking in the ſame place with his wife and daughter beheld this pretty ſport, made a ſign ſhe ſhould hold her hands, leſt by exaſperating theſe little creatures, ſhe might provoke their ſtings. In the end, they peaceably forſook the place and ſoared away ſo high, that they loſt ſight of them. At that time *Ambroſe*, Father of our great Prelate, ſpake aloud as with the ſpirit of propheſie; *This Infant ſhall be great.* And verily, theſe Bees much better alluded to S. *Ambroſe*, then to *Plato*, who is ſaid to have had the like hap in his infancy. For we muſt affirm, the eloquence of *Plato* had hony in it, and no ſting: but this of S. *Ambroſe*, beſides the exceeding ſweetneſs thereof in peaceable arguments, had, when there was occaſion of combate, ſtings that pierced to the quick.

We may well ſay, he was the moſt elaborate in his ſtyle, of all the Doctours of the Church, eſpecially if we ſpeak of the *Latines*. For many, as S. *Hierom*, and S. *Auguſtine*, often-times dictated with much vehemency of ſpirit what came to their minde: but S. *Ambroſe* did not ſo much accuſtome himſelf to dictate to a writer, for he in compoſing ever had his pen in hand, (*e*) to poliſh his works at leiſure, and as we ſay, Lick his own Bear.

Add hereunto another ſign of his vocation, in the childiſh ſports he exerciſed without conſideration, as did heretofore Saint *Athanaſius*, being then, as he, an Infant, which was, to cauſe his ſiſter, and the children which attended her, to kiſs his hand, as the hand of a Biſhop, he therein taking much pleaſure. It ſeemeth, God ſometimes ſheweth children as with his finger the way they ſhould purſue. It is an admirable thing, that there was in *Paris* found a young beggar, called *Mauritius*, ſo far tranſported

(*a*) Ambr. l. 1. Comment. in Lucam, cap. 1. *Ungebatur, & quaſi bonus athleta exercebatur in utero matris: ampliſſimo enim virtus certamini parabatur.*

(*b*) Hieron. adverſus Vigilantium. *Sola Gallia monſtra non habuit, ſed viru ſemper fortiſſimis & eloquentiſſimis abundavit.*

(*c*) Sidonius Apol. carm. 1. *Invicti perſtant animisque ſuperſunt. Jam prope poſt animam*

(*d*) The Cradle of S. Ambroſe.

(*e*) Ambroſ. Epiſt. 65. ad Sabinum. *Nolis autem, quibus cura eſt ſimilem ſermonem familiari uſui ad unguem diſtingnere, & lento quodam ſigere gradu, aptius videtur propriam manum noſtro effingere ſtylo,* &c.

ed in his own fancy, that he one day might become Bishop of *Paris*, that many offers being jestingly made unto him in his infinite necessity, to move him to renounce the right he pretended to the Bishoprick of this ample City, it proved merely impossible: which a wealthy man perceiving, he so furthered him in study, as in the end he came to the degree, which to himself he had prefigured. What shall we say? God unlooseth even the tongues of Mothers, to speak prophetically touching the state of their children. Witness a most honourable Lady, named *Ida*, Mother of three Sons, *Baldwin*, *Godfrey*, *Eustace*, who one day sporting with her, and hiding themselves under her Gown, and many times shewing their heads with divers pretty childish dalliances; the Father casually coming thither in the midst of their play, as they were all covered with their Mother's garment, demanded, *Who have we there?* The Lady readily answered, not knowing what she should say, *It is a King, a Duke, and a Count.* So it proved; *Baldwin* was King of *Jerusalem*, *Godfrey* succeeded in the Dutchy of *Lorrain* to his Father the great *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, and *Eustace* was Earl of *Boloigne*. God made use of this woman's tongue, as of the hand of a Dial, which pointeth out the hours, as the great wheel guides it, leaving no memory where it touched. *Ambrose* did the like at that time, directed by the spirit of God. He made himself Bishop in his own imagination; but when he pursued the way of his proper reason, and natural judgment, he therein used all resistance, not thinking he was called thereunto.

In the third place, his calling was altogether extraordinary and miraculous, in that being sent into the Territory of *Milan*, in the quality of a Governour: *Probus*, who substituted him, merrily said; Go, rule like a Bishop, rather then a President: recommending mildness unto him, that he might apply a lenitive to the great rigours that were used in matter of justice. This fell out much otherwise then *Probus* and *Ambrose* had projected; for, as the History telleth, *Auxentius*, an Arrian Bishop, who had much longer lived then was fit for a man so wicked, some little time before deceased at *Milan*, the Metropolitan place of his Diocess, & when there was question to proceed to election, there were many difficulties between the Catholicks and Arrians, every one coveting to create a Bishop of his own party. The emulation, which was much enkindled, threatened to draw blood from the veins of both sides, before it could be quenched. *Ambrose*, as a Magistrate, went thither to redress it. And behold at the same instant a little childe, as if it had been an Angel descended from Heaven, cried out in the midst of the Assembly, *Ambrose must be created Bishop*. This loud voice was seconded by all men, as a voice sent from the mouth of God. The fire of dissention was quenched in an instant, the most outragious courages forsook their Arms, and thought on nothing but to raise *Ambrose*, who was not as yet baptized, to bear him by ordinary degrees to the Episcopal Chair.

There were some obstacles herein on every side. For first, it was against the Laws of the Church to choose a Bishop, since the Council of *Nice* condemneth those Prelates, who give Orders to Priests presently after baptism. Secondly, There was an Edict of the Emperour, which forbad the advancement of his Officers and civil Magistrates, without his express consent. In the third place, *Ambrose*, who was wholly dedicated to a secular life, had neither vein nor artery, which enclined to election. But who can resist the spirit of God, when he is pleased to strike a stroke with his own hand beyond the imagination and judgments of men? All difficulties one after another were taken away: and this election was approved, not only by the holy See, but of all the Eastern, and Western Bishops, who much rejoyced and congratulated with S. *Ambrose*, by their Letters. The Emperor *Valentinian* gave his assent thereunto, boasting, he had sent such good Governours to Provinces, that they were thought capable of Bishopricks. There was no body but *Ambrose* to subdue, who used all sorts of engines and practices to divert this purpose. He, who ever of his own nature was exceeding milde, feigned himself bloody, causing racks and tortures to be publickly exercised on offenders, yet needs would they have him for Bishop. He, who was most chaste, made men and women of ill life haunt his house, and descended even to the shadow of sin, to flee the light of glory, yet ceased they not to pursue him. He fled, and after he had for a whole night travelled hard, thinking he was far off, found himself at the gates of *Milan*, from whence he departed. In the end he was forced to yield to the spirit of Almighty God, who gave him such evident tokens of his calling. Needs must he undergo the charge he so constantly had refused, and where humane prudence loseth its sight, we must suffer it to attend the direction of Eternal Providence.

Vade, age, non ut Judex, sed ut Episcopus.

The election of St. Ambrose. Concil. Nicenum. Can. 1. Miserum est cum fieri magistrum, qui necdum didicit esse discipulus. Innocentius primus ep. 12. ad Aurelium Hieron. Nemiles antequam Tyro, ne prius magister sit, quam discipulus.

The second SECTION.

A short Elogie of the Life, and Manners of S. Ambrose.

I Will do as Geographers, who put the whole World into a little Map. I intend to comprize in few words that which deserveth a Volume, and give you a brief table of the life, and manners of this great Saint.

S. *Ambrose* was a man, in whom it seemed virtue was incorporated, to make it self visible to mortal eys. Goodness, which cometh to others by study, seemed his by nature, since he had consecrated his infancy by the ignorance of vice, and whiteness of innocency. Others think it ill to commit a sin, and with him it was a great vice to omit a virtue. When he lived in the house of his father, with his good sister *Marcellina*, he attended to the practice of virtuous actions: they both were as flint-stones, which by proximity make the sparkles fly. So the holy emulation they used in the pursuit of good enkindled the sensible apprehension of God in their hearts, by a mutual reverberation. He went from this Schole, as *Samuel* from the Tabernacle, to bear innocency to the Episcopal Throne, and there to receive dignity. His life served as a Rule, his example as a Torch, his Learning as an Ornament, and his very silence, as an admonition.

Rare endowments of a Prelate.

If you regard the virtues, which ordinarily lay the foundations of spiritual building, such as are sobriety and continency; *Ambrose* undertook fasts for delight, commonly eating but once a day, and that with moderation: he tied himself to the one, for the love of the Cross, and admitted the other by way of necessity. This exercise much served him to conserve his purity, which most inviolably he kept even in the very course of secular life, as it was found in his private papers, where he very ardently begged of Almighty God, that he would give him grace to maintain in his Episcopal dignity the gift of chastity, which he had offered him in a secular life. He daily rose from his bed, as the Phœnix from her nest, having no other flames, but those of that great Sun, which scorcheth Angels in Heaven, and the most

Angelical

Angelical hearts on earth. From this temperance proceeded his admirable converſation, which gained all hearts; and who ſo well knew how to joyn the wiſdom of the Serpent with the ſimplicity of the Dove. He was prudent with good men, ſharp againſt the practices of the wicked, yet crafty never. His diſcourſe came from him with ſuch an Oeconomy, that the ignorant found inſtruction therein; the curious light, the learned ſolidity, the eloquent grace, the vitious terrour, the virtuous edification, the timorous confidence, the afflicted conſolation, and the whole world admiration. There was nothing idle in this man, all ſpake in him, all tended to praiſe-worthy actions: his ſtudy was holy Letters, his care to expreſs in his manners what he had read in books; he was prompt in all which he did, and had but one hinderance in the world, and that was prayer, which he would never have left, if diſcretion had not taught him to forſake God, to finde God. His intentions were moſt ſincere, his negotiations honourable, his ſilence diſcrete, his words ever profitable, his heart full of compaſſion; and although the eminency of his life raiſed him above all men, yet the ſweetneſs of his nature made him familiar with all ſuch as ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance. As much as his zeal made him terrible to thoſe, who durſt contend with his Maſter; ſo much his mildneſs rendered him communicable to all the world: his exteriour imployments nothing diminiſhed his interiour, nor did retirement for contemplation hinder the manage of affairs.

Never was he imperious, but to ſupport the Empire of the Saviour of the World. As he elevated himſelf towards Heaven, when there was occaſion to defend the Church; ſo he humbled himſelf to loweſt degrees, when he was to condeſcend to humane infirmities. Honour always ſeemed to him the tribute of God, and whileſt he lived, he conſtantly yielded it to his Maſter, without keeping ought elſe for himſelf, but the burthen of his miniſtery. His continual exerciſe was to inſtruct Monarchs, exhort people, convince Hereticks, comfort the afflicted, feed the hungry, cloath the naked, redeem priſoners, entertain pilgrims, ſhew the way of ſalvation to the erring, ſave the deſperate from ſhipwrack, enflame the luke-warm, cheriſh the fervent, provide for all thoſe who were under his charge, and punctually to act all the duties of his profeſſion.

Expreſſa ab *Hilar. Arel.*

He thought all the miſeries in the world were properly his, and bewailed them as his own. He likewiſe accounted the good hap, commodity, and advancements of his Neighbour, were his own riches and enablements, as if in one ſole heart all the hearts of the world were included. There was neither need of Porter, nor Page in his houſe, to give him notice of ſuch as would ſpeak with him, for he was ever expoſed to commerce, as writeth S. *Auguſtine*. Every one ran to him, nor did any man think the time long in his company; ſuch pleaſure they took in his converſation. The needy who arrived at his houſe went not away without relief. From the time he entered into office, he conſecrated his whole patrimony to the poor, giving, as it were, all he had, without reſerving ſo much as himſelf. Although tranſitory goods are conſumed, faith never is waſted. Faith ſerveth for alms, and alms fail not to faith. Theſe temporal aſſiſtances gave paſſage to grace and ſpiritual viſits; by which he endeavoured to ſweeten, as with oyl, the yoke of *Jeſu Chriſt*, and adorn with virtue the ſouls of all his ſubjects, as his own heart, which was a true receptacle of charity. Never was man more beloved, or feared then he; ſo well did he know to diſpence theſe two different affections. Every man reverenced him as his Lord, and obſerved him as his father; each man thought he found his country, kindred, and accommodations, where S. *Ambroſe* was.

The ſecond SECTION.

His Government.

THE Eccleſiaſtical Government of S. *Ambroſe* is the rule of all the noble actions of the Clergy, as heretofore the Sicle of the Sanctuary was the model of other coins. This great man hath left ſuch an Idea hereof in his writings and manners, that the ſenſual finde therein how to conſider their end, the luke-warm wherewith to be enflamed, the imperfect to be corrected, and the moſt perfect what they may daily learn. His fair ſoul was as the *Ibis*, a bird of *Egypt*, which buildeth her neſt in the Palms. It was perpetually converſant in great contemplations, and had no more impreſſions of the earth, then the ſupreme ſphere of celeſtial bodies.

The principal Maxim, on which he eſtabliſhed the perfection of his Eccleſiaſtical life, was that which he afterward digeſted in writing, in the Epiſtle to *Irenæus*, whereof I have ſpoken heretofore: 'Go 'to, *Ambroſe* (ſaith he within himſelf) behold thy 'ſelf a Prieſt, and, which is more, a Biſhop. This con-'dition requireth a ſober gravity, alienated from 'the manners of ordinary men; a life wholly ſeri-'ous, weighty, and ſolid, in degree of ſingularity. It 'is a folly to think the dignity of a Biſhop conſiſteth 'in the exerciſe of ceremonies, or exteriour ge-'ſtures in publick. How ſhall he be regarded by the 'people, who hath nothing in his manners different 'from the people? What wouldſt thou have the 'world admire in thee, if it behold nothing in thee 'above it ſelf, if it findes its imperfections there, if 'after it hath bluſhed at one vice to which it is ſub-'ject, it obſerve thou haſt placed it in the throne 'of dignity with thee? Since needs I muſt be a Bi-'ſhop (*a*) let me ſeek out a life free from the 'tongues of the moſt inſolent, and which hath no-'thing common with the works of weak ones.

Epiſt. ad *Irenæum*, quæ eſt ſecunda libri tertii in ordine vigeſima. The foundation of an Epiſcopal life.

(a) *Quærimus nobis vitam inacceſſam ſermonibus inſolentium, invitam operibus imperitorum.*

Following this rule, he in his heart deteſted the practice of thoſe, who enter into charge by ſiniſter ways, and ſeek after nothing therein but exteriour luſtre, or temporal commodities: in ſuch ſort, that ſpeaking of ſuch a Prelate in the book which he compoſed of Epiſcopal dignity, he ſaith; (*b*) We behold him with carnal eys as a great Biſhop, and God with his eys, which cannot be deceived, ſees him as a foul Leper. Fleſh took the dignity, and the ſoul hath loſt honeſty. Fleſh predominateth over people, and the ſoul is a ſlave to Devils.

(b) *Lib. de dignitate Sacerdot. c. 5. Oculis quidem carnalibus videtur quaſi Epiſcopus magnus, & divinis obtutibus inſpicitur quaſi leproſus magnus: Caro ſuſcepit dignitatem, & anima perdidit honeſtatem. Caro dominatur populis, & anima ſervit damnis.*

It is no hard matter to perſwade a man to virtue, who believes it to be his principal buſineſs. This ſage Prelate, having laid the foundations of good and ſincere intentions, applied himſelf ſo to his charge, that day and night he admitted no other thought. For, leaving the manage of houſhold-affairs to his brother *Satyrus*, he addreſt himſelf wholly to Epiſcopal functions, which he exerciſed with ſo much perfection, induſtry, and readineſs, that *Paulinus*, an eie-witneſs of his actions, ſaid, He did as much alone, as five other Biſhops.

First, Seeing he ſucceeded a man, who had ſown diſſention, he found it was very neceſſary often to preach Catholick verities, which he performed with much fruit, but labour indefatigable. For, coming from the order of Magiſtracy to Epiſcopal dignity, he muſt learn that, which his firſt profeſſion never had taught him: and although he might in ſuch neceſsity

ceſſity have made uſe of others labours, notwithſtanding he, who prudently thought fit, that the doctrine we teach ſhould bud in our hearts, and take beginning in our inventions, to produce it with the more utility, put himſelf ſeriouſly to the reading of Scriptures and holy Fathers that were of his time, to bring forth afterward in his ſoul what he ſhould ſpeak and obſerve; for it was the counſel, which he afterward gave to Biſhop *Conſtantinus*. *You* (c) *muſt* (ſaith he) *gather together the water, which diſtilleth from the Prophets, as the clouds from many places, to the end, your land may be moiſtened and watered with their familiar fountains.* His preachings were ſolid, pure, gently flowing, and full of good inſtructions; and although his diſcourſe had much ſweetneſs in it, yet had he not ſo ſuck'd honey from thoſe Bees, which courted him in his cradle, that he retained not their ſtings. A nature too flexible reſembleth the air, which as ſoon giveth place to beggars, as *Cæſars*: as there is nothing more inſupportable in a charge then a ſpirit opinionative, ſo nothing is more fruitleſs then a weather-cock, who turneth with every wind, and hath no other direction, but the paſſions of all thoſe, that neareſt approach him. S. *Ambroſe* endeavoured to cure all the world, as much as he might poſſible with ſweetneſs, mixing oft-times his own tears with thoſe of his penitents: but if he met with obdurate and rebellious hearts, he took upon him a marvellous predominancy both of authority and eloquence, to tame vice, and diſarm inſolence. *Conſtantine* (d) a great Phyſician obſerveth, that it is not good to feed thoſe with hony, or milk, who are dangerouſly wounded; for ſeldom by this courſe is death eſcaped. Our great Biſhop made the like judgment upon the maladies of the ſoul, and never bent himſelf to cheriſh by ſupple indulgences thoſe hearts, which he ſaw to be ulcered with any malice. His admonitions were not upon idle diſcourſes, for they were ſeen to be waited on with good effects, and, as it were, a general reformation in all orders.

(c) *Collige de pluribus locis aquam, quam effundunt nubes prophetica, ut terra tua humecſat, & domeſticis irrigetur fontibus.* Lib. 3. Ep. 1

(d) *Conſtantius Medicus* De Liquidis.

(e) Reformation of the Clergy

(e) He began to meaſure the Temple by the Sanctuary: for eſteeming that the ſinews of words are laudable examples, he endeavoured to make a good Clergy to ſerve as a mirrour for the Laity. The waters of *Jordan* heretofore offered homage to the feet of Prieſts, becauſe they bare the Ark on their ſhoulders. There is not any thing that gives not way to a good Eccleſiaſtick, who carrieth ſanctity in his heart; his words are thunder-claps, when his life is the lightening. Behold why this great Saint deſired nothing ſo much, as to ſee the houſe, not of *Cæſar*, but of *Jeſus*, free both from crime and ſuſpicion of it. Above all, he ſtrove to extirpate two plagues fatal, & oppoſite enemies of all ſanctity, avarice, and luſt; not only deſiring the Prieſts of his Dioceſs ſhould have chaſte bodies, but innocent hands alſo, and not covetous to draw ſuperfluities to their condition of life. He voluntarily bred them in poverty and frugality, as in the firſt manſion, from whence the glory of the primitive Church proceeded, well knowing, the augmentation of riches doth not equally encreaſe piety.

One would not believe what choice he made in Eccleſiaſtical preferments, even to the refuſing many times of ſome, who had been very much recommended unto him, and had nothing to give occaſion of rejection, but ſome petty uncomelineſs in geſture or exteriour parts, that alone offended the eys of Saint *Ambroſe*, who was not willing to ſee any thing but luſtre in his Clergy. And although ſuch things ſeemed idle to many, yet was he no whit in his judgment deceived; for having one day diſmiſſed two for one ſole levity in their gate, he found they afterward made ſhip-wrack of faith, and already diſcovered the unconſtant perfidiouſneſs of their minde in this wanton action of their carriage.

Where reaſons could not avail, he employed a ſevere cenſure, having no regard to exteriour ſemblances, when there was occaſions to chaſtiſe a crime. Witneſs one *Gerontius*, who lived in *Milan*, under his rule, a man of a ſpirit moſt pregnant and curious, beyond his profeſſion, who was not contented to ſeek into the ſecrets of Phyſick, and exceſsively endeavour to poliſh his tongue, which was very pregnant, but he deſcended to ſome folly of Negromancy. Now this man having an itch of ſpeech, and eſpecially of all that, which he thought might make for his advantage, vaunted in ſome company, that he one night had taken one *Onoſcelides*, that is to ſay, a Devil, who appeared to him with the legs of an Aſs, and that he had ſhaved him, and led him to the Mill: whether it were that he in effect had ſeen ſuch a ſpectre, his brain being already much diſpoſed to illuſions; or whether it were, through vanity and impoſture, that he boaſted himſelf of what he had not done, as it often-times happeneth to ſuch kinde of men, who make tropheys of great crimes, whileſt it raiſeth them in the opinion of the world above the ordinary ſort. Theſe words being related to Saint *Ambroſe*, he very ſharply reprehended him, and impriſoned him in his own houſe, enjoyning ſundry penances for expiation of this fault, moſt unworthy of a Deacon of the Church of *Milan*, ſuch as he was. He, who was not capable of ſuch a remedy, fled, and went to *Conſtantinople*, with intention to diſgrace S. *Ambroſe*, which he did as much as poſſibly he might. There, by the ſoft inſinuation of his wit, joyned to an incredible vain tattle, in ſtead of ſeeking out a wholeſom plaiſter for his ulcers, he covered them with cloath of gold, in ſuch ſort, that through the favour of Great-ones, whom he had gained, he was preferred to the Biſhoprick of *Nicomedia*. S. *Ambroſe* effectually wrote to *Nectarius*, diſcovering the impoſtures of this man, and beſeeching him for the honour of the Church, and his own proper intereſt, he would not ſuffer that Epiſcopal See to be defiled with ordures, that aſtoniſhed heaven and earth. *Nectarius* employed all his power in this affair, deſiring both to diſcharge his own conſcience, and oblige the Biſhop of *Milan*: but he found this Impoſtour had by his charms got ſo much favour, that to remove him was very difficult. The glory hereof was reſerved for S. *John Chryſoſtom*, who afterward removed him, as ſoon as he was preferred to the Dignity of Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*.

Religious cheriſhed by S. *Ambroſe*.

Behold the ſeverity this great Paſtour uſed in the inſtitution of his Clergy; and as he ſaw that good Religious men and women ſerved for a great ornament of the Church, ſo he took a moſt particular care to entertain them, and manure them as worthy plants of the garden of the Church. Never could he reſt till he ſaw a Monaſtery erected in the ſuburbs of *Milan*, where many holy perſonages dedicated themſelves to a ſolitary life, to perform on earth what the Angels do in Heaven. As for Virgins, who took the Veil irrevocably to conſecrate their Virginity to *Jeſus Chriſt*, he trained them up in the Church, with ſo much ſtudy, fervour, and zeal, that we cannot imagine more. For he dedicated to them the firſt fruits of his labours, writing in their favour the books of Virginity, which he compoſed in the firſt year of his charge, in a moſt flouriſhing and elaborate ſtyle; where, to ſhew the reſpect he bare to this profeſſion, he ſpake theſe words unto them:

My

Excellent speeches to Virgins.

My holy daughters, it is not yet three years since I undertook this charge, and you know from whence I was drawn, and the small time given to dispose me to so weighty a burthen: notwithstanding, I afford you the fruits of my tongue, since I have learned more in your manners then in Books. The flowers which grow in my discourses, come from your garden. It is not precepts for Virgins but examples drawn from the life of Virgins. Your manners have breathed a certain grace into my soul, and I may say, that all that, which my endeavour hath of good odour in it, is derived from your prayers. For who am I but a barren thorn? But God, who heretofore spake to Moses *among Thorns, will now to day speak by my mouth.*

His Sermons and books had so much effect, that Virgins came from the utmost limits of Christendom to be veiled at *Milan*; which S. *Ambrose* seeing, he could not wonder enough that he perswaded Virginity where he was not, it not being in his power sufficiently to multiply it according to his desire, in places where he resided (*f*).

(f) *Hic tractо, alibi persuadeo: si ua est, alibi tractemus ut vos perfua deamus l. 1. de virginibus.*

He caused the Bishop of *Bologna* to come unto him, led on by the same spirit as himself, to assist in this design, of whom he one day said in full assembly: (g) *Behold the fisher of the Church of* Bologna, *fit for this sort of fish; Lord afford fish, since you have given us coadjutours.* And considering that some murmured at these his proceedings, as if the world should instantly fail by this means, he shewed in a most eloquent Sermon, that no one had cause of complaint either married or unmarried; the married, because they had wives, not virgins: the unmarried, because they should find sufficient; and that the carnal, who opposed virginity under pretext of multiplication, resisted by this means the chastity of marriages, where continency is often-times exercised, even by necessity: as for the rest, we are not to believe the world will be ruined through virginity: for, admit it should fail, it would ever be a matter more honourable for it to decay by virtue then concupiscence. But it is so much otherwise, said he, that we should lay hold of that, which we see by experience in the Churches of *Africa* and *Alexandria*, where there are most Virgins, they have the greatest number of men.

(g) *Adest piscator Bonoviensis, aptus ad hoc piscandi genus: Da Dominе pisces qui decipi adjutores.*

This employment nothing lessened the assistances, which he afforded for the instruction of those who lived in an ordinary course.

(h) Superstitions and excesses taken away.

(*h*) Above all, he endeavoured to root heresies out of their hearts, and certain customs of Gentilism, which easily stole in by contagion into the houses of the faithful. Among other things, there was a Pagan guise much practised at *Milan* and other places of Christendom, which was, to celebrate the first day of the year with riots and disorders: a matter much resenting the *Bacchanals*. He so cut off this abuse by his great authority, that of a day prophaned with so much sensuality, he in few years made it among Christians a day of penance and fasting: which for some space afterward was observed in the Church, until such time as the memory of the superstitions of Gentilism was wholy extinct. Others entertained this foolish belief, that when the Moon was Eclipsed, she suffered much through the persecution of ill Angels, who then endeavoured to exile her; and therefore they went out of their houses, with many Pans and Cauldrons, making a loud noise to dissolve, as they said, the design, which evil Spirits had against the Moon. The sage Pastour made an express homily against this superstition, wherein he much confounded those who were infected herewithal. Moreover, it being a custom very antient, and introduc'd by the Apostles, to make in Churches, which then were the houses of the faithful, *Agapes*, that is to say, bankets of charity in favour of the poor, this by little and little was changed into liberties unworthy of Christianity. For sensuality had got such ground, that stifling charity in this action, it rather seemed a sacrifice to the belly, then an act of piety. S. *Ambrose* abolished all these rites, and cut off such abuses even in the least root, that it was never seen again to sprout in the Church. S. *Augustine* incited by his example, practis'd the like in *Africa*, and afterward caused the decree to be inserted in the third *Council of Carthage*.

In the proportion that he exterpated vice, he planted solid virtues in the hearts of the faithful, whom he ordinarily entertained, with these insuing instructions, counselling other Bishops to do the like. (*i*) First he sought in all places to form in minds a strong imagination of the presence of God, unwilling that Christian virtues should be petty Hipocrisies, guided by the natural extent of humane respect, but rather intentions wholly celestial; and for that cause he said (k) *If any man be alone, let him regard himself more then any other in the world.*

(*l*) Secondly, seeing the inordinate desire of riches was a petty apostacy of faith, and root of all disorders, he very often did beat on this anvile, labouring by all sort of good endeavours to withdraw hearts from the love of earth, that he might raise them to Heaven. Among other things, you have these excellent words in the Epistle to *Constantius*: (m) *To enjoy much, is to have a great burthen: great riches are a vain ostentation; the indifferent, for use. We are all Pilgrims in this life; all the business is not in going, perfection consisteth in a ready passage. To what purpose do you so torment your self with the desire of hoarding? Be wise, and you shall have sufficient. A virtuous man takes nothing is without him but sin. Wheresoever he sets his foot he finds a kingdom. All the world belongeth to him, because he useth all the world as his own.*

(i) Purity of intention.

(k) *Si quis solus est, seipsum præ cæteris erubescat.*

(l) Covetousness opposed.

(m) *Multa oneri, moderata usui. Viatores sumus vitæ hujus multi ambulant, sed opus est, ut quis bene transeat. Sapienti nihil alienum, nisi quod virtuti incongruum. Quocunque accesserint tua omnia. Totus mundus possessio ejus est, quoniam eo toto quasi suo utitur.* Epist ad Constantium.

In the third instance he made sharp war against the ambitions and vanities of the time, disposing minds as much as he could to Christian humility by this Maxim: (n) *The greatest knowledg in the world is well to act your part: It importeth not in what condition of life we are, so that we discharge our conscience, and the duties of our places. We must so use the matter, that our manners may recommend our condition, and not derive their worth from our dignities.*

(n) Ambition. *Nihil interesse in quo statu quis se probabilem præstaret. Sed illum esse finem bonorum, ut quocunque quis statu probaretur. Illud præcipuum, ut magis mores commenderent statum, quam status mores.*

In the fourth place, he used infinite care to maintain conjugal chastity in the lives of the married, oftentimes shewing by pregnant reasons, that lust (*o*) was a fire, which burnt the garment of the soul, and wasted mountains even to the bottom. And because bravery is ordinarily the nest where dishonesty hatcheth, he couragiously opposed profuseness in that kind, using sharp reprehensions against women, vain and dissolute in attires. One day amongst the rest, he proved they were as in a perpetual prison, loaden with punishments and condemned by their own sentence (p) *It is pity* (saith he) *to see a woman, that hath upon the one part a great chain about her neck, and on the other gyves about her feet. What matter is it whether the body be charged with gold or iron, if the neck be alike bowed under the yoak, and a gate hindred? The price of your bands serves for no use but to give you cause to fear your torments. Miserable that you are, who condemn your selves by your own proper sentence; yea, more miserable then criminals, for they feed live nothing but their own berry, and you love your captivity.*

(o) Luxurie.

(p) Excess in apparel. *Hinc colli catenâ constringit, inde pedes compes includit. Nihil refert, aurea corpus onerетur, an ferro, si cervix premitur, si gravatur incessus; nihil pretium juvat, nisi quod vos mulieris, nè pereat vobis pœna, trepidatis. Quid interest alienâ sententiâ an vestra vos damnet? Hinc vos etiam miserabiliores, quam qui publico jure damnatur, quòd illis optant exui, vos ligari, Lib. 1. De Virginibus.*

In the end, he much recommended charity, justice, government of the tongue, flight from ill company, and modesty in all deportments; whence it came to pass, that he wrote those admirable Books of Offices, which set out all Christian virtues with an eminent lustre. The good Prelate was in his Bishoprick, as the Pilot in the ship, the soul in the body, the sun in the world, labouring in all kinds, and having no other repose, but the vicissitude of travails.

The

The fourth SECTION.

His combates, and firſt againſt Gentiliſm.

Evident danger of Chriſtendom.

IT is time now that we behold our ſtrong Giant enter into the liſt againſt Monſters; for armed with weapons of light, he enterpriſed ſundry battails againſt Sects, vices, and the powers of darkneſs, which ſought to prevail. I will begin his proweſs by the encounter he had with *Symmachus*, Governour of the City of *Rome*, who endeavoured by his eloquence, and credit, to re-advance the prophane ſuperſtitions of Gentiliſm. This combat was not ſmall, nor leſs glorious for the memory of S. *Ambroſe*, with him that will well conſider it, the danger was very great, for the name and deſign of *Julian* the Apoſtata as yet lived in the minds of many men of quality, and of malign ſpirits, who had conſpired with time to ſtifle Chriſtianity, making corrupt and imaginary Deities to re-enter into the poſſeſſion of the world. This *Symmachus* was the Enſign-bearer, a ſubtile man, well ſpoken, and of great authority; to whom the Emperours had cauſed a golden Statue to be erected with the title of *The Prime man of the Empire, both in reputation, wiſdom, and eloquence:* and for that cauſe he promiſed himſelf he had power enough to ſet God and the Devil upon one and the ſame Altar. He practiſed to diſguiſe *Pagan* Religion by his artifices, drawing it from the ordures and brutiſhneſs thereof chanted by Poets, to give it a quite other face, and repreſent it with a maſk, which he had framed out of ſundry Philoſophers under the reign of *Julian*, to render it the leſs odious. And ſeeing the times favoured him, by reaſon that after the death of *Gratian* a moſt Chriſtian Prince, *Valentinian*, who was an infant under the guardianſhip of an *Arrian* mother, held the ſtern of the Empire, he reſolved therefore to fiſh in a troubled water, and by ſurreption obtained certain Edicts in favour of *Paganiſm*, againſt which St. *Ambroſe* framed moſt powerful oppoſitions. I will render you here the two pleadings in thoſe terms they were pronounced, to confront the babble of a Politician with the eloquence of a Saint.

The underſtanding Reader ſhall here obſerve two moſt rich pieces of Eloquence, which I have rendred rather as an Oratour then a Tranſlatour, to give them the luſtre they deſerve. I am deſirous you may ſee in the Oration of *Symmachus*, what a bad conſcience can do, which hath eloquence to diſguiſe truth, and how we muſt ever judg of men rather by their works, then their words.

The Oration of *Symmachus* to *Theodoſius* and *Valentinian* the Younger, for the Altar of Victory, exerciſe of *Pagan* Religion, and revenue of Veſtals.

SACRED MAJESTIES,

Note, that he feigneth *Theodoſius* as preſent, who knew nothing what had paſſed.

SO ſoon as this ſovereign Court, wholly poſſeſſed by you, hath ſeen vice ſubdued by laws, and that you through your Piety have razed out the memory of paſſed troubles, it hath taken upon it the authority, which the favour of this happy Age hath afforded, and diſcharging the acerbities long time retained upon the heart thereof, hath once again commanded me to bring you its complaints in a ſolemn Embaſſage.

Thoſe, that wiſh us not well, have hitherto bereaved us of the honour of your audience, thereby to deprive us of the effect of your juſtice. But I now come to acquit me of two obligations; the one as Governour of the City, the other as Embaſſadour: as Governour I do a work, which concerneth the Weal-publick, and as Embaſſadour I preſent you the ſupplications of your moſt humble ſubjects.

Diſſentions we have no more amongſt us, for the opinion is ceaſed, that one, to become a great States-man, muſt be particular in his opinions.

All the Pagan Senatours agreed not before upon this Embaſſage

The greateſt Empire, which Monarchs may enjoy, is to reign in the love and eſtimation of their ſubjects: ſo is it alſo a matter intolerable in thoſe that govern the State, to nouriſh their diviſions to the hurt of the publick, and eſtabliſh their credit upon the loſs of the Prince's reputation.

We are far diſtant from thoſe imaginations; for all our care perpetually watcheth for your intereſt, and for that cauſe we defend the Decrees of our Anceſtours, the Rites of our Country, and fatal happineſs thereof, as a thing, which concerneth the glory of your age, to which you gave a new luſtre, when you publickly proteſted never to enterpriſe any thing upon Cuſtoms eſtabliſhed by our Anceſtours.

Behold! wherefore we moſt humbly beſeech you to reſtore the Religion, which ſo long hath preſerved this Empire. If we will remember thoſe Princes, under whom we have lived, though divided in Sects and Opinions, we ſhall finde ſome have retained the Religion of their Anceſtours, the other not rejected it. And if authority of the dead ſuffice not to give us example of what we ſhould do, at the leaſt let us take it from the diſſimulation of the living, who in tolerating antient Ceremonies have diſcovered they had no purpoſe to condemn them.

We at this preſent require the Altar of the Goddeſs Victory *may be reſtored to us, thereon to offer our ſacrifices. Is there any man in the world ſuch a friend to the Barbarians our enemies, who will oppoſe this deſign? The experience of paſſed times teacheth us wiſdom for the future. It is time we avoid ſo many dreadful prodigies, which menace us, and at laſt yield the honour to the name of* Victory, *which we have denied to its Divinity.* Victory, *o Sacred Majeſties, hath already powerfully tied you, and will yet much more oblige you. It is a work for the wicked, who never have had experience of its benefits, to hate the honours thereof: but your worth cannot chooſe but adore that, which ſerves as a favourable ſupport for your triumphs.*

A ſubtile inſinuation of *Symmachus*.

Victory is a Divinitie, that hath her Altars charged with vows of the whole world. The man is moſt ungrateful, who will diſhonour that, which he profeſſeth to deſire: and were it not an action of juſtice to afford veneration where it is due, yet ought we not to be deprived of the ornaments of our Senate.

Suffer our old age, moſt ſacred Majeſties, to leave to poſteritie the Religion received from our Anceſtours, when we were as yet in our infancie. The love of antient Rites is a marvellous tie. The Emperour Conſtans, *who would have cut it off, therein loſt his labour, leaving an example to others to decline ſeverity, which nothing availed him. We, who are much affected to the eternity of your Name and Dignity, muſt ſo uſe the matter, that the ſucceeding Ages may finde nothing, which requires alteration in your actions.*

Conſtans the ſon of *Conſtantine* the Great.

Where ſhall we hereafter ſwear to your laws and commands, when we ſhall finde all the Altars demoliſhed? Who ſhall ſerve as a terrour to the perfidious to arreſt their falſhood, if they no longer apprehend the Divinities, which they in foregoing time reverenced? We are not ignorant, that all this great Univerſe is filled with the preſence of God, and that there is no place of ſafeguard for Perjuries: yet it is a matter moſt important to repreſs the liberty of crimes by the viſible preſence, and marks of an antient Religion. This Altar of Victory *is the knot of our Concord, and the manſion of publick Faith. All that, which giveth authority to our Decrees, is, that we pronounce them after we have ſworn fidelitie upon Altars: and ſhall we then without difference prophane an Altar ſo Religious, where we at other times have taken Oath, and prophane it under the reign of Princes, who more entruſt the ſecurity of their perſons on the faith of their Subjects, then force of their Arms? But the Emperour* Conſtans *is ſaid to have ſhewed the way thereof. Why do we imitate in a Prince, who hath ſo many other perfections, that, which hath worſt ſucceeded with him, and which he never had done, if good fortune had made him ſee another to miſcarrie before him? The faults of a predeteſſour are not unprofitable to a ſucceſſour, who from them will derive profit: and oft-times a man lays the firſt ground of his Virtues on the Vices of another. It happened, that this good Emperour foreſaw not the diſcontent, which would ariſe from this action, the matter being as yet new, and without preſident: we, who now have other knowledges then he, cannot have the like excuſes for our errours. Your Majeſties ſhall find in this Prince actions enough worthy of imitation, which you may purſue with more glory, and leſs envie. Neither did he cut away any thing of the privileges of* Veſtal *Virgins; he replenſhed the Temples and Miniſteries of the Gods immortal with Nobility, and was willing Coin ſhould be taken from his Coffers, to defray the charges of antient ceremonies. Coming to* Rome, *he marched through all the ſtreets of this eternal City, accompanied with his Senate, moſt glad to behold him: with a favourable eye he ſaw*

Conſtans was allied to the Emperour, for which cauſe he ſpeaketh warily.

saw the Temples, which bare the titles of our Gods on their fore-heads; he enquired the original of their goodly buildings, and applauded the founders. And though he were of a Religion different from ours, yet was he not desirous to make his piety triumph in the extinguishment of that of our Ancestours. He preserved for the Empire its antient customs, well knowing, that in matter of Religion each man hath his opinion, his rites, and ceremonies; all which require freedom.

Maxims of a Pagan.

The spirit of God, which governeth this great world, hath distributed its Protectours to every Citie; and as Heaven hath given us souls, so it every where decreeth certain Geniusses, and fatal powers for the government of mortals, which oblige us to regard them more by the profit we derive from them, then any other consideration. All the reasons which we here below have of the Divinity are obscure, and we cannot know God better then in his benefits, in the memory, and experience of prosperities from him derived.

He speaketh as a man ignorant of faith.

If antiquity be of power to give any weight to a Religion, why shall we not maintain a Faith established by so many Ages? Why shall not we follow the steps of our fathers, who have so happily succeeded their grandfathers? Propose to your selves, that Rome *at this time presents it self before your eys, and in these terms speaketh to you.*

O most excellent and just Princes, who are the true Fathers of the Country, have regard to the old Age, whereunto I am arrived, in pursuing the piety of my founders: give me leave to exercise the antient ceremonies, since they are not such as I ought to repent my self of, and to practise my ordinary guises, since liberty is the inheritance of my birth. The Religion, of which you would bereave me, is that which hath vanquished the world, that which hath chased Hannibal *far from my walls, and driven the* Gauls *from my Capitol. Have I then been preserved among so many Armies and perils, to be now at this day dishonoured by my children? Have I then given Law to the whole world, to receive it in my elder days from simple Fisher-men? I yet do not know what they will teach me, but I well understand, the correction of old Age must needs be heavie, and in much danger also to become the more ignominious. I honour the Gods of my Fathers, the Gods of my Birth; I beg peace of them, will any man teach me ought else? I think after we have well disputed, we shall finde we have all but one and the same God, but that we honour him under sundry titles. We all live subject to the same Stars, we all are covered with the same Heaven, involved all in the same World; let us suffer every one to seek out truth according to his poor industrie. God is a great secret: it is no wonder, if we endeavour to finde him by so many divers ways.*

Subtile discourses.

Dangerous Maxims used afterward by Heretricks.

But I leave the disputation hereof to those, who have more leisure then I: I come not to give a battle, but to present you with our humble prayers. I would willingly know whether your Majesties Coffers have been throughly filled, since the small revenews have been taken from these poor Vestals, *which before they enjoyed? They see themselves frustrated of the recompenses, which the most avaricious Emperours have decreed them, and in so great a liberality of your Majesties, which enricheth all the world, they alone have cause to complain of necessitie.*

Philastrius de hæresibus.

Vestal Virgins.

It is not gain, which leadeth them, but the honour to receive the wages due to their Chastity. It is to violate the holy vests, which attire their heads, to deprive them the ordinary privileges of their profession. The poor maids ask nought else of you but a bare title of prerogative, as their great poverty hath freed them from surprize of their enemies: for nakedness is that alone, which violence cannot disarray. The more you have cut off from their privileges, so much the more have you robbed them of the honour of their charges, since their Virginity, which is vowed to publick safety, hath so much the more merit, as it findeth the less recompense. God forbid your treasures, which are most innocent, should be defiled with prey drawn from the Vestals. *The revenues of good Princes still encrease, rather from the spoil of Enemies, then loss of Priests. There is no gain can recompense the wrong done them by this decree. The farther off your dispositions are estranged from all manner of avarice, so much the more is their condition miserable, since they behold themselves so tormented under such great clemency, and frustrated of an happiness, which they cannot lose but with honour. For were they despoiled by Harpyes, we should deplore their miserie in the compassion we take of their innocency: but the world, which seeth them deprived of their fortunes under Emperours so reserved, & moderate, will say, needs must there be crime on their part, since on yours they behold nought else but sanctity.*

Moving words.

Possessions bequeathed to Virgins by the last will of those, who deceased in the Devotion they have to their Temples, are still withheld: I humbly beseech you, O sacred Pontites, *who sit in the place of justice, why would you make void the publick Religion of your Empire with the succession of a particular? Let dying men make their wills with all security; suffer them to depart with this belief, that they have Princes not covetous, who will maintain what they shall bequeath in leaving the world, of their abilities. It is your honour, and contentment, to see such an happiness in the state, which you manage, and likewise to deliver dying men from the disturbances they may have upon the nullitie of their Testaments. Is there any thing in the world, that more concerneth the* Roman *right, then the* Roman *Religion? How would you have the change of propertie to be called, made upon moneys, which by its Nature, nor the Laws have not put into the condition of unclaimed and perishable goods? Legacies are permitted to freed men, slaves are not denied the petty profits given them by Wills. Is there none but Virgins and those Virgins so noble, yea Virgins vowed to the exercise of Ceremonies, fatal for preservation of this Empire, must be deprived the possessions, which come to them by lawful ways of inheritance?*

What availeth them to consecrate the Chastity of their bodies to publick safety, to lay the foundation of an eternity for this Empire, on the aye of their prayers, to sue to your Standards, your arms, and your Eagles, the favour of heavenly assistances, to present vows powerful for the whole world, and be bereaved the rights, that are denied to no man? It will hereafter be better to serve men then Gods, since we, desirous to make our Empire religious, make it ungrateful.

Symmachus magnifieth the Vestals.

It is not the sole cause of the Vestals *which I plead, it is that of all humane kind; for the dishonour of their profession is the source of all our evils. The law of our fore-fathers hath honoured these holy maids, and all those that are vowed to Altars, with some small revenew, and some very just privileges. This hath ever been for them maintained, until new ordinances were made by some Bankers, who degenerating from the care of their Ancestours, have employed the revenews dedicated to Virginity on the entertainment of certain Porters. From thence consequently came that great Dearth, the effects whereof the whole world hath felt, where scant Harvests have deceived the hopes of every Province. Let us not accuse the earth of this disaster, for it is innocent. Let us not quarrel against heaven, for it is just. Let us not complain, the worm hath gnawn the ear of Corn, or wilde Oats have choaked the Fruits of the earth: our sacrileges have made the year drouthy, and good reason it were, the whole world should be frustrated of a benefit it hath taken from Religion. Were there any example of our unhappiness in former times, we might say this Famin happened by a certain revolution of years, fatal in such accidents. But where shall we finde any thing like to this in the passed Ages? Where shall we finde a sterilitie so knotted together by the malignity of the aye? Where shall we finde, that the people hath been enforced to have recourse to wild Plants and Acborns of the forest* Dodonia, *to satisfy their hunger?*

Famine.

When did our Fathers ever behold a spectacle so cruel, whilest they cherished the Ministers of Religion at the charge of the publick? When did they ever shake Oaks but for Hogs? When did they ever pull Herbs up by the roots to feed men? When did Fields, which for the most part accustomed enterchangeably to rest, as it were on purpose, fail in one and the same year? Hath this been, when the people shareth its provisions with the Vestal *Virgins? Liberalitie used towards Priests graced the years revenews, and it rather seemed a remedie against barrenness, then a targess of piety. Now God in the necessitie of each one aveng th the detention of a benefit, which he would have common for all the world.*

Some one will say, It is no wonder, if we refuse to entertain a strange Religion at the charge of the publick. God forbid, your Majesties should think the revenews, which were heretofore ordained for the Vestals *by the Common-wealth, should at this present be summed up as the coyn of the Weal publick.*

As the Common-wealth is composed of particulars, so hath it no more right over Donatives, then it hath on particular persons. Your selves, who govern all, preserve for each one what appertains to him, and would have justice extend it self further then your power. Consult, if you please, with your magnificence, and it will tell you, that what you hitherto have given to so many particulars, is no more a publick good, for the gifts are no longer theirs, who bestowed them, and that which was in the beginning a benefit, by custom and succession of time, becomes an obligation. It is to affright the consciences of your Majesties with Panick fears, to think to make you believe you give to our religion that, which you cannot take from it without injustice.

I pray God the secret assistances of all Sects may favour your Clemencie, and that this same, which hath so long time aided your Ancestours, if it can no longer stand in credit with you, may at least keep you in its protection. We will on your Majesties behalf afford it all rights, and it towards you shall continue ordinary favours. We demand nothing new in requiring the exercise of a Religion, which hath preserved the Empire for your father (now with the Gods) and which hath blessed his bed with lawful heirs of his Crown. This good Prince, being entered into the condition of the Gods immortal, beholdeth

He speaketh of Valentinian.

from Heaven the teares of theſe poor Veſtals, *and well ſees cuſtoms cannot be violated, which he with ſo much affection maintained, but by the diminution of his authority. Afford at leaſt this contentment to your good brother, received into this celeſtial company, as to ſee a Decree corrected, that was not his own. Cover an Act under oblivion, which he had never ſuffered to paſs, had he foreſeen the diſcontent of the Senate, and for which the deputies were diverted, which we ſent unto him when he was alive, for the fear his enemies had of his equitie. It much importeth the publick to take away a foul blame from the aſhes of a good Prince, and juſtifie the paſſed-by abroliſhment of the preſent.*

The fifth SECTION.

The Oration of S. *Ambroſe* againſt *Symmachus*

MOST SACRED MAJESTY,

It is drawn from his reaſons, conceptions, and as it were from all his own words.

ALthough your Minority gave us undoubted ſigns of the ſtrength of your ſpirit, and conſtancie of your faith, yet the rank I hold near to your perſon obligeth me to prevent the ſurprizes of a crafty Diſcourſe, which creepeth amongſt ſo many golden words as the ſerpent amongſt the flowers.

It is ill, the Governour Symmachus *hath employed ſo fair a tongue on ſo foul a ſubject. The deceit of his eloquence makes us ſuſpect the weakneſs of his Gods: for ever a bad cauſe ſeek th that ſupport in words, which in truth it cannot finde. Such are the ordinary proceedings of* Pagans, *when they ſpeak of their ſuperſtitions.*

Their Orations reſemble thoſe antient Temples of Egypt, *wh ch under golden Tents lodged Idols of Rats and Crocodiles. But the Scripture teacheth us rather to live then talk, and recommendeth the contempt of language to oblige us to ſolidities of virtues. That is the cauſe, why (moſt ſacred Majeſtie) after I have entreated you to tak my diſcourſe rather in the weight of reaſons, then number of words, I will anſwer to th ee points, which the Governour ſeemeth to comprize in his ſpeech. The firſt toucheth the Religion of* Pagans. *The ſecond the revenewes of* Veſtals. *And the third the cauſe of the Famin we have felt.*

A ſingular reſolution of *Symmachus* his ſtrongeſt argument.

I underſtand in the firſt Article, it is Rome, *which ſpeaketh with her eyes full of teares, and ſighs at her heart, demanding the exerciſe of* Pagan *ſuperſtitions, becauſe they are ſuch (ſaith the Governour) which drave* Hannibal *from the walls, and the* Gauls *from the Capitol.*

It is to publiſh the infirmitie of falſe Gods to defend them in this manner; and better we cannot refute Symmachus, *then by ſh wing him armed againſt himſelf. For I ask, if thoſe Gods are the Protectours of this Empire, why they ſo long time ſuffered* Hannibal *to triumph in the ruins of* Italie? *Were their hands ſo ſho t they could reach them no further then th ir walls and Temples? As for the* Gauls, *what ſhall I ſay? I much wonder how th Governour doth mention it, ſince it is in eff ct a thing moſt ridiculous, to ſay, that the enemies being in the heart of the Citie, all h ſe protecting Gods ſhould ſtand idle in their Temples, in ſuch ſort, that all Hiſtories have publiſhed, the people of* Rome *owed their preſervation, not to the Gods, or ſacrifices, wh ch nothing availed them, but to the gagling of a Gooſe, which by good hap aw kened the drowſie Centuels, if it be not, that* Symmachus, *as he is inventive enough, will ſay, that* Jupiter *had then forſak n his burning Chariots and Thunder-bolts, to ſhut himſelf up in the throat of this Gooſling. But as a lie is ever induſtrious to hurt it ſelf, did not* Hannibal *adore the* Roman *Gods? If it be true, that they always bear victory in their hands, why did not* Hannibal *ſurprize* Rome *with the aſſiſtance of thoſe Gods? O why did not the* Romans *vanquiſh* Hannibal *in all their Battels? Why had both one and the other oftentimes the worſt? O what ſide ſoever you turn, you muſt ſee Gods conquered, who cannot denie their impotencie, if they avow not their nullitie.*

It is not Rome *then, that ſpeake h in this manner as* Symmachus *makes it, never gave ſh him h s commiſſion: but ſhe ſays by the mouths of her brave Captains:*

Rome ſpeaketh with Majeſtie.

Romans, what h ve I done to b come a butcherie, and to be imbrewed with the blood of ſo many creatures? Victories abide not in the entrails of beaſts, but the arms of Souldiers. It is not th death of Oxen hath made me ſubdue Monarchs, but the valour of men. Camillus *by force of arms diſplayed my Standards on the Capitol, which your ceremonies ſuffered to be taken away.* Attilius *expoſed his life for the trial of his fidelity and ſafety of the w al publick.* Scipio Africanus *found triumph, not among the Altars of the Capitol, but in the field of battel. If you deſire to ſee the goodly effects of your ſuperſtitions, behold* Nero, *who was the firſt that drew the ſword of the Cæſar's againſt the Chriſtians; behold Emperours monethly made, and unmade like the Moon; behold thoſe, who were the moſt zealous in your ceremonies, whereof ſom having ſhamefully enthralled the worlds Empire to ſo eigners, and the other promiſing themſelves great victories under the favour of their Gods, have found ſervitude. was not there then an Altar of* Victory *in the Capitol? From whence, I pray, proceeded ſo many ſiniſter accidents, if good hap be divinely aeſtined to thoſe who obey it? I much repent me of theſe barbarous ceremonies, though too too late. You, that have made me ſo many times become red with blood, ſuffer me once to become ruddy with ſhame, that I ſo lightly have been deceived, to the end I may not bluſh to ſee my ſelf converted with all the world. And tell me not, I pray, that I am old. Decrepitneſs is not in years, but in manners. It is never too late to learn one's Salvation, and it is ever ſeaſonable to do good. Shame is but for thoſe, who have neither power, nor will to correct their vices.*

Notable anſwers to the liberty of *Symmachus.*

Come and learn a new warfare of Chriſtians with me, which in Earth beareth arms, and in Heaven its conqueſts. From whom ſhould I learn the myſteries of Heaven, but from him that made it, and not from man, who doth not ſo much as know all that paſſeth in his own houſe? Whom would you have me confide in the matter of belief we ought to have of God, but God himſelf? How ſhall I take you for a Maſter, ſince in the ſeeking to teach me, you confeſs your own ignorance? You ſay, God is a great ſecret, and muſt be ſought by many ways: but he, who once hath hit on the ready way, why ſhould he amuſe h mſelf with crooked turnings? You ſeek him blindfold, and we finde him in the light. You enquire him with ſuſpicions, and minds diſtruſtance, and we finde him in the revelation of the wiſdom and vertue of God himſelf. It is a malicious ſtupiditie to think we can ſerve this ſovereign Maſter in all ſorts of Sects. As there is but one Sun in the world, ſo is there but one truth. It is a ſtraight line, which is to be made but one way. All other ſuperſtitions are crooked lines, that have as many ſemblances as defects. How can we reconcile our Religions, you admire the works of your hands, and we accompting it an injurie done to God to worſh p the works of men? How ſhall we have one and the ſame God, if you adore Stocks and Stones, which our God inſtructeth us to trample under-foot? To whom ſhall we entruſt this verity in ſuch a great diverſitie of opinions, but to a Man-God, whoſe words were no other then the propheſies, wiſdoms, and verities; his life innocencie, ſanctitie, and vertue; his actions, power, wonders, and miracles in all parts of the world? What ſecret ſpirit ſet the Croſs on the top of your Capitol? You demand proofs of the Divinity, and I ſhew you the conqueſt of a world, under the feet of one Crucified: the leſs this action hath of man, the more you behold therein the work of God.

Grave words for the Emperour.

Then Symmachus, *you redemand the altars of Idols, of whom? Of a Chriſtian Emperour, whoſe heart is in the hands of God, and arms for the protection of Faith. Would you have him employ his chaſt and innocent hands, which he never lifted up but to the living God, to repair the monuments of a falſe Deity? In what Hiſtorie finde you, that the Pagan Emperours have built Chapels and Temples for us? And think you, our great Prince hath leſs Zeal for truth, then his Predeceſſours for falſhood? They have made all the parts of the world ſwadde with our blood for defence of their Idols: but God hath bliſted their purpoſes, and overthrown by his power, what they would have raiſed by their injuſtice. Would you that a Chriſtian Emperour ſhould, from the ruins of your Gods, reſtore for you, in contempt of his own Relig on, objects of ſin on the Altars?*

A pertinent reply to the act of *Veſtals.*

But let us a little further ſee the ſequel hereof. They demand revenues for the Veſtals, *for they cannot otherwiſe ſerve their God. Behold how courageous the Gentiles are. We have imbraced and maintained our faith in povertie, injuries, and perſecutions, and they cry out their ceremonies cannot ſubſiſt without their own intereſt. It is a ſhameful thing to ſell Virginity, and to fix themſelves on profit through the deſpair of vertues. What armies have theſe Maids to maintain, who have ſuch care of their revenewes? Their number exceedeth not ſeven, which they have choſen amongſt ſo many thouſands to guard a mercenary virginity, that ſtill reſerves a night to make experience of Marriage. Is it for th s they muſt be Mitred? For this ſcarletted? For this endowed with a thouſand privileges, and entertained in magnificent Caroches, with a train of Princeſſes to brave it through the ſtreets of a Citie? Behold th holy Virgins, and poor Maidens of* Symmachus. *By my conſent let him reflect the eye of his underſtanding and body on the ſtate of our Religious Women: he ſhall ſee companies repleniſhed with honour, integritie, ſhamefacedneſs, who know how to uſe the gift of Virginity as it ought to be. They wear no attires, nor pompous Mitres on their heads, but a poor veil, which borroweth its luſtre of their chaſtity. They know not what belongs to attractives of beauty, for they have renounced all curioſities in the world. Purple and Superfluitie never dwels in their houſe; but rather Faſts and Auſterities. It is not their cuſtom to flatter, or ſell at the price of honour and privileges the putritie of their bodies, but much otherwiſe, they do all as if their ſufferings were to be the recompenſe of their virtues. Never will they learn the trade of ſetting their fleſh to ſale to the beſt bidder, and ſell the abſtinence from pleaſures to them that offer moſt: well knowing the firſt victory of chaſtity is to triumph over greedineſs of riches, which are the moſt dangerous baits of ſin.*

If

If we ſhould give great revenues to all the Maids, which are now ready to receive the veil, what treaſures would furniſh out ſuch an expenſe? And if they dare affirm, that none is due but to Veſtals, is it not an impudence to be deſirous to deprive Chriſtian Virgins from goods given in favour of virginity, as if to be Chriſtians were to be the leſs chaſte, or as if the Religion they profeſs, were on their fore-heads a mark of infamy? Who can endure under the reign of moſt Chriſtian Emperours, cuſtoms, which are onely tolerable in the Empire of Nero's? Symmachus *demandeth monies of the Common-Wealth for entertainment of his Veſtals, and we by certain modern Laws have been bereft the ſucceſſions, which we might expect from particulars, without making complaints; ſo temperate we are in our proceedings. Some Eccleſiaſticks likewiſe have been made to renounce their patrimony, to be freed from Court-obligations, and enjoy the privileges of the Church. Were this done to the Pagans, they would caſt flames from their mouthes, for how could it be but very troubleſome to purchaſe the vacancy of a holy miniſtry with the prejudice of his means, and in conſecrating himſelf to the ſafety of the whole world, to have neceſſity for recompenſe in his houſe? Wils are valid in favour of the Miniſters of Idols: be they never ſo profane in ſuperſtition, ſo abject in condition, ſo prodigal of their honour, they are not fruſtrated of what appertains to them by this article. There be none but the Prieſts of the living God, who are deprived of common right, becauſe they are vowed to ſervice of the publick. Their manners moſt innocent are not puniſhed, but their degree; as if it held the rank of crime: that which a ſuperſtitious Widow bequeatheth to ſacrifices of Idols, ſhall remain inviolable; and what a Religious Widow leaves by will to a Prieſt of the eternal Religion ſhall be condemned as a nullity.*

I ſpeak not this now by way of expoſtulation, but to ſhew how I ſuppreſs lawful complaints by ſtrength of patience. They anſwer, they touch not legacies given to the Church in general: and I require of them, who ever hath robbed the riches of their Temples? Chriſtians have heretofore been bereaved their ſubſtance, which is the marrow of men; of ayr, which is common to all living creatures; of earth, which none ever have denied to the dead, ſince even the enraged Sea hath oft-times ſent back the bodies of our Martyrs to the haven, as it were to give them burial. I notwithſtanding ſay not a word, nor do I now accuſe any man of cruelty, the condemnation whereof the victory of the Croſs hath gained of the whole world. But if a piece of land be ſeized from a South-ſayer, who contrary to all Religion holdeth wealth given in favour of Religion, all the world muſt be ſummoned with an alarm. If they will poſſeſs lands by our examples, let them imitate the charity we practice for the publick. Where are the Priſoners they have redeemed? the Poor they have fed? the Baniſh'd they have ſuccoured? Of all our wealth we nought retain but faith, the reſt is ſpent in the neceſſities of men, and they think it reaſonable to employ it in maſſacre of beaſts, to ſee if they have not the death of Princes in their intrails. Is not this inſupportable?

An anſwer concerning the dearth.

Yet notwithſtanding their Gods, ſaith he, have revenged on our heads the injurie done to their Prieſts, by a general Famin. That is it, which hath cauſed us to eat roots and barks of trees, which hath made us ſhake Oaks to eat Acorns, and envy Hogs their food, ſince we unjuſtly detain the ſuſtenance of men. Behold great prodegies, and which never happened to the Gentiles. To whom doth Symmachus *think he tells theſe Fables? To us, who know the Pagans were heretofore ſo accuſtomed to eat Acorns, that for this onely cauſe deified their Oaks? It is poſſible their Gods ſhould appoint that for puniſhment, which theſe have ſo oft bought with price of Incenſe and blood of Beaſts? And then, what injuſtice were it that for a ſmall handful of ſacrificers and South-ſayers, who pretend to be intereſſed herein, theſe cruel Divinities ſhould take revenge by a general deſolation of all Provinces? How ſhould they ſo long ſtand with arms acroſs in the ruins of ſo many Temples, fallen on their Idols, to come to conteſt with us, upon a juſt retention of the ſuperfluities of a ſilly Sacrificer? Behold now already how many years the* Pagan *Sect hath been declining, hath any one ſeen for all this the River* Nilus *overflow to revenge what hath paſſed at* Rome, *ſince the conqueſt of* Egypt *hath been tolerated under the arms of the Croſs? And if theſe Gods have this laſt year avenged their injuries, enforcing us to feed on Acorns: why this preſent year, when the contempt of their name is much greater then ever, have they not made us eat Thorns? The living God be praiſed, who husbandeth good and evil for us with a moſt wiſe œconomie; we have ſeen the hillocks ſmile under the beauty of Vines, we have beheld the earth curled with ears of Corn, and to yield us ſo plentiful harveſts, that they have given joy to ſome, admiration to others, and ſatisfaction to the whole world. Yea, we can ſay, the laſt year hath not been ſo barren, but that it hath left in many Provinces marks of the fruitfulneſs thereof. The Gauls have been more enriched then ever, the Sclavons have ſold Corn, which they never ſowed. The Griſons have had ſuch ſtore that they have given to their neighbours, more cauſe of envie then compaſſion, and thoſe who were friends in a great ſcarcitie, are made enemies in large fertility. Genova and Venice have taſted the commodities of the fruits of Autumn, and in a word, the year hath not been every where ſo prodigious as the eloquence of the Governour.*

Nay, theſe objections are more tolerable, but that, which we cannot endure nor diſſemble with your Chriſtian Majeſties, is, that the Gentiles *out of braverie dare affirm, they offer Sacrifices to their Gods in your names, and they protect you. Who hath given them this commiſſion? Who makes them accompt your connivances ſo criminal, as to take them for commandments? Let them guard their defenders whom they have hitherto ill protected, and let them not preſume their Gods, being ſo feeble for preſervation of thoſe who yield them ſuch honour, ſhould be able to ſhield others who handle them with ſuch contempt.*

A reply concerning the antiquity of Paganiſm.

Yet muſt we (ſaith the Governour) defend the ancient Religion. Nothing is elder then the truth, which hath ſeen the world in its cradle; but a falſe Religion, the more ancient, the more dangerous it is, ſince it is an antiquity of errours, the preſumption whereof time doth augment. Virtues are not meaſured by the ell of times, but the greatneſs of perfections. If we in like manner will conſider the works of nature, we ſhall find the laſt to be the beſt.

The world, as you ſay, was nought elſe in the beginning, but an aſſembly of little atomies, which flying in the ayr, wove one within another the web of this great work: afterward it became a confuſed maſs, full of horrour and darkneſs, till ſuch time, as the great work-man came to ſeparate the elements, adorn the heavens with lamps, and diſtend light over the face of this univerſe. Then the earth diſarraying it ſelf, as from a robe of ſorrow, ſeemed to admire the Sun it had never ſeen. Conſider you not how the day at its birth diſperſeth darkneſs, with a little dauning of brightneſs, which inſenſibly increaſeth till the time it diſcovereth it ſelf in the glittering light and fervours of the mid-day? Behold you not how the Moon, which monthly waxeth and waneth, now ſeemeth loſt to us, then ſhows her ſelf as it were a little thred, ſtreight ſhe becomes a well formed Creſcent, afterward in the proportion that ſhe looketh on the Sun ſhe is augmented, and laſtly compoſeth for us a great Globe of light? Know you not how the earth was before rude, not having felt the iron Coulter, but ſo ſoon as the huſbandly labourer began to exerciſe a power upon it, and cultivate the barren Plains, they took upon them a much other aſpect? For mollifying in this tillage all which was wild, they ſpred out unto us Grapes and Harveſts, where we before had ſeen nought elſe but Nettles and Briers. See you not alſo how at the point of the firſt ſeaſon the earth is wholly bare, then in the Springs progreſs it beginneth to produce certain ſmall Flowers, which are as the eys of the Medows; but eys, which ſpring and Eclipſe *in one and the ſelf-ſame day; and the beſt of all is kept for the latter ſeaſon? And we our ſelves, when we are born, are nothing elſe but a little lump of fleſh, which is poliſhed with time, and changed into a more lively infancy, but ſtill ignorant, until our ſoul be perfected by time, for then we leave the rudiments of minority to become perfect men. Behold the courſe which Religions have held in the world: all that which is gone afore, hath been either in part groſs and carnal, or deceitful and lying, by the cunning of the Devil. Grace in latter times hath put a ſeal on the work it began from the birth of the world. If things the leſs antient be the leſs perfect, we muſt prefer the Chaos before the Sun, Acorns before Harveſts, March-Violets before Grapes, and ſay we have done ill to cover the earth with ſilver, and change Shepherds cottages into the gilded Marble of the Capitol.*

But they are induſtrious to wound themſelves, crying up the antient ceremonies. If this antiquity be ſo recommendable, why did Rome *yearly change her Religion, as certain birds do their feathers, introducing daily ſome innovations in matter of ſuperſtitions, derived from the ſame Nations they by their arms had captivated? Shall it be ſaid ſhe will open her Temples to all the Idols of the earth, and onely ſhut them up from heavenly verities? He now here ſpeaketh to us of a victory, which is a gift of God, and not a Goddeſs: a gift, which is often-times granted to the ſtrength of legions, and never allotted to the impiety of ſuperſtitions. They will ſet up their Altar in the midſt of a ſovereign Court, and ſay, that maugre our oppoſition we muſt ſwallow the ſmoak of their ſacrifices, hear their goodly muſick, and receive the aſhes of their prophane victims on our forehead, where we bear the character of the living God. Is it not abſolutely to out-brave Chriſtianity under moſt Chriſtian Emperours? What ſhall now preſently be done at Court by the better part of the Senate, which is Chriſtian? It will be neceſſary that they either in refuſing untruth oppoſe your edicts (if the unhappineſs of the time ſhould make them favour a requeſt ſo uncivil) or by connivency confeſs their ſacrilege. I will ſpeak freely, it is not an Altar they deſire to plant in the Capitol, but rather faith, which they now would tear from our hearts. If you command ſuch a ſin, you commit it.*

The Emperour Constans, *of most worthy memory, being as yet but a Catechumen, would not so much as behold this Altar, for fear that by the sole sight thereof his conscience might be polluted: he caused it presently to be taken away, and will you restore it, to make them hereafter swear to your laws before false Gods? What need have we of such an oath; The Senate is assembled by your commands, and for you. To you they owe their fidelity and conscience, not to Gods who are of no accompt. It preferreth you before their own children, but not before their Religion; then is it a charity much greater then your Empire, to preserve that piety which safeguards your Empire. All here below in the affairs of men is most uncertain, all therein is transitory; and great fortunes, which have the Sun in their face, have Ice under-foot: we possess nothing immortal but true Religion, which raiseth us above Monarchs to equal us with Angels.* Pompey *after he had measured three parts of the world, more by his triumphs then travels, is defeated, repelled, banished, and dead on the frontiers of the Empire, by the hand of a half man; and the earth, which seemed too scanty for his conquests, was seen to fail him for a Tomb.* Cyrus, *after he had overcom so many potent Enemies, after he had equalled his victories to his clemency, is vanquished by* Tamaris, *and his head, crowned with so many Lawels, served as a matter of sport for a woman, who drencht it in a Leathern Sack filled with humane blood, saying unto him,* Satiate thee with that thou so much hast desired. Hamilcar, *Captain of the Carthaginians, one of the most superstitious Princes, that ever the earth bare, after so many Trophys, threw himself though despair into the Fire, which he had caused to be kindled for the Sacrifice of his Gods, seeing it had no whit availed him. I will not say Christian Emperours shall ever be fortunate in temporal affairs: but I dare affirm, that if we must needs be afflicted as men, although we should loose all, yet never ought we to forsake Religion, as* Julian *that unhappy Monarch hath done, who joyned the ship-wrack of his faith to the loss of his Empire.*

Ambros. epist. 11. ad Valent.

Most sacred Majestly, remember that all the men of the world fight for you, and that you should combat for the true Religion, without which, there is neither protection in the Empire, nor safety in the world. If there be occasion to resolve a matter of arms make addess to your Council of War; but if a point of Religion be handled, you neither ought nor may determine it without the advise of you Bishops. You should see them all here assembled, if the practice of our Enemies had not prevented them. I answer for all, and in the name of all I implore the piety and justice of your Majestie, that no man here may pretend to abuse your Minority to the preiudice of your soul. Take heed how you precipitate any thing in this affair, without imparting it to the Emperour Theodosius, *whom you have heitherto honoured as a Father.*

If you do otherwise, I will not conceal that from you which my profession commandeth, and conscience obligeth me to tell you: You will come to the Church, but you will finde no Bishop there; or if you do, it will be but to resist you. What would you answer him, when he should tell you, The Church hath nothing to do with your liberalities; since you have adorned the Temples of Gentilism, you shall never build the houses of Sion; *the Altar of* Jesus Christ *cannot endure your offerings, since you have erected Altars for Idols. Your word, your letter, your Signet, is the work of your heart, of which our enemies make a Trophey, and which you cannot deny. Your service can no longer be pleasing to the Saviour of the world, since you are ingaged to false Divinities. Think you to serve two Masters? Think you it will be lawful to entertain* Vestals *to the contempt of Religious women of your name and belief? You have no more to do with Bishops, since you have preferred Sacrificers to the Devil before them. What answer you to this? That you have committed a fault pardonable in a child? Every age is perfect for* Jesus Christ, *and there is no infancy, but is repulsed with God, if it render it self not unworthy thereof.*

Little Infants he etofore have confronted Executioners, and born away the Crown of Martyrdom, and will you betray our Altars? What will you answer to your good brother the Emperour Gratian *of holy and glorious memory, when he shall say, My brother, I never thought my self vanquished by mine Enemies, whilst I left the Diadem on you head. It hath not grieved me to die, since my place was replenished with so good a Successour, I freely have forsaken the Empire, being perswaded the ordinances I made in favour of Religion would remain inviolable to posterity. Brother, these are the spoils I gained over devils: these are my titles and Trophyes; these be pledges of my piety and monuments of my faith, which you have since taken away from me by your Edicts. What may an Enemy do more? You have violated what I so piously ordained for the glory of Altars. It is a thing which he, who so unworthily have arms against me, never did. The Sword which transfixed my body did me less hurt then your Edicts: more sensible am I of the wound you impressed on my cinders, then that which the Tyrant fixed on my members. The one took from me the life of body; but this bereaves me the life of memory and virtues. On this day it is that I loose an Empire, since I see my self deprived of that I always preferred before Empires, and that it is taken from me after my death, yea by the hand of a man, whom I infinitely loved. Brother if you have donc this of your own accord, you have condemned my faith; and if by constraint, you have betrayed your own: and being wholly dead as I am, you make me die in you, who are of my self the better part. On the other side, think you not but that the Emperour* Valentinian *your father, whose name you bear, will say unto you, Son, you have done me much injurie, so to condemn my conscience, and to believe I ever had any purpose to tolerate superstitions so prejudicial to Christianity. I punished all crimes that came to my knowledg: but never have I heard of an Altar of* Victory *nor prophane Sacrifices to be made in a Sovereign Court before the eys of all Christendom. Dear son, you greatly dishonour the respect, which is due to the memory of your father, if you think he oweth his Empire to superstition, and not to his Religion.*

I heartily beseech God, most Sacred Majestie, if this affair be so important, as you see, to your conscience, to the memory of your father, the ashes of your brother, your own reputation, to the judgment which posterity shall give upon you, and that which transcendeth all other considerations, to the universal Church, you now do what you will one day wish to have done, when we shall appear before the eys of the whole Church Triumphant, to the end your actions may be free from reproof, as my counsels are of Repentance.

Who could resist these Thunder-bolts? *Symmachus* reputed at that time, as we have said, the prime States-man in the *Roman* Empire, both for eloquence and authority, was ashamed of his superstition, and in pleading for *Victory* lost it, well shewing it was nothing, since it had so little countenanced a man, who ascribed so much unto it, which made *Ennodius* say, *Symmachus* in pleading for *Victory*, hath lost the Victory, left by him in the hands of S. *Ambrose*, plainly discovering, the Godess was very unreasonable to forsake those that served her, and gratifie such as offended her.

Dicendi palmam Victoria tollit amico. Transit ad Ambrosium plus favet ira Deo. Ennodius.

The triumph of S. Ambrose
in the conversion of S. *Augustine.*

The fifth Section.
Of the Nature, and Condition of this great man.

The greatness of *S. Ambrose* in this conversion.

I Come to one of the most remarkable actions of S. *Ambrose*, resplendent in the conversion of great S. *Augustine*, the benefit whereof Heaven and earth have divided, since this incomparable man serves as a support for the Church Militant in the revolution of so many Ages, and an ornament to the Church Triumphant through all eternity. It is none of the least gifts from Heaven, that our *Ambrose* was selected for an affair of so great importance, that the whole world might finde its interest therein, and for a victory so eminent, that were the Angels as capable of envy, as they are repleat with charity, as they have loved the Conquest, they would envy the glory thereof. Happy voice of thunder, which made this Hind to bring forth her young, after the throws and agitations of twelve years. Happy the *Beseleel*, Exod. 31. who so well hath laboured in the Tabernacle of the living God: Happy the *David*, who hath subdued this *Rabbath*, so many times shaken by the arms of great Captains. Happy the *Alexander*, who with the sword of the word hath cut so many *Gordian* knots, as held this great Spirit in disturbance. I here defie all the Amphitheaters which have been in the world, and so often mixed the blood of men with that of Lions and Elephants: I call those spectacles, which so many times have attracted the eys of *Cæsars*: 2 Kings 12.

ſars: I deſire the jouſts, turneys, races, chariots, triumphs, and thoſe magnificences may be propoſed, which have drawn blood from all the veins of the world, to eſtabliſh ſuperfluity; and that it may be conſidered whether there were ever combate comparable to this which I preſent; where a holy Biſhop entred into the liſt againſt the prime Spirit of the world, where God ſits enthroned, where the Angels ranged before the gates of Heaven, contemplate, where three parts of the world expect the iſſue of this Duel, where Heaven applaudeth, the earth trembleth, where Hell frowneth, the Devils houl to ſee themſelves deceived of their prey: Where the victorious *Ambroſe* triumpeth, where the unvanquiſhable *Auguſtine* yieldeth, to be confirmed by his fall, to be raiſed by his abaſing, fortified by his weakneſs.

Gentle Reader, I entreat you, as my purpoſe is no other, but to enchaſe in this Hiſtory of S. *Ambroſe*, the acts of Eccleſiaſticks, who to him are ſo particularly tied, that you think it not ſtrange if I more at large diſtend my ſelf upon a Narration ſo proper for the ſubject which I treat of: I doubt not but the manner wherein I ſhall unfold it, will render it wholly new, as the greatneſs thereof made it honourable, and the utility ſtill ſeaſoneth it with ſome particular delight.

Impediments in the converſion of S. *Auguſtine.*

That we may here well obſerve the ways of the Divine Providence in the direction of man's ſalvation, and the ſtrength of S. *Ambroſe* quickened with the ſpirit of God: it is neceſſary to conſider the powerful oppoſitions, that ſo long time hindred this converſion, which I reduce to three principal heads, Curioſity, Preſumption, and Carnal Love.

It is a dangerous peſtilence in matter of Religion to take the wind of Curioſity, which ordinarily fixeth it ſelf on the faireſt ſpirits, as it is ſaid Cantharides reſt on the beautifulleſt Roſes. A great train of vices is ever waited on by a great curioſity, and he that can well know them, ſhall finde, that to be curious is to forſake innocency, to draw near to ſin, according to the eloquent Saint *Zeno*, Curioſity maketh more Offenders in Priſon, then Learned in Scholes; and ever the deſire to know what God would have hidden, is paid with ignorance of one's ſelf.

Curioſitas rerum efficit non perſtum. S. Zeno 2. de æterna Filii generatione.

Curioſity and the deſcription thereof.

Were I a Painter, or Pourtraier, to repreſent to youth the vanity of this paſſion, I would make the ſtatue thereof on a moving Globe: what can be more inconſtant? I would give it wings; what is lighter? I would ſprinkle it all over with eys: what more watchful? I would fill it with ears: what more induſtrious in the diſcovery of ſo great a diverſity of things? I would give it a mouth perpetually open, for it is no ſooner filled by the ear, but emptied by the mouth. I would lodge it at the ſign of *Vacuum*; for what is more vain? I would afford it Spider's webs for attire: what is more frivolous? For Table and Viands, ſmoak; what more ſlender and hungry? I would ordain for Officers many Liars and Impoſtures, for ſuch people are its favourites. Before it, a certain itch of general knowlege ſhould go, for it is the ordinary meſſenger thereof. At the right hand Opinion, for it is it which deceives her. At the left, Tattle, it is that which inſtructs her: after it, I would ſet diſturbance of ſpirit, ignorance, and miſery; for it is its inheritance in the end.

Auguſtine, as it were, from his moſt tender years, made himſelf tributary to this falſe Deity, and inſtead of taking the way of true Religion by the paths of holy ſimplicity, needs would he dive into it by reaſons and humane ſubtleties, which alienated him as far from truth as they were of power to encline him to vanity.

The wit of S. *Auguſtine.*

He had a great wit, as it were, like a prodigy, and it ſeemeth that *Africk* which produced him, would then bring forth nothing which was mean. It muſt ſtill bring forth huge monſters, or mighty men. He notwithſtanding was over ſharp, being not as yet in his conſiſtence, but reſembled the glaſs of a mirrour, which cannot render forms till it be leaded. So this admirable wit through want of the virtue of humility, which is in men as lead in the mirrour, ſparkled with a vain preſumption, which bringeth with it no other profit, made more illuſions in eys then it left good examples in manners. Now to ſpecifie the qualities of this excellent nature, we muſt conſider it from his tendereſt years; ſince the diſpoſition makes it ſelf ſoon appear in children, as the Roſe in his bud.

His inclinations.

Auguſtine began almoſt as ſoon to ſtudy as to live, for he burned from his younger days with a thirſt of knowlege, ſo eminent, that he ſurmounted his age. And for a note of his curioſity, which already rather aimed at ſplendour then utility: young though he were, he reſembled the children, who make themſelves Preachers before they can read. Nothing was he pleaſed with the elements of Grammar, which he reputed too low for his ſpirit. He would climb without a Ladder, and ſcorned to learn of a Grammarian how the name of *Æneas* was written, but rather readily diſputed whether *Æneas* had been at *Carthage*, or not. Greek to him was a Pill, which he ſwallowed not but by conſtraint, and better loved he to ſpeak Latine by cuſtom, then the rules of *Donat*. All his delight was to know Fables and Hiſtories, to weep over the diſaſtrous loves of poor *Dido*, and to be angry with *Juno* with ſo good a grace, that compoſing thereupon certain imitations of *Virgil*, he raviſhed his Maſters, and companions in the Schole; which made it well appear he one day ſhould become more fruitful in ſtrong imaginations (which are the principal pieces of eloquence) then religious in choice of words and poliſhed in periods. His Father, who diſcovered the riches of this wit, had an ardent deſire that he might ſwim in a large water, for he as yet ſtudied at *Oran* a petty Village of *Africk*, having not the means to go to *Carthage*.

Want of enablements is many times a counterpoize to the height of the underſtanding: but in depreſſing it, he crowned it; ſince generous ſtudies (according to *Plinies* ſaying) are lodged at the ſign of poverty, and ever Sciences are refined by neceſſity. *Auguſtine*, not then knowing what God would do with him, ſought to make a fortune, and ſuch likewiſe was the will of *Patricius* his Father, who more deſired to ſee him eloquent, then chaſte. Behold why the good man, who had much courage and little means, ſtrove beyond his ability to ſend his ſon to *Carthage*, the moſt famous Univerſity of *Africk*. As great fiſhes are found in great Seas, ſo *Auguſtine* had there wherewith to ſatisfie the paſſion of his curioſity, and meaſuring his own ſtrength with that of others, ſaw matter enough how to make his wit be held in eſteem, to which he already had ſufficient inclination.

He was not contented to exerciſe himſelf in eloquence, which in all Ages hath had much reputation among arts, as the fulleſt of noiſe, and that which unfolds it ſelf with moſt oſtent: but he throughly ſtudied Philoſophy and all other Sciences, which are of power to make an able man, in ſuch ſort, that there was not then a book which he had not with

undefatigable

undefatigable induſtry peruſed. The poor young man went like a torrent whither paſſion tranſported him, and where the blaſt of ambition breathed, having the feeling of Chriſtianity in him very faint: for much better he loved to meaſure the world in his vanity, then poſſeſs it in the love of God; not as yet conſidering the difference between a good country ſwain, who at full eaſe enjoyeth the fruits of his tree, whereof he knoweth no other ſecrets, and a Philoſopher that obſerveth the ten Categories, and remains almoſt famiſhed, not taſting of any one fruit.

Aſtrology. His curioſity failed not to transfer him to judicial Aſtrology, wherein he employed much time, ſtill thinking to diſcover ſome ſecrets in this labyrinth of fools, which better knoweth how to involve minds, then give them ſatisfaction. He happeneth one day to confer with an old Phyſician, a man grave, and of great capacity; who ſeeing him paſſionately in love with theſe books of Aſtrology, ſaid, Son, if you deſire to tranſcend others in any profeſſion of the world, rather take eloquence, in which, as far as I can ſee, you have greatly profited, then to ſtick on vain Sciences unworthy of your judgment. Verily I will herein confeſs the ignorance of my youth, I have been as much addicted to judicial Aſtrology as ever was any man of my condition: for I not only ſought the ſatisfaction of my minde, but the eſtabliſhment of my fortune. Notwithſtanding I have wholly left it, through a moſt undoubted knowlege that we cannot reſolve on any thing ſolid therein. Judge you what you pleaſe, but ever a well rectified ſpirit will be aſhamed to profeſs a ſcience not ſupported by reaſon, and which knows almoſt no other trade but to deceive. This at that time ſomewhat ſtartled him, but ſtayed not his purpoſe, ſo much he loved to deceive himſelf, and ſo much he reſolved to finde out this ſecret in the end. But ever as he waded further, not diſcovering firm land, he found trouble in a barren labour, and much vanity, where he to himſelf propoſed ſome ſolidity.

Nothing confirmed him ſo much in contempt of this folly, as the diſcourſe he had with *Firminus*, a young man of eminent quality, ſick of the ſame diſeaſe that he was: for the curioſity of Aſtrology ceaſed not to incite him, as being born of a Father an Aſtrologer, a man of honour, but ſo curious, that he calculated the very horoſcope of Cats and Dogs that were whelped in his houſe: yet ſo little had he profited therein, that at the ſame time his ſon came into the world, a ſervant of his neigbours being delivered of a male-child, he foretold, according to the rules of his art, that both of them being born under one ſame conſtellation, ſhould run the like fortune; which was ſo falſe, that this *Firminus* his ſon being born of a rich Family, progreſſed far into the honour of the times, whileſt the ſon of the ſervant, notwithſtanding the favours of his goodly horoſcope, waxed old in ſervitude.

This young man who made this narration, though convinced by his own experience, ſtill ſuffered himſelf to be beguiled with his proper errour, ſo difficult it is to take away this charm by force of reaſons. Our *Auguſtine*, by little and little diſperſed thoſe vapours, both by the vivacity of his own excellent judgment, and the conſideration of others folly. He was likewiſe ſolicited to attempt a kinde of magick, much in reſpect among the heathen Philoſophers of that Age; which was to ſeek predictions from the ſhop of the Divel, by means of the effuſion of the blood of beaſts, and ſometimes of children. But God, who as yet held a bridle on this uncollected ſoul, and would not ſuffer it to be defiled with thoſe black furies, gave him in the beginning ſo much horrour upon all theſe proceedings, that a Negromancer promiſing him one day to bear away the prize of Poeſie in a publick meeting of Poets, if he would aſſure him of a reaſonable reward, he anſwered, That were the Crown to be given in thoſe games of profit, of gold wholly celeſtial, he would not buy it by ſuch kinde of ways, at the rate of the blood of a flie. Which he partly ſpake through ſome ſence of piety, partly alſo by the knowlege he had of the illuſion and barenneſs of ſuch Sciences.

His Religion. He was much more troubled about the Articles of faith: for though from his childhood he was educated in Chriſtian Religion, under the wings of his good Mother S. *Monica*, yet ſuffering his minde to mount up unto ſo many curioſities, he had greatly weakened the ſence of piety. And being deſirous to penetrate all by the help of humane reaſons, when he began to think on the Chriſtian Maxims of Faith, he therein beheld much terrour and abyſs. He came to this condition, that not content with the God of his fore-fathers, who taught him holy counſels, and the univerſal voice of the Church, he put himſelf upon maſtery, now wholly ready to ſhape a Divinity on the weak Ideas of his own brain.

The *Manichees* at that time ſwayed in *Africk*, who having found this ſpirit, and ſeeing he might one day prove a ſupport to their Sect, they ſpared nothing to gain him; and he being upon change, it was not very hard to bring him into the ſnare. This Sect ſprang from one named *Manes*, a *Perſian* by birth, and a ſervant by condition, who having inherited the goods of a Miſtreſs whom he ſerved, from a good ſlave which he had been, had he remained in that ſtate, became by ſtudy an ill Philoſopher, and a worſe Divine; for mingling ſome old dotages of the magick of *Perſians*, with other Maxims of Chriſtianity, partly by the help of his purſe, partly alſo by an infinite of impoſtures derived from his giddy ſpirit, he made himſelf head of a faction, proteſting he was the Holy Ghoſt. His principal folly conſiſted in placing two Gods in the world, the one good, the other bad, who had many ſtrange battles. The body, as he ſaid, was the creature of the evil God, and the ſoul a portion of the ſubſtance of the good, enthralled in matter. And following theſe principals, he gave a phantaſtical body to the Saviour of the world, ſeeming it a thing unworthy of the world, to be perſonally united to the fleſh, which he held in the number of things execrable. Behold the cauſe why thoſe who were ingulphed in this Sect, made ſhew to abſtain from meat and wine, which they termed the Dragon's gall.

I do not think that ever *Auguſtine* fully conſented to all the Chymera's of *Manes*, which were innumerable; but at the leaſt he reliſhed this Sect in the opinion it had of the original and nature of the body and ſoul, and in many other articles, even to the believing (as himſelf witneſſeth) fables moſt ridiculous. Great God! who thundereſt upon the pride of humane ſpirits, and draggeſt into the duſt of the earth thoſe that would go equal with Angels! What Eclipſe of underſtanding? What abaſing of courage in miſerable *Auguſtine*? To ſay that a man, whoſe eye was ſo piercing, doctrine ſo eminent, and eloquence ſo divine, after he had forſaken the helm of faith and reaſon, became ſo abandoned, as to make himſelf a party of the Sect of a barbarous and phantaſtical ſlave, who in the end for his miſ-deeds, was fleyed by the command of the King of *Perſia*; as if the skin of this man could no longer cover a ſoul ſo wicked.

Behold

Behold whither curiosity transporteth an exorbitant spirit. Behold into what so many goodly gifts of grace and nature are dissolved. Behold now the Eternal Wisdom besotteth those, who forsake him to court the lying fantasies of their imagination.

A second impediment. Presumption.

A second obstacle went along with this extravagant curiosity, to settle him fixedly in errour, which was the presumption of his own abilities, an inseparable companion of heresie. He, that once in his brain hath deified Crocodiles, and Dragons, not only adoreth them, but will perswade others, that he hath reason to set Candles before them, and burn Incense for them. It is a terrible blow, when one is wounded in the head by his proper judgment, whose ill never rests in the mean. We come to the end of all by the strength of industry: Stones are pulled forth from the entrails of men, the head is opened to make smoak issue out; but what hand hath ever drawn a false opinion out of the brain of one presumptuous, but that of God? All seemeth green, saith *Aristotle*, to those, who look on the water; and all is just and specious to such, as behold themselves in proper love. Better it were, according to the counsels of the antient Fathers of the Desert, to have one foot in Hell with docibility of spirit, then an arm in Paradise with our own judgment.

August. l. deduabus animabus contra Manichæos.

Augustine, not to acknowlege his fault, would ever maintain it, and thought it was to make a truth of an errour, opinionative to defend it. He had that, which *Tertullian* saith is familiar among Hereticks, swellings, and ostentation of knowlege; and his design was then to dispute, not to live. Himself confesseth two things long time made him to tumble in the snare: the first whereof was certain complacence of humour, which easily adhered to vitious companies; and the other an opinion he should ever have the upper hand in disputation. He was as a little Marlin without hood or leashes, catching all sorts of men with his sophisms: and when he had over-come some simple Catholick, who knew not the subtilties of Philosophy, he thought he had raised a great Trophey over our Religion. In all things this Genius sought for supereminence; for even in game, where hazards stood not fair for him, he freely made use of shifts: as were he surprized, he would be angry, making them still believe he had gained. As a certain Wrastler, who being overthrown, undertook by force of eloquence to prove he was not fallen. This appeared more in dispute, then game: for having now flattered himself upon the advantages of his wit, he was apprehensive in this point of the least interest of his reputation, and had rather violate the law of God, then commit a barbarism in speaking, thereby to break the law of Grammar, to the prejudice of the opinion was had of him. It was a crime to speak of virtue with a Solœcism, and a virtue to reckon up vices in fair language. When he was publickly to enterprize some action of importance, the apprehension of succes put him into a fever; so that walking one day through the City of *Milan* with a long Oration in his head, and meeting a rogue in the street, who confidently flouted him, he fetched a great sigh, and said, Behold this Varlet hath gone beyond me in matter of happiness. See, he is satisfied, and content, whilest I dreg an uneasie burthen through the bryars, and all to please a silly estimation. The ardent desire he had to excel in all encounters, alienated him very far from truth, which wills, that we sacrifice to its Altars all the interests of honour we may pretend unto: and besides it was the cause, that the wisest Catholicks feared to be engaged in batttle with so polished a tongue, and such unguided youth. Witness this good Bishop, whom holy S. *Monica* so earnestly solicited to enter into the list with her son, to convert him; for he prudently excused himself, saying the better to content her, That a son of such tears could never perish.

A third Impediment. The passion of love.

Besides the curiosity and presumption of *Augustine*, the passion of love surprized him also to make up his misery, and to frame great oppositions in matter of his salvation. But because this noble spirit hath been set by God, as the master of a Ship broken on the edge of a rock, to shew others his shipwrack, I think it a matter very behoofful to consider here the tyranny of an unfortunate passion, which long time enthralled so great a soul, to derive profit from his experience. The fault of *Augustine* proceeded not simply from love, but from ill managing it, affording that to creatures, which was made for the Creatour. Love in it self is not a vice, but the soul of all virtues, when it is tied to its object, which is the sovereign good; and never shall a soul act any thing great, if it contain not some fire in the veins. The Philosopher *Hegesippus* said, That all the great and goodliest natures are known by three things, Light, Heat, & Love. The more light pretious stones have, the more lustre they reflect. Heat raiseth Eagles above Serpents: yea among Palms, those are the noblest, which have the most love and inclination to their fellows These three qualities were eminent in our *Augustine*. His understanding was lightning, his will fire, and heart affection. If all this had happily taken the right way to God, it had been a miracle infinitely accomplished: but the Clock, which is out of frame in the first wheel, doth easily miscarry in all its motions; and he, who was already much unjoynted in the prime piece, which makes up a man, *viz.* judgment, and knowlege, suffered all his actions to slide into exorbitancy. As there are two sorts of love, whereof the one is most felt in the spirit, the other predominateth in the flesh, *Augustine* tried them both in several encounters. First, he was excessively passionate even in chast amities; witness a schole-fellow of his, whom he so passionately affected. He was a second *Pylades*, that had always been bred and trained up with him in a marvellous correspondence of age, humour, spirit, will, life, and condition, which had so enkindled friendship in either part, that it was transcendent: and though it were in the lists of perfect honesty, yet being as it was too sensual, God who chastiseth those that are estranged from his love, as fugitive slaves, weaned his *Augustine*, first touching this friend with a sharp fever, in which he received baptism, after which, he was somewhat lightened. Whereupon *Augustine* grew very glad, as if he were now out of danger. He visited him, and forbear not to scoff at his baptism, still pursuing the motions of his profane spirit: but the other, beholding him with an angry eie, cut off his speech with an admirable and present liberty, wishing him he would abstain from such discourse, unless he meant to renounce all correspondence. He seemed already in this change to feel the approaches of the other world: for verily his malady augmenting, quickly separated the soul from the body. *Augustine* was much troubled at this loss, insomuch, that all he beheld from Heaven to Earth, seemed to him filled with images of death. The country was to him a place of darkness, and giddy fancies: the house of his Father a Sepulchre, the memory of his passed pleasures a Hell. All was distast, being deprived of him, for whom he loved all things. It seemed to him all men he beheld were unworthy of life, and that death would quickly carry away all the world, since

it

it took him away, whom he prized above all the world. These words escaped him, which he afterwards retracted, to wit; 'That the soul of his com-'panion, and his, were expressly but one and the 'same, surviving in two bodies, and therefore he 'abhorred life, because he was no more then half a 'man, yet would he not die, for fear the part of his 'friend, which yet lived in himself, might perish.

All this well declared he had great dispositions to love, and that to what side soever his affections tended, they never would be with mediocrity. It seemed now all things conspired against him to kindle a coal in his veins, which the revolution of many years could not extinguish. First, As nothing is more dangerous to foment this passion, then ill example, he lived in a place, as contagious for chastity, as the North-wind for Plants. *Salvianus* a great Writer, speaking of *Africk*, which bred S. *Augustine*, saith, It was the country of loves, and that it was as strange, a man should be an *African*, without being an *African*, as to be an *African*, and not lascivious. Secondly, These dangers so frequent, which seemed to require much retention, found liberty enough in the house. For the tears of the blessed S. *Monica* were not as yet sufficient to stay the course of insolent youth, since the Father little cared; for that he having one day beheld his son in the Baths, spake some free words, which served rather as a spur for sensuality, then a motive to continency. In the third place, as the eie must be open to direct occasions, so he therein used so little study, that having a soul, as it were, of sulphure, so much was it disposed to take fire, he hastened to throw himself into the midsts of flames.

Salvian l. 7. de gubernat. Tam novum est impudicum non esse Afrum, quàm Afrum non esse Afrum.

He haunted the company of Libertines, who are the most dangerous enemies to chastity, and being of a humour very gentile and pleasing, gave love, and reciprocally received: and although he had none, needs must he counterfeit. When he came to *Carthage*, about the sixteenth year of his age, there was not a street, where love spread not his Nets. He as yet knew not well what it was to love, and yet desired to be beloved, and grew weary of living in innocency. He hated his liberty, and sought an hand, which captived him. He went to Theatres there to behold loves represented, where he fervently was enamoured of the passions of imaginary lovers: yea, his very eys hunted in the Church after objects of concupiscence, by glances too too dissolute; for which he confessed to have been very particularly chastised by the hand of God, since he mingled the sanctity of the place with the entertainment of the prophane actions. This ulcered soul threw it self out of its compass, and took wind and fire on every side. It seemed to him he must excel in vice, as well as in science. He made himself more vitious then he was, to appear more gentile in the eys of evil men, and there remained for him nothing more, as it were, in this point but one shame, not to have been sufficiently impudent. In the end, he fell into the snares he desired, and was involved in admirable labyrinths, where ever the end of one love was the beginning of another.

This life so carnal was a perpetual hinderance to the visitations of God. For, as *Platonists* say, stars cannot exercise their virtue on the sphere of fire: so all the light of good counsel had no force in the flames of such a passion. His spirit was depraved by sensuality, allured by the bait of worldly beauties, and darkened with the obscurity of his blindness, in such sort, that the light of the spirit of God in him found no place: if there be a vice in the world, which tieth the soul to flesh, and makes it stupid to the feeling of God, it is this soul sin: and although it be not wholly incompatible with science, yet never accorded in the wisdom of Heaven, which is more conversant in the taste of heavenly things, then in knowledge.

The seventh SECTION.

Dispositions towards the conversion of Saint Augustine.

BEhold the principal impediments of the conversion of S. *Augustine*; but God, who insensibly wove this work, and draws good even from the evil of his elect, caused him to use the remedy of the Scorpion, that stung him. For as he, pursuing his ordinary curiosity, plunged more and more into solid Sciences, he began by little and little to distaste the doctrine of the *Manichees*, finding it very strange, that a man should make all kinde of dreams and fottishness to pass for verities, under the false seal of the Holy Ghost. Those of his faction, who saw him waver, oft lent their helping hands, too weak to support him; and knowing their own inability, promised quickly to cause the prime man of their sect to come from *Carthage*, who would dis-engage his mind from so many doubts, and afford him ample satisfaction.

Faustus, and his qualities. Præ cæteris peculiarum decentissimus ministrator. Conf. 5. & 6.

They failed not in their promise, for in few days the false Bishop *Faustus* arrived, who was as the sword and buckler of the *Manichees*. He was a man of a fair presence, had charms in his tongue, and many attractives in his conversation, able to ensnare the most subtile wits. He instantly set himself to frame some studied discourses upon the Maxims of his superstition, which were heard with great applause by the whole faction. For indeed he was an Eagle among Parrots. These men, supposing that *Augustine* was fully settled in all their apprehensions and approbations, asked him what he thought of the Bishop *Faustus*, and whether he were not an incomparable man? He very coldly answered, He was eloquent, and throughly able to tickle an ear. But his malady daily encreasing could not be cured by a man, who perpetually speaketh, and shuffles up the matter; and therefore besides his goodly Sermons, there was need of a particular conference, where he might fully discharge his minde. *Faustus*, endowed with a natural courtesie, thinking he had to do with a young spirit, whom he with words would amuse, accepts the disputation; where, instead of finding a Crane, he encountred an Eagle, who handled him roughly from the beginning of the battle. This man made him presently appear to be of base gold, and that this talent was no other, then that he was an indifferent Grammarian, had read some Orations of *Tully*, the memory whereof were very fresh in him, some Epistles also of *Seneca*, with a mixture of Poesie, but in the books of his own Sect, he had very little knowlege. All that which made him esteemed in publick consisted in a grace of language, which proceeding from a fair body was exposed with the more exteriour pomp. Behold that, which now throughout the world authorizeth an infinite number of men, who are in the opinion of ignorant, or the indifferently knowing, as flying fires in the air. When *Augustine* put him upon the Solstices, Equinoctials, Eclipses, the course and motion of stars, wherewith the books of *Manes* are replenished; this man then found himself in a new world, but yet was wily: for he was not as the sottish *Manichees*, who promising evidence upon this doctrine, made as many slips as steps: he roundly said,

ſaid, his curioſity had never born him ſo far that way, and that he better had loved to contemn ſuch things, then ſtudy them. As for the reſt, the doctrine of *Manes* depended not upon the knowlege of Eclipſes, ſince never had it been eclipſed. *Auguſtine* perceived his Doctour was not wholly ignorant, ſince he underſtood at the leaſt, how to acknowlege his own ignorance, but was otherwiſe abſolutely diſtaſted with the Divinity of the *Manichees*, ſeeing ſo little ſupport in *Fauſtus*, who was the prime pillar of the Faction; and the ſnare which he would make uſe of to ſtay him, was the beginning of his liberty. It was to make a Banquet of Flowers and Songs for one almoſt famiſhed, to ſeek with words to give him ſatisfaction.

Non usquequaquam imperitus erat imperitiæ ſuæ. Confeſ. 4. c. 7.

In the end, after a long abode in *Africk*, he reſolved to go to *Rome*, not ſo much to finde verity in its ſource, which as yet he propoſed not to himſelf to be in the Church of *Rome*, as to diſſolve the irkſomneſs of teaching Rhetorick at *Carthage*, the youth whereof was extremely inſolent. His friends propounded unto him for his aim a far other air, much different ſucceſſes from his former labours, and another recompence for his merit; adding beſides, it was a ſweeter Climate, where young men held within the liſts of good diſcipline, yielded their Maſters full ſatisfaction. It was the ſtrongeſt bait could therein be found; for the ſweetneſs of his ſpirit was incompatible with the boldneſs of the Scholars of *Carthage*, which was the cauſe that ſecretly ſtealing away from his good mother, who could not with her tears hinder the voyage, he ſet ſail for *Italy*, and came to *Rome*. Behold him in the chief Theatre of the world, where he began to ſhew himſelf, and entertain an Auditory in his Chamber, to be known, and forthwith appear in publick Courts, where he learned; the Students of *Rome* gave their Reader good words, but the time of payment being come, they inconſiderately many times forſook the Teacher to exerciſe elſewhere the like deceit, which infinitely diſpleaſed him; and ſeeing that by good fortune a Rhetorician was ſought after for *Milan*, he handled the matter ſo, by the aſſiſtance of ſome *Manichees* whom he yet courted for his own ends, and by the favour of *Symmachus* Pretour of the City, that this charge was ſtayed for him.

Hidden paſſages of divine providence in reclaiming ſouls.

Behold him then at *Milan*, where the providence of God had marked out his lodging. Behold him in the field of battle, where he was to be aſſaulted. Behold him in the Amphitheater, where he ſhould be diſarmed. Behold him in the Sphere, where he muſt be illuminated.

As we have beheld the ſtrong oppoſitions which ſtopped up the way in the ſalvation of this great ſoul, let us now ſee the means God uſed for his converſion. Here is an admirable ſpectacle, and worthy the conſideration of noble ſpirits, ſince of all the works which God doth out of himſelf, nothing hath ſo much manifeſted his wiſdom, bounty, mercy, and power, as the converſion of men. We obſerve in the effects and experiences of nature, that one thing draweth another in four eſpecial manners; to wit, ſympathy, motion, heat, and ſecret attraction. Sympathy ſay I, or natural conformity; ſo the ſtone tendeth downwards into the boſom of the earth, becauſe it there finds repoſes. Motions, ſo the hammer drives the nail, & one man leads another by the hand. Heat, ſo the Sun raiſeth up the vapours of the earth, after it hath ſubtilized and heated them. Secret attractions, ſo amber draws the ſtraw, and the adamant wins the iron. The Spirit of God, engenious and powerful in our converſions, makes uſe of theſe ſame four attractions to draw us to him. Attractions, which are able to gain the harſheſt, diſ-arm the moſt ſavage, heat the remiſeſt, and ſtartle the ſtupid. Attraction of ſympathy conſiſteth in good nature, and ſweet inclination, which the Maſter-workman giveth us for virtue. Attraction of Motions is ſeen in the converſion of good company, where examples of piety ſweetly ſtir a ſoul to that which is its good. Attraction of heat is inſinuated by the word of God, which is a Sword of fire, to make ſtrange diviſions between the ſoul and fleſh. Secret attraction, is a moſt particular touch from God, who taketh men by ways hidden, interiour, and extraordinary. So, many times we ſee converſions infinitely ſtrange. Such was that of S. *Paul*, who felt a blow in the blood of S. *Stephen*, when he ſhed it by ſo many hands as he gave conſents to the fury of his executioners. Such was that of the Jugler *Geneſius* under *Dioclesian*, who in a full Theatre ſcoffing at the Ceremonies of Chriſtians, at the ſame time became a Confeſſour of the faith, and Martyr of *Jeſus Chriſt*. Such was that of *Mary*, Niece of *Abraham* the Hermit, who was gained to God in a Supper which ſhe had made in a Bourdel. Such likewiſe was that of *Irais* a poor Maid-ſervant of *Alexandria*, who as the *Samaritan* going to draw water, left her Pitcher, to run to Martyrdom, and joyning her ſelf to Chriſtians which were led to execution, bare away the firſt Crown. Such was that of a Thief, who forſook his wicked life, beholding a young Monk that ate wilde roots; and another converted having ſeen *Paphnutius* the Hermit drink a glaſs of wine, who never had drunk any before, and then only did it by a reſignation of his own judgment and proper will into the hands of another who cammanded it. The Thief at that inſtant thus concluded; That if this holy man were ſo enforced by virtue, for an action ſo contrary to ordinary life, he himſelf might well by the help of reſolution, undertake the ſame predominance over his paſſions, and of an ill man become a Saint, as he did. Briefly, ſuch was the converſion of *Parentius*, a man of quality, who exerciſed a place of judicature in a City of *Italy*. For, having ſeen a young Swine-herd, who taught his companion a trick to make his hogs readily run into the Sty; which was to ſay to them, *Enter hogs into the Sty, as wicked Judges into Hell*: and then perceiving that theſe beaſts readily obeyed this word, he laughed heartily; but preſently changing all his mirth into ſerious actions, he ſet himſelf to ponder on the difficulties he found of ſalvation, in the great corruptions of juſtice, and was ſo touched, that he took the habit of *Franciſcans*, where he ſo far proceeded in virtue, that he became General of the Order, and viſited bare-foot all the houſes of S. *Francis*. It muſt be confeſſed there are great privileges of Gods providence in ſuch affairs. I am willing briefly to recite examples of theſe ſecret attractions, becauſe they are very famous, and I ſet before you the four ſorts of converſions, by reaſon they will not be unprofitable to make us diſcover the ſingular œconomy of God in that whereof we are now about to treat.

Notable converſions.

Martyrol. Rom. 16. Martii & 22. Septemb.

Joannes Ægid. de doctrina Patrum titul. Charit. num. 6.

Chronic. Minorum.

The œconomy of God in the converſion of S. Auguſtine.

The Saviour of the world uſed all theſe pieces in the converſion of S. *Auguſtine*, as we may obſerve in his progreſſion. For firſt, concerning attraction of ſympathy, or natural conformity, it is true, that this great man was of an excellent nature, and though it were a long time ſmothered up in fleſh and blood, yet was it as a Sun in eclipſe, which ſhould one day appear in full liberty, and illuminate the body, which then was its obſtacle. In his moſt tender infancy, he made amorous inclinations to his Creatour appear.

For then he had recourſe to prayer, as to a Sanctuary of his ſmall afflictions; and like a childe placing felicity in that which touched him neareſt, according to his eſteem, he ardently beſought God that he might eſcape the chaſtiſement of rods, and diſgraces of the ſchole. He was of an humour free and liberal, gracious, mild, affable, obliging, and full of compaſſion toward men in want, which is a good way to repreſent great actions of virtue, and diſpoſe one to receive the ſpirit of God in abundance. Affections, with tears of ſweetneſs and devotion, were to him very familiar, which appeared on the day of his being made Prieſt, ſometime after his converſion: for he ſpared not to weep in that ceremony, where by chance a ſimple man interpreting that this happened to him through diſturbance, that he was not yet a Biſhop, who ſo well deſerved it, he came near to comfort him, ſaying, *He ſhould be patient; that Prieſthood was the next degree to the dignity of a Biſhop, and that in time he ſhould enjoy the accompliſhment of his deſire.* S. *Auguſtine* afterward related this ſpeech to his friends, as an example of the errour of judgments made upon mens actions. As for his vices, he had nothing therein black or hideous; for his loves though inordinate, were bounded in limits moſt tolerable, and his ambitions were not haughty and diſdainful, but conſiſting only in a ſleight vanity, to make ſhew of that which he had either of wit, or learning: a paſſion very natural to thoſe who feel themſelves endowed with any perfections. Otherwiſe he had no deſign, pretence, engagements, as have they, who often cover their petty intereſts with the pretext of piety, and are ever ready to imbrace the Religion wherein they finde moſt accommodation for their temporal affairs. *Auguſtine* was ſo free from worldly avarice, that he knew not what it was to make a fortune, or reach at wealth. Scarce would he ever learn to carry a key, poſſeſs money in a Coffer, and take accounts, as obſerve h *Poſſidonius* in his life. All his minde was upon books, and all his intentions aimed to the finding out of truth, that he might offer homage to her for all he had, and faithfully ſerve her all his life, after he once had well know her Theſe diſpoſitions gave a full paſſage to ſuch as were to treat with him.

On the other part, attraction of motion, which commeth from good example, was to him very advantagious in the perſon of his good mother S. *Monica.* And if certain people, as the *Lycians*, took the name of their mothers, as of thoſe, whom they thought moſt contributed to the production of man into the world: *Auguſtine* had great cauſe to take the title of his nobility from S. *Monica*, who brought him forth more profitably for the life of grace, then that of nature.

Herod. l. 2.

This woman verily was the pearl of women, whoſe life had not great lightenings of extaſies, nor raptures; for all her virtues paſſed with little noiſe, like to great rivers that glide along with peaceful majeſty: but all was there very inward, as in her who ever was hidden within the better part of her ſelf. Much hath ſhe done in affording a S. *Auguſtine* to the Church; and whoſoever cannot diſcover the ſecret virtues of the Sun, let him content himſelf to meaſure it by his rays. She pretended to conſecrate her Virginity to Altars, God drew her to marriage, to gain from her a Doctour for his Church. This Saint knew not as yet what ſhe did, when in her tender years by a laudable cuſtom ſhe roſe from her bed in the deep ſilence of night, to offer her prayers to God, and when ſhe ſhortned her diet at each repaſt, to divide the moiety of her life with the poor: but the ſpirit of God, which guided her, diſpoſed her then by theſe actions to ſome matter of importance. She was married to a Pagan, and one of a humour very untractable, which ſhe ſo ſoftened by her long and diſcreet patience, that in the end he ſet aſide all his moody extravagancies, as it is ſaid, the furious Unicorn ſleeps in a Maidens boſom. It was with her a great conſolation to have married an Infidel, and after ſome years to ſee him die a Chriſtian, ſaying to God, She had received a Lion, and reſtored a Lamb. All her care aimed only at this ſon, whom ſhe firſt ſaw ingulphed in a life moſt licentious afterward, by miſhap involved in the hereſie of the *Manichees*. The poor mother endured nine entire years the throws of this ſpiritual childe-birth, the moſt ſenſibly that may be imagined. What grief and ſighs in her retirement? What fancies in her ſleep? What prayers in the Church? What alms in neceſſities of the poor? What prudence and diſcretion in all her proceedings? She ſought out all the paſſages into this ſpirit, which ſhe could imagine; but ſeeing it was a torrent not to be reſtrained by her forces, ſhe peaceably expected the aſſiſtance of Heaven. She deſpaired not of his malady through fear to cure him. She undertook not in the fervent acceſſes of his feaver to upbraid his diſorders. She went not about manacing him with fire and cauteries. But did as God, who acteth no ill, but ever ſo uſeth the matter, that the evil is extenuated. When ſhe could not ſpeak to her ſon, ſhe cauſed the apple of her eys to ſpeak to God, deploring all night, and watering the Altars, not with blood of Victims, but that of her ſoul, which were her tears. We may ſay, that as the waters which have pearls in them, run for the moſt part to the South; ſo this holy woman being in *Africk*, a Southern Region, became in the abundance of her tears the true fountain of the South, fit to bear a great pearl, which afterward brought forth for chriſtendom many millions of pearls. Never had the Angel *Raphael* ſo much care of young *Toby*, as this celeſtial intelligence of her ſon, being perpetually in Centinel, and obſerving the viſitations of God's providence. Her Paralitick was ready at the Fiſh-pool, and expected nothing but the ſtirring of the water.

Aqua defluentes ad Auſtrum generant margaritas. Tarentinus Philoſophus.

Behold ſhe came from *Africk* to *Milan*, through ſo many perils both of Sea and Land, ſuch travels and ſufferings to conclude her deliverance. She found her ſon much already ſhaken by the ſhocks which the eloquence of S. *Ambroſe* had given him. Soon the holy woman knew it was this great Biſhop, whom God had choſen to ſet a ſeal upon this work of the converſion of a man ſo important: and her ſon relateth, that from that time ſhe eſteemed S. *Ambroſe* as a very Angel of Heaven (*a*). She was ſtill in the Church to behold him, ever ſhe hung on his lips, as the ſources which diſtil from the Paradiſe of God.

(*a*) *Deligebat illum virum ſicut Angelum Dei. In Ambroſii ora ſuſpendebatur ad fontem aquæ ſalientis in vitam æternam.* Conf. 6. in c. 1.

The qualities of S. *Monica.*

Here is the attraction of heat, or rather the Sun that muſt on high exhale this cold vapour, after ſo much reſiſtance it had made againſt the ſpirit of God. *Auguſtine* himſelf very particularly decipher-eth, how being at *Milan*, he ſaw the Biſhop *Ambroſe*, known through the whole habitable world (*b*) as one of the beſt men upon the earth, who ceaſed not to adminiſter to his people the word of God, which in it bare corn, oyl, and the wine of ſobriety. This man of God, ſaith he, at my arrival embraced me, as a Father would his Son, and ſhewed he was much pleaſed with my coming to *Milan*, obliging me with many charitable Offices. Behold the cauſe why I began to affect him very much; not ſo much yet as a Doctour of truth (for I expected it neither from him, nor any other Catholick) but as a man who wiſhed

(*b*) *In optimis notus orbis terræ.*

wiſhed me well. I continually was preſent at his ſermons: in the beginning for curioſity, to eſpy and ſound whether his eloquence were equal to his great reputation. I was very attentive to his words, little caring for the matter, and I found he really had a ſtyle very learned and ſweet, but not the chearfulneſs and quaint attractions of *Fauſtus*, (c) though for ſubſtance of diſcourſe there was no compariſon; for *Fauſtus* recounted Fables, and this man taught moſt wholſom doctrine. Behold the firſt apprehenſions that *Auguſtine* had touching the ability of S. *Ambroſe*. In the end, he continuing to hear him for delight, truth entered through his ears, which were only opened to eloquence, and he found in the beginning, that our Religion had not thoſe abſurdities which the *Manichees* obtruded; and were it not true, it might at leaſt be profeſſed without impudence, which he could not hitherto be perſwaded unto. The Old Teſtament, which with the *Manichees* he ſo much had rejected, ſeemed to him to have a quite other face, after the learned interpretations of S. *Ambroſe*, The chymera's and fantaſies, which invironed his imagination, were diſſolved at the riſing of ſome petty rays from him. Notwithſtanding it was yet neither day nor night in his ſoul; Errour was below, and Religion had not yet the upper hand. His ſpirit over-toiled with ſo many queſtions by the wiles of Satan propended to neutrality, being neither hot, nor cold, as it happened to thoſe, who forſake truth, through the deſpair they have how to know it.

(c) *Sermonis erat eruditioris, minus tamen hilarescentis, atque mulcentis quam Fauſti.*

The eighth SECTION.

Agitations of ſpirit in S. Auguſtine *upon his Converſion.*

BUt God ſtill enflaming his chaſte deſires, he bent himſelf to conſider S. *Ambroſe*, whom he perpetually had for object: and ſeeing how this man was honoured by the chief Potentates of the earth, and how he flouriſhed in ſuch glorious actions: all appeared compleat in ſuch a life, but that it went on without a wife, he thinking at that time the want of a great burthen to be a main miſery. He, as yet proceeded but to the bark of S. *Ambroſe*, obſerving only what was exteriour, and not penetrating into thoſe great treaſures of lights, virtues, contentments, and heavenly conſolations, ſtored up in the bottom of the conſcience of this holy Prelate. He had vehement deſires to ſpeak to him ſomewhat more familiarly, to underſtand his opinion, to ask queſtions at large, to diſcover his heart all naked, and unfold the miſeries of his paſſed life: 'And, be-'cauſe (ſaith he) I ſtood in need of a man full of 'great leaſure to receive the ebb and flow of 'thoughts which were in my ſoul; now I found all 'in *Ambroſe*, except time to hear me: not that he 'was difficult of acceſs, for he was ever in his Hall 'expoſed to the ſervice of the whole world; but 'my unhappineſs was to be like the Paralitick of 'the fiſh-pool, ſtill out-gone by others more ſtrong 'then my ſelf. What diligence ſoever I uſed, I found '*Ambroſe* invironed with a large troup of ſolici-'tous men, whoſe infirmities he comforted to my 'excluſion: and if any little time remained for him, 'it was employed either in repaſt, which was ex-'ceeding ſhort, or at his book. The good Prelate 'ſtudied in his Hall in ſight of all the world, where I 'oft beheld him, and ſaw, that in reading, he only 'ran over with his eie one page of a book, then ru-'minated it in his heart, not at all moving his lips, 'whether it were, that he would not engage himſelf 'to diſcourſe upon his reading to all their preſent, 'or whether it were, he did it to preſerve his voice, 'eaſily weakened with much exerciſe of ſpeech, or 'for ſome other cauſe. I thought time was very pre-'tious to him, and ſeeing him ſo ſerious, I ſuppoſed 'it a kinde of impudency to interrupt him. After ſo 'long a ſilence I went away with the reſt, not ha-'ving opportunity to ſpeak to him.

Verily this diſcourſe ſheweth a marvellous repoſe of ſpirit in S. *Ambroſe*; and, as it were, over-much modeſty in S. *Auguſtine*: for it was a wonder, that he who ordinarily lived at *Milan* in the reputation of a great wit, and was already known by the Biſhop to be ſuch, brake not the preſs at one time or other, to gain ſome hours of audience in affairs of ſo great importance. I ſhould think, either that he uſed a forbearance too ſhame-faced and irreſolute, or that S. *Ambroſe* would not enter into diſputation with a young man as yet ſo well perſwaded of his own abilities, before he had ſuffered him to ripen, and to be throughly ſeaſoned by the reſentments of piety, However, it put the mind of S. *Auguſtine* into great diſturbance. *Behold* (ſaith he) *almoſt eleven years, that I have ſought the truth, and ſee I am arrived at the thirteenth year of my Age, yet ſtill perplexed. To morrow infallibly it muſt diſſolve: ſay yet a little; perhaps* Fauſtus *will come to* Milan, *and tell thee all. But how will he tell that, which he ſhall never know? Let us hold with the Academicks, and ſay all is uncertain, for every man maintaineth what he liſt. It is the property of man to imagine, and the nature of God to know. But the Academicks (behold gallant men) do leave a ſpirit in perpetual dotage. Let us rather ſet our feet on the ſteps of* Catholick *Religion, where we planted them from our tender Age. It is not ſo cloudy as the* Manichees *ſuppoſe it, Ambroſe hath already much freed me from errours: let us purſue the reſt. I, but* Ambroſe *hath not leaſure for thee. Let us read: where ſhall we finde neceſſary books, and when have ſit time? Thy Scholars buſy thee all the mornings; take at leaſt ſome hours after noon to enjoy thy ſelf. But when ſhall I admit the neceſſary viſits of Friends, that muſt be entertained? And when the preparations for my Lectures? And when my Recreations? Let all be loſt, ſo I may gain my ſelf. This life, as thou ſeeſt, Auguſtine, is moſt miſerable, and death uncertain. If it catch thee upon a ſun-riſe, in what eſtate wilt thou leave this world? And where doſt thou think to learn that, which here thou haſt neglected? But how if death alſo ſhould conclude the faculties and life of the ſoul? It is a madneſs to think only on it, ſince all the greatneſs and choice of Religion, wiſedom, and ſanctity fights for the immortality of the ſoul. It ſhould never ſo much employ the ſpirit of God in ſo great advance gave as he he hath given us, if we had no other life but that of Flies and Ants,* Auguſtine, *thy evil is ſenſuality. If thou wilt finde God, thou muſt forſake thy ſelf, and from this time forward bid a long adue to worldly pleaſures. Thou art deceived: when thou haſt felt them, thou wilt have the repentance, to have done that too ſoon, which thou oughteſt not to do; now canſt thou any more make an honourable retreat into the world. Let us live, we have good Friends; we may in the end have an Office, a wife, Means, and all ſort of contentments: there are too many miſerable enough through neceſſity, that conſent not to it by any act voluntary. To conclude, a wife and the truth of the Goſpel, are not things incompatible.*

Diſturbances of mind in S. *Auguſtine.*

Behold how this poor ſpirit turmoiled it ſelf in the retirement of his cogitations, as himſelf hath declared in his Confeſſions. He beheld the life of Saint *Ambroſe* and his chaſtity with an eie yet benummed and ſurcharged with terreſtrial humours, and it reflected ſome rays upon him; but he found it ſo high mounted in the Throne of its glory, that the ſole aſpect affrighted him: he meaſured continency by his own forces, not by the grace of God. Behold, why he deſpaired of a ſingle life, and thought a wife was a Chain, ſometime unhappy, but ever neceſſary. He lived at that time with *Alipius* and *Nebridius*, two noble *Africans*, his intimate friends, who followed him, charmed with his doctrine and ſweetneſs of his converſation; and from this time they propoſed that life to themſelves, which they afterward led. He often put them upon the intention to

Confeſ. 6. 11. *Amans beatam vitam, timebam illam in ſede ſuâ.*

eſtabliſh a good manner of life, to paſs the reſt of their days in the ſtudy of wiſdom. *Alipius*, who was very chaſt, maintained, this could not be done in the company of women, according to an antient ſaying of *Cato*, who affirmed, If all the world were without a woman, it would not be exempt from the converſation of gods. *Auguſtine*, that was leſs chaſt then *Alipius*, and much more eloquent, prepared himſelf to diſpute this queſtion ſtrongly and firmly againſt him, ſo that it ſeemed (ſaith he) that the old Serpent ſpake by his mouth, ſo much he connected together reaſons and allegations to maintain his opinion. The good *Alipius* was much amazed to behold ſuch a great ſpirit ſo tied to fleſh; and as he attributed much to all his opinions, reſpecting him as his Maſter, it was a great chance he had not drawn him into voluptuouſneſs through a ſimple curioſity of experience. This miſerable ſnare ſtaied all his good purpoſes, and needs muſt he break them, to put this great Soul into full liberty.

The ninth SECTION.

Three accidents which furthered this Converſion

IT happened, either by the induſtry of holy Saint *Monica*, who failed not to obſerve opportunities for the ſalvation of her ſon, or by a ſecret inſpiration of God, that the woman, whom he had brought with him from *Africk*, and with whom he had always lived in fair correſpondence, preſerving to him inviolable faith, as if ſhe had been his lawful wife, reſolved to leave him, ſaying: *That ſhe had now fulfilled the meaſure of her ſins. That it was time to think upon a retreat; that ſhe ſhould die with this onely grief, not to have tears enough to waſh the offences of her youth ſo unhappily waſted. For the reſt, never man ſhould poſſeſs her after him, and that all her loves ſhould be from th's time forward, for him who made her; onely ſhe recommended unto him a Son which ſhe left, praying he would ſhew himſelf as a Father and Mother unto him.*

Auguſtine was much amazed at this ſpeech. It ſeemed his heart was pulled away from him, to ſee himſelf ſeparated from a woman he ſo faithfully had loved: and on the other ſide he was full of confuſion, to behold that ſhe ſhewed him the way which he ſought, he not yet feeling himſelf ſtrong enough to follow her example. It was not in his power to ſtay her any longer, nor to approve what ſhe did. His ſpirit was penſive and divided, not knowing upon what to reſolve. After the departure of this woman, the mother, who as yet knew not the will of God, ſpeaks to him of marriage, and he caſt his eys upon a young Virgin of a very good houſe, which much pleaſed him, who, though ſhe were two years younger then the lawful age of marriage permitteth, he reſolved to ſtay for her: but in the mean ſpace he found out new loves, taking another unlawful woman in the place of her whom he had forſaken.

Yet for all that, he deſiſted not from the enquiry of truth, feeling none of all thoſe engagements more then that of love, which made the ſharpeſt reſiſtance againſt him; and ſeeing he could not accoſt S. *Ambroſe* in his great multiplicity of affairs, with that facility he wiſhed, he made his addreſs to *Simplicianus*, Prieſt of the Church of *Milan*. He was one of the moſt venerable men that was then in *Europe*, endowed with infinite piety, and excellent literature. For this conſideration he was delegated by his holineſs to ſerve as a ſpiritual Father to S. *Ambroſe*. Otherwiſe he was ſo humble and modeſt, that to give his Biſhop the upper-hand, he very often counterfeited ignorance in queſtions which he right well knew, conſulting with S. *Ambroſe* as an Oracle, becauſe of his dignity, and giving a perfect example to all, of the duty we owe to the Prelates of the Church.

Holy *Simplicianus.*

Beſides theſe ornaments of virtue and ſcience, this holy man had ſtrong attractives in the facility of his converſation, and ſweetneſs of entertainment: ſo that a certain particular grace was ſeen to ſhine in his face, which was the cauſe every one deſired to ſpeak to him for his converſation; nor was any one weary of his company. *Auguſtine* having met with this *Simplicianus*, whom he called the *Man of God*, throughly openeth his heart unto him, relating all the diſturbances of his life paſſed. *Simplicianus* moſt tenderly embraceth him, and ſhews the Port now much nearer then he imagined. For, as he mentioning, that among other readings he had peruſed the books of *Plato*, tranſlated by *Victorinus* a Senatour, and heretofore Profeſſour of Rhetorick in the City of *Rome*: *I like very well* (ſaith this good old man) *that you have read the books of* Plato, *rather then the impieties of other Philoſophers. I doubt not but you have obſerved many paſſages in this good Authour, which make for our Religion: but ſince you have read the Tranſlation of* Victorinus, *and much eſteem of it, why do you not imitate him in his converſion? You muſt underſtand that I moſt familiarly knew him, when we were at* Rome: *he was a very learned old man, having his hairs grown white in the long ſtudy of all ſorts of Sciences, which he taught, manned, and illuſtrated the ſpace of ſo many years, partly in declaring, partly by writing. There was not almoſt a Senatour in* Rome, *which acknowledged him not for his Maſter, and he arrived to ſuch a degree of reputation, that they erected a Statue to him in conſideration of his great learning. Who could ever have hoped in the decrepitneſs whereunto he was come, to ſee him born again among the little Children of the Church? Notwithſtanding, to ſhew you the force of Gods ſpirit, after the reading of almoſt all the books in the world, he ſet himſelf in the end of his Age, to peruſe the Bible and other Writings of Chriſtians, where he found himſelf ſurprized at unawares, ſaying afterward to me:* Simplicianus, *know I am a Chriſtian. I thinking he meant to ſcoff me: I will not, ſaid I, believe any thing, till I ſee you at Church. And imagine you (replied he) the walls of a Church make a Chriſtian? He ſpake this, much fearing to offend the Cedars of* Libanus, *which were his parents, eminent in qualitie, though Infidels: but he afterward was well reſolved never to bluſh more for the Goſpel. Let us go (ſaith he) to the Church, I am a Chriſtian. I was at this word ſo tranſported with joy, I could no longer contain my ſelf. I led him to the Church, and cauſed him to be inſtructed in the Articles of our Faith, and commanded a name to be given him among thoſe that required holy Baptiſm. When he came to make his profeſſion of faith, ſome one, thinking to pleaſe him, would have him pronounce in ſecret. No (ſaith the good old man) in publick: It is no longer fit to be aſhamed of ſo glorious an action. As ſoon as he was mounted into an eminent place to pronounce the Articles of his belief, all the world which knew him, began to crie* Victorinus, Victorinus. *The admiration was ſo great, the contentment ſo univerſal, the joy ſo ſenſible, that it ſeemed every one would ſnatch him from thence, to ſet him in his heart.*

Oh God! how you honour thoſe that faithfully ſerve you? Behold him now, who inſtead of tying himſelf to thoſe dying Palms of Rhetorick, is faſtened to the tree of life, which never periſheth, and is eternized with a glorious memory in the eſtimation of Chriſtendom. Who would not think himſelf moſt happie, by following his example to participate in his Crowns? For mine own part, I will truly confeſs unto you (dear ſon) that at ſuch time as Julian *the Apoſtata forbade all the Chriſtians to uſe humane learning, I was as much addicted to it as any man of mine Age, being then in the flower of youth very curious; but ſeeing matter of faith was in queſtion, I moſt freely forſooke thoſe Syrens, to arrive at the haven of ſalvation, where I ſpeedily hope to enjoy your company. For ſo excellent a nature as yours, is not made to be loſt. It were over-much to reſiſt the inſpirations of God; your age and faſhion require you to lay arms aſide.*

Confeſ. l. 8. c. 5. *Non erat omnino quod reſpardarem veritate convictus, niſi tantùm verba lenta & ſomnolenta, modò, ecce modò: ſed modò & modò non habebant modum. & ſine paululum, in longum ibat.*

This diſcourſe quickened with love, reaſon, wiſdom, and examples ſo ſenſible, penetrated far into the heart of S. *Auguſtine*, cauſing him to ſpeak theſe words, which he did afterwards couch in his Confeſſions: 'I knew not what to anſwer, convinced 'by varieties ſo palpable, but in dull and drowſie 'words, ſaying always, This ſhall ſoon, very ſoon 'be; yet had this ſoon no meaſure in it, nor did 'this delay I deſired, finde any end.

God

God recharged again, and laid a fresh battery upon *Augustine* by the mouth of a secular man. A certain Gentleman of *Africa*, called *Pontianus*, who following the Emperour's Court, came to visit him in his lodging, found by chance on the table, the Epistles of Saint *Paul*. This being a man much given to devotion, and who knew *Augustine* to have a wandering wit in the curiosity of prophane books, smiled to see him now seeking out his entertainment with an Apostle. *Augustine* replied, there was no cause of wonder, for it was now become his principal exercise. The Gentleman seeing him in this good humour, sets before him divers discourses of piety, and among others, some narrations of the life of S. *Anthony*. Wherewith *Augustine* and his companion *Alipius* were ravished, having never before heard this great Saint spoken of: so little curious were they to know that, which could not be omitted but by such as were willing to be perpetually ignorant of themselves. The other proceeding in his discourse, represented to them the companies of Religious then in great account, esteemed by all the world as the Paps of the Bride, replenished with celestial odours, which streamed even as far as the deserts, with immortal sources of their milk; and added, that they had a Monastery in the suburbs of *Milan*, erected by Saint *Ambrose*, wherein were many great examples of virtue. They heard this man with some small shame to be ignorant of so large a Treasure, even at their gate, whilest they turned over the writings of many wits which lived in flames, tormented where they are, and applauded where they are not. This good man seeing they relished this excellent discourse, following the point, said: *Being one day at* Trier, *with three Gentlemen, my companions, as the Emperour after dinner beheld the Turneys, and race of horses with all his Court, it came into our heads to go take the Ayr in certain Gardens near the City. Two of the four of us walking along, arrived by chance at a little Cel, where they found Hermits, and a book of the life of Saint* Anthony. *One takes it up, reads, and admireth it, and in reading is so moved, that he determined in his heart to change his course of life. And being no longer able to contain himself (so replenished was he with the love of God, and confusion of his own infirmities) he turned to his companion, and said: and what (I pray) do we seek with all our travels? Whether tend all our ambitions? Why bear we these arms? What pretend we with so much toyl? To gain the favour of a man, which is more light then the wind, more frail then glass, more thin then smoak? Out alas! By what perils hasten we to a greater danger? By what steps mount we up to a promontory of Ice, where our foot is ever upon the precipice? Behold, I may from hence forward be the friend of God, if I will. He persisted to read this book, all on fire, and became big with a new life, which he brought forth; then again he cried out as a man rapt with an extasie: It is done; I have broken my bands; from this step, from this hour, in this place I am resolved to serve God. Go (my dear friend) if you will not imitate me, at the least oppose not my resolution. The other replieth: I am wholly yours; God forbid I forsake you in so fair a way, by frustrating myself of so honourable a warfare, and so rich a reward. Behold them from gallants in an instant become Hermits. I and my associate enquired for them in the mean space on every side, and about evening found our selves in the same Cell, condemning them that they must be sought for, and saying it was now time to end our walk with the day-light, and return to the City. They seriously made answer: They had found their lodging, we might do well to go whither we pleased, but they were throughly determined never to depart from thence.*

I thought in the beginning it was a counterfeit merryment, but better sounding it, upon relation what had passed, I in effect saw they were men wholly changed. We were ashamed to leave them, and as yet felt our selves much unable to follow. In conclusion, we parted with many tears, we dregging our hearts in the dust, they by supereminence lifting the better part of themselves to Heaven. We went to bear this news unto two Ladies, their betrothed wives, who, enkindled with the same spirit, afforded a free consent thereunto, vowing their virginity to God, at the time when their marriage was almost on the point of consummation.

The tenth SECTION.

The admirable contest of S. Augustine.

WHile *Pontianus* related this, Saint *Augustine* was enchained to his discourse, and already felt flashes of lightening and battels in the bottom of his conscience, which he had much ado to dissemble. It seemed that God took him as a Fugitive, who was hidden behind him, to set him in full view before himself. He saw himself (saith he) in this discourse as in a mirrour, foul, crooked, disfigured, and repleat with blemishes and ulcers. When he made comparison between his own unworthiness, and the life of those brave Champions, a holy horrour of his vices so surprized him, that he seemed desirous to be dis-engaged, and to fly from himself. And in this conflict he was still much confounded before his own eys. The resolution of these two Gentlemen unveiled his memory, embroiled from his youngest years, when he remembered he had great inclinations to serve God in the state of continency, and to have begged it of him, who is the Authour thereof, but with so much weakness, that he feared that God would not then take him at his word. He much wondered how these men in one afternoon could resolve on an affair of so great importance, and that he in the space of twelve years stuck fast in the snare. In the end, he could contain himself no longer, but brake the air with a deep sigh, saying to his faithful *Alipius*; 'What is this? What have we heard? 'These simple men are raised, and win Heaven by a 'brave warfare, while we with our knowledge wal-'low in flesh & blood. Do we blush to wait on them? Nay, rather let us be ashamed not to follow them.

He spake this very suddenly in great agitation of spirit, which appeared in his forehead, in his eys, visage, colour, and voice. *Alipius* very sad, beheld him, judging there was some transportation in this act. From thence he stole into a Garden (which was very near the chamber where they discoursed) as a man distemper'd, knowing well what he had been, and not as yet understanding what God would do with him; at the least, he had an intention to give free liberty to sighs, which he could withhold no longer. *Alipius* thinking there should be nothing concealed from him, step by step follows him, and both in private began a good work. *Augustine* said in this retirement: *My God, what hinders me that I break not my chains to day, to put my self into the liberty of thy children? What monster is this? Behold my will commandeth my eie to be opened, my hand to work, my foot to walk, this is done without resistance: now this same will commandeth it self to forsake a wicked puddle, and set it self in the path of vertue; why so much resistance? Doubtless it will and it will not, otherwise it would be obeyed. I am yet fastened to the earth by some great root, and to day I must cut it off. See you not* Augustine, *two messengers from God, to wit, shame and fear, armed with whips, which are by thy sides to wyne thee from the way of thy customarie pleasures? Turn thy face boldly, cut off from henceforth all the knots, which have hitherto entangled thy liberty. It is done; behold me free. I deceive my self; I am not as yet where I think. Then let us do it now without further promise. What is that? I feel, what I do, and do not; notwithstanding I believe what is good, and receyl not; I draw near, I mount up; the cause why I stay is but to take breath. In the end, by pure force behold I am there; I touch, and almost reach the good so oft desired. Out alas! I say, almost. For in effect I touch not, nor as yet hold any thing. Must I so much doubt to die to death, and live for life eternal?* An admirable combate.

As I was (saith he) *upon these resolutions, near approaching my happiness, if I did set behind me the image of that I left in forsaking the world, I might see abysses and horrours, which congealed my heart, and yet notwithstanding I stood fair, not proceeding nor retiring, as a body hanged in the Air.*

Behold in an instant all the sensual pleasures of my youth, which I had so cherished, were presented to my imagination, as Nimphs and Syrens. They seemed to pull me by the Garment, and say: Augustine, *what? Will you forsake us after we so sweetly have trained up your Youth? wherein have we disobliged you, but in suffering you to enjoy*

contentments which the law of Nature permitteth? You now become very hardie in this transportation of your thoughts. It is a Fever which possesseth you, it will pass away, and you will be much ashamed to have no longer made use of us. You hasten to go awey, which shall cost you dear, if you take not heed. When you have done, you will be ashamed to return this way back again, and for fear to be thought a fool, you will live miserably all the rest of your days. What? Can you live without us? You are not so ignorant of that, which God hath created for you. You have affection for beauty, and will have as long as you live. To love, and not enjoy, is to loose your wits. What? This moment of time here being ended, are we yours no longer? What? Shall neither this nor that be permitted us for ever? Is it enough when one saith for ever? What hell is there in the world, if it be not to be deprived for ever, of what we most affect?

These blameless Syrens altered not their discourse; for still they batter'd me with such like words; but found I had changed mine ears. Behold the cause, why as I then shewed my self very resolute, they much lessened their boldness. Their speech was no longer a command, but a request: and when I turned my face from beholding them, it seemed their voice was lost in the Air, like a languishing eccho, to which proximity afso doth no more reverberation. The more I fortified my self with reasons, the more they desisted. All they could do was but to speak some slight words softly in mine ear, or by stealth pull me by the Cloak, to cause me to turn my face once again towards them: but I stood firm as a Rock, beholding the beauty and sweetness of the life, to which I felt my self called by God.

It seemed unto me, that I saw before mine eys faire Chastity, the mother of holy loves, encompassed with a large troop of Virgins and Chaste ones, all white with innocency, and resplendent with light of glory. She smiled upon me, with a brow more bright somthen the clearest Summers-day, and stretching out her arm full laden with Palms, came confidently (saith she) why do you any further dispute with your thoughts? Forsake those Syrens, they too much have abused the flower of your age. I will acquaint you with their deceits, their vanities, and infamies, if the experience of a dozen years have not taught you more then I am able to discover. What else have you done the space of so many years, but till a barren Field, which promised fruits, and gave you Thorns and ill savours, sprinkled with some slight blossoms? As for their words, were they not ful of promises, their promises of oaths, and their oaths of perjuries? What illusions and fantasies have you experienced? And if you have in some sort enjoyed them, hath it not been worse then your own desires, so much was it mingled with gall, and attended by remorse, which made you bear Gibbets and Tortures with your Pleasure? Must you purchase a Hell with so many mischiefs, which seem th wide open to receive the desperate? Where think you to finde pleasure out of God, from whom all pleasures are? I am not hideous nor barbarous, as your thoughts, O Augustine, do figure me? I am the mother of holy delights, ever fruitful by the visitations of God. My joys are Gardens, which never wither, since they perpetually are watered with immortal graces. Ask those children, those maids, those men and women. Behold of all ages, and all conditions: Ask them, if they ever found any bitterness in my conversation. You thrust your self upon the infirmities of flesh; how simple are you? why cannot you do what such and such have done, who have waxed old in Virginity? Think you they have other flesh, blood, and other qualities then you? You equal them in all, except in a strong resolution to be a slave no longer. Imagine you that all this they do, is by their own power? God gives them the will, God grants the power, God affords them the accomplishment. Child of diffidence! why do you still handle your infirmities? Cleave to God, as doth the Ivie to the wall, and fear not that ever he will bereave you of his support, if you to him remain faithful.

He entertained his minde with such cogitations, and it seemed unto him this consideration at that instant drew all his misery, as from an abyss, to represent it before his eys. Then was it, when the secret attraction, which consisteth in the particular touch of the Holy Ghost, did manifestly appear. Behold the prophesie of *David* accomplished: Behold the God of Majestie who thundereth. Behold the voice of God on the waters, and on the great waters, since it forceth tears to issue out in abundance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with a strong hand, since it over-beareth all resistance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with magnificence, since it operateth so glorious a conversion. Behold the voice of God which breaketh the Cedars of Libanus, since it overthroweth all the pride of the world. Behold the voice of God, which divides the flames since it scattereth the fires of concupiscence. Behold the voice of God, which shaketh the Desert, since it removeth from the bottom to the top the sterilities of this desolate soul. Behold the voice of God, which prepareth the Hind for her deliverance, since it removes all the obstacles.

Psal. 28. *Vox Domini super aquas, Deus majestatis intonuit: vox Domini super aquas multas.*

He was near his *Alipius*, who expected the issue of these agitations of mind, and suddenly behold he felt in his heart a tempest raised, which in it contained fire and water, and seeing the cloud began now to be divided with the ardent sighs and Fountains of tears, which he poured forth, he left *Alipius* the Secretary of all his thougts, to engulf himself further into retirement, and give free rains to his passion. He threw himself under a Fig-tree, which *Isidorus* of *Pelusium* holds to have been the tree of the first happiness of the world, so, as if to wipe away this stain, it had then been the beginning of his happiness. There he made rivers run from his eys, which were wasted with his heart in a noble sacrifice of love, and seemed willing to wash the Victim with the waters of *Libanus*, before they were burnt in the fire of *Sion*.

Thereupon he cried out with redoubled sighs: "My God, how long? My God, how long? No "longer remember the sins of my foolish youth, "but treat with me according to the greatness of "thy mercies. Shall we yet say, to morrow, to "morrow? And why not to day? And wherefore "is it not time to give end to a life so exorbitant? "I am troublesom to my self, nor can I any longer "endure my self. Must I ever be to Heaven an "object of vengeance, and to Earth an unprofitable "burthen? My God, how long? My God, how "long? Speaking this with an abundance of brinish tears, he heard a voice sweet and harmonious, which said these words as it were singing: *Take and read*, often repeating them. Admiration stopped the flood of tears, and he began to examine in himself, whether such a voice could come from any neighbour-place by some ordinary means. All which well weighed, he found it could not be humane, but that God by this voice instructed him what he was to do. He went from this place thither where he left S. *Pauls* Epistles with his friend *Alipius*, imagining, that as S. *Anthony* had been converted by the reading of one word in the Gospel, on which he casually happened, God might likewise work somewhat in his soul by the words of his Apostle. He openeth the book with a holy horrour, and the first sentence he encountered, was that which said: "It was time to live no longer in good "cheer, feasts, and the drunkenness of the world. "That it was time to live no longer in unchast "beds, quarrels, vanities, and emulations, but that "we must be cloathed with *Jesus Christ*, as with a "robe of glory, no more obeying the flesh, nor the concupiscence of the heart.

Rom. 13. *Non in commessationibus & ebrietatibus, non in cubilibus & impudicitiis, non in contentione & æmulatione, sed induimini Dominum Jesum Christum & carnis providentiam ne feceritis in concupiscentiis ejus.*

There was no need to read any further. Behold in an instant the ray of God, which did directly beat upon his heart, and opened to him a delicious serenity. Behold him throughly resolved. He sheweth this passage to his faithful *Alipius*, as the decisive sentence of a long process, which he had with sensuality. And *Alipius* casting his eys upon the subsequent words, found: (a) *Receive him who is weak in faith.* Behold me (said he) If you determine to forsake the world, take me for your companion. They rose and went both to the good S. *Monica*: *Mother* (saith *Augustine*) *you shall not need to take the paine to finde me out a wife. Behold me a* Catholick, *and which is more, resolved to leave the world, to live in continency. The resolution is made,*

(a) Rom. 14. *Infirmum in fide recipite.*

made and concluded with God, there is no means at all to retire. Had not God withheld the ſoul of this holy widow of *Naim*, it was already upon her lips to fly out for joy, beholding this dead ſon, this ſon of ſo many tears, to come unexpectedly out of his Tomb, and preſent himſelf before her eys with a ſplendour of encomparable light. She made Bonfires of joy in her heart, and triumphed with celeſtial alacrity, bleſſing God, who had ſtretched out the power of his arm on this converſion, and who by the bounty of a true father, had ſurmounted the vows of an afflicted mother.

Auguſtine in the mean while thought ſweetly to begin his retreat from the Rhetorick Lectures wherin he was engaged. There yet remained but twenty days to the time of vacation, which had the continuance of twenty years, to a man, who then entertained far other affections: notwithſtanding, through great wiſdom & modeſty, he would not break with exteriour pomp, by publiſhing a change of life in the City of *Milan*, but ſuffered the time to ſteal away with little noiſe. When the term expired, he quietly diſcharged himſelf thereof, and likewiſe freed himſelf from the importunity of fathers, who paſſionatly ſought him to be Tutour to their children for his great capacity, he alleging for his excuſe, that the exerciſe of the Schole had brought a difficulty of breathing, and an indiſpoſition of the breaſt upon him, which threatened him with a Ptyſick, if he deſiſt not. This was very true, but yet not the principal point of his reſolution. Behold how this great man avoided the occaſions of oſtentation, and the divers interpretations he might make to himſelf for a gloſs of actions: and, although God (as he ſaid) had put into his heart flaming Darts, and Juniper-coals againſt ſlanderous tongues, he choſe rather to take away occaſion of calumny, then to ſee himſelf put upon the neceſſity of defending himſelf: very far different therein from the nature of thoſe, who make great flouriſhes, to end them in nothing.

After he was diſcharged from his profeſſion of Rhetorick, he retired himſelf into the Grange of *Verecundus*, where he ſtaied a long time, as yet a Catachumen, leading a moſt Angelical life, ſpent wholly in prayer, and the ſtudy of holy Letters. From thence he wrote to S. *Ambroſe* of the errours of his paſſed life, and the eſtate wherein he preſently was by the grace of God, as alſo of the aid he had contributed to his converſion; demanding beſides what book he ſhould read, the better to prepare himſelf for the grace of Baptiſm. S. *Ambroſe* certified him of the contentment he took in this ſo particular viſitation of God, and adviſed him to read the Prophet *Iſaiah*: but he ſeeing he could not yet underſtand it, did defer it till another time, wherein he might be better practiſed in holy Scriptures.

S. Ambroſe baptized S. Auguſtine.

In the end, the day ſo many times deſired being come, wherein he was to be born anew by Baptiſm, it being in the thirty fourth year of his age (as Cardinal *Baronius* accounteth it) he went from the Grange of *Verecundus* to the City of *Milan*, where he was chriſtened by the hand of S. *Ambroſe*, and had for companion of his Baptiſm, his faithful friend *Alipius*, and his only ſon *Adeodatus*, at that time about fifteen years of age: ſo prodigious a wit, that his father could not think upon it without aſtoniſhment. *I had nothing therein* (ſaith he) *my God, but ſin; the reſt is from you, who ſo well know how to reform our deformities.* But all was there admirable, for at the age between fifteen and ſixteen years, he already ſurpaſſed many great and learned men. He alſo verified the ſaying of Sages, affirming, theſe ſuch ſparkling wits are not for any long continuance upon earth, for he died ſome years after his return into *Africk*, leaving a repoſe in the father, who already apprehended the courſe of this youth: and although he grieved to ſee him taken away in the flower of his age; yet on the other ſide he was much comforted in the innocency of his life, and hope of his immortality, knowing it was the will of the Gardener, who had gathered the fruit according to his good pleaſure, to lay it up in ſtore. After this Baptiſm, there were nothing but hymns, ſongs, lights of eternal verities, thankſgiving, and tears of joy.

Horrori mihi erat iſtud ingenium.

Ingenium in puero magnum non eſt vitale.

This done, he muſt take the way of *Africa*, and they were now arrived to the Port of *Oſtia*, expecting the opportunity of Navigation, when the holy and venerable mother *Monica*, of fifty ſix years of age, and worn with many labours, rendered to Nature her tribute, and Soul to its Creatour.

The death of S. *Monica.*

This admirable woman reſembleth the Ark in the deluge, which after it had born the whole world in the bowels thereof, amongſt ſo many ſtorms and fatal convulſions of univerſal Nature, repoſed on the Mountains of *Armenia*. So S. *Monica*, when ſhe ſo long time had carried in her entrails and heart a ſpirit as great as this Univerſe, among ſo many tears and dolours, ſo ſoon as ſhe was delivered of this painful burthen, went to take her reſt on the Mountains of *Sion*. A little before her death, beholding Heaven from a high window, which opened on a Garden, ſhe ſeemed there already to mark out her lodging, ſo much ſhe witneſſed reſentment and extaſie towards her ſon *Auguſtine*, who at that time made this admirable Coloquy with her, couched by him afterward in his Confeſſions. The concluſion was, that ſhe ſaid unto him; 'My Son, I have now 'no more obligations to the world, you have diſ-'charged all the promiſes of Heaven to me, and I 'have conſummated all the hopes I might have on 'Earth, ſeeing you a Catholick, and which is more, 'reſolved to perfection of the life you have embra-'ced. When it ſhall pleaſe God to call me, I am like 'fruit ripe, and falling, that holdeth on nothing.

Soon after ſhe betook her to her bed, being ſurprized with a Feaver, which ſhe preſently felt to be the meſſenger of her laſt hour. Behold the cauſe why ſhe being fortified with arms and aſſiſtances neceſſary for this combate, took leave of *Auguſtine* and his brother there preſent, affectionately entreating them to remember her ſoul at the Altar, only meditating on Heaven, and neglecting the thought of the land of *Africa*, which ſhe had ſeemed at other times to deſire for the Sepulchre of her body.

And, as her Son ſaid unto her: *Madam, My mother, we as yet are not there, we hope to cloſe your eys in our own Country, and bury you in the Tomb of your husband.* This holy woman ſeeing this man would ſtill tie her to the preſent life, and divert her from cogitation of death, which to her was moſt ſweet, beheld him with a ſevere eie, and then turning her ſelf towards her ſon *Auguſtine*, *Hearken* (ſaith ſhe) *what he ſaith; as if we, abſent from* Africa, *muſt needs be further from God.* She often caſt her dying eys towards this Son, who was her pretious conqueſt, and who in her ſickneſs ſerved her with moſt particular aſſiſtances, affirming that *Auguſtine* had ever been a good ſon towards her, and though he had coſt her many ſorrows, he never had forgotten the reſpect due to a Mother.

Verily there was a great ſympathy between the ſoul of ſuch a mother, and ſuch a ſon, which was infinitely augmented after this happy converſion, and therefore we muſt give to Nature that which belongs

longs to it. The childe *Adeodatus*, seeing his Grandmother in the last agony, as possessing the affections of his father, threw out pitiful out-cries, in which he could not be pacified. And S. *Augustine*, who endeavoured to comfort them all upon so happy a death, withheld his tears for a time by violence, but needs must he in the end give passage to plaints so reasonable. The Saint died as a Phenix among Palms, and they having rendered the last duties to her, pursued the way begun directly for *Africk*.

(b) *Aug. contra Julianum Pelagianum. l. 1. c. 6. Excellens Dei dispensator, quam recuror ut patrem, in Christo enim Jesu per Evangelium ipse me genuit, & eo Christi ministerio lavacrum Regenerationis accepi.*

Behold how the conversion of S. *Augustine* passed, and though many co-operated therein, yet next unto God, S. *Ambrose* hath ever been reputed the principal Agent; and for that cause his great Disciple said of him: (b) 'S. *Ambrose* is the excellent steward of the great father of the family, whom I reverence as my true father, for he hath begotten me in *Jesus Christ*, by the virtue of the Gospel, and God hath been pleased to make use of his service to regenerate me by Baptism. Whilest stars and elements shall continue, it will be an immortal glory to the Bishop *Ambrose*, to have given the Church a S. *Augustine*, of whom *Volusianus* spake one word worth a thousand. (c) 'S. *Augustine* is a man capable of all the glory of the world. There is much difference between him and other Bishops. The ignorance of one Church-man alone, prejudiceth not Religion, but when we come to Bishop *Augustine*, if he be ignorant of any thing, it is not he, but the law which is defective, because this man is as knowing as the law it self.'

(c) Volusian Epist. 2. *Vir, est toti in gloriæ capax Augustinus. In aliis sacerdotibus absque detrimento cultus divini tolerantur insipientiæ: at cum ad Antistitem Augustinum venitur, Legi desit, quicquid ab eo contingerit ignorari.*

The eleventh SECTION.

The Affairs of S. Ambrose *with the Emperours* Valentinian *the Father, and* Gratian *the Son.*

LEt us leave the particulars of the life of S. *Ambrose*, to pursue our principal design, which is to represent it in the great and couragious actions he enterprized with the Monarchs of the world. Let us not behold this Eagle beating his wings in the lower region of the air, but consider him among lightenings, tempests, and whir-winds; how he plays with thunder-claps, and ever hath his eye where the day breaketh.

The state of Christianity stood then in need of a brave Prelate to establish it in the Court of Great-ones. The memory of *Julian* the Apostata, who endeavoured with all his power to restore Idols, was yet very fresh, it being not above ten years past since he died, and yet lived in the mindes of many Pagans of eminent quality, who had strong desires to pursue his purpose. On the other side, the *Arians* who saw themselves so mightily supported by the Emperour *Constans*, made a great party, and incessantly embroiled the affairs of Religion. *Jovinian*, a most Catholick Emperour, who succeeded *Julian*, passed away as a lightening, in a reign of seven months. After him, *Valentinian* swaied the Empire, who had in truth good relishes of Religion, but withal a war-like spirit, and, who to entertain himself in so great a diversity of humours and sects, whereon he saw this Empire to be built, much propended to petty accommodations, which for some time appeased the evil, but took not away the root. He made associate of the Empire his brother *Valens*, who being a very good Catholick in the beginning of his reign, suffered himself to be deceived by an *Arian* woman, and did afterward exercise black cruelties against the faithfull, till such time as defeated by the *Goths*, and wounded in an encounter, he was burnt alive by his enemies in a Shepherds Cottage, whereunto he was retired: so rendering up his soul in the blood and flames wherewith he had filled the Church of God.

The state of Christendom.

The association of this wicked brother, caused much disorder in the affairs of Christendom, and often slackened the good resolutions of *Valentinian*, by coldness and tollerations, which were rather esteemed the feaver of times, then men.

S. *Ambrose* entered into charge, as is most probably thought, about the end of the reign of this *Valentinian*, and had not much occasion to intermeddle with him; yet from his entrance sheweth he would become a Lion. For seeing in the State some practises in Magistrates, which turned to the prejudice of the Church, he with much freedom and generosity complained to the Emperour: and though this Prince was one of the most absolute who had swayed the Sceptre, he was no whit offended, but answered to S. *Ambrose*: 'It is a long time 'I have foreseen your nature, and the liberty you 'would use when a Mitre was set on your head. Yet 'notwithstanding did I never oppose your election, 'and though I might exercise the resistance which 'the laws allow me, without any other authority, 'yet I gave my consent, for the desire I have to behold a stout man in this charge. Do what the laws 'of God appoint you, the times are sick, and need a 'good Physician.' *Theod. lib. 4. cap. 6.*

The death of *Valentinian* the Father.

This so favourable beginning promised good effects for the future. But this Prince lived not long after; for, having reigned about twelve years in a very harsh manner, he being haughty, and excessively cholerick; it happened that hearing one day the Deputies of a Province in *Bohemia*, who excused themselves upon certain incursions and roberies imputed unto them, he entered into so violent and thundering distempers, that they laid him on the bed of death, for, from the Council-table he at that instant was carried into his Chamber. The veins of his body shrunk up, his speech stopped, his members were turmoiled with horrible Convulsions, and his face spread all over with purple spots. In conclusion, he was wasted with fervours of anger more dangerous then the Dog-star, which in few hours took him hence, who under the Sword of the *Roman* Empire had made so many Armies of *Barbarians* to tremble, to teach us we have no greater enemies then our selves.

Valentinian left two Sons, the one by his first wife *Severa*, which was *Gratian*; the other by *Justina*, which was *Valentinian* the younger. Let us see how S. *Ambrose* treated with them both.

The holy Bishop, who had already exercised so much authority over the Father, retained it on the Sons with so much the more privilege, as their age and the necessity of the affairs of the Church required. *Valentinian* some years before his death, foreseeing, as it were, what would happen, declared his eldest son *Gratian* Successour of his Empire, and from that time associated him to his dignity. As he was a Prince very awful, and who among his sharp proceedings, spared not to mingle many sweet attractives when he undertook an affair, so he made himself appear in his latter days as a setting Sun in his Royal Throne, and having made a most specious Oration to all his Captains and Souldiers there then about him, flattering, and calling them companions by way of Court-ship, he exhibited many large demonstrations of amity to them: then taking his little son *Gratian* by the hand, clad in an Imperial Robe, being then of fourteen or fifteen years of age,

Gratian the son of *Valentinian.*

age, he told them, that this was his Heir, whom they were one day to have for companion, and who ſhould with them tread under foot the powers oppoſed againſt the *Roman* Empire; adding, he ſhould equal his father in valour and in affection, due to their good ſervices, but ſurpaſs him in ſweetneſs, having been made happy with a better education then himſelf. This young youth (as ſaith his Hiſtory) was beautiful as a ſtar, for his eys ſparkled like two lightening flaſhes, his face very amiable, and complexion mingled with white and red. When the Souldiers beheld him in this habit, they began ſoftly to ſtrike their Targets, and at that inſtant the Trumpets ſounded with a thouſand acclamations to ſalute him.

This action was the cauſe that the ſudden death of his father, made him inſtantly Emperour with his Uncle *Valens*, who yet lived, when for a ſingular tryal of friendſhip, he divided his dignity with his brother, the little *Valentinian*, who was not yet above five or ſix years old, being then left an Orphan under the charge of his mother *Juſtina*. Afterward the great neceſſities of the Empire, made them likewiſe aſſociate *Theodoſius* to the Crown, one of their father's chiefeſt Captains.

The young *Gratian*, who was endowed with an excellent diſpoſition, preſently put himſelf under the wings of Saint *Ambroſe*, to direct him in affairs of his ſalvation and conſcience, which he eſteemed the moſt important of all might concern him. Our great Prelate entered ſo far into his ſoul, that living and dying, nothing was ſo ſweet nor familiar in his mouth, as the name of Biſhop *Ambroſe*. And well to diſcover the apprehenſions of this fair ſoul, and the eaſie enterance it gave to all the forms of virtue propoſed by this great Saint, you muſt obſerve even in the judgment of Pagan Hiſtorians, who never graced him above his merit, that he was the moſt accompliſhed Prince for his age, which ever bare the Diadem of *Caſars*. And if a life ſo pretious could have been redeemed with the blood and tears of the faithful, it had repleniſhed the Church with ſanctity, the Empire with glory, and the whole world with wonders.

The beauty of body which he enjoyed, contained a ſpirit wholly celeſtial enchaſed therein, for it was full of generous vivacity: and as fire out of his ſphere ſeeketh its nouriſhment in the conqueſts thereof, ſo he lived by Sciences and lights, that they became tributary by his judgment and travel, as well as men by his arms. He laboured much in the matter of eloquence, ſeeing it was then a ſtudy, as it were, abſolutely neceſſary for Emperours, to reign over people, and that words were the cement, which united wills and arms for the ſafety of the publick. By good chance he had *Auſonius* for Maſter, eſteemed even in the judgment of *Symmachus*, the moſt able man of his time; moſt happy Maſter of an excellent Scholar, who made him change the Schole of Rhetorick, for the purple of Conſulſhip. *Gratian* was naturally eloquent; nor was it hard to manure ſo generous a nature. When he pronounced ſome Oration, he had early in his young years, the majeſty of his father, conjoyned with an admirable modeſty, and a little acrimony, which gave an edge to his actions. The ordering and inflection of his voice, were rarely proportioned: he ſeemed eloquent in pleaſing arguments: grave, in ſerious; polite, in laborious, and when the ſubject required fervour and invective, his mouth ſpake tempeſts. This enforced no diminution upon his military exerciſes, wherein he was infinitely dexterous, whether he were to run, wraſtle, or leap, according to the cuſtome of the *Roman* ſouldiers, his agility made the world wonder; or whether he were to manage a horſe, or handle arms, the Maſters who had trained him up, confeſſed he had dainty paſſages, inimitable for any practice. The Pagans, who would blame him for diverſity of Religion, have never ſaid ought elſe of him, but that he was too good an Archer, and over-fervent in hunting of wilde beaſts. That, notwithſtanding, ſet him in the eſtimation of warlike men; and as he was ſingularly affable and liberal, ſo was there nothing to be found in the world more charming then his nature.

Excellent qualities of the Emperour *Gratian*.

Saint *Ambroſe*, having underſtood his ſpirit, much affected him, and endeavoured to joyn the moſt ſolid virtues to ſo many fair natural parts; and above all, perceiving that among ſo many Pagans and Arians, who ſtretched out their ſnares on every ſide to ſurprize him, it was neceſſary to prevent them; he laid in his royal ſoul deep foundations of faith, and moſt chaſte grounds of Religion, to which *Gratian* ſhewed himſelf from the beginning much inclined. There is alſo a Letter found, written in his proper ſtyle, and with his own hand, where when he had heard the learned inſtructions of his Prelate, he demands them in writing, and becauſe it is an excellent monument of his ſpirit and Religion, I will here inſert it.

The Emperour GRATIAN, *to* Ambroſe *the Religious Biſhop of God Omnipotent.*

I Have a vehement deſire to ſee my ſelf united to you by corporal preſence, as I ever have you in my memorie, and as I cohabit with you in the better part of my ſelf, which is the ſoul. I beſeech you (moſt holy and Religious Biſhop of the living God) haſten unto me, to teach me what I believe before I have ſufficientlie learned. For it is not my purpoſe to argue upon matter of faith, better loving to lodge God in my heart, then conclude him in my words. My deſire onely is to open my ſoul at large to the Divinitie, to receive its lights the more abundantly. God will inſtruct me, if it ſhall pleaſe him, by your words, ſince I confeſs and reverence his moſt Sacred Majeſtie, well obſerving not to call Jeſus Chriſt *a creature, or to meaſure him by the weakneſs which I acknowledg in mine own perſon: but rather I avow our Saviour to be ſo great, that our thoughts, which are almoſt infinite, can adde nothing thereunto. For if the Divinitie of the Son could increaſe, I would dilate my ſelf in it for augmentation of his praiſes, ſuppoſing I could not better gain the gracious favour of the Celeſtial Father, then in glorifying the Son Eternal. But as I fear no jealouſie on Gods ſide, ſo for my part I make no account to eſteem my ſelf ſo great an Orator, that thereby it may be in my power to adde any thing to the glory of the Divinitie by my words. I acknowledg my ſelf to be infirm and frail, I praiſe God proportionably to my forces, and not anſwerably to the meaſure of his greatneſs. As for the reſt, I beſeech you to afford me the Treatiſe of faith, of which you heretofore gave me a taſt, adding thereunto the Diſputation of the Holy Ghoſt, in ſuch ſort, that you prove his Divinitie by the Scripture and reaſon. Hereupon I pray God (dear Father, and true ſervant of God, whom I adore) that he many years preſerve you in ſafetie.*

Apud *Ambroſ.* in præfat. l. de fide.

Excellent faith and modeſtie of the Emperour.

This Letter, he that will conſider it, ſhall finde to be full of much ſenſe; and verily S. *Ambroſe* was ſo raviſhed herewith, that he confeſſeth never to have ſeen nor read at that time the like. This good Emperour (ſaith he) wrote to him with his own hand, as *Abraham*, who himſelf prepared the dinner for his gueſts, not giving commiſſion thereof to his own ſervants. He wrote holy words unto him, as if he had an ear in Heaven, and which is more remarkable, it was in a time when he was upon the point of a journey to reſiſt *Barbarians*, and therefore he purpoſely took the arms of faith from this great Biſhop. For obſerve, this young Eaglet from the ſecond year of his Empire found buſineſs enough. For

Geneſ. 18.

Athanaricus King of the *Goths*, entered into *Thracia* with a formidable Army: and as *Gratian* amaſſed together all his Eaſtern troups to make head againſt him, the *Barbarians* imagining with themſelves that the Weſtern Empire was unfurniſhed, fell upon the *Gauls*, whither the Emperour went with admirable expedition to ſuccour them, and it was at the time when he wrote this letter, and moſt particularly recommended himſelf to Saint *Ambroſe*, taking the ſtandard of faith from him, to bear it in the front of his flouriſhing Legions. This was not without very notable ſucceſs; for by relation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*, he bare himſelf moſt valiantly in this journy, although very young, undergoing toils, & ever appearing in the head of the Army to encourage the ſouldiers by his preſence, which ſo enkindled them, that they reſolved to confront the enemy, as ſoon as might be, and defeated them at *Strasbourg* with ſo horrible a ſlaughter, that of ſeventy thouſand *Barbarians*, threeſcore and five thouſand covered the field with their maſſacred bodies, leaving young *Gratian* to make a harveſt in the chief field of *Mars*, moiſtened with the palms of his own ſweats; but above all, bleſſed by the prayers of great S. *Ambroſe*. As the Emperour returned from this conqueſt, he received Letters from the holy Prelate, where among other things, excuſing himſelf that he had not accompanied him, he ſaith:

Triumphant victory.

Affectionate words of S. *Ambroſe* to the young Emperour.

It is not the want of affection, Moſt Chriſtian Emperour (for what title can I give you either more true or more glorious?) It is not, I ſay, the want of affection hath abſented me from your perſon, but modeſty joyned to the decorum of my profeſſion; yet at your return I preſented my ſelf before you, if not with bodily ſteps, at the leaſt with the whole affections of my heart, and all the vows, wherewith I could charge the Altars; and in this, the duty of a Biſhop principally conſiſteth. But it is miſtaken to ſay, that I came before you, as if I had been ſeparated from you, having perpetually attended you in minde, marching along with you in your thoughts, heart, and good favour, which is the moſt noble preſence I can deſire. I meaſured your journeyes, I went along with your Armie, I was in your camp day and night, with all my cogitations, and with all my cares; I ſtood centinel with my Prayers, and thoſe of my Clergie, at your Imperial Pavillion. How much I was little in merit, ſo much the more did I raiſe my ſelf in diligence and aſſiduitie. And rendering this dutie for you, I did it for the whole Church: herein do I uſe no flatterie, for you love it not, and well know it to be far from my nature, and the place which I hold, but God is a witneſs with us both, how much you have comforted my heart by the ſinceritie of your faith, to whom he hath afforded ſuch proſperitie, and ſo much glorie. I ow this acknowledgment both to the publick and your particular amitie: for you have granted me the repoſe of my Church, you have ſtopped the mouths of the perfidious (and by my good will I wiſh you had as well ſhut up their hearts) and this have you done with marvellous authoritie, fortitude, and faith.

The holy Emperour ceaſed not afterward to oblige the Church in all occaſions, by the favour of his Edicts, and ſhewed himſelf ſo openly zealous, that even he, firſt of all the Emperours merited the title of *Moſt Chriſtian*, given afterward to our Kings. His Predeceſſours who profeſſed Chriſtianity, ever ſuffered their reputation to be diſhonoured with many blemiſhes, which much weakened the worth of their actions: but *Gratian* was the moſt royal and ſincere of them all, for he ſo little complied with the Gentiles, that their Prieſts coming together to offer him the title and habit of Great Pontife, which all the Chriſtian Emperours had yet for ceremony and reaſon of State, retained; this good Prince confidently refuſed it by the counſel of S. *Ambroſe*: and although the Gentiles were ſo much moved, they could not abſtain from words of menace, he contemned all humane reſpects, where the glory of God was intereſſed. As for the reſt, to conſider further the energy of the diſcretion of this holy Biſhop, it is to be noted that the faith of *Gratian*, his tender plant, was not a languiſhing and idle faith, but much employed in the exerciſe of good works, which *Auſonius*, a worldly man, could not ſufficiently admire in his ſcholar, well ſeeing he knew much more then his Maſter.

Zeal and virtue of *Gratian* by the direction of holy S. *Ambroſe*.

Singular qualities of a young Prince.

He who obſerved the moſt particular actions of the life of this Emperour, hath left in writing, that from the time of his childhood, never did he let any day paſs, without praying to God moſt devoutly, daily rendering ſome vow to Altars: and that thoſe who knew his moſt ſecret thoughts, gave aſſurance he lived in unſpeakable purity of heart; and moreover, he was very ſober and abſtinent in his ordinary courſe of life: and foraſmuch as toucheth and concerneth chaſtity, it might well be ſaid, that the Altar of *Veſtal* Virgins, where perpetually burned a ſacred fire which purged all, was not more holy then the Chamber of *Gratian*, nor the Couches prepared in the Temple for Ceremonies, more chaſte then his Imperial bed. He had the heart of a Mother towards his poor Subjects, and the beginning of his Empire was conſecrated by the comfort of the people; for whom he much ſweetened the Taxes and Subſidies, freely cutting off what was due to his own Coffers; and to take away all cauſe of enquiry in time to come upon that which he liberally had granted, he commanded through all Cities, Papers, and obligations of publick debts to be burnt. Never Bon-fire more clearly blazed then the ſame; not a creature complained the ſmoak hurt his eys. Every one praiſeth the Emperour, beholding, that as his benefits were not frail and tranſitory, ſo the evils he took away, were never to return.

Admirable charity in an Emperour.

How could he but do well for the publick, ſeeing he was moſt liberal towards particulars? He was not contented to viſit the ſick, but himſelf led Phyſicians along with him thither, cauſing them to miniſter at his charge, and in his own preſence, that which was neceſſary for their recovery. He was ſeen after the defeat of the *Barbarians* which I ſpake of, to run into the Tents of his Souldiers to enquire the number of the hurt, and himſelf with his own victorious hands to touch the wounds, and cauſe them inſtantly to be dreſt, haſtening and encouraging the Chyrurgeons. And if any poor Souldier through diſtaſt refuſed to take broath, he would ſit down by him, and charm him with ſuch ſweetneſs of words, till he obtained of him that which conduced to his health. He ceaſed not to comfort the moſt afflicted, to congratulate with the moſt happy, to enquire into the neceſſities of all the world, even to the making the packs of a poor ſubject to be carried by his own Mules: and all this did he indefatigably with ſingular promptneſs and alacrity, void of oſtentation, giving all, and reproaching no man.

Behold the fruits of the good education of S. *Ambroſe*, which well ſheweth, that in making a good man of a great Prince, the whole world is obliged.

The twelfth SECTION.

The death of the Emperour Gratian, *and the Afflictions of* S. Ambroſe.

OUt alas! Eternal God, who art elder then the beginning of time, and more durable then the end of Ages, muſt great gifts be ſo freely given to the world to become ſo ſhort? My Pen abhorreth to paſs beyond the blood of this poor Prince, in whom the earth had nothing to wiſh but immortality. Behold what a wound it is for the Empire,

Empire, what ſorrow in the Church, and a touch-ſtone to the virtue of S. *Ambroſe*.

Gratian after the death of his Father, had reigned about ſeven years, when behold a Monſter ſtarted up in *England*, to diſpoſſeſs its natural Prince, and caſt fire and confuſion into the Empire. It was *Maximus*, who according to the relation of *Zoſimus*, was a *Spaniard* by Nation, companion of the great *Theodoſius*, and Captain of the *Roman* Troops, which were then in Great *Britain*.

Maximus rebelleth againſt his Prince, and his wicked diſpoſition

This wicked man, vexed to the quick that the Emperour *Gratian* had aſſociated *Theodoſius* in the Empire, without ever mentioning himſelf at all, reſolved to enter into the Throne by tyranny, ſince he could not arrive thither by any merit. Never Tyrant uſed more induſtry to cover his ambition then did this man; never hath any ſought more ſupport from the diſſimulation of ſanctity and juſtice: yet I beſeech thoſe who make account by the like ways to bring their purpoſes to paſs, to learn by the ſucceſs of *Maximus*, that if the arm of God ſuſtain not an affair, the more exaltation it receiveth, the deeper ruines it findeth.

Maximus then, a ſon of the earth, who had nothing great in him but the deſire of reign, made himſelf ſometime an *Engliſh* man, otherwhile a *Spaniard*, ever leaning to that ſide, where he ſaw moſt ſupport for his affairs. As an *Engliſh* man he labour-ed to have it thought he had ſome correſpondence of affinity with Saint *Helena*, Mother of great *Conſtantine*, and he was ſo impudent as to take the very name of that family, cauſing himſelf to be proudly called *Flavius Clemens Maximus*. As a *Spaniard*, he would be reputed the Ally of *Theodoſius*, whom he ſaw to be powerful in the affairs, and whoſe force he more feared, then loved his advancement. As for Religion, he well diſcovered by the effect that he had no other God, but honour. Notwithſtanding, like thoſe who provide oyl to burn in the Lamps of Idols, as well as in that of the living God, he em-braced all ſorts of Sects, making his Arrows of every wood, ſo to hit the white of honour.

De eſtable hypocriſie.

Verily, if there be any vice deſerving the execration of all man-kinde, it is that which diſtendeth ſnares over Altars, and which under colour of piety and zeal, entrappeth men, Cities, and Provinces with a kinde of theft, which ſeeketh to make it ſelf honourable, under pretence of Piety and Religion. This was very familiar with this bad man; for ſeeing many Pagans of quality, who bit the bridle, expecting the re-eſtabliſhment of Idols, he under-hand entertained them with very fair hopes. On the other ſide, he favoured the Synagogue of *Jews* in ſecret, ſuppoſing theſe men being loſt in Religion and conſcience, might one day ſerve his turn, though but to fill up ditches. But then beholding the Catholick Church in an eminent height, he openly courted it, and that with demonſtrations of reſpect and ſervice, which might ſeem to proceed from none but the moſt zealous.

(a) *Periculoſè, mihi credè, divina tentantur: Inſanum, ubi error excuſabilis non eſt, ibi velle peccare*, Baron. an. 387. 35.

(b) *Roma venerabilis, cujus hac parte Principatus eſt.* Epiſt. ad *Siricium* eod. anno ſect. 65.

Letters alſo of his were found written to the Emperour *Valentinian* the Second, where he made many declarations of the duty he owed to the Catholick Church, ſo compleat that they ſeem much fitter for the mouth of a Biſhop, then of a Tyrant. He ſpeaketh of God like a Saint, ſaying; (a) Great heed muſt be taken not to contend with ones Maſter, and that ſins committed againſt Religion, admit no excuſe. He talks of *Rome* (b) as a Pope, calling it in full voice, *The moſt venerable, and Princeſs of Religion*. He ſeemed to ſweat blood and water in defence of S. *Ambroſe*, whoſe virtue he infinitely feared, it being joyned to a liberty, which never accuſtomed to bow under tyranny. In another Epiſtle, where he writeth to Pope *Siricius*, he tells us, how going from the Font of Baptiſm, he had been tranſported to the Imperial Throne, which, being ignorant of the life of the children of God, he eſteemeth an incomparable favour from Heaven, and in recompence thereof, promiſeth all ſervice to the Church of *Rome*, ſatisfying himſelf only to execute that, which ſhould be commanded him, without any deſire to enter into the knowledge of the cauſe.

Moreover, if he ſaw any forlorn Hereticks, who were feeble in faction, and much out of favour, he ran upon them with all manner of violence, and then ſhewing Spider's webs, of one ſide filled with little flys, and on the other ſide all broken by creatures of a larger ſize, he raiſeth mighty Tropheys, thinking ſo to piece out his fortune by the effuſion of contemptible blood. In this manner he cauſed *Priſcillian*, and many other of his Sect to be put to death, who were Hereticks, poſſeſſed with a black and melancholy Devil; and ſuch, as in truth, according to the laws both divine and humane, well deſerved puniſhment, but not according to the proceedings were obſerved in their proceſs, much blamed by S. *Martin*, and other wiſe Biſhops, who took notice of paſſions over-bloody, even in the Eccleſiaſticks that ſought after ſpoil.

Virtutibus vitia. ἀγχίσυγα. *Ariſtot. Origen. Baſil. Albertus* in Paradiſo animæ. Prolog.

O God! it is verily one of the greateſt unhappineſſes of humane life, to ſay, that vices keep ſhop near to virtues, and often deceive the beſt experienced Merchants with their Artifices. That is moſt true which is ſpoken by *Albertus* the Great, Maſter of Saint *Thomas*: Severity counterfeiteth juſtice, melancholy calleth it ſelf gravity; babble ſtealeth into the name of affability, as doth diſſolution paſs under colour of free mirth, The prodigal ſaith, he is an honeſt man; the covetous, provident; the ſelf-conceited, conſtant; the crafty, prudent; curioſity borroweth the title of circumſpection; vain-glory, of generoſity; preſumption, of hope; carnal love, of charity; diſſimulation, of patience; puſillanimity, of mildneſs; indiſcreet zeal, of fervour in matter of Religion: and the worſt of all is, hypocriſie puts on the maſk of ſanctity. Yet if with theſe ſemblances and borrowed faces, they only deceived vulgar ſouls, it were ſomewhat tollerable; but it is a thing moſt deplorable, that the ſubtile who have no other God but their own intereſts, by ſlight complacences, and petty affectations of devotion, enſnare noble and religious ſouls, who, meaſuring all by their own innocency, daily afford more ſupport to credulity. A little outward ſhew handſomly expreſt, raviſheth men with admiration, and cauſeth Altars to be raiſed to them, for whom God hath prepared Gibbets. There are alſo many ſilly birds, who ſeeing the Fowler with blear and running eys, role a huge pair of beads in his hands, ſay, This is a holy man, and full of compaſſion; but the more judicious, anſwer, We muſt not regard his eys, nor beads, but the blood and rapine which is in his hands.

Pretext of devotions dangerous.

A Parable of the Fowler.

Had *Maximus* been beheld upon this ſide, he had never deceived the world, but his plaſtered devotions ſerved his turn to amuze eaſie natures, whileſt his ambitions cleft mountains to climb to the throne of *Cæſars*. Pope *Siricius*, beguiled with the maſk of this falſe piety, gave demonſtration of much affection to him: and when he was declared Emperour, many Biſhops uſed with him at *Trier* ſundry compliments, which too near approached to ſervitude. There was none at that time but our Saint *Martin*,

who held a ſtrong power over this ſpirit; and the wily *Maximus*, who well foreſaw, there was no reſiſtance to be uſed againſt a ſtroak of thunder, ſubmitted with all pliantneſs and poſtures, to draw this great Preſate to his amity. He, who heretofore made himſelf to be petitioned unto by the Biſhops, received the commandments of S. *Martin*, as decrees and endeavoured to yield him all ſatisfaction.

One deſire only he fixed in his heart, which was ſome one time to invite this holy man to his Table, to wipe away all the ill reputation of which the moſt judicious could not be ignorant: but S. *Martin* conſtantly refuſed it, until *Maximus* upon a time having made a thouſand proteſtations of the ſincerity of his intentions in that point, which concerned the uſurpation of the Empire, the man of God, whether perſwaded by reaſons, or mollified by ſo many prayers, went thither, and uſed three paſſages of generoſity, which you ſhall know.

Sulpitius in vita S. Martini. cap. 23.

In this Banquet were preſent the falſe Emperour *Maximus*, with his brother, and his uncle, a Conſul, and two Counts. S. *Martin* for his honour was placed in the middle, near the perſon of *Maximus*, and when about the midſt of dinner, the Cup bearer preſented a Goblet to his Maſter, he for a ſingular teſtimony of his affection, put it into the hands of the good Biſhop, ſeeming to have a holy ambition to drink therein, after it was conſecrated by the touch of his lips: but, S. *Martin* not uſing any other complement, when he had drunk, gave the cup to his Deacon, as eſteeming him the moſt worthy perſon of the Feaſt next himſelf. *Maximus*, who infinitely ſeemed to be pleaſed therewith, although he inwardly felt himſelf gauled with this liberty, did ſo outwardly diſſemble it, that he cauſed S. *Martin* to be applauded through all his Court, proteſting that none but he was worthy the title of a Biſhop, and that he had done at the Table of an Emperour, what the other Biſhops would never have acted in the houſe of a mean Judge. On the other ſide, the wife of *Maximus*, who already poſſeſſed the title of Empreſs, made her ſelf a *Magdalen* at the feet of S. *Martin*: and although never woman touched this chaſte creature, he ſuffered her to exerciſe all ſorts of Ceremonies towards him, undergoing a thouſand troubles to rid himſelf of her importunities. This ſeemed not ſtrange in the age of threeſcore and ten, and in the reputation of ſanctity wherewith he had filled the world, that a woman ſhould kiſs his feet; but it was a thing very unuſual to behold a Princeſs, humbled in the duſt of the earth, to perform this office: She regarded neither Purple, Diadem, Quality, nor Empire, ſhe had no eys but for S. *Martin*, being blinde to the reſt of the world.

After this firſt Banquet, *Maximus* and the Lady went to the Saint, and beſought him again to take a bad Dinner, which the Empreſs would in private prepare for him with her own hands: and although he in the beginning refuſed, it was impoſſible for him to eſcape from theſe Saint-like invitations. For theſe are ſnares which catch Eagles as well as Sparrows. Needs would the Queen do all offices in this ſecond Feaſt. She plaied the Cook, dreſſed the Dining-room, laid the cloath, gave to the holy man water for his hands, was his Cup-bearer, and waited on him all the time of his meal, ſtanding bolt upright as a ſervant, with her minde intentive on her office. Dinner being ended, ſhe did eat the ſcraps and remainder of the Table, which ſhe preferred before all the Imperial delicacies. Verily we may ſay, women are violent in their affections, and, when once they go the right way, their virtues have no mean. I will not ſeek to penetrate the Ladie's intentions, which I ſuppoſe were very good; but conſidering the proceedings of *Maximus*, there is great cauſe to think he endeavoured by his infinite courtſhip, to charm the nature of S. *Martin*, which to him ſeemed ſome what harſh. Yet the great man, endowed with the ſpirit of propheſie, freely told all which ſhould befal him.

Behold ſome part of the diſpoſition of *Maximus*, which I was willing to preſent on paper, that it might appear of what condition they ordinarily are, who bear arms againſt the obedience due to Kings, who are the lively images of God. The Tyrant began a revolt in *England*, and from that time determined to eſtabliſh the City of *Trier* in *Germany*, as the ſeat of his Empire, and thence to raiſe a pair of wings to fly about the clouds, which were *Italy* and *Spain*. He choſe for his Conſtable, a man very conſtant to his humour, and of great reſolution, who cauſed himſelf to be called the *Good man*, the better to colour the wickedneſs of his Maſter. With this bad Counſellour he endeavoured to ſtir up the ſouldiers, and on every ſide drew the warlike troups to his party. The good Emperour *Gratian* ſpeedily armeth to ſtiffle tyranny in the birth thereof, and in perſon goeth to encounter his Adverſary. He had then very freſhly drawn good ſouldiers from the Kingdom of *Hungary* to his aſſiſtance, of whom he made much account. Others ſeeing that he much eſteemed of them, were ſtung with jealouſie, and grew cold in their Maſter's behalf. The poor Prince being on the point to wage battel, found himſelf careleſly and traiterouſly abandoned by his legions, who daily ſtole away to encreaſe the Army, and ſtrength of *Maximus*.

This black and hideous treaſon much amazed the Emperour, who complained, as the Eagle in the Emblem, that his own feathers gave him the ſtroke of death, ſeeing his ſouldiers, who ſhould have born him on their wings, delivered him to his enemy, through a neglect, which ſhall make the *Roman* hiſtory to bluſh eternally. So that ſeeing there was no ſafety for his perſon, he ſought to regain *Italy* as ſoon as poſſible, accompanied only with a full troup of horſe, conſiſting of about three hundred men.

Maximus well diſcovered, that he would at any price whatſoever have the bloody ſpoyl of his Maſter: for he charged this *Good man* to purſue him with all violence, and not to deſiſt till the prey were in his clutches; which he did, taking horſes with him, who ran like a tempeſt, and could well endure any tedious travel. In the end, he met with the Emperour at *Lyons*, and fearing he might eſcape, bethought himſelf of a miſchievous ſtratagem. For he ſecretly cauſed the Emperour to be informed, the Empreſs his wife was in danger of her perſon, if he ſtayed not ſome while to expect her, becauſe ſhe was reſolved to follow him, thinking no place capable of ſafety or conſolation where her husband was not.

This falſe report much ſoftened the heart of *Gratian*, who was as good a husband as an Emperour; he therefore reſolved to haſten to the Empreſs, though not without evident danger of his life. There is an unſpeakable power in the love of neighbours, which is the cauſe that birds and fiſhes are oft-times voluntarily caught with twigs and nets, not fearing to put their life in danger, where they ſee ſome part of themſelves to be. This Prince, who in the extreameſt diſaſters of his fortune, was full of courage, and flew every where like a flaſh of lightening, to give order to his affairs, at the news that the

Empreſs

Pitiful death of the Emperour *Gratian.*

Empreſs was on her way to follow him, was much terrified; nor was there an object of peril which he framed not in his thoughts: moments ſeemed days unto him, and days as ages. A thouſand fantaſies of affrightment ſummoned his heart in his ſolitude. There was no living for him, if he beheld not his deareſt love in his arms. She was a Princeſs of much merit, daughter of the Emperour *Conſtantius*, born after the death of her father, whom *Gratian* faithfully loved, though he as yet had no iſſue by her.

Socrat. lib. 5. cap. 11. Zozom. lib. 6. cap. 11.

The Tyrant underſtanding his game ſucceeded to his wiſh, made a Litter to paſs along much like to that of the Empreſs, and diſpoſed his ambuſhes round about in the way, The Emperour perceiving it afar off, and ſuppoſing his wife *Conſtantia* was in it, ſpurs his horſe, and flieth with thoſe wings which love and joy gave him, being at that time followed by few of his people. The murtherers aſſailed and maſſacred him, but he ſtill ſhewing the courage of a Lion, bare himſelf bravely amongſt Swords and Halbards, leaving the mark of his hand all bloudy on a wall, as S. *Hierom* hath obſerved, and ever having on his lips the name of S. *Ambroſe*. His body, after the ſoul departed, was taken up to be preſented to *Maximus*, as the monument of a faithful aſſaſſinate.

Cruenta manus veſtigia, parietes tui Lugdune teſtantur. Hieron. ep. 3.

O God! who ſhall here be able to cleave a cloud, to read through ſo much darkneſs, and ſo many ſhadows, the ſecrets of your Providence? This poor *Abel* butchered by the hand of a *Cain*, with a cruelty ſo barbarous, a manner ſo perfidious, and a ſucceſs ſo deplorable! A Prince, who ſheltered the whole world under the valour of his arms, forſaken by the moſt truſty ſervants of his houſe! An Emperour moſt religious, ſeparated by death from the aſſiſtances of Altars! A Monarch moſt juſt, given as a prey to injuſtice! One of the beſt Maſters of the earth ſlain by ſervile hands, and uſed like a beaſt among the Halbards, and Courtelaxes of his own Servitours! So many rare qualities as were in him, leave nothing elſe to mortals, but the ſorrow to have loſt him

A man, who deſerved to have lived Ages, torn from his Throne and life in his eight and twentieth year, after a reign ſo advantagious to the Church, and wiſhful to all the world. O Providence! Muſt he paſs away, as the foam glideth on the face of the water? Muſt he be hail-ſtrucken, as the Crown Imperial, the honour of a Garden, in the height of its beauty? Muſt he wither, as lightening cauſeth pearls in their growth, leaving them inſtead of a ſubſtance, nought elſe but a ſhell? O God! What bloud of *Abels* muſt be ſhed in all ages, to teach us a leſſon, which telleth, the reward of our children conſiſteth not in the favours and proſperities of the world, but that ſeeing in ſuch innocency they are ſo roughly handled, your juſtice hath infallibly diſpoſed them for another life, where they live covered with the purple and glory of your Son, whoſe ſuffe'ings they have imitated.

The poor *Conſtantia* wife of *Gratian*, hearing this lamentable news, was ſeized with overwhelming ſorrow, and as ſoon as ſhe came to her ſelf again, *Ah* Gratian (ſaith ſhe) *my Lord, and dear husband, I have thee fruad an evil worſe than your death, which is, to have bee: the cauſe of the ſame. Muſt my name be ſo much abuſed? Muſt the love of a creature ſo captive as I am, engage into danger, a life ſo important as yours?*

Ambroſ. in Pſal 61. *Meminit Gratiani, mori iſta magis eſt peccati ſua, quam morientis detrimentũ.*

I beg a, my unhappineſs from the day of my birth, being born after the death of my father Conſtantius, *nature not permitting me to ſee him, who gave me life. That little age I have, hath not ceaſed to be turmoiled with many uncertainties which enforce me to read thoſe in the fortune of Cæſars, where the world imagineth Roſes. Yea, I avow (my moſt honoured Lord) that this accident hath ourgone all my apprehenſions. For although I figured you mortal as a man, I could not ſuppoſe that he in whom all my charities and hops ſurvived, ſhould be taken from me ſo ſuddenly, in a Fortune ſo eminent, in an Age ſo flouriſhing, with a death ſo unworthy of his goodneſs, not leaving me at the leaſt a ſon in my entrails to be born of me, as his mother; and which is worſe, that I inſtantly muſt (Oh my deareſt* Gratian, *the ſweeteſt amongſt all men living) redeem your bloody body with the price of gold, from the hands of a wretched ſlave. My God, I confeſs I have no ſtrength to bear theſe calamities ſo violent, if you afford it not.*

The news of this death which flew like a fatal bird through all the world, transfixed the hearts of all good men. The little *Valentinian* reſented it beyond his age, ſeeing himſelf deprived of a brother, whom he ſo faithfully had loved. S. *Ambroſe*, though moſt couragious, felt himſelf, as it were, ſurprized with ſorrow and ſadneſs, not being able to unlooſe his tongue to pronounce any funeral Oration. All the Court was infinitely affrighted, as if *Maximus* had already been at the Gates of *Milan* to finiſh the Cataſtrophe of the Tragedy. *Juſtina* the Empreſs, mother of young *Valentinian*, taking the care of affairs for her ſon in minority, inſtantly made her addreſs to S. *Ambroſe*, and beſought him to undertake an Embaſſage, and preſent himſelf before *Maximus*, ſo to divert the ſtream of his arms, which came to pour themſelves on *Italy*, and to demand the body of his Pupil, humbly praying, not to neglect him dead, whom he alive had ſo faithfully ſerved.

The thirteenth SECTION.

The Embaſſage of S. Ambroſe.

OUr great Prelate couragiouſly undertook the buſineſs, fortifying his heart with aſſiſtances of Heaven, to treat with the murtherer of his ſon; for one may well ſay, the love he bare to the dead, equalled that of fathers towards their children.

The acts of his firſt Embaſſage are loſt, although the effect hath been ſufficiently publiſhed. Which was the diverſion of the arms of *Maximus*, ſo much feared by the Empreſs *Juſtina*. But as for the Emperours body, it was impoſſible to gain it from him; for *Maximus* ſaid, he withheld it upon a point of a State, well knowing this ſpectacle would have no other effect, but to exaſperate the memory of what was paſt, and that the ſouldiers through fury might revenge the dead body, much aſhamed they had betraied their living Emperour.

This wicked man inſatiable in his deſires, and perfidious in his promiſes, ſoon repented to have ſigned the peace, complaining that *Ambroſe* had with his fair words caſt him into a ſleep: he was full of impetuous paſſions, and inceſſantly threatened to paſs into *Italy*, nor ſhould any thing hereafter hinder his intentions, which made S. *Ambroſe* enterprize a ſecond Embaſſage at the ſollicitation of the Empreſs *Juſtina*, of whom we have a moſt faithful Narration from the Pen of the Saint himſelf, in an Epiſtle which he wrote to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to yield him an account of his Commiſſion. There he relateth, how being arrived in the City of *Trier*, where *Maximus* had placed his Throne, that he the next morning went to the Palace to ſpeak to him in private. The treacherous man, who with ſo many Legions could not endure the counterbuff of truth delivered by a Biſhop, thinking to ſilence him, ſent one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber to demand if he had any letters from *Valentinian* to deliver him, if ſo, he ſhould receive anſwer; but that he might not ſpeak to the Emperour himſelf, but in full Council. S. *Ambroſe* replieth, that was not the audience, which is uſually given to perſons of his quality: that he had moſt important affairs to handle, which might better be privately expreſſed

preſſed in his Cabinet, then at the Council-table. He prayed the Gentleman of his Chamber, to let him know that his requeſt, which indeed was moſt civil. He did ſo, but brought back no other anſwer, but that he ſhould be heard in Council. The good Biſhop ſaid, that was ſomewhat too far from his profeſſion: but he notwithſtanding would omit nothing of his duty, preferring the memory of the dead, and the affairs of his living Prince, before all the intereſts of his own perſon.

Majeſty of S. *Ambroſe.*

He came then to the Council-table, where *Maximus* ſate on his Throne, who ſeeing S. *Ambroſe*, roſe up to give him the kiſs, according to the cuſtom of that Age. But the Biſhop taking place among the Counſellours, who very honourably invited him to ſit uppermoſt, freely ſaid to *Maximus*; 'I wonder how you offer the kiſs of peace to a man of 'whom you are ignorant, for were I well known 'in the rank I hold, you ſhould not ſee me here. *Maximus* amazed at this liberty, could not ſay ought elſe, but, 'Biſhop you are in choller. S. *Am-* 'broſe replyeth; I have more ſhame then anger in 'me, to ſee my ſelf in a place where I ſhould not be. 'Notwithſtanding (ſaith *Maximus*) you might 'have learnt the way, having been here once alrea- 'dy. It is a double fault in you (replieth the Pre- 'late) to have ſummoned me twice. Thereupon '*Maximus*; Why came you hither? To demand 'peace of you (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) which I have 'required as of an inferiour, and you now enforce 'me to ſeek it as from an equal.

The proud man who thought himſelf leſſened, if compared to the Emperour *Valentinian*, was moved at theſe words, and cried out: 'How equal? By 'whoſe favour? By the favour of God (anſwereth 'S. *Ambroſe*) who hath preſerved that Empire in '*Valentinian*, which he gave him. *Maximus* at this word entered into violence. 'It is you (ſaith he) 'that have deceived me, and your goodly Count '*Bauton*, who under pretext to preſerve the Em- 'pire for a Childe, made other accommodations for 'himſelf, and for this cauſe is joyned with Barba- 'rians, to invite them to paſs into the Empire. And 'who hath more credit then I, to cauſe them to 'march under my Standards when I liſt? I have 'thouſands under my pay, by whom I can be ſerved 'before all the men in the world; and had you not 'ſtopped the courſe of mine Arms with your good- 'ly Embaſſage, no man living had been able to op- 'poſe me. He ſpake this with quick flaſhes of choller.

The holy Biſhop coldly anſwered: *It is diſhonourable in you to reproach my Embaſſage, and put your ſelf upon theſe extravagancies. For to whom appertaineth it to defend Widows and Orphans, if not to a Biſhop? That is it, which the law of my Maſter commandeth me.* Judg in favour of the Orphan, and defend the Widow, and deliver the weak from oppreſſion. *Notwithſtanding, I will not give ſo much credit to my Embaſſage, as to perſwade my ſelf it hath ſtaid the courſe of your arms. What ſquadrons have I oppoſed againſt you? What walls? What rocks? Have I ſtopped up the paſſage of the* Alps *with mine own body? By my will could I ſo have done, I ſhould account all your objections as a glory to me. But you your ſelf ſent the Count* Victor, *whom I met at* Mentz, *to treat of peace: wherein hath* Valentinian *deceived you, if he have granted the peace, which you demanded of him? In what hath the Count* Bauton *played falſe with you, unleſs you term it deceit to be faithful to his Maſter? In what have I beguiled you? Was it then when you ſaid, that* Valentinian *need not put me to the trouble of this Embaſſage, but come himſelf in perſon, as a ſon to his father; and that I freely anſwered you, There was no childhood to ſee a Princeſs, widow of a great Emperour, to put her ſelf into the way with her ſon, tender of age, and feeble of body, to paſs the* Alpes *in extremities of Winter: and that as for the childe, whom you deſired only to ſee, the mother ſo much affected him, ſhe could in no ſort ſuffer him to be ſeparated from her. Is not this the anſwer was given to your Embaſſadour in the City of* Milan, *when I was then preſent with you? What deceit finde you in this proceeding? Did I ever promiſe you the coming of the Emperour, and have I failed you in my faith? Have I diverted your Troups? Have I ſtaid your Eagles? Where are thoſe* Barbarians, *which the Count* Bauton *cauſed to paſs into* Italy? *Verily if he who is a ſtranger ſhould have called people of his Nation to the ſuccour of his Maſter, it would be very excuſable; ſince you, who are ſo much intereſſed in the preſervation of the* Romane *Empire, threaten us that you have* Barbarians *under your pay, whom you can make to over-run us when you pleaſe.*

Behold a little, the difference that is between the ſweetneſs of Valentinian, *and your menaces: You are much troubled not to have fallen upon* Italy *with* Barbarian *Legions, and* Valentinian *hath graciouſly diverted the forreign* Gauls, *whom he had invited to his ſervice, whileſt you in the mean time make waſte on the* Grizons, *with your* Barbarians; *he hath bought peace for you with his own money, and you with ingratitude repay him.*

Behold your brother, who is now by your ſide, and you ſhall ſee an irreproachable teſtimonie of the Emperous clemencie. He held in his Province, and hands, that which is moſt dear to you in the world. Every one thought it was reaſon to revenge the aſhes of the Emperour Gratian *upon a near allie of him, who was the authour of his death, and yet* Valantinian *upon the news of the aſſaſſinate committed upon his moſt honourable brother, and in the greateſt fervour of his moſt juſt paſſion, hath ſo moderated himſelf, as to ſend him back with honour, whom he might with juſtice have bereſt you. Compare your ſelf preſently with him, and make your ſelf Judg in your proper cauſe. He hath reſtored your brother in perfect health: render him his at the leaſt thus dead as he is. Why do you denie him the aſhes of his brother, ſince he hath not refuſed your ſatisfactions, yea to his own prejudice? He hath afforded you a man in like degree of alliance, though in quality much different. He hath granted you one alive; render him one dead to yield him the laſt offices. A* Tartarian *covered with ſand a Pyrate, which he by chance found dead upon the Sea ſhore; and you denie us to bury with our own hands the prime Monarch of the world? You take from a Queen-mother, from a widow-Empreſs, from an orphan-Emperour, the bones of a ſon, a husband, a brother, whom you have deprived of life and Sceptre. The bodies of reprobates are taken down from the Gallouſs, to put them into the arms of their mothers; what hath the body of* Gratian *don to be bereaved after death, of the charities of his Allies? Why do you forbid us tears, which very Tyrants themſelves, who have torn eys out, have never denied to the afflicted? You fear (ſay you) it may exaſperate minds, that is to ſay, you fear a death, which you have cauſed, and which you have unworthily procured, even then, when you might and ought to ſave it by all ways of juſtice and humanity. And tell me not he was your enemie; you were his, but he never yours. For hoſtilitie comes from an uſurper, and defenſe from a lawful Prince. You do well to juſtifie your ſelf upon this attempt, but there is not a man will believe your juſtifications. Who ſees not you hated his life, whoſe burial you hinder?*

Paulinus addeth, that for concluſion he dealt with him as one excommunicate, and ſeriouſly adviſeth him to expiate the blood he had ſhed, by a ſharp penance.

This liberty of our admirable Prelate amazed all the Council: and *Maximus*, who never thought that a Prieſt in the heart of his State, in the middeſt of his Legions, in the preſence of his Court, could have the courage to tell him, that which he would never endure to hear in his Cabinet, commanded him ſpeedily to depart from the Court. All thoſe who were friends of the holy man, adviſed him to be watchful upon the ambuſhes and treaſon of *Maximus*, who found himſelf much galled, but he full of confidence in God, put himſelf on the way, and wiſhed *Valentinian* to treat no otherwiſe with *Maximus*, but as with a covert enemy, which did afterward appear moſt true. But *Juſtina* the Empreſs, thinking S. *Ambroſe* had been over-violent, ſent upon a third Embaſſage *Domnin*, one of her Counſellours, who, deſirous to ſmooth the affairs with ſervile ſweetneſs, thruſt them upon deſpair of remedy.

The

The fourteenth SECTION.

The perſecution of S. Ambroſe *raiſed by the Empreſs* Juſtina.

WE may well ſay there is ſome Fury, which bewitcheth the ſpirits of men in theſe lamentable innovations of pretended Religions, ſince we behold effects to ariſe which paſs into humane paſſions, not by an ordinary way. Scarcely could *Juſtina* the Empreſs freely breath air, being, as ſhe thought, delivered from the Sword of *Maximus*, which hung over her head, tied to a ſilken thred, when forthwith ſhe diſpoyled her ſelf furiouſly, to perſecute the author of her liberty. O God, what a dangerous beaſt is the ſpirit of a woman, when it is unfurniſhed of reaſon, and armed with power! It is able to create as many monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in painting. *Momus* deſired the ſavage Bull ſhould have eys over his horns, and not horns over his eys. But *Juſtina* at that time had brazen horns to gore a Prelate, having eys neither above, nor beneath, to conſider whom ſhe ſtruck. Authority ſerved as a Sergeant to her paſſion, and the Sword of Monarchs was employed to ſatisfie the deſperate humours of a woman ſurprized with errour, and inebriated with vengeance. Saint *Ambroſe* like a Sun darted rays on her, and ſhe as the *Atlantes*, who draw their bow againſt this bright Star, the heart of the world, ſhot back again Arrows of oblo-
Herod. lib. 4. *Solem orientem execrantur.* quy. As women well inſtructed and zealous in matter of Religion, are powerful to advance the Chriſtian cauſe, ſo when they once have ſucked in any peſtilent doctrine, they are capritious to preſerve their own chymera's. The Miſtreſſes of *Solomon*, after they had cauſed their beauties to be adored, made their Idols to be worſhipped: ſo *Juſtina*, when ſhe had gained credit as the Mother of the Emperour, and Regent in his minority, endeavoured to countenance the *Arian* Sect, wherein ſhe
Sect of *Arians.* was paſſionate, that the Sword of diviſion might paſs through the ſides of her own ſon into the heart of the Empire.

The *Arians* had in the Eaſtern parts been ill intreated under the Empire of *Theodoſius*, and many of them were fled to *Milan* under the conduct of a falſe Biſhop, a *Scythian* by Nation, and named *Auxentius*, as their head, but who for the hatred the people of *Milan* bore to this name of *Auxentius*, cauſed himſelf to be called *Mercurinus*.

He was a crafty and confident man, who having inſinuated himſelf into the opinion of the Empreſs, failed not to procure by all poſſible means, the advancement of his Sect, and did among other things, very impudently demand a Church in the City of *Milan*, for the exerciſe of Arianiſm.

Juſtina an *Arian* demandeth a Church *in Milan.* *Juſtina*, who in her own hands held the ſoul of her ſon *Valentinian* as a ſoft piece of wax, gave it ſuch figure as beſt pleaſed her; and being very cunning, there was not any thing ſo unreaſonable, which ſhe did not ever colour with ſome fair pretext, to dazle the eys of a childe. She declared unto him, that the place ſhe poſſeſſed near his perſon, well deſerved to have a Church in *Milan*, wherein ſhe might ſerve God according to the Religion which ſhe had profeſſed from her younger days, and that it was the good of his State, peacefully to entertain every one in the Religion he ſhould chooſe ſince it was the proceeding of his father *Valentinian*, which ſhe by experience knew had well ſucceeded with him.

To this ſhe added the blandiſhments of a Mother, which ever have much power over a young ſpirit: ſo that the Emperour perſwaded by this *Syren*, ſent to ſeek S. *Ambroſe*, and declared unto him, that for the good of his State, and peace of his people, it was in agitation to accommodate his thrice-honoured Mother, and thoſe of her Sect, with a Church in *Milan*.

At this word S. *Ambroſe* roared like a Lion, which made it appear he never would yield to the execution of ſuch requeſts. The people of *Milan*, who honoured their Prelate as the lively image of the world's Saviour, when they once perceived that *Valentinian* had ſuddenly called him, and that ſome ill affair was in hand: they left their houſes, and came thundering from all parts to the Palace, wherat *Juſtina* was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed, fearing there was ſome plot in it, and ſo inſtantly commanded the Captain of the Guard to go out and diſperſe the rude multitude, which he did, and preſenting himſelf with the moſt reſolute ſouldiers, he found no armed hands to reſiſt him, but huge troups of people, which ſtretched out their necks and cried aloud, *They would dye for the defence of their Faith, and Paſtour.*

Theſe out-cries proceeding as from men affrighted, terrified the young Emperour, and ſeeing the Captain of his Guards could uſe no other remedy, he beſought S. *Ambroſe* to ſhew himſelf to the people, to mollifie them, and promiſe, that for the buſineſs now treated, which was to allow a Church to the Hereticks, never had thoſe concluſions been decreed, nor would he ever permit them. S. *Ambroſe* appeared, & as ſoon as he began to open his mouth, the people were appeaſed, as if they had been charmed with his words: whereupon the Empreſs grew very jealous, ſeeing with the arms of ſanctity, doctrine, and eloquence, he predominated over this multitude, as the winds over the waves of the Sea.

A while after to leſſen the great reputation of S. *Ambroſe*, ſhe determined to oppoſe her *Auxentius* againſt him in a publick diſputation: and though ſhe in her own conſcience well underſtood, that he in knowledge was much inferiour to S. *Ambroſe*, notwithſtanding ſhe reputed him impudent enough, and a great talker, to ſtupifie weak judgments. She perſwaded her ſelf, that of two things one would happen, either that Saint *Ambroſe* refuſing diſputation, would leave ſome ſuſpicion of his inability, or, accepting it, engage his authority. This powerful woman, unable to bow Heaven, reſolved to ſtir Hell. She obtained a Mandat from the Emperour her ſon, by which it was enjoyned to S. *Ambroſe*, to be on a day nominated at the Palace, to confer in his preſence upon points of Religion againſt *Auxentius*, on this condition, that Judges ſhould be appointed for both parts, to decide their difference. The Tribune *Dalmatius* was the bearer of this Mandat, who wiſhed S. *Ambroſe* by word of mouth, that he ſhould haſten to name the Judges, which he intended to chooſe for his party: and that *Auxentius* had already nominated his, who were all Pagans, to take away thereby the ſuſpicion which might be framed againſt thoſe of his Sect. He cauſed alſo certain words ſilently to ſlip from him by the ſubtilty of *Juſtina*, by the which he adviſed him handſomly to eſcape, and go whither he thought good, if he would not accept of this challenge. S. *Ambroſe* had a ſtrange horrour upon this Mandat, ſeeing how the cunning of a paſſionate woman, and the impudence of a ſhameleſs Heretick tyrannized over the feeble ſpirit of an Infant, inforcing him to demand this hateful Conference, which ſeemed to be permitted for
Strange conference pretended by the Empreſs.
nothing,

nothing, but to expose the venerable Mysteries of our Religion to the scorn of Pagans. He would by no means go to the Palace to excuse himself, fearing he might seem to transfer a cause meerly Ecclesiastical, to a Prince's Court: but he made a grave answer to the Emperour, which is now extant in his works, where among other things, the *Arians* condemning his refusal, and taxing him of contumacy for giving occasion of jealousie to the Emperour, upon the over-great authority of S. *Ambrose*,, he saith:

Lib. 2. ep. 13.

Resolution of S. *Ambrose*.

SACRED MAJESTY, *He that accuseth my refusal of contumacy, accuseth the law of your father of injustice. He, who was a man most accomplished in arms and great affairs, who signed his faith with the seal of his constancy, and the wisdom of his Counsels by the happiness of his State, ever witnessed both by his words and Edicts, that it appertained to none but Bishops to judge of Bishops. You, who are tender of age, little experienced, nay, a Catechumene in faith, will judge of mysteries, which you have not yet learned. If this seem reasonable unto you, the laitie may hereafter mount into the Chair, and have those for their flock, whom they have had for their Pastours, which can never be don but by perverting the order of this Universe. God forbid I should choose Judges of the laity, to make them either Prevaricatours of faith, or Victims of the vengeance of our enemies. It sufficeth me to leave my life therein, which I so long have consecrated to the defence of the Church, and not engage others in the peril. I hold the faith of the* Nicene *Councel, from which neither the Sword nor death shall ever separate me. I am ready to defend it at the Church, not in the Court, where never had I been, but for you; and whereof I better love not to know the customs, then learn the cunning. As concerning this which I hear, that your Majestie offereth me peaceably to retire where I shall think good; God himself knows with how much endeavour I avoided the burthen, your father himself of glorious memory, laid on my shoulders: Now I cannot with freedom discharge my self in conscience, since the Bishops, my associates, crie out aloud unto me, that it were one and the same crime in my person, either to leave or betray the Altars.*

Justina, much moved with the liberty of these words, complained in her Palace, that among so many Legions, there could not be a man found so faithful, as to deliver her from the importunities of a Priest, promising offices and singular favours in Court, to any that would lead him into exile.

One named *Euthymius* offered himself, who having purposely hired a house near to the Church, provided a Coach well furnished to carry away S. *Ambrose* at his coming from Divine Service; but never was it possible for him to perform his promise, by reason of the great press of the people, which perpetually invironed their Pastour. But much otherwise: this miserable undertaker, the year circumvolving, the same day wheron he resolved to execute his design upon the holy man, after he had shamefully been disgraced, was banished, and carried away in the same Coach he had prepared for S. *Ambrose*; as it is said, *Perillus* Authour of *Phalaris* his Bull, was the first that handselled it: and *Hugh Ambriot*, who caused the Bastille to be built, was the first that went into it in the quality of a Prisoner, there to end his days. Another named *Caligonius*, a Groom of the Chamber to the Emperour, threatened S. *Ambrose* to cut off his head with his own hands; the holy man answered: *If God permit thee to execute what thou sayest, thou will act but what Eunuchs do, and I shall endure that which ordinarily the Bishops suffer.*

Genebrar. Chronic.

Some time after, as if Heaven had fought against the Prelate's enemies, this wicked man, although an Eunuch, being accused of some impurity by a Curtezan, passed the dint of the Sword which he would have drawn against his Bishop. In the end, the Empress resolved to play out the rest of her Game, and exercise the whole extent of her power. She obtained bloody Edicts, which she her self made to satisfie her own passion. She armed her *Auxentius*, as the instrument of her fury. She caused it to be published aloud, that all Ecclesiasticks, who would not deliver the Church which was in question, should be held as criminals of treason. She caused Squadrons of insolent souldiers to run up and down the streets, and cast terrour into the minds of the most confident. That was the time, when the bruit of peril wherein S. *Ambrose* was, being spred through the City, universally drew all the people to the Church, each one endeavouring to make a bulwark for him of his own body, and never forsake him either day or night. Tribunes and Captains were dispatched to him, who signified the Emperours pleasure, which consisted of three Articles. The first was, he should speedily deliver the holy Vessels, & all the moveables of the Church The second, he should leave the place questioned, in the Empresse's dispose. The third, that in all hast he must go out of *Milan*, and that he should have free liberty to travel whither he pleased. The Bishop made answer *That these holy Vessels were the inheritance of* Jesus Christ, *and as the Emperour had not abandoned the state of his Ancestours to Tyrants, so* Ambrose *would never betray the patrimony of his Master. Were gold and silver demanded, which were his own proprietirs, he would make no difficultie to afford them; but as for the goods of the Church, they were Sacred pledges which the Emperour had no right to require, nor he to give; Then, for the Church demanded, it was the house of God, which his Predecessours* Dionysius, Eustorgius, Myrocles, *and others had courageously defended and conserved, not to be profaned by* Arians, *but reverenced by Catholicks. Moreover, for that which concerned his banishment, it was a thing now incompatible with his life, for he more feared God, who had given him this charge; then the Emperour who would take it away; and that if* Valentinian *were able to do that which an exorbitant power permitted,* Ambrose *was bent on his part to suffer whatsoever a good Pastour ought to endure for his Flock; yea, should his bodie be torn peace-meal under the Rack of persecution, yet his spirit should remain fast fixed to the Altar.*

The History of the Vine of *Naboth* was then read in the Church, and one part of it, which there passed in figure, was here expressed in verity. The denial of S. *Ambrose* being reported in the Palace, the souldiers had commandment to invade the Church on every side, like a Town besieged. Never was a spectacle beheld more intermingled with terrour and piety. The Church of *Milan* was then as a Tabernacle of the Lord of hosts, which marched between the Battalions, under the conduct of the burning Pillar. There was nothing without but Souldiers, Lances, Pikes, and Swords; within, but Prayers, Sermons, Hymns and Canzonets. One while this admirable Prelate offered Sacrifice at the Altar, with great effusion of tears: then he mounted into the Chair, to incourage and consolate the people; presently he introduced the symphony of Psalms, anon he gave answers to the Emperour's Deputies. He travelled indefatigably, and appeared as another *Judas Machabæus*, sometimes in the head, somtimes in the rear, & sometimes in the midst of the Army. He was in his Church like the Patriarch *Noe* in his Ark, confident in perils, peaceable in tempests, immoveable in all violences conspired to his ruine. The people by his example, in the tumult of the whole City, and deluge of roaring waters, were in this Tabernacle of peace, as if they had injoyed the antipasts of Heaven. All were divided by companies to pray and watch, as in Heaven the Quires of Angels.

Strange spectacle.

The good Mother of S. *Augustine* was then by chance in *Milan* very far ingaged in the business, for she was a *Mary*, sister of *Moses*, who served as an example to all other women. At that time it was, when God more and more to comfort his faithful creatures, discovered to S. *Ambrose* the sacred bodies of S. *Gervasius* and *Protasius*, who heretofore had been martyr'd for the faith. When the holy Reliques were seen to be drawn out of Vaults still bloudy, every one was inflamed with an incredible zeal for defence

fence of Religion, much like the Elephants in the book of *Machabees*, who were ſtirred up at the ſight of the juice of grapes. There was nothing but lights, muſical conſorts, exultations, and triumphs.

The miſerable Empreſs, who cauſed all things that paſſed, to be hourly related unto her, was now come to the condition of rage. Nothing was heard in the City but prohibitions, menaces, penalties, chains, and impriſonments. In the end, the Provoſt was ſent to Saint *Ambroſe*, to perſwade him, that he at the leaſt would allow a Church in the ſuburbs, to ſatisfie *Juſtina*, and appeaſe the ſedition. The people prevented his anſwer, and cried out aloud, that could not be done. S. *Ambroſe* ſtretched out his hands, and ſhewed his neck, ſignifying he was ready to receive Fetters and Swords, yea, to be ſacrificed on the Altar, rather then deliver up the Altar. They went to take the Church in the ſuburbs by force: the people ran thither to ſtand upon the defence thereof. The Emperial Enſigns thereon already fixed, in ſign of poſſeſſion, were abuſed, even by little children.

It is a ſtrange thing that Heaven, Earth, and all the Elements, men, and women, great, and ſmall, noble, and ignoble, ranged themſelves on S. *Ambroſe* ſide. Yea, the ſouldiers themſelves who were ſent to take poſſeſſion of the Church where the holy man was, entered therein, which at the beginning gave occaſion of much terrour to the moſt timorous: but they lifting up their peaceable hands, cried out aloud. They were come to pray with the Catholicks, and not exerciſe violence on any man; letting alſo the Emperour know, that the Church belonged to him, as to a Catholick Emperour, there he ſhould pray, there receive favours from above, there be in the Communion of true Chriſtians. If it appertained to Hereticks, it would no longer be a place where the Emperour ſhould feed on the Lamb, which is never eaten but in the true Church. His wicked mother ceaſed not to bewitch his minde, and breath in his ears, that *Ambroſe* aimed at his State: for which cauſe a Commiſſary was diſpatched to the Biſhop, who roundly told him, he only deſired to know one thing of him; Whether he would uſurp the Empire, to the end he might hereafter be treated withall, as with a Tyrant.

S. *Ambroſe* made anſwer, *That his tyranny was infirmity, and his arms prayers and tears, which made him powerful before God. That heretofore Prieſts had given Kingdoms, but not uſurped them. That there were ſome Emperours, who had deſired Prieſthood, but that Biſhops never had aſpired to Crowns. That Prieſts had often felt the ſword of Tyrants, but Tyrants themſelves had not at anie time ſeen the ſword of Prieſts unſheathed againſt them. Let* Maximus *be aſked, whether he were a Tyrant, for he was very well able to make relation of ſtrange things. His tyrannie was to ſerve the Emperour at the Altar, and to be ſacrificed, if God ſuffer, in ſerving him.*

It well appeared this was to run his head againſt a rock, to think of ſuch an affair. The Emperour fearing to engage his authority any further, by the adviſe of ſome good Counſellours, gently ſtruck ſayl, leaving all matters whole and entire. S. *Ambroſe*, who then in the Church explicated the Hiſtory of *Jonas*, much wondered, how the tempeſt being ceaſed, he in an inſtant came out of the Whale's belly.

The fifthteenth SECTION.

Maximus *paſſeth into* Italy.

YOu need but to caſt a little earth abroad to ſcatter an army of Ants, to break their Oeconomy and ſport, making them rather to think upon flight, then the pleaſure of their pillage. So whil'ſt *Juſtina* with the *Arians* was ſtill employed in riots, and practiſes, how to be revenged on S. *Ambroſe*, making uſe of the innocent ſpirit of her ſon, and authority of the Empire to ſatisfy her revenge, God raiſed an accident which made her think of other matters.

Domnin, her goodly Ambaſſadour, who departed from *Maximus* loaden with preſents and fair words, little thinking thereof, was preſently waited on by an army of the Tyrant, who had in him as much fervour as fire, and more infidelity then ice. So ſuddenly fell he upon *Italy*, that it was a great chance he had not taken the mother and her young ones upon the Neſt. All which the Empreſs *Juſtina* could do, was ſpeedily to ſave her ſelf with her ſons and daughters, to ſet ſayl on the Sea, and paſs to *Theſſalonica*, a City of *Greece*, much renowned, were it but in S. *Paul*'s Epiſtles.

Maximus finding no reſiſtance, flowed like a Torrent over the fair fields of *Italy*, and made furious havock; though to take away the blemiſh of the blood of the Emperour *Gratian*, and to gain the reputation of a good Prince, he ſhewed in the end ſome moderation.

It is verily a miracle of God, that he having been treated with by S. *Ambroſe* with ſo much liberty, as we have ſaid before, & holding ſtill the bloudy ſword in the ruines of *Italy*, in a time when he might have done any thing which his paſſion dictated, he ſo bridled himſelf, that he not only abſtained from wronging the holy Prelate, but for his ſake uſed the whole Territory of *Milan* with the more humanity. It ſeemed, the City of *Milan* under the influences of its Paſtour, had the virtue of thoſe ſacred Forreſts, which tamed Wolves: It tied up the throat of a ravenous Wolf, and made him court his prey. Yet though ſhe were without peril, ſhe was not void of fear, ſeeing ſo many armed troups round about her, and ſmelling the ſmoak of thoſe fires which waſted her neighbours. Then was the time, when the admirable Biſhop acted things likewiſe worthy of his perſon. For, all the Citizens wavering, & almoſt ready to leave the City deſolate, to ſave their lives, he by his eloquence and authority held them back ſo well, that he ſeemed to have enchained them. *This ſcourge* (ſaith he) *proceedeth from our diſorders: let us ceaſe to ſin, and God will give over to afflict us. It is a folly to fly from your country. If you deſire to be ſafe, fly from your ſins. The arms of* Maximus *will have no power over bulwarks of ſanctity.* *Ambroſ. ſerm. 32.* Prudence and Charity of S. *Ambroſe.*

Beſides, as it is ſaid, he is bad, who is good for none but himſelf, the charitable Prelate, not content to conſolate and confirm his own, but ſeeing that all *Italy* was filled with extreme miſeries, not only ſpent all the means which he had to comfort them, but employed therein the very gold and ſilver Veſſels of the Church, for which cauſe the *Arians* ſought occaſion to calumniate him, diſpoſing themſelves to condemn virtues, ſince they could finde no vice to lay hold on.

The holy man anſwered, that which he afterward couched in his offices. *It is the effect of a moſt ardent charity to compaſſionate the miſeries of our neighbours, and to aid them according to our power, yea, above our power. I rather chooſe herein to be accuſed of prodigality, then inhumanity: there is no fault more pardonable, then that of bountie. It is a ſtrange thing to finde men ſo cruel, as to be troubled, when they ſee a man redeemed from death, an honeſt woman delivered from the violence of* Barbarians, *which is worſe then death, or poor forſaken infants, drawn from the contagion of Idols, which they are forced to adore with menaces of death. Let our enemies murmur as long as they pleaſe, but I more affect to keep ſouls for God, then to treaſure up gold.* Office. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 18.

Whileſt all this paſſed in *Italy*, *Theodoſius* came to viſit *Juſtina* and her children at *Theſſalonica*, who failed not to preſent all their complaints, and ſolicite him to undertake the war againſt *Maximus*. But he Enterview of *Theodoſius* and *Juſtina*.

therein at first shewed himself very cold; insomuch that (not to disguise the truth partly touched in *Zosimus*) although *Theodosius* was a very great Captain, as one who arrived to the Empire by his own merit, notwithstanding seeing his fortune now at the height, he was pleased to take the repose and delights of the Court under the shadow of his own palms, and not contest again with any man, fearing the hazard of wars, and the slippery foot of felicity. Moreover *Maximus*, who defied the force of all the world, played the fawning dog before him, and sent expres Ambassadours to draw him to some agreement. This so wrought, that when the offended Empress sounded an alarm, *Theodosius* endeavoured to pacifie her with fair promises and good hopes, saying, Nothing must be precipitated, that *Maximus* would become dutiful; that it was better to give him some bone to gnaw on peaceably, than enkindle a war which would never be extinguished, but with rivers of humane bloud. But the Lady infinitely vexed, pursued this affair with all extremity, and was much displeased to see, that he who held all his advancement from her husband, her self, and her children, shewed some remisness in so urgent a necessity. She bethought her self of an excellent stratagem, which was, to enflame the war with the fire of love. The Emperour *Theodosius* had lost his wife *Placilla*, & was much enclined to a second marriage.

Justina, who heretofore had enjoyed the short tyranny of beauty, making two Emperours *Maximus*, and *Valentinian* the elder, tributary thereunto, was no longer in season to afford that which might easily win *Theodosius*: but she had a daughter, named *Galla*, then in the flower of her age, and a perfect image of the mother; she determined to pierce this man by the arrow of the eye of this Princess, which was most easily done, for she took her along with her, to dissolve this heart of ice; and casting her self at his feet, humbly besought him by the service he heretofore had vowed to the house of great *Valentinian*, by the ruine of her Orphans, and by the blood of poor deceased *Gratian*, whom he had associated in Empire, to take the matter in hand. In the same proportion as she uttered those words with great fervour, the daughter composed her self to weep with a good grace, and even as tears in such persons have a strong spur in them, *Theodosius* beholding her, felt the wound of *Turnus*, when he beheld *Lavinia*, in the like case. He quickly took the Empress and her daughter up, promising all assistance, and from that time plainly discovering that he was powerfully touched. He also failed not in few days to require *Galla* in marriage, which the mother promised him, as soon as she had irrevocably engaged him in the war she pretended. The marriage was hastily enough solemnized, and from the festival Hall they passed into the field of *Mars*. *Maximus*, who saw *Theodosius* entertained his Ambassadours with words, not giving them any absolute answer, much doubted the affair, and bent his whole force upon defence. He did all which humane prudence may, that hath not the eys of God. He set his *Good man*, the furtherer of all his treacheries, to Sea, commanding him to guard the Archi-pelagus with a great Fleet. On the other part, he gave commission to his brother *Marcellinus* to keep passage of the Alps with a strong Army. He himself with the most resolved troups descended into *Sclavonia*, to prevent his enemy.

Theodosius advertised of all this, after he had most particularly invoked the assistance of the God of hosts, he put himself on the way to cast the lot of the world's Empire. Never was their a more prosperous war. It seemed the Angels of Heaven led the Emperour by the hand: and that the blood of *Gratian* so traiterously shed, raised Furies in the Camp of *Maximus*. The encounter of the two Armies was at *Sissia*, where those of the contrary party accounted themselves strong, having the river for bulwark, which separated them from approaches, terrible to their treachery. But the brave souldiers of *Theodosius*, nothing amazed, although already much wearied, and all dusty with the long journey they had taken, laying hold of occasion by the forelock speedily passed the river, and furiously charged the enemy.

These wicked men were so astonished to see themselves surprized by such an action of courage, that so soon as they had taken a view of them, they turned their backs. *Maximus*, hardy for a black mischief, and remiss in a field of battel, shamefully abandoned his Army: instantly the earth was covered with bodies, the river filled with bloud, and good success reserved a part to the clemency of the Victor. *Theodosius* pursued his fortune, and grapling with *Marcellinus*, who was no abler man then his brother, defeated him, returning now very fresh from the victory he bare away in the first battel. And as at the same time he had notice that *Maximus* was retired into *Aquileia*, he, who desired to cut away the root of war, went thither with his Army to besiege it. The justice of God fought powerfully against this *Cain*, and the time was come, in which with his bloud he must wash the spots of his crime. God, who in punishments holdeth some conformity with the sin, would, that as this miserable creature had stirred the military men against his Prince, he should be betrayed by the same souldiers, in whom he had all his hopes reposed. It is a strange thing, that these people abhorring the wickedness of this man, took, seized, and shamefully dispoyled him of the very habiliments and marks of Emperour, which he had arrogated to himself; then tying and binding him like a Galley-slave, they presented him to *Theodosius*.

Overthrow of *Maximus*.

It was the greatest extremity of unhappiness which might befal him, to say, that in stead of measuring with his dead body the place he should have defended living with his Sword in hand, he was used as a King dis-arrayed, to let him be seen by all the world as a spectacle of infamy.

Theodosius beholding him so humbled, had some pity of him, and reproaching him with his treachery, demanded, who caused him to enterprize this Tragedy? He being a Coward and a flatterer, answered in so humble terms, that he discovered to have had this belief, that his design no whit displeased his Majesty: in other things excusing him self with great submission, and making it appear, he was a true lover of life. He never had so good an opinion of his wickedness, as to hope for an ordinary death, yet seeing the Emperour changed colour, and spake to him in a sweeter tone, he was in some hope to obtain life, when the enraged souldiers haled him, and tore him in pieces: or, as others have written, delivered him to the hang-man, who cut off his head.

His death. *Inter imminentia maximus fertur ad mortem Pacatus.*

At the same time *Theodosius* dispatched Count *Arbogastus* to seize on his son, who was a young child, as yet bred under the wing of his mother, whom *Maximus* caused to be called the *Victorious*, and had already declared him *Cæsar*, when suddenly he was taken and massacred, to accompany his father.

The *Good man*, his Admiral, understanding the general discomfiture of affairs, voluntarily drowned himself, preventing the hand of a hang-man which would not have failed him, but all the water in the

Sea

Sea was not ſufficient to waſh away the ſtain of his Maſter's blood from his ſoul, ſince the eternal flames never can free it.

Behold the iſſue of *Maximus*, after the rapine of four or five years. Behold to what the deſigns of the wicked tend, who under pretext of Religion, ſeek the advancement of their temporal affairs. Behold to what hypocriſies and goodly humane policies, which make uſe of God as a maſk for their wickedneſs, are finally reduced. Behold a ſtroke of thunder, which hath left nothing on earth behinde it, but noiſe and ſtench. O beaſtial and bewitched men, who having ſo good leſſons of the juſtice of God, written with the bloud and ſweat of ſo many miſerable Sacrifices, purſue ſtill the ranks, to be companions of the like misfortunes.

Saint *Ambroſe* is much glorified for treating with this man, who deceived ſo many others, as with one excommunicate, unwilling to be ſo much as ſaluted by him, who vowed ſo many ſervices at his feet; and freely fore-telling the miſery ſhould befal him, if he appeaſed not the celeſtial vengeance with a ſincere repentance.

The ſixteenth SECTION.

The affliction of S. Ambroſe *upon the death of* Valentinian.

WHoſoever hath ſaid, that Scepters are made of glaſs, Crowns of perfumed thorns, and the ways of great men are all of Ice, bordered with precipices, hath ſaid no leſs then truth. It is verily a thing moſt ſtrange, that the golden ſeelings of Palaces tremble over crowned heads, and that in the heat of feaſts, the hand of Heaven viſibly on the walls figureth the ſentence of their death. In the mean time we deſperately love the vanities of the world: nothing is thought on, but to ſet our foot on men's throats, that we may the more eminently be ſeen, to draw the blood of this Univerſe out of its veins, to cement up the ruines and tye our ſelves to a miſerable world, which daily falleth apieces even in our own hands. The poor *Valentinian* was reſtored to the Throne by *Theodoſius*, after the death of *Maximus*, and had only paſt three or four years in peaceful tranquility, diſpoſing himſelf to good, according to the latitude of his own heart, and giving way to be wholly governed by the counſels of Saint *Ambroſe*, whom he heretofore had perſecuted. When behold him taken away at the age of one and twenty years, by a horrible treaſon, which did, as it were, mingle his blood with that of his brother *Gratian*.

The good Prince paſſed into *France*, being then *Arbogaſtus.* at *Vienna* near *Lyons*, accompanied by the Count *Arbogaſtus*, a French-man by Nation, who had lived till then, in ſingular good reputation; for he was a man of worth, having a wel-compoſed body, a quick ſpirit, a generous behaviour, and much practiſe in the exerciſe of arms, which had ſo dignified him, that he held the prime place in the Empire, to the which he had rendered good ſervices. He was very well beloved by the ſouldiers; for beſides his excellent parts, he bare an irreconcilable hatred to avarice and appeared ſo little curious to enrich himſelf, that being ſo great a Captain as he was, he would be Maſter of no more then an ordinary ſoldier. This ſeemed commendable in him, but he was ſo deſperately proud and cholerick, that he would have all things carried according to his own counſels, much offended with the leaſt contradiction, and accounting himſelf ſo neceſſary, that nothing could be done without him.

On the other ſide, the young Emperour who was jealous of his authority, ſeeing that through his preſumption he took too much upon him, he in all occaſion ſought to depreſs him, which the other ill digeſted: but he, continuing in this arrogant and harſh diſpoſition, *Valentinian* violently moved, did reſolve to be rid of him. Behold why one day, as *Arbogaſtus* approached to his Throne to do him reverence, he looked awry on him, and gave him a Ticket, by which he declared him a man diſgraced and deprived of his charge. He furious, as a Dog who biteth the ſtone thrown at him, after he had read the Ticket, tore it in pieces in the preſence of the Emperour through extreme impudency, and cried out aloud: *You gave me not the charge which I hold, nor is it in your power to take it from me.* This he ſpake, preſuming of ſupport from the ſouldiers, whom he had ever eſteemed. From this day forward he ceaſed not to make his diſtaſts appear, and to bend his ſpirit to a miſchievous revenge.

There was by misfortune at that time in the Court one named *Eugenius*, who was accounted a witty man, but cold and timerous, that heretofore had profeſſed Rhetorick, and acquired a good talent in ſpeaking. *Arbogaſtus* ſuppoſed his own boldneſs would make an excellent temper with the coldneſs of this man, and having a long time much confided in him, he made him an Overture to ſeize on the Empire, which he at firſt refuſed. But the other having promiſed him the death of *Valentinian*, and his Sword for defence, gave conſent to a moſt enormous aſſaſſinate.

All men were amazed, that the poor Emperour in a fatal morning was found ſtrangled by the conſpiracy of *Eugenius* and *Arbogaſtus*, aided by the Gentils, who deſired nothing but the liberty of Paganiſm.

This news brought a moſt ſenſible affliction upon S. *Ambroſe*, for the Emperour was aſſured, that the Biſhop came to *Vienna*, expreſly to entreat his return into *Italy*, which having underſtood, he reckoned up the days, and expected his arrival with unſpeakable impatience. But S. *Ambroſe*, who would not by importunity thruſt himſelf into unneceſſary affairs, as he through charity was unwilling to be wanting in neceſſary, having underſtood that the Emperour was daily upon his return, deferred this voyage, which had been moſt requiſite to hinder *Arbogaſtus*, over whom he had a great power. *Valentinian* advertiſed of this delay, wrote to him, and earneſtly preſſed him to come, adding, he meant to receive Baptiſm at his hands, for he was as yet but a Catechumen. The good Prelate having received the Emperour's Letters, ſpeedily undertook the journey, uſing all expedition, when at his coming to the Alps, he heard the deplorable death of the poor Prince, which made him return back again, and waſh (as he ſaith) his own ſteps in his proper tears, moſt bitterly every moment bemoaning the death of his deareſt Pupil.

The Providence of God was very manifeſt in his death, for *Valentinian* was drawn from Empires of the world in a time, when he ſeemed now fully ripe for Heaven. It is an admirable thing how the direction of S. *Ambroſe*, whom in his later days he only affected, had metamorphoſed him into another man. In the beginning he was thought to be over-much delighted in journeys and horſe-races: he ſo took away this opinion of him, that he would hardly permit theſe ſports in the great feſtival entertainments of the Empire. The Gentiles, who made obſervations on all his life, had nothing to reproach in him, but that he exceſſively delighted in the ſlaughter of

Manners of *Valentinian.* *Ambroſius de obitu Valent.*

savage beasts, whom he caused to be taken and fed for his pleasure, saying, it diverted him from cares of the Empire. He, to satisfie all the world, caused instantly all those creatures to be killed, and disposed himself to attend the affairs of his Council with so good judgment, and so great resolution, that he seemed a *Daniel* in the midst of the Assembly of Elders. These envious people having watched him so far, as to observe him at the table, objected, he anticipated the hour of his repast; yet he so addicted himself to abstinence, that he was seen in feasts rather seemingly then effectually to eat: for sometimes in entertaining others he fasted, tempering devotion and charity with a singular discretion. Finally, to give testimony of his infinite chastity, it was told him there was in *Rome* a female Comedian, endowed with a singular beauty, having attractives which ravished all the Nobility. This understood, he deputeth one expressly to bring her to the Court: but they being passionately in love with her, corrupted the messenger, so that he returned without doing any thing. The Emperour re-chargeth, and commandeth, that she with all expedition should be brought. It was so done, but she coming to the Court, the most chast Emperour would not so much as only see her, but instantly sent her back again, saying, That if he being a condition which gave him the means to satisfie all his pleasures, and in an Age which ordinarily useth to be very slippery in matter of vice, and which is more, not married, abstained from unlawful loves: his subjects might well do somewhat by his example. Never servant (saith S. *Ambrose*) was more in the power of his Master, then the body of this Prince was under command of the soul; nor ever Censor more diligently examined the actions of others, then he his own.

Though all these dispositions infinitely much comforted the holy Prelate, and namely, the desire he expressed to receive Baptism two days before his death, asking every instant, if Bishop *Ambrose* were come: notwithstanding his heart was transfixed to see him taken away in a time, when he went about to make himself most necessary for all the world. His death was generally bemoaned by all men, and there was not any, nay, not his enemies, which for him poured not out their tears.

It is said, that *Galla* his sister, wife of the Emperour *Theodosius*, at the news of his death, filled the Court with inconsolable lamentations, and died in Child-bed, which came by excess of grief; for which *Theodosius* was pitifully afflicted.

The other sisters of the Prince, who were at *Milan*, ceased not to dissolve into tears before the eys of S. *Ambrose*, who had no word more effectual to comfort them, then the assurance that his faith and zeal had purified him, and the demand he made of Baptism had consecrated him, to the end they should no longer he in pain with the ease of his soul.

The good Bishop took a most particular care of his obsequies and burial, where he made a Funeral Oration, found yet among his Works. In the end remembring his two Pupils: *Go* (saith he) *O you most happie, gone as you are out of the desert of this world, dwell now in the everlasting delights of God, united in heaven, as you have been on earth. If my prayers have any force before God, I will not let a day pass of my life, that I remember you not: I will not make a prayer, wherein I insert not the names of my dearest Pupils*, Gratian *and* Valentinian. *In the silence of the night the apple of mine eys shall be waking and full of tears for you, and as often as I approach to Altars, my sacrifices shall mount to heaven in the odours of sweetness. By my will (dearest Children) if I could have given my life for yours, I should have found consolation for all my sorrowes.* Then turning himself to his Sisters, those mournful Turtles, whom this good Prince had so passionately loved, that in consideration of them, he deferred his own marriage, fearing lest the love of a wife might diminish his charity towards them, the good Bishop thus spake unto them: *My holy daughters, I will not bereave you of tears; this were to be over ignorant in the resentments of your hearts. I wish that you bewail your brother, but bemoan him not as lost, he shall live more then ever in your eys, in your breasts, in your hearts in your embracements, in your kisses, in your memorie, in your praises; nor shall any thing draw him from your thoughts: but you ought now to consider him with a quite other visage, not as a man mortal, for whom you were ever in fear, but as, an Angel in whom you dread nothing: An Angel, who will assist, comfort, and hold you day and night in his protection.*

S. *Ambrose* speaketh to the souls of his two pupils.

The seventeenth SECTION.

The tyranny of Eugenius, *and notable liberty of S.* Ambrose.

IN the mean while *Eugenius*, drawn from the Schole to the Throne of Monarchs, to serve as a specious Game for the fortune of the times, changeth his Ferula into a Scepter, and makes himself an Emperour, like the ice of one night. The faithless man, who had been a Christian, shutting up his eys then from all consideration of piety, and only opening them to the lustre of this unexpected greatness, made himself an arm of Tow, forsaking the direction of God, to support in humane policy. He put all his hope in the sword of *Arbogastus*, and counsel of *Flavianus*, a Gentleman of prime quality, and much versed in judicial Astrology, who promised him a golden fortune, if he would leave Christian Religion, to re-advance the worship of false gods, towards which *Eugenius*, blinded with his presumption, discovered great inclinations.

He chose the City of *Milan*, to begin the web of his wicked purposes, where S. *Ambrose* did not desire him, not through fear of his arms, but for the horrour he had conceived of his Sacriledges. The false Emperour failed not to write to the holy Bishop to require his friendship, which he would make use of to support his authority: but holy *Ambrose* shewed so generous a contempt of his Letters, that he deigned not so much as to make answer, until such time, that being informed how *Eugenius* under-hand favoured the Sect of Pagans, having already allowed them this Altar of *Victory*, for which so many battels had been fought, he wrote to him a most couragious Letter; where, not touching his election, nor affairs of State, as then not well known, he reprehended him for his impiety, and said among other things:

Epist. Ambros. ad Eugenium.

I ow the retreat, which I made from Milan, *not attending you, to the fear of God, which shall perpetually be the rule of my actions. The grace of our Saviour shall ever be more precious with me, then that of Cæsars, nor will I at any time flatter a man to betray my conscience. I wrong no person, if I render to God that which is due to him; and I profit all men, when I conceal not a truth from great-ones. I understand you have granted to Pagans that which constantly hath been denied by Catholick Emperours. God knoweth all the secrets of your heart. It is a very ill busines, if you unwilling to be beguiled by men, think to deceive God, who seeth all that is to be done, even to nothing. The Gentiles, who so much have importuned you to satisfie their passion, taught you to be urgent to make a good refusal of that which you cannot give, but with committing Sacrilege. I am no Controller of your liberalities, but an interpreter of your faith. Give of your treasures what ever you think good; I envie no man: but you shall not give any thing of the rights of God which I will not resist with the utmost extent of my power. You make a goodly matter to present effectings to* Jesus Christ; *you will finde few that make account of these dissimulations; every man hereafter will regard, not what you do, but what you have a will to do. As for my part, I enter not now into consideration of your estate, but if you be true Emperour, you will begin with the service of the divine Majestie: This is it which I cannot hide from you, because my life and flatterie are two things incompatible.*

As for the reſt, the Emperour *Theodoſius* ſeeing the tyranny of *Eugenius* in a readineſs, well foreſaw, neceſſity muſt needs put arms into his hands to be managed with piety. Whileſt the infamous *Eugenius* made ſlaughter of beaſts, amuſing himſelf on the conſideration of their entrails from thence to judge the events of war, the brave *Theodoſius* proſtrated himſelf before the Altars of the living God, covered with hair-cloath, imploring the aſſiſtance of Saints for his ſuccour, and all the prayers of ſouls the moſt purified, which at that time lived within Monaſteries. He departed from *Conſtantinople* with theſe aids, cauſing the Standard of the Croſs to march before him. *Eugenius* was already encamped on the Alps to hinder the paſſage of his adverſary, and had in a manner covered them with Statues of falſe gods, as of *Jupiter* and *Hercules*, ſo beaſtial was this man.

Theodoſius maketh the Court holy.

The Emperour ſeeing he needs muſt fight, commanded *Gaynes*, Colonel of the *Goths*, who led the Van-guard, to break the trenches of his enemies, which he quickly did: but they being yet very freſh, and having a notable advantage of place taken by them, ſuſtained the firſt aſſault with much reſolution, and infinite loſs on the Emperour's part; for it is thought that *Gaynes*, who was a valiant Captain in his own perſon, yet too wilfully opinionative to force this paſſage of the Alps, loſt there about ten thouſand men, which were killed like flies: ſo that needs a retreat muſt be made, very ſhamefull for *Theodoſius* his Army.

Eugenius, whoſe head was not made for a Diadem, thinking the whole buſineſs ended after ſo great a ſlaughter of his enemies, was ſo puffed up with this ſucceſs, that he rather thought how to glorifie his victory, then foreſee his defence. The ſage Emperour on the other ſide, ſeeing his Army grown very thin, and the courage of his ſouldiers wavering, more ſtedfaſtly made his addreſs to God. He was ſeen upon the top of a Rock proſtrate on the earth, and crying aloud, *My God, you know that I in the name of your Son have vanquiſhed the wars and have oppoſed the arms of the Croſs againſt Infidelities. If in me there reſt any blame, I beſeech you to revenge my ſins on my culpable head, and not abandon the cauſe of Religion, leſt we become a reproach to Infidels.*

Remarkable piety of Theodoſius.

The ſame night God for his aſſurance ſhewed him a viſion of two Apoſtles, S. *John* and S. *Philip*, who ſhould be, as indeed they were, the Conductours of his Legions. The next morning about break of day, he ranged his forces in battel-array, and charged *Eugenius*, not as yet throughly freed from his drunken proſperity: and when he ſaw that thoſe who had the Van-guard proceeded therein ſomewhat fearfully, remembring themſelves of the uſage of their companions, he did an act of admirable confidence, for he alighted from his horſe, and marching on foot in the head of his Army, cryed out; *Where is the God of* Theodoſius? At this word, the aid of Heaven was ſo propitious, that a furious whirlwind was raiſed, which perſecuted the enemies of *Theodoſius*, caſting a huge cloud of duſt into their eys, and returning all their own darts back to their proper faces, in ſuch ſort, that as it is confeſſed by *Claudian*, a very obſtinate Pagan, it ſeemed the good Emperour that day had the winds and tempeſts at command, and that he had nothing to do, but to give the word to make them obedient to his Standards. Heaven fought for its beloved *Theodoſius*, and all the powers of the air were in arms to favour his victory. The ſouldiers at this inſtant were all changed, ſo much hope had they in their hearts, and fire in their Courages.

Victory of Theodoſius over Eugenius. Ambroſ. in oratione funebri Theodoſii.

Bacurius, one of the Emperour's greateſt Captains, with his inflamed Legions brake through the ranks, penetrated the ſtrongeſt reſiſtances, and gained the Alps. *Eugenius* his people dejected as men fallen from the clouds, could not ſufficiently admire this alteration. The diſcreeteſt amongſt them diſpoſed themſelves to treat of peace, crying aloud, that never would they bear arms againſt a man, who had the air and winds in his pay.

Theodoſius fortified them with his clemency: all diſpoſitions by a moſt remarkable miracle of God, who exerciſeth his power as well over hearts as winds, were changed in an inſtant, and that which is admirable, the moſt faithful to *Eugenius* promiſed the Emperour to put him into his hands, which they performed; for they went to take this miſerable man, who ſate in his Throne entertaining his goodly imaginations, and crying, *Bring him alive*, (ſpeaking of *Theodoſius*) when they laying hold of his collar, and moſt ſhamefully binding his hands: *It is you* (ſaid they) *we muſt bring alive to* Theodoſius, *and that inſtantly*. They truſſed him up like a beaſt aſtoniſhed, and preſented him to the Emperour, who having reproached him in preſence of all the world for his impiety and treachery, cauſed him preſently to be put to death, to make an end of his imaginary Empire.

The wicked *Arbogaſtus* who had at other times been ſo happy, when he followed the counſels of S. *Ambroſe*, ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of his deſigns, became ſo enraged, that himſelf thruſt two Swords through his own body, being not able to endure life nor light, which ſeemed to upbraid him with his crimes.

Some hold that *Flavianus* died in the throng, that he might not ſurvive his own ſhame: others think he eſcaped, and that *Theodoſius* extended his ordinary clemency to him.

Briefly behold the courſe of the tyranny of *Eugenius*, ſtill more and more to verifie the Oracles of S. *Ambroſe*. The Emperour came to *Milan*, where he caſt himſelf at the feet of the holy Biſhop, attributing theſe victories to his wiſdom, counſels, and virtue of his prayers.

The eighteenth SECTION.

The differences of S. Ambroſe *with the Emperour* Theodoſius, *and his death.*

PHiloſophers ſay, there are four things which divert thunder; to wit, wind, rain, noiſe, and the light of the Sun. And behold a thunder-clap arreſted by S. *Ambroſe*, with the wind of his mouth, the holy rain of his eloquence, the noiſe of his voice, and reſplendent light of his moſt unſpotted life.

Theodoſius verily was a great Prince, but as it is ſo difficult to be on earth, and not participate of earth, as that the Moon being diſtant by ſo many thouſand leagues, yet ſeemeth to bear the marks thereof on the forehead; ſo it is very hard to be in Court, and not to reſent the manners of the Court, and ſouls eſteemed the moſt temperate, not to have ſome blemiſhes appear on the face. This brave Emperour was naturally enclined to choler, which was enkindled by the breath of thoſe who converſed with him, nouriſhing himſelf with the food of over-much credulity. For this cauſe he had two great conteſtations with S. *Ambroſe*, which eminently manifeſted the authority of the holy Biſhop.

The one was for a Synagogue of *Jews*, the other for the murder committed at *Theſſalonica*. The matter for the *Jews* was, for that one of their Synagogues was burnt in the Eaſt at the ſolicitation of a Biſhop, with which *Theodoſius* was offended, as if it had imported much prejudice to his Edicts, cauſed a careful Inquiſition to be made, and adjudged the good Biſhop, who was ſaid to be the Authour of this fire,

Synagogue burned.

fire, to rebuild the Synagogue, now turned to cinders. Saint *Ambroſe*, although he had a peaceable ſpirit, and that he in his Dioceſs had never undertaken the like, avoiding popular commotions as much as he might, which ever tranſport affairs into ſome exceſs; yet could he not tolerate the rigours uſed againſt Chriſtians, on this pretended injury, but he very ſharply wrote thereof to *Theodoſius*, as it appeareth by the letter which is yet found among his Works; ſome words whereof behold:

Ambroſ. Epiſt. 17. lib. 2.

Grave words of S. *Ambroſe.*

My life paſſeth away in many cares, wherein I am engaged by obligation of my charge: but I muſt avow that I never reſented any thing more lively, then to ſee my ſelf as it were accuſed of Sacrilege before your Majeſtie. I beſeech you patiently to hearken to me; for if I be unworthie to be heard by you, I cannot be heard of God for you. You do wrong to commit your praiers and vows to me, to be carried to Altars: if you denie me the audience of your ears, you declare me by the ſame ſentence unworthie to bear your complaints to the ears of the living God. It is not a thing to be done by a good Emperour to take away the liberty of ſpeech, nor for a good Biſhop to conceal a veritie contrary to his conſcience. All that which Monarchs have in them moſt amiable, is, to love libertie, even in the tongues of the Souldiers; but by a much ſtronger reaſon, ought they to cheriſh it in the mouths of Biſhops. There hath ever been a notable difference between good and evil Princes, which cauſeth that the one deſires the libertie of their ſubjects, and the other love nothing ſo much in them as ſlaverie. God commandeth us to bear his word to the face of Kings and not to be aſhamed of juſtice. I do not intrude through importunitie, but preſent my ſelf of dutie. That which I do, I do for your good, and in conſideration of your ſafetie. If I derive not the effect which I pretend, yet ever will I better love to be by your Majeſtie eſteemed troubleſom, then unprofitable or infamous. You have commanded enquiries ſhould be made of thoſe who have burnt the Synagogue of the Jews, to inflict puniſhment, and that the Biſhop by whoſe ſolicitation the fire hath been kindled, ſhould be condemned to re-edifie the waſted buildings. What have you done (O Emperour) in impoſing ſuch a command, which by neceſſitie will make of a Biſhop, either a Prevaricatour or a Martyr; although neither the one, nor other be proper for your time? I deſire a Biſhop may be found ſo fervent as to burn a Synagogue of the Jews; and for that cauſe you have deputed for him a Commiſſarie, to the end, that if he obey your commands, he ſhould betray his own law; and if he reſiſt, make you to do that which the Neroes *and* Domitians *have acted. Behold to what this affair will come, if you take not heed. For my part, I propoſe to my ſelf, that the Biſhop will rather encline to matter of Martyrdom, then of treaſon: he will ſay that he hath ſtirred up the people, founded the alarm, taken the flaming fire-brands in hand, and that he will expoſe himſelf for his whole flock. O happie he, which ſhall ſerve others for abſolution, and him for a Crown! But what need is there to enquire into the abſent? Behold me preſent, behold me avowing the act. I publiſh, and proteſt, if needs you will have it ſo, I my ſelf burned this Synagogue now in queſtion, that there might no longer be a place where* Jeſus Chriſt *ſhould be denied. And do not tell me, that I have not burned any in mine own Dioceſs; Heaven hath done it for me, Heaven hath prevented the negligence, which I then thought to be reaſonable. And if men have in it ſeconded the will of Heaven, would you ſend one of your Counts to puniſh them, and re-build the Synagogue of the* Jews *at our charge, that ſo the hand of a Captain which carreth the Standard of the Croſs, may not henceforth bear them, until he hath been defiled with a Sacrilege intended againſt the Croſs of* Chriſt?

We have heretofore ſeen on the front of the Temple of Idols, how they have been built of the ſpoils of Cimbrians, *but we ſhall hereafter read over the Portal of Synagogues, that they were made with the blood of Chriſtians by the commandment of a Chriſtian Emperour. The* Jews *paſſionately deſire to ſee Chriſtians at the Chain, and they ſhall finde a Chriſtian Emperour, miniſter of their furies. You will make them triumph over the Church of God, you will cauſe them to put our tears and afflictions among their days of Feſtivals, and the victories they will gain upon us, with thoſe they have had from the* Amorrheans *and* Cananeans.

He purſued this ſubject with great vigour of ſtrong reaſons, and good words, and ſeeing the Emperour made no reckoning of this adviſe given him in particular, he failed not, according to promiſe, to ſpeak of it in publick, in a Sermon he made of the waking-rod of *Jeremie*; where deſcending upon the hiſtory of *Nathan*, who reproach'd *David* for his ſin, by conſideration of the benefits he had received from God, he made a long apoſtrophe to the Emperour *Theodoſius*, to him applying the word of God: *I have then made the Emperour of a private man, I have ſubjected barbarous Nations to thee, I have aſſured thee iſſue to ſucceed in thy Empires, I have given the peace, I have put thine enemies fettered into thy hands, I have opened Land and Seas to thy Legions, I have ſheltered thee under the buckler of my protection, I have confounded the counſels of thy adverſaries, to make thy enterprizes proſperous, I have rendered thee dreadful to people, marking thee on the forehead with the rays of my Majeſtie, that thou mayeſt re-edifie the Synagogues of the* Jews.

He ſpake many things in the like terms, with ſo much lightning, thunder, and tempeſt, that *Theodoſius* was wholly amazed, nor could ſay any thing elſe to him coming from the Pulpit, but: *Biſhop you have preached to me to day. Sacred Majeſty* (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) *it is for your good. It is true* (replieth the Emperour) *I did ill to give this command. And for that* (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) *I will not go to the Altar to offer the pledge of our ſalvation for you, till you have revoked this Edict. I from this preſent revoke it,* ſaith *Theodoſius. On this aſſurance which you give* (anſwereth the Biſhop) *I will offer ſacrifices.*

As for the other conteſtation of Saint *Ambroſe* with *Theodoſius*, which was concerning the murther of the *Theſſalonians*, of one part the matter is ſo notorious, that it needeth no declaration, but on the other it is ſo important, that it were a crime to let it paſs under ſilence.

The *Theſſalenians* in a popular commotion, ſlew one of the Emperour's Captains, who had cauſed a Coach-man to be impriſoned. The news reported at Court, incenſed all men of arms, who think wearing Swords, they have right over the blood of people. *Theodoſius* could do no otherwiſe but ſhew himſelf offended with this death: For the Emperours then thought the Souldiers were as neceſſary for their fortunes, as feathers for Birds. As the thunder already roared in the cloud, and the thunder-ſtroke of the Imperial Eagle menaced the miſerable City, tainted with this murther, S. *Ambroſe* came thither very fitly, who much ſweetened the affairs, and wholly diſpoſed the Emperour to clemency. But as it is the wind which worketh all the miſchief on the Sea, this element being of its own nature very peaceful, ſo they are ill officers, who often cauſe thoſe diſturbances which happen in the lives of Great men, their good natures very frequently affording them inclinations to ſweetneſs. Theſe Captains which poſſeſſed the ears of the Emperour, ceaſed not to breath and murmur ſo ſtrongly, that after the departure of S. *Ambroſe*, they raiſed fire and tempeſt. *Theodoſius* giveth freedom to the ſouldiers, for the revenge they were to exerciſe upon the City of *Theſſalonica*: they who were willing to drown all their paſſion in blood, bethought themſelves of a wicked and barbarous invention, putting the poor people into a large publick place encloſed with rails, commonly called the *Circus*, where ordinarily games were preſented, divulging they had an admirable ſpectacle to ſhew, for entertainment of the Burgeſſes of the City. Curioſity of its nature is ever credulous, and he that hath the image of pleaſure in his head, regardeth the bayt, not conſidering the hook. Theſe unfortunate men ran by heaps to take place in the morning very early; they were entertained in the beginning with certain ſopperies, which they beheld with much ſatisfaction, clapping their hands at every word, and crying, *Vivat Rex*, when behold from the rayls where tournaments were expected, horſ-men covered with ſteel were ſeen to iſſue out, with Sword in hand, who ſet upon this multitude encloſed as in a pit-fall, and made a lamentable ſlaughter of theſe ſilly ſheep.

Maſſacre of *Theſſalonica.*

The

The bloud ſtreaming among ſo many out-cries and horrible images of death, was a hideous ſpectacle, even to thoſe who were out of danger. As a coal enkindled, ever gaineth more and more, eating out his way, it was not known whether any reſiſtance redoubled this fury, but going out of the compaſs of the *Circus*, they ran all the City over, in ſuch ſort, that in the ſpace of three hours, there were numbred about 7000 bodies ſlain in the Market-place.

O you Great-ones, whom God hath ſet over the heads of men the higher, to behold the images of your own miſery, and not to cruſh and rent them in pieces: what Ocean will ſuffice to waſh your mouths when to content a vanity of ſpirit, you let words fall, which carry along with them the maſſacre of mortals? The Sea is leſs furious, a Thunder-clap leſs dreadful, the gall of Dragons, and poyſon which ſwelleth up the neck of Aſpicks, is much more tollerable then an inconſiderate word proceeding from the mouth of a Great-man, which unloſeth the hands to violence, and ſhuts them up to juſtice. In three hours, behold a poor City deveſted of Citizens, and peopled with dead bodies, become a deſert iſland encompaſſed with a river of bloud: ſo many women calling upon their husbands, and ſo many little children crying for their fathers among the dead, who had voice no longer to anſwer.

Theodoſius never to himſelf propoſed this miſchief, but his word falling into the hands of men of war fleſhed in revenge, could by no means be recalled.

When S. *Ambroſe*, being in the company of other Biſhops, heard the news of this pitiful Tragedy, it drew ſobs from his heart, and tears from his eys. The Emperour tormented in his conſcience, cauſed ſecretly the opinion of the good Biſhop to be ſounded, and inſtantly knew that he, who in matters of much lighter importance had not ſpared him, would handle him in this action according to his demerit. Whereupon he immediately by letter denounced him excommunicate, and that if he came to *Milan*, he could not otherwiſe entertain him, but as one excommunicate: his ſin having reduced him to that ſtate, that the very ſight of Altars would be a crime, unleſs he reſolved upon a perfect penance.

Theodoſius in this matter well diſcovered his mind was good. Some other, beholding himſelf in condition of a power to diſturb the Church, would have reſiſted the Rod with moody extravagancies, and imperious menaces; or admit he would have taken more temperate ways, had ſought the means of diſpenſation from the ordinary rigours of a publick penance, for reverence due to his perſon: but this good Emperour, knowing his malady, ſtood in need of a good Phyſician, made choice of the moſt ſevere, and never had any reſt in his ſoul till he ſaw Saint *Ambroſe*; much better loving to be reprehended by him, then flattered by another. He came to *Milan*, and taking the ready way to the Church, the holy Biſhop cauſed ſpeedily all the Gates to be ſhut, and went out of the circuit of the ſacred place to encounter him, and at the firſt meeting, ſpake to him in this manner:

Brave words of S. *Ambroſe* to *Theodoſius*.

It is not credible, Oh Emperour, that you as yet know the enormity of the murther you have committed. As choller at that time blinded you, ſo now the opinion of your greatneſs and rays of your Diadem dazel your eys; yet ought you not to reflect on the earth from whence you were extracted, and to which you muſt return? It is fit you think the purple which covers your body cannot defend you from putrifaction and wormes. The ſtate wherein you then ſhall be, ought to ſerve for a counterpoiſe to the elevation of that, which at this time tranſporteth you out of your ſelf. You command over men who are of the like nature with your ſelf, who are derived from the ſame Elements, who have equalled you in birth, and ſhall alſo Parallell you in a Tomb. God hath made you man, and Emperour, to uſe them as men and ſubjects; and they by your commandment are worſe treated then the moſt ſavage Beaſts.

With what eys pretended you to behold the Church of the living God, who is your ſovereign Maſter? Have you any other then thoſe, which are poiſoned with the gall of your anger? With what feet will you touch theſe Marbles, which are not made but for the feet of the faithful? Shall it be with them, which go upon ſlaughters? What hands will you extend to Altars? Have you any other then thoſe, which yet diſtil the blood of thoſe unfortunate Victimes? Dare you with thoſe hands to take the body of the Son of God? Dare you to lift his blood to that mouth, which hath denounced the ſentence of this Maſſacre? Retire, retire, add not crime to crime. Take about your neck the yoak of penance, which is the only remedy of your evils.

Theodoſius amazed at this liberty, made no other anſwer, but that *David* had been a great ſinner as well as he; but ſo ſoon as he opened his mouth, the Biſhop replieth: *Well then, ſince you ſpeak of* David, *imitate him in his penance, as you have in his ſin.*

Thereupon the Emperour departed, and went to his Palace, touched with an amazed grief, where he endeavoured punctually to perform the works of penance impoſed upon him by the holy Prelate. He already had paſſed out eight months in this eſtate: when the feaſt of *Chriſtmas* being come, he fetched many deep ſighs, & ſhed abundance of tears, bitterly deploring his condition, for which cauſe *Ruffinus*, who was at that time the chief favourite of *Theodoſius*, & after that cut in pieces under the reign of his children, perceiving it, asked him the cauſe of this unmeaſurable ſorrow. Then *Theodoſius* redoubling his ſobs: *Ah* Ruffinus, *you are merry* (ſaith he) *and ſee not where the evil woundeth me. Have I not cauſe to bemoan my miſhap with bitter tears, ſeeing the Altars, made even for Slaves and Beggars, cannot endure me, and needs muſt I be cut off, as a rotten member, from the ſociety of men and Angels? For I am not ignorant, that what is bound on earth by the mouth of Prieſts, ſhall be bound in Heaven.*

Ruffinus, who then thought himſelf as ſtrong as Heaven, ſaid; *If there were nothing elſe but that, which afflicted the Emperour's mind, he would quickly afford a remedy.* Theodoſius replieth: *You know not Biſhop* Ambroſe: *but I know, neither thy credit nor induſtry can ought avail me.* *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding inſiſted, proteſting he would inſtantly perſwade the Biſhop what ever he pleaſed. He failed not to finde out the Biſhop, but the Saint gave him a very ſharp reprehenſion, adviſing him rather to dreſs his own wounds, then intercede for others; for he partly underſtood, that he had a hand in this fatal counſel. *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding plyed it all he could, and endeavoured to charm this man with fair words, ſaying finally for concluſion, he would immediately accompany the Emperour to the Church. S. *Ambroſe* who was ever very ſerious, anſwered; *If he come thither as a Tyrant, I will ſtretch out my neck: but if in quality of a Chriſtian Emperour, I am reſolved to forbid him entrance.* *Ruffinus* well ſaw the Biſhop was inflexible, and went in haſt to adviſe the Emperour, not yet on this day, to hazard his approach to the Church. He found him on his way, as a man diſtracted, that had the Arrow in his heart, and haſtened for remedy: and he ſaying, he had dealt with the Biſhop; *It is no matter* (ſaith Theodoſius) *let him do with me what he pleaſe, but I am reſolved to reconcile my ſelf to the Church.*

S. *Ambroſe* advertiſed that *Theodoſius* came, went out, and expected him at the door of a little Cell, ſeparated from the body of the Church, where ordinarily ſalutations were made. Then perceiving him environed with his Captains, *Come you, oh Emperour,* (ſaith he) *to force us? No* (ſaith *Theodoſius I come in the qualitie of a moſt humble ſervant, and beſeech you, that imitating the mercy of the Maſter whom you ſerve, you would unlooſe my fetters; otherwiſe my life will fail. What penance* (replieth the holy man)

Aedicula jacet exteria.

man) *have you done for the expiation of ſo great a ſin? It is* (anſwereth *Theodoſius*) *for you to appoint it, and me to perform it.*

Then was the time, when to correct the precipitation of the Edict made againſt the *Theſſalonians*, he commanded him to ſuſpend the execution of the ſentence of death for the ſpace of thirty days: after which, having brought him into the Church, the faithful Emperour prayed, not ſtanding on his feet, nor kneeling, but proſtrated all along on the pavement, which he watered with his tears, tearing his hair, and pitifully pronouncing this Verſicle of *David*: *My ſoul is faſtened to the pavement, quicken me according to thy word.*

Pſal. 118. *Adhæſit pavimento anima mea, vivifica me ſecundum verbum tuum.*

When the time of Oblation was come, he modeſtly lifted up himſelf, having his eys ſtill bathed with tears, and ſo went to preſent his Offering, then ſtayed within thoſe rayls, which ſeparated the Prieſts from the Laity, attending in the ſame place to hear the reſt of Maſs. S. *Ambroſe* asked him, who ſet him there, and whether he wanted any thing? The Emperour anſwered, He attended the holy Communion: of which the ſage Prelate being advertiſed, he ſent one of his chief Deacons which ſerved at the Altar, to let him underſtand that the Quire was the place of Prieſts, and not of the Laicks: that he inſtantly ſhould go out to rank himſelf in his order, adding, the Purple might well make Emperours, not Prieſts. *Theodoſius* obeyed, and anſwered, that what he had done, was not on purpoſe, but that ſuch was the cuſtom of the Church of *Conſtantinople*. Yea, it is alſo remarkable, that returning afterward into the Eaſt, and hearing Maſs at *Conſtantinople*, on a very ſolemn feſtival day, after he had preſented his offering, he went out of the Quire, whereat the Patriarch *Nectarius* amazed, asked him, why his Majeſty retired in that manner? He ſighing, anſwered: 'I in the end have learned to my coſt, the difference 'between an Emperour, and a Biſhop? To conclude, 'I have found a Maſter of truth, and to tell you 'mine opinion, I do acknowledge amongſt Biſhops, 'but one *Ambroſe* worthy of that title.

Behold an incomparable authority, which was as the rays of his great virtue and ſanctity, from whence diſtilled all that force and vigour, which he had in treating with all men.

I imagine I hitherto have expoſed the principal actions of S. *Ambroſe* to the bright ſplendour of the day, and ſo to have ordered them, that all ſorts of conditions may therein finde matter of inſtruction. It hath not been my intention to diſtend them by way of Annals, but hiſtorical diſcourſes, proper to perſwade virtue. So likewiſe have I not been willing to charge this paper with other particular narrations, which may be read in *Paulinus*, *Sozomen*, *Ruffinus*, and which have exactly been ſought out by Cardinal *Baronius*, ſuitable to this purpoſe. I conclude, after I have told you what *Paulinus* his Secretary witneſſeth, he writing by him a little before his death, ſaw a globe of fire, which encompaſſed his head, and in the end entered into his mouth, making an admirable brightneſs reflect on his face, which held him ſo rapt, that whileſt this viſion continued, it was impoſſible for him to write one word of thoſe which S. *Ambroſe* dictated.

Death of S. *Ambroſe*.

As for the reſt, having attained the threeſcore and fourth year of his age, he was accounted as the Oracle of the world; for they came from the utmoſt bounds of the earth to hear his wiſdom, as unto *Solomon*, and after the death of *Theodoſius*, *Stilicon*, who governed all, held the preſence of S. *Ambroſe* ſo neceſſary, that he eſteemed all the glory of the *Roman* Empire was tied to the life of this holy Prelate. In effect, when on the day of holy Saturday, after his receiving the Communion he had ſweetly rendered up his ſoul, as *Moſes* by the mouth of God: a huge deluge of evils over-flowed *Italy*, which ſeemed not to be ſtayed but by the prayers of this Saint. Let us (I beſeech you) paſs over his death in the manner of the Scripture, which ſpeaketh but one word of the end of ſo many great perſonages: and let us never talk of death in a ſubject, wholly repleniſhed with immortality.

Oh what a life, what a death, to have born Bees in his firſt birth on his lips, and at his death globes of light in his mouth! What a life, to be framed from his tender age, as a *Samuel* for the Tabernacle, not knowing he was deſigned for the Tabernacle! What a life, to preſerve himſelf in the corruption of the world, in a moſt undefiled chaſtity, as a fountain of freſh water in midſt of the Sea! What a life, to arrive to honours and dignities in flying them, and to have enobled all his charges by the integrity of his manners! What a life, not to have taught any virtue before he practiſed it, and to become firſt learned in examples, before he ſhewed himſelf eloquent in words! What a life, ſo to have governed a Church, that it ſeemed a copy of Heaven, and an eternal pattern of virtues! What a life to have born on his ſhoulders the glory of Chriſtendom, and all the moveables of the houſe of God! What a life, to have ſo many times trampled the head of Dragons under foot, and rendered himſelf the Oracle of the world, and the Doctour of Monarchs! And what a death, to dye as in a field, with Palms planted by his hand, manured by his induſtry, and watched his ſweats!

What a death, to have built himſelf before his death, a Tomb ſtuffed with precious ſtones of ſo many goodly virtues! What a death, which hath made it known that S. *Ambroſe* was born for all the world and could not die without the tears of all the world; ſince as every one had his intereſts in the life of this Prelate, ſo he found in his death the ſubject of his ſorrow! What a death, to dye with theſe words in his mouth: *I am neither aſhamed to have lived, nor fear to dye, becauſe we have a good Maſter*! What a death, to return to Heaven as the Dove of the Deluge to his Ark, bearing words of peace, as an Olive-branch in his mouth! What a death, to ſee vice trodden under his feet, Heaven all in Crowns over his head, men in admiration, the Angels in joy, the Arms of God laden with recompences for his merits.

Prelates, who pleaſe your ſelves with Miters and Croziers, would to God this incomparable man, as he is the Ornament of your Order, might be ever the model of your actions. And if your dignities make you be as Mountains of *Sinai*, wholly in lights, flames, and thunder-ſtrokes; let the innocency of your life, render you (by his imitation) Mountains of *Libanus*, to bear the whiteneſs of Snow in the purity of your converſation, the odour of Incenſe in your Sacrifices and Devotions, and Fountains in the Doctrines and Charities you ſhall diſtribute to the whole world.

THE SOULDIER.

TO

SOULDIERS.

O Brave and couragious Nobility, whoſe Anceſtours have fixed the Standards of the Croſs upon the Land of Infidels, and cemented Monarchies with their blood; to you it is I addreſs theſe Lines, for you it is my Pen laboureth, excited with a generous deſign it hath to honour your Profeſſion. Here it is, where I preſent the true figures of Valour: Here I diſplay the Palms and Crowns, which environed the Head of your Fathers. Here I do reſtore the value of fair and glorious Actions, reſerved for your imitation. Enter with a firm footing and a confident courage into this Temple of Glory; perſwading your ſelves that there is nothing ſo great in the world, as to tread falſe greatneſs under foot, and deifie Virtues. Worldly honour is the Feaſt of gods, ſaid an Ancient, where the ambitious are not invited, but in quality of IXIONS *and* TANTALUSSES, *to ſerve there as Buffons: but that which conſiſteth in Valour, joyned to integrity of Manners, ought to be the Object of your Affections, the Recompence of your Labours, and Trophey of your Memory. Reflect only with a favourable eye on this poor Endeavour which I conſecrate to your benefit, and afford by your Virtues effect to my Prayers, and accompliſhment to my Writings.*

THE SOULDIER.

The firſt SECTION.

The excellency of Warlike Virtue.

IF the profeſſion of Arms were as well managed, as it is excellent and neceſſary in civil life, we could not have eys enough to behold it, nor tongues ſufficient to praiſe it: and although our ſpirit ſhould arrive to the higheſt top of admiration, it would ever finde wonders in this ſubject, not to be attained.

God of Hoſts. We ſeem to hear the Scripture ſpeak, that God himſelf affecteth the glory of Arms, when he cauſeth himſelf to be ſurnamed the God of Hoſts, and when the Prophets repreſent him unto us in a fiery Chariot, all invironed with burning Legions, at which time the pillars of Heaven tremble under his feet, the Rocks are rent, Abyſſes frown, and all the Creatures of the Univerſe ſhake under the inſupportable ſplendour of his Majeſty. In effect, this great Monarch of Heaven and Earth ceaſeth not to make war; and if we will conſider his proceedings, we ſhall finde it is more then fifty Ages, ſince he hath laid ſiege to a rebellious City, which hath for Ditches, Abyſſes of Iniquity, for Walls and Rampires, obſtinacy: for Towers and Bulwarks, Mountains of pride: for Arms, reſiſtance againſt Divine Inſpirations: for Artillery, tumult and inſolency: for Houſes, Dens of hypocriſie: for Palaces, labyrinths of diſſimulation: for Tribunal, and Bar, Impiety: for Temple, proper will: for Idol, ſelf-love; for Captain, blindneſs: for Souldiers, exorbitant paſſions; for counſel, folly: and for conſtancy, perverſe opinion.

Town beſieged by God.

The hurt of man. This City in a word, is the heart of man, againſt which God daily wageth war, to give us liberty by our captivity, advancement by our fall, greatneſs by our abaſing, and life by death, which maketh us dye to all dead things, to live for immortality. God would that we fight by his example, not only with ſpiritual arms, but ſometimes with material: and it is a thing very conſiderable, that *Abraham* the firſt Father of all the faithful, was a Warriour; ſince S. *Ambroſe* reckoning up all his titles, according to the Scripture, ſheweth, he was a good Religious man, a good Juſtice, a good Captain, a good Hoaſt, and a good Husband. Yea, alſo it is a paſſage much more admirable to ſay, what *Clemens Alexandrinus* hath obſerved, that the firſt Army of the Faithful which ever was, marched, not thinking thereon, under the figure of the Croſs, and the name of Saviour, although it were about two thouſand years before the birth of the Meſſias.

Ambroſe Offic. lib. 1. cap. 24.

Fide primus, juſtitiâ præcipuus, in prælio ſtrenuus, in victoriâ non avarus, domi hoſpitalis, uxori fidelis.

The fourteen Capter of *Geneſis* teacheth us, that nine Kings came into the field with their troups, to fight, four againſt five. Thoſe of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* were there in perſon, who like effeminate Princes turned their back at the firſt encounter, and in flying fell into pits of ſulphure. Their defeat gave leiſure to the Enemy to pillage all the Country: where poor *Lot*, the Nephew of *Abraham*, was taken, having by miſhap, choſen his habitation in a Territory, fertile in wealth and iniquities.

The news coming to the ears of *Abraham*, he ſpeedily armed his houſhold-ſervants, who were to the number of three hundred and eighteen, and with Shepherds aſſaulted Kings, whom he valorouſly vanquiſhed, bringing back his kinſman, and all the

booty which his enemies had taken. Behold the first battel renowned in Scripture, where this brave Doctour of *Alexandria*, before alledged, very well subtilizeth, and saith, that the number of *Abrahams* souldiers is represented by three *Greek* letters T. J. H. whereof the first signifieth the Cross, and the other two the name of Saviour, God being desirous so to consecrate the first arms of believers by the Mysteries of his Greatness, to declare, that the warfare which is well managed, is his work and glory. Likewise we do not finde that the name of Sun hath been given in holy Writ to a living man with so much lustre and applause, as to a souldier, and the best of souldiers: I speak of *Sampson*, which is so much as to say, *Sun* in our language; where it seemeth the Scripture leadeth us by the hand, to make us acknowledg, that military profession, which is under good direction, so much excelleth the ordinary vocations of men, as doth the Sun the Stars. For letters, yea, eloquence and arts, which are set out with so much lustre in the estimation of men, are covered under the wings of military virtue, as very well the *Roman* Oratour hath acknowledged. We do not read that ever the Sun stood still to hear the graceful words of an eloquent tongue, nor to behold the Theatres and Amphitheatres of the *Romans*, nor the *Olympick* games of *Grecians* nor all the other objects of admiration, which are in the industrie of men: but we do well know from the oracle of truth, that this great Star, admired by all the world, immoveably stayed, as charmed by the voice of a souldier, the illustrious *Josuah*, at that time, when he acted so many brave feats of arms; as if it would admire his prowess, and enlighten his conqests.

Warriours sons.

The greatness and excellency of a brave Captain.

And what is there also more admirable in the world, then to see a man covered with steel, who curvetteth on a generous horse, and hasteth, his head bowed, to throw himself through the battallions, all bristled with launces and swords, through so many musket-shots, so many hail-showers of iron and so many dreadful images of death, which he as freely defieth, as if he were immortal, and as little spareth life, as if he had a hundred to loose? What a spectacle to behold him in a furious conflict, like a thunder-bolt in the cloud, which forceth his prison, and breaks all resistance, flying upon wings of fire, and the whirling roar of thunder, to shake the height of rocks? What an affrightment to see him in another posture, scaling a wal, all beset with arms and terrours, and hastening into danger with the same pace and visage, as another to a feast? What support and what consolation for poor people (whom injustice and hostility would butcher, as sheep ordained to slaughter) to perceive a brave captain, with a flying squadron, dissevering the malignity of those forces, conspired to the ruine of innocents, and by the splendour of his arms changing all the storms into calms?

O what a beauty is it to receive wounds in those combates, from whence floweth more glory then blood! O what greatness to reap palms in midst of so many thorns! O what a felicity to behold his battels attended by so many laurels, congratulations, and applauses of the people, preserved by this military virtue! How can all be in this profession but glorious, seeing death it self, the terrible of terribles, sheweth a face all smiling to those, who are buried in their valour, as in the true tomb of honour?

The delight of history to praise Captains.

It seemeth holy Histories do likewise describe these great Captains with some delight, when they make them march in the war. So they tell us (*a*) of *Judas Machabaus*, who having put on his arms appeared like a Gyant, and that he in the battel was seen like a roaring Lion, seeking out his prey. So they describe in the second of Kings (*b*) the prowess of *David*, and other valiant men, who flourished in this time with most particular Elogies. So they depaint unto us in a very admirable manner the strength and stratagems of *Gedeon* against the *Midianites*.

(*a*) 1 Mac. 3.

Induit se lorica sicut Gigas, similis factus est leoni in operibus suis, & sicut catulus leonis rugientis in venatione.

(*b*) 2 Reg. 23.

Valour is matter of astonishment, which transporteth all men both great and small, wittie and dull, to honour its qualities. *Aristotle*, the politest judgement which hath been in former Ages, so much wondereth at this warlick force, though far distant from his profession, that he composed an excellent Hymn in praise of it, which is yet to be found in *Diogenes Laertius*: Where he calleth it a virtue most painful for mortals, but the fairest ornament of Civil life: A virtue, which hath such attractive beauty, that the most generous hearts seek for death with strife to enjoy the lustre of its glory. If then this valour have such attraction, considered onely within the limits of nature, how will it be, if once advanced by the assistance of grace and virtues, which take all that is harsh from it, to make it shine with rays of a true and happy majesty? Is there any thing more lovely in the whole world, then to see a valorous souldier furnished with qualities of piety, prudence, justice, liberality, goodness, honesty, and with all other graces, which are in a sweet disposition, as stars sown in the azure of celestial globes?

Oh Nobility, if you knew your own excellency, and could conform your life to your dignity, what lustre and support would you afford to Christendom? It was the faith of a souldier, and of a souldier issued from Paganism, which the mouth of the living God hath exalted above all the piety of the *Israelites*, when he so highly commended the *Centurion* of the Gospel, for acknowledging the Saviour had as much power over maladies and things insensible, as an absolute Captain over his souldiers. It was a souldier, whom Saint *Peter* by the revelation of the Angel did first of all consecrate to faith, as the first fruits of Gentilism. They are warriours which so often repleniſh our Martyrologies with their names, our memories with their veneration, and mouths with prayers offered up to them. These hearts have at all times been capable to receive seeds of most noble virtues, and now adays they are suffered to putrifie in neglect, ordure, and bruitishness. Oh Nobility, deceive not your selves in the acknowledgment of the badges of your profession, nor flatter your selves under a false mask of valour. I will here represent to you the Palace of military virtue, and shew the way you must walk in, to arrive thither, not suffering your selves to be seduced by chimerical fantasies and illusions of greatness, onely big-swoln with smoak, and which when they have promised to make mountains, produce nothing but rats and vermine.

The second SECTION.

The enterance into the Palace of valour, and the illusions of Salmoneans *and* Rodomonts.

THe ingenious *Delben*, who hath composed all *Aristotles* moral Philosophie in excellent Tables, figureth unto us at the entry into the Palace of valour, an enraged Mistress, called *Audacioulness*, which seduceth an infinit number of *Salmoneans* or *Rodomonts*, under colour of virtue. It is true,

true, she is dumb in this piece of painting, but I resolve to shew her full of life in this Treatise, and discover to you the slie practises and damnable maxims, which she makes use of to deceive the spirits of this Age; to the end, that the knowledge of the evil may with more facility furnish us for application of remedies.

S. *Isidorus de conflictu vitiorum & virtutum.*

Suffer me here, O Reader, to imitate the great S. *Isidore*, who the more natively to represent the horrour of vices, makes them dispute against virtues, putting into their mouthes all their lewd maxims. Afford me the liberty, that I may manifest the disorders, which are at this day in the corrupt Nobility, by the mouth of a *Rabsaces*, the wicked Souldier, who undertaketh to give precepts to youth, and dictate most pernicious counsels, which shall afterward be refuted by the Christian souldier.

Note and behold the damnable precepts of Rabsaces, *the false Souldier, which contain a true Satyre of the manners of the depraved Nobilitie.*

IMagine to your self, that this dangerous Master goes before the Nobility, which seeketh after the glory of Arms, and that he taketh by the hand a young man, whom he sees apt for his impressions, & sheweth him, in stead of the true mansion of fortitude, a Palace all of winde, built upon quick-silver, where Palms and Laurels grow like the fruits of *Sodom*, which flie into ashes when we think to touch them. Thereupon he thus discourseth with him, wherein you shall too well know the manners and inclinations predominant in the petty *Salmoneans* of this Age

Sir, behold you are in the Palace of valour, and I am he whom you search for, I purposely present my self before you, to receive you with open arms, and dictate precepts from my lips, which shall make you to equal the glory of *Cæsars* and *Alexanders*.

I affirm the time hath been when brave souldiers took the sword from the Altar, to employ it for the honour of Altars, and lived in the exercise of Arms, as in the Temple of the God of hosts: but these kind of actions are more found in antient Histories, then in the manners of men that live at this present. If thou wilt be a souldier of the time, I wish the to become a petty *Cyclop*, and know very little what God or Religion is, but to swear by the one, and profane the other. I should fear least this devotion may not soften thy courage, which is esteemed at this day not to be of temper good enough, if it have not much impiety. Thy oaths shall be thy Sacraments; thy mysteries, the cabal of the wicked; the table, thy Altar; the dishes, thy Sacrifices; and thou shalt account thy sword, as a Deity, which thou shalt bear hanging at thy girdle, without further search. If needs thou must for ceremonie go to Church, pass along as if thou went'st to a dancing, free from apprehension of the Divine Majesty, for that may make thee melancholy: and when thou art there, without any distinction of profane or sacred, dispose thy self to laugh and jeer upon all occasions which are presented: for indeed we must pleasantly pass away this little ill time. Thou shalt set thy self into divers postures which shall savour much of a jugler, to keep the decorum of men of thy condition, and if there be nothing to be talked on nor jest to be broken, at least thou shalt turn thy head one every side, and make thy eys and thoughts hunt after objects which may please the sense. I well know, that all this (taken according to the model of antient piety) is held for a great sacriledge: but thou art very capable of it; and if thy countenance deceive me not, thou wilt never be one of those scrupulous ones, who think the Churches are made for nothing but prayer.

First disorder of the Nobility. Great impiety.

Life bruitish and infamous.

Thou shalt learn in good time to lie, swear, forswear, slander, and blaspheme: for it is very ordinary Rhetorick in the mouth of our *Salmoneans*. Go not about to search into old Histories, as *Charles* the Eight, who hewed through the Alps, conquered the Kingdom of *Naples*, and made *Constantinople* with its *Ottomans* to tremble with the onely shadow of his name, yet durst not so much as swear by his faith. We are no longer in such kind of times; men now are so accustomed to lie, that needs must oaths mount by degrees up to the clouds to assure a truth, although with extream swearing it is taken for a lie. And were there no other reason of swearing but to make an able man, since thou canst not be valiant with thy arm, cut through confidently with thy tongue.

2. Disorder, The tongue of blasphemy and calumny.

Let brags and Rodomontadoes never drie in thy mouth, no more then water in huge rivers. If thou wilt have one of the greatest virtues of the times, thou must be froward and peevish, and speak of nothing but duels, of challenges, and assignments of the place; and as soon as thou shalt hear some speech of any man of valour, thou must say, thou much desirest one day to see him with sword in hand, and that thou hast heretofore seen others, over whom thou hadst great advantage. Swear in good earnest, that such a one hath done the wrong: but that thou wilt evict reparation from him, sealed with his blood: dispute, swagger, tell tales, make quarrels arise about a pins point, press to be a second to this man, and that man, but ever engage others, and as nimbly as thou canst draw thy pin back again from the game. Believe me, the whol mystery consisteth onely in setting a good face on't. If thou canst counterfeit wounds, as Hereticks false miracles, thou shalt not do much amiss. For all valour now adays bendeth that way. It sufficeth, it be said, thou art a man to kill or be killed bravely. It is true, that antiently some duels were permitted in time of war, enemy against enemy, and executed in the view and presence of Captains of both parts, who beheld them with much solemnity. So the brave *Chevalier Bayard*, the eie and arm of *French* warfare, slew *Alphonsus* de *Sotomayor*, a *Spaniard*, in the field of battel, before the eys of both Armies, who beheld this spectacle. This made the souldier very confident to enter into lists with military laws in presence of his Captain, against an adversary of another Nation. Where shall we now adays find the like valour? Of necessity night, private places, and ugly corners must be sought out, to fight a duel: yea, I leave thee to consider what a goodly spectacle it would be, if one from a Theatre might behold the countenance of these *Rodomonts*, most violent in words, you should see them tremble, wax pale, quake, be amazed, troubled, and in the end be slain, like wretched swine, but this is not honest, we therefore must find out some scarff to cover the cowardise of these clandestine combats.

3. Disorder, The abomination of duels.

The more a man is ignoble, cowardous, or unhappy, so much the more ought he seek out such kind of duels: I say ignoble, though I am not ignorant it hath heretofore been the trade of slaves, but opinion hath made it now a way for Gentlemen. Behold why those, who find themselves to be of base extraction, do the more fervently seek out such occasions, as if they should thereby blot out their ignominie. I say cowardous, for it is to become confi-

dent in a baſe buſineſs, where Lackies and Butchers may be Maſters. I ſay unhappy, for it is the means to conſummate his miſery, without having many witneſſes: needs muſt the deſperate finde ſome gate to eſcape from life, as would enraged beaſts from a liſt, by leaping over the rails. In the end, when thou ſhalt die in this combat, thou haſt nothing to looſe, but a wicked ſoul. And though thou art moſt wretchedly ſlain, our *Salmoneans* will ſay, thou diedſt in the bed of honour, and that ſufficeth to be valiant to the world.

4. Diſorder, Tyranny in war.

When thou art in the war, thou ſhalt be a kind of *Barbarian*, in ſuch ſort, that the Peaſants ſhall take thee to be more then an Army of *Hunnes* or *Tartars*. If thou haſte any command, thou ſhalt march all puffed up with vain-glory, and make thy ſelf known by the diſaſters of the poor. If thou be called on, to put thy hand to thy purſe, thou ſhalt pay thy hoſteſs with threats, and thy ſouldiers with impunity of crimes. Thou ſhalt endeavour to lengthen out the war as long as thou canſt, and if thou couldeſt kill peace it ſelf it ſhould ſuffer, transfixed through the body with thy ſword, as the greateſt enemy of worthy actions. Thou ſhalt not hazard thy ſelf to go much among muſket-ſhots, unleſs thoſe muskets be charged with powder of Cypreſs, as an Authour of this time hath told us, where piſtolets were ſhot in ſtead of bullets.

5. Diſorder, Impuritie moſt diſſolute.

Trouble not thy ſelf to number up thy wounds; thou ſhalt ever more eaſily reckon them then thy crimes. As for that which concerneth the vice of impurity, I ordain no more limits to thy luſt, then health to thy reaſon. Heretofore men affected to become better, and a young Cavalier, who made love to a Ladie by the lawful ways of an honeſt marriage, ſhewed himſelf virtuous to be beloved, ſuch correſpondence was there then between love and virtue: men always endeavoured to lodge their affections in a good place, to become honeſt by the imitation of their loves, which is the moſt pleaſing way that may be found to innocency. All was treated with ſo much honour, that the leaſt ſpot of blame was apprehended much more then death: at this day matters go not ſo. If thou wilt follow the courſe of times, and the proceedings of *Salmoneans*, thy pleaſures ſhall be without order, as thy concupiſcence without meaſure: thou ſhalt make a Trophey of diſhonour, nor ſhalt thou have other ſcope in thy love, then vice; nor other means, but thoſe which thy bruitiſhneſs ſhall provide thee. Thou ſhalt make no difference between the bed of married, and that of virgins and women proſtitute; and when thou haſt ſeduced an unhappy maid, thou ſhalt vaunt it, as if thou hadſt gained a Citie.

6. Diſorder, Perpetual wickneſs.

For this purpoſe it is fit thou entertaineſt bravery, thy belly, and game, for theſe will be the furies moſt familiar to thy humour: thou ſhalt take the moſt coſtly ſtuffs out of the ſhops of Merchants, to cover the ſtench with gold and ſcarlet, and thou ſhalt hold all the beſt Artiſans in breath to ſerve thee. When thou muſt pay thy debts, thou ſhalt revenge benefits by force of injuries, and cloſe up thy infidelity with all ſorts of ingratitude. If thou haſt ſubjects, thou ſhalt uſe them like ſlaves, and govern them with all rigour, exerciſing violence on their bodies, and rapine on their goods: one ſhall feed thy dogs, the other thy horſes, the other thy ſervants, which ordinarily are petty *Tartarians*, whoſe inſolency foſtered by the Maſters and Lords, doth all which may be expected from a ſervil ſoul, that hath authority in its hands; yea, thou ſhalt endeavour to make good men believe, that what thou haſt done, is for their preſervation; as was ſaid to the poor ſhep-heard, from whom the ſacrifices of *Hercules* had more ſheep then would have ſerved an Army of wolves. Thy table, notwithſtanding the tears and neceſſities of the publick, ſhall ever be abundant in delicacies, and for thy recreation, thou ſhalt play thy gold with a ful hand, although it be the blood of ſo many men, to whom thou art beholden. Thou ſhalt be the chicken of the white hen; and needs muſt the riches of the wealthy, the induſtry of trades-men, the virtues of innocent, even hunger it ſelf, and the miſeries of the moſt wretched, be tributaries to thy riots.

7. Diſorder, Barbarouſneſs in government of thoſe under you.

I wiſh, that exteriourly thou appear with an open viſage, a ſmiling countenance, a very honeſt deportment; but be thou inwardly full of cauteries, and be thy heart always repleniſhed with more ſtains, then the moſt ſpotted skin of a Panther. Thou ſhalt ſell thy ſoul to ambition, and to advance thy fortune, ſhalt neither hearken to God, Angel, conſcience, nor virtue: thou ſhalt have no regard to the perſon either of father, mother, brother or ſiſter, but the meaſure of all thy amities ſhall be thy own intereſts. Thou muſt not think any thing unjuſt, when it ſhall be for thy own accommodation, nor be thou ſcrupulous in matter of conſcience; of what ſide ſoever profit accrew, it hathever a good ſaviour. Thou ſhalt, to ſuit with the time, bear a minde more black then the abyſs; and to ruin an innocent, ſhalt not ſpare ſuch treacheries and treaſons as have heretofore been accounted moſt horrible: but the cuſtom of the age, which is ſo naturalized in vice, cauſeth that we now grow familiar with monſters. Thou ſhalt raiſe again out of all, if thou canſt; and let there not be a vice, that yields thee not tribute. Thy words ſhall be full of cunning, thy cunning of promiſes, and thy promiſes of winde. Finally, thou ſhalt live in Chriſtianity, as a *Janizary* at the Porta of the great Turk; and for recompence, when thou ſhalt end thy days, which cannot laſt very long, thou ſhalt directly go to the Paradiſe of *Mahomet*, with thoſe great lights, *Sardanapalus*, *Epicurus*, *Bajazet*, and *Selymus*.

8. Diſorder, Perfidiouſneſs. Abominable manners.

Behold the infamous and pernicious diſcourſe, which this wicked Maſter held with this young man: wherein you may obſerve a true Satyre of the lives of many, who entitle themſelves Noble, although their manners are far worſe then theſe my words, and that the imagination of a writer cannot ſo much feign, but they in their profane actions will expreſs much more. Let us now behold the Palace of true Valour, and take an antidote againſt the poiſons of the times.

The third SECTION.

The Temple of Valour, and ſage Precepts, given by the Chriſtian Souldier, to refute the manners of theſe times. And firſt, that Piety helpeth Valour.

THe Souldier perſuing his way, entereth into the Temple of Valour, where, according to the excellent conceits of the painter before mentioned, he beholdeth on the frontiſpiece of the Palace a goodly tower of Chriſtal, adorned with lights, as the Globe of glaſs, in which the *Perſians* heretofore bare the image of the Sun: or elſe by the imitation of that huge Pharos of *Alexandria*, which enlightened the ſea on all ſides, to guide veſſels to a ſafe haven. This was expreſly ſet downe to ſignifie the great and divine lights of wiſdom, which are

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in a true Christian valour. This Palace seemed wholly built of Rocks, of the colour of Iron, streamed with little veins of bloud, which well shewed it was purposely done, to represent the invincible courage of the Pupils of this virtue. The Halls were all hanged with prowess and victories: and instead of columnes, it had great Statues of the most valorous men of the world, who flourished in the revolution of so many Ages. Valour bare sway within it, sitting, not on Gilly-flowers, or Roses, but encompassed with thorns and sufferings, ever armed, and still with Sword in hand, with which it cut off an infinite number of monsters, and chased away all *Salmoneans* from its house.

In this Palace was the brave *Eleazar*, who, as soon as he from far perceived this young Souldier, he caused him to draw near, and speak to him in these terms:

Son, I doubt not but you found at the entrance into my lodging a wicked Sorcerer, who hath by the ear empoysoned you: It is necessary you cleanse it, to make your self capable of the singular precepts of valour and wisdom, which I am now presently to afford you, seeing you for this cause are come hither into my Palace. It hath been told you, that to be a good souldier, you must become a little *Cyclop*, without any feeling of God, or Religion: for devotion were but to weaken your warlike humours. Those who have said this unto you, have told nothing new. It is an old song, which they have drawn out of *Machiavel*, who thinking to make a Prince, have made a wilde beast, and yet would perswade us it was a man: but those that believe it, are such only as bear their eys on their heels. Let us not serve our selves with this Phylosophy of flesh, which maketh valour and devotion, as two things incompatible. Verily I go not about to require of you an affected, enforced, and ceremonious piety, that is out of the limits of your profession. I would have you a Souldier, and not a Monk: but assure you the prime virtue of art military, is to have good thoughts, and pure beliefs touching the Divinity; then to practice suitableness thereto by offices and exteriour actions of piety.

Refutation of the first disorder

Piety the first virtue of a Souldier.

When I speak this, I am so strong in reasons, that I dare take our enemies themselves for Judges. Behold the subtile *Machiavel*, who upon the Decades of *Titus Livius*, sheweth Religion is an admirable instrument of all great actions, and that the *Romans* made use thereof to establish their City, pursue their enterprizes, and pacifie tumults and seditions, which rose in the revolution of State. Because it was (said he) more conscience to offend God then men, believing his power surpassed all humane things. So we see, that all those who would form, cherish, or advance a State, although they had no true Religion in their souls, have taken pretexts, as *Lycurgus*, *Numa*, *Sertorius*, *Ismael* the *Persian*, and *Mahomet*. I demand of you thereupon (my souldier) if by the testimony of this man, who hath made himself our adversary, false beliefs have had so much power upon minds, that they have rendred them more docible to virtue, more obedient to Sovereignty, more adventrous to undertake things difficult, more patient to tollerate matters displeasing, more courageous to surmount those which make opposition: if, I say, the sole imagination of a false Divinity, accounted to punish misdeeds and recompence valour with a temporal salary, was powerful enough to make Legions fly, all covered with iron, through so many perils; must we not say by the confession of our very enemy, that a true Religion, as ours is, which promiseth so many rewards to virtue, and punishments for crime, not for a time, but for all eternity, if it be once well engraven in hearts, shall produce so many worthy effects beyond those of other Sects, as truth is above lying, reality above nothing, and the sun above the shadows?

Reasons which shew, that true Piety is the soul of Military virtue. (*Chap.* 13, 11.

From whence think you do so many neglects grow, but from coldness in Religion? For how can a souldier but be valiant, when he is confidently perswaded, it is the will of the living God that he obey his Prince, as if he beheld a Divinity upon earth; and that burying himself in the duty of this obedience being well purified from his sins, he takes a most assured way to beatitude? How can he be but the more couragious, having received absolution of his sins by the virtue of the Sacrament; since by the Confession of all Sages, there is nothing so perplexed, so timorous, so inconstant, as a conscience troubled with the image of its own crimes? How should it spare a transitory life, having a firm belief of immortality, since the wisest have judged, that the valour of ancient *Gauls*, which was admired by the *Romans*, proceeded from no other source, but from a strong perswasion which the *Druides* had given them, touching the immortality of our souls? How could he be but most confident, if he stedfastly beheld the eye of the Divine Providence of God, perpetually vigilant for his protection? How could he be but most fervent, if he did but figure the Saviour of the world at the gates of Heaven with his hands full of rewards? See you not that all reasons combat for us, as well as experience?

I will not flatter Christians, under pretext that I call my self the Christian Knight, nor ought I to betray my cause under the shadow of modesty. Let all the ancient and modern Histories be read, let military acts be examined, and courages poized in a just ballance: I challenge the ablest Chronicler to present me any valour out of *Greek* or *Roman* History, where the most admirable prowesses are to be seen, that I do not shew them perpetually parallel'd, yea, surpassed by the courage of Christians. When I read those Histories of elder times, I behold *Grecians* that triumphed, for having quanquished *Xerxes*; who, to say the truth, was a Stag leading an army of Sheep: never was any thing seen so perplexed. And although there had been no opposition, yet was this great body composed of a lazy stupified army, only strong to ruine it self. I see a young *Alexander*, who, to speak truth, was of an excellent nature, though the most judicious observe great errour in his carriage, he oft-times being rash, & many times insolent: but it was well for him he had to do with such gross Novices, whose eys were dazled with the simple glimmer of a sword, for had he come to encounter the arms of *Europe*, his Laurels doubtless would have been seen to wax hoary in the Northern snows. I see the *Roman Cæsars*, who invade, or those which are already effeminated by their proper vice, or such as are wanderers, and dis-united, not to have an assured state to resist their enemies. My ears are perpetually filled with the acts of *Cynegirus*, who having both his hands cut off, bit the arms and ships of his enemies with his teeth; of one *Otryades*, who wrote his victory with his own blood; of one *Sergius*, who fought four times with the left hand, which *Pliny* observeth in his History, as a prodigy: of the one-eyed *Horatius*, who defended a bridge against the army of his enemies; of a Maid named *Clelia*, who passed over *Tyber* an horse-back; of one *Sicinnius*, that had been in sixscore combates, and bare away thirty six spoyls of his enemies, with five

The Acts of Pagans.

and

and fourty wounds at divers times. I will not extenuate their proweſs, nor take away from them the honour they deſerved: for to ſay there was no valour nor vigour in theſe ancient courages, were to proceed againſt common opinion. But we now adays ſee many *Ariſtarchuſes* in the world, who have ſpirits ſo retrograde, that when we ſpeak of bruit beaſts, they highly glorifie them above men, as if they were of the race of *Ulyſſes* his ſouldiers, who, as Fables tell us, were turned into Hogs: ſo when we come to compare the valour of Chriſtians with that of Infidels, they finde nothing, which on our part may give them content, ſo much have they either of malice, or ſtupidity.

Proweſs of Chriſtians.

Let me dye, if in the ſole life of Captain *Bayard*, Warlike atchievements may not be obſerved, which in manage and valour ſurpaſs thoſe of *Alexander's* and *Pompey's*: and he that would number all the heroick actions which have been performed in our wars, ſometimes by ſilly Souldiers, ſometimes alſo by Chriſtian women, might as ſoon reckon the ſtars in the firmament. And had I now undertaken to make a ſimple enumeration of great Captains, which have flouriſhed in Chriſtendom, it would weary pens, fill books, and confound readers.

I would willingly know whether *Conſtantine*, going out of an Oratory where he prayed with the Biſhops, before he had ſo many battels, was leſs valiant againſt *Maxentius*, *Maximianus*, and *Licinius*? If *Theodoſius* in recommending himſelf ſo particularly to the prayers of Monks, have the leſs done his devoir againſt *Maximus*, and *Eugenius*? Whether *Heraclius* were the more remiſs for carrying the Image of our Bleſſed Lady in his hands, when he ſubdued *Coſroes* King of *Perſia* in three pitched battels? Whether *Clodovæus* did the leſs good, when he cauſed his ſtandards to march under the conduct of the prayers of S. *Martin*? Whether *Charls Martel* were weakened in his devotions, when at the only battel of *Towers* he cut in pieces three hundred threeſcore and fifteen thouſand *Saracens*, with the moſt hideous ſlaughter that ever was ſeen? Whether *Charlemaign* in being ſo firmly tyed to Altars, felt his arms to fail againſt the *Lombards*, *Saxons*, and *Moors*? Whether the Sword of *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, after ſo many actions of piety, were the leſs keen, when it cleft the *Barbarians* at a blow, from the crown of the head to the girdle-ſtead, and gliſtered in azure all covered with rays of Palms and Laurels? Whether *Beliſarius* in being a good Catholick, did the leſs charge the *Goths*? And whether *Simon Monfort* in taking his Sword from the Altar, were the leſs dreadful to the *Albigean* Hereticks?

Aſſuredly there is nothing ſo ſtrong, nothing ſo invincible, nor triumphant, as a valour which marcheth under the laws of Chriſtian Religion. The Turkiſh Nation, which ſeemeth to be born to brandiſh the Sword, and to have ample tranſcendency in matters of Arms, feareth not ſo much the *Perſian* and *Tartarian* Standards, as the Banners of Chriſtians. And *Baronius* in an Epiſtle Dedicatory of his Annals, which he wrote to the Great *Henry* the Fourth of famous memory, obſerveth, That they hold it as a fatal Propheſie among them, that their Empire ſhall never be deſtroyed, unleſs it be by the hands of *French*-men. If they have obtained victories againſt Chriſtians in ſo many wars, it hath ever been our diviſions that have diſarmed us, our ambitions that have devoured us, our Apoſtata-brothers who have betrayed us, our Infidels who have acquainted them with our inventions, our induſtries, and arms, our mutual quarrels which have waſted us, our ſins that have chaſtiſed us, the hand of a powerful God which hath excited the *Saracens* to purifie, under ſome colour of temperance and juſtice, thoſe lands which ours had defiled by ſo many ordures and ſacriledges, for otherwiſe there could not be any force in the world able to reſiſt Chriſtian Princes, were they well united.

We know it by the ſucceſs of the battel of *Lepanto*, and the proweſs of *George Caſtrioth*, called *Scanderbeg*, who with a flying camp defeated ſeven Generals of the Turkiſh Army in ſeven great battels, wherein he ſlew two thouſand men with his own hand, and in the end made *Amurath* ſtark mad to ſee himſelf defied, beaten, and maimed by a petty Lord, and with ſo ſmall numbers. What could this brave courage have done, had it been aſſiſted with men, gold, and arms, anſwerable to his merits?

Are you not then very ridiculous, O Souldier, when to be accounted valiant, you play the *Cyclop*, and fear leſt devotion might weaken your courage? Accuſe not your Religion, for it is holy: accuſe not Devotion, for it is innocent. Rather accuſe your own impiety, your own neglect, your own unworthineſs of ſpirit, and your own baſeneſs: that is it which enfeebleth you, and cauſeth that you are only valiant to play the beaſt. No man loſeth courage, but he that never had it, and no man hath it, if he beg it not of the true God of hoſts. Where ſhould we ſeek for light but of the Sun; for waters, but in rivers; and heat, but in fire? And where think you to finde true ſtrength, but with the God of the ſtrong? The more you ſhall be united to him, the more able you ſhall be; not that he will ever give you ſtrength of body, as to *Milo*, that you may bear an Oxe; but in ſerving him, you ſhall have from him the courage of a man, who hath his root in reaſon, his encreaſe in piety, and his crown in true glory.

The fourth SECTION.

Manifeſt proofs which declare, that Piety and Valour are not things incompatible.

IT is an intollerable thing to ſee certain young Roarers, who think to make themſelves eſteemed valiant by profeſſion of impiety, and have, as it were, but one ſhame, which is, not to be ſhameleſs at all, as if we had never ſeen, nor as yet was ever heard in the world, of Souldiers furniſhed before God and men with great and divine virtues, who fail not to be as couragious as Lions. Let us not ſearch out Saints of the Martyrologe, let us only behold among a thouſand, one man, whoſe life was very lately printed, written in a low ſtyle, I mean the Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in *France* under *Charles* the Sixth. Theſe petty Rodomonts, who make boaſt of Duels, meer cowardiſe covered with an opinion of courage, durſt not behold this Captain, without doing that which heretofore was done to the ſtatues of the Sun, that is, to put finger on the mouth and admire. For, not to ſpeak of his other acts of proweſs, it is he who was preſent at that furious battel, wherein *Bajazet* the Turkiſh Emperour, waged war againſt the King of *Hungary*; where there were many *French* men, the Duke of *Burgundy*, then called the Count of *Nevers*, being there in perſon.

Monſieur *Godfrey* hath publiſhed this written by an ancient Author.

The Marſhal Boucicaut.

The hiſtory ſaith, that the Turk coming to fight with dreadful forces, began ſo furious a charge, the air being thickened with a black cloud of Arrows, that the *Hungarians*, who were reputed good Souldiers, much trembled at this aſſault, and fled away

Piety and Valour of a *French* Souldier.

away. The *French*, who ever had learned in all battels to vanquish, or die, unwilling so much as to hear any speech of the name of flight, pressed into the Turkish Army, notwithstanding the stakes and piles fixed in the earth to serve as hindrances, and attended by some other troups, brake the Vanguard of the Turks by the counsel and example of the brave Marshal, whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was ready to retire, at which time it was told him, there was but a very little handful of *French*-men, who made the greatest resistance, and that it were best to assault them. He, who kept his Battalions very fresh, returneth and came to fall upon these poor souldiers, now extremely tired. Never did angry Lion exercise such violent force amongst the javelins of hunters, as was then the prowess which shined in this generous Captain. For, he having no further purpose but to sel his own life, and those of his companions, as dear as he could, so negligently betrayed, he with the *French* Cavalry, and some few other people who stuck to him, did such feats of arms, that it was thought twenty thousand Turks were slain in the place. In the end, this prodigious multitude, able to weary out the most hardy, although it had been but to cut them to pieces, did so nearly encompass our *French*, that the Count *Nevers*, with Marshal *Boucicaut*, and the most worthy personages, were taken prisoners.

Horrible spectacle.

The next day after this dismal battel, *Bajazet* sitting under a Pavillion spred for him in the field, caused the prisoners to be brought before him, to drench himself in bloud and vengeance, which he so passionately loved.

Never was spectacle seen more worthy of compassion: the poor Lords, who had done wonders in arms able to move Tigers, were led, as it were, half naked, straitly bound with coards and fetters: no regard being had neither to their bloud, which was noble, nor youth, which was pitiful, nor their behaviour, most ravishing; these *Saracens*, ugly and horrible as divels, set them before the face of the Tyrant; who in the wink of an eye, caused their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carrouse their bloud.

The Count *Nevers*, with two other Counts of *Ewe* and *Marche*, had now their heads under the symitar, and their lives hung, but, as it were, at a thread, when *Bajazet* having heard by his interpreters, that they were near kinsmen to the King of *France*, caused them to be reserved, commanding they should sit on the ground at his feet, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobility.

The valiant Marshal *Boucicaut* in his turn was produced, covered with a little linnen cloth, to massacre him over the bodies of so many valiant men. He, who was wise, and particularly inspired by God in this extremity, made a sign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, who understood not his language, as if he would declare himself the kinsman of the Count of *Nevers*, who beheld him with an eye so pitiful, that it was of power to rent rocky hearts. *Bajazet* being perswaded by this sign, that he was of the bloud-royal, caused him to be set apart to remain a prisoner: where he afterward by his great prudence, endeavoured the liberty of those noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think these petty Novices of war will compare themselves to the valour of this man, accomplished with such heroick prowess.

Piety of a Souldier.

Let us come, if it please you, to consider him at leisure, whether he were of the number of those who profess themselves wicked, that they may seem valiant. He was a man, who in time of peace, whilest he governed the City of *Genoa*, daily heard two Masses, with so exemplar devotion, that he never suffered any man to speak to him in the Church, where he said the Office with singular attention, for which he so accommodated his company, that you should never see the least action of uncomelinesse in Divine Service, which he did not severely punish. But the Historian addeth, that who had beheld his people at Mass, would rather think he saw religious men, then Souldiers. Noblemen are of power to bend their families to what they please, were it not that through softnes of spirit, they many times give way to the Torrent; and contenting themselves to be good, make all the rest nought by the easines of their natures. I speak not hear to you of a Canonical Saint, a Hermit, a Religious man, a Priest; I speak of a Marshal of *France*, of a most ardent Warriour.

Notable devotion of a Souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether piety be incompatible with arms. This brave Captain happily made his Will, disposing of all his devotions, his affairs, and charge: each day he executed some part hereof, doing all the good he could during his life, not expecting the casual portions of others piety, as those, who cause the torch to be carried behind, to light them when they have lost their eys, and indeed never do well, but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. The charitable Lord informed himself very particularly of the necessities of the bashful poor, set their names down in his Registers, as the rarest pieces of his Cabinet, appointed on every side his alms to poor Religious, to Widows, to Orphans, to needy Souldiers, namely those, who through inability of old age and sickness, could labour no more. He visited Hospitals, giving according to his means, round summs of money to furnish and accommodate them: if he walked in the streets, he ever had charity in his hands, that himself might give all he could, for he therein took a singular contentment, and never was seen to be so merry, as when he had distributed good store of money; this was his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bare a singular devotion towards the Friday, in memory of the passion of our Saviour; and whilest he was able, did eat nothing on that day but fruits & pulse, abstaining from all which participated of the life of beasts; and cloathed himself likewise with a most simple habit, desirous to shew exteriourly some tast of the reverence we owe to the bloud of the Son of God. Besides abstinences commanded, he ordinarily fasted the Saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the Blessed Virgin. He never fed at his repast but on one dish, and though he had great quantity of silver vessels, he caused himself to be served in Pewter, and earth, being glorious in publick, and in his particular, an enemy of worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to think, how much this kinde of life is alienated from the curious Nobility, to whom we must daily give so many priviledges and dispensations, that it seems, it is for their sakes needful to create another Christendom, besides that which hath been established by the Son of God. A man would say, to see how they pamper their bodies, they were descended from Heaven, and that thither they should return, not passing through the sepulcher, for they deifie it, and to fatten and gild a dung-hil covered with Snow, sport with the bloud and sweat of men.

Sage government of a family.

Superfluity of tast being so well repressed, all went in true measure in the house of this good Marshal: his Retinue was very well entertained according to his quality, and he had a very solemn custom by him religiously observed, which was speedily to pay his debts,

To pay his debts.

debts, and as much as he might possible to be engaged to none. It is no small virtue, nor of sleight importance, if we consider the Nobility at this time, so easily ingulphed in great labyrinths of debts, which daily encrease like huge balls of Snow that fall from Mountains, and which require Ages and golden Mines to discharge them.

Is it not a most inexcusable cruelty before God and men, to see a busie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeys and steps before the Gate of a Lord, or a Lady, who bear his sweat and bloud in the pleyts of their Garments? And in stead of giving some satisfaction upon his most just requests, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and he many times menaced with bastonadoes if he desist not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a *Tartarian*? Is not this to degrade one's self from Nobility, Christianity, and Reason? Is not this to thrust the knife into the throat of houses and entire families? Alledge not unto me, that it is impossible for you to pay at that time what is demanded. Why, well foreseeing your own impotency, have you heaped up debts, which cannot be discharged? Why do you not rather admit the lessening of your Port? Why cut you not off so many superfluous things? Are not your sins odious enough before God, but you must encrease them with the marrow of the poor? From hence ariseth the contempt of your persons, the hatred of your name, the breaches and ruines of your houses.

A singular criterion.

This man in well paying his debts, was served and respected of Officers, like a little Deity; there was no need to doubt, nor to make a false step into his house. Never would he suffer a vice, or a bad servant, were it to gain an Empire. Blasphemies, oaths, lyes, slanders, games, quarrels, and such like ordures, were banished from his Palace, as Monsters; and if he found any of his family in fault, he dismissed them, lest they should infect the other: yet not scandalizing them, nor divulging their offences. At the table he spake little, and did voluntarily entertain himself with examples of virtues in the lives of Noblemen, not opening his mouth to discourse of his own proper acts, but with singular sobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himself most chastly, and had such a horrour against impurity, that he would not so much as keep a servant who had a lustful eye. Behold the cause, why passing one day on horse-back through the streets of the City of *Genoa*, as a Lady presented her self at her window to comb her hair, and one of the Gentlewomen of the Marshals train, seeing her tresses very bright and beautiful, cried out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair!* Staying to behold her, the Lord looked back on him with a severe eye, saying; *It is not well done, it is not fit, that from the house of a Governour, a wanton eye should be seen to glance.*

In this point and all the rest which concerned the commerce and repose of Citizens, he rendered so prompt and exact justice, that it was a Proverb amongst those of *Genoa*, when any one was offended, to say to him who had wronged him: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marshal will.* The other understanding it, oft-times rather chose to submit himself to right, then expect a condemnation which was inevitable. He so by this means gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the City sent to the King, beseeching he might continue the government to the end of his days: which having obtained, it seemed to them, they had drawn an Angel from Heaven, to fix him at the stern of their Common-wealth.

At the time that the Emperour of *Constantinople*, then dispossessed of one part of his Empire by the great Turk, came into *France* to demand succour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men, defrayed for a year: many Widow-Ladies were seen at the Court, who complained of injustices and oppressions by them endured after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marshal was so moved with compassion, that with much freedom he instituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he surnamed *The Order of the White Lady*, because they who made profession of it bare a scutchion of gold enamelled with green, and thereon the figure of a Lady in colour white: thus sought he by all occasions to do good, and shewed himself a great enemy of idleness, the very moth of minds.

He ordinarily rose early in the morning, and spent about three hours in Prayer and Divine Service: at the end whereof he went to Council, which lasted till Dinner-time. After his repast, he gave audience to all those, who would speak with him upon their affairs, not failing to behold his Hall daily full of people, whom he speedily dispatched, contenting every one with answers sweet and reasonable: from thence he retired to write Letters, and to give that order to his Officers, which his pleasure was should be observed in every affair: and if he had no other employment, he went to *Vespers*. At his return he took some pains, then finishing the rest of his office, ended the day. The Sundays and Holy-days either he went on foot in some pilgrimage of devotion, or caused the life of Saints, or other victories to be read, daily more and more to dispose his manners unto virtue. When he marched in the field, he had an admirable way, not to oppress any of his company; nor would he permit, even in the land of an enemy, that the least disturbance should be given to Ecclesiasticks.

Behold you not here a life worthy of a *French* Cavalier? Oh Nobility, this man was not a petty Royster, who makes boast to fight in a Meadow: but a souldier, who during the wars with the *English*, kept the field of battel three times, thirty days together, against those brave souldiers who would oppose him, from whence he went out all sparkling with glory and wonders.

I would here willingly add a *Bertrand* of *Gueselin*, Count of *Longuevil*, and Constable of *France*, whose life Monsieur *Menard* hath given us, written by a Pen of that ancient Age, in old language: you shall see a man, who after he had solemnly dedicated in the offertory of a Mass, his soul, body, and arms at the Altars, fought six or seven times hand to hand, exercised strange feats of battel and arms; stood in the midst of combates, bold, and confident as in his chamber, being otherwise furious, strong, and stout in the press. You should see a man sage in counsels, prompt in execution, whom an enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty leagues of. A man in all things else free from fraud or dissimulation, chearful, courteous, obliging, and liberal of his own, imploying his moveables and the jewels of his wife for relief of poor souldiers. Then you may judge, whether to be valiant, you may live in the Court of a Christian Prince like a little Turk. Where is your judgment? and where your reason?

The

The fifth SECTION.

Againſt Duels.

A condemnation of Rodomontadoes and Duels.

I Do aſſure my ſelf ſome will not forget to tell you, that to be valiant men of the times, you muſt be outragious in ſlanders, in blaſpemies, in audacious words, in duels, challenges, which are the mighty valours of this age. Well then, my ſouldier, following this courſe, you will learn to ſwear and blaſpheme. I ſpeak not how great this crime is, nor how much you render your tongue puniſhable in diſpoſing it to this language of Devils. But I will ſay one thing, which is very certain, thoſe which ſeek for glory out of vice, have not always been made eminently proſperous. All you may do in purchaſing Hell by theſe execrable oaths, will be to acquire the goodly qualities of a baſe Clown.

Authours of Duels.

And as concerning Duels, I undoubtedly hold, that if this infamous ſouldier, who hath abuſed you, were willing to ſpeak the truth, which his conſcience will dictate to him, he rather gives it you for an honeſt coverture of cowardice, then for true valour. The world is not ſo doltiſh as to meaſure courage by the model of *Moors*, ſlaves, and horſe-boys, who were the firſt executours of theſe butcheries. How can you perſwade us that a confuſed maſs of theſe petty Mutiniers, who have nothing elſe in their mouths but theſe duels, may be valiant men? We are not ſo ignorant, but that we well know courage never makes good alliance with ſervitude and effeminacy. But the moſt part of this kinde of men, are ſervile ſpirits, who ſubmit to an infinite number of ſhameful and tyrannical laws, for a little ſmock.

Lazineſs.

They are bodies withered with lazineſs, who are many times entangled in their garters, and ſtand in need to have rings for winter and ſummer, to change

Juvenal. 1. la 1. Satyr.

according to the ſeaſons. They fear the Lancet of the Chyrurgeon, they cry out aloud for a fleight Fever, and will needs be tended like women in Child-bed: Imagine with your ſelf, what valour can be herein. Were they beaten and ſtampt into powder in a Morter, a hundred of ſuch like Rodomonts would not make up one half ounce of warlike fortitude. But there is a little deſpair and rage, which boileth in a paſſionate heart, to counterfeit virtue. God forbid, we ſhould take chaff for gold, hemlock for parſley, or an ape, for a man. We know valour, by report of great Captains, reſteth in mature deliberation and coolneſs, as in its true element. When I behold one of theſe ſilly braggards, who haſteneth to the field for a baſe fear of ſome ſhame, or upon ſome liver-heat which tormenteth him, I make as much reckoning of it, as if I ſaw an angry Hen. Do you think *Sichem* was a couragious man for enduring to be circumciſed for the love of *Dinah*? My opinion is, it was an act of much cowardice to permit himſelf to be cut with a Razor in the moſt ſhameful part of his body, to pleaſe a ſilly female *Jew*, who when it was done, had great cauſe to turn this painful Sacrifice into ſcorn and laughter. This poor Courtier to ſatisfie a wily wench, for a fooliſh imagination of point of honour, haſteneth to be cut in pieces in the field: unhappy man, he thinketh to marry *Dinah*, and findes *Proſerpina*; he propoſeth to himſelf a worldly glory, that may rank him in the number of the valiant, and meeteth a bloudy death, which at one blow killeth body and ſoul. Let me dye, if it be not the pooreſt thing to behold them in ſuch adventures. For if one did ſee them, they would make thoſe burſt with laughing at their idleneſs, who were willing to bemoan their miſery. I have drawn from this maſſacre, ſuch as were more amazed then a bridled Gooſe, and more ghaſtly then a dead man four days after his Funeral, taken from his Sepulcher. Theſe ſilly creatures endured all this to make a wretched bruit run up and down in *Paris*, that they were in the end beaten, and had with ſo many cold ſweats of deaths done that, which their Lackeys, who are ſomewhat more ſtupid, would a hundred times with more willingneſs of heart have undertaken. Behold you not who is worthy either of compaſſion, or contempt? Yet you flatter them with a pretext of courage, which you enforce them to purchaſe at a coſtly rate. When you applaud ſuch actions, and tell how brave a combate was performed behind the Charter-houſe, and that both of them came thither with much reſolution, you are men guilty of blood: it ſhould ſuffice you to have your judgments ſo dull in the eſtimation which ought to be made upon valour, without rendering your tongues ſo tragical. Their trembling ſwords would become very lazy to conſummate the myſteries of furies, if your words armed not deſpair to play out the reſt of the Game.

Perhaps you will ſay, you know thoſe who have fought duels; who, notwithſtanding were valiant in Armies, I deny not this I affirm not that a valiant man cannot fight a duel; but I deny that he is valiant for fighting a duel. *David* had been an Adulterer, and became a Saint; but it is not for having been an adulterer, that he was a Saint; nor ſhall any one have the reputation of valour among underſtanding men, for committing a crime. Nor if this Duel were ever an infallible mark of courage, I demand wherefore have we ſeen thoſe, who have ſhewed themſelves moſt importunate to provoke others to combat, moſt fiery to haſten thither, moſt factious to be herein opinionative, and in the mean time, when they came to bear arms, where they muſt witneſs true valour for the ſervice of their Prince, ſuch encounters have happened, that they ſo deſpairingly ran off, that they have paſſed through Forreſts two leagues over, and not ſeen a tree, ſo much affrighted they were. It is not neceſſary to name them, happily they are already too much renowned in the Hiſtories of the times. And yet you will make much account of theſe goodly ſwaſh-bucklers.

Courage of Duellers like to that of the poſſeſſed.

Aſſure your ſelf the moſt part of thoſe, who ſhew ſuch boyling fury in theſe barbarous acts, are as Lunaticks poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit. You would be amazed to ſee a little girle ſo ſtrong, that there muſt be twenty men to hold her. From whence, I pray, hath ſhe this force, but that ſhe hath the Devil in her body? And tell me, a young gentleman, who many times hath father, mother, wife, children, honours, riches, pleaſures in his life, would he go upon cold bloud to deprive himſelf of all this? Would he contemn the ſacred Edicts of his Prince, now very lately renewed by the zeal of our great Monarch? Would he deſcend with open eys into Hell, if he had not ſome black ſpirit of the Abyſs, which dreggeth him to the laſt miſchief? He doth that for a cold countenance an extravagant word, and a caprich of ſpirit, which he would not either for God, the King, or the whole world. We may well ſay, this is the malady of inferiour houſes, and you take it for valour? A poor cocks-comb forſooth, called a ſecond, who putteth into compromiſe at the diſcretion of a crack't brain, all that which is moſt dear unto him in this world, and what he hopeth in the other, going to be the Victim of death, or the murtherer of a man, whom he never ſaw, nor knew, or if

he have seen or known him, so far as to love or honour him, would he play all this goodly prize, if he were not possessed with an evil spirit? Yet you admire this. Why do you not rather wonder at the countenances, the twinges, and distorted mowings of the possessed?

I begin to perswade you to reason (say you my Gallant:) you are an enemy of this race of *Cadmus*, derived from the teeth of serpents, and think not these petty wranglers of the times, with all their letters and challenges have any valour: but if a brave spirit be urged to fight by such kinde of men, should he refuse it? Verily there are main differences in duels, in the causes which make them, and the proceedings of such as execute them. If you must needs go to duel, pass thereunto, as *David*, in sight of an Army, with permission of your Prince or your Captain, against some *Goliah*, who hath defied you. Go thither with intention to defend the honour of your Nation, and to weaken the contrary faction. Behold who is worthy. If you must go to duel, go thither when your King or Lord shall command you to accept the combat, to end some notable war, and slay a great effusion of blood, but by the hazard of two Champions. Behold who is glorious. But if you hasten thither upon some chimera of spirit, which you call by the name of honour, upon some ambiguous word, to which you frame an interpretation against your self, for a cold countenance, a surly brow, for a desire which you have to become pledge of the follies of some fellow, witless, and a slave to his own passions; if you hasten thither for the love of some unchaste woman, to whome you sacrifice humane blood, how can you be excusable? For if you tell me your honour is more precious unto you then your wealth and life, and therefore, that as the law of nature permitteth you to defend both your riches and body at the point of your sword, against a robber and a homicide, from whom you cannot otherwise dis-engage your self, you have the same right for the defence of your reputation, which is in man as the apple in the eie. I answer, that being so surprized upon the sudden by some assailant, who provoketh you, threatneth you, and thrusteth his sword into your sides, if you use not a lawful defence, it is not then said that you are bound to flie, with some kind of ignominy. Nay, I will say besides, that if true honour were interessed in refusal of a challenge, he that should accept it, might likewise according to the laws of conscience seem somewhat tollerable: but from whom ought we to derive this estimation, and judgement of true honour? It is from certain sleight braggards, and witless people, who have sold themselves to passion, eternally to renounce prudence? Behold goodly Judges of honour: behold who well deserveth to prescribe unto us the rule & price of the most precious thing in the world.

If we desired sincerely to establish the judgement to be made of the point of honour, we ought to search into the resolutions of the Church and Civilians: but these kinde of people are suspected by you, as being alienated from the profession of arms. Let us enquire it in the mouthes of warriours. Was there ever a braver souldier then the late King of most famous memory? And hath there likewise ever been a Prince more dexterous in arms, and more fortunate then he that now reigneth? Since their Edicts condemn duels, both in those who challenge, and such as are challenged, although much different in their proceedings, what do we need any other judgement to decide the point of honour? But Kings and Princes sovereign (say you) notwithstanding their Edicts, approve those by word of mouth, who shew courage in such like actions. Who dare reproach them with this? Who dare tell them to their faces, that they bely their Edicts by their particular judgements? Who sees not such words are purposely invented by those men, who seek for pretexts to their false liberties? Why these Edicts, dictated by reason, agreed unto with judgement, supported by justice, provoked by piety; to the writing of which, *Jesus Christ* would contribute his own blood, to spare the blood, and with it the souls of so many, as are lost, and whom to save, he gave up his own life? Where shall we learn the rule of honour, the judgement, and will of the Prince, but in Oracles and virtues, which he hath consigned to the memory of all Ages? I intreat you, trouble my head no more with these dastardly combats and detestable massacres; let this be no longer, but for the infamous and melancholy blood-thirsters. One *Bachet*, understanding that a *Turkish* Captain had called his companion into a duel, What, saith he, are there no more Christians? And have not we cause to say, Are there no *Saracens* nor *Moors*, and other Infidels, to turn the edge of the sword against our entrails?

The sixth SECTION.

Against the ill mannage of Arms.

FRom hence it is likewise, that you are taught in time of war to play the little Cannibal in arms, and to cast nothing but fire and blood from your throat, that menaces may march before you, and havock and desolation after. Barbarous as you are, do you think because you have a sword by your side, you are therefore a Master over the life and blood of mortals? Never was Iron drawn out of the entrails of the earth, but either against wilde beasts, or men who are worse then beasts; and you employ it to torment innocent people, whom you ought to protect under your wings. It is a strange thing, that men who are made for the support of men, and who are not strong but for defence of the feeble, are now adays more pernicious then wolves, hail, serpents, inundations, fire, plagues, and famins. Behold that which maketh warfare odious, behold that which disgraceth an honourable profession, behold that which powreth upon the heads of Great ones, who countenance such actions, the cups of Gods anger, mingled with gaul, worm-wood, and poison of Dragons.

The tears of poor labourers, widdows, and orphans, which are enforced by those who entitle themselves friends, with cruelties that would justifie the *Saracens* and *Moors*, cease not to mount to the Throne of God, to ask vengeance on those, who, to satisfie their ambitions, glut their appetites, and fish in troubled waters, enkindling wars intestine, temerarious, and unjust, not regarding the disorders, which ordinarily arise from these wicked counsels. Oh God! it is a very great matter, that a man can make a hundred thousand swords to be unsheathed in an instant, which have no eys to see where they strick, nor hands to pul them back, when they once have received motion. That a man, who hath but one life, should expiate so many deaths, so many violences, so many outrages, as are committed by the unbridled souldiers! Much courage must be necessarily used, to make military discipline be observed, and if these furious corruptions cannot be hindred, it were better to abandon the charges and commands, then to cement them up with the blood

charges and commands, then to cement them up with the bloud and tears of ſo many miſerable Sacrifices.

Juſtice of *Beliſarius* and *Aurelianus.*

The brave *Beliſarius*, who was one of the moſt excellent Captains in the world, having cauſed two Souldiers to be empaled for ſome crime, ſeeing others to murmure at it: 'Know (*ſaith he*) I am 'come to fight with the Arms of Religion and Juſtice, without which we can expect neither Victo- 'ry, nor happineſs. I deſire my Souldiers ſhould 'have their hands clean to kill an enemy. Never 'will I ſuffer any man in mine Army, that hath fin- 'gers crooked, or bloudy, were he in Arms as ter- 'rible as lightening. Force is of no worth, if it *Procop. l. 1. de bello Vandal.* 'have not equity for companion. Hear a Souldier ſpeak. He might perhaps have learned the ſame leſſon from the Emperour *Aurelian*, who wrote to *Vopiſc. in Aurel.* one of his Leiutenants: 'My friend, If thou wilt 'be a Captain, nay, if thou wilt live, contain thy 'Souldiers in their duty. I would not that a Peaſant 'ſhould ſo much as complain that he hath been 'wronged in the value of a chicken, nor that any 'hath taken a grape from his Vine without his per- 'miſſion. I will make him give an account even to 'a grain of Salt, or a drop of Oyl unjuſtly exacted. 'I deſire my Souldiers ſhould be rich with ſpoyls of 'enemies, and not the tears of my ſubjects. I would 'have them carry their riches upon their Swords, 'not into their Cabins. I would have them chaſt in 'the houſes of their Hoaſts, and that there be no 'ſpeech of any quarrels.

Excellent diſcipline.

And is not that ſtrange which *Marcus Scaurus* writeth, that there have been ſeen Regiments encamped round about a great Tree laden with fruit, and the Souldiers to depart the next morning, not doing ſo much wrong, as to take one Apple from the Maſter of the Place? And who would not be amazed at that which *Lampridius* ſpeaketh of *Alexander Severus*, that his Souldiers marched to the *Perſian* war, like Senatours, and that the Country-peaſants loved them as their brothers, and honoured their Emperour as a God? Is it not a ſhameful thing, that Infidels muſt teach us a leſſon of modeſty, and that this *Alexander*, who had learned a leſſon from Chriſtians, which was, not to do that to another, which we would not have done to our ſelves, obſerved it ſo exactly even in the liberty of Arms, that he thereby became, as it were, adored by his ſubjects? And in the mean time we behold Gentlemen, who never having wanted good precepts, exerciſe tyrannies on their ſubjects, both in peace, and war, ſuch as *Scythians* and *Arabians* would abhor to do. War cannot now adays be made, but that it ſeems *Attila* with his Army is raiſed up, once more to pillage *France*. It is not enemies they ſeek to ſurprize, but purſes; and they are ever criminal enough, who have ſome, though but ſmall wealth to loſe. I know not where to ſeek for his unhappineſs, to finde it in its ſource. The Souldier excuſeth himſelf upon neceſſity, the Captain complaineth of payment, the one filcheth, and the other quarrelleth, whileſt the diſorder is immortal.

O brave and valorous Cavaliers, ought not you herein to ſecond the good intentions of our great King, and baniſh ſuch infamies, not only from *France*, but even from the memory of men? If you deſire to ſee how you are to bear your ſelf in war: I will not go about to ſeek out a Saint *Martin* for you; Behold a man, whoſe life not long ſince hath been publiſhed, to ſerve as a model for the Nobility: we yet touch him, as it were, with a finger; for he died under the reign of *Francis* the Firſt, having ſerved three Kings in their Armies the ſpace of two and thirty years, It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwiſe called *Chevalier Bayard*, born in *Danlphine*. I willingly make uſe of his example, both becauſe one of our moſt warlike Kings, the ſon of *Francis* the Firſt, would needs be knighted by his hand, to witneſs the honour he bare to his valour, as alſo, for that I ſee therein many noble paſſages, which taſt of the virtue of a true *French* Souldier. He was a couragious Captain, of excellent direction, valiant, and magnanimous, of whom was ſaid, that he had the aſſault of a wilde Bull, the defence of the Bore, and flight of the Wolf. I ſet aſide his warlike deeds, I take ſome of his virtues, which I here will make uſe of. This Royal courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the ſervice of his Prince, the honour of his profeſſion; whereof we have an ample teſtimony in a ſhort Elogy, which his Secretary made upon him, ſaying; *That after theſe two and thirty years ſervice, he died almoſt as poor as he was born.* Much is ſpoken herein, and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, then if he had born the Dutchy of *Milan* on his back. He had the true piety of a good Souldier: for every morning he prayed to God moſt devoutly, and would not permit any man ſhould enter into his Chamber during the time of his devotions: he was ſo obedient to thoſe who commanded in the Army, that he never refuſed any Commiſſion impoſed upon him. Yea, well fore-ſeeing that the laſt charge enjoyned him by the Admiral *Bonnivet*, was moſt dangerous, and, as it were impoſſible; yet he went thither, ſacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lieutenant of his Prince, that he might not digreſs from his ordinary cuſtom. There was he ſlain by the moſt generous manner of death that might happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lion in arms, who with a choice company of men, ſelected by him, and trained to this profeſſion, wrought ſuch admirable effects, that there was not any battel won, of which he was not ever the principal cauſe. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict; but out of it, it was ſaid, he was one of the moſt affable and courteous men of the earth. He was ſo ill a flatterer of great men, that to gain a Kingdom he would not be drawn to ſpeak any thing but reaſon. His practice was to honour the virtuous, ſpeak little of the vitious, leſs alſo of his own deeds of arms, never to ſwear, do favours to all who required, as willingly as if himſelf were to receive the benefit, to give ſecret alms according to his ability, in ſuch ſort, that it is written, that he, beſides his other acts of piety, married at the leaſt a hundred young Maids. Behold of what elements his ſoul was inwardly compoſed.

Military virtues of a brave *French* Souldier.

As for the manner of his carriage in the war, he as little cared for money as the dirt of the earth, and deſired not to have any, but to give. Witneſs an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He by fair law of arms, took a *Spaniſh* Treaſurer, who carried with him fifteen thouſand Duckets; one of his Captains named *Tardieu*, ſwore, enraged with choller, that he would have part of the booty, becauſe he was in the expedition. This good Captain ſmiling, ſayd to him: 'It is true, you were of the enter- 'prize, but are not to ſhare in the booty: and, were 'it ſo, you are under my charge, I therefore will 'give what I think good. This man entered into a more violent fury, and went to complain to the General, who, having well conſidered the buſineſs, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He cauſed his Duckets to be carried to a place of ſafety, and command-

Marvellous contempt of money.

ed them to be ſpred on a table, in preſence of all his people, ſaying to them: *Companions what think you? Do you not here behold fine Junkets?* Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretentions, by expreſs ſentence of his Captains, looked on this money with a jealous eye, and ſayd: 'If he had the half of it, he 'would all his life be an honeſt man,. Doth that de- 'pend on this? (*ſaith this brave ſpirit*) Hold, I wil- 'lingly give that, which you by force could never 'obtain: And ſo cauſed at the ſame inſtant ſeven thouſand five hundred Duckets to be told out to him. The other, who in the beginning, thought it was but a meer mockery, when he ſaw it to be in good earneſt, and himſelf in poſſeſſion of that he deſired, he caſt himſelf on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eys, and cried out: 'Alas! my Maſter, my friend, you 'have ſurpaſſed the liberality of *Alexander*, how 'ſhall I ever be able to acknowledge the benefit, 'which I at this time do receive at your hands: 'Hold your peace (*ſaid this incomparable man*) if 'I had power I would do much more. And thereup- on cauſing all the Souldiers of the Garriſon to be called, he diſtributed the reſt of the Duckets, not keeping one ſole Denier for his own uſe.

I ask of you whether this were not a heart of pearl, wherein there could not one leaſt blemiſh of avarice be found? Yea, alſo when he paſſed through the Country, even in a land of conqueſt, he paid his expence, And one ſaying unto him; 'Sir, 'This money is loſt; for at your departure from 'hence, they will ſet this place on fire. *He anſwered*, 'Sirs, I do what I ought, God hath not put me into 'the world, to live by rapine.

An excellent act of *Chevalier Bayard.*

Purſuing this diſcourſe, he did an act at the taking of *Breſſia*, a City of *Italy*, for ever memorable, which I will here deduce, as it were, in the ſame terms as it is couched in his Hiſtory. Which is, that being ſet in the head of the Perdues, he firſt entered and paſ- ſed the Rampire, where he was grievouſly hurt in the top of his thigh with the thruſt of a Pike, ſo that the iron ſtuck in the wound: he nothing terrified, ſaid to Captain *Molard*; 'I am ſlain, but it is no 'matter, let your men march confidently, the Town 'is won. Hereupon two Souldiers bare him out of the throng, and ſeeing the wound ſtreamed forth much blood, they pulled off their ſhirts, and rent them, to binde up his thigh: then in the firſt houſe they hit upon, they took a little door off the hinges, and laid their poor Captain upon it, to bear him the more eaſily. From thence they went directly to a great houſe, which they ſuppoſed to be very conve- nient for his accommodation. It belonged to an ho- neſt Gentleman, who was retired into a Monaſtery to avoid the fury of Souldiers: for the ſackage of this City was ſo dreadful, that they were reckoned, as well of *Venetians* who defended it, as Burgeſſes, to the number of twenty thouſand ſlain. The Lady ſtayed in this houſe with two fair daughters, who had hidden themſelves in a Barn under hay. As they knocked at the gate, the mother arming her ſelf with reſolution, openeth it, and beholdeth a Captain all bloody, born upon this plank, who preſently ſet Guards about his lodging, and demanded a place to retire unto. The Lady leadeth him into the faireſt chamber, where ſhe caſt her ſelf at his feet, and ſaid: 'Sir, I offer this houſe unto you, and all within it, 'for I well know it is yours by the law of arms. I 'only beg of you, you will be pleaſed to ſave me, 'and mine honour; as alſo of two poor Maids rea- 'dy to marry, which my husband and I have had 'between us. *The Captain anſwered*: Madam, I do 'not know whether I ſhall eſcape this wound, or 'no; but I faithfully promiſe you whileſt I live, 'there ſhall be no injury done to you, nor your 'daughters, no more then to mine own perſon. On- 'ly keep them in your chamber, and let them not 'be ſeen: ſend for your husband, and aſſure your 'ſelf you have a gueſt, who will do you all courteſie 'poſſible. The Lady much comforted to hear him ſpeak in that manner, obeyed, and employed all her care to give him good entertainment. She pre- ſently perceived ſhe had lodged an honeſt man, when ſhe ſaw the Duke of *Namures*, the brave *Gaſton de Foix*, General of the Army, come daily to viſit him, and that theſe men in a City of conqueſt, ſpake of paying for all they had taken. The good Hoſteſs waited on him, as on an Angel of Heaven, ſo much honour and virtue ſaw ſhe to ſhine in him. When he was cured, and that he ſpake of diſ-lodg- ing, to be preſent at the battel of *Ravenna*, where his General paſſionately deſired him, the Lady, who accounted her ſelf as his priſoner, with her husband and children, conſidering if her gueſt would rigo- rouſly uſe her, he might draw ten or twelve thou- ſand crowns from her, reſolved to give him a pre- ſent, and coming into his chamber with a ſervant of hers, who carried a little ſteel box, ſhe preſently threw her ſelf at his feet, but he readily raiſed her up again, not ſuffering ſhe ſhould ſpeak one word, till ſhe was ſeated by him: at which time ſhe made this ſpeech, wel obſerved by the Secretary of *Bayard*.

SIR, *The favour which God hath afforded me in the taking of this City, by ſending you into this houſe, which is wholly yours, hath not been leſs, than the preſervation of the life of my husband, mine own, and that of my daughters, with their ho- nour, which they ought to eſteem more precious then life. Beſides, your people have lived with ſuch temper here in my houſe, that being not able to complain of any injurie, I have cauſe for ever to commend their modeſty. Sir, I am not ſo ignorant of the con- dition, whereunto the miſery of war hath reduced us, as not ve- ry well to ſee, that my husband, my ſelf, and children, are your Priſoners, and that all the goods in the houſe are at your diſ- cretion, to be diſpoſed of to your liking. But knowing the no- bleneſs of your heart, which is incomparable, I am come moſt humbly to beſeech you, to take pitty on your poor captives, and to uſe us according to your accuſtomed liberality. Behold a poor preſent which we offer, entreating it may be acceptable.* In ſpeaking this, ſhe took the box out of the hands of her ſer- vant, and opened it before the good Captaine, who ſaw it to be full of fair Duckets, at which he ſmiled, replying: *Madame how many Duckets are there in this box?* The poor woman, who thought this ſmile proceeded from ſome diſ- contentment, anſwered: *There is in it but two thouſand five hundred; but if you be not ſatisfied, we will finde more. Nay Madame*, replied the Captaine, *I can well aſſure you, that ſhould you give me an hundred thouſand crownes, you could not do me ſo much good, as you have done in the courteous enter- tainment I have here received. In what place ſo ever I ſhall remaine, while God gives me life, you ſhall have a Gentleman ready at your command. As for your Duckets, I will none, I render you thanks, take them up again. I have ever more eſ- teemed people of honour then crowns, and think not, but I go as well ſatisfied from you, as if this Citie were at your diſpo- ſition, and you thereof have made me a preſent.*

She again proſtrated her ſelf on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, anſwered: 'No Sir, I ſhould 'think my ſelf for ever the moſt unhappy woman of 'the world, if you accept not this Preſent, which is 'nothing in compariſon of the infinite obligations I 'owe to your worth. Well, *ſaith he*, ſince you give 'it with ſo good a will, I accept it for your ſake: but 'cauſe your daughters to come hither, for I will bid 'them farewel. Theſe good creatures had charitably aſſiſted him, during the time of his infirmity, in the preſence of their mother, many times touching the Lute, whereon they played very well, for his recre- ation. They fell at his feet, and the eldeſt made a ſhort ſpeech in her mother-language, to thank him for the preſervation of their honour. The Captain heard,

heard it, as it were, weeping, for the ſweetneſs and humility he therein obſerved, then ſaid: 'Ladies 'you do that which I ought to do, which is to give 'you thanks for the many good helps you have af- 'forded me; for which I finde my ſelf infinitely ob- 'liged. You know men of my profeſſion are not 'readily furniſhed with handſom tokens, to preſent 'fair Maidens withal: But behold your good Lady 'mother hath given me two thouſand five hundred 'Duckets; take each of you a thouſand, as my gift, 'for ſo I am reſolved it ſhall be. Then turning to his 'Hoſteſs: Madam, *ſaith he*, I will take thoſe five 'hundred to my ſelf, to diſtribute them among poor 'religious women, who have been ranſacked: and I 'recommend the charge thereof to you; for you 'better then any other underſtand, where there is a 'neceſſity. At this time, the Lady touched to the quick with ſo great a piety, ſpake theſe words, couched in the Hiſtory in ancient language: 'O 'flower of Chivalry, to whom no other may be 'compared! our bleſſed Saviour & Redeemer *Jeſus* '*Chriſt*, who for ſinners ſuffered death and paſſion, 'both here in this world, and in the other, reward 'you. The Gentleman of the houſe, who at that time heard the courteſie of his gueſt, came to thank him with bended knee, making offer of his perſon and his whole eſtate. The young Gentlewomen, who were skilful at the Needle, made him a preſent of two Bracelets, woven with thred of gold and ſilver, and a purſe of crimſon Sattin, very richly wrought. He very graciouſly receiving them; *Behold*, ſaith he, *I have more then ten thouſand crowns*: and inſtantly he put the bracelets on his arms, and the purſe in his pocket, aſſuring them whileſt theſe gifts laſted, he would wear them for their ſakes. Thereupon he mounted on horſe-back, accompanied with his true friend, the Lord *D' Aubigny*, and about two or three thouſand men; the Lady of the houſe, the daughters, and the whole family, as bitterly deploring his departure, as if they ſhould have been put to the ſword. I demand of you, if the Stars were to deſcend from heaven, whether they might finde more love and reſpect? Where be theſe ſilly Fencers, who are as commets of fire and bloud, to bear murther, peſtilence, and poyſon into houſes, who make the pillars of buildings to tremble with the force of blaſphemies, who load whole families with injuries, wounds, and ſcars, who pill and ravage like Harpies, fed with humane bloud? Should they do nothing elſe all their life, but heap up mountains of gold and ſilver, they could not arrive to the leaſt part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who ſought no other recompence from his great actions, but the ſatisfaction of his conſcience, and the glory to have done well. Thus is it, O noblemen, that hearts are gained to make a crown of immortality. Thus is Heaven obliged, and Earth tributary to Virtues.

The ſeventh SECTION.

Againſt ſenſual love, and impurity

I May well ſay, that among all the qualities of a Nobleman, there is not any hath a ſweeter odour then temperance, which repreſſeth the voluptuous pleaſures of the body. Let no man flatter you in the paſſion of love, as if it were a prime virtue of your profeſſion. Believe me, it is the worm which gnaweth all great actions, the moth which eateth all the vigour of ſpirit, the ſtain which defileth all the faireſt ornaments of life, the labyrinth which hindereth all generous deſigns, the rock which wracketh all Veſſels, the gulph which devoureth bodies and ſouls.

Divers kindes of love.

The wiſe Secretaries of nature have obſerved, that all creatures which have the breath of fire, have the tail of a Dragon. Nor likewiſe do we ever ſee carnal love vehemently enflamed, but that it produceth ſome ſerpentine, hideous, and diſaſtrous iſſue. I affirm, fire penetrateth into the marrow of the total nature of the Univerſe, but hath effects very different, according to the ſubjects wherein it reſideth. It otherwiſe ſcorcheth in Heaven, otherwiſe in Hell, otherwiſe in the bodies of beaſts, otherwiſe in ſulphur and gun-powder, and ſuch like bodies able to receive its action. It filleth the ſtars in Heaven with a flame full of luſter and honour: it tormenteth the damned in Hell, it entertaineth the life of creatures, it waſteth all bodies dry, or oyly, to reduce them either into aſhes, or ſmoak. Take my compariſon, and ſay with me, there are lovers who burn as Heaven, others as Hell, others as bodies well compoſed, others as oyl and wood.

The firſt lovers have the ardours of Heaven, who entertain chaſt and ſpiritual love for things Divine. Theſe are pleaſures, which the jealous eye cannot eſpy, the ſlanderous tongue cannot bite, bad report is not accuſtomed to deſame: which equals have no cauſe to envy, nor can Tyrants armed with horrour of ſo many torments, finde the means how to take it from Martyrs. When we love God, we finde him every where, we ſpeak to him every where, we ſerve him every where, and every where we feel the ſervices done to him, have their recompence. We talk to him as well in the Whales belly, as in the flaming Furnace: witneſs *Jonas* and the three children, who found Chappels wholly built in the entrails of fiſhes and flames, becauſe the love of God, the wiſeſt Artichect of the world, had framed ſuch for them.

The ſecond Lovers burn as Hell, who live perpetually in ſtinking, wicked, and infamous concupiſcences, in dark, extraordinary, and deſperate paſſions, who are in ſenſuality as in an Abyſs, fettered with a long chain of ſervitude, never having any part of the air, or light of the children of God.

The third are as bodies mixed, who entertain conjugal, honeſt, and moderate amities; ſuch as are found in good marriages, which are uſed according to God, in all honour and ſanctity.

Thoſe of the fourth order enkindle one another, as ſo many little bodies that daily miniſter fuel to the fire, waſting ſpirit, fleſh and means, in certain frivolous and giddy loves, which after much uſe, make men of vapour, aſhes and ſmoak. You now adays ſhall finde, that affections purely conjugal are very rare, and celeſtial loves much more; but every where there are many men, who burn like hell, or pitch.

Four ſorts of love.

There are four ſorts of love, which have been great enemies and ſtill are, to the reputation of a good Souldier: the one is the love of ſenſuality, the other of fantaſie, the third of ſervitude, and the fourth of fury. On what ſide ſoever you turn your face, aſſure your ſelf, Sir, you ſhall finde nothing beautiful in this ugly beaſt.

Love of ſenſuality.

Love of ſenſuality, which ſubſiſteth only in voluptuouſneſs of body, is a bruitiſh, baſe, and wandering love, which is ever employed to ſpy out and trade for fleſh, having no other deſign, but to ſatiate an unworthy concupiſcence, more unſatisfied then fire, the Abyſs, and Hell. If Nature had created you ſome Muſtapha to grow fat in a Seraglio, and that you had never heard ſpeech of good, or honour, it were tolerable: but to ſee a brave ſouldier, well born & bred up, to paſs his life in laying ſnares for chaſtity, to ſearch out of both Sexes ſuch as make traffick of the ſins of others, to train up a wicked ſervant to be the meſſenger

meſſenger of your paſſions, to promiſe, ſwear, forſwear, to ſeduce poor forſaken maids, to caſt them from neceſſity into diſgrace, and from diſgrace into deſpair, how can it be but abominable.

Think you the earth is made to be repleniſhed with your ſins, and charities to be inſtituted to ſupport your crimes? It is idleneſs that ſerves as a ſtore-houſe for your paſſions, and it is your remiſneſs, which doth not ſo much as vouchſafe to ſeek out a remedy. If you be reſolved to lead ſuch a life, give up your ſword, for you diſhonour it. It is no reaſon that it alone ſhould retain the virginity, which all your other members have loſt. You cannot well ſerve two miſtreſſes, *Venus* and *Bellona*, ſince they are ſo different. And go not about to propoſe to your ſelf that *Sampſon*, *David*, and *Cæſar*, made them well accord together: believe me, when they came to be laſcivious they ceaſed to be valiant.

It was neither with the looking-glaſs nor comb of *Dalila*, that *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand *Philiſtines*, but with the jaw-bone of an Aſs. Whileſt he preſerved himſelf from women, he was a ſun, and a thunder-bolt; a ſun to enlighten his Nation, a thunder-bolt to deſtroy the *Philiſtines*. So ſoon as a woman had ſhaved him, he of a ſun became a coal, of a thunder-bolt a vapour, and of a man a lame jade, who from the field of battel, was ſent to mill, no longer having eys, but to deplore the diſaſter of his loves with tears of blood. When *David* in the liſt overthrew the Gyant, he had not then received the wound from *Bathſheba's* eie. But after he had ſeen her at the fountain, his eys ceaſed not to caſt forth flouds, and love dried up all his Laurels, that they had very much ado to wax green again in the water of ſo many tears. Hold it alſo for undoubted, that *Cæſar* being in the ſnows of the *Gauls*, thought not of committing adulteries at *Rome*; the buſineſs or war took from him all the taſte of love, and never did he ſubmit to the imaginations of a beaſt, till he retained no more deſigns worthy of a man. Voluptuouſneſs never acted any thing great, but hath deſtroyed all that is great. And when God is pleaſed to overthrow Empires, he chooſeth ſouldiers who have chaſte hands, to chaſtiſe the effeminate. So *Arbaces* vanquiſhed *Sardanapalus*: ſo *Alexander*, who would not look upon Queens, his priſoners, but with an eie of chaſtity, defeated the *Perſians*, bond-ſlaves to luxury: ſo the *Gothes* gained the Empire of *Rome*, as ſaith *Salvianus*, God being willing to purge the earth, which the *Romans* had defiled, by the arms of a Nation more chaſte then themſelves, it being reaſonable, that thoſe ſhould enjoy their goods, who would have no ſhare in their vices

Love of fantaſie.

The love of fantaſie is more ſottiſh then malicious or ſordid. There be Cavaliers, who perſwade themſelves they are the braveſt men of their Age, and that all Ladies, who ſometimes love vapour where it is not beloved, muſt of neceſſity have love in ſtore for them. They enter into ſo great vanities, as they caſt their affections upon none but Princeſſes, or eminent beauties, eſteeming the reſt of the world too baſe for the entertainment of their affections. They reſemble thoſe birds of *Egipt*, who will not build their neſts but upon Palms; nor will they love but in an high place. Of this quality were *Endimion* and the Emperour *Caligula*, who in the end diſtaſting all the women in the world, transferred the ambition of their loves above the ſphere of fire, ſuppoſing they were hardy enough to take the Moon in marriage. One would not believe the frenzie of this paſſion, if we had not by experience ſeen men of moſt baſe extraction, with much content to entertain their thoughts upon the loves of the Queens of *Antioch* and *Sicilie*, tranſporting themſelves with joy, whenſoever it was told them they were entered far into their gracious favours. This is it which maketh me ſay, that we in two things know the greatneſs of our ſoul, to wit, that it can frame a world to its knowledge, as God hath created one in nature; and can lodge the thoughts in ſo high a place, that the pooreſt begger of the world can entertain affection for the moſt eminent perſon of the earth. The rich, who do as it were forbid the uſe of elements, cannot deny love, but it is a groſs infirmity to love out of the ſphere of your power, that which you can no more enjoy then the Moon in the Heavens. If we will love aloft, let us love him who hath made us. When once we have paſſed far into his heart, we ſhall finde all the greatneſs of the world much lower then our feet.

If you, my ſouldier, entertain theſe fantaſtick loves, I from this preſent will ſend you to the *Strophad Iſlands*, with thoſe who ſearch for the hand of glory, the Philoſophers ſtone, and *quadraturâ circuli*, and who oft-times diſtil the money out of their purſes, with that little brain which is left them, through the ſame limbeck.

I fear you rather have the love of ſervitude, and make a Goddeſs of a piece of fleſh, to which it is your glory to ſacrifice your liberty, being ſo blind, as to kiſs the fetters of your ſlavery, in ſtead of breaking them. Verily it is a pittiful thing to ſee a man burn in Ice, and congeal in Fire, having the colour wan, the viſage meagre, the eys hollow, the cheeks ſunk, the ſpirit giddy, the reaſon uncollected, and the heart wholly feaveriſh, for the love of a creature who flouteth him. To ſee a man who walketh in his ſolitude, and creeping like a ſpectre, not knowing whether he be of the number of the living or dead, who ſpeaketh, writeth, who prieth, who hopeth, who feareth, laugheth, ſigheth, waxeth pale, bluſheth, deſireth, deteſteth, dieth, riſeth again, ſinketh into an abyſs, and then toucheth Heaven with a finger, who playeth a Comedy of a dozen Perſonages in one hour, and paſſeth through more Metamorphoſes in a day, then *Ovid* in three years.

Love of bondage.

Oh what a miſerable thing is it, ſaith the golden mouth of *Conſtantinople*, to ſeek to be roſted in aſhes, and ſo deſperately love a beauty, which is onely fair in the fantaſie of a feaveriſh brain, and of which in a ſhort time the moſt licorous worms would ſcorn to make their dung-hill! O my ſouldier, let ſuch a frenzie never enter into your heart; you were better ſerve a *Turk* or an *Arabian*, then ſuch a love. It is the punais-worm, which bites while ſhe liveth, and after death maketh her infection to be felt. Why go you about to idolatrize a woman? Have you not ſlavery enough at home, but you muſt needs ſeek it abroad? Withdraw your ſelf in good time from this captivity, gain the haven before the ſtorm ſurpriſe you; for if you once be engaged, there is neither arm nor oar can ſerve to bring you back again. Is it not a comely thing, think you to behold a ſouldier, who hath a ſword by his ſide, able to hew monſters, to ſeek to play the cocks-comb in queſt of a wily wench, that exerciſeth the moſt infamous tyranny over him that ever was heard of? It is ſaid *Omphale* took the Diadem from a King named *Hercules*, and ſet her ſlippers on his head: that *Dionyſius* the Tyrant wrote the expeditions of his Kingdom with his hand, and that *Mirrha* cancelled or ſigned them at her pleaſure: that King *Athanaricus* tied the ſtrings of *Pincia's* ſhoes: that *Themiſtocles* cauſed himſelf to be purged and let blood with

with his captive Miſtreſs. He that ſhould ſee all the follies of the entranced Lovers, might obſerve an infinite number of matters much more ſtrange.

In ſerving a ſcornful piece, who makes you dye a thouſand times a day, you can oft-times hope for no other thing but ever to ſerve, and if you come to the end of your pretenſions, brag not ſo much; you perhaps have nothing, but that which ſervants, or perſons more unworthy, have obtained before you. This well deſerveth indeed to betray your honour, and to commit ſuch ſilly actions: but if you open your eys to ſee the end of this goodly Stage-play, you ſhall do as thoſe, who cauſed themſelves to be ſhaved when they eſcaped a Ship-wrack: you would not let ſo much as a hair remain upon that young head, which ſuffered it ſelf to run at liberty after ſuch ſottiſh loves.

Love of fury.

If you plunge your ſelf further into this paſſion, you ſhall finde fury which tyeth cords, which mingleth poyſons, which ſharpeneth ſwords, which openeth black caverns, which erecteth Gibbets, which kindleth coals, which prepareth racks, which produceth all that may diſcover the proceedings of an engaged love, and which maketh an Arrow of all crimes, to hit the mark it aimed at.

Were I in your place, I would tear from my heart the ſleighteſt cogitations which occur by this folly, as Cankers, Vermine, and Serpents: and I would ride on poſt, if it were poſſible, beyond the elements, with purpoſe to avoid ſuch encounters. All the braveſt Souldiers have made boaſt of chaſtity. It was the Trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom God for this cauſe gave all the treaſures of *Aſia*. It was the triumph of *Alexander*, who in recompence had the conqueſt of the *Perſians*: and the Emperour *Julian*, who made profeſſion to imitate him, although he had renounced all the Sacraments, would never forſake chaſtity, which he had learned amongſt Chriſtians: ſaying, *This virtue made beautiful lives, as Painters fair faces.* But not to ſearch any further into the ruines of antiquity; look what your *Bayard* did upon this point: behold an admirable paſſage, which I will relate in the ſame words, as it is expreſſed in his Hiſtory.

Julianus apud Ammianum.

A Royal act of Military chaſtity.

They had cauſed a yound Maid to be conveyed into his chamber, which was one of the faireſt creatures of the world, and indeed ſhe was endowed with an Angelical grace, but that her eys were ſwoln with extremity of tears. When the Captain ſaw her, 'How now, fair Maid, ſaith he unto her, 'what ſay you? How come you hither? The poor 'creature fell on her knees, and ſaid: Alas, Sir, my 'mother hath commanded me I ſhould do what you 'would have me; yet I am a Virgin, and never had 'I any diſpoſition to do ill, were it not neceſſity en-'forced me thereunto; for my mother and my ſelf 'are ſo poor, that we periſh for hunger; and I wiſh 'to God I were dead, before I commit this act, or 'at leaſt, that I were not in the number of unhappy 'Maids. The noble Lord touched to the quick with the words of this creature, anſwered her, having tears in his eys: 'Verily, pretty ſoul, I will not be ſo 'wicked, as to take that from you, which you ſo 'faithfully have kept for God. Thereupon he cauſed her to be veiled, covering her with a mantle, leſt ſhe might be known; he lighted a Torch, and not recommending her to any other, conducted her himſelf to reſt in the houſe of his kinſwoman. The next day he ſent for the mother, and ſaid to her: 'Are not you a wicked woman to betray the ho-'nour of your daughter, which ought to be more 'dear unto you then life? You deſerve a puniſh-'ment ſo much the more rigorous, as that I under-'ſtand you are a Lady: for in doing this, you wrong 'Nobility. The poor woman wholly confounded, knew not what elſe to anſwer, but that they were as poor as might be. 'Is there no man, *ſaith he*, who 'requires her in marriage? Yes, truly, *ſaith ſhe*, 'an honeſt man, a neighbour of mine; but he de-'mandeth ſix hundred Florens, and I am not worth 'the one half of it.

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his Purſe, and ſaid: Hold, here are two hundred crowns, which 'are of more value then ſix hundred Florens of this 'Country, to marry your daughter withal. I add 'alſo thereunto an hundred more to cloth her, and 'an hundred to relieve your poverty; but my will 'is, you diſpatch it in three days. All which was accordingly done with an unſpeakable joy of the mother and daughter, which made them live thenceforth very honourably.

O Nobility, I preſent not here unto you an *Hermit*, it is a Captain, a *French* Souldier, who was compoſed of no other fleſh, bones, nor bloud, then you, while he in the mean time performeth an act of a Religious man the moſt mortified: he exerciſeth the liberality of a King, he equalleth therein, and as it were, ſurmounteth the heroical deeds of the greateſt Saints. It is true, that S. *Nicholas* ſaved the honour of Virgins, contributing thereunto his gold and ſilver: it is true, that in doing it he generouſly triumphed over the covetouſneſs of temporal goods but he ſerved not in this action, as a triumph to himſelf, which is verily the choiceſt piece of eminent virtues. Behold a Cavalier, who vanquiſheth both avarice and love, the two moſt dangerous Rocks of the world. *Bayard* commandeth his Purſe in a Fortune not the beſt accommodated, which meriteth not the leaſt applauſe; but *Bayard* commandeth himſelf in a flouriſhing age, in a vigorous body, in preſence of an object ſo amiable. I beſeech you let us no longer ſay, that chaſtity is only found in Cloyſters, it is every where, where the fear of God is, where generoſity, or real virtue is. What can ſo many wretches anſwer to this, who fill the world with ſins, the Nobility with diſgraces, their bodies with diſeaſes, their name with infamy, and load ſo many poor abuſed creatures with miſeries and diſpair? What can ſo many ſpruce Gallants anſwer, who brave it through the ſtreets, and make oſtents in borrowed feathers, and in habits, ſtanding indebted to the Mercer for the ſtuff, and to the poor Taylor for the faſhion, paying neither the one, nor other? True Jack-daws of *Eſope*, who deſerve that all other birds ſhould aſſemble to pull their plumes off, which they have ſtoln to entertain their vanity. What will here ſo many gluttons and gameſters anſwer, who eat, and rent up the entrails of men by their bloody riots? Is it poſſible, that this Souldier ſhould have four hundred crown; which was then a huge ſumm, to give in one only alms, and thoſe who in bravery talk of nothing elſe but piſtolets, the belly and game, have not a Denier to throw to a poor body?

I will alſo ſhew you an eſſential virtue of your profeſſion, which is a certain mixture of honeſty, juſtice, and loyalty due to the King, the Weal publick, your conſcience, even towards your enemies themſelves, in the examples of this admirable man, juſtly called *The Captain without fault.*

The eighth SECTION.

Againſt the perfidiouſnes of Intereſts.

THere is given to you for the accompliſhment of theſe goodly precepts, a great virtue of the time, which is to betray Faith, Altars, and all that which is pretious in nature, or magnificent in Religion, to advance your fortune, without any fear at all to trample on the throats of your moſt faithful friends, that you may go directly to the Temple of Honour, or the riches of the world. Poor *Janizary*, think you, that to be the ſhorteſt way? Have you never learned, that if you take fidelity out of the world, you pull down the principal Altar of the Temple, the ſanctity of humane hearts, the commerce of men, the repoſe of life, the knot and band of all felicities? Perjury, ſaith an Oracle, hath a ſon without name, feet, or hands, and who wandereth up and down throughout the world, and cruſheth in pieces the heads of the perfidious, even to the fourth generation. You in the ſubſequent diſcourſes ſhall behold the goodly ſucceſſes of ſuch proceedings: I for this preſent tell you, to ſtrengthen theſe precepts; that, were faith and integrity baniſhed from the reſt of the world, they might be found in the heart of a *French* Souldier.

Oraculum Epicylidi redditum, apud Nicæam.

Our excellent *Bayard*, from whom I more affect ſtill to derive this model, then from any other, made it well appear in an affair, where the life of the moſt eminent man of the Church was intereſſed. He was at that time in *Italy*, ſent by the King to aſſiſt the Duke of *Ferrara* againſt the Army of Pope *Julius*, then much oppoſite to *France*, although ſo many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. See the cauſe, why he ſent to the Duke one *Monſieur Auguſtine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, a Traitour, and factious, to perſwade him to forſake the *French* alliance, with intention to deſtroy them, and that in recompence he would give him his Niece in marriage, and make him Captain General of the Church. This Prince would not in any wiſe underſtand him, but he handled the matter ſo by his policy and advantageous promiſes, that he gained this *Auguſtine*, who gave him his hand, that he in few days would deſtroy the Pope, by the help of a miſchievous morſel, which he could eaſily give him. The Duke of *Ferrara* underſtanding theſe propoſitions, went to finde out the noble *Bayard* in his lodging, and made a long diſcourſe to him of the evil diſpoſition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterpriſes he had, both on his life, and of the *French*-men, of purpoſe to enkindle him for revenge. Then he purſued his opportunity, and made overture to him of the treaſon of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard* beheld him, and ſaid; 'How, Sir? I could never have imagined that a 'Prince ſo generous as you, would conſent to ſuch 'a miſchief: and had you done it, I ſwear by my 'ſoul, before night I would have given the Pope no-'tice of it. How? anſwered the Duke, He would 'have done as much either to you, or me. It is no 'matter, replieth *Bayard*, this treachery diſpleaſeth 'me. The Duke ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and 'ſpitting on the ground, *Monſieur Bayard*, ſaith he; 'I would I had killed all mine enemies in this ſort: 'but ſince you diſlike it, the matter ſhall reſt, and 'you and I both may have cauſe to repent it. We 'ſhall not, if it pleaſe God, replieth the good ſoul-'dier, but I pray you put this gallant into my hands, 'that would do this goodly piece of ſervice: and if 'I do not cauſe him to be hanged in an hour, let me 'ſupply his place. The other excuſed it, ſaying, 'He had given him aſſurance of his perſon.

Behold you not a brave ſpirit? See you not a man of a royal conſcience, and of an honeſty in all things like to it ſelf? Where are theſe petty ſpirits of the Abyſs, more black then Specters, and infernal furies, who have neither loyalty for their Prince nor Common-wealth, but as it may concern their own intereſts, who ſwallow treaſons as big as Cammels, to gain a fly? They would make truth it ſelf to lye, were not their iſſues ever tragical, abominable, and hideous.

The ninth SECTION.

Short and notable Inſtructions.

MY Souldier, follow the precepts, which the great S. *Auguſtine* gave to Captain *Boniface*. Obſerve Faith and Virtue in Arms, which never will be proſperous on earth, if they be not fortified with bleſſings from heaven. Beg of God with *David*, to deliver you from your neceſſities, which are your paſſions; he doth nothing to overcome viſible enemies, that have power over bodies, who ſurmounteth not the inviſible, bandied againſt the health of our ſouls. Make uſe of the world, as a thing borrowed: do good with its goods, and become not bad. They are goods, ſince they come from God, who extendeth his power over all things, both celeſtial and temporal. They are goods, ſince God gives them to good men; but they are not alſo great goods, ſince he affords them to the wicked. He takes them away from the virtuous to try their virtue, and from the perverſe, to chaſtiſe their crimes. It is true, ſtrength, health, victory, honour, wealth, are indifferently the portion of all men: but conqueſt over paſſions, virtues, ſalvation of ſoul, immortality of body, glory, honour, beatitude, are the proper inheritance of Saints. Love theſe goods, deſire them, ſeek them with all your endeavour, do alms-deeds to get them, faſt as much as your forces will permit: all here below paſſeth away, but good works. *Auguſt. ep. 30.*

Think when you go to the wars, that the ſtrength of your body is a gift of God, and that it is not fit to arm againſt your ſovereign Maſter's proper benefits. Keep promiſe even with your enemies, make peace with all the world voluntarily, and war for neceſſity to acquire the good of peace. Be peaceful even in Arms, for ſuch men are called the children of God. If it be neceſſary to kill an enemy in fight, let mercy be always exerciſed in the latter end of the combate, principally when there is no further fear of rebellion. Adorn your manners with conjugal chaſtity, ſobriety, and modeſty. It is a ridiculous thing to conquer men, and be vanquiſhed by vices, to eſcape the ſword, and be overthrown by wine. If you want means, ſeek it not on earth by wicked practiſes, but ſecure rather in Heaven that little you have, by the exerciſe of good works.

Flee theſe rocks of Nobility, which we have hitherto ſpoken againſt, and above all, bridle preſumption, choler, the tongue, and ſenſuality.

They are ſlaves, who cannot keep in the mean, between ſervitude, and Empire, where either chains muſt be had to maſter them, or a Throne erected to honour them. Preſumption, if you afford it entrance, will make you of a man, a Baloon filled with wind, a ſcare-crow of honour, a temerarious thing void of courage, an undertaker without ſucceſs, a phantaſtick without ſhame, which in the end ſhall become burthenſom to it ſelf, and odious to all the world. Choler and folly are two ſiſters, which have

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in all things the ſame qualities, or if there be any diſference, it is, that the one with more furie maketh havock in an inſtant, and the other produceth her effects with more leiſure and cheerfulneſs: whileſt you are ſubject to this paſſion, no man can confide in you in matter of judgment, no more then to weather-cocks in the point of ſtability: you will have all other vices in ſeed, and perpetually live in the ſorrow of time paſt, diſturbance of the preſent, and uncertainty of the future. As for the tongue, it is that which containeth all the good or evil of man: it is the needle of the great dial of the ſoul, that muſt ſhew all the hours. It is the truche-man of our thoughts, the image of our actions, the interpreter of our wills, and the principal key of converſation. *He that will now adays live in the world,* ſaith the famous S. *Nazianzen, muſt have a veil over his eys, a key on his ear, a compaſs on his lips. A veil over his eys,* not to ſee, or in ſeeing to diſſemble many things; *a key on his ear,* to ſhut them up againſt ſo many follies and ordures, which proceed from bad mouthes: and *a compaſs on the lips,* to meaſure and ſquare out all his words with diſcretion. So many ſecrets unneceſſarily diſcovered, ſo many infamous ſlanders, ſo many inconſiderate tales, ſo many frivolous promiſes, ſo many impudent lyes, ſuch perjuries and execrable blaſphemies, ſo many diſaſters which oft happen for a ſleight ſpeech, daily teach us, that words have no handles to hold them by, and better it is to trip with the foot then the tongue.

Nazianzen in Jam.

Senſuality, if you powerfully reſiſt it not from the firſt reflections, which reaſon may preſent, will make you a thing of nothing. The three ſpirits, wine, love, and game, will fetter you with a prodigious ſlavery. You will become a living Sepulcher, a tomb of ſurfets and ſlaughters, a gulf of calumnies, a meer hobgoblin without repoſe, which ſhall continually handle cards and dice, to bereave you of your purſe and underſtanding, ſo to make a ſpoile of your goods, a frenzie of your reaſon, and a perpetual feaver of your life.

Your condition ought not to make you pretend power over men, if you ſeaſonably enterpriſe it not over your own paſſions. Beware how you enter into the liſt among ſo many noble ſpirits, there to diſcover your weakneſs, and to add nothing to the luſtre of the honour of ſo many worthy Anceſtours, but to render your own crimes the more remarkable. Shew your ſelf herein a reaſonable man, and endeavour that all your actions may be as lines, which grow from the center of wiſdom, to be produced with all felicitie Remember things paſt, rectifie the preſent, foreſee thoſe to come. Above all, learn to ſet a true eſtimation upon every thing in the world, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be ſurpriſed by the illuſions of ſo many objects, which when they have charmed the eys, and overthrown reaſon, leave nothing behind them, but ſorrow to have don ill, and impotencie of doing well.

In converſation take the meaſure of your ſelf, and the like of thoſe with whom you deal, to husband and accommodate your ſelf reaſonably to all the world, yielding to every one the reſpect which his merit ſeems to require. The exerciſe of devotion will not hinder you from the endeavour how to become an able man in your profeſſion, from being honeſt, civil, diſcreet, affable, liberal, obliging, ſtout, couragious, patient, which are the principal qualities of a Courtier.

It is not deſired, that to be devout, you ſhould have a ſpirit drowzie, ſluggiſh, overwhelmed, not that through overmuch ſimplicity you make profuſion of your ſelf, in an Age, where bounty ſeemeth to be the prey of inſolent ſpirits. Wiſdom will teach you neither to intrude nor power out your ſelf; to diſſemble through virtue that which ought to be concealed; to adapt your ſelf to companies and affairs, to believe nothing lightly, nor to promiſe nor decide any thing without conſideration, to perſevere in certain things not ill, becauſe you have begun them; not to be harſh, nor too much complying, ſince the one taſteth of brutiſhneſs, the other inclines to flatterie. To propoſe to your ſelf good and evil, which may ariſe from an affair, to moderate the one, and tollerate the other. Above all, honour the King next after God, as the ſource of all greatneſs, & the fountaine of the moſt noble lights, which reflect on Nobility. Honour him with profound reſpect, as the lively Image of God. Love him ſincerely, ſerve him with all fidelity. If you be employed in affairs and governments, endeavour to perſiſt therein with conſcience and honour, which are the two manſions of a great ſoul. If you have merit without employment and recompence, ſay not therefore that all is loſt. It is a good buſineſs to be well at reſt, to manure your ſpirit, to enable your ſelf with reading and peaceable converſation to govern your houſe. Learn nothing, but what you ought to know. Search that onely which you may profitably finde; deſire nothing, but what you may honourably wiſh for. And be not conceited to run after a ſpecter of imaginary favour, nor to mount to a place, where you cannot ſtay without fear, nor fall without ruin.

So many great Monarchs, ſo many Princes, Lords, and valorous men, who are come from Courts and the profeſſion of arms, to enter into the Temple of piety, aſſure us, this life is capable of Saints, and that no man ought to deſpare of virtue, but he who renounceth it. If the brevity of this Treatiſe would permit, I would willingly ſet before you, a *David*, a *Joſias*, an *Ezechias*, a *Charlemaign*, a S. *Lewis*, a *Hermingildes*, a *Henry*, a *Stephen*, a *Caſimire*, a *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, a *Wenceſlaus*, an *Edward*, an *Elzear*, an *Amideus*: I would make you ſee flouriſhing Squadrons of Martyrs, drawn from warfare, amongſt which you would admire a *Maurice*, an *Exuperius*, a *Sebaſtian*, a *Marius*, a *Mennas*, an *Olympiades*, a *Meliton*, a *Leontius*, a *Maximus*, a *Julian*, an *Abdon*, a *Sennen*, a *Valens*, a *Priſcus*, a *Marcellus*, a *Marcellinus*, a *Severinus*, a *Philoromus*, a *Philetemon*, and ſo many ſuch like. Finally, I would ſhew in the latter Ages men worthy of all honour, eminent in arms and enobled with ſingular Piety; but I now content my ſelf to draw from *Euſebius*, *Theodoret*, *Nicephorus*, *Zoſimus*, *Socrates*, *Sozomenus*, *Cedrenus*, and above all, Cardinal *Baronius*, the life of Great *Conſtantine*, who hath been the very prime man amongſt *Chriſtian* Princes, and hath witneſſed, eſpecially after his Baptiſm, a maſculine piety, and a great example of ſanctity.

CONSTANTINE.

The first SECTION.

The Providence of God over Conſtantine.

I Will ſhew to Chriſtian Nobility its ſource in the life of the prime Gentleman of Chriſtianity. If we reſpect Antiquity, Greatneſs, and Dignity, we ſhall not finde a Prince either more anciently noble then he, who firſt of all among Emperours deſerved the title of *Chriſtian*, or more truly great then he, who ſo happily engraffed the Empire of the Univerſe on the Tree of the Croſs, or more juſtly honourable then he, who cemented his honour with the blood of the Lamb. It is the admirable *Conſtantine*, who ſo perfectly allied Valour to Piety, Monarchy to Humility, the wiſdom of the Croſs, to the government of the world, the nails and thorns of the Paſſion, to the Diadem of Kings, and delights of the Court, that he hath left matter of meditation for the wiſe, of profit for Religious, of imitation for Monarchs, and of wonder for thoſe who admire nothing vulgar.

Greatneſs of *Conſtantine.*

Behold a marvellous Theater of the Providence of God, whereunto I would willingly invite all thoſe ſpirits, repleat with humane policy, and deveſted of heavenly Maxims, who are only great by the greatneſs of their ruine, to ſee how the breath of God demoliſheth the Towers of *Babel*, to raiſe the walls of *Sion*, how the ſubtile are ſurprized in their ſubtilty, how the ſcience of men becometh blinde in its proper lights, how the vigour of the world is ſlain by its own hands, how ſtability is over-turned by the ſupports it chooſeth, how the ſpirit of fleſh at unawares contributeth to plant the Croſs on the top of Capitols and heads of Monarchs, by the ſame ways wherewith it promiſed to over-cloud them with darkneſs and Abyſſes.

Theater of Divine Providence.

I here produce a *Conſtantine*, bred up very young in the Court of *Diocletian*, who had an intention to become a ſcourge to Chriſtianity: but God ſurprized him therein, as *Moſes* in the Court of *Pharaoh*, to ſtop the ſtream of perſecution, to calm the tempeſts of the time, confound Idols, and raiſe the Church on the ruines of Gentiliſm.

Reader, ſtay a little on the Frontiſpiece of this hiſtory, and behold how the Eternal Providence led this young *Conſtantine* by the hand, like another *Cyrus*, to humble the Great-ones of the earth before his face, and to give him hidden treaſures; to take from him ſo many bars and impediments, to open for him ſo many gates of iron, and to cauſe ſo many Kings to turn their faces, and afford him their place. *Iſaiah* 49.

There was at that time twelve heads, which already either wore the Diadem, or thought themſelves capable of it. *Diocletian* and *Maximian* held the higheſt place: they had choſen for Succeſſours *Galerius* and *Conſtantius Clorus*, father of our *Conſtantine*. *Galerius* had made two other *Caeſars*, *Severus*, and *Maximinus*. *Maxentius* ſon of *Maximian*, violently

violently drew upon himself the Purple by main force, *Lycinius* furiously opposed him to gain it, *Constantius*, *Dalmatius*, *Hannibal*, brothers of *Constantine* by the father's side, beheld this goodly game, and might well hope to have some part therein, as being legitimate sons of *Theodora*, whom *Constantius Clorus* had espoused when he rejected S. *Helena*. *Constantine* saw himself the furthest off, through the disgrace of his mother, yet did the anointment of God make choice of him, dispersing all the rest by such and so divers ways, as we shall afterward behold, to place him in the Throne, only absolute and independent, and to establish him with a long continuance of years, and a large posterity, had it pursued the way which he traced.

The state of the Church under *Diocletian*.

Consider what then was the state of the Church, and view the wonders of the powerful hand of God. *Diocletian* had undertaken to raze from the memory of men the name of Christianity; and being an imperious man, who would, as it were, that the Heavens and elements should observe no other course but according to his will, and engaged very far in this affair, bare himself with such excess of cruelty, that for about three hundred years, that the Christians were persecuted, there had nothing been like the persecution raised under his Empire.

Then was the time, when in full assembly of publick Games, which ordinarily were presented at *Rome*, the cries of an innumerable multitude were heard, who to flatter the design of the Prince, loudly proclaimed two and twenty times; *Christiani tollantur*, *Auguste*, *Christiani tollantur*: Let the Christians be taken away, O Emperour, let the Christians be rooted out. Then was the time that dreadful Edicts of persecution were fixed on every place, that the earth was covered with bloud and massacres, and slaughters dispersed, as it were, in all the parts of the habitable world. Christians were accounted as the dregs of mankind, the scorn of the earth, and object of all cruelties. Some were shut up in Caves, not daring to appear in publick, excluded from commerce and society of men, deprived of necessities, which Nature would have to be common to all the world, they not being permitted to draw water from Wells, or to buy a handful of herbs in the Market, unless they presented Incense to Idols, purposely fixed in publick places. Others crept up and down in the Deserts, among wilde beasts, and sometimes roasted with heat of Summer, and sometimes congealed with cold of Winter, tearing up with their nails the grass, which they mingled with their tears before they ate it. Others were led into Theaters, Amphitheaters, and Tribunals of Judges, where old men of fourscore, and an hundred years of age, were seen. Ladies very honourable, most tender Maidens, and little Children, brought into the slaying house there to dye, before they knew what it was to live.

All the tortures which the *Busiris* and *Mezentiuses* knew not, were then invented, and exercised on the bodies of Christians: there was no speech but of Racks, Combs of Iron, molten Lead, boyling Cauldrons: but how to crush men under Presses, as in the time of Vintage, but of shutting bodies up in vessels, armed within with counterpointed nails, and rouling them in this moving prison down the descent of hills: but of annointing them with Oyl and Honey, and exposing them to Wasps, in the boyling ardures of the Sun; but of hanging women by the feet in their nakedness, to serve as a spectacle for lustful eys.

It is not credible such horrours could enter into the hearts of men, without some particular impression of malign spirits; yet *Diocletian* thought it was a great point of state, and the true means irrecoverably to banish Christianity.

Behold the cause why he spared none, yea, not pardoning even his Niece *Susanna*, nor his wife *Serena*, whom he caused to feel the edge of the sword for professing Christianity. It was desired the Martyrs should be numbred, but this was impossible, for when it appeared that one month reckoned up seventeen thousand, and the rest carried the like proportion, the Christians prepared themselves rather to dye then to keep any further record of them. The Emperour also caused all holy books to be exactly sought out, to commit them to the flames, thinking it was a singular policy to suppress our Religion. but it is a thing extremely prodigious, and an invincible argument of the Divinity of our faith, that notwithstanding all these endeavours, the Church was like the burning bush, which derived glory from its proper flames. She encreased under the sword of persecution, borrowing her Ornaments from ignominy, her riches from losses, and life from her tomb. It seemed that every drop of bloud which distilled from the bodies of Martyrs, was a grain of seed to make others spring, which in the end wearied executioners, blunted the edge of swords, wore out all the instruments of torture: yet was *Diocletian* for all this nothing mollified.

Conditions of *Diocletian*.

A man would wonder, from whence he should conceive such hatred against Christianity; but he that will consider his nature and ordinary proceedings, shall finde, that besides the suggestions of Hell, he had inclinations disposed to such cruelties. He was born of very base birth, nursed up in bloud, addicted to the Religion of the Gentiles, so far as to make himself the most superstitious. Whilest he abode in *France*, as yet a young soldier, a *Druid* who much intermeddled with divination, foretold him he should arrive at the Empire, when he had killed the fatal Bore. He being of a spirit ambitious and credulous, went purposely a hunting, and ordinarily chased Bores, to see if a Crown would spring from their bloud. But that was not it which the evil spirit pretended. There was at the Court a Lord, named *Aper*, as much as to say *the Bore*, father-in-law to the Emperour *Numerianus*, a man powerful & factious, who after some years possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire by crime and treachery. *Diocletian* adventured to kill him, not so much for hatred, as he said, as for desire to fulfil the prophesie of the *Druid*, and he having thrust his sword through his body, being already arrived to the highest degrees of warfare, and well beloved of the souldiers, was proclaimed Emperour. This election made him greatly esteem the false Religion of Pagans, and to take deep roots in his superstition; which was much augmented by the Priests of Idols, mortal enemies of Christians, who perswaded him, the gods that had given the Empire, demanded of him in requital the extirpation of Christianity, and that his hand was fatal to cut and burn the heads of the *Hydra*, which his Predecessours could never destroy. This afforded him matter of vanity, which he very easily apprehended, and it being also softly whispered in his ears, that the Christians had a plot upon his state, and promised themselves in their prophesies an everlasting Empire, he grew moody even to rage, employing all manner of Engines to give counterpoize to their exaltations. Besides, he being ever desirous to appear exactly absolute in his commands, and effectual in his enterprizes, thought he must never give over

perſecution, till he had buried the memory of the Chriſtian name; and he voluntarily ſuffered himſelf ſo to be flattered upon this ſubject, that no man could do a thing more acceptable then to tell him he had extinguiſhed the wicked Sect, and eſtabliſhed the honour of the Gods immortal. Columnes alſo and Monuments were dedicated to him with this inſcription, *SUPERSTITIONE CHRISTI UBIQUE DELETA*, which witneſſed, theſe honours were yielded him, for having throughly purged the world from the ſuperſtition of *Chriſt*: but his conſcience ſuggeſted the contrary, wherewith his ſpirit, fierce, and cruel, was horribly amazed.

O God! we may well ſay, there is neither force nor counſel can oppoſe your deſigns: your divine Providence, ſhut up in a cloud, roareth over crowned heads, in a moment overthroweth the mountains of winds, which the Tyrants raiſed one upon another, and makes the ſilly wiſdom of the greateſt politicians, appear like an owl unfeathered, and aſhamed at the rays of the mid day.

He leaveth the Empire.

Diocletian, who was reputed the ſubtileſt, and moſt couragious man of the world, upon a ſuddain reſolved to forſake the Empire, and to hide himſelf in ſome grot, like a beaſt, timorous and wretched. He abandoneth the Scepter and Purple, to retire himſelf into a little country-houſe, and with his own hands to manure a garden.

Reaſons.

This gave matter enough of ſurmiſe to all the world, which could not penetrate his intentions. It was believed by no man, that he did it for humility, for theſe apprehenſions found no place in the heart of a man, who cauſed himſelf to be adored, and preſented his ſhoes, embroidered with precious ſtones, to be kiſſed by them, who came to ſalute him. He notwithſtanding publickly profeſſed, that he addicted himſelf to this life through a generous contempt of the vanities of the world, being fully ſatiated with honours of the earth, and having accompliſhed all the hopes of the moſt ambitious; ſo that he knew what the fortune of the *Ceſars* was, & that Diadems were charged with more Thorns then Pearls; that there was but one way to contentment of life, which was to deſpiſe what others adored: and purſuing this; he wrote a letter to a friend of his, who perſwaded him to re-aſſume the Empire: *If you ſaw the lettice which grow in my Garden, planted with mine own hands, you would think me too good a Gardener, to become a miſerable Emperour.*

This man would needs play the Philoſopher, which he had never learned, and endeavour to colour this change which he had made, with apparences of virtue; but the moſt underſtanding judged, it was the diſeaſe of *Timon*, and a melancholy enraged, that had tranſported him into this retirement. He was extreamly confounded, to have drawn blood out of all the veins of the earth, to ſtifle a Religion which flouriſhed in its proper ruins. It ſeemed unto him, that a million of ſpirits of the dead, encompaſſed his bed, to require from him, an account of their lives: he began to apprehend ſomething divine in this Religion, which he had ſo outragiouſly perſecuted, and withall to fear a horrible puniſhment in the revolution of the affairs of his eſtate. Behold the cauſe why deſpare, anxiety, and eminent peril, made him voluntarily to deſpoile himſelf, as a man ready to be drowned, believing ſtill, that he ſhould have a better penny-worth of the puniſhments of Heaven, in the perſon of a Gardener, then in that of an Emperour. He anticipated his puniſhment, ſerving for executioner to himſelf, and leaving an Empire, which ſeemed as it were as faſt tyed to him as his ſoul, to make, being yet alive, an honourable recompence to the truth, which he had ſo unworthily offended. He perſwaded *Maximianus* partaker of all his crimes, to be alſo the companion of his fortune and both of them retired, leaving in their places *Galerius* and *Conſtantius*, the father of our *Conſtantine*; ignorantly giving the Empire to him, who had already brought forth a ſon, who ſhould ruin all that which theſe two had built.

Let us now behold his extraction and qualities, beginning from the eminencies of his birth; and let us find in his time the wicked Hermit in the bottom of his cave.

The ſecond SECTION.

The Nobility of Conſtantine.

IT is ſaid when nature made the wild Lillie, ſhe alſo taught how to make Lillies: and I may ſay, when ſhe created the Grand-fathers and parents of great *Conſtantine*, ſhe then began the work of a perfect Emperour, which ſhe afterward finiſhed in the perſon of this Monarch, whoſe life we write. Plinius Campanilla. *Rudimentum naturæ, lilia facere diſcentis.*

Nobility of *Conſtantine.*

Nazarius obſerveth, that he was deſcended from the Emperour *Flavius Claudius*, a Prince ſo renowned, that it was ſaid, the moderation of *Auguſtus Ceſar*, the virtue of *Trajan*, and piety of *Antonius* were aſſembled together, to harbour in his heart. He ſuſtained one of the moſt furious incurſions of the *Barbarians*, which ever was upon the *Roman* Empire, for he in one ſole battel defeated three hundred and twenty thouſand, and deſerved a Statue of gold, which was erected for him in the Capitol, having reigned onely two years.

Conſtantius Chlorus the father of our great *Conſtantine*, was as the Roſe amongſt Thorns; for he lived among thoſe Barbarous Emperours, who made the world ſhed tears of blood, with ſo great ſweetneſs, temper, and continencie, that *France* and *England*, where he ordinarily reſided, loved him as their father. That which gained him the good will of people, was, that he rendered himſelf affable to all the world, and thought no treaſure greater then the love and affection of his ſubjects. He was a capital enemy of extortions, and levies of unjuſt monies, even to the leſſening rather the train of his houſe, then to over-charge thoſe, which other Governours had oft times ſo ill entreated. Notable moderation in *Conſtantius.*

Euſebius.

He being as yet but nominated for the Empire, *Diocletian* underſtanding his deportments, whether he would teach him frugalitie, or that he feared leſt the bright luſtre of the integrity of *Conſtantius* might eclipſe him, one day reproached him with his poverty, and ſent Embaſſadours to him expreſly to ſee his husbandrie, and exhort him to heap up treaſures, as well as other *Ceſars*. He deſirous to appear magnificent at this meeting, ſpake but one word, which was to give the people notice that he wanted money. It was a pleaſing ſpectacle to behold, how all the world ran to him with ful hands, every one offering him what he had, with a love ſo cordial, and ſo prompt alacritie, that nothing might be ſaid to be more affectionate. He in few hours amaſſed together, great treaſures, which he ſhewed to theſe Embaſſadours of *Diocletian*, who were much amazed thereat. But the brave Prince after their departure, reſtored all had been preſented unto him, ſaying, he loved better to ſee riches in the coffers of his ſubjects, and to retain their loves for himſelf, then Excellent paſſage.

A judicious experiment.

then to have all the treasures of the *Indies* in his house, without friendship.

It was verily a fair and generous lesson, which he taught the Great-ones of the earth, who through excess of avarice heap together all that, which they must forsake, and in great abundance of wealth have a main want of two things which ought to be eternal, to wit, Love and Truth.

Constantius did all this by ways of moral virtues: for although he had very good inclinations to Christianity, he was no Christian by profession, being as yet straitly associated to the great persecutours thereof: yet because the accidents of time and place might permit it, he freely made use of Christian Officers, judging those would be most loyal in his service, who were most constant in piety. And to this purpose *Eusebius* addeth, that he being one day desirous to make trial of the faith of Christians which were of his train, commanded them to sacrifice to Idols; which the most faithful constantly refused, resolving rather to forsake Court and life, then to be traitours to the character of their Religion. Others yielding to the stream of the times, and hope of worldly favours, shewed themselves somewhat more pliant to his will, which he having perceived, dismissed them all; supposing they might well be perfidious to their Prince, since they had been disloyal to their God. And as for the rest having highly commended them, he afforded them extraordinary preferment.

To be faithful to the King one must be loyal to God.

Helena.

One would wonder from whence such sincere affections should arise, in so ill education as he found among Persecutours of the faith. But for my part, I think we ought to impute this change, next after God, to the holy and couragious *Helena*, whom he espoused in his first marriage, and who was mother of our admirable *Constantine*. This incomparable Lady, that sought the Cross with more industry, then others do Empires, hath engraven her praises with an adamantine pen in the memory of all Ages. It is strange why certain modern *Grecians*, as *Nicephorus* and others, have been so desirous to attribute to *Greece* this creature, so that striving to make her a *Grecian*, they have made her an out-cast. I have not so much leisure in this treatise, as to amuse my self in recounting and refuting their fabulous narrations, being naturally an enemy of men affectedly eloquent, who have no other profession but to lye in good terms. I speak that which is the more probable, agreeing with what is written by Cardinal *Baronius*, whose opinions are ordinarily most sincere. *Helena* was an *English* woman by Nation, daughter of one of the best qualified men of this great *Island*, who lodged in his house the Lieutenant of the *Roman* Empire. *Zosimus* the historian, who could neither love *Constantine* nor his mother, morally hating Christianity, reproacheth her, that she was no Lady, and speaketh as of a woman of base extraction: but we may well say, that his history, when he speaketh of faithful Princes, hath mingled much gall with his ink. Certain it is, that *Helena* being a stranger, could not be in the *Roman* Empire of reputation equal to so many Princesses of the Court, from whome *Constantius* might at that time expect alliance, yet was very honourable in her own Country, not so much by Nobility of blood, as that of faith, wherein in my opinion she already was instructed, there being many Christians in *England* under the Empire of *Diocletian*. For I hold with S. *Paulinus*, that she was the first Mistress of her Son in the faith, and that we should not have had a *Constantine*, if God had not given us an *Helena*, *Princeps Principibus Christianis esse meruit, non tam suâ quàm Helenæ matris fide*, saith this great Bishop.

It is the opinion of *Polidorus* lib. 10. Of *Radulph* in his Polychron. l. 4. cap. 29. Of *Hunting* l. 1. Of *Onuf.* in the Treatise of Roman Emperours, Of *Harpisfeldius* in his histor. Eccles. of *England*. *Lipsius* is of another opinion.

Constantius at that time, Governour in great *Britain* for the *Roman* Emperour, being lodged in the house of her father, did cast his eie upon *Helena*, who was endowed with an absolute beauty; by reason whereof, as we may conjecture, she was afterward called *Helena* in the *Empire*, this name being not otherwise familiar with the *English*. With this eminent comlines of body she had modesty, and a singular grace, which was a ray imprinted by God upon her forehead; as he did heretofore to the virtuous *Hester*, to make her amiable to all the world. It is true, which *Eustatius* a *Greek* Bishop said, that beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and to catch nothing: but when these two things do meet, they exercise much power over hearts.

Beauty and grace of S. *Helena*.

And at that time *Constantius* felt the eys of *Helena*, had made more impression upon his soul, then could the sword upon his body: and being a Prince of a singular continency, so highly praised by the Pagans themselves, he would not require the daughter of his host by any other means then those of a lawful marriage, which *Zosimus* hath not wholly denied in this point, more respective, then some *Grecians*, of Christianity. The father seeing the honour done him by his host, made no difficulty to resolve upon it; and the prudent *Helena* with as much ease condescended to the will of those, to whom she owed her being. She entred into marriage for the universal good of the Church, to which she should bring forth a *Constantine*. Her first care was to soften the warlick humour of her husband, by the temper of sweetness and goodness, which she gave him in such sort, that in so great a rage of shedding of Christian blood which then reigned, he kept his hands the rest of his days most innocent.

His marriage.

This marriage was as the sacrifice of *Juno*, where the gall of the offering was never presented. There was so much love on both sides, that the spirit of *Constantius* lived onely in that of *Helena*, and *Helena* as the flower of the Sun perpetually followed the motions of this bright star, together with all the good dispositions of her husband. The young *Constantine*, born in the same *Britain*, seemed also more firmly to knit the knot of these chast loves, when behold an obstacle which interposeth.

Constantius is sent to succeed in the Empire, and is declared *Cæsar* by the Emperour *Maximianus*, on this condition, that he should forsake *Helena* his wife and marry *Theodora* the daughter-in-law of the same Emperour. An Empire is a marvellous flash of lightning in the eys; it dazleth and shuts them up from all other consideration. This good husband, who had so much affection for his dear spouse, suffers himself to be won by the ambition and easines of his nature, which bowed much to the wills of those who seemed to wish him well, and by the lustre of the purple presented to him. *Maximianus* would needs play the Tyrant aswell over loves, as men, and plotting marriages, placeth his daughter in the conjugal bed of *Constantius*, to plant him in the Throne of *Cæsars*.

Inconstancy of men.

S. *Helena*, of more worth then an Empire, understanding the news, bear this alteration with great constancy, not complayning, either of the chance, force, or disloyalty of *Constantius*, but accounted it an honour, that to refuse her no other cause was found, but the good fortune of her husband. She more feared then envied Scepters, and was hidden in her little solitude as the mother of pearl under the waves,

Vertue of S. *Helena*.

waves, breeding up her young *Conſtantine* in ſuch ſort, as God ſhould direct her. *Conſtantius* touched with this admirable virtue, lived in body with *Theodora*, and in heart with his *Helena*. He gave contentment in the Eaſt to a man imperious, and ſerved the times, to have his will another day. But he was in the Weſt, in the better part of himſelf. Beſides, when he was abſolute, and that he muſt needs divide the Empire with *Galerius* his Colleague, he voluntarily reſigned the reſt of the world unto him, to have *France*, *Spain*, and his Iſle of *England*, where the moiety of his heart remained.

Love of *Conſtantius* and S. *Helena*.

It is a very hard matter long to reſtrain an honeſt and lawful love. It is ſaid, when *Sicily* was torn from *Italy* by an arm of the Sea, which interpoſed it ſelf athwart, Palm-trees were found by the violence of waters rent aſunder, which in ſign of love ſtill bowed the one to the other, as proteſting againſt the element, which had ſeparated their loves. The like happened to *Conſtantius* and *Helena*; the torrent of ambitions, and affairs of the world having parted their bodies, could not hinder the inclinations of their hearts. *Conſtantius* returned into *Great Britain*, there to live and make his Tomb: for he in the end died in the City of *York*. And as he being on his death-bed was asked which of his children he would have ſucceed him, ſince beſides *Conſtantine* he had three ſons by *Theodora*; at that time forgetting his ſecond wife and her Off ſpring, he anſwered aloud, *CONSTANTINUM PIUM, I will have no other Succeſſour but the PIOUS CONSTANTINE*, which was approved by all the Army.

Thus God, the Maſter of Scepters and Empires, willing to reward the modeſty of the virtuous *Helena*, laid hold of her bloud to give it the Empire of the world, in the end, leaving the ſons of *Theodora*, to whom *Maximian* promiſed all the Greatneſs of the World.

The third SECTION.

His Education and Quality

Gregor. *epiſt* 6.1.5. *ad* Childebertum *Quanto cæteros homines regia dignitas antecellit, tanto cæterarum gentium regna regni proſelio veſtri culmen excellit.*

A Great Orator hath heretofore ſaid, ſpeaking of *Conſtantine*, that he appeared as much above Kings, as Kings above all other men. It is the Elogy, which afterward S. *Gregory* gave to our Kings. Verily he was accompliſhed with a ſpirit and body in ſo high a degree of perfection, that there needed no more but to ſee him, to judge him worthy of an Empire. Nature ſometimes encloſeth great ſouls in little bodies ill compoſed, as fortune hath likewiſe placed Kings in Shepherds Cottages. It is an unhappineſs deſerving ſome compaſſion, when a great Captain is of ſo ill a preſence, as to be taken for one of his ſervants, and be made to cleave wood, and ſet the pot over the fire, to prepare his own dinner, as it heretofore happened to *Philopæmen*.

Beauty of *Conſtantine*.

Conſtantine took no care for falling into ſuch accidents. It ſeemed, as *Eumenius* ſaith, that Nature from above had been diſpatched as a brave Harbinger, to ſcore out a lodging for this great ſoul, and to give him a body ſuitable to the vigour of his ſpirit, ſo well was it compoſed. He was of a ſtature ſtreight as a Palm, of an aſpect ſuch, that the Orators of that time called it divine; of a port full of Majeſty, his eys ſparkled like two little ſtars, and his ſpeech was naturally pithy, ſweet, and eloquent, his body ſo able for Military exerciſes, that he amazed the ſtrongeſt, and ſo ſound, that he had no diſeaſe. In theſe members ſo well proportioned, reigned a vigorous ſpirit, very capable of learning, if the glory of Arms had not wholly tranſported him into actions of his profeſſion. His father well enformed of his fair qualities, cauſed him to come into the Eaſt, where he took a tincture of good letters, at the leaſt ſo much as was needful for a warlike Emperour, and applied himſelf ſeriouſly to the exerciſe of Arms, wherein he appeared with ſo much admiration, that he was already beheld with the ſame eye, one would an *Achilles*, or an *Alexander*, were they alive again.

Diocletian, who had not as yet forſaken the Empire, would have him at his Court, to work him from apprehenſion of Chriſtianity, to which he might be already much diſpoſed, and draw him to the hatred of our Religion. It was a moſt dangerous School for this young Prince: for Education ordinarily createth manners, and we are all, as it were, that which we have learned to be in our younger days. *Conſtantine* notwithſtanding gathered flowers in this Garden-bed, not taking the breath of the Serpent which was hidden there-under. He ſoon learned from *Diocletian* Military virtue, prudence to govern Souldiers, good husbandry in Revenews, authority to become awful: but he took nothing either of his impiety or malice. This barbarous man in the beginning paſſionately loved him, and would perpetually have him by his ſides; but when he ſaw that paſſing through *Paleſtine* and other parts of his Kingdom, the young *Conſtantine* was more reſpected then himſelf (ſo much his carriage, eſpecially compared to the harſh countenance of the Emperour, had eminence in it) he began to grow into ſuſpicion; and, as it is ſaid, deſired ſecretly to be rid of him. But *Conſtantine* prevented the blow, retiring under an honourable pretext to the Court of *Galerius*, the aſſociate of his father *Conſtantius*, who moſt willingly left this ſon with him in pledge, thereby to hold ſome good correſpondence with him.

He was bred in the Court of *Diocletian*.

This *Galerius* was a creature of *Diocletian's*, who had heretofore declared him *Cæſar*, yet ſtill retained ſuch power over him, that when he had diſpleaſed him, he made him run on foot after his Coach, not deigning ſo much as to look upon him. He in the beginning very courteouſly entertained the ſon of his faithful friend, affording him all manner of favours; but in proceſs of time he conceived a ſtrong jealouſie, beholding in this young *Mars* more excellent parts, then he had done in all the Courts of the world beſides.

Conſtantine at Court of *Galerius*.

Exceſs of virtues ſtand in the account of crimes with malign eys, ſo as to be culpable one muſt be an able man. *Galerius* reſolved to overthrow *Conſtantine*, for thoſe qualities which made him amiable to all the world; and not thinking it ſafe to take him away by main force, he made war againſt him, like a Fox, perſecuting him in that manner, as ſometimes *Saul* did the invincible *David*. He found by chance, that a King of the *Sarmatians* made an incurſion on the territories of the *Roman* Empire, and ſhewed himſelf ſo furious, that none durſt any more encounter him, then an enraged beaſt. *Galerius* gave commiſſion to *Conſtantine* to bid him battel, thinking it was a moſt honourable pretext to be freed from him, and that he had a reaſonable excuſe with *Conſtantius* the father, when he ſhould ſhew him his ſon dead in the bed of honour. The young man, who ſhut up his eys to danger, and only opened them to glory, went thither readily; and all ſucceeded ſo proſperouſly, that he not only brake the troops of the *Sarmatians*, but alſo led this King along enchained to *Galerius*. This man who receiveed

received not so much joy to see an enemy at his feet, as sorrow for the prosperity of a friend, very coldly commended this encounter, and determined with himself to involve the virtue of *Constantine* in other battels, still seeking in his valour the matter of his ruine.

It was at that time a thing very ordinary, to make condemned men to fight with savage beasts in an Amphitheater, thereby to give contentment to those who are delighted to behold such spectacles. *Galerius* called for a combate of *Lions*, and beheld it with *Constantine*, who was very impatient to see, that such as undertook the assault of those beasts, performed it, in his opinion, so coldly. He therefore had a desire to adventure himself therein. *Galerius*, who observed him over-strong for men, thought he might finde his Tomb in the belly of Lions. Note, how under colour of withholding him, he thrust this young virtue further on, already much enkindled with his proper flames. The valiant Prince descendeth in person into the list, and assaileth the Lion, whom he slew with an incomparable strength, whereupon so loud acclamations, and such extraordinary applauses were raised through all the Amphitheater, to the honour of brave *Constantine*, that it alone was sufficient to make the treacherous *Cæsar* burst with anger.

Envy. Envy is a mischievous vice, it resembleth those Mountains which throw their burning entrails against flowers, that blossom on their tops, as the envious dart gall, and flames against those men, who bravely bloom over their heads.

Galerius made the son of his friend reign in hearts, by the same ways wherewith he endeavoured to deprive him of life and Scepter. In the end, he still persisting in his wickedness, and not ceasing to prepare new ambushes, some men of good understanding advised *Constantine* to withdraw himself from the malignity of this wicked man, which he did, forsaking his Court, without leave taken, and speedily returning into *England*, where at that time his father expected him with much impatience. *Zosimus* saith, That in this voyage he took the post-horses which best fitted him, and maimed all the other, to take from his enemies the means of pursuit.

The fourth SECTION.

His entry into the Empire.

IT was in this revolution of times that *Diocletian* and *Maximian* having dispossessed themselves of the Empire, and *Constantius* having swayed certain years with a most prosperous and peaceable government, died at *York*, a City of *England*, to the great grief of the West, which he had so prudently governed. *Constantine* by good chance was there, and nominated by his father for the Empire, a little before his death; which judgment was approved with such consent of the souldiers and all the people, that he had scarcely as yet wiped away his tears, when the Purple was cast on his shoulders, and he saluted Emperour. The good son, who thought on nothing, but to render the last duties of his piety to the memory of his father, found this honour unseasonable, and would have declined it by all means: but a grave Oratour hath said in his Panegyrick, there is no horse so swift, which can steal from mortal eys a man, whom the Providence of God pursueth with Empire in hand. He is constrained to yield, though through modesty he would not be absolutely pronounced Emperour, but contented himself with the title of *Cæsar*, well fore-seeing he was to have many great affairs upon his hand, before he could be peaceably established in his Throne.

Quis te Cyllarus, aut Arion post. sit eripere, quem sequebatur Imperium? Eumenius.

The first shock he had, came from two Kings of *Germany*, to wit, *Assacar*, and *Gaisus*, who passing the *Rhene* with huge troops, endeavoured to overwhelm the *Gauls*, thinking to surprize a young Emperour, as yet uncollected in the uncertainty of his affairs. But he nothing amazed, speedily encounters, defeats, and takes them, leading them enchained in a triumph, whereupon succeeded an accident, which I should rather attribute to the humour of *Diocletian* then of *Constantine*. For, after he had taken his pleasure upon these two Kings, he delivered them over to wilde beasts in a combate, which he caused to be presented, for the entertainment of the people. And although the Oratours of his time much applauded this in him, as an act of justice, for the great havock they both had made, notwithstanding having regard to the quality of the persons, this proceeding cannot be excused from cruelty, never made familiar to the manners of Christians. *Constant.* an. 2.

This forraign war drew along with it civil wars, wherein the powers of the earth encountred together with incredible fervours, and terrible events. Behold a marvellous game, and a great spectacle of the vanities of the world: you shall see seven Princes, who aspired to the Monarchy, haling each one to himself a piece of the Purple, which they rent in pulling, and despoiled themselves of it, in seeking to put it on. The most fiery of them all, who would swallow the whole earth, could not have so much as five foot to cover his body. A wonderful spectacle of the affairs of the world.

Maxentius, the son of *Maximian*, companion of *Diocletian*, a man lost in conscience and reputation, condemned by the judgment of his own father, who thought him unworthy to succeed in the Empire, understanding that *Constantius* was dead, and that they had chosen his son the young *Constantine*, born of an English mother, entereth into desperate furies, and being then at *Rome*, ready for the purpose, caused himself to be declared Emperour, by the souldiers whom he had gained, alluring them by the means of large promises. *Galerius*, who after the death of *Constantius*, and the retirement of *Diocletian* and *Maximian*, thought himself the nearest to the Monarchy, laboureth speedily to hinder the tyranny of *Maxentius*; and having already made two *Cæsars* to succeed, to wit, *Severus* and *Maximinus*, he dispatcheth *Severus* with all diligence, to suppress *Maxentius*: and as this *Severus* was now gone out of *Milan*, bending towards *Rome*, with Legions of *African* souldiers, *Maxentius* prevented him, defeats him, as well by treason as force, takes him, and causeth him to be unworthily strangled. *Galerius* desperately incensed with this outrage, would needs fall upon the West, all full of lightenings and flames; but the distrusts of the safety of his territories staied him, and made him create another *Cæsar*, named *Lycinius*: after whose nomination he survived not long, for he died of an incurable Ulcer, Heaven revenging his mis-deeds by a horrible malady and an enraged death. After his decease, these two *Cæsars*, who were both of his faction, *Lycinius* and *Maximinus* beheld one another with a jealous eye, and made shew of contestation; but *Maximinus* dying at *Tharsus*, of a very sudden death, decideth the difference by an irrevocable resignation. *Maximian* the ancient companion of *Diocletian* would needs return to the Empire, and his Oration upon that subject.

In the mean time *Maximian*, who despoiled of the Empire, before he had a will to resign it, as yet retained blood sparkling in the veins, like a young man: and seeing they had lifted his son to the

the Throne, whom he had ever reputed a man of no worth, burnt with jealouſie, and burſt with anger. He therefore haſtened to finde out his old Hermit *Diocletian* in his grot, (*a*) and endeavoured to perſwade him by all means poſſible to reaſſume the Empire.

(*a*) At *Carnuntium* a little village of *Sclavonia*, which *Zoſimus* maketh to paſs for the City of *Charters* by a notable equivocation, reading *Carnuti*, for *Carnunti*.

Shall we endure (ſaith he) *Great* Auguſtus, *this youngſter ſo proudly to inſult over the patrimonie of the univerſe, and make ſport with the majeſtie of the* Roman *Empire? Your authoritie tranſported me to a reſolution, to which, that I may ſpeak freely, I never had any great inclination: But I patiently bare it whileſt I ſaw* Galerius *and* Conſtantius *in the government of the Empire, who ſeemed two heads very fit for a Crown. But now behold my* Maxentius, *to whoſe truſt I would not have committed the houſe of a ſilly Burgeſs of* Rome, *to govern it; behold a young* Britan, *and another I know not who, true muſhromes ſprung up in a night, that would divide between them* Europe, Aſia, *and* Africa. *God knoweth, what I ſpeak, is not through ambition, but ſeeing the houſe of our fathers, and our own all on fire; it is very good reaſon we bring water to quench it. What do you here in this miſerable grot? You are not made for it: the Eternal Providence, which ſhould have fixed you on the government of the world, ſo neceſſarie art you for it, is aſhamed to ſee you among beaſts and peaſants. To ſpeak freely, you do amiſs, and it is very ill interpreted; your great courage hath ever better hitherto loved to erre, then avow a fault: and I ſtill was of your opinion, while time permitted; but at this preſent, when the world runs all into confuſion, expecting no reparation but from your hands, with what water can you waſh the ſtains of the blood, not of one man nor of two, but of a whole world, which ſhall ſtick upon your forehead, and of all poſterity, if to obey a fantaſie of ſpirit you ſuffer the Empire to be loſt? Think you when theſe young men ſhall be Maſters, you ſhall enjoy this grot in ſafety? You have too much courage, and Tyrannie hath too much diſtruſt, to leave you ſo much as life, when it can uncontrollably take it from you. Let us go preſently and reaſſume the Diadem; we ſhall no ſooner ſtamp with a foot, but we ſhall make all the world follow us in arms, for our ſervice. If you ſtill affect this kind of retirement, you ſhall thither return again, when we have pacified all: but believe me an Empire is a ſhirt, never to be put off but with life.*

Theſe perſwaſions were very moving: notwithſtanding *Diocletian*, who concluded all his wiſdom in the obſtinacie of his reſolutions, replyeth:

A brave reply of *Diocletian*.

Maximian, *I abſolutely renounce all the friendſhip which is between us, if ever you ſpeak to me of ſuch affairs. What levitie have you obſerved in my proceedings, to perſwade me to this change? I proteſt before the Gods immortal, I will never return to the government of the Empire, no more then into my mothers womb. Miſerable man that you are, have you yet ſo little experience of the vanities of worldly things, as to prefer a rag of Purple before your liberty? I do not know what contentment you may take in government, but for my part, I proteſt I then ſlept on thorns, and fed on gall. I neither enjoyed day nor night, either reſt or travel, nay not ſleep; ambition depriving me of things which criminals finde under fetters, and which Nature is pleaſed, ſhould be common to all the world. I muſt live by exteriour ſhews, countenances, and ſmoaks; and if others once did what I would have them, they made me a thouſand times do what I would not. It is ſaid, a Planet which hath its exaltation in one ſign, finds ever its counterpoize in another. If I had any good ſucceſs on the one ſide, I was ever paid on the other with ſome diſcontent. My deſires were infinite, and though I ſeemed very potent, I never had the hundreth part of what I wiſhed; and verily I knew not my ſelf what I would have, ſo many things deſired I, which daily taught me mine own impotencie. What a goodly delight have we to cover the earth with Arms, and the Sea with Veſſels, and fetch a great circuit to ſeek out a felicity, which we never finde? What libertie, to live a ſlave of the world, to poſſeſs the world? What riches, to beg even from the ſweat of a peaſant, to entertain riot? What tranquillitie, to live perpetually in torment.*

Your conſcience knows this to be true, which I ſay: When you and I would intermeddle with affairs, according to the obligation of our charges, what care muſt there be for revenews? What travel for military matters? What watching for juſtice? What noiſe upon the complaints of ſo many Provinces poured out at our feet? What fear of ſurprizes? What diſtruſt of friends? What deadly ſweats for treaſon? What anxieties, and what apprehenſions of ſo many lamentable events, which would happen to others before our eyes? If we reſigned the care of affairs to two or three men of our cabinet, they diſturbed one another, and ſold us to their ambition under colour of ſervice. In the end they cauſed us to carry the ſeeming Scepter of all their faults, and made us accountable for all the havock, injuſtices, and miſeries of humane kind. Is not here cauſe enough to deſire ſuch ſlaverie? If you and I had bodies of whales to cloath, and ſtomacks to be fed with huge ſums of gold every hour in the day, I would ſay, that needs we muſt return to theſe kind of ſpoils to content us. But we have to do with few things, and for a little ſpace. I ſwear unto you, that from the time I betook me to this retirement, it hath ſeemed that all the elements were for me, and that I never was more powerful, more rich, or contented. I have found all that, which I ſought for, health, repoſe, truth, wiſdom, arts, and the Gods. Go not now about to colour your ſpecious oration with pretexts of the publick good, I well know where your ambition itcheth: believe me, he is neareſt to heaven, who leaſt careth in whoſe hands the earth is. What importeth it, that young Conſtantine, Maxentius, *and* Lycinius *divide the world? I ſhall ſee them ſtrive together, like ants about a grain of earth. If the world muſt be loſt, as it is very likely, I had rather it were in their hands then mine. I very well ſee the Empire is ſick to the death; I have forſaken it, like an old Phiſician, and will heave no more ſpeech of it, then of a bodie in the coffin. Believe me, neither you nor I can do any thing for its health but to witneſs our inabilitie. All thoſe who have admired our reſolution in forſaking the Diadem, will be the firſt that will caſt the ſtone againſt our inconſtancy, if we weakly go about to require again that which we ſo generouſly have abandoned. God forbid I ſhould enter into a fantaſie to deſpoile my ſelf of a glory, that never any one Monarch had before me, which is the contempt of a world, when I had it in mine hands. If you be reſolved to looſe your ſelf, do it without company; your friendſhip ought to pretend nothing upon me to the prejudice of mine honour and conſcience. And whereas you propoſe unto me the danger of my perſon, I do not think that envy will extend it ſelf over the Colworts and Lettice of this little Garden, planted by mine own hands: and ſhould they come thither, I have already lived long enough, according to the courſe of nature, enough to ſatisfie the deſire, which I had of glory, and too much to ſee the miſeries of the world. I will not think much to render up this life, which I have upon my lips, to him who gave it me.*

We muſt needs ſay this man had a great underſtanding, and goodly Maxims: for had not miſchief given him the ſpirit of an hangman againſt Chriſtianity, he might be accounted in the number of the greateſt Emperours. *Maximian* was much amazed at the conſtancy of his reſolution. Notwithſtanding, the deſire he had to return to his former honour being inſatiable, he ſpared not to take the purple again, and bear himſelf as Emperour, proteſting it was the deſire of publick good, which put the Scepter into his hands.

Maximian the baloon of fortune.

It is an admirable thing, how his ambition was diſcountenanced. He, who promiſed himſelf much reſpect, was hiſſed at by the ſouldiers, as a man vain, unconſtant, and ſhallow, was chaſed out of *Italie*, and *Sclavonia*, and other places, which he ſought to poſſeſs, and reduced as it were to ſuch terms, as to ſee himſelf at the mercy of his ſon, which he apprehended as the laſt of his afflictions: although ſome have thought there was colluſion between the father and the ſon, for the accommodation of their affairs. He wiſhed now to be in the bottom of a cave with his *Diocletian*: but ſince he had begun the play, he muſt finiſh his act. The ſubtile man, who well foreſaw that *Maxentius*, a brain-ſick Prince, was upon ruin, reſolved to league himſelf firmly to the fortune of *Conſtantine*. Behold why being retired in haſte towards him, having engaged his houſe in the Empire, it was not difficult for him to finde acceſs there, as alſo for that the new Emperour in this great concourſe of arms and affairs, was very willing to make uſe of the counſel of a man refined in policie.

Maximian entreth ſo far into the heart and judgment of *Conſtantine*, that to tie him the more to himſelf, and wholly cement up his own affairs, he gave his daughter *Fauſta* in marriage to him; whom the young Prince eſpouſed in his ſecond wedlock, having firſt of all been married to *Minervina*, by whom he had two children, *Criſpus*, and *Helena*. This marriage of *Fauſta* was ſolemnized with much magni-

magnificence, and the son rendred so much honour to his father-in-law, that he seemed to retain nothing of the Empire, but the name and habit, dividing with him the rest of his power.

3. Disposition. We may well say, the spirit of *Maximian* was turbulent and insupportable; for not satisfying himself with all this excellent entertainment, he thought he was nothing, if he wore not upon his forehead the Diadem which he had forsaken. He began to set things in order at the Court, and to prepare factions in such sort, that he seemed to have no other purpose but to set his son, and his son-in-law together by the ears, to enjoy both their spoils. In the end, he put his design very far upon the fortune and life of *Constantine*, and being as he was vain to talk of his enterprizes namely to his daughter *Fausta*, whom he esteemed to be of a good disposition, he opened himself so much to her, that he made, as saith the *Wise-man*, *Of his lips, the snare of his soul.* For the young married wife, having more affection in store for her husband, then her father, and who having already the tast of Empire, would not yield it up to him, to whom she had owed her birth, hastened to tell all to *Constantine*, advising he should take heed of his father-in-law, and that he was a wicked man, who would, if it were possible, deceive all the gods of *Olympus* for the desire he had to reign. *Maximian* well perceiving that his daughter had discovered the plot, and that there was no further safety for him at the Court of his son-in-law, secretly stole away, and endeavoured to regain the East: but was taken tardy at *Marsellis*, and there strangled, to give an end to his life and all his designs. Some have written that he hanged himself through despair of his affairs; others, that it was *Eutelius.* by the commandment of *Constantine*: others have said, that his son-in-law was willing to save him, but the publick hatred born against *Maximian* prevented clemency, which I think the more probable. Verily I would not disguise the exorbitances practised by *Constantine*, before his entrance into Christianity; for he cannot be justified upon some disorders. But since *Zosimus* the Historian, who pardoneth him in nothing, chargeth him not with this death, I see no cause why we should accuse him.

Behold the desperate end of *Maximian*, after he *Victor. Nazarius.* had persecuted the Church, embroiled Empires, all armed the whole world by the extravagances of his ambition, an infamous halter taketh a little air from him, which he thought he could not freely enough breath, whilest any man stood more eminent then himself. Let us now see the good government of his Son.

Non omnia potes, Dii te vindicant & invitum

The fifth SECTION.

His Prowess against Maxentius.

Constant. 7. *Maxentius* had reduced the City of *Rome* into such a condition, that there was no Forrest of Thieves wherein the lives of Citizens were not more safe then in their houses. He who held his advancement from souldiers, for recompence gave them the priviledge of all crimes: so that in the brave Orations which he made to them, no words were more frequent in his mouth, then these, *Fruimini, dissipate, prodigite: Enjoy, riot, spend*; and what he said in words, he first of all taught by example. What ever avarice could do in rapines, prodigality in profusions, cruelty in massacres, luxury in adulteries, a barbarous life in all kind of brutishness, returned upon the great Theater of the world, in the person of *Maxentius*. When he had caused houses to be rifled, and unworthily massacred the best qualified Senatours, he betook himself to the honour of Ladies, which he endeavoured to taint with all sorts of Artifices. Among other things it Strange Tragedy. is recounted, that having cast his eys upon a Lady, a Christian by profession, and wife of a Senatour of an honourable rank, he dispatched villains, who served him in such like ordures, to attach her, with sword and violence in their hands. The timerous husband said to the Emperours Guard, he would refer this matter to be treated at the will of his wife. She understanding what was practised, went presently out, and shewed to these wicked messengers, that she was not now in a fit state to be presented before the Emperours eys, and prayed, they would give her a little time to put on her attires; which they most willingly condescended unto. The couragious woman, inspired as it was thought, with a particular instinct from God, cast her self at the feet of our Saviour, holding a Poniard in her hands, and thereupon began to say: *What shall we do, O holy chastity, which I with so much loyalty have preserved in the Conjugal bed, never having admitted a forraign love to enter into my heart? Shall we now abandon thee to the pollutions of a Tyrant, forsaken both by God and men? Let us rather dye. Dye? It is one of my great desires, but to dye by mine own hands, is a sin. Yet the inspiration of God dictateth to me, he will not be offended with the remedy, which is only left me to decline my happiness. I will follow the spirit, and leave nothing to the flesh, wherewith to displease God. If there be a fault in it, my hope shall smother it, and my blond shall wash it away.* Upon these words, interrupted with sighs, she thrust the Poniard into her bosom, giving end to her life, to eternize her honour. Simil. S. Ambrose. l. 3. de virginibus.

The Bauds who expected her at the gate, wondering much at the length of time she bestowed in dressing, entred into the chamber, and found her drenched in her own blood, wherewith they were so amazed, that fear gave them wings to fly, and make relation to the Emperour of what had passed: but the wretched *Pharaoh*, was not for all this any thing mollified, still continuing his Sacriledges with magick and horrible witchcrafts, until such time that *Constantine* came to awaken him.

Behold one of the noblest acts of valour, which hath ever been among all the Emperours, that either have preceeded, or succeeded the great *Constantine*. For having sought peace by all manner of reasonable ways, and seeing *Maxentius* would by no means hearken unto it, but that he caused his images and statues to be broken and dragged over Dunghils, he resolved to assault him with a just war, in which he began, although not publickly, to abandon the false gods, and resign himself into the hands of the Saviour of the world, thereunto invited by that excellent vision of the Cross, and other circumstances, which I reserve for subsequent Sections, where I intend to speak of his calling to Christianity.

It was from this time he took the fatal Banner, called the *Labarum*, wherein the name of our Saviour was written in certain cyphers.

The Army of *Maxentius* was composed, by the report of *Zosimus*, of an hundred threescore and ten thousand foot-men, with eighteen thousand horse; forces so terrible, that they were able to stop the most adventurous.

Constantine amassed together *Gauls*, and from *England* and *France* it self, in the name of Inha-

bitants upon *Rhein*, all the forces he could get, and put into the field about ninety thousand foot-men, with many horses of service, which onely amounted to eight thousand. Its the supputation of *Zosimus*, although others sufficiently declare the troops were far less. He, who by relation of *Enschius* was then about thirty years of age, although others make him younger, shewed in the manage of this Army, all the qualities which might be desired in the most accomplished Captain. For he marched from the *Rhein* unto the wals of *Rome*, with singular order, and unparalelled dexterity.

When he entred into *Italy* he found many resistances both of men and Cities, who endeavoured to stop his passage, in such sort, that needs he must give two or three battels, which he most couragiously won, forcing the rebellious Cities, and very courteously using those who rendered themselves into his hands. In the end he resolved to besiege the City of *Rome*. *Maxentius*, who might have tyred him out with long delays, resolved to oppose, and with all expedition joyn battel, confideing in the vast multitude of his forces, which were very fresh to set upon an Army, already wearied with so great a journey.

Besides, he had many notable works over *Tyber*, on the bridge *Milvius*, which the *Romans* now call *Ponte-mole*. His engineers promised him, that with certain buckles of Iron they would build and demolish the bridge as he should think good: so that when his Army was to pass, it should go upon firm ground, and when *Constantine* with his troups set foot upon it, they were but to let a certain engin loose to drown the bridge and cast it into the river. It seemed to *Maxentius* he had two strings to his bow, either to overthrow *Constantine* in the field with an huge Army, or entrap him with the stratagem of this bridge, when he was engaged in the battel, and that he had given him a tast of pursuit.

Upon this resolution he passed the *Tyber* with his Army. *Constantine*, most glad to have drawn him out of the wals of *Rome*, arrangeth his battalions with marvellous dexterity, and disposed his souldiers to the fight. Behold two dreadful Armies, which looked one upon another like to huge clouds full of storms, ready to pour down upon the heads of many mortals. The lot is cast, and the quarrel of the Empire of the world must be determined in few hours. The brave *Constantine* resolved with that small proportion of horse he had, yet men most daring, to assail the Cavalrie of *Maxentius*, and for a singular testimony of his valour, and the trust he had in God, he first of all appeared in the head of his Army, and with many paces set forward before the rest, making his horse curvet in a martial manner. It was an easie matter to know him, for his Arms shined all with gold, and his Helmet was set with precious stones. His enemies began to fall roundly upon him; but the Captains of *Constantine*, seeing their Emperour so generously to out-brave danger, followed him with such fervour, as if every one of them expected an Empire for recompence. They fell like lightning upon their enemies, who were much amazed at this first charge; yet they notwithstanding made good resistance, but maugre all their endeavours, those of *Constantine* brake through, and defeated them.

Maxentius defeated.

Maxentius beholding his Cavalry, in which he reposed all his hope, to be so ill handled, resolved upon a retreat, to make use of his bridge, and drown *Constantine* engaged in the pursuit of those that fled. But oh the justice of God! The wicked man, as saith the Royal Prophet, falleth into the ditch which he himself had digged. It is not known whether those besotted engineers failed in their design, or whether the great numbers of those that fled caused this ruin: but the bridge brake under *Maxentius* his feet, and threw him into *Tyber* all bloody, like another *Pharaoh* in the red Sea, with all the principal of his Empire, who environed his person. He amazed at so violent a fall, hoped yet to recover the other shore, being excellently mounted, where he was seen to wrestle a certain time with the waves, which in the end swallowed him up. There was in the beginning a great slaughter of those, who made resistance: but in the end seeing their Emperour drowned, they yielded all to the mercy of *Constantine*, who stayed the victorious sword in the hands of souldiers, to consecrate it to clemency.

He did well to search for the body of *Maxentius* in *Tyber* to take off his head, which was fixed on the point of a Lance, and borne to *Rome* and *Africk*, to satisfie justice for the enormous forfeits he had committed when he was alive. From thence this brave Conquerour is received in the City of *Rome*, as an Angel descended from heaven, for the deliverance of the world. Never was triumph so highly valued as his, because in the tropheys of other Emperours, they triumphed for the gaining of some far-distant Province; but in this, lost *Rome* recovered it-self. The Queen of Nations ceased to be the prey of Nations, and breathed now a sweeter ayr of antient liberty. If ever prince saw a glorious day in all his life, this was it, which shined then over the head of *Constantine*. They came from all parts of *Italy* to behold him, and those who had seen him thought they had lived long enough, supposing it unfit to behold any other humane thing. Amongst so many notable spectacles at that time in the City, none was looked upon, but he; his face was the object of all their admirations, and his valour the matter of all discourses.

The Senate, to witness the joy they conceived for this victory, prepared him a triumphal Arch, all of marble, one of the stateliest monuments that ever had been raised to the honour of a Conquerour, wherein this Inscription was engraven.

IMP. CÆS. FL.
CONSTANTINO
MAXIMO. P.F. AUGUSTO.
S. P. Q. R.

QUOD INSTINCTU DIVINITATIS, MENTIS MAGNITUDINE, CUM EXERCITU SUO, TAM DE TYRANNO, QUAM DE EJUS OMNI FACTIONE, UNO TEMPORE, JUSTIS REMPUBLICAM ULTUS EST ARMIS, ARCUM TRIUMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

This said that the Senate and people of *Rome* dedicated this triumphal Arch to *Constantine* Emperour and Great *Pontifice*, happy Prince, and *Augustus*: because by an instinct of Divinity, and an admirable greatness of courage, he had with his Army freed the Common-wealth from a Tyrant and all his faction, by the justice of his arms: where, in the Arch on the right hand were read these words, *Liberatori Urbis*; on the left hand, *Fundatori Quietis*; which clearly declared him, the Freer of the City, and Founder of Repose. There was likewise inscribed on

it

it the number of years, in which they desired to render vows for this glorious victory. Observe, as you pass along, that the Senate was as yet Pagan, yet knowing the devotion which *Constantine* bare to the Saviour of the world, though he were not then a declared Christian, they abstained from the mention of Gods, and spake only of one Divinity.

The sixth SECTION.

The death of Diocletian, *and feats of Arms, performed by* Constantine *against* Lycinius.

SInce I have undertaken to represent the famous warlike Acts of *Constantine* to shew his arrival to Monarchy, I will here insert the end of *Diocletian* and *Lycinius*. When *Constantine* caused his Standards to march against *Maxentius*, there remained no more of so many *Cæsars*, but *Lycinius*, who was created a little before the death of *Galerius*. The brothers of *Constantine* would alter nothing. *Diocletian* remained in his retirement. There was none but this *Lycinius*, who was an old Souldier, a man raised from nothing, but advanced by Arms, and who had done so good services to *Galerius*, the creature of *Diocletian*, in the war which he had against the *Persians*, that out of meer respect of his valour he was chosen Emperour.

In all other things he was of a rude and gross spirit, as derived from Peasants, and who all his life had done nothing else but handle iron, either for tillage, or war, not having acquired any neatness of a civil life. Behold the cause, why being ignorant and proud, he extremely hated learning, which he called the poyson of the Empire: and had it been in his power, he would have banished all knowing men, that there might be none able to reproach his ignorance. *Constantine*, as wise as he was warlike, saw well, he must manage this spirit, who might much trouble him in his design against *Maxentius*, for which cause following this counsel, he promised him a share in the Empire, and his sister *Constantia* in marriage. It is held, this marriage was solemnized at *Milan*, a little after the defeat of *Maxentius*, where many treaties passed between *Constantine* and *Lycinius* touching their principalities, and from that time a most favourable Edict was made for the re-establishment of Christians, and the honour of Christianity; which *Lycinius*, although a Pagan, refused not to sign.

Victor addeth, that *Diocletian* was sent for to the Wedding of *Lycinius*. For it was much desired to hear him speak, and see what he had upon his heart, his spirit being very able to give cause of distrust to two Princes, who were desirous to establish themselves in all security.

The subtile Hermit on the other side, who feared to be overtaken, made an answer, in which he besought their Majesties to give him leave to live in his Hermitage, and afford him that for delight, which others commonly took for punishment. That he had not for the time to come, any minde upon marriages, and that as his age dispensed him from voyages, so retirement freed him from the vain pleasures of the world. That his presence contributed nothing to this action: that the uneasiness of ways would much prejudice his health. In the end, since the resolution he had made never to enter into the manage of any affairs, had left him no other share but vows and prayers, he would employ them for their prosperities.

These fair words satisfied not the Emperours, who had a desire to draw the Wolf out of the wood, which gave them occasion to write back again to *Diocletian* Letters very sharp, as if they would willingly involve him in the business of *Maxentius*. At this time the miserable man plainly saw, the vengeance of God sought him out in the place which he so obstinately chose for his repose.

When that notable Edict was read unto him, which was made in favour of Christians, and that he understood Churches were already built for them every where, that they assembled to celebrate their Feast with all liberty, that *Constantine* had caused the Cross to be set even in his Banners, and that on every side the praises of *Jesus* of *Nazareth* were preached; on the contrary, that the Temples of false Gods were shut up, their Statues broken, their Altars overturned, and that all Paganism went to confusion; this direful Persecutour then felt an infinite number of Vipers to tear his entrails. And *Victor.* seeing besides, that he with so much sharpness was sent for, he imagined the Christians victorious over persecution, would rent him in a thousand pieces. Thereupon, having his soul extremely perplexed, and his body burthened with diseases, languishing and incurable, he perpetually invoked death, the most amiable of all his Goddesses, to deliver him from the ignominies and toyls of life. In the end, she too slowly answering his desire, as the most probable opinion speaks, he hastened her pace, taking poyson, as a man who could not dye by a worse hand then his own.

Behold the desperate end of the greatest Persecutour, which the Church hath ever had: who endeavouring to extirpate our Religion, hath filled our Martyrlogies with the names of Martyrs, our Altars with veneration, Christianity with Crowns, and the World with Virtues, and buried himself in the tomb of despair and infamy; to teach all Great ones, that a worse blindness cannot fall upon them, then the persecution of Innocents, whose blood hath a voice in it, which crieth out to the memory of all Ages.

Lycinius being alienated from the friendship of *Constantine*, failed not to put *Diocletian* into the number of the gods, although himself were shortly after to be razed from the number of men. This creature, who by report of Heathens of his own faction, was covetous, cholerick, and lascivious, could not long comply with the humours of *Constantine*: for he ceased not to torment the Christians which were in his Empire, with excessive cruelties, though himself, as we have said, had signed Edicts in their favour. *Condition of Lycinius.*

Constantine, who suffered as much as he thought reasonable, seeing his spirit became untractable, armed against him. The first encounter was at *Cibales*, a City of *Sclavonia*, where *Constantine* was encamped upon a Hill, and *Lycinius* in the Valley. The battel was very sharp on both sides, it lasted a whole day, from morning till night, they scarcely breathing; and therein *Constantine* was in much danger, had it not been that the spur of honour that pricked him on, made him do admirable things, which in the end discomfited *Lycinius*, and put him to flight. He went creeping away like an old Serpent, who had received many blows, but yet retained strength and poyson. For having gained *Thrace*, where he thought himself strongest, he rallied his troops, and disposed himself for another war. *First battel against him.*

Constantine stoutly follows him, finding means to pass the Rivers, whereof these flying enemies had broken the Bridges to cut off their way, and he so *2. Battel.*

ſpeeded, that he ſuddenly was in *Thrace*, near to the Army of *Lycinius*. From that very evening he ranged his forces for fight, reſolving to give them battel at the break of day. *Lycinius* ſeeing they followed him ſo hard at heels, made him a virtue of neceſſity, and animated himſelf to ſuſtain the ſhock, having no want of men able to do bravely. This ſecond battel was alſo very rough, both parties bearing themſelves manfully: and the ballance of victory ſeeming not yet to incline either to one ſide or other, behold five thouſand Legionaries of *Conſtantine*, that had very long chaſed *Lycinius*, not being able to overtake him, arrived in the heat of this battel, and fell upon his Army to encloſe it; but he, who was, to ſay truly, valiant in the art Military, defended himſelf very well, and in the end freeth himſelf from this fight, with compoſition to leave *Sclavonia* to *Conſtantine*, contenting himſelf to reign in *Thrace*, and the Eaſtern parts.

This accord was ſigned with the blood of *Valens*, whom *Lycinius* had before created *Cæſar*, and whoſe puniſhment *Conſtantine* demanded in this treaty of peace, as he who was authour of all thoſe Civil diſſentions. This peace ſo plaiſtered up, laſted not long. *Lycinius*, ſtill upon alteration, could not contain himſelf within the limits of reaſon. He gathered together a great multitude of Ships from the Coaſt of *Cyprus*, *Egypt*, *Venetia*, *Africa*, *Bithynia*, and other places, and ſet a great Armado to Sea. On the other part, he had an hundred and fifty thouſand Foot in the field, with fifteen thouſand horſe. *Conſtantine* well perceived that he aimed at Monarchy, and had ſet up his reſt. This was the cauſe why he prepared forces to confront him, making a Naval Army of about two hundred great Ships of war, with two thouſand of burthen, a Foot-force of an hundred and twenty thouſand men, ten thouſand as well Cavaliers, as brave Sea-men.

Great victory of *Conſtantine*

Now was the time the affair of Empires muſt peremptorily be decided. *Conſtantine* armed with the confidence which he had in the Saviour of the world, whoſe banner was then advanced in all his Armies, knowing that *Lycinius* was at that time encamped at *Adrianople*, overtook him paſſing the river *Iſter*, at this preſent called *Mariza*, ſo ſuddenly, that at the firſt encounter he routed all his Army, killing thirty four thouſand of his men, and taking a very great many other priſoners, who yielded to his obedience. *Lycinius* was ſo amazed with this blow, that he ſpeedily retired to *Byzantium*, which afterwards was *Conſtantinople*, where *Conſtantine* purſued, and hardly preſſed him. In the mean time *Ablantus*, who had the charge of the Sea-forces of *Lycinius*, reſolving to give battel, put to Sea a great quantity of veſſels in a ſtreight, which could not bear ſuch a number. The Admiral of *Conſtantine* determined to aſſault him, with only fourſcore light ſhips, who at advantage aſſailed him, finding him much plunged in his Fleet. Night having broken off this firſt encounter, they began a freſh in the open Sea, where the tempeſt handled the veſſels of *Lycinius* ſo ill, that an hundred and thirty were loſt, and the reſt put to flight.

Whileſt theſe things were in doing, *Conſtantine* very ſtreightly beſieged the City of *Byzantium*, having raiſed plat-forms that were like huge mountains, which at the leaſt equalled in height the walls of the City, from whence he battered it, and endammaged it with much facility. *Lycinius* ſeeing it was not the ſecureſt way for him, gaineth *Bithynia*, where he trieth his utmoſt endeavour, making arrows of all wood: but all ſucceeded ſo ill with him, that of an Army which exceeded an hundred thouſand men, there ſcarce remained thirty thouſand. He, who could not yet finde in his heart to give over, ſhuts himſelf up in the City of *Nicomedia*, where *Conſtantine* furiouſly aſſaulteth him; ſo that ſeeing himſelf upon the extreme deſpair of his affairs, he went out of the City, and caſt himſelf at the feet of *Conſtantine*, laying aſide the Purple Robe, and Diadem, and only demanding a place of ſafety, where he might paſs the reſt of his days, which could not much longer continue, for he was fully threeſcore years of age.

End of *Lycinius*

A certain Prieſt of *Nicomedia*, who lived at that time there, and who ſet hand to this Hiſtory, ſaith, That *Conſtantine* ſent him into *France*, to bewail his ſins; but the more probable opinion is, that he put him to death, being weary of his diſturbances, and having much diſtruſt of his ſpirit, notwithſtanding that *Conſtantia* ſtill lived, and begged of her brother the life of her husband. *Conſtantine* cannot be excuſed to have uſed moſt ſevere puniſhments even againſt his neareſt kindred, having ſtill in his head the fire of war and ambition, and not being reconciled but very late to the mildneſs of Chriſtianity.

Behold how ſo many Emperours being removed, he remained ſole Maſter of the world, making afterwards diviſions to his brothers, the ſons of *Theodora*, as he thought good. He that would attentively conſider this arrival of *Conſtantine* to Monarchy, and the reign of more then thirty years, which God gave him, ſhall ſee more clear then day, that all theſe favours came not to him, but by the virtue of true Religion, whoſe Altars he the firſt of all Emperours exalted.

The ſeventh SECTION.

The Vices and Paſſions of Conſtantine *before Baptiſm; with the death of* Criſpus *and* Fauſta.

I Will not here preſent unto you a *Conſtantine* in outward lineament, as *Euſebius* hath done, to cover his faults, and only expoſe beauties to view. It is no wonder that he had vices before Baptiſm, but it is the miracle of Chriſtianity, to change Lions into Lambs, Sinks into Fountains, and Thorns into Roſes and Tulipans. The ice of winter makes the beauty of the ſpring, darkneſs contributes to the luſter of light, nor ever is the Sun more bright, then after an Eclipſe. So grace, which is the ſplendour of eternal light, makes it ſelf to be ſeen with more triumphs in arms, where it hath ſubdued moſt iniquities. It is certain, that this warlike humour of *Conſtantine*, tranſported him into vanities, ambitions, jealouſies, and in ſome ſort into a bloody diſpoſition, which was greatly fomented by the education he received in the Palace of *Diocletian*.

Behold a prodigious accident, which happened in his houſe, by a precipitation ill ordered, the death of his poor ſon *Criſpus*, poyſoned by the commandment of his father, upon a wicked and ſiniſter calumny raiſed upon him by his ſtep-mother. Verily my Pen ſhaketh with humour, being to touch upon this Hiſtory, and I know many *Greeian* flatterers either have paſſed it over in ſilence, or been willing to diſguiſe it in favour of *Conſtantine*: but the holy Martyr *Artemius* freely avoweth before *Julian* the Apoſtata who reproached him with it, for bearing to deny a fact, which was very notorious, yet deſirous to ſweeten it by intervening circumſtances. Cardinal *Baronius* is much diſpleaſed with *Euſebius*, who hath ſpoken nothing of it, as if

Conſtant. 19. *Bar.*

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it were a thing very ſtrange, that a man, who wrote to the ſon the life of his father, in form of a Panegyrick, ſhould not charge his writings with crimes and furies, which men then endeavoured to ſuppreſs by all means. Great men may have their judgments too tender for ſuch like Hiſtories, and ordinarily reſemble that creature, which bears his gall in his ear. They cannot hear a true Hiſtory in any thing which toucheth them, without offence; they muſt ſometimes underſtand their own lives in the rumours of people: where the one unlimittedly takes the liberty of ſpeaking all, ſince the other takes licence of doing all.

Alban. animal. *Aſſertus.*

The vices of *Conſtantine* about theſe times cannot be concealed. But he having cauſed his ſon *Criſpus* to be put to death, and thereunto added the death of his wife *Fauſta*, who had raiſed the calumny againſt the innocent, this Diſtick was affixed to the gates of his Palace, attributed afterward to Conſul *Ablavius*:

Saturni aurea ſæcla quis requirat?
Sunt hæc gemmea, ſed Neroniana.

It was an alluſion to the humour of *Conſtantine*, who much loved pearls and pretious ſtones; as alſo to that, which paſſed in the matter of *Criſpus* and *Fauſta*, the ſubſtance whereof is this: *Let us not ſeek any more for the golden Age of* Saturn: *Behold one all of pearl, but the Age of* Nero.

Let us ſpeak what we think moſt probably to have happened in this affair. We have already mentioned, how *Conſtantine* in the prime of his youth was eſpouſed in his firſt Wedlock to *Minervina*, upon which the Writers of his time have much praiſed him, as a Prince very chaſt, who to avoid wandering and unlawful pleaſures, willingly tyed himſelf to a legitimate marriage, and from that time took upon him the ſpirit of a husband. It is an eaſie matter to believe, that this *Minervina*, whom he married, had taken the name of *Minerva*, becauſe of the wiſdom, grace, and beauties, reſplendent in her perſon. It ſeemeth theſe great perfections of minde and body, ever draw along with them a certain fate, which affordeth them no long continuance, but rather the lives of Roſes, that in the evening make a tomb of the ſcarlet, whereof in the morning they made a Cradle. The poor Princeſs quickly died, after ſhe had brought forth to *Conſtantine* at one birth, which was her firſt and laſt, two Twins, to wit, a ſon named *Criſpus*, and a daughter, who from the name of her Grand-mother, was called *Helena*, and afterward married to *Julian* the Apoſtata.

The firſt marriage of *Conſtantine.*

Minervina.

Criſpus and his qualities.

This *Criſpus* was verily the moſt accompliſhed Prince of that Age, for he at the very firſt ſucked in piety with his milk, having the moſt glorious S. *Helena* for his firſt Miſtreſs in Chriſtianity. From thence being initiated in the ſtudy of good Letters, he had for Tutor that famous man *Lactantius Firmianus*, one of the moſt eloquent and ancienteſt Authours of Chriſtianity: who being the inſtructer of *Cæſars*, notwithſtanding lived in ſuch poverty, that he with much ſtraitneſs enjoyed the neceſſities of life. *Criſpus* having manured his ſpirit with learning, very couragiouſly addicted himſelf to the exerciſe of arms; wherein he very well expreſſed the Genius and dexterity of his father, but with much more grace and ſweetneſs. For Hiſtories aſſure us, he was of viſage moſt amiable, full of attractives and admiration, which made upon the mindes of men ſo much the more impreſſion, as they were ingrafted in a ſingular modeſty, and a goodneſs ſo natural, that no man could near hand behold it without affection.

O God, what fury is there in diſhoneſt love, and how much did it diſturb the houſe of *Conſtantine*! If Lords and Ladies who give admittance to affections and thoughts unlawful, did well conſider the acerbities which attend this paſſion, they would rather tear their hearts out with their nails, then pollute them with ſuch ordures. It is not without cauſe, what the wiſe *Ariſtophanes* hath ſaid, that love was baniſhed from Heaven, as a trouble-feaſt and diſturber of the repoſe of Divinities. The truth is, where this paſſion ſetteth foot, it exileth from thence innocency, and tranquility, two the moſt pretious pearls of life; and were there wicked loves in Heaven, there would no longer be felicities. Happy is that life, which hath no eys for thoſe carnal beauties, and is all eys to preſerve it ſelf, eſpecially in the beginning, from ſuch ſurprizals.

So *Simon* the Magician ſaid. That the ſoul of *Helena* had put fire, trouble and jealouſie among the Angels, but that taking from them this object of concupiſcence, he had accorded them. *Philaſtrius* de hæreſ.

The miſerable *Fauſta* wife of *Conſtantine*, daughter of *Maximian*, who had received good education in the houſe of her father, and was of a very ſenſual humour, even ſo far as to controle the devotions of her husband, and pick quarrels againſt Religion, which ſhe would never embrace, had in this diſorder vehement diſpoſitions, ſiniſterly to admit the love which the beauty of *Criſpus* might eaſily afford her. This divine feature ſtanding alwaies as an object for the wanton eys of the Empreſs, enkindled ſo much fire in her veins, that another flame muſt be found to quench it. The children which ſhe had by her husband were nothing to her, in compariſon of *Criſpus*: *Criſpus* was in her heart, *Criſpus* in her thought, *Criſpus* in her diſcourſe, wherein ſhe yet had ſome temper, fearing to diſcover her paſſion. Yet could ſhe not forbear but ſay, *Criſpus* was the Idæa of perfect men, and the incomparable ſon, whoſe worth and virtue would ſurvive with the world. It was much wondered, how a ſtep-mother ſhould entertain ſo much good opinion of the ſon of her husband; yet ſhe having hitherto lived within the limits of honour, it was interpreted all theſe affections were ſincere and innocent. *Criſpus*, who then thought not upon his own defence, in a combat that was nothing but courteſie, took all theſe favours as witneſſes of a moſt unſpotted amity, reciprocally rendering to her much reſpect, wherewith ſhe ſhewed her ſelf not a little troubled, deſiring he would treat with her in a more free faſhion: for love had already deſpoiled her of majeſty.

Saint *Auguſtine* hath very well ſaid, that he who will puniſh an exorbitant ſpirit, muſt leave it in its own hands, to ſerve both as a ſcaffold and executioner to it ſelf. The unfortunate *Fauſta*, who had already given over-free paſſage to ſin, felt acceſſes of ice and fire, of deſires, of affrightments, of confidence, and remorſe. Her conſcience accuſed her in the bottom of her heart, and ceaſed not to ſhew her the enormity of this fault, when by the help of impudency, ſhe thought to have quenched theſe little ſparkles of goodneſs which God ſoweth in the moſt forſaken hearts. She knew not how or where to begin this pernicious deſign. *Criſpus* ſeemed to be too chaſt, his Chriſtian Religion made him in her opinion too auſtere, his ſpirit was as yet too tender, and not capable of a moſt powerful wickedneſs; and although he ſhould conſent, where may faithful complices be found, fit occaſions and liberty, to content an infamous deſire? The pain which ordinarily attendeth crimes, the rigour of a *Conſtantine* jealous of his bed, the infamy, and apprehenſions of puniſhments, coming to fall upon her thoughts, made her well to ſee both the abyſs and horrour: but paſſion tranſported her hood-winked, beyond all conſiderations; ſo that one day taking her opportunity, ſhe accoſted the young Prince with words, which ſufficiently

ciently teſtified her a loſt woman. But he, who would not at the firſt put her into confuſion, with modeſty declined what ſhe had ſaid, and interpreted it far from her thought. She, who would no longer appear a *Lucrece*, being much troubled he ſhould underſtand in a chaſt ſenſe, what ſhe had ſpoken to an ill purpoſe, unfolds her ſelf ſo freely, that the wiſe *Criſpus*, no further able to ſuffer this bluſhleſs ſpirit, ſpake a word to her rough and hopeleſs: *That if ſhe perſiſted in this infamous deſire, he would give the Emperour notice*; And thereupon flew from her like a lightening, and withdrew, leaving her in a deſpair and rage, not ſufficiently to be expreſſed. All her love then turned into a diabolical hatred, which ſuggeſted furies and black thoughts, reſolving with her ſelf to uſe him as the wife of *Potiphar* did *Joſeph*. She ſerved her ſelf with all the arms of grief, which were at that time very natural to her, ceaſing not to weep and ſigh before her husband as if ſhe had afflicted her ſelf for anothers ſin: yet had ſhe ſo much cunning, that ſhe feigned to hide her tears, and ſmother her ſighs, to render the diſguiſe more dangerous, by a pretext of modeſty.

Love turned into rage.

A wicked calumny.

The Emperour ſeeing her in this plight, asked the cauſe of her ſadneſs. She anſwered, It was fit for his Majeſty not to know it. He the more perſiſted to underſtand what ſhe feigned to conceal, preſſing and interrogating her to draw her calumny from her, with as much earneſtneſs as one would a truth. In the end ſhe declared with many counterfeit horrours and words cruelly modeſt; *That his ſon* Criſpus *would have enterpriſed upon the honour of his bed: but God be thanked, her faith inviolable put her under ſafety, free from ſuch dangers: And that ſhe demanded no other ſatisfaction from this miſerable man, who was fled, but the remorſe of his wicked conſcience.* *Conſtantine* recommending ſilence unto her, entered into a black and deep anger, propoſing unto himſelf, that the retreat of his ſon, was a note of his crime; he determined therefore to put him ſpeedily to death: and for this purpoſe calling one of his ſervants, the moſt truſty and beſt reſolved for executions, having under great oathes and execrations obliged him to ſecreſie, gives him expreſs commandment to meet with his ſon *Criſpus* as ſoon as he could, to treat warily with him, not affrighting, nor giving him the leaſt ſuſpicion, and withal to fail not to ſerve him at his firſt repaſt with poyſon well prepared, ſo to ſend him into the other world. This man amazed at ſuch a dreadful command, asked of the Emperour, *If he had ſo well reſolved on this affair, as to uſe a ſon of ſo great merit in this manner.* *Yea*, ſaith he, *I have thought upon it, and it is neceſſary he dye: for I muſt tell you, it not being needful to inform you further, that beſides the practice conceived by him, his life is incompatible with mine.* The other ſuppoſed he had plotted ſome conſpiracy upon the life and Scepter of his father, behold the cauſe why he haſtened the blow, and being already very familiar with poor *Criſpus*, he accoſted him with great complements of honour and courteſie, feigning to make him merry, becauſe indeed he then ſaw him in a very ſad humour, upon that which had paſſed between him and *Fauſta*, covering his thoughts as much as he might, to preſerve the honour of his wicked ſtep-mother. Hereupon an unhappy Banquet was prepared for the innocent, which was the laſt of his life, poyſon being traiterouſly given him, there where he leaſt expected it.

Death of *Criſpus*.

Verily this death, which way ſoever we look, is moſt lamentable. The Tragedies which bemoan it with ſo much ornament, as that of our *Stephonius*, have much ſpirit in them: but taking only the thing in the ſimple nakedneſs of the fact, it miniſtreth matter of compaſſion to hearts moſt obdurate. A young Prince, at that time the moſt abſolute in the world, beautiful as an *Abſalom*, valiant as an *Alexander*, innocent as a *Joſeph*, and at that time taken away, when he was at the gates of the Empire which expected him, and taken away by a death ſo hideous and treacherous, and by the commandment of his father, who cauſed him to dye as one inceſtuous, not admitting him to ſpeak, nor permitting him to juſtifie himſelf, nor affording leiſure to know himſelf, nor one ſmall moment of time to prepare himſelf for death, which is allowed to the moſt criminal He was ſilently involved in the extremity of unhappineſs, to ſhut up the mouth of innocency, and open that of calumny, to rail againſt his very aſhes.

The generous ſoul, ever prepared for this paſſage by the laws of Chriſtianity, which it had ſo devoutly embraced, iſſued out of his chaſt body, to haſten to the crown of the Elect, leaving incomparable ſorrows behind it. Alas! what doth not a wicked affection, a calumny, a ſuſpicion, an unbridled anger, an inconſiderate word? O you Great-ones, will you never learn wiſdom by the evils of others:

The rage of *Fauſta* turned into pity.

As ſoon as this news came to the Court, the wicked *Fauſta* well ſaw it was an effect of her treachery, and lively repreſenting before her own eys this poor Prince, whom ſhe before had ſo much affected, at that time ſo unworthily maſſacred, in a beauty, in an age, wherein ſuch as dye are moſt pitied, and in a goodneſs, which would have given matter of compaſſion to Tigers and Lions; all her paſſion and hatred was turned into an enraged ſorrow, which made her cry out, and lament at the feet of her huſband, confeſſing ſhe had ſlain the chaſt *Criſpus* by her deteſtable calumny, that it was ſhe who had ſolicited him to evil, but had found him a *Joſeph*, endowed with an invincible chaſtity, and had deteſted her ſin, as it well deſerved: whereupon excited with choler, and fearing to be prevented, ſhe had proceeded to this dreadful accuſation, and therefore was unworthy to live, ſince ſhe had ſlain the moſt innocent Prince of the world, and ſtained his own father with his proper blood.

Calumny diſcovered.

Conſtantine amazed beyond deſcription at ſo prodigious an accident, had neither reply, nor ſenſe of a man, ſo much wonder had rapt him from himſelf: but when he ſaw his holy mother *Helena*, who had ſo tenderly bred up the poor *Criſpus*, bewailing him with unconſolable tears, and begging of the father, at the leaſt the body of her Grand-childe, to waſh it with the waters of her eys, and buried it with her hands, ſaying, the wicked beaſt had ſlain her *Joſeph*: he was pierced to the quick with compaſſion, mingled with fury. Then the poor ſiſter of the deceaſed, who ſeemed nought elſe but the ſhadow of her brother, coming alſo to diſſolve her ſelf wholly into tears, near to her Grand-mother; this ſpectacle the more enkindled the paſſion of the Emperour. And thinking that *Fauſta* well deſerved death, being convinced of ſuch a miſchief by her own confeſſion, he cauſed her to enter into the Bath, and ſo in an inſtant to be ſmothered with the vapour, which was a puniſhment wherewith many times they put perſons of quality to death.

Death of *Fauſta*.

Behold the iſſue of the hideous loves of *Fauſta*, to teach all Ladies, that thoſe paſſions, which begin by complacencies, ſoothings, and curioſities, very often end in horrible Tragedies. In the mean time the houſe of *Conſtantine* remained long drenched in a dead ſilence, and all was very ſecretly carried, ſo that

that none knowing what publickly to think of the death of *Crispus* and *Fausta*, it gave occasion to many to affirm they died for some conspiracy.

We cannot here excuse *Constantine*, of a violent anger, a precipitation, and a proceeding too bloudy. Howsoever, he caused *Crispus* to dye, under a false belief of impurity, which he thought was to be revenged, and *Fausta* punished by way of justice. Behold why this sin, though it hath much mischief in it, yet it hath not the determinate wickedness of the sin of *David* in the death of *Uriah*, because the one wrought with a manifest knowledge of his crime, and the other proceeded therein with much ignorance and sense of justice. Yet *Constantine* after these exorbitances was touched with great remorse, which in the end put him actually on the profession of Christianity.

The eighth SECTION.

The calling of Constantine *to Christianity. The progress of his Conversion, and Baptism.*

Constant. 19.

I Have always esteemed the saying of S. *Paulinus*, which we before alledged, very probable, that the faith of S. *Helena* did not only make *Constantine* a Christian, but the first of Christian Princes. This good mother without doubt gave him the first tincture of Christianity: but being of an ambitious and warlike spirit, who went along with the main stream of the world, he was not so soon confirmed in the faith and integrity of Religion. Notwithstanding, he began to have most lively apprehensions for his conversion about the seventh year of his Empire, which was the year of the defeat of *Maxentius*: whilest he had this great war upon his hands, his temporal necessities opening his eys, that he might have recourse to spiritual forces. He then endeavoured, as he afterward relateth, to meditate seriously within himself, that there was some Divine Providence from Heaven, which gave concussions to Victories and Empires, whithout which the counsels of men were cloudy, their Armies weak, and labours vain. Afterward remembring what had passed in the Roman Empire, he saw that those Emperours, who had shewed themselves most fervent in the superstition of false gods, and were the greatest persecutours of Christians, had been infamous and unhappy, not beloved of the people, without name, not honoured, issueless, and for the most part odious and execrable to posterity. He then imagined that this Religion, which professed so much sanctity, and was grown up in the tempests of three hundred years, had something divine in it, and that perhaps it would not be amiss to invoke in this great labyrinth of affairs, the God of his mother.

Beginning of the conversion of the Emperour.

As he then went up and down revolving these discourses in the bottom of his thoughts, casting his eys up to Heaven, he perceived about the evening, the figure of a great Cross, all composed of most resplendent light, which seemed unto him to bear these Characters, IN HOC VINCE, *Vanquish in this sign*. This was much more important then the bow in Heaven, which *Augustus Cæsar* saw about the Sun, when he entred into *Rome* to take possession of the Empire. Notwithstanding, *Constantine* and the Captains, who observed this sign in Heaven, had some distrust, because of the figure of the Cross, which till then was ever accounted of an ill presage. Now, as the Emperour slept in the night, in great perplexity of cogitations, it seemed that the God of the Christians appeared unto him, with the same sign which he had seen the day before, commanding him expressly to carry it hereafter in his Ensigns.

Following this Vision, he caused a Banner to be made, in the manner as *Eusebius* describeth it, who had seen it. It was a Launce all of gold, which had a piece of wood athwart in form of a *Cross*, from whence hung a rich Imbroidery, in which was the Image of the Emperour & about it a Crown of gold and pearl, which bare in the middle the two first letters of the name of our Saviour. This was from that time forward his prime Banner, which the *Romans* called the *Labarum*. It was no otherwise different from the Standards of the *Roman* Bands, but that it carried the sacred cypher of this venerable Title, which was not understood by all the world, but held by the Pagans as some devise of the phantasie of spirit. The war against *Maxentius* having so prosperously succeeded, as we have said, under this propitious Standard, *Constantine* held the Saviour of the world in great veneration, and made the Edicts, which we know in favour of Christians. Notwithstanding, he for a long time deferred his publick and solemn profession thereof, whether it were that the course of great warlike enterprizes and affairs diverted his minde, or whether he feared to distast the prime men of the Empire by this change. It is likewise thought, that his wife *Fausta*, whom he in the beginning much affected greatly weakened his love to Christianity, in such sort, that the Christians ceased not to be still all entreated in this remisness of the Emperour. In the end, after the calamity of the death of his son and wife, so tragically happened in his own house, he seriously opened his eys, about the nineteenth year of his Empire, to seek remedy for his evils.

Abidare conversion of the Emperour.

Zosimus, a Pagan, leadeth us, as it were, not thinking of it, to the knowledge of the time, and manner of his Baptism. For he saith, that *Constantine*, after the death of *Crispus* and *Fausta*, had great remorse of conscience: and that not wholly having abjured Paganism, he sought from Southsayers, and Pagan Philosophers, as others add, the means to purifie himself from the blood, which he so unfortunately had shed. It is said, that one *Sopater*, the wisest of the *Platonists*, who had sometime lived in his Court, told him these stains of blood would stick on souls, and never be washed out, and that if they departed this life without punishment, they would re-enter into other bodies to expiate in the end those crimes which they had committed, and that there was no other remedy. The Emperour found this Philosophy very harsh, and his spirit being much tormented with very strange disturbances; behold, saith *Zosimus*, an *Egyptian* newly come from *Spain* to *Rome*: (note that he meaneth the great Bishop *Hosius*, who was sent at the same time into *Egypt* by Pope *Sylvester*.) This *Egyptian*, saith he, having insinuated himself into the favour of some Ladies of the Court, found by their means access to the Emperour, who failed not to propose unto him the difficulties and troubles of his conscience. This man answered him, that his Majesty should not need to disquiet himself hereupon, and that there was no crime so enormous which might not be expiated by the remedies which are practised in Christian Religion. To this the Emperour very willingly hearkened, and resolved, all delaies laid apart, to become a Christian.

Discourse of Sopater.

See here the beginning of the Baptism of *Constantine*. As for the sequel, it is a question much perplexed: for some would have him to be baptized in the

His Baptism.

suburbs

ſuburbs of *Nicomedia*, upon the point of death, and others at *Rome* by S. *Silveſter*, about the 19th. year of his Empire. I ſay briefly, to decide this difficulty, that it is a moſt unreaſonable belief, to think that *Conſtantine* the Great, called by the general voice of the holy Fathers, *The holy and Religious Emperour Conſtantine*, recorded in memorials and publick regiſters of the Church, which are recited before Altars, as the chief of Orthodox Princes; *Conſtantine*, whom the *Arians*, yea, the moſt refractory, which have been after him, never durſt declare of their faction, to have been chriſtened at his death, by the hand of an *Arian* Biſhop, out of the communion of the *Catholick* Church. There is not one to be found who favoureth this opinion, but *Euſebius*, who hath been an Enſign bearer of the *Arians*, and who no more ought to be credited in this article, then a *Pagan* Hiſtorian, it being moſt unequal to take him for a Judge, who had made himſelf a party in this affair. And if ſome paſſages be found ſomewhat doubtful in the Chronicle of S. *Hierom*, which ſeem to ſupport this errour, it is eaſie to conſider, that this Doctour, who was a Merchant enriched with infinite variety of learning, hath made many pieces, which he rather tranſlated and compiled from others, then compoſed upon his own invention: and the learned are not ignorant, that his Chronicle is accounted in this kind of books, as a work formed from obſervations and opinions of *Euſebius*, which ſhould not at all alter the eſtimation we have of *Conſtantine*, acknowledged and averred by ſo many other paſſages of the ſame Doctour. And if S. *Ambroſe* in the funeral Oration of *Theodoſius*, ſaid, that *Conſtantine* received Baptiſm being in extremity, we muſt not therefore infer, that he was baptized by an *Arian* in the laſt inſtant of his life; otherwiſe he would not call him in the ſame paſſage a Monarch of great merit, who left faith as an inheritance for Princes of his poſteritie. This extremity then is an extremity either of troubleſom affairs, in which *Conſtantine* ſaw himſelf involved, for having ſo long time deferred his Baptiſm or as others ſay, an extremity of ſickneſs, wherewith he was ſurprized in the City of *Rome*, and cured by Baptiſm.

In ultimis conſtitutus.

The hiſtory of the Baptiſm of *Conſtantine* drawn fro the acts attributed to S. *Silveſter*, is more eaſie piouſly to be believed, then affectually proved.

The opinion of *Euſebius* being rejected, I ask, whether it be not much more probable, to take that of a Council entire, and very antient, held under Pope *Silveſter* about the year of our Lord, three hundred twenty four, which is ſaid expreſly to have been aſſembled at the ſame time that the Emperour *Conſtantine*, was baptiſed by *Silveſter* Biſhop of *Rome*, then to adhere to inventions of a paſſionate adverſary? As for other circumſtances of this Baptiſm, which are drawn from the acts attributed to S. *Silveſter*, we muſt affirm, there are divers things very hard to believe, if we proceed according to humane reaſon: for we cannot ſo eaſily imagine what is expreſſed in thoſe writings, that *Silveſter* was hidden in the caverns of the mountain, which afterward bare his name, flying the perſecution of *Conſtantine*: of which other Authours make no mention, as being contrary to the humour and Edicts of this Prince, who after the victory gained againſt *Maxentius*, ever favoured Chriſtianity. Beſides it is there ſaid, that *Conſtantine* demanded, what Gods were S. *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared to him in his ſleep: which was not very likely in an Emperour, that ſo many years before was inſtructed in the myſteries of Chriſtian Religion. Add alſo the leproſie of *Conſtantine* whereof no authour hath ſpoken before thoſe acts, and wherewith it is held, that *Conſtantius* the ſon of this great Emperour was much offended, complaining they attributed to his father counterfeit maladies, to cure him in picture. If we muſt purſue opinions humanely reaſonable, I would ſay, that *Conſtantine* could no more be leprous, then our King *Clodovaus* of moſt glorious memory; of whom S. *Gregory* of *Towers* hath ſaid, then on the day of his Baptiſm he was cured of an old leproſie, intending by that ſpeech, from ſin. It is true that Cardinal *Baronius* doth all which an able man may, to clear theſe difficulties: but there are certain things, which it is more comely to believe piouſly, then eaſily to eſtabliſh by reaſon. And therefore if the Reader here deſire to know my conceit, I hold, it is a temerarious thing to go about to tax & turmoil old beliefs, which though they paſs not for articles of faith, are notwithſtanding received with edification in common opinions. *Varro* ſaith, that to deſire to be wiſe contrary to common underſtanding, is to rank ones ſelf in the number of fools: and the great S. *Hilary* hath ſaid very worthily, that the firſt verity of wiſdom is ſometime to believe what one would not, ſubmitting our judgment to men of the beſt underſtanding: which if it were well conceived, ſo many young heads would be aſhamed to account themſelves able men, eſpecially in matter of faith, thereby inordinately taxing all the monuments of antiquity.

Gregor Turon. Hiſt. l. 2. cap. 31. Prodit novus Conſtantinus ad lavacrũ, deleturus lepra veterũ morbum.

Contra multos ſapere, deſipere eſt. Sapientiæ prima hæc veritas eſt, interdum ſapere quod nolit Hilar. l. 8. de Trinitate.

I ſay then, for theſe acts, which are accounted to be S. *Silveſters*, and namely for thoſe reported by Pope *Adrian*, as it is not my intention to engage my ſelf upon the proof of them by a way of ſleight human reaſons, ſo would I not in any ſort impugn but rather believe thē, with a religious ſimplicity, which is the ſcience of Saints, and ever the moſt aſſured.

Theſe acts tell us, that *Conſtantine* ſtill deferring his Baptiſm, and living in much liberty, was ſtrucken with a leproſie, which was a manifeſt wound from Heaven, wherewith greatly afflicted, he conſulted with Magicians to apply ſome remedie. They gave him deadly counſel, whereof the Kings of *Egypt* had heretofore made uſe in the like maladie, which was to make a bath of humane blood. This at the beginning ſeemed to him, very ſtrange, but the infirmity which preſſed him, had no ears to hear reaſon: little children were taken of the meaneſt condition in the City, to cut their throats like ſheep, and conſecrate their blood to the health of the Emperour. The mothers diſhevel'd and deſperate, ran after their tender infants, even to the gates of the Palace, and howled ſo dreadfully, that *Conſtantine* hearing their cries, & withall the cauſe of their ſorrow, commanded the infants to be reſtored to their mournful mothers; eſteeming it more reaſonable to tolerate his evil, then to be cured with ſo cruel a remedy.

Hiſtory of Baptiſm according to the acts of S. *Silveſter.*

The night following, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* appeared to him in a dream, and adviſed him to forſake all theſe Pagan ſuperſtitions, to re-edifie the Churches of Chriſtians, and ſend for Pope *Silveſter*, who was at that time hidden in the grots of Mount *Soracte*, that would diſcover unto him a fiſh-pool, which ſhould heale his leproſie. As ſoon as he awakened, he recounted his dream to the Lords of his Court, and ſent to ſeek out the Pope, who ſeeing theſe Gentlemen come, diſpoſed himſelf to Martyrdom, thinking they came to lead him forth to ſlaughter: but underſtanding from their own mouthes much other news, he ſet forward towards the Emperour, who moſt courteouſly received him: and having made a long diſcourſe of matters which had happened unto him concerning his calling to Chriſtianity, he demandeth of him what Gods were *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared unto him in ſleep, and made overture of the fiſh-pool, wherein he ſhould be waſhed

washed. The Pope answered they were no Gods, but Apostles, and servants of God. Thereupon he required to see their images, which *Silvester* sent for by a Deacon: and having found them like to the faces he saw in sleep, he cryed out aloud, that he no longer must defer the fish-pool.

Silvester seeing him resolved to be baptized, commandeth a publick fast, accompanied with ordinary prayers, catechizeth the Emperour, and counselleth him to take seven days of retirement, to prepare himself for Baptism, and which is more, to lay aside for those days the Purple and Imperial Diadem, that he might be cloathed with the habit of penance; which he couragiously performed. And the day of Baptism being come, as soon as he was washed with these life-giving waters, he was miraculously cured of his leprosie, beholding a light from heaven, and a hand stretched over him. See what is in these antient monuments, and which Cardinal *Baronius* rendereth probable, with reasons very consonant.

The ninth SECTION.

The acts of Constantine *after his Baptism.*

CONSTANTINE after his Baptism began a quite other course of life: for laying aside all humane respects, which had hitherto tyed him to Gentilism for considerations of his State, he caused a Throne to be prepared in the Palace of *Trajan*, where having sent for the Senate, he declared with the eloquence of a Monarch, the reasons which had moved him to this alteration of Religion, and said:

Notable Oration of *Constantine*, partly drawn out of his acts and Edicts.

SIRS, *I doubt not, but the change of Religion, which I have made, will appear strang to many, who Blame all that which they cannot understand, and will understand nothing, but what flatters their presumption. All novelties is odious to those, who love the old Age of errour: Yet I can tell you, this is no new Religion which I have imbraced, but that which was begun in the purified souls of the golden Age, happily finished in our days. The first men of the world had verity in bloom, we now see the fruit, which we may and shall enjoy, if we be not ungrateful to our happiness, and traiterous to our own conscience. Believe me, Sirs, the world is almost grown out of it's non-age, for God hath taken pitie of the ignorance thereof, and made it see, it was not time any longer to place Dragons and Owls upon Altars, nor other Gods, accounted as monsters, if they would return into the life of men. If our Ancestours, blinded by mishap, have made to be esteemed for Divinities so many criminals, for whom our laws do now ordain punishments, we are not bound to participate with the crimes of the one, nor the errours of the other, under pretext of antiquitie. I must confess, that I from my infancie have had great distrust upon the follies which I saw in the superstition of Gentiles, and that which further confirmed me in this opinion, was, that one day I heard the answer of an Oracle, which had long time stood mute, and being demanded the cause of this silence, answered, The Just hindered it from speaking, and we found those Just were the Christians, who then had power to stop the mouths of devils.*

Afterward I began to consider those men, whom I saw so persecuted, and that there was not a corner of the earth that was not ruddie with their blood, yet were they notwithstanding so patient in their persecutions, that they had prayers on their lips for those, who rent their hearts out of their bodies. This then gave me then matter of amazement; but when I came to think on their Church, which flourished among so many storms, and encreased under the swords of persecution, this seemed to me more then humane; yet transported with the torrent of common opinions, I still resisted the voice of God, which spake in my heart, when it opened my eys, and made me once lively apprehend the dreadful ends of Emperours, who had persecuted Christianitie, comparing them to the felicitie of my father Constantius, *of most glorious memorie, who had preserved his hands innocent even to death free from any stain of Christian blood. This was sufficiently potent to move a soul, which would easily yield to reason: but God redoubling his inspirations, made me one day behold in the Heavens a prodigie, which many saw with me, to wit, the figure of the Cross, composed of most resplendent light, which appeared just at that time I was to wage battel against* Maxentius. *I call the living God to witness, that I therein read distinctly these words, written as with the rays of the Sun,* IN HOC VINCE. *And it is a wonder that I deferred still to yield my self up, till such time, that the Saviour of the world advertised me in a vision, to take into my Standards the sign which I had seen in Heaven the day before. I instantly obeyed, and have seen so prodigious effects succeed in the defeat of* Maxentius, *which you have admired, attributing to man that which was a work of the Divinitie.*

I thought then to have discovered what I was, but considerations of state, which had too much force upon my soul, stayed me, and have made me walk along hitherto, in a life more licentious then I intended. I now protest before the face of Heaven and Earth, that I am a Christian both in heart and profession; nor shall any motives ever alter that, which I have so constantly resolved on. Yet for all this I purpose not to force any man in his Religion, leaving for this time belief as free as elements: Yet for the charitie I bear towards my good subjects, I cannot but wish them as much good as my self. Now all my greatest happiness, and which I esteem more then my Purple and Diadem, is to entertain the knowledg of a living God which hath been revealed to us by his onely Son Jesus Christ, *the Doctour and Saviour of the world. His person is full of miracles, his life of wisdom and goodness, his doctrine of puritie; and if to conquer our pride, and expiate our demerits, he hath humbled himself to the punishment of the Cross, so much therefore the more ought it to be honourable, since he hath done for us all that, which an incomparable love can do, and endured all that which an invincible patience may suffer.*

I can do no other but love and singularly honour those who are enrolled under his Standard, as my brothers in Religion: and let it not seem strange to any, if heretofore shewing my self very liberal to beautifie and enrich the Temples of Gentilism, *I now apply my self to build and adorn the Churches. I will render what I ow to God and my own conscience, nor shall my subjects, who are of a Religion different from mine, be any way interessed therein, desiring to preserve them, as persons whom I hope one day to have companions in faith, and coheirs in glorie, if they add never so little consent to the lights, wherewith the wisdom of God Incarnate hath repleni shed the world. I onely beseech thee, O great God, on whom all Scepters and Crowns depend, since you have united the East and West under my hands, you would arrange them under the yoak of your Law, which is the knot of Empires, and source of felicitie. I offer unto you my person, mine Armes, my Scepter, and all mine abilities humbly begging of you to accept my slender service, and to give me the assisting wisdom of your Throne, to govern in all honour, all justice, all peace, and amitie, the people which you have committed to my charge.*

This Oration was heard by all the world, with very great applause, in such sort, that for the space of two hours, the cries of an infinite number were heard, who made many acclamations in favour of Christian Religion. Fourty times was repeated, *UNUS DEUS CHRISTIANORUM, There is but one God, which is the God of the Christians:* and thirty times, was proclaimed, LET THOSE WHO DENY CHRIST, COME TO NOUGHT: and ten times, LET THE TEMPLES BE SHUT UP, LET THE CHURCHES BE OPENED: And fourteen times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE EMPEROURS: And ten times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE ROMANS: And fourty times, THERE IS NO OTHER GOD, BUT HE WHO HATH SAVED US. AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE: And fifty times, HE EVER SHALL VANQUISH WHO ADORETH THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD: And thirty times, LET THE PRIESTS OF IDOLS BE BANISHED OUT OF THE CITY: Thirteen times, LET THOSE ALSO BE EXILED OUT OF ROME, WHO WILL SACRIFICE TO IDOLS: And fourty times, COMMAND THEY BE PRESENTLY THRUST OUT OF OUR WALS.

Admirable change of the world by the Oration and example of the Emperour.

Upon these last cries, the Emperour rose up, and making a sign with his hand, required silence which instantly made all this great multitude to hold their

peace; and thereupon: *No*, ſaith he, *I intend not any man ſhould be forced in the matter of his Religion; the ſervices of the world are oft-times conſtrained: but thoſe we render to God, ought ever to be voluntary. We have no greater proofe of the Divinity, then mercy. God ſheweth what he is, in ſo long time, and with ſuch patience, ſuffering the impieties and ingratitudes of men. I would have all the World know, that I intend not to make Chriſtians by neceſſity, but by diſcretion. As it is a crime to deny true Religion to thoſe who require it, ſo it is an importunity to ſeek now to impoſe it by force on ſuch as demand it not. They that will not follow my example, ſhall not therefore be ſeparated from my friendſhip. I am the common Father of all in generall, and no man ought to be fruſtrated of the preſervation which I ow him.*

Theſe words ſtayed the out-cries of thoſe, who already tranſported the affairs into diſorder, by an indiſcreet zeal, and gave good aſſurance to the Pagans, ſo that the Emperour going out of the Palace, they lighted at mid-day many lamps and torches, to conduct him to his houſe, with a thouſand teſtimonies of joy and alacrity.

Edicts and converſions.

He at the ſame time cauſed certain laws to be publiſhed, by which he left the Gentiles at liberty in the exerciſe of their ancient ſuperſtition, on ſuch condition, that they ſhould abſtain to ſpeak in any ſort againſt the honour of the Saviour of the world; nor ſhould at all diſturb the Chriſtians: adding, that he intended the ſons and daughters of the family, yea the very ſervants, ſhould not be kept by force in the Pagan ſuperſtition, but have all liberty to be baptized when they had a will thereunto.

O God, what incompatable charms have the examples of Great-ones in them, to diſpoſe men to virtue! *Nicephorus* ſaith, that in a very ſhort time there were numbered twelve thouſand men, beſides women and children baptized at *Rome*. Yet was it obſerved, there were few Senatours, nor of other politick ſpirits; ſo much the wiſdome of the fleſh is contrary to that of the Croſs. Faith is the inheritance of the humble, and all thoſe ſouls puffed up with preſumption of their own ability, ſtick ſo faſt to the earth, that they looſe the ſight of Heaven.

Piety of *Conſtantine*.

The holy Emperour, who was deſirous to render himſelf as profitable by works and examples, as he became comfortable in his diſcourſes, employed himſelf with an incredible fervour in all that which concern the ſervice of God, and namely in the building of Churches.

Where among other things, he did an act worthy of immortality: for the eighth day after his Baptiſm, paſſing to the place which was already dedicated to S. *Peter*, and where he had a purpoſe to build a fair Church; there in preſence of all the world, he pulled off the purple Robe and Diadem, took a ſpade in hand, and began to dig the earth, to lay the foundation; then throwing the ſcuttle upon his royal ſhoulders, he carried twelve burdens of earth in honour of the twelve Apoſtles.

It was a ſpectacle full of admiration, and which gave an unſpeakable joy to the Pope and Biſhops there preſent. Notwithſtanding the ſpirits of the times ſaid, it was to abaſe the purple too much, and vilifie the dignity of *Cæſars*: not conſidering that the Emperour *Veſpaſian*, from whom *Conſtantine* was deſcended, had done the like in honour of Idols; and were withall deſirous, that this man ſhould have leſs zeal for the living God, then others had uſed in the ſervice of devils.

But the devout *Conſtantine* danced before the Ark, whileſt *Michol* murmured at the window. He had a deſire to adorn the place where he was baptized, as the Cradle of his Chriſtianity: and made the moſt admirable Font that was ever beheld, whereof we yet ſee ſome ſigns remaining, which our holy Father, Pope *Urban* the Eighth, hath lately adorned, and embelliſhed with notable endowments: For, among other magnificences, he cauſed it to be all covered both within and without with plates of ſilver, and commanded to ſet up in emboſſed work the ſtatues of our Saviour and S. *John Baptiſt*, with ſeven figures of Hearts, which poured out water; all which was alſo in very fine ſilver, ſo that it appeared with a marvellous luſtre. He commanded for curioſity, to burn balm in ſtead of oyl in the lamps there hanging, deſirous to apply the uſe of this precious liquor to the ſervices of the Church, ſince *Heliogabalus*, the moſt prodigal of the Emperours, had uſed it in the lamps of his houſe.

He was not content to erect two Churches, the one to S. *Peter*, and the other to S. *Paul*, which he enriched with innumerable gifts; but he alſo changed his proper Palace of *Lateran*, into a Church of our Saviour, which our Kings have afterward done in imitation of him, oftentimes giving their houſes to make houſes of God. He likewiſe there eſtabliſhed a good quantity of Revenues for the poor, which ſhould become Chriſtians, leaving the managing thereof to the diſcretion of the Pope.

It would be a prodigious thing, yea very troubleſome, to reckon up particularly all the preſents he gave, and rents he ſetled in favour of Churches. It ſufficeth to tell you that the Pagans became ſo jealous, that from that time forward, they began to call him the *PUPIL*, ſaying, that the firſt ten years of his Empire, he had been a good Emperour; the ſecond ten, a robber, deſpoiling *Lycinius* and others: But as for the third ten, he had put himſelfe into Tutelage, reſigning to the Church the whole manage of his eſtate. See the ordinary hyperboles of paſſionate ſpirits, who behold with an envenomed eye the wealth which is taken from riots and vanities, to be beſtowed on the Church. Yet notwithſtanding this great Emperour ſo intermingled magnificence with the husbandry of his Revenues, that the people were not neglected, nor did his greatneſs looſe any thing of its luſtre.

It is a ſtrange thing, that with all thoſe celeſtiall qualities which God hath conferred upon his perſon, he could never tame the ſtubborn ſpirits of the *Roman* Senate, ſo much infidelity joyned to preſumption, admitteth obſtacles to the lights of verity. This affront made him undergo another reſolution, to build a City elſe-where, which he would equal to the majeſty of *Rome*, and faſhion to his beſt liking, as he afterward did, changing the City of *Byzantium* into the Royall *Conſtantinople*, an eternal monument of his greatneſs.

The tenth SECTION.

The endeavour of good works, with the virtues and Lawes of Conſtantine.

THis Monarch changed into another man, lived not but by the fire of charity, cleaving to the earth by very ſlender roots of the neceſſities of nature: he began ſeriouſly to manure the practiſe of prayer, diſcourſing familiarly with God, with a taſte ſo ſenſible, that it ſurpaſſed all delights imaginable in nature and wit; a diligence ſo great, that being in Arms and under Pavilions, he ever had his little

His devotion.

little oratory of retirement, where like another *Moſes* he conſulted with the Divinity. He hearkened to diſcourſes of God with incomparable pleaſure; and when he ſpake of the myſteries of our faith, which he as it were perpetually did, it was with ſo great exerciſe, that his heart ſeemed to melt with his words. His zeal ſo tranſported him, that of the prime Captain of the world, he became a Doctour and Preacher, to procure the converſion of his ſubjects. He who ſo many times had carried in his hand the ſword of the Empire, to cut off rebellious powers, bare then in his mouth the ſword of the word, to fill the world with wonders. What he ſpake with his lips, he taught by examples, carrying under the purple a body worn out with abſtinence and mortification.

Humility. He ſo trampled vanity under-foot, to which he formerly had ſome inclination, that among a great number of Churches and edifices of piety, which he cauſed to be built, he would not have his name thereon engraven, reputing himſelfe unworthy, that God ſhould accept ſuch offerings at his hands. And as one day, a Biſhop, a flatterer, and an *Arian*, put himſelfe forward to tell him, that after he had governed the world upon earth, he ſhould do the like in Heaven with the Son of God; he felt himſelfe ſo confounded with this word, that he who ever treated with Eccleſiaſticks with very much reverence, could not contain himſelfe, but ſay: *Biſhop, let it not fall out, you any more uſe ſuch words concerning me, for they are unto me moſt hatefull: you ſhall do much better, and more ſuitable to your profeſſion, to pray the living God, I may be both in earth and heaven the leaſt of his ſervants, then to propoſe to your ſelf Scepters and Empires for me.*

His patience. His patience was equall to his humility, whereof S. *Chryſoſtom* hath obſerved an excellent paſſage in the oration of Biſhop *Flavianus* to the Emperour *Theodoſius*, where he ſaith, that as one day in a popular commotion, they ſtoned the ſtatues of *Conſtantine*, there wanted not many about him who endeavoured to enflame him to the revenge of thoſe outrages: to which he ſmiling anſwered, they had ſtrucken a man of ſtone, but the model remained entire. Now being not ignorant, that the vigour of Chriſtianity conſiſted in works of charity, he applied himſelfe thereunto with ſo much fervour, that it ſeemed his hands were that, which the Hebrew Text ſpeaketh of in the Canticles, *Hands of the ſpouſe, veſſels of gold*, repleniſhed with a ſea of bounty.

Before his Baptiſm, great calamities had reduced miſerable fathers to ſuch neceſſity, that being not able to maintain their children, they ſought to be diſcharged of them by ways moſt lamentable; of which the good Prince being advertiſed, he wrote to *Ablavius* his Lieutenant of the whole Politick Government of the Empire, to publiſh a Law through all the Cities of *Italie*, in which was intimated to all neceſſitous fathers, who were unable for the education of their children, that they ſhould preſent them at a place appointed, there to receive apparel and convenient ſuſtentation: adding, he intended that not onely publick moneys ſhould be employed to ſupply ſuch wants, but that he would deſpoil himſelfe willingly of that which was proper and peculiar to himſelf, for their comfort.

If he found any beggars in the ſtreets, he delighted to cloath them, and to behold them in this new plight, making of his Palace a mount *Thabor*, where men were transfigured, changing their miſeries into felicities. He moſt particularly enquired after the ſhamefac'd poor, who had heretofore been wealthy, and learned from them their fortunes, birth, and want, and as he found their qualities and merits, he gave ſometimes Lands, and entire poſſeſſions to thoſe, who were in very preſſing neceſſities. A poor widow, who ſighed in a corner of her houſe, forſaken of all the world, was much amazed, that this Monarch of the world, came as an Angell from Heaven, to wipe away her tears, and provide for her poor orphans. A forlorne maid, and even upon the brink of the precipice, by the unhappineſs of poverty, found the Emperour had given order for her marriage, and had himſelfe taken the pain to know her future husband, and recommend good husbandry unto him on his part.

This man was as the Intelligence, tyed to the Government of the *Primum mobile*, which is never weary, among ſo many concuſſions and motions afforded to total nature. He was a ſun, who drew up, and digeſted all the vapours of the lower world, not intermitting any thing of its courſe or lights. He was an Ocean, who received drops of water as well as huge rivers: and as there was nothing ſo high in the world as to be above his greatneſs, ſo was there nothing ſo low, which could withdraw it ſelf from his charitable knowledge.

He ever had his eye open upon the neceſſities of mankinde, and not contenting himſelfe to provide for them by the ordinary wayes of charity, he thereunto added the hand of juſtice, making moſt wholeſome Lawes for the tranquility of the whole world. This good Father of the Univerſe ſought out poor baniſhed men, who had been unjuſtly deſpoiled by the rigours of injuſtice, and reſtored them to their profeſſions. He propoſed to himſelf in his own repoſe, the affliction of thoſe who had wrongfully been tranſported into deſart Iſlands, where they ſtill lived, made ſlaves under the tyranny of men, and in a worſe condition then beaſts. He thought upon the miſeries they endured, who were condemned by unrighteous ſentences to labour in mynes. He reflected on the long ſervices of military men, who were abſolute in armes, yet oftentimes gained nothing but poverty and ignominy. But above all theſe conſiderations, as occaſions required, he made moſt worthy Edicts, for the comfort of ſo many perſons as lived in the acerbities of the world. And for as much as concerned juſtice, which conſiſteth in the puniſhment of crimes and abuſes, he was a *Hercules*, who had perpetually his club lifted up to quell monſters. His edicts.

Duels. There was a cuſtome in thoſe times of Duels and gladiatours, which were much more tollerable then now-adays, for then none were employed therein, but ſlaves, criminals, and men of the ſack and halter, who were already condemned to death. And now-adays is found a frantick Nobility, who degrading themſelves from the honour of generous ſpirits, and bearing the ſentence of an ignoble action againſt themſelves, make tropheys of that which is put upon Mooriſh ſlaves for puniſhment. Yet the great *Conſtantine* ſaw this manner of puniſhing the baſe and abject creatures of the world, was too bruti ſh and butcherly, and that it would do well to change theſe duels into Gallies, or ſome ſuch like thing; for he wrote to *Maximus* the Superintendent of juſtice, in theſe terms:

"Theſe bloody ſpectacles in the civil repoſe and "domeſtick peace wherein we live, pleaſe me not "at all. Behold the cauſe why I will wholly take "away theſe combats of Gladiatours. For if there "be ſuch graceleſs wretches, who for the puniſh- "ment of their crimes deſerve ſuch a ſentence and "ſuch condition, I ordain that you rather cauſe L. 1. de gladiat. Cod. Theod.

" them to labour in the Mines, to the end, that " without effusion of bloud, they may feel the pain " due to their demerits. Given at *Berytus*, the first " day of *October*, under the Consulship of *Paulinus* " and *Julianus*.

Apostrophe to King *Lewis* the thirteenth.

I leave you to think what this Monarch would have said of Duels of this time, where they hasten to pour out willingly upon publick passages that bloud, which ought rather to be shed upon the walls of Infidels, to cement up the glory of the *French*.

O *Lewis*, our great Monarch, it seemeth the God of peace hath permitted the heads of this *Hydra* to have hitherto budded forth, that they might be made to fall under the innocency of your hands, divinely destinated to so many good works. You have again very lately renewed your Edicts against this pestilence, assuring unto fathers and mothers the bloud of their children for the service of your Crown, and taking away a stain which stuck so many years upon the brow of your Empire. Heaven and earth have participated in the contentment which hath succeeded from these good ordinances, as they do in the preservation of the lives of your subjects, and tranquility of your whole Realm. Let your Majesty so handle the matter, that this Law may hold with nails of Adamant, and not lose a glory, which *Constantine* would have bought at the price of two Empires.

His chastity.

This brave Prince, who ever had been most chast, made also sharp war against the infamous ordures of lust: for he expelled from the Court, as vermine, certain effeminate men, who had made sale of their souls to dishonour, and at other times made a lamentable traffick of their bodies, insinuating themselves by this means, into the Palaces of Great-ones, and sometimes into honourable rank. He degraded them all from Nobility, and forbad them to bear even the marks of men of Arms, tying them to services the most contemptible. Besides, he caused to be taken from publick infamies, many poor Christian maids, that had been abandoned to evil by the form of punishment, making expres inhibitions to those villains, who live upon others sins, never to undertake the like practises. Briefly, he so abolished the crimes which had been tolerated under the other Emperours; that Saint *Hierom* writing upon *Isaiah*, hath given the title to *Constantine*, that his Empire had vanquished two monsters, the most dreadful that were ever seen by destroying the infidelity and impurity of the earth.

His prudence. Cod. Theod. L. de pœnit. *Quæ facies, quæ ad similitudinem pulchritudinis cœlestis est figurata, minime maculetur.* Sozom. l. 1. c. 8.

His prudence descended even to the moderating and changing the punishments of offenders, which had some disproportion; and among other things, he decreed, that Characters should no more be imprinted upon the forehead of the miserable, for the respect that is due to the face of man, on the which God hath engraven his Image. And moreover, for the honour he bare to the Cross, he forbad it should ever again be defiled with the punishments and executions of malefactours; thinking it unreasonable, that that which was matter of glory to Emperours, should likewise serve as an instrument for the pains of the unhappy. He suffered not any image to be made unto him, either in Tables, Statues, or Coins,

Honour of the Cross.

wher eon the Cross was not ever set: such honour bare he to this venerable sign, which Hereticks have ever rejected, with as much malice as stupidity.

It were an infinite thing for him that would particularly decipher so many noble actions of our *Constantine*. I content my self to have here set down that in brief, which might have been distended into many Chapters, and to make many dishes of it, endeavouring to furnish out more substance for my Reader, then unprofitable amplifications.

The eleventh SECTION.

The zeal of Constantine *in the proceedings of the Council of* Nice.

THE Emperour *Constantine* had great cause to say, what he spake in *Eusebius*, That he was as the common Bishop of the Church outwardly; so much vigilance and zeal he exercised, to procure all which concerned the maintenance thereof. Behold an accident happening under his reign, which more troubled Christendom, then ever did the torturing Racks, the Combs of Iron, or boyling Cauldrons of *Diocletian*.

Original of the *Arians*.

Theology had been for a long time taught in the City of *Alexandria*, at which time a Priest named *Arius*, held the Regency; who had the reputation to be subtile in seeking out questions, which never had faln into the thought of man: but otherwise was malicious and of an evil life. Out alas! that these extravagant curiosities should bring, and daily also introduce prejudice into the Church and repose of the people! It were to be wished that those, who through long idleness, and itch of vanity, amuse themselves to find out novelties in matter of belief, might rather handle the Coulter in Tillage, or the Oar in Gallies, then turn over books, and contaminate the honour of Divinity. Satan never found a spirit more fit to perplex holy letters, and embroil Empires, then this wretched man of whom we speak.

Arius and his qualities.

Saint *Epiphanius*, who might often have seen him, saith, He was of a large body, of a sad countenance, covering under a mask of austerity, hideous monsters. He had an extreme ambition to hold the highest place, and seeing that *Alexander*, a holy man, was preferred before him in the Episcopal Chair of *Alexandria*, he entred into desperate jealousies, searching out all possible means to cry down this Bishop, and raise calumnies against him, to dispossess him of his charge. And the life of this *Alexander* being so unspotted, that no least stain of reproach might be seen therein, he resolved to involve him in some captious disputations, thereby to accuse him to hold opinions not consonant to the Doctrine of the Church. It happened that the Bishop in preaching and speaking of the Son of God, put him, as he ought, in equality of power and honour with his Celestial Father, calling him by the Greek word ὁμόσιον; whereupon this man sought to reprehend him, alledging some passages of Scripture maliciously interpreted, of which he made use to establish the unhappy Heresie, which denied that the Son was the same essence of God his Father, and took away from *Jesus Christ* the Diadem of the Eternal Divinity, by making him a meer creature.

Alexander, who was not a man of mean account, but such an one, as to his sanctity of life, added solid Doctrine, defended himself couragiously against the impostures of this malign spirit, very well justifying his belief touching the Divinity of our Saviour: which having been throughly proved in the Assembly of an hundred Bishops, who were first of all called together for this purpose under *Hosius*, Legat of Pope *Silvester*, he pronounced the sentence of excommunication against *Arius* and his complices. This wicked man, who burst with anger to see this condemnation passed against him by those whom he reputed to be infinitely under him in ability, put himself

himself into the field with very much ostent; the differences he lately had with these Prelates, making him understand his Divinity was odious, if he therein used not some colour to disguise the malice thereof. He also practised so many wiles, that he dazeled the eys even of those, who were men very capable: for after he had deduced his reasons with a great facility of words, and large quantity of specious passages, and that he thereunto added a cold countenance, counterfeiting himself a modest man, persecuted for the truth, he trained spirits not vulgar to the love of his novelties. All the very same proceedings have been seen with the Hereticks of this time, and if so many corrupt souls had not wholly enclined to their own ruine, God gave them sufficient examples in elder evils to avoid the new. We may well say, when we behold these Schisms and Heresies to arise, that there is some comet of the kingdom of darkness, which insensibly throweth plague and poyson into hearts. It is a strange thing that a little sparkle let fall in *Alexandria*, caused instantly so many fires, that having invaded *Egypt*, *Libya*, *Thebais*, and *Palestine*, they in the end involved almost the whole world. No man at that time cared how to live, but every one was ready to dispute. Bishops bandying against Bishops, drew the people distracted with opinions: the Churches, houses, and Theaters, ecchoed in the sharpnes of contentious disputations, and the Cities forgetting all other miseries, rent one another for the interpretation of a word. *Arius* to gain support, instantly seeketh for favour from the Court. And knowing that *Eusebius* Bishop of *Nicomedia* was of great credit, he used all the flatteries, of which this man was capable enough, to gain him to his side. This *Eusebius* was eminently furnished with all those dispositions and industries, which the most subtile Hereticks have at any time exercised to trouble the Church of God. He was verily one of the worst men then in the Empire, since he had sold his soul to ambition, so much the more pernicious as it was covered with a veil of Religion. It is true which the *Hebrews* say, that *Vineger is an ill son of a good father*, for it is commonly made of the best wine: so there is nothing more sincere then an Ecclesiastick, who liveth in the duty of his profession; but when corruption falleth thereinto, and that he hath once degenerated, there is not a worse sharpnes, nor a more dangerous malice. Religion served this wicked man as a buskin for all feet, for it had no other bounds, but that of his own interests: and he ever, like weather-cocks on the top of Steeples, turned his face on what side soever the wind blew.

Proceeding of *Arians.*

In the persecutions of Christendom he made himself an Idolater: in the garboils of *Lycinius* he leaned much to his side, and when he saw *Constantine* absolute in the Empire, never was man more plyable to flatter him. Doubtless he had all the qualities we have seen in *Luther*, *Calvin*, and so many other new Sects, who have still sought favour from Great-ones by wiles and most perilous charms. So wanted he not excellent parts, and great eminencies: for he had a spirit very subtile, speech cunning, a face which spake before his tongue, and for his extraction, he soared so high, as to make himself the kinsman of *Cæsar's*. The air he desired to breath was the Court, and his Bishoprick when he was absent, seemed to him a banishment. Behold the cause, why he drew near to the center of the Empire as much as he could, in such sort, that being first Bishop of *Berytus*, he put himself forward to the Chair of *Nicomedia*, afterward took the heart of the Kingdom, and in the end, setled himself in the Royal *Constantinople*.

This alteration of Chairs had in this time a very ill savour, and this life of Court so passionately affected by an Ecclesiastick not called thereunto, could not in any sort finde approbation among good men. Great personages are sometimes very lawfully in Court for the service of Kings and publick necessities, but they are there as the birds of *Barnch* upon white thorns, as the Giants of holy *Job*, which mourned under the waters, as those sweet Fountains found in the salt Sea. An ambitious man, who heweth down mountains to arrive thither, and liveth not exemplary, deserveth to be regarded therein as a fish out of his element, or the py'd bird whereof *Jeremiah* speaketh, whom all the rest assailed with Beak and Talon.

Baruch 6. 70. Job. 28. Jer. 12. 2.

Eusebius notwithstanding little regarded the reputation of a good Prelate, so that he might arrive to the height of his enterprizes. To insinuate himself the more in the good liking of the Emperour, he gained *Constantia* sister of *Constantine*, and widow of *Lycinius*, as *Calvin* did afterward the sister of *Francis* the first. The good Lady, who being despoiled of Empire by the death of her husband, and had no longer so much employment to number the pearls of her Diadem, would needs then intermeddle with curious devotion, and dispute on the mysteries of the Holy Trinity. *Constantine* after the death of S. *Helena* his mother, held her at his Court with much respect, that she might the more easily digest the acerbities she had conceived in the loss of her husband, and much easier was it to entertain her in the affairs of the Church, then in those of Empires. Besides, he found it not amiss that she might busie her self in the doubtful questions of Bishops. So pursuing the Genious of her curious spirit, she passed so far, that she became an *Arian* by the practises of this *Eusebius*, who having already gotten credit with her, spake to her of *Arius*, as of a worthy man persecuted by his own side for his great abilities; and explicating to her his doctrine in popular terms, which said, there was no apparance how a son could be made as old as his father, & that poor *Arius* had bin banished from *Alexandria*, for that he would not sign this proposition, this drew compassion from her.

The spirit of *Constantia* tainted with this doctrine, began already to cast an evil odour upon the Emperour her brother; and *Eusebius* coming thereupon to make recital of that which passed in *Alexandria*, between *Alexander* and *Arius*, set such a face upon the whole business, that he made, as it is said, the Sun with a coal, figuring out the good Prelate *Alexander* as a passionate man, who could not endure an excellent spirit in his Bishoprick.

'Tis a pitiful thing that great men see not the truth but through the passions of those that serve them. This poor *Alexander*, who was a holy old man, and grown white in the exercises of Religion, was then presented to the Emperour by the information of *Eusebius*, as a fool, who under a griezled head had extravagancies of youth, in such sort, that *Constantine* vouchsafeing to write unto him, taxed him as the authour of this tumult, in that he put a frivolous question into consultation, and gave occasion of dispute, which could never have proceeded but from abundance of idleness. And as for *Arius*, he said of him, that he gave too much scope to his spirit upon a subject, which might much better have been concealed. And for the rest, they should be both reconciled, mutually pardoning each other, and hereafter hindering all manner of disputations upon the like occasion.

Constantine deceived.

Alexander, who had done nothing but by the counsel of an hundred Bishops, seeing himself treated

ed in a worſe condition then *Arius* was, in the Emperours Letters, and conſidering the blaſphemy, which this Heretick had vomited againſt the Divinity of the Word, was reputed as a trifle, thought verily they had endeavoured to envenom the ſpirit of *Conſtantine*, to the prejudice of the truth. For this cauſe he informed the other Biſhops, and namely Pope *Silveſter*, of the juſtice of his cauſe, anſwering very pertinently to the calumnies objected againſt him. On the other ſide *Euſebius*, who beheld the integrity of this holy Biſhop with an ill eye, and who had very far engaged himſelf to maintain *Arius*, embroiled the affairs at Court, as much as his credit might permit. In the end, the diſputation was ſo enkindled through the Chriſtian world, that needs muſt a general Council be held to determine it.

Euſebius a true Patron of Hereticks.

Council of *Nice*.

Three hundred and eighteen Biſhops are aſſembled at *Nice*, a City of *Bythinia*, by the approbation of Pope *Silveſter*, at the requeſt of the Emperour *Conſtantine*, who invited the moſt eminent by expreſs letters, and gave very ſingular direction, as wel for their journey, as their reception. Never was there ſeen a goodlier company. It was a Crown, not of pearls nor diamonds, but of the rareſt men of the world, who came from all parts like Bees, bearing (as ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) honey in their mouths, and wax in their hands. There you might behold *Venetians*, *Arabians*, *Egyptians*, *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Africans*, *Perſians*, not ſpeaking of Weſtern Biſhops, who were there already in no ſmal number. It was a moſt magnificent ſpectacle to behold on one ſide venerable old men, white as Swans, who ſtill bare upon their bodies the ſcars of iron and perſecution, which were invincible teſtimonies of their conſtancy: on the other, men who had the gift of miracles, ſo much as to force the power of death, and tear from him the dead out of their tombs. On the other part, men accompliſhed in Theology and eloquence, who in opening their mouths ſeemed to unfold the gate of a Temple, full of wonders and beauties. There was to be found that great S. *James* of *Niſibis*, *Paphnutius*, and *Potamion*. There was *Hoſius*, S. *Nicholas* the firſt, *Gregory* the father of our *Nazianzen*, *Spiridion*, and ſo many other worthy men. The good Pope S. *Silveſter* could not be preſent thereat, by reaſon of the decrepitneſs of his age, but ſent thither three Legates, *Hoſius*, *vitus*, and *Vincentius*. The Emperour received them all moſt lovingly, kiſſing the ſcars of ſome, and admiring the ſanctity of others, never ſatisfying himſelf with the modeſty and good diſcourſe of all, both in particular and general. Among theſe children of God, were likewiſe ſome Satans, adherents to *Arius*, who diſcovered in their eys and countenances, the paſſions of their hearts.

Theſe turbulent ſpirits fearing the aſpect of this awful aſſemby, ſoftly ſuggeſted divers calumnies to ſurprize the ſpirit of the Emperour, which very naturally retained much goodneſs. And for this purpoſe they preſented to him many requeſts, and many papers charged with complaints and accuſations upon pretended homages. Verily theſe proceedings were ſufficient to divert this Prince from the love he bare to our Religion, were it not that through the grace of God, he had already taken very deep root in the faith.

In the end, to do an act worthy of his Majeſty, beholding himſelf to be daily burthened with writings, wherein theſe paſſionate Biſhops ſpake of nothing but their own intereſts, he adviſed them to ſet down all their grievances, and all the ſatisfactions which they pretended to draw from thoſe who had offended them, and preſent them on a day deſigned. They failed not to confound him with Libels and ſupplications: but this grave Monarch putting them into his boſom, ſaid openly, *Behold a large proportion of Accuſations, all which muſt be transferred to the judgment of God, who will judge them in the latter day. As for my ſelf, I am a man, nor is it my profeſſion to take notice of ſuch cauſes, where thoſe that accuſe, and ſuch as be accuſed, are Biſhops. Let us, I pray you, for this time, leave theſe affairs, and treat with the points, for which this Council is here aſſembled; only let every one, following therein the Divine clemency, pardon all that is paſt, and make an abſolute reconciliation for the time to come.* When he had ſpoken this, he took all the civil requeſts preſented unto him, and cauſed them to be caſt into the fire; which was much applauded by all thoſe who had their judgments diſcharged from partialities. Sozom. l. 1. cap. 16.

In the mean ſpace, the Biſhops before they entred into the Council, took time to examine the propoſitions that were to be handled, and leiſurably to inform themſelves of the pretenſions of *Arius*, who was there preſent, and who already felt the vehemency of the vigour of S. *Athanaſius*, though he was yet but a Deacon in the Church of *Alexandria*.

The day of the Council being come, the Biſhops aſſembled in the great Hall of the Palace, where many benches were ſet, both on the one ſide and other. Every one taketh his place according to his rank. *Baronius* thinketh the Legates of the Pope were ſeated on the left hand, as in the moſt honourable ſeats which he very pertinently proveth. In the firſt place on the right hand, ſat the venerable Biſhop *Euſtatius*, who was to begin the prayer, and carry relations to the Emperour. The Biſhops remained ſilent for a while, expecting his coming; and ſuddenly he appeared, not accompanied with any Guard, or Souldiers, but with a ſmall number of friends. *Euſebius*, who was there preſent, ſaith in his Hiſtory, that never was any thing ſeen more admirable then the perſon of this Monarch, at the meeting of this Council. For beſides that, he was of a moſt gallant ſtature, and a ſingular preſence, he was delighted to hold it as it were enchaſed in rich attire. The purple wherewith he then was clothed, mingling the luſter thereof with the rays of pretious ſtones, which ſparkled on his head, made reflections of grace and majeſty ariſe in the eyes of all the beholders. He paſſed through the middle of the Aſſembly, and all the Prelates roſe up to do him reverence. Then being come unto his place, he ſtood upright, expecting from the Biſhops a ſign given him to ſit, which being done, and prayer ended, he ſate down upon a golden chair very low, which was placed in the middle, to the end he might be encompaſſed with ſo great a number of Saints, as a Palm with a row of Cedars. The others alſo being ſeated near him, *Euſtatius*, ſelected out to open the Council, ſtood up, and made an Oration, whereof we finde ſome pieces in *Gregory* a Prieſt of *Caſarea*, which import thus much: *We have very much obligation, O ſacred Majeſtie, to render immortal thanks to the living God, in that he hath made choice of your perſon to put the Empire of the world into your hands, and that by your means deſtroying idolatrie, he hath exalted the glorie of his Altars, and eſtabliſhed Chriſtianitie in that tranquilitie which we preſently enjoy.*

Conſtantius in the Aſſembly of Biſhops.

Oration of *Euſtatius* at the opening of the Council.

It is an act from the right hand of the Omnipotent, which we durſt not hope for in our days, if God had not made you to be born for the good of the univerſal world. It is a prodigie to have ſeen you in a ſhort time to calm ſo many tempeſts, diſpoſe ſo many ſmoaks of ſacrifices to devils, extirpate ſo many horrible ſuperſtitions, and enlighten ſuch cloudie darkneſs with the rays of the knowledge of the true God.

The world, which was before polluted with ordures, is purified, the name of Saviour is known to Nations the moſt barbarous, The Father is glorified, the Son adored, the Holy Ghoſt declared

declared; a Trinitie consubstantial, that is to say, one same Divinitie in three Persons, is acknowledged by all the faithful.

That is it, O sacred Majestie, which supporteth the greatness of your Empire with those three fingers of power, wherewith it holdeth the mass of the earth, poized as it were to serve as a basis. As your felicitie is inseparably tyed to its honour, so ought you to reverence, defend, and invincibly protect all that, which concerneth the glorie thereof.

Behold a strange accident, and which is to us more sensible then the persecution of Diocletian. *They go about to dis-member the Trinitie, and thrust the knife of division into its throne. One* Arius, *who hath taken his name from furie, a wolf bred among us in a sheeps skin, a Priest of* Alexandria, *an enemie of the doctrine of Apostles and Prophets, hath proclaimed war against the Son of God, endeavouring to deprive him of the essence, honour, and power, which he holdeth equal from all eternitie with his heavenly Father.*

This is it which hath assembled us here to condemn his errour, and most humbly to beseech your Majestie, that when you have heard the opinions of all these great men here present, you will hold a steadie hand upon the preservation of Apostolical doctrine, and command all those to be cut from our body, who will persevere in their damnable opinions, to the end we may breath the Christian air in all liberty, which the world beginneth already so sweetly to tast under the happiness of your reign.

Then was the time, saith S. *Hierom*, when the first trumpet began to sound against *Arius*. After the good Bishop of *Antioch* had ended, the Emperour beholding all the assembly with a very gracious aspect, spak in Latin, to retain the majestie of the *Romane* Empire, and in a moderate tone, those words which are couched in *Eusebius*, the sense whereof we render:

Oration of Constantine.

Venerable Fathers, *I must needs affirm, that I never desired any thing more passionately, then to enjoy your sweet presences; and infinitely am I bound to God, that he hath accomplished my desires, granting me a blessing that I prefer before all the happiness in the world, which is, to see you all here assembled, and united in will for the glory of God, and peace of the Church. I pray you, suffer not the storm to surprize us in the haven, thereby to snatch from us the comfort, which we already have in our hands; and if God hath given us victory against Tyrants, let us not turn our arms against our selves, to tear out our proper entrails. It is most certain, these domestick troubles are much more to be feared then all the hostilities in the world. The sword of persecution can dissever nothing but members; but those divisions tend to the subversion of souls; which maketh them so much the more dangerous beyond common wars, as the spirit is above the body.*

God having afforded me so many victories, and so manie prosperities, I proposed to my self, there remained nothing from me to ask of him, but an humble acknowledgement of his benefits, and leisure to rejoyce with those whom I saw through his favour in repose, sheltred under the good success of mine arms, and the authoritie of my Laws. It hath been a grief very sensible unto me to understand of those revolutions, which have passed in our Citie of Alexandria, *and which have afterward dispersed themselves through the rest of Christendom. I have don all that possibly I might in the beginning to stop them, but seeing the evil increased with so much danger, I have called you hither to apply the last remedie. I beseech you, O venerable Priests of the living God, to preserve among your selves that concord, which I think I may read in your countenances, and not to suffer your selves to be deprived of the benefit of peace, since the Divine providence hath selected you to establish it upon Altars, by your prayers for all the rest of the world. Cut off speedily the root of evil, and sweetly pacifie these troubles of the Church: you shall do a thing most acceptable to God; and as for my self, who am your fellow servant, I shall hold me obliged as for a singular benefit.*

The Interpreter explicated the Oration of the Emperour in the Greek tongue: then the propositions of *Arius* were read. At the reading whereof the most part of the Bishops stopped their ears for horrour, as afterward S. *Athanasius* observed. From thence they proceeded to opinons, where the disputation was enkindled on both sides. *Constantine* afforded a singular attention to all that was said, peaceably entertained sentences, encouraged all the world sweetned acerbities which might slide into the heat of contention, and guided all the affairs to peace. In the end, *Arius* is condemned, and a form of faith conceived for the equality of the Word with the Father, whereat many *Arians* much amazed, failed not to strike sail, and yield themselves to the plurality of voices, fearing least their contestation might ruin their reputation with the Emperour. It is thought *Eusebius* the Historiographer was of this number; a man of the time, who knew how to comply readily with the humour of those who had authority and force in their hands. As for the other *Eusebius*, Bishop of *Nicomedia*, who had maintained the faction of *Arius* with much passion, he saw himself shamefully fallen from the opinion of his great credit, and durst not refuse to sign the doctrine of the Council. Greatly was he streightned in another Session, to pronounce excommunication upon *Arius* his creature, saying he was consenting to the decision of the Council, under shadow of som perplexed words, which he made use of to cover his opinion. The fathers shutting up their eys to all human reasons, and fortifying their arms against favour, surprized this *Eusebius*, and *Theognis* Bishop of *Nice*, in the condemnation of *Arius* which they would not sign, declaring them upon this refusal, deprived of their Bishopricks. They interposed the authority of the Emperour, who suspended the execution, on such condition, that they gave satisfaction to the Council.

Condemnation of Arius.

Never were men more humbled, namely *Eusebius*; who thought himself the all-predominant; for he was constrained speedily to retire, and address his request to the Bishops, in terms most suppliant, in which he protested wholly to submit himself to the decrees of the Council; yet notwithstanding he spared not to embroil matters with an infinity of wiles and malice, which made the Emperour open his eyes to confirm their sentence who had condemned him, and send him into banishment, with subrogation of another in his place, though he afterward by ordinary submission was repealed. At that time happened a marvellous labyrinth of affairs, in which began the combats of great S. *Athanasius*, which are to take up another History besides this, it extending much further beyond the years of *Constantine*. As for the succes of *Arius*, after the banishment of ten years, he still intermedling with factions, found means to be heard in an other Council of *Jerusalem*, where feigning a penitence artificially counterfeited, he handled the matter so by the practises of *Eusebius*, who was then in favour, that he was absolved, with commandment given to the good *Alexander*, Bishop of *Constantinople*, to receive him into the communion of the Church.

S. Athanasius.

The holy Prelate stoutly refused it, knowing well it was an hypocrisie, which tended to annul the decrees of the Council of *Nice*, and bring confusion into the Church. But *Eusebius* of *Nicomedia* ceased not to make armed inhibitions, threatning that in case of refusal, he would deprive him of his Bishoprick. He, who cared not so much for the loss of his dignity, as the safety of the Church, forsook all these subtilities of Theologie, and exhorting his people to a fast of seven days, by the Counsel of S. *James* of *Nisibis*, who was then present, spared not to macerate his body with austerities, and present to God day and night his humble supplications to divert this scourge. In the end, the affair being very shortly to be determined, he prostrated his face against the earth before the Altar, and said: *My God, if it be true, that* Arius *ought to morrow to be received into the communion of the faithful, I beseech you let your poor servant* Alexander *go in peace, and not loose the faithful people with the wicked. But if you be resolved to preserve your Church, and I may be assured you will do it, look on the threats of* Eusebius, *and deliver not your inheritance to the scorn of the wicked: but rather take* Arius *out of this world, lest we receiving him, may seem to introduce heresie and impiety into your house.*

The

End of *Arius.* The next day *Arius* went early in the morning from the Emperours Palace, very well accompanied with *Eusebius*, and walked in pomp through the ſtreets of *Conſtantinople*. He was a man more ſubtile then confident, and it is thought the apprehenſions he had of the iſſue of this combat, put terrour in him, and this terrour cauſed him to ſtep out of the way. Behold the cauſe, why being by chance in the market-place of *Conſtantinople*, he retired into a publick place of eaſe, to ſatisfie the neceſſities of nature. *Socrates* holdeth, he caſt forth a great quantity blood, and thereupon falling into a ſwoon, not being able to be holpen, he yielded up his wicked ſoul by a juſt puniſhment from Heaven, leaving to poſterity a perpetual deteſtation of his life, with a horrour of the very place of his death.

Euſebius cauſed the body to be interred, *Alexander* breathed again, and all the Church triumphed upon the admiration of the judgments of God, ſeeing that he, who had raiſed ſo many bloody Tragedies, was dead in his own blood: and after he had infected the foundeſt parts of the world with his poyſon, vomited up his contagious ſoul in the publick infections, drawing on his criminal head the execration of all Ages.

The twelfth SECTION.

The Government of Conſtantine.

Conſtant. to Conſtantinople erected. HAving ſhewed unto you the greatneſs of *Conſtantine* in matters of Religion, let us now behold it in his politick government. It is no ſleight note of the vigour of his ſpirit, that he enterprized to make another *Rome*, and ſo proſperouſly to have perfected this his deſign.

There is found among the Gentiles a certain Epigram in the ruines of ancient *Rome*, which ſaid, It ſtood in need of gods to make it, but there was but one God neceſſary to deſtroy it. What may we ſay of the courage, prudence, happy ſucceſs of the Emperour in the eſtabliſhment of *Conſtantinople*? We will not make him a God, as the Pagans, but ſay, he was a man ſingularly aſſiſted by the providence of God, in the greatneſs of his undertakings.

He perceived in this new change of Religion, there were in *Rome* many harſh ſpirits, and that even among the principal, whom he could not reclaim to Chriſtianity, as his zeal fervently deſired. Behold, whether deſirous to conſecrate to God a place better purified from Idols, where he might be ſerved with more conſent and better judgment, or whether he were tranſported with the deſire of honour, and the memory of poſterity, he reſolved to build a City, which ſhould bear his name, and be, as it were, the maſter-piece of a great Monarch.

For this purpoſe he had ſome deſire to build on the ruines of *Troy* the Great, thinking the fame of the place, renowned for its unhappineſs through all the parts of the habitable world, might contribute ſomewhat to the glory of his name: but he having laid the foundations, God gave him notice in ſleep, that this was not the place appointed him, and that he neceſſarily muſt change the Country: whereat being much amazed, yet ſtill perſiſting in his deſign, as not throughly ſatisfied upon the will of God, it is held, the tools and inſtruments of work-men were inſenſibly tranſported over the Sea to the other ſhore, and that an Eagle ſetling upon the Level of the Maſter-Architect, took it up, and haſtned to bear it directly to *Byzantium*; for that is the City, whither *Conſtantine*, forſaking the ruines of *Troy*, tranſferred his great deſigns. It had heretofore been a very fair City; but as Arms ſtrike at all which is eminent, ſo had it been infinitely ranſacked by many wars happening in the revolution of affairs and Ages. Yet it ſtill ſupported it ſelf with ſome manner of reputation, when this great Prince determined to amplifie, enrich, and perfect it throughly, there to fix the ſeat of his Empire.

Zonar and *Glycas.*

It is added, that himſelf marched round about the walls, holding in his hand a half-pike, deſigning the circuit of his future *Conſtantinople*: and as he ſtill went meaſuring up and down by the aim of his eye, one of his favourites ſaid to him: *Emperour, how long will it be ere you make an end? I will finiſh*, ſaith he, *when he ſtaies that goeth before me.* Which made men think there was ſome heavenly intelligence, that conducted his enterprize. At the ſame time he thought he ſaw in ſleep a very ancient Lady, which in an inſtant was turned into a moſt beautiful Virgin, whom he adorned and attired, ſetting his Diadem on her head. Obſerve what is ſaid of the beginnings of *Conſtantinople*; whether ſuch things happened with all theſe circumſtances, or whether we naturally love to tell ſome ſtrange tales in favour of antiquity; as if theſe fictions were able to give it the more credit. One thing is moſt undoubted, which *Zoſimus*, although an enemy to *Conſtantine*, is enforced to admire, that the manage of this great deſign was ſo proſperous, that in five or ſix years a goodly City was ſeen on foot, which extended about one league in circuit beyond the walls of *Byzantium.*

Conſtantine, who had a holy deſire to equal it to ancient *Rome*, ſpared nothing of all that, which the invention of men might finde out, courage undertake, and power execute. He there built Palaces, Theaters, Ampitheaters, Cirques, Galleries, and other Edifices, infinitely admirable; ſo that Saint *Hierom* had reaſon to ſay, that *Conſtantine* to attire his *Conſtantinople* deſpoiled all the other Provinces.

It is a *Maxime* among Great-ones, that to make a hugh Dragon, it is fit he firſt devour many little Serpents; and to raiſe a great City, many much leſs muſt be ruined to ſerve for food unto it. The greatneſſes of God are good deeds, thoſe of the world are naturally deſtructions; for they eat and devour their neighbours, as the tree which we call the *Ivy*, which inſenſibly draweth the juyce of Plants growing near unto it. It is not expedient there ſhould be many greatneſſes in the world, they would dry Rivers up, as did the Army of *Xerxes*, and would impoveriſh each other by their mutual conteſtations. Yet notwithſtanding needs muſt there be Majeſty in the civil world, to the proportion of elementary. And for this cauſe God made Kings, taking a pattern from himſelf, and commandeth we honour them as his living Images: Kings make the greatneſſes of the world, which are the effects of their powers. Needs muſt there be a *Conſtantinople* that poſterity may ſee *Conſtantine* on the back-ſide of the Medal, for I think his virtues have repreſented him on the other ſide very honourable.

At the leaſt, it is a thing exceeding laudable, and well conſidered by S. *Auguſtine*, that in this infinite ſtore of Pagans, which he muſt yet of neceſſity tolerate, the Emperour permitted not either Temples of Idols, Sacrifices, or Pagan ceremonies. Well might he be curious to cauſe from all parts to be brought ancient Statues of Marble, Braſs, and other matter, which repreſented *Jupiter*, *Cybile*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, *Caſtor*, and *Pollux*, and ſo many falſe Divinities, which he ſet up in Theaters, Amphitheaters, or Races,

ces, where the courses of horses were used, and in other publick places. *Eusebius*, followed by *Baronius*, holdeth, it was to expose them to the scorn of the people, which is very hard to believe: for I should rather think, that these pieces being the most exquisite workmanships of the world, and that *Constantine* vehemently desiring the beauty of this City, could not then resolve upon such a Jewish zeal, as to break and deface them; but contented himself with the distribution of them into profane places to give lustre to his enterprizes. Yet must we say, that though we at this present are out of the danger of Idolatry; rich men of this age have no reason to set up so readily in their Halls and Cabinets, *Juno*'s, *Venus*'s, and *Diana*'s, and so many Histories of the Metamorphosis, with scandalous nakedness. *Tertullian*, an eager spirit, pursueth all this as a crime, and proveth in the book he composed of Idolatry, that all those who co-operate in such works, do worse, then if they sacrificed to Idols the blood of beasts. "For they offer (*saith he*) their spirit, their indu-"stry, their travel, and their estate to Satan: and "though they have no intention of sin, they mini-"ster matter to other of offending God.

Tertul l. de Idol. cap. 6.

Behold the cause, why *Constantine*, although he were in an age wherein Paganism being still in much request, it was very difficult to take away all these figures, notwithstanding he disguised them as much as he could: witness, that a great statue of *Apollo* being brought to *Constantinople*, one of the best pieces that ever had been seen in those elder times, he caused a *Constantine* to be made of this *Apollo*, changing it into his own Image, and commanding some parcels of the venerable Nails of our Saviour to be enchased over his head. It is in my opinion to this same Image that he added a golden Globe in the hand thereof, and over it a Cross with this Inscription: *Tibi, Christe, Urbem commendo.* Besides, he made three Crosses to be erected, the most magnificent that might then be imagined, and set in the midst of a publick place the statue of the Prophet *Daniel* among the Lions, all covered over with plates of gold, to represent a figure of the Resurrection. And as for his Palace, he caused to be pourtraied at the very entrance thereof, the history of the Passion, in a most exquisite work, wrought and tissued with pretious stones, very much resembling Mosaick work. All of it being finished, he made the Dedication of the City on the tenth of *May*, and as it is very probably supposed, the five and twentieth of his Empire, consecrating it to God, in memory of the glorious Virgin *Mary*, and doing great acts of liberty to the people, which he commanded by his Edicts to be continued for perpetuity. *Codin* addeth, that he caused also sumptuous Edifices there to be built for the Christian Senatours, which he drew from the City, and made them so like their lodgings they had at *Rome*, that they were so ravished therewith, as it seemed their houses by miracle had been transferred from *Rome* to *Constantinople*. The two chief Churches were those of the Apostles, and of S. *Sophia*, to whom *Constantine* gave beginning; but the greatness of the work is due to the Emperour *Justinian*.

Our great Monarch who had his eye open over all, forgot not to establish a good Colledge in his City, whereunto he drew the choice of learned men in all professions, dignifying and adorning it with immunities and great priviledges, in such sort, that *Aurelius Victor* called him the nursing-father of learning; and pursuing this design, he took a particular care to erect a good Library, and above all, to furnish it with good store of holy books, well written, the superintendency whereof he gave to *Eusebius* of *Cæsarea*.

Behold the estate of his *Constantinople*, which he by Edict commanded to be called *New Rome*, and *Sozomen* assureth, that in multitude of people, in abundance and riches, it surpassed the ancient: which is not very hard for any to believe, who will consider *Rome* in the absence of Emperours, being then but as a Palace dis-inhabited: yet could not *Baronius* endure S. *Gregory Nazianzen*'s speech, who said *Constantinople* as much in his time excelled the other Cities, as Heaven surpasseth Earth.

This would suffice to shew the politick prudence of great *Constantine*; but it shineth also in other points, of which I think this to be most considerable, that he held for the space of thirty years an Empire so great, in a time wherein the Emperours had ordinarily so short a reign, that they resembled those creatures, which enjoyed but one day of life, in an age, when the people were so apt to revolt, that the Sea had not more agitations, then all Kingdoms had vicissitudes; in an establishment of Religion very new, wherein commotions are commonly most dangerous. We may well say this Prince had something in him above all that which is humane, to cement together an Empire of so long continuance, in affairs so discordant.

It is true, that he tolerated the Sects of Pagans for meer necessity, otherwise he must have killed the whole world to make a new of it. The wise Prince well saw it was a thing impossible to annihilate superstition in an instant, which had taken such deep root for a thousand years, about which time *Rome* was built: but in this civil peace, which he gave to all the East, he insensibly undermined the foundations of impiety, and verily by little and little it perished in his hands. His spirits sparkling like a fire, could not rest, but seeing the Magistrates of the Empire were more over-busie, yet not discharging the duty of their places, and that by the greatness of their power they made themselves too absolute, he altered the whole government, dividing their charges, and multiplying the offices of the Empire: for which *Zosimus* blameth him, not considering it was the policy of *Augustus Cæsar*, reputed one of the most ablest Princes of the world: and that he, who will consider the state of the Empire established by *Constantine*, shall finde so much order in this great diversity, so much wisdom in inventions, so much courage in executions, so much stability in continuance, that he shall have more cause to admire the deep counsels of the Emperour, then finde what to blame in his government. The same *Zosimus*, as a Courtier and a Pagan, extremely displeased with great liberalities which *Constantine* exercised towards the Churches, furiously taxeth him upon the matter of tributes, saying; He invented new, and exacted them with much violence. Tributes.

And yet notwithstanding there are no tributes under *Constantine*, the use whereof is not observed to have been in the age of the former Emperours. For concerning the impost of a certain sum of gold and silver paid by Merchants from four years to four, which the *Grecians* called *Chrysargyros*, although the name were then new, the manner of it could not be so, since the Historiographer *Lampridius*, in the life of *Alexander Severus*, makes mention of the gold of Merchants. And as for that which was also imposed upon prostitute women, it was likewise under the reign of the same *Alexander*: so that he who will compare that, which is done beso-

Conſtantine, and that after him in this article, ſhall there find much moderation in his proceedings. For ſo far was it from him to ſurcharge the people, that he gave a relaxation of the fourth part of tributes; which is ſo much, as if a King after the ſpace of four years paſſed, ſhould free his people for a year from ordinary ſubſidies, which would be no ſmal liberality. Now concerning the violence whereof this man complaineth, the Edicts of *Conſtantine* teſtifie, that he would not have any man to be ſo much as impriſoned for monies due to his coffers. True it is, he had a liſt of the names of men of quality in the Empire, with a tax of their revenews, to enforce them to publick neceſſities, and by this means diſcharge the poor. Otherwiſe it was well known this Prince was ſo zealous for juſtice, that he would not ſuffer even the letters of favour obtained from him, ſhould have any power to the prejudice of ancient Laws. And that if any of his favourites had a proceſs, and would beg of him to interpoſe his authority for him, he would leave him to juſtice, willing rather to afford him coin out of his coffer, then one ſole word of favour, which might diſpoſe the Judges to bend the ballance more to one ſide then another. He had his eye upon his Officers, and retained them in their duties, diſcovering and chaſtiſing corruptions, and baniſhing with his whole endeavour all crimes that were againſt the law of God, and publick tranquility.

Cod. *Theod.* l. 2. de exactionibus.

Cod. *Theod.* l. . tit. 2. Victor.

He was much ſeconded in the adminiſtration of affairs by the diligence of *Ablavius*, the greateſt favourite of the Prince, and Superintendent of Juſtice, who was verily a man of Judgment, had he not blemiſhed the gifts of God with unſatiable avarice.

He was ſurnamed *The Baloon of fortune*, for the many changes which happened in his perſon. For it is held, that he was of very baſe extraction, born in *Conſtantinople*, then called *Byzantium*; and that a Mathematician arrived in this City upon the inſtant the mother of *Ablavius* was to be delivered. This man weary of his way, and very hungry, went into an Inn where he calls for dinner: his hoſteſs was very buſie to provide it for him, at which time one came to entreat her to aſſiſt a neighbour of hers in her childbirth, for ſhe practiſed the office of a Midwife. This made her forſake her gueſt, to help the poor creature who was ſaid to be in great danger if ſhe gave not remedy. The buſineſs being diſpatched, ſhe returned to her gueſt, who was very angry, and murmured with much impatience. She to appeaſe him excuſed her ſelf upon the neceſſity of the accident happened: but this notable Aſtrologer, hearing ſpeech of the birth of a childe, forſooke the pot and glaſs which he dearly loved, and endeavoured to ſet the Horoſcope of this *Ablavius*, newly come into the world. and thereupon ſaid to his hoſteſs, *Go tell your neighbour ſhe hath brought forth a ſon to day, who ſhall be all, and have all, but the dignity of an Emperour.*

I think with *Eunapius*, that ſuch tales are rather made after events, to give credit to judicial Aſtrology, then to ſay they have any foundation upon truth. It is not known by what means he was advanced, but he came into ſo great an eſteem, that he governed the whole Empire under *Conſtantine*, who freely made uſe of him, as of a man diſcreet and vigilant in affairs, though much diſpleaſed to ſee him too eager in his proper intereſts. And it is ſaid, that walking one day with him, he took a ſtick in his hand, and drew the length of five or ſix foot on the earth, then turning towards his creature *Ablavius*, *why ſo much ſweat and travel? In the end of all, neither I nor thou ſhall have more then this, nay thou doſt not know whether thou ſhalt have it or no.*

He was the cauſe by his factions, that *Conſtantine* almoſt cauſed one day three innocent Captains to be puniſhed with death, being ill-inform'd, had it not been that S. *Nicholas* then living, appeared in a dream the ſame night to *Conſtantine* and *Ablavius*, threatning, if they proceeded any further, God would chaſtiſe them, which made them ſtay execution.

Ablavius notwithſtanding was ſo tyed to the earth, that the words and examples of his Maſter had ſmall power over his ſoul, in ſuch ſort, that he had an unhappy end, ordinary with thoſe who abuſe the favours of God.

For after the death of *Conſtantine*, *Conſtantius* who ſucceeded in the Empire of his father, taking this man as it were for a Pedagogue, ſo much authority had he aſſumed unto himſelf, and thinking he could not free himſelf of his minority but by the death of *Ablavius*, cauſed him miſerably to be butchered, ſending two for executours of this commiſſion, men ſuborned, who ſaluted him with great ſubmiſſions, and knees bended to the earth, in manner of Emperour. He, who before had married one of the daughters of the Emperour *Conſtans*, brother of *Conſtantius*, thinking they would raiſe him to the dignity of *Ceſar*, asked where the purple was. They anſwered they had no commiſſion to give it him, but that thoſe who ſhould preſent it, were at his chamber door. He commandeth them to be ſpeedily brought in: Theſe were armed men, who approaching near unto him, inſtead of the purple, inflicted a purple death, tranſfixing him with their ſwords, and renting him as a Sacrifice.

If the poor man following his Maſters example, had been willing to ſet limits upon his fortune, and taken ſhelter at leaſt in the ſtorm, to meditate upon the affairs of his conſcience, he would the leſs have been blamed: but naturall deſires have this proper, that they are bounded by nature which made them. The fantaſes of ambition, which grew from our opinions have no end, no more then opinion ſubſiſtence. For, what bounds will you give to the falſehood and lying of a miſerable vanity, which filleth the ſpirit with illuſion, and the conſcience with crimes? When one goeth the right way, he findeth an end: but when he wandereth a-croſs the fields, he makes ſteps without number, errours without meaſure, and miſeries without remedy.

The thirteenth SECTION.

The death of Conſtantine.

IT ſeemeth great men who have lived ſo well, ſhould never die, and that it were very fit they ſtill did, what they once have done ſo happily. But as they entred not into life by any other way then that of birth, as men; ſo muſt they iſſue out from this ordinary reſidence of mortals, as other men.

Conſtantine had already reigned thirty and one years, and was in the threeſcore and third of his age, living otherwiſe in a proſperous old age, and having a body exceedingly well diſpoſed to the functions of life; for he inceſſantly travelled in the duty of his charge, without any inconvenience, ordering military matters in his minde, inſtituting laws, hearing embaſſages, reading, writing, diſcourſing, to the admiration of all the world.

This good Prince earneſtly deſired the converſion of all the Great-ones of his Court. Behold why, not ſatisfied with giving them example of a perfect life, he inflamed them to good with powerful words, which were to ſouls, as thunder-claps to Hinds, not for the delivery of a beaſt, but the production of ſalvation.

A little before his death, he pronounced in his Palace to thoſe of his Court a very elegant Oration of the immortality of the ſoul, of the ſucceſs of good and evill, of the providence of God in the recompence of pure ſouls, of the terrour of his juſtice upon the incredulous and reprobate. This divine man handled theſe diſcourſes with ſo much fervour and devotion, that he ſeemed to have his ear already in heaven, to underſtand myſteries, and enjoy an antepaſt of Paradiſe.

A while after he felt ſome little inequality of temperature in his body, which was with him very extraordinary, ſo ſound and well compoſed he was. Thereupon he was taken with a fever ſomewhat violent, and cauſing himſelfe to be carried to the baths, he remained not long there: for little regarding the health of his body in compariſon of the contentment of his ſoul, he was poſſeſſed with a great deſire to go to *Drepanum* in *Bythinia*, a City which he ſurnamed of his good mother, where was the body of S. *Lucian* the Martyr, to which he had a particular devotion.

He being tranſported into this deſired place, felt in his heart an alacrity wholly celeſtial, and for a long time remained in the Church, notwithſtanding the indiſpoſition of his body, fervently praying for his own ſalvation, and the univerſall repoſe of his Empire. From thence he went directly to a Palace which he had in the ſuburbs of *Nicomedia*, where feeling the approaches of death, he diſpoſed himſelfe for his laſt hour, with the marks of a piety truly Chriſtian. His Princes and Captains who heard him ſpeak of death, being deſirous to divert his mind from this thought, ſaid, He was become too neceſſary for all the world, and that the prayers of all men would prolong his life. But he, *Of what do you ſpeak to me, as if it were not true life, to die to ſo many dead things, to live with my Saviour? No, this here is not a death, but a paſſage to immortality. If you love me, hinder not my way; one cannot go too ſoon to God.* This ſpoken, he diſpoſed of his laſt Will with a conſtant judgement and couragious reſolution, declaring in his Teſtament the eſtate of affairs he would eſtabliſh, even in the leaſt particulars, and very well remembring all his good ſervants, for whom he ordained penſions and rewards for every one according to his merit.

He divided the Empire between his three ſons, at that time abſent; and having diſtributed their ſeveral ſhares with great providence, he gave to *Conſtantius* the Empire of the Eaſt, leaving a Will ſealed with his own ſignet in the hands of a certain Prieſt, whom he appointed to deliver it immediately to his ſon, which he did: and afterward *Conſtantius* ſo much honoured this man, that being inflexible to all other, he onely obeyed him as a God. The diſpoſe of his temporal affairs being ſetled, he transferred all his thoughts to familiar diſcourſes which he had with God, and yeilded up his moſt happy ſoul on the Feaſt of Pentecoſt, the 22. of May about mid-day, in the year of our Lord 337.

The ſouldiers and officers who waited next his perſon, not thinking his end ſo near at hand, upon this news were ſeized with a greif ſo outragious, that tearing their cloaths, and proſtrating themſelves upon the earth, they bewailed their Emperour with complaints, which rather reſembled yellings then moderate ſorrow, calling him, *Their Sovereign Lord, their good Maſter, & common Father of the world*

His body was put into a coffin of gold, covered with purple, to carry it to *Conſtantinople*; where it was many days expoſed in his Palace attired in Imperial habit, receiving the ſame duties and reverences, as if he had yet been alive, never was there obſerved toward any Emperour whatſoever, either ſuch great concourſe of people, or cordial affection: not ſo much as little children but were touched with a ſenſible grief, as if they had loſt their father. One might have ſeen among the people ſome confounded with ſad and heavy ſorrow, others to break forth into complaints, the reſt to pour themſelves out in devotions and prayer. When ancient *Rome* heard the news of his death, ſhe cauſed the baths and publick Places to be ſhut up, all mirth and ſolace to ceaſe, that they might lament the loſs of a moſt honoured father.

The Princes his children ſpeedily arrived at *Conſtantinople*, cauſed his obſequies to be performed after the manner of Chriſtians, conducting the body to the Sepulchre with the Clergy, wax lights burning, and prayers of the Church ordained for the ſouls of the dead. For *Euſebius*, who was there preſent, maketh expreſs mention of the ceremonies, which new Hereticks, through great impertinency and malignity have endeavoured to deny for the comfort of the dead.

It is a marvellous thing to conſider what power virtue hath over the hearts of men, and to behold how many divers ſects are different in that, which is matter of beleif in Divinity, but all notwithſtanding agree in the honour due to honeſty. The Pagans would needs canonize *Conſtantine* in their manner, and made a God of him, repreſenting him in a Chariot, harneſſed out with four horſes, as flying above the clouds, and a hand ſtretched from Heaven, which made ſhew to hold him in this moſt bleſſed manſion of immortality. The Greek Church hath honoured his memory, as of a Saint; although *Conſtantine* had ſo humble an opinion of himſelf, that it is very likely he ordained by his Teſtament, which was afterward ſeen to be executed in his funerals, that his body ſhould be interred not in the Church of S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, but before the porch: eſteeming himſelfe moſt happy, if after he had borne the prime Diadem of the world, he might ſerve as a porter to a ſimple fiſherman.

I now aske of you, my Reader, who have conſidered the beginning, progreſs, and end of this Monarch, where may you finde one more elate in greatneſs of courage, more generous in his enterprizes, more prudent in his carriage, more fortunate in ſucceſſes, more conſtant in his perſeverance? Poyze a little, and put in a ballance the glory of his armes, the happineſs of his conqueſts, the wiſdom of his laws: what virtue think you had he here occaſion to make uſe of, to ſet a new face upon a whole world, to oppoſe Armies with iron, ſtratagems with prudence, rebellion of untamed ſpirits with mildneſs? What arm to reſiſt the torrents of iniquity? What ſtroke to counterballance the inclinations of wills, and ſwift motions of an univerſal world. Greatneſs of *Conſtantine.* Verily I muſt affirm *Auguſtus Cæſar* was a great Prince, for that he changed the face of the State of a mighty Common-wealth, built up a vaſt Empire; but not to flatter, nor raiſe our Princes above their merit with the intereſt of our own cauſe, we ſhall find this man had ſomthing in him much greater. I admit the other ſeemeth to you more ſubtile if you conſider him in the maturity of prudence he ſhewed in his elder days; notwithſtanding if you behold him in all the parts of his life, you ſhall finde great vices therein: I ſay not only of impurity, or neglect, but of wickedneſs and inhumanity: which was the cauſe that he having one day in a banquet taken the ſhape of *Apollo*, thoſe about him named him *Apol-*

linem Tortorem, Apollo the Hangman. I go not about at this time to ſearch into the vices either of the one or other. I admit that *Conſtantine* though deſcended of the moſt noble bloud of *Romans*, and as fortunate as ever *Auguſtus*, was in his beginning ſomewhat cruel: Yet no man can deny, but that in military virtue, he in all points ſurpaſſed *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was never put into the rank of the moſt warlike Princes.

Let us not here overprize the ſupereminency the one had above the other in this point: Let us onely compare them in quality of founders of new Eſtates. The one made a new world civil; and the other a new world Chriſtian. The one to do what he did, found a *Julius Cæſar*, who before-hand cut out his work for him: the other hewed forth a way through rocks, flames, thorns, wholly involved with contrariety. The one arranged men under a civil ſubmiſsion in recovery of a Monarchy, which is an ordinary thing: The other without arms diſarmed them from the affection they bare to their ancient ſuperſtition, which every well underſtanding Judg will eſteeme a matter very difficult, becauſe ordinarily men are very obſtinate to retain the beliefs which they have held from father to ſon, through the revolution of many ages. Finally, *Auguſtus* ſaid he found a City of ſtone, ſpeaking of antient *Rome*, and had made of it a City of marble; but *Conſtantine* might boaſt to have raiſed a *Rome* wholly new in the eſtabliſhment of his *Conſtantinople*.

It is affirmed by the Pagans themſelves, who never attributed any thing to *Conſtantine* above his merit, that he was at the leaſt, ſay they *before his baptiſm, comparable to all the greateſt Princes of the Empire. Entropius*, a ſouldier of *Julian* the Apoſtata, who little loved Chriſtian Princes, is inforced through a truth to confeſs, that he was (d) *A great man, having qualities and virtues of mind and body moſt innumerable, and that his fortune being very great he had notwithſtanding equalled it by his induſtry and merit.* Behold a teſtimony from the mouth of an enemy.

(d) *Vir ingens, Innumera in eo animi, corporiſque virtutes claruerunt: forma in bello proſpera fuit: verum ita ut non ſuperaret induſtriam.*

I would here willingly demand of *Machiavel*, who in the Treatiſe he compoſed of a Prince, ſaid: *That he which in all things would hold a ſtrict profeſſion of an honeſt man, cannot long continue in the company of ſuch others as are of no eſteeme; and that it is neceſſary for a Prince who will maintain his own power, to learn how he may ſometimes be wicked, and to practiſe it according to the neceſſity of affairs*: And in his State-Diſcourſes well diſcovereth he is of opinion, a Prince ſhould cheriſh the Religion which moſt ſuiteth with dis deſigns whatſoever they are.

The Prince cap. 2. and upon the 1. Decad. chap. 12. 13.

I ſhould willingly know of all thoſe that purſue the like Maxims with this corrupt ſpirit, what they would here anſwer me, upon the progreſſion of the fortune of *Conſtantine*. Verily behold here a State-wiſdom, whereunto the pen of this Secretary, who pretended ability in ſome petty humane tracks, cannot arrive. Behold a light, whereat all theſe eyes are dazled. Behold an abyſs, where all carnal men are loſt if we will well reckon them up, we ſhall find twelve or thirteen, who in ſeveral ways argue upon the Diadem with *Conſtantine*. By what degrees hath the divine providence conducted him to the Sovereignty of the Empires of the world? Is it by thoſe, which Monſieur *Nicholas Machiavel* hath prepared to lead his prince in? If one muſt diſpoile himſelf of innocency to be re-inveſted with the Robe Imperial, why did *Conſtantine* take the way of Empire by that of ſanctity? If uſe muſt be made of Religion, as of an inſtrument of State, and that taken which hath the moſt credit in the opinion of the people, why went he about to chuſe Chriſtian Religion, at that time when the moſt part of the world, was ingulfed in Gentiliſm? Behold *Maxentius*, who according to the *ordinary* cuſtom of the people of *Rome*, cauſed the pretended books of *Sybills* to be turned over, conſulted with *Augures*, offered ſacrifices: This gave him a reputation of piety with a people as much infidel as himſelf: Why did not *Conſtantine* purſue the ſame ways: Why did he ſet the ſign of the *Croſs* on his Standards, eſteemed fatal and of ill preſage in the minds of the moſt part of his army? What favour might he then expect from Chriſtians? Would he draw treaſures from them? They were deſpoiled of all. Pretended he to raiſe huge armies of them for his ſervice? They were ſo cut down, that one onely month ſaw ſeventeen thouſand heads upon the ground, did he perſwade himſelf there was much ſtrength in their Religion? They were all either maſſacred, maimed, or baniſhed. Did hee looke for counſel? They were men eſteemed void of learning or Policy. Did he hope for credit? They were trampled under foot like dirt in the ſtreets.

Admirable providence of God above humane Policy.

Why then did a man reputed of ſo excellent judgment, confine his intereſts to theſe miſerable creatures? He ſtood in need for the accomodation of his affairs of a *Roman* Senate, and it was Pagan. He wanted good Captains, and they were in a manner all Gentiles. He muſt have Forts, and they all held for ancient ſuperſtition. What doth he go about? And yet behold in a time wherein his affairs leaſt ſeemed to require it, he takes the marks of Chriſtianity, and with them haſtned to aſſail the army of *Maxentius*, compoſed of a hundred threeſcore and ten thouſand footmen, and eighteen thouſand horſe, he himſelf according to the relation of thoſe, who lived in the very ſame time, having in this conflict, but very ſmall troops. From whence cometh it, that he in ſo ſhort a time, and with ſo few people, defeated ſuch formidable powers? Not to bely the matter, had theſe men been but earthen ſtatues, they might make reſiſtance. Had they but been an army of ſheep they might weary the ſouldies of *Conſtantine* to cut their throats. From whence comes it they were ſo ſoon defeated? From whence comes it, that *Maxentius* ſo baſely betook himſelf to the ſtratagem of a bridge, which he prepared for his enemy? from whence comes it that a *Roman* Senate, which had confirmed ſo many Edicts againſt the *Croſs*, a people bred up in the *horrour* of the crucified, ſhould readily receive a man, who entred into *Rome* with the *Croſs*, and the name of the crucified upon his Standard? From whence comes it, that on the triumphal *Arch* dedicated to him, he would have no mention of *Roman* Gods? At the leaſt, according to the counſel of the Sectaries of the *Florentine* Secretary, he ſhould diſſemble his Religion, he ſhould give way to time, he ſhould make himſelf outwardly a *Diocletian*, and inwardly, if needs he would, a *Conſtantine*, Will any one ſay, he was at that time a man victorious, who came to give law, and not receive it? But who ſaw not, that his fortune being as yet in the bud, he was to walk towards Empires as on thorns, fearing above all things to *irritate* in the change of Religion the principal ſpirits, of the Eaſt and Weſt, who were paſſionately affected towards their Sect? I affirm *Maxentius* the Defendor of the Gods, ruinated himſelfe by his ill government. *Lycinius* was yet on foot; and verily *Lycinius* an ancient Souldier, who had waxed old in arms, and had never arrived to the Empire but by his valour, drew in the end all the party of Gentiliſm, with forces innumerable both by Sea and Land, which

which seemed able to swallow many worlds. He made use of the counsell of Monsieur *Machiavel*, he protested he took arms for the defence of the Gods and Altars of ancient Religion, against a man who sought to introduce a barbarous sect into the World. Was not this a matter very specious in the times, when the superstition of Gentiles was exalted by Edicts of Emperours to the highest degree of honour? *Lycinius* notwithstanding is beaten, overthrown, ruined, both by sea and land, although he were one of the most inventive in the subtleties of the art military, of the most resolute for execution, and the most stubborn, to make up again a desperate fortune.

O you Nobility, what shall we say hereupon? Must we not confess there is one God in Heaven, and not any other God, but that of *Constantine*, who giveth Kingdoms, establisheth Scepters, and cementeth Crowns? If all this proceeding had been an extravagancie of passion, we might attribute one part of it to the hazard of Wars, the other to the valour of Souldiers, and the last, to the heat of the first encounters. But to hold an Empire thirty and one years, with so great an equality, so accomplished a felicity, so secure a peace, from the time of his last conquest, what may one answer to this?

From whence is it, that *Constantine* having forsaken ancient *Rome*, of purpose to build a faire City, where God might sincerely be honoured, and adored, without any commixtion of Gods or Altars of Gentils, which he as yet through necessity must tolerate at *Rome* yet nothing was changed in the West? was there want of men to undertake it? The greatest of the Senate were in a manner all Pagans. Were there not people enough to make reuolts? They were as much inclined thereunto as ever. Were there not souldiers to support the enterprizes of those who had a desire to rebel? There was as many and perhaps more at that time, as at any time before. From whence then proceeded this sweet tranquility, but that the great Angel-Protectour of *Constantine*, given unto him by the living God, held one foot on the East, and another on the West, to protect, preserve, and honour a man, who had defended, maintained, and reverenced true Religion.

Advice to the Nobility.

Oh Nobility, let no man go about to confine your hearts to these slender and wretched policies, which ruine all generosity. Whilest your Ancestours sincerely honoured the God of *Constantine*, of *Charlemaign*, and S. *Lewis*, and whilest they with all sincerity manured the piety of their predecessours, without any mixture of novelties, factions, and subtleties, they flew like Eagles to the conquest of Provinces, and made their arms resplendent almost in so many places, as the sun enlighteneth with his rays. Now they endeavour to perswade you, that following a petty spirit of wrangling, which submitteth Religion to interests, you shall make up to your selves golden fortunes; when indeed experience daily teacheth you, they are but of gilded ice, and are melted under the lightning of Gods justice.

Successors of *Constantine.*

Open your eyes to that, which I present you in this history; behold yet, if you please, as you pass along, the sequel and proceeding of the successours of *Constantine*. He left three sons, the one called by his own name, the other *Constantius*, from the name of his Grand-father, and the third *Constans*. *Constantine* and *Constans* lived not long: the whole Empire which was divided between three, was reunited under the power of *Constantius*, who verily was an enemy to the superstitions of Gentiles, for which God gave him great victories against the Tyrant *Magnentius*.

But this unfortunate Prince, in stead of following the same belief of his father, hastned to throw himself violently into the novelties of the *Arians*; whereof *Ammianus* the Historian, who was a Pagan souldier, very aptly reprehendeth him, saying, he had done himself great wrong, for that in stead of preserving Christian Religion in its simplicity, he had imbroiled and falsified it with novelism, using more perplexity to search out subtleties, then gravity to pacifie the Church: For he by this means, saith he, stirred up an infinite number of dissentions, which he nourished with disputes and quirks of words, so that under his reign you should never see Bishops but riding post over the fields to hold Synods, thereby to draw all Christendom to the Emperours party. This was the cause that there were almost no horses nor Courriers to be found for the affaires of the Empire, so much were they imployed in voyages which were made for these goodly Councels.

He hath excellently well expressed in few words the nature of *Constantius*; for he was perpetually busied in these litigious wranglings of the heresie of *Arians*, assembling Conventicles of his false-Bishops to condemne the Orthodox. From whence it came to pass, that hated of men, and forsaken by God, he led a life full of jealousies, suspicions, disturbances, and which is worse, defiled with blood and massacres.

In the end, having heard the news that *Julian* the Apostata his cousin, whom he had before declared *Cæsar*, was among the *Gauls*, and saluted Emperour, and having passed through *Italy*, came to present himself in *Thrace*, he went speedily out to resist him, and fell into such desperate furies, that on his way he was surprised with a sharpe feaver, which so broiled his body, that they durst no more touch him then a burning fornace. This malady in few dayes bereaved him of soul and Empire, leaving the one to the judgment of God, and the other to *Julian*.

Behold what became of this deplorable Prince, in the one and fourtieth year of his age, for having betrayed the Religion of his father; the gravity and modesty observed in him, which was the cause he was never seen to spit, nor wipe his nose, nor turn his head in publick, nothing availing him to lengthen out his life. *Julian*, Nephew and son-in-law of great *Constantine*, for he espoused *Helena* sister of *Crispus*, took instantly the government of the whole Empire upon him, and would needs overthrow all that which his uncle had done in matter of Religion.

Julian with the qualities which *Machiavel* gives a Prince, had ill success.

Let us consider a little without passion the notable extravagancies of this spirit, who contemning the piety of *Constantine*, sought to establish himselfe by all the ways, which the poor policy of earth suggesteth to those who have renounced heaven. To speak to the purpose, we must affirm, this man had all the qualities which *Monsieur Machiavel* gave to his Prince. If dissimulation may be used for a Kingdom, never was a lamb more milde than this young man at the Court of *Constantius*, to take all suspicions from him, which he conceived of his near allies; and although he already entertained most mischievous thoughts in the matter of Christian Religion, he so covered them by the publik profession he made of it, that the very *Eunuchs* who had all charge most narrowly to prie into his actions upon this point, observed nothing therein which tended to alteration in Religion. But far otherwise, about the age of sixteen, he caused his hair to be cut, and vowed himself to the Church, as a Prince most Religious, who thought little on the Empire of the world.

And after, when he was sent into *France*, although he used strange superstitions and witchcrafts, rising

up

up in the night to pray to *Mercury*, to whom he dedicated much devotion; yet did he also notwithstanding celebrate the feasts with Christians: and that which besides is more considerable, when he was proclaimed Emperour, though he had an enraged desire towards it, and that all this solemnity was throughly agreed upon by his cunning; yet feigned he to have all the aversions in the world against it, & caused himself to be carried to the throne, as one would draw an unruly Sacrifice to the slaugher.

What spirit was ever more dissembled then this man's? If, as saith the Secretary, a Prince should endeavour to have virtues in appearence which may render him acceptable in publick, though he be not to take much pains to have them in effect, never did any man better put on the mask of much honesty then this. For in the fortune of Emperour, he would seem like the most mortified *Stoick* of all that Sect, shewing himself so chast, that never might you hear one sole mis-becoming word fall from his lips: so sober, that he gave an example to the most austere Monks; so negligent in the neatness of his body, that he much gloried to see vermine run up and down on his beard, which he wore very long, to play the Philosopher in all kindes; so patient, that he many times endured all sorts of affronts and sharp words from mean men, no more moved thereby to anger then a stone.

If it must needs be, according to the same Maximes, that a Prince to procure estimation, should perform great enterprizes, this man was no sooner seated in his Throne, but that he practised admirable policies, and hastned to make war on the *Persians*, to imitate *Alexander* the Great, to whose virtues he aspired. If needs some remarkable act must be done in the beginning, he at his entrance professing Paganism, repealeth the Bishops, which *Constantius* a Christian Prince had banished. If liberality must be used, this man gave all, and said his treasures were better among his friends, then with himself. If excellent Masters in every Art and Science are to be cherished, this man did it with much passion.

From whence then proceedeth it, that with all those goodly parts of *Machiavel*'s Prince, he hath so little prospered, reigning but one year and seven months, and dying strucken with a blow from heaven, which the Pagans themselves confess to be ignorant from whence it came, and dying in a frenzy, which caused him to fill his hand with his own blood and cry, *Thou, O Galilean hast overcome*, and leaving in his death a memory of his name so odious to all posterity.

The poor man forsaking the way already so happily beaten by *Constantine*, unluckily hastneth to joyn amity with those wise Politicians, who had all *Plato*'s Common-wealth, who esteemed themselves the most accurate in the government of the World, who promised him by these wiles he practised, the absolute extirpation of Christianity, and to make him the most awful and most glorious of all the Emperours of the world. And I beseech you, what became in the end of all these promises, but dreams, illusions, and vapours?

Constantine under the holy Philosophy of the Cross, reigned more then thirty years. *Constantine* waged great wars, had great victories, great triumphs, was attended by great Councils, great Cities. *Constantine* left a Religion, so established, that the malice of an *Arian* son, nor the Policy of a new Apostata could not extinguish it. *Constantine* never entred into any battel where he came not off victorious. And *Julian* in the first war he undertook upon the beginning of his Empire, confounded all his Army, led his Captains to slaughter, was himself slain as a Victim. And the sage Politicians which he ever had in his Army, instead of Priests and Bishops, drew him to death, to serve as a spectacle of confusion for the one, and matter of mirth for the other.

May we not well say, O Nobility, that these spirits who divert your hearts from the chast beliefs of your Ancestors, from the purity of faith, the candor of a good conscience, to invenom them with a doctrine of impiety, policy, and treachery, under colour of humane wisdom, are the plagues of States, the ruines of houses, and the fatal hands to annihilate greatness.

I will not infer for a necessary conclusion, that all such as live in the fear of God and in integrity, must ever have pleasing successes according to the world, in the manage of temporal affairs: this is not a thing absolutely promised to us by God. We have not sold him our fidelity and christianity upon such condition, that he should still afford us the bread of dogs, and favour us with felicities, which he imparteth to *Sarazens* and *Mores*. I know good Christian Princes may be afflicted, sometime for the punishment of certain sins, which they with too much indulgence have permitted: sometime for a trial and spectacle of their virtue; sometime to teach us there is another life for the children of God, since they in this same are ill entreated, sometime for causes which the providence of God involveth as in a cloud, repleniished with obscurity and darkness. Yet shall you finde in reading Histories either divine or humane, that all those who have progressed on with true feeling of God, and with the lightnings of integrity, and touches of a good conscience, which Nature provideth for every man, have commonly been the most expected, the best beloved, the most happy, and most permanent.

And to speak with S. *Augustine*, would not they ever be most happy, if they had no other felicity, but to be just in their commands, moderate in their fortunes, humble among services, modest in praises, and faithful servants of God, in Empires? Wherein consisteth the happiness of man, if it be not to fear God, so to fear nothing else? If it be not to love a Kingdom, where we no longer may dread to have companions? If it be not to pardon injuries through clemency, and not revenge crimes, but by justice? If it be not to be chast in the liberty of pleasures? If it be not rather to command over our own passions, then Cities and Provinces?

Aug. lib. 5. dé civitate Dei. cap. 24

Behold the principal felicity of great *Constantine*, which you ought, O Noble Men, to take for your model. Do in your own houses what he acted in an Empire: establish there constantly the fear and love of God. Banish vices, as he from his City of *Constantinople*, the Temples and Victims of false Gods; that the honour of the Cross may set a seal on all your thoughts, all your counsels, all your enterprizes; that your examples may serve to God as Amber, and Adamant, to attract so many hearts of Straw and Iron, as are now in the world, to the love of virtue, that these duels of Gladiatours, condemned by *Constantine*, may be the horrour of your thoughts, and detestation of your hearts; that Devotion, Chastity, Humility, Patience, Charity; Virtues so familiar to this great Monarch, may make an honourable warfare, which shall possess your heart; and that all of them may there reign, each one in particular with as ample Empire, as all of them in general.

THE

THE STATES-MAN.

To STATES-MEN.

SIRS,

Since God hath put the government of People, Justice, and most important Affairs into your hands; he hath likewise raised you upon a high degree of honour, to be looked on in Offices, no otherwise then as Stars in the Firmament.

Your Dignities are Obligations of Conscience, that bind like the Chains of MEDÆA, *and scortch weak Souls in Purple and Gold: but which on the other part afford to generous spirits a perfect lustre of Divinity. The more light a body enjoyeth, say the Learned, so much the more ought it to have of participation and favourable influences for objects which are in a much lower degree then it. So likewise must we necessarily say, that your qualities, which grant you nearer approaches to the source of Greatness, and embellish you with the Rays of the Majesty of a Prince, do most particularly oblige you to all the great Virtues, which concern the Weal-publick.*

It oftentimes happeneth, that those who fly from charges and affairs, under pretext of tranquility of spirit, if they be not well rectified therein, finde in stead of repose a specious sluggishness; and those, who make profession of Arms, if they take not good heed, suffering all the innocency of the Golden Age to languish, make themselves virtues of the Iron Age. But your conditions, which have a certain temperance of life more sweet, accompanied with laudable imployments, open the way to you, which maketh and crowneth merits. Yet is there need of a Soul very able to preserve it self sincerely in charges, among so many corruptions, and of a heart perfectly purified, to link it wholly to the interests of God, who with three fingers of his power supporteth Estates and Empires.

That is the cause, why I offer this Treatise, not so much to give Maximes of State, of which there are always enough to be found; as sometimes to awaken a good Conscience, which is a true Ray reflected from the eternal Law, to the end that among so many temptations of Honour, and such burthens of Affairs, it may lose any part of his vigour. If you deign to spend some hours of your leasure hereon, it perhaps will not be unprofitable: for at least that will let you see a States-man, as rare as a Phenix, and as pure as an Angel. But if this consideration furnish you with any good thoughts for your perfection, I shall esteem my self well recompensed for the service, which I in this work have vowed to your eminent qualities.

The STATES-MAN.

The first SECTION.

The excellency of Politick Virtues.

I Have ever made account of the division of Virtues which the *Platonists* use, when they call the one Purgative, the other Illuminative, the third Civil, and the last Exemplar.

Purgative virtues are those, which give to our souls the first tincture of sanctity. For they take our heart wholly possessed as it is yet with earthly passions, and discharge it from so many imperfections which ordinarily corrupt nature, to give it a tast of heavenly things. Illuminative afford us day-light, when we have vanquished the agitations of sense, and establish us in the sweetness of some repose, where we begin to behold the entrances, progresses, and issues of the world wherein we are placed, and the course of this great Comedy, called life. The Civil draw us out of our selves, to apply us to our neighbour, and to render every one his due according to his degree, in the good conversation betwixt man and man. Exemplar proceed much further in perfection; for they expose themselves in publick, to serve as models for others, and appear in charges and dignities, in the government of Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities and Commonalties. This is it which I call here the virtue of a States-man, taking the word generally, not only for those who are engaged in the manage of Monarchies, Soveraignties, and Republicks; but also for such as exercise justice, and other principal charges of civil life. We must affirm this politick virtue which maketh true States-men, is a rare piece, and, as it were, the cream and most purified part of wisdom, seeing that not contenting it self with a lazy knowledge of virtue, it laboureth to build, adorn, and establish the civil world by the maintenance of justice, without which in the amplest Kingdoms are the greatest theſts.

If the World be a Harp, as saith the eloquent *Synesius*, Justice windeth up the strings, stirreth the fingers, toucheth the Instrument, giveth life to the airs, and maketh all the excellent harmonies. If the world be a Musick book, framed of days and nights, as of white and black Notes, Justice directeth, and composeth. If it be a Ring, Justice is the Diamond. If it be an Eye, Justice is the Soul. If it be a Temple, Justice is the Altar. All yieldeth to this virtue, and as it is enchased in all laudable actions, so all laudable actions are incorporated in justice. It is an engine much more powerful in effect then was that of *Archimedes* in Idæa: for it doth that in Kingdoms, which this man could never so much as imagine in his minde, though ambitious enough in inventions. It maketh, I say, Heaven to descend on earth, and earth to mount up to Heaven: Heaven to descend, in introducing a life wholly celestial in the uncivil conversation of men; earth to mount up, in drawing it from dregs and corruption of a covetous and bloody life, to enlighten it with rays of

Excellentibus ingeniis citius defuerunt artes, quâ eivem regant, quàm quâ hostem superent. Tit. Liv. lib. 2.

D. Tho. 2. 2 q. 58.

Justicia legalis præclarior omnibus moralibus; quia bonum commune præeminet bono singulari. Tertul. l. 2. adversus Marcion.

Bonitas Dei operata est mundum, justitia modulata est.

of a prudent knowledge, to embelliſh it with virtues, diverſifie it with beauties, and ſettle it in the center of repoſe.

God maketh ſo much account of an honeſt man, recommended to the government of others, that have choſen *Noah* to command over only ſeven ſouls, ſhut up in the Ark as in a moving priſon, he calleth him his *Heart*: for to ſay truly, we muſt having the heart of God, to bring forth counſels ſufficiently able to ſave men, and to be in the ſame inſtant the mouth of God, to pronounce the Oracles of truth. God asketh *Job*, who is the man on earth that ſhall make the muſick of Heaven? To which I would willingly anſwer, It is a good Juſticier. For in what conſiſteth this harmony of Heaven? We are not in my opinion to imagine it according to the dotages of ſome Philoſophers, who of it have made unto themſelves a celeſtial muſick compoſed of voyces and ſounds, formed by the mutual encounter of thoſe admirable Globes. The harmony of Heaven is nought elſe, but the good order of the Sun, the Moon, Stars, day, and night, and ſeaſons, which daily progreſs along with a regular pace, and meaſured motion, not erring in the leaſt point.

Geneſ. 8. v. 21. according to the Hebrew Text.

Job 8. 33. *Ordinem Cœli.*

This order which is ſo excellent and divine in Heaven, is introduced upon earth by the means of juſtice, which guideth and governeth all the actions of men within the circuit and limits of duty, ſo ſagely and divinely, that he who would obſerve ſo many ſingular laws which books recommended unto us, ſhould quickly make earth become a little Heaven. For the ſame reaſon *Origen* interpreting this paſſage of *Iſay*, where God ſaith, *Heaven is his Throne*, ſheweth, that the Paradiſe and Heaven of God upon earth, is juſtice: from whence it cometh to paſs, that ſuch as uſe it, as they ought, are wholly celeſtiall in Science, life, and converſation. Was it not this conſideration which drew the *Babylonians* to build the Palace, where judgments were given, in the form of Heaven; for the very ſtone-work was of Saphirs, which are of celeſtial colour, and in the Seelings, clouds were counterfeited, and in thoſe clouds certain birds, reputed as meſſengers of juſtice, as if they had been delegated to ſee the deportments of men in diſcharge of their offices, and to adviſe them, that giving judgment on earth, they muſt ever have an eye and an ear in Heaven.

Iſay. 66. *Cœlum mihi ſedes eſt; Efficiuntur ſedes Dei, falſi prius converſatione & peritiâ cœleſtes.* Orig. *Philoſſr. l. 1. c. 11.*

I alſo diſcover this by another obſervation of Scripture; for it teacheth me, that the brave Princes *Debora*, ſurnamed the *Bee*, judged the people, and held her Aſſizes under a Palm: or as it is probable, after the reaſon both of the one and other were heard, ſhe took a leaf of this tree, and gave it to him who had the right. And from this practiſe is derived the cuſtom to plant Palms at the gates of great Advocates and Juſticiers, which was likewiſe obſerved in ancient *Rome*.

Jud. 45.

Exornêtque tuas plurima palma foras. Martial.

Now why, think you, would God have the firſt Seſſions of juſtice to be held under Palms, but to ſignifie that which *Philo* ſpeaketh of, that as the Palm beareth his heart and ſtrength in the top, ſo good Judges direct their whole underſtanding and affections to heaven, living perpetually as in the preſence of the Divinity, or elſe, that as the virtues of the Palm are innumerable, ſo the excellencies of juſtice are infinite?

Add alſo hereunto a paſſage in a Caldaick Commentary upon *Eccleſiaſtes*, which telleth how *Solomon*, that great King, under whoſe principality, peace and juſtice mutually embraced as ſiſters, to ſhew what account he made of thoſe who well managed matters of right, cauſed a moſt ſumptuous Palace to be erected for them of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip called the *Houſe of Judgment*, and through exceſs of favour, ordained they ſhould partake of the wine of Offerings, which was preſented on the Altars of the living God, and which came from a Vine planted and manured by the hand of *Solomon* himſelf. Is it not to place juſtice in heaven, to admit it to the communication of the honours and offerings of God? So the people of *Iſrael* ſuppoſing one day that *Moſes* was loſt, inſtantly asked of *Aaron*, gods to govern them, as thinking there muſt be ſome divinity to ſupply the loſs of this great States-man. Why then do you wonder if Saint *Auguſtine* in the book he compoſed of Order, praiſeth the practiſe of *Pythagoras* who never taught politick Science to his Diſciples, till they had paſſed through many long tryals, eſteeming the other Arts were apt to debauch the minde, but that this applied lively colours, and as it is ſaid, varniſhed and perfected up the Table.

Exod. 32.

It is not very hard at this time to conclude, what the excellency of a brave States-man is, but the diſcovery of him is very rare. And I will tell you, that conſidering well the Tables which *Delbenius* hath made upon *Ariſtotle* his Philoſophy, and comparing them with other exquiſite pieces: I have ſeen two Cities very different, both which bare the title of Policy; but the one in effect was falſe Policy, and the other the City of Verity. I will preſent them unto you plainly and ſincerely, according to the like deſign of S. *Auguſtine* in his City of God, and according to the Idæa's of ancient Sages, not glancing at our times; which I will neither praiſe nor condemn, my nature and profeſſion having diſpoſed me to much ignorance of worldly affairs.

The ſecond SECTION.

The Table of Babylon *drawn from ſundry conceptions of the moſt ſingular wits of Antiquity.*

WE then have beheld the City of wicked Policy in thoſe ancient paintings, to be built upon ruines, in a land of Quick-ſilver, wholly cemented with blood; Earth-quakes are there very frequent, and I know not what kinde of outragious winds blow ſo dangerouſly, as if they would tear all in pieces.

The waters were there infected, the air killed thoſe which breathed in it, the Viands produced death under a falſe appearance of life: the inhabitants ſaw nothing but Wolves and Foxes by their ſides, Ravens and Owls on their houſes, Comets over their heads, Serpents and Scorpions at their feet, which were there ſeen as abundantly ſtrewed, as flowers in the ennamel of the Spring. The gates reſembled thoſe fatal Portals, whereof Hiſtories make mention, that were never opened, but to paſs away carrion and ordure: and withal this, the Citizens were ſo powerfully charmed, that they eſteemed themſelves moſt happy, ſuppoſing to ſleep on thorns, was to live among Violets and Roſes.

Plutarch. de curioſit. Ἀνθεσι θεσμοθετοῦσι πόλεις.

It is verily a wonder, that without, there were ſome ſhadows of piety, but within not ſo much as a Temple. For in truth the Burgeſſes of this City never looked up to heaven but to blaſpheme it, and all of them greedily ſought for earth covered with a veil of ſky-colour.

I ſaw no other Gods there, but Honour, Gain, and Pleaſures, to which ſouls and bodies were ſacrificed in much greater number then *Solomon* ſlaughtered Oxen in the ſolemnity of his moſt magnificent Sacrifices. I ſaw huge Caves, where there were all

all sorts of beasts, and likewise many monsters, that much resembled the *Harpyes*, *Gorgons*, and Chymæra's of Antiquity.

I perceived also some solitary Dens, where I was certified great Sacriledges were committed, of power to make darkness, which served them for a cover, to blush for shame, being unable to deceive the eys of God.

The men which walked in the streets appeared like Centaures, and were clothed with an habit spotted over like the skin of a Panther. The Chirurgians who dissected some of them newly dead, gave assurance they had found two hearts in them. Howsoever it is certain they shewed, as it is said, marvellous cunning in their words, and had no other pastime all the day, but to lay snares, not sparing their greatest friends: for indeed they were extremely treacherous and cruel in all which concerned their own interests.

As I more attentively considered their orders and distinctions, I saw there were three Labyrinths very different. In the first, which was at the very entrance, stood the least wicked, who were not as yet practised in black mischiefs, contenting themselves to exercise some slight tricks of wit, for they in good earnest deceived one another, and took much pleasure in mutual cousenage, and called this kind of sport, legier-demain; I saw there many creatures that served their masters not forgetting their own affairs, and who mowed the Meadow, whilest it was plenty. I saw Merchants some of which foisted in false wares, others disguised them, others over prized them, others sware without end, and some likewise swallowed up perjuries, as sweetly as the most delicate Viand. I saw Artificers who used many deceits in their manufactures, and better understood the trade of lying, then any other. I also saw some who sold wind, silence, and time, and had excellent inventions to get money. Some by certain influences drew it out, as doth lightning, not touching the purse. Others had inventions of quintessences: others trafficked about Stars, and sold good fortune in little boxes of smoak. Others had shops of the secrets of Arts, and made themselves able to give beauty, youth, health and immortality, to those that would buy them. Others made Dice and Mathematical Cards. Others lead Bears; others extracted infamous Coin from the Planet of *Venus*: others in the quality of Mercenaries made Odes and Love sonnets for the *Pandora's* of the time; and which was most ridiculous, certain young wits among all these were seen, who laboured to patch up together rimes, or prose very little to the purpose, to whom Gold and Incense was given, with which they were so puffed up, that they esteemed the most solid wisdom of the world to be but meer ignorance, in comparison of their works. One cannot tell all the tricks of this imposture, and how many sleights the spirit, watchful for its own interests, found to come to the end of its intentions. Conscience checked some: but they answered, one could not live in the world without these tricks, and that they were as necessary as to breath.

Cyprian Epist. ad Donatum. Inter leges ipsas delinquitur, inter jura peccatur.

In the second Labyrinth, I saw the corruptions of justice described by S. *Cyprian* in the Epistle he addresseth to his friend *Donatus*, when he speaketh of *Rome* the Idolatress. All was replenished (saith this Prelate) with goodly Precepts, excellent Laws, and sage Ordinances. But in the midst of so many lights, God and men were offended with so much impudence, as if these laws were made to no other end, but to be transgressed. Never is innocency so ill entreated, as in the place where profession is made to defend it. The Serpents of the Desert have less gall and spleen then those Pleaders whom I saw turmoiled with a spirit of giddiness, and dissevered with the Sword of division. Their clamours were so loud that they made the whole house of Justice to eccho again, as are the waves heard to rore on the shore of the *Ægean* Sea. I saw Gibbets, Wheels, and boyling Caldrons prepared for some miserable criminals, because they were yet, as it is said, but little thieves; but were they much greater, their crimes had rather been crowned, then chastised.

Fures privatorum furtorum in compedibus, publici in auro vitam agunt. Cato

From thence I viewed fields weeping, filled with standing waters, which were said to be gathered together from the tears of Widows, Orphans, and an infinite number of other persons, who live under great oppression. I saw some who were in the water up to the neck, and some who lifted up an arm with all their strength to offer up some papers, wherein were the laws of *Charlemaign* & *Lewis* the twelfth, which expresly command the causes of the poor may be handled before any other business: but it was replyed, such Ordinances were quite out of use. These miserable creatures solicited their Attorneys, and they betrayed them; complained to their advocates and they perplexed them: implored the assistance of Judges, and they sold them, notwithstanding were esteemed honest men, and still enemies to these corruptions.

I saw two great Registers, whereof the one was called the Cabal of favour, and the other the Cabal of money, where it is said, there were mischiefs as black as the spirits of the abys, but they must not be divulged. There was also a very great quantity of Pleaders, who sought to stretch out Suits, as Shoomakers a piece of leather with their teeth, and mutter out propositions of errours, reviews, incompetencies, rejections, oppositions, and compulsory causes, with so many other hideous words, that I asked whether these men spake the language of the *Canadas* or *Chinois*.

Old Pettifoggers appeared, all over worm-eaten with mischiefs, who could scarce breath from their lips, yet had strong apprehensions of death, through fear to leave the exercise of suits. The like was found in souls already half damned, who were very solicitous in manner of treachery; one bare false witness, another invented a contract, another forged a Will, another supposed a crime, another had a shop of all sorts of slanders and diabolical falsifications: the audacious sale of a word prostituted to sin, flew between Heaven and Earth about twilight with the wings of an Owl. And to consummate the sublimity of mischief, Right yielded to Iniquity: It was to do wrong to the wicked, not to imitate those. Crimes, said they, were already sufficiently authorised by the great multitude of Complices.

Reflexions.

In the third Labyrinth, I saw men who had little else of man in them, but shape and skin. They were near to an inchanted River, which must be passed and repassed over seven times, as it is said, to become absolute in craft. There were likewise others seen already transformed into unknown Monsters, and others who had no more but the little finger, or tip of the nose of men. I saw some who were like little Apes, which pushed and scratched one another, and brake through the throng with all their force to climb up to the top of a tree, which was said to be the tree of Honour.

Lilius Giraldus. in pictura favoris.

At the entrance there was I know not what kind of fantasm of Divinity, called *Worldly favour*. It seemed in appearance to have a body and consist-

ence, but was in effect a true ſpectre of ſmoak cloth-
ed with a Mantle tiſſued with clouds and wind.
There ſtood about it Philoſophers, who would un-
dertake to derive the Genealogy, and ſet the Ho-
roſcope of it. One ſaid, ſhe was the daughter of
beauty, the other of hazard, the other of babble:
that Fortune was her nurſing-mother, and that if
ſhe had her exaltation in the ſign of the *Ram*, ſhe
ſhould finde her declination in the *Ballance*. How-
ſoever, ſhe then appeared very frightful and ſpruce.
Flattery failed not to court her, throwing Roſes
and Flower-deluces upon her. But at the ſame
time envy ſlily ſtealing into the throng, gnawed the
border of her garment. Riches, diſdain, preſump-
tion, and boldneſs, did nothing but cry round a-
bout her. Make place, make place; and to raiſe her
the higher, they ſought to lay the great God of *Ju-
ſtinian* under her feet. She was ſo diſdainful of
knowledges, ſhe had formerly acquired, that no-
thing was ſo cold as her diſcourſe; and if ſhe had
eys, they were for no uſe but to behold her own in-
tereſts. When I ſaw ſhe paced along in a way all
ſhining with ice, and that ſhe danced on a rope, I
loſt ſight of her, not troubling my ſelf any further to
follow this ſpirit: but I underſtood that all thoſe
who promiſed themſelves the ſeven wonders of the
world, had been paid in coin of leaves.

Aquila Anſtrina. Stapl.

There likewiſe I viewed men whom you would
have taken for Geeſe, ſo ſimple of countenance were
they, but they ſwam in *Pactolus*, having but one foot
only of a Gooſe, for the other hidden under fea-
thers was the tallon of a *Harpy*, which did only at-
tend to catch golden fiſh. I ſaw alſo ſome plunged in
a huge heap of Piſtolets, ſo that neither heads nor
bodies appeared, but only one tip of a toe made
like the paw of a Griphon, as a notable Painter not
long ſince delineated covetouſneſs. Going ſomewhat
further, I diſcovered the Den of *Bacchus*, where I
ſaw Fifes, Timbrels, Ivy, and Goats-skins, huge
ſmoak of roſts, feaſts, and men buried in wine and
good cheer. Beyond it they paſſed to the grots of
luſt, where crimes were done, which would make the
moſt innocent pens guilty in writing them: for as
there muſt be an extreme impudence to commit
them, ſo ought much ſhamefac'dneſs be uſed to con-
ceal them. Nothing ſo much aſtoniſhed me, as to ſee
Eccleſiaſticks without Religion, Ladies without
ſhame, young Maids tainted, who knew ſo much
of that whereof they ſhould be ignorant, that
the moſt proſtituted could teach them nothing.

Afterward the ſport turning into blood, I ſaw
ſtrange treacheries, horrible circumventions, exe-
crable treaſons, which ſpake of nothing but of tying
halters, and mingling poyſons. I alſo ſaw ſome who
made it their practice to kill men openly, and ſaid,
there was no ſafety for them in innocency, but much
rather in the enormities of Sacriledges.

I thought I had ſeen all, when I afterwards per-
ceived a chamber hideouſly black, ſaid to be the ſtu-
dy of *Lucifer*, and that the brave ſpirits of this time
ſtudied there, under the regency of *Herod*, *Tiberius*,
and *Pilate*, to finde out the way how to believe in
God no longer, and to know all the refined policy
of former ages.

I ſhould be tedious and troubleſome to decipher
all the particulars of this prodigious City. The paint-
ing hath told much of it, but the greateſt unhappi-
neſs which I ſaw there, is, that it is more true then I
could wiſh. For not to touch upon the honour of
ſo many good men, which are yet both in the body
of juſtice, and in all other companies, I muſt tell
you that among the ſons of *Seth*, there are many
Children of *Cain*, which make up this *Babylon*.

The third SECTION.

The deſtruction of Babylon, *and the government of the Divine Providence over the Eſtates of the World,*

I Courteouſly beſeech you, O ingenious Politici-
an, to run your eys over theſe lines, which I
have traced, to ſtay a little your haſt, and to conſi-
der with me the knot of all this policy, the ſource,
progreſs, iſſue, and remedy of all theſe diſorders,
perhaps you may find more reaſon in my diſcourſes
then your paſſion can expect. Conſult awhile with
your heart, ſound your ſoul, go to the bottom of
your conſcience, I fear there may be ſome pits of the
Abyſs, and Graſhoppers of the Apocalyps, which are
thoſe black vapours that have hitherto eclipſed all
the lights of your underſtanding. I will not conceale
from you that there are three ſorts of ſouls, one
virginal, another already changed and ſomewhat
corrupted, the reſt ſhameleſs, ſuch as thoſe which
are called in Scripture, vaſt and giant-like ſouls. I
do not think, to finde by your proceedings, that you
have a Virgin ſoul, nor will I likewiſe perſwade my
ſelf you have the ſoul of a Giant, which expecteth
no other remedy but thunder: I ſhould rather be-
lieve you have a ſtomach depraved by ſome wicked
principles, whereinto either the unhappineſs of your
education, the preſumption of your ability, or tick-
ling hope of good ſucceſs in worldly affairs hath
thrown you. Will you that I touch with a finger the
beginning of your diſorder? You have been too
much flattered upon the excellency of your wit,
which is not, to ſpeak truly, one of the ſhalloweſt of
the time: but there is much wanting of the ſingu-
larity you imagine. You have inſenſibly retired your
ſelf from that great judgment which S. *Denys* calleth
the *eternal harth* of all the moſt purified lights, and
moſt chaſt affections, and by withdrawing your ſelf
have taken a great quantity of falſe lights into your
corrupt underſtanding, and much coldneſs into your
heart, which have brought upon you a remiſneſs in
good manners, and a notable diſorder in all the
parts of your ſoul. You have ſeen Heaven, and all
the hopes of the other life, as Mathematicians make
us to behold in a dark chamber, whatſoever paſſeth
abroad, through a little cranny, in ſuch manner,
that all things we ſee, appear like ſhadows and land-
skips turned topſie-turvy.

Eccleſ. 23. in the Greek. verſ. 5. ὀφθαλμὸς μοιχαλίδος.

Dionyſ. c. 1. de divinis nominibus

Behold what happeneth after you have ſtopped up
all the windows and exceſſes of heavenly light: you
have made a little hole for the Moon, and all the
bleſſings of the other life have ſeemed very ſlender
to your diſtruſtful ſpirit; you have put on a reſolu-
tion to make a fortune at what price ſoever, and to
build on earth like *Cain*, after you have almoſt re-
nounced the hopes of heaven. In doing this you
have played the unruly Aſs, thinking to eſcape
from the bands of the dependance you have on
God: you have made your ſelf your bleſſing,
your end your (*a*) God. Thereupon you have
thought of the means you are to hold, to arrive
at this ſcope already framed in your imagination.
It ſeemeth to you all things ſucceeded accord-
ing to your wit, travel, and induſtry uſed
therein, with ſome ſmall help of fortune, God
no whit at all intermedling with Affaires here
below. You have drawn abſurd conſequences of the
proſperity of ſome ſubtile ſpirits, not looking into
the bottom of the buſineſs. The ſucceſs of your af-
fairs, which ſeemed to you moſt proſperous, notwith-
ſtanding

(*a*) *Aug. l. 3. de libero arbit. c. 24. Cui bonum non eſt Deus, ſibi ipſe vult eſſe bonum ſuum ſicut ſibi eſt Deus.*

ſtanding your crimes and unlawful proceedings, have emboldned you; miſchievous ſpirits, which daily converſe with you, have confirmed you. In the end, behold your ſelf reduced as it were to this point, as to ſuppoſe, you are to hold on a courſe in all affairs and governments of the world, which may be crafty, captious, worldly, and independent of divine lawes, if not for ſome popular apparence.

Vide Lipſium in notis ad 3. lib. politic. c. 4. p. 125.

If this be ſo, I demand of you, why then in the judgement of that great Politician *Thucidides*, and all other well underſtanding men, it is obſerved, that theſe curious wits diſpoiled of the fear of God, have always been moſt turbulent and unhappy in themannage both of their own affairs and the publick alſo; as on the contrary thoſe who had not ſo much knowledge and invention, but purſued the general inſtinct of God, have held their eſtates better governed in ſimplicity, more proſperous in the ignorance of evil, and much more firm in the laſting of their felicity?

Conſilium Achitophel quaſi ſi quis conſulerit Deum. 2 Reg. 2.

Never was there a more refined wit then *Achitophel* of whom the Scripture ſaid, men conſulted with him as with a God: yet never was there any more unhappy in his practiſe. For having diſpoſed of the affaires of the Kingdom, and thoſe of his own houſe, there remaining none to be provided for but his own perſon, he took a halter and ſtrangled himſelf, becauſe they approved not one of his counſels.

When we behold in hiſtories a large liſt of theſe moſt curious Politicians, who have had ſo ill ſucceſſe either in their own perſons, or in their poſterity, as I preſently will produce very many; we muſt undoubtedly ſay, this kinde of way is ever dangerous in its enterpriſes, but not infallible in the ſucceſſes thereof. If you become as wicked as a little *Poliphemus*, it would be very hard to deny a firſt cauſe of all the creatures which are in the world, of it ſelf abſolute, independent, & eternal. For were the world ful of wheels and revolutions even from earth to Heaven, ſtill muſt we neceſſarily come to the laſt wheel, to the laſt revolution, which is to give motion to all the other, and to take it of no other; and that is God. Were you as brutiſh as a *Leſtrigon*, you could not deny an eternal Verity. For in what time will you ſay there hath not been a verity? Should you aſſign the ſpace of ten millions of years, and all that may be imagined beyond it, you would ever find this verity: and ſhould you ſay, it was not then, and that in ſaying ſo, you were ſincere, which cannot be; yet would you ſpeak a truth even in denying a truth, ſo much is her eſſence neceſſary: and this eternal verity which ſerves as a baſis for allother verities, is that which we cal God. Were you as unnatural as a monſter, you knew not how to deny there were a ſoveraign Being in the world, which holdeth the firſt degree of all excellencies, in ſuch ſort that we cannot imagine any thing more excellent; and that is God.

Ratio Anſelmi dialog. de veritate c. 1.

Beſides, it is neceſſary to infer what S. *Thomas* hath moſt divinely ſaid, that all things, which are by borrowing and participation, have relation of neceſſity to that, which is by eſſence and nature. So the Stars, the precious ſtones, have relation to the Sun; and things hot to the fire, as the ſcope of their excellency. Now it is certain that men, Cities, and Kingdoms, have but a borrowed being, becauſe they are not made by themſelves, and therefore it is neceſſary to affirm there is an intellectual power in a ſupreme degree, whereunto all theſe intelligences, even of men which conſtituted theſe States and Republicks, do relate, and this relation is nothing elſe but Providence.

D. Thom. opuſcul 2. cap. 22. *Quæ ſunt per participationem, reducuntur in id quod eſt per eſſentiã.*

Verily if you ſhould behold on a Theater about ten thouſand white beards, that were come to decide a matter by a common conſent, would you take your ſelf to be wiſe to enter into Council not called, and to reject the opinions of all thoſe, who have delivered their ſentences, publiſhing an opinion abſolutely new, and directly contrary to ſo many good judgments?

And I ask of you, that were now ſo many excellent Magiſtrates raiſed again, as have governed all ſorts of Kingdoms and Common-wealths in the Ages paſt, ſhould we not ſee more then a million of men moſt accompliſhed in knowledg, virtue, and experience, who had mannaged the world in the fear, and under the laws of this divine Providence? It would then be a notable ſpectacle, to ſee you enter into the Hall of ſuch a Council with a downy chin, to give all this aſſembly the ly, and ſay, there is nothing but humane policy, diſſimulation, and the tricks of flattery to be valued in affairs, without the expectation of any thing from God; would you not be ridiculous? Yet this is it which you do, ſo much hath ſin ſtupified you. If you have the leaſt ſpark of the underſtanding of a man, when you foſter ſuch thoughts in your minds, do you think it were fit to preſer ſome mouldy reaſons of a carnal ſpirit, and the caprichio's of your ſenſual imaginations before the voice of nature, and the ſtates of the whole world, aſſembled together to condemn your bruitiſhneſs? If there be no Providence to chaſtiſe the perverſe, and recompence the juſt, conclude, we muſt live in the world like a ſparrow-hawk, or Pike, called the *Tyrant of the Water*, and to have no other meaſure of virtue, but your taſon and throat. Is it not to open the gate to all injuſtices, perjuries, treacheries, and all poſſible abominations? For what monſter will not that ſoul be capable of, which conceiveth nothing of God? I have ſome reaſon, ſay you, and for this cauſe you are of opinion, this belief ſhould be entertained to amuſe the people.

In ſaying this, you diſcover a great weakneſs of judgement; for it muſt be concluded, according to your propoſition, that all what ever was in the world either of juſtice, temperance, modeſty, courteſie, patience, honeſty, peace, and tranquility, were derived from an imaginary belief, touching Providence, from an errour, a folly, an illuſion: which is as abſurd, as to ſay grapes grow upon thiſtles, and roſes ſpring from the ice of winter. And tell me not, I pray, that a falſe belief ſeeks to procure good effects, as it appeareth in the virtues of Pagans. For I hold, that what good the Pagans have done, they have not acted it with relation to the adulteries of *Jupiter*, nor the murders of bloudy *Mars*: but in honour of a Divinity, which they thought avenged iniquity, and rewarded virtue. In this general belief, which was the true root of their moral virtues, there happened no abuſe, although they in particular were deceived in their judgement.

Irridendum, agere curã rerum humanarum quicquid eſt ſummum, ſed credi, & uſui eſt vitæ. Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *O proditorẽ generis humani.* Vives 1. de verit. fidei lib. 3.

Your goodly objections of aw proceed from an infamous *Diagoras*, or *Pliny*, who thought to have found a great ſecret in ſaying, The belief of a Divine Providence was a jolly invention, becauſe it kept the world in aw. Deſerved he not well to be curſed, as a Traytour to all mankind? Deſerved not he well to be broiled alive in the throat of hell, as indeed he waslooſing his life in the flames of *Veſuvius*, ſince he vaunteth himſelf to have diſcovered a ſecret, which would be able, were it true, to let looſe the bridle to all profanations and bruitiſhneſs of a life the moſt ſavage that might be imagined? Everwould it be more to the purpoſe to tolerate an evil well

conferred, then to introduce a good ill digested, say the wise: and what crime is it then to invent false secrets, the ignorance whereof is so wholesom, and the verity whereof would be so prodigiously hurtful? Why do you not rather take into your consideration the sage discourse of the Philosopher *Simplicius*, who said: *When I imagine a God unto my self, I figure a great Master, whom I know of necessity to be endowed with a most stable scitace, and a most excellent will. And for this cause I conclude, he cannot be ignorant of the things he hath produced, seeing this ignorance falleth not even upon beasts most stupid; and I say, that he knowing them, governeth them without pain, Omnipotent though he be; there being no greatness nor multitude of burthens, which can weaken the forces and vigour of this infinite Spirit. As there is not any thing too great for his capacitie, so is there nothing too litle for his bountie. Nothing escapeth his Paternal Providence, nor doth he think it a matter unworthy of his care to govern a butter-flie, since he esteemed it a thing consonant to his bountie, to create a butter-flie. Now for us to think that he, knowing, able, and willing to govern the world, is diverted from it through pleasures and contentments he taketh for his own delights, is a most gross imagination; for why should we attribute to God apprehensions and assertions, which we would be ashamed to give to men, if they made not profession to be of the number of the altogether idle?*

Behold how this singular wit discourseth: and verily it is to be wholly ignorant of God, to have any conceit of him less then infinite. Independent Soveraignty cannot admit a companion; and the inexhaustible force of a Creator, who made all, sufficeth to govern all. An Angel cost him no more in the making then a silk-worm, and a silk-worm cost him no less to produce it then an Angel. Why do you not judge that which is to be made, by it which is already made? When you entred into the world, the Divine Providence, as a harbinger, prepared your lodging for you, it was not in your power to make your self then either rich or poor, Master or servant, King or subject; your affairs were dispatched, and your counsel not asked. God also in silence draweth out the web of your life; if you desire to be happy, you have nothing to do, but to contribute your free-will to his work. But if you have set up your rest to become a Politician, contrary to the decrees of Providence, and to bend the byas to your pretended interests, is it not to do the same thing, which a frog should, if she sought to swim against the current of *Rhodanus* or *Danubius*? Would not it be as ridiculous, as if a fly should seek to soar up to heaven, and fix her little feet, to stay the course of the *primum mobile?* You say, I press you, and if you can prosper well in the affairs of the world by these ways of piety and honesty which are ever annexed to a firm belief of a divine providence, you would rather take this same then any other. To it I answer that which *Laertius* speaketh of the Philosopher *Bion*, who having before been an atheist and afterward by chance disposing himself to invoke the false gods, became most superstitious in their service, under hope of some temporal commodities, which he thought to gain. *O great fool* (saith this Author) *who could not propose gods to himself, unless he made them mercenary, and would needs have the belief of a Divinity depend on the successes of his person and house.* God (saith S. *Augustine*) engageth not his promise to make us happy according to the world, so soon as we become honest men. If you say unto him: *O God, where is your justice, to suffer the wicked so to flourish, and good men to be afflicted?* He will answer, *where is your faith? where is that promise I have made you? Have you made your self a Christian to be happy in the world?* This were to make a virtue beggarly, wanton, and interessed, which must ever be paied with prosperities: we may well say, it resigned it self to God for good morsels, and not for honesty. It is much to be feared, lest the pleasures of the present, may make it loose the tast of the recompence promised in Heaven, as it is said the dogs, which hunted among the flowers of Mount *Gibel*, lost heretofore the tracks of the hare.

against the ancient saying touched by Tertullian: *Non licet Deos nosse gratis.* Diogen. Laert. l. 4.

Aug. Enar. 2. in Psal. 25. dicis Deo, Hac est justitia tua ut mali floreant, boni laborent: & Deus tibi respondet, Hac est fides tua? Hoccine tibi promisi? & ad hoc Christianus factus es, ut in seculo floreres?

If following good Policy, we should be unhappy towards the world, we might ever comfort the captivity of our body by the liberty of our minde, and guild our chains of glory with our virtues. We should enter into the community of great spirits, who have done all good, to endure all evil; we should much more rejoyce to be in the bottom of the prison with S. *Paul*, then in the heaven on earth, which *Cosroes* the *Persian* King caused to be built. But God is not so harsh to a good conscience, that he desireth to hold it still in the incommodities of present life: but much otherwise, if you will well discourse, there will be found an infinite number of good Princes, excellent Magistrates, and all sorts of persons qualified, who pursuing the way of honesty, have been most prosperous in the mannage of affairs. And if you consider your Politicians, who make profession to refine all the world, either you have seen but the first station of their plaistred felicity, or have ever found great labyrinths, horrible confusions, fortunes little lasting, dejection in their posterity, hatred, and the execration of Ages.

I think, I have fully illustrated these truths in the histories which I have written of *Herod*, *Theodosius*, *Maximus*, *Eugenius*, *Constantine*, *Diocletian*, *Constans*, *Julian*, and divers others.

And if you yet desire to behold with a ready eye, how there is no policie powerful against God, and how he surprizeth the most subtile, making snares of their greatest cunning to captive them; behold *Joseph*, sold by his wicked brothers, for fear, he should be honoured, and yet see him honoured because he was sold. Behold *Haman*, who practised the ruin of the *Hebrews*, to raise himself; and see him raised on a gibbet of fifty cubits high, to humble him. Behold *Jonas*, who would also be a Politician contrary to the counsels of his Master; yet tempests pursued him, the lot served him for an arrest, the sea for a Mistress of constancy, the belly of a Whale, which should be his sepulcher, for a Palace. He came to the haven by ship-wrack, much more safe in the entrails of a fish, then in a ship. Behold *Pharaoh*, who becomes crafty, and thinketh by ruinating the *Israelites*, his Scepter is throughly established: God surprizeth him in subtilty and makes him know the oppression of this poor people, is the instrument of his ruin. A little child, which lieth floating on the waters of *Nilus* in a cradle of bulrushes, as a worm hidden in straw, and whose afflicted mother measureth his tomb with her eyes in every billow of this faithless element, is delivered from peril by the very bloud of *Pharaoh*, to turn the Diadem of *Pharaoh* into dust, and bury him all enflamed in a gulf of the Red-sea. Behold *Jeroboam*, who revolting against his Prince, raised a State by ambition, and a Religion out of fantasie, having seen the Altars crack with the horrour of his crime, yet his heart still remaining more obdurate then stone, in the end he is so chastised by the hand of God, that there was not left so much as one handful of dust of his house upon the face of the earth. Behold *Absalom*, who thought the means to mount up to a Throne, was to make a foot-stool by force of Arms of the crowned head of his father: yet see him entangled in a tree, transfixed with three spears, and thrown into a deep pit, which left nothing of him alive, but the memory of his misery. Behold *Saul*, who makes shew punctually to obey the law of God under the direction of

Domus Jeroboam eversa est, & delata de superficie terræ. 3 Reg. 13.

Samuel,

Samuel, he afterwards learns to become cunning, plotting designs, and seeking in all points his own petty interests, : but in the end *David*, whose life he judged incompatible with his own estate, dismounted him, using no other Policie, but by making himself an honest man.

Behold the Monarchies of the world, so much disputed on, behold Scepters hanging on a silken thread, the Empires, and lives of *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Galba*, *Piso*, *Balbinus*, *Florianus*, *Basilius*, *Silvianus*, *Tacitus*, *Quintilius*, *Maximus*, *Michael Colophates*. Behold the fall of *Parmenio* under *Alexander*, *Sejanus* under *Tyberius*, *Cleander* under *Commodus*, *Ablavius*, under *Constantine*, *Eutropius* under *Arcadius*, *Vignius* under *Frederick*, *Brocas* under *Philip*, *Cabrea* under *Peter*, and so many of the like kind.

Either you shall make your self wholly insensible or must affirm, that to raise a State, and build a fortune, you are to proceed securely therein, with a very great ty upon the maxims of faith, religion, and honesty, unless yon will expect in the course of an uncertain life a most certain ruin. And yet you still doubt to enter into the City of good Policy. Oh, had you once tasted of those delights, you would become wholly enamoured of them, but I see it is fit, I make a piece of painting for you, to oppose that wicked policy

The fourth SECTION.

The Table of the City of God, otherwise called, the City of honest men; drawn out of many excellent conceits of ancient Authours, and things practised in some former Common-Wealths.

I will tell you then, that I have seen in the idæa's of *Plato* his Divine *Agathopolis*, and that my mind is still much pleased with the remembrance of this spectacle. Expect not I should describe unto you the Country nor City with curiosity of language; for I leave that to Poets and Oratours, who have more leisure then I. Onely I entreat you to beleive that all which delicate pens of antiquity have written of *Elysian* fields, and the fortunate Islands, are in it to be found, with many advantages, which we may much better conceive then expres. The Heavens are there smiling, the air wholesom, the waters good, the seasons temperate, the winds calm, the ground fertile, the abode delightful, the hills and valleys watered with goodly fountains, shadowed with many trees, covered with vines, enamelled with flowers, tapistred with meadows, bristled with ears of corn; on what side soever you turn, it seemeth the Providence of God hath taken much pleasure to embellish this territory with his own hands.

I will not speak to you at all of the walls, Towers, Bulwarks, Bastions, Theaters, Amphitheaters, Colossusses, Edifices, and other the like; for herein this fortunate City hath not grounded its greatnes, although there were to be seen buildings, as admirable as if the Angels of heaven were come down on earth to undertake the direction thereof. I took it for a good presage, when I saw at the entrance of the City a great number of minds, modest, stout, and resolved, who went to the fountains to draw water, and bare the pitcher on their shoulders, as that ancient *Rebecca*, of whom it is spoken in Scripture, labouring like bees in a bright summers day. I sawover the gate of the City a great statue of the Sun in the sign of *Libra*, which made me suppose, that all was managed within it, as are the daies and the nights in the Equinoctial. I was nor deceived in the judgement I made upon it, for there were not so much as clocks out of order, in such sort, that they struck altogether, and mutually met at every hour of the day.

It was a contentment to me to walk on a pavement, even and smooth, and to behold streets very fair, where there was neither stench, dirt, channels, coachmen, caroch, nor lash of whips, smoak of roasts, criers, much tattle, running up and down, sinks, perfumes of Carpet-knights, waggish tricks, of lackeys, nor slights of cut-purses, proud gates of Rodomonts, nor leaders of Bears, nor Mountebanks, nor pettyfoggers, quarrellers, drunkards, ale-houses, nor any of those which draw tribute from humane flesh. The whole world there was busied, and there was not an idle boy: onely you might see children very yong, who played at a most innocent game, and bare in their childish faces the goodnes of fathers and mothers, imprinted with an excellent character.

I learned, the principal scope of their great felicity was a most genuine simplicity, which reigned amongst all the Inhabitants; not that they were stupid or witless, for accosting them, I soon perceived they had spirits clear-sighted and well purified; but all their study was to make a harmony between their heart and tongue, and to proceed in all things they undertook with marvellous freedom: they were infinitely amazed when it was told them, there were in other countrys counterfeit men, who spake contrary to their knowledge, and thinking one thing in their hearts, affirmed the contrary with their tongues. They thought it impossible, and used comparisons of their clocks, where the wheel and the hand went ever a like pace. And when I insisted, and grounded my self upon experience of what I had seen and heard, they concluded it may well then be said, those men there are *Spiritual Centaurs*, composed of two natures.

And it being told them, there were Ladies and Gentlewomen in other Provinces, which wore sumptuous apparel, plaited, bumbasted, slashed, loaden with precious stones and chains, which had the spoils of the dead upon their heads, draw-bridges tyed to their feet, and that they bestowed a quarter of their lives in combing, and plaistering their faces: the women of this Countrey had much compassion hereof, and spake with tears in their eyes: *Alass poor creatures! we may well say they have committed enormous sins, to carry themselves thus.* And when it was answered, the greatest ambition which these Ladies had in the world, was to use this custom, they made many signs of the Cross, asking whether they were innocents, they would not absolutely say, fools?

Hereunto was added a tale, that in the year of an universal peace, there was a Lady, who travelling with her husband into some other Province, had learned a certain manner how to beautifie her face, which she very curiously made use of; the rest perceiving it, caused her to play at King and Queen, which was a pastime, where the Lady, who became Empress by the custom of the game, commanded the rest what she thought good, and all yeilded obedience to her. The Empress chosen, imposed upon all her train to wash their faces, which this counterfeit woman being inforced to do, as the water dissolved the painting, and that she appeared as she was, the confusion of her forehead was so excessive, that she as it were died with grief, not daring afterward to undertake the like. Their attire, port, gate, countenance, words, houses, moveables, tables, recreations, were carried with simplicity, yet accompanied with majesty, civility, decorum, and seasoned with as true pleasures, as humane life may afford.

I saw many oldmen of an hundred years and upward,

ward, who were yet very fresh, whereat I was much amazed, and one of them looking on me: *Why*, (saith he) *do you wonder? We live here on innocent meats, whereby it cometh to pass, that we do not so much as know the names of diseases, of which (it is said) you have huge registers, which are the purchasers of your intemperance. We have here no desire to drie up our entrails, and shorten our days; we are all great in the obedience we render to the Law; all rich in the contentment of our desires; and all pleased with the happiness one of another. We have no passion to tear our hearts, nor cares to prejudice our lives, nor avarice to burn us up alive in our houses, nor ambition to make us wings fastened on with wax, so to flie up to the Clouds, and make both Land and Sea famous by our falls. We have an excellent Law, which is, never to proceed against the law of Nature; and to tell you the truth, the ignorance of sins, wherein we live, serves us better then all the precepts of virtue do others.*

There is no war among us but against vices, which we rather desire to vanquish, then all sorts of monsters. We know not what Plagues mean, because we neither infect the Air nor Land with blasphemies, or blood. The seasons of the year have with us the same equality which our spirits enjoy, and the sun smileth on us in all his mansions, as we endeavour to have a charity perpetually smiling, and the bowels of compassion towards our like. When we would behold goodly Theaters, we reduce into our memory the vanities of men, to bewail them so much as they are frivolous. We see this great spectacle of the world, which it is very hard to imitate, & to fault it, is a crime.

The greatest eloquence among us, is truth, and the first science we teach our children, is that which instructeth them not to tell a lie. Above all, we endeavour piously to honour and serve God, uniting us to his Spirit, and submitting our ways to the main stream of his Providence.

I stood very attentive to hear this old man speak: for I was in a good place; yet not contenting my selfe simply with what he had said, I needs would see their Churches, their devotions, their laws, and their justice, their commerce, and their Policy. I saw the places dedicated to the service of God, were exceedingly well governed, observed, and frequented, and that their devotion was not a slight rote of apish tricks, nor affected countenances, but a solid belief of the Divinity with most pure affections. They had no great store of bells, nor took any pride to ring them, nor to publish festivals with much noise, nor to set up Fairs at the entrance into Churches, nor to sell jewels, nor wear rich apparel, nor to glory in their kitchins. Their great solemnities were better known by silence and devotion, then by any other exteriour ostent. It was a blessing to behold, that heresie had altered nothing, either in their doctrine or manners; for they had ever declared themselves enemies of all innovation: and as it is said that fishes are silent, and draw near to the source of waters; so they banishing frō their City all those contentious disputations, set their mouths to the fountains of verity.

Thither came at the time whilest I was there, an able man, who thought to preach Controversies to them, and difficult distinctions of School-divinity; but the better sort of *French-men* demanded whether he preached in *Hebrew* or no. They could not endure any one should perplex their consciences, by vehemently raising up an infinite number of too subtile arguments, and many times unhoneſt; so much they feared to bring any mixture upon their innocency, finding more assistance in the lights of good nature, then the subtilties of men.

I considered how at their going from Church, they went to visit goodly great Hospitals, which were excellently well founded, and administred for the help of the poor, as well forreigners as domesticks: and I saw the most curious Ladies went confidently into them with charity in their hands, humbling themselves to the services of the most indigent. This made me so enamoured of their government, that I judged it the quintessence of the same Theology.

And verily, when I sought to informe my selfe of their laws, I found they had as few, as their soundest men had medicines. They were all grounded on the doctrine of the Saviour of the world, namely on that word, which forbiddeth us to do that to others, which we would not to be done to our selves. Their state was Monarchal under the government of a good King, whom they honoured as a visible Divinity. This King had a Counsel composed of the prime men of the world, who lived like Angels, and spake as Oracles; so much reverence they bare them, that when they appeared in the streets, they were seen to pass along with a certain silence mingled with veneration, as if they had been animated Reliques.

I likewise saw old Captains grown white in forreign wars, under the shadow of Palm-trees, and a flourishing warlike troup, readily disposed to do bravely upon occasion. The obedience was there so great, that if a souldier had his arm ready up to strike, upon the first sound of retreat, he would withhold the blow. All rewards were for virtues, and Fortune much complained, that she in this Countrey had neither Altar nor credit. Very rarely should you see a man advanced, but by long and faithful trials of his merit: so that honours there were fastened, as it is said, with lime and cement, because they sought for nothing more honourable from great actions, then the contentment to have done them.

All was there so peaceable, that it seemed this whole City was the nest of Halcyons, which calmeth the brow of Heaven, and appeaseth tempests. The Citizens entertained one another, as the fingers on the hand, every one taking part of the good of his fellow: and it was a matter as rare to see a quarrel, as a monster brought from the utmost limits of *Africk*.

Needs must I confess I took a singular content, when one day passing through a street, I heard two old men, who discoursed in their language of forreign Countreys, and the one said to his companion, that duels and quarrels were used there: the other would not believe him at all, thinking that two men who bare one and the same figure, could not contend one with another: but he persisted, and said he knew it to be true, and that the source of all their debates, was to say: It is mine, It is not: It is so, Yea, No. This narration so enkindled them, that they resolved to imitate those of whom they spake, and to have at least once in their lives a quarrel. But what endeavour soever they used, they would never confidently say, Yea, No. For as soon as one had pronounced, Yea, and began to make shew of contestation, the other said, Take it, I yield it. I leave you to think, whether any thing might be seen more pure then these souls.

This narration is found in the lives of the holy Anchorets.

In their commerces they so much feared to wrong their neighbours, that you would have said, they studied to deceive themselves, for fear to get from another; and if any one had gained ought by some mis-reckoning, he was halfe dead, and rose oftentimes at midnight to hasten to make restitution, it being otherwise impossible for him to enjoy a repose.

I saw their Palace, which was a very beautifull piece, but the manner of suits and processes were there very rare; yet had I notwithstanding a vehement desire to hear them plead, at which time it was told me, that the next day a notable cause was to come to a hearing.

I failed not to be present thereat, and saw two men of the same condition, like those of whom S. *Chrysostom* wrote the history, who pleaded for a treasure. The matter was, the one had sold his land, and the other had bought it. The seller quickly laid hold

Chrysostom. to. ad Popul. Antioch.

of

of his money, and the buyer being entred into poſſeſſion, had begun to till the field, to have corn from thence: but not thinking thereof, he found gold in it; for coming to plow the land, he made diſcovery of a great treaſure. But he, as much aſtoniſhed as if he had found ſome venomous creature, or ſome miſchievous piece of witch-craft, went directly to the ſeller to advertiſe him of what had paſſed, and wiſhed him to take his gold again: but the other being unwilling to underſtand him in that kind, caused him to be called before the Judges. This was a buſineſs then handled with ſo much concourſe of people, that never have I ſeen a cauſe ſo notorious. I had much ado to underſtand any thing of it, but certain broken words The plaintiff ſpake, *How? Muſt men be uſed thus? You have ſold me a field, and not given me notice there was a treaſure hidden in it, why have you deceived me, why have you uſed ſuch foul play with me?* The defendant lifted up his hands to Heaven, and ſaid: *I ſwear and proteſt unto you by the faith of an honeſt man, that I did not this purpoſely. I ſold you my land in all ſimplicity, not having the leaſt ſuſpition that there was any treaſure. Well Sir, if you ſold it with a ſincere intention* (ſaith the other to him) *God pardon you, but I pray you come and take away your treaſure.* He again: *Why ſhould I take it? It belongs to you.* The other: *To me? What injuſtice is this! I bought land, and not gold. You purchaſed the land,* anſwered the defendant, *and all the appurtenances, it is reaſon that you poſſeſs all.* The poor plaintiff replied, ſighing: *Would you uſe me in this faſhion, and charge me with ſuch unhappineſs? Rather take your land again. I will not,* ſaid his adverſary: *it belongeth to you. Good God deliver me from ſuch an unfortunate chance, I will have care how I engage my ſelf in the like.* In the end, the treaſure was adjudged to him that bought the land, whereat he was much troubled, ſo that his friends had buſineſs enough to comfort him.

Oh Age! Oh goodneſs! Oh golden povertie! How much art thou now eſtranged from our manners! I ſaw not there the Tornielle nor criminal proceſs; for crimes were baniſhed from thence, both by great ſeverity of laws, and the excellent diſpoſition of the people.

Every one was made to render an account very exactly of the means he had to live on. And there was a certain girdle, as that of which *Nicholas Damaſcene* ſpeaketh in his Policie, wherewith the juſt widneſs of the waſt was meaſured; and if any one were grown too groſs, he had much ado to eſcape, unleſs he brought good witneſs that this happened not to him through idleneſs or exceſs of diet.

If a detractour were found, all his teeth were knocked out one after another: If a thief, melted gold was poured down his throat: If an homicide, he was put to be fed on by vulturs in an iron cage: If a blaſphemer, his lips were ſeared with a hot iron, and his mouth ſowed up: If a drunkard, he was put into a ſack and thrown into the water: If one unchaſte, he was burnt with a ſoft fire, ſuch horrour had they of vice.

Great volumes would be neceſſary to recount all the wonders of this celeſtial *Agathopolis*, which require ſome other ſcope then that which I have undertaken. I will content my ſelf to tell you for concluſion, that I ſaw in the middeſt of the Citie a great Pyramis of white marble, on which was ſet the ſtatue of Juſtice, cloathed with a robe all embroidered with ſtars, holding in one hand a book of laws, and in the other an ear of corn; about her were alſo pourtrayed in emboſſed work, truth, wiſdom, and the arts; and ſomewhat lower were beheld the ſtatues of all the great States-men, with certain excellent precepts of Policie, engraven in braſs; ſome copies whereof I have drawn out, which I, my Politician, deſire to impart unto you.

The fifth SECTION.

Sage Precepts drawn out of the Monuments of the divine Agathopolis.

HE is the greateſt States-man, who to himſelf ſeemeth the leaſt. Imagine not your greatneſs conſiſteth wholly to ſet up the Commonwealth of *Plato* and *Xenophon* in your own imagination, nor to lay together a huge heap of precepts, nor to know Cabals or myſteries, nor to make profeſſion of great ſubtleties and ſtratagems: we have ſeen by the experience of all Ages, that in affairs there is a certain ſtroke of the Divine Providence, which dazeleth all the wiſe, diſarmeth the ſtrong, and blindeth all the moſt politick, with their own proper lights.

Ordinarily the moſt unhappy in States have been thoſe, who have made the greateſt ſhew of knowledge, to deceive under humane Policie. That is it which ruined *Jeroboam*, which undid *Saul*, which overthrew the Common-wealth of the *Athenians*, and which made *Machiavel* with his great liſt of precepts to be diſaſterous in all his underſtandings. Theſe kind of ſubtile men better underſtand the myſterie of diſputation, then how to live, to diſcourſe then to counſel, and to ſpeak, then to do. They all have as it were three things much oppoſite to good counſels.

The firſt is, that they are variable, fickle, and uncapable of repoſe; which is the cauſe, that as the Sun ſometimes draweth up a great quantitie of vapours which he cannot diſſipate, ſo they likewiſe, by this vivacitie perpetually active, do amaſs together a great heap of affairs, which their judgment can never diſſolve. The ſecond is, that they ſwim in an infinite confuſion of reaſons and inventions, reſembling oftentimes bodies charged with too great abundance of blood; who through a notable exceſs finde death in the treaſure of life. The third is, that ſeeking to withdraw themſelves from common underſtanding, they figure to themſelves ſubtleties, and chymæraes, which are as the Towers of the *Lamiæ* (as *Tertullian* ſpeaks) on which no man hath thought or ever will; which is the cauſe that their ſpirit floating in this great tyde of thoughts, ſeldom meeteth with the diſpatch of an affair.

Add likewiſe to this, that God is pleaſed to ſtupifie all theſe great profeſſors of knowledge, and make them drink in the cup of errour, in ſuch ſort, that we coming to diſcourſe concerning their judgment, finde they have committed many faults in the government of Common-wealths, which the ſimpleſt peaſants would not have done in the direction of their own houſes.

This hath been well obſerved by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, when he ſaid of the Counſellours of *Pharaoh*: *The Princes of* Tanais *are become fools, the Princes of* Memphis *are withered away, they have deceived* Egypt *with all the ſtrength and beantie of her people: God hath ſent amongſt them a ſpirit of giddineſs, and made them reel up and down in all their actions like drunken men.* The holy *Job* hath ſaid the ſame in theſe terms: *God ſuffereth theſe wiſe Counſellours to fall into the hazards of ſenſeleſs men. God maketh the Judges ſtupid, taketh away the* Iſaiah 19. Job 12.

ſword

ſword and belt from Kings, to engirt their reins with a cord: God maketh the Prieſts to appear infamous, ſupplanteth the principle of the people, changeth the lips of truth-ſpeakers, taketh away the doctrine of old men, and poureth out contempt upon Princes.

Behold the menaces which the Sovereign Maſter pronounceth againſt thoſe who wander from the true way; and therefore, my Politician, without perplexing your ſpirit with an infinity of precepts, which have been touched by a great diverſity of pens, I affirm, that all which you may here expect, conſiſteth in four things, which are as foure elements of your perfection, to wit, *Conſcience*, *Capacity*, *Diſcretion*, and *Courage*.

The firſt and moſt neceſſary inſtruments of all arts, and namely of this profeſſion, is *Conſcience*; which verily is the moſt ancient Governeſs of the ſoul, and the moſt holy Miſtreſs of life.

It is that, which will inſtantly diſpoſe you to the end, whereunto you are to pretend in the exerciſe of an office. It is that which will tell you, that having given your ſelfe to the publick, you are taken away from your ſelfe: that you muſt not enter into this Sanctuary of juſtice with a beggarly, baſe, or mercenary intention, but to aim ſincerely at God, and the good of the Common-wealth. It is that, which will diſcover unto you thoſe three wicked gulfs of ambition, avarice, and impurity, which have ſwallowed all ſpirits diſ-united from God. It is that which will teach you, that what is done in Heaven, is proportionably acted in a Mathematical circle; and that which is done in the great Regiment of Angels, ought to be done in the Government of men. It is that, which will firmly ſupport you on the baſis of the Eternal Providence. It is that, which will render you next unto God, by often thinking on God, and will make you ſpeak what you think, and do what you ſpeak.

It is that, which will inſtruct you, that the ſpirit of man is like a Sun-dyal, which is of no uſe but when the Sun reflecteth on it; and that you likewiſe expect not your underſtanding may have any true light and direction for the Government of people, if not enlightned with a ray of God.

Beſides, it will give you means to enter into a holy liſt of piety and juſtice, which are the two fundamental pillars of all great eſtates. Piety will aſſign you too ſorts of devotion, the one common, the other ſingular.

Inſuſpicabilis ſecreti, reverendæque majeſtatis cognitio eſt, Deum non noſſe, niſi Deum. S. Zeno ſerm. de Nativit.

The common will cauſe you piouſly to honour and ſerve God, you firſt having moſt pure and chaſt beliefs in that which concerneth true faith, without any mixture of curioſities and ſtrange opinions: for it is a very great ſecret in matter of Religion, not to believe of God but what he is; and that man ever knows him ſufficiently, who is holily ignorant of him, eſteeming him infinitly to tranſcend his knowledges. Secondly, it will apply you to divine Worſhip and publick ceremonies, in a manner free, cordial, and Religious, for the ſatisfaction of your interiour, and the example of the publick.

Singular devotion will move you to conſider, how being a publick perſon, and charged with affairs which expect the motion of the Divine Providence, you have a great dependance on Heaven, and that it therefore will ſhew you according to the proportion of your time and leiſure, ſome hour of retirement to negotiate particularly with God, in imitation of *Moſes*, that great States-man, who had ſo familiar a recourſe to the Tabernacle. For if that be true which S. *Gregory Nazianzen* ſaith, that we ought to have God in minde, as often as we breath, it is ſo much the more ſuitable to States-men, as they have moſt need to ſuck in this life-giving ſpirit, as from the fountain of the Word, by the means of prayer.

Saint *John Damaſcene* in a Dialogue he made againſt the *Manichees*, holdeth this opinion, That the greateſt Angels are as clocks, which come in the end to languiſh and faint, if God do not continually draw them upward by the breath of his ſpirit: ſo muſt we ſay, that the goodlieſt Spirits, and ſtrongeſt Intelligences leſſen and wax old every moment, if they reſume not vigour in the intellectual ſource, by the virtue of devotion.

When you ſhall be inſtructed in theſe principles, this wiſe Miſtreſs, whom I call your conſcience, will make you finde in a right courſe the perfection of juſtice, which conſiſteth in four principal things.

The firſt is, neither to act, nor ſhew to your ſubjects the leaſt ſuſpition of evil or ſin. For you muſt begin your government by your own example; and ſince your ſpirit is the firſt wheel whereunto all the other are faſtened, it is neceſſary to give it a good motion. It is held, when the Sun ſtood ſtill in the time of *Joſuah*, the Moon and all the Stars made the like pauſe. Governours and Maſters have this proper to themſelves, that in all they do, they pour forth their ſpirits into ſuch of their ſubjects, who are for the moſt part neither good nor bad, but by the relation they have to the life of thoſe, on whom their fortunes depend,

The ſecond is, not to ſuffer an evill, ſince, as ſaid *Agapetus* to the Emperour *Juſtinian*, to commit and permit crimes, when one hath full power to hinder them, is as at were one and the ſame thing. There are no flatteries ſo charming, nor importunities ſo forcible, which ſhould ever make a well compoſed ſpirit to bend to the permiſſion of a ſin, which he knoweth to be againſt the honour of God, and the tranquility of his conſcience. *Fabricianus* a *Roman* Captain, in ruining a Fortreſs of the *Samnites*, kept their *Venus*, which he ſent to *Rome*, for the beauty of the workmanſhip, and it is thought the aſpect of this ſtatue was the firſt occaſion of making his wife an adultereſs, and cauſed him afterward to ſerve as a victim to the loves of this unchaſte woman by horrible maſſacre. It happeneth oftentimes, that Maſters of families, who ſeem very innocent in their perſons, retain ſcandals in their houſes, through a certain puſillanimity and diſſimulation, which draw upon them the chaſtiſements of God, and diſaſters very extraordinary. The Scripture ſaith, the High Prieſt *Eli* was the lamp of God, before he was extinguiſhed by a wicked toleration of the exceſſes of his children, which rent his houſe, and buried him in publick ruins. Take good heed there be not ſome houſhold ſervant raiſed by your indulgence, who rendereth your favours odious, and liberalities criminal, by abuſe of the power which you have put into his hands. *Alkabicius* the Aſtrologer obſerveth, there are ſtars of their own nature benign, and which would ever behold us favourably, were it not the neighbourhood of ſome others malign altered their ſweet inclinations. And there are many Maſters and Miſtreſſes to be found in the world, endued with a humour exceedingly good, if the near approaches which bad ſervants make to their perſons, did not deſtroy this temper. That man is truly ſtout and happy, who findeth or maketh men of honour well diſpoſed, faithfully affected, induſtrious, vigilant, laborious, indefatigable, ſober in ſpeech, prompt in execution, patient and able in their charges; for good ſouldiers make

Peccare & non vohlere peccatum, juxtà æſtima. Doſitheus. l. Italicorum.

1 Reg. 12. juxta 70 ὁ λυχνος θυ.

Qualities of an Officer.

glorious

glorious Captains, and good Officers, great States-men.

The third condition of the zeal of Justice is, that you never be pleased an ill act be done under the shadow that you were not of counsel thereunto, or that it never came to your knowledge. You may very well rejoyce not to have at all contributed to evil, yea, not to the birth of evil; for this were otherwise to betray your conscience, which ought to have the same capacity to abhor all vices, and embrace all virtues, as faith inclineth to believe all verities revealed unto it. I leave you to think, what conscience *Sextus Pompeius* of elder time had, to whom, as he entertained *Augustus* and *Mark Anthony* in his Ship, and being in the heat of his feast, a servant came to tell him, if so he pleased, he quickly would put these two Princes into his power, thereby to make him Monarch of the World: He a little while thinking on this matter; said to him who brought the news, Thou shouldst have done it, and never told me of it. This well shewed he bare some respect to fidelity, but was very far from that perfection which hateth evil, yea, even that which is out of the compass of one's own knowledge.

The fourth is, that you must correct disorders, as much as you possibly may, declaring you have a natural horrour against all sins, which resist laws both divine and humane, and that the love of honesty hath made you to pass, as it were, into your nature. I do not see where the virtue of a great States-man may shew it self with more lustre, then in the exercise of justice. S. *Gregory* the Great saith, A mixture of oyl and wine must be made to heal the wounds of men in such sort, that mindes may not be ulcered with too much severity, nor grow remiss by an excess of indulgence. The Rod must be used to touch, and the staff to support: love should not soften, nor rigour transport matters into despair. *Moses* the first States-man, burned inwardly with the fire of charity, and was outwardly wholly enkindled with the flames of the zeal of justice. As a loving father he offered his soul to God, even to the wish to be blotted out of the book of life to save his people: as a Judge he took the Sword and bathed it in the blood of Idolaters. He was in all kindes both a couragious Ambassadour, and an admirable Mediatour, pleading before God the cause of his people with prayers, and before his people the cause of God with the Sword.

Greg. in Job 29. *Justitiâ firmatur solium.* Prov. 16.

Evellus in excelsum inde magis vitia despice. Cassiod.

It is to do all, to execute good justice; God hath set you on high for no other cause, but to behold vices beneath: if you exalt them, they will trample you under foot, you shall perpetually drink the greatest part of the poyson you mingled for others; and when you shall break down the hedge, the Snake (as the Scripture threatneth) will sting you the first. When a good conscience hath accommodated you with this condition, so that you have no other intention but to advance goodness in your own person, and in those who belong to you, you are not a little advanced in the perfections of a great States-man; yet it is fit, Conscience, Science, and Capacity be had for the discharge of great employments, and especially by him, who makes profession to govern men sometimes as untractable as *Hydra's* of many heads.

Eccles. 10. 8.

Campanus Interamnensis Episcop.

Campanus Bishop of *Terni*, of whom we have some Works in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, in the book which he composed of Magistracy, requireth four conditions in him: A wit vigorous, a carriage neither dejected nor unpleasing, a prudence full of maturity when there is occasion to consult upon an affair; and a promptness to take time in the instant, to execute that which hath once been well resolved on.

He saith a vigorous wit, for it is very fit the soul should be full of lights and flames which is to serve others for a guide: and as there is no wit so great which hath not many defects, so it is very necessary it be polished by good letters, which unite and incorporate in one sole man the faculties of many others, and by the conference of the wise, which taketh away all that which excellent natures do as yet retain of terrestrial, to make them appear in their best lustre.

A man, saith this Authour, *who thinketh to know all, and do all, without having any need of the counsel of others, is necessarily of two things the one, either a God amongst mortals, or a beast among men.* The Scripture speaking of the great Sea of brass, which *Solomon* made in the Temple, saith in the book of *Paralipomenon*, that it contained three thousand measures, and the third book of *Kings* affords it but two thousand. This seemeth to involve some contradiction, which *Tostatus* cleareth in saying, This great Vessel in truth amounted to three thousand measures, but that there was never poured out any more thereof then two thousand. So is it with the wits of men how capable soever; we are not to cloy them with charges and affairs so far as to exhaust them, but to divide burthens in proportion, since there is none but God alone of ability for all. The presumption of those who will undertake above their forces, so to leave nothing for others to do, much more hurteth then would stupidity.

2 Paral. 4. 5. 3 Reg. 7. 16.

He addeth, to wit, the shape of body, which is not a little recommendable in the stature, figure, port, gate, age, countenance, speech, and even in the very habit. All this when it is eminent, surprizeth mindes, and striketh its stroke to give estimation to a man before we enter into his interiour: but if the house answer not to the frontispiece, what may we else say, but that Nature hath built up a goodly Mansion to lodge therein a handsom beast?

Nigredo sanguinea reguantem discernit, & traßat humano generi, ne de aspectu Principis posse errari. Cassiod. Var. l. 1. Ep. 2.

What he hath said in the third and fourth place of prudence natural, and acquired, which some have to deliberate and well resolve on an affair, accompanied with a stout resolution and a very strict execution, is verily most necessary in a great States-man.

There are ordinarily two great Rocks in this Sea of affairs, which have in them oppositions very contrary in negotiation of things important. The one is irresolution, and the other obstinacy in opinion. Irresolution ever holds men suspended in the air, and tormenteth subjects who expect their dispatches and directions from the counsel of those who deliberate. Obstinacy through a false presumption of ability, will never forgo what hath been once proposed, and resembleth a rude Portress, which driveth all good advice from the house. One would not believe the hurt this last plague draweth upon all good counsels, and how hard it is to be cured. Verily it is a prodigy, that God, who discovereth from the superiour Vaults of Heaven to the bottom of the Abyss, the least Atoms of the World, and who is so clear sighted, that Hell hath not darkness thick enough to hide it self before him; notwithstanding all-wise as he is, to dissolve our pride, he feigneth some repentance in his actions: but we, whose thoughts are timerous, fore-sights uncertain, actions confused, oftentimes have so much arrogance, as to be desirous to make good our faults, for fear to confess our errours.

Jer 26. 13.

A Maxime of Politicians maintaineth it is to di-

Diminutio majeſtatis feciſſe miranda. Seneca. Esther. 16.

miniſh authority, to do that which muſt be undone; for ever it is better to ſtifle a Monſter in his birth which one hath begot, then ſhortly after to foment and nouriſh it with humane blood. *Ahaſuerus* revoking the cruel Edict, which he made concerning the maſſacre of the *Hebrews*, yieldeth a pertinent reaſon thereof, ſaying, This diverſity of decrees proceeded not from the levity of his ſpirit, but from the alterations of times, which make way for affairs that are treated.

As for execution which followeth deliberation, it is verily the hardeſt piece: for there are many to be found who deliberate, as the Rat in the Fable, to hang a little bell about the Cat's neck, to fortifie their Common wealth againſt ſurprizes. Counſel is received by all with applauſe; but when they come to execution, every one turns his back. It is not to be imagined, how much a man who executeth affairs prudently reſolved on, either of himſelf, or by ſuch as are very truſty, hath eminence above others in matter of government. King *Antigonus* ſaid, his warfare was rather a warfare of times and occaſi-

Polyb. lib. 9. ons, then Arms: and *Polybius* writeth, that the leaſt things, which are done in war, are thoſe which are handled with ſword and violence; but the moſt eminent are executed by the knowledge, how fitly to manage an occaſion.

Behold in a nearer degree the qualities which form the capacity of a States-man, not enlarging my ſelf to ſpeak here of others, eſpecially of thoſe that are put into the number of bleſſings, which the common ſort attribute to fortune.

But a man may have all poſſible inclinations, and might notwithſtanding be ever like thoſe Muſicians, who performed all their muſick inwardly, no man hearing any of it outwardly, if he produced not himſelf in direction, which is the application of all the gifts of grace and nature, that a man can have for the practiſe and courſe of affairs.

Nil vile, nil cupidam Judices decet. Claras ſuas maculas reddunt, ſi illi, ad quos multi reſpiciunt, aliquâ reprehenſione ſordeſcant. Caſſiodorus.

This direction will teach you a marvellous ſecret, which is to proportion your ſelf to time, place, perſons, affairs treated, and to meaſure your ſelf in ſuch manner, that your actions may be profitable for all the world. It will bring you forth from behinde the Curtain, and advance you on the Theater, to ſee and to be ſeen reciprocally by all thoſe who have eys. There it is, where you are not to preſent any thing that is ſordid, dejected, proud, furious, light, fearful, nor paſſionate: for great fortunes have this property, to extrude all the blemiſhes of the heart into the forehead, and although much art may be uſed to hide one's ſelf, they make a man appear naked, who never is well cloathed with habiliments of fortune, if he have not true ornaments of virtue.

What think you, if men be now adays ſo curious as to vaunt to ſee ſpots in the Sun, where will they not finde fault, eſpecially if they have a ſubject given them? Great excuſes ſerve for no other purpoſe, but to cover vice, which truth diſcovereth, and fame publiſheth, with as many Trumpets as men have mouthes.

This ſage advice will tell you, that it is not neceſſary you ſhewing your ſelf in publick, muſt therefore make all your defects appear, and what ever you bear upon your heart, as if you had a breaſt of chriſtal; but alſo that the way well to cover your paſſions, is to have none. I ſay not, you ought to be without reſentments and inclinations: for as thoſe places, where there is neither ſound nor motion, ſavour ill; ſo ſouls thus deafned are not always the moſt purified: but I pronounce, you muſt ſo repreſs all motions which combat againſt reaſon, that they ſparkle not in publick, both to your own diſadvantage, and the ill example of thoſe who behold you.

Philoſophers have noted, that thunders which ſtir about break of day, are the moſt dangerous, and you ſhall obſerve if a man in the firſt rays of his dignity early diſcover covetouſneſs, love, hatred, revenge, avarice, and other paſſions, which much haſten to the prejudice of the publick, and that the voice of the people be raiſed up, as the roaring of thunder, he loſeth as much reputation, as if he were already corrupted in minde.

Diſcretion will alſo ſhew you the way how to manage your dignity in a manner neither too harſh, arrogant, nor haughty; but ſweet, affable, and communicative: and with it to retain an honeſt and temperate gravity, thereby to vilifie the character which God hath imprinted on thoſe, whom he calleth to charges and commands.

It was a pleaſant mockery to behold thoſe Kings of *Ægypt* appear daily in new habits, with the figures of beaſts, birds, and fiſhes, to put terrour upon the people, and give ſubject to Poets to make fables of *Proteus*. This affected gravity, is not in the manners of great men, who naturally love nothing of ſingularity above others, but the eminence of their excellent qualities. Our ſpirits are not ſo baſe and childiſh, as to be ſatisfied with ſemblances: they deſire ſome thing more ſolid; and he is ever beſt eſteemed among the wiſe, who is more reſpected for the interiour, then the outward ſeeming.

Diſcretion will diſcover unto you the conditions, manners, inclinations, abilities, and wants of thoſe whom you are to govern, and with a finger ſhew you the bent, which way you muſt incline, to lay hold of men. It is at this day no ſmall matter, to manage humours, which are as different as they are incompatible. The Problem of the Wolf, the Goat, and the Colewort, is daily renewed. If a Ferry-man finde himſelf much troubled to paſs theſe three things ſeverally from one ſide of the River to the other, that the wolf may do no hurt to the goat, nor the goat to the colewort in his abſence: what prudence think you muſt a States-man have, to accord ſo many dogs and hares, hawks, and doves? Saint *Gregory* ſaith, Paradiſe hath nothing in it but bleſſed ſouls, and Hell is filled with miſerable; but the world wherein we live, containeth Merchants very different. You ſhall behold under your government a great number of ſimple, innocent, poor, and afflicted creatures. Think God hath principally created you for them, open your heart with an amorous compaſſion, extend to them the bowels of your charity, ſtretch out affectionately to them your helpful hands, take their requeſts, lend ear to their cries, cauſe their affairs to be ſpeedily diſpatched, not drawing them along in delays which may devour them, ſtrengthen your arm againſt thoſe that oppreſs them, redeem the prey out of the Lion's throat, and the Harpies talons.

A notable practice given by King Theodorick to Caſſiodorus. *Proprio cenſu neglecto, ſine invidiâ lucri, meorum divitiarum reſtitiſti: Et unde vix ſolet reportari patientia ſtantium, voces militaverunt tibi laudentium.*

For this it is, that Kings, Princes, States, and Officers are made. To actions of this kinde is it that God promiſeth all the bleſſings of Heaven, and admirations of earth. For this ſort of proceſſes are crowns of glory prepared. By this means a man diveth into the bottom of the heart and good opinion of people. This is the cauſe, that one hath ſo many ſouls and lives at command, as there are men, who the more ſweetly breath air by the liberality wherwith they are obliged. The greatneſs of man before God, is not to repleniſh earth with Armies, & make Rivers of blood, and to raiſe up mountains of dead bodies, but to do juſtice to a poor Orphan, to wipe away

away the tears of a forlorn widow, to steep in oyl (as the Scripture speaketh) the yoke of people which live on gall and worm-wood. For, not touching here any thing in particular, we know, that in all Realms of Christendom, there are very many persons, who sigh under necessities almost intolerable to the most savage, and who daily charge ears with complaints, and Altars with vows for their deliverance.

Now that we have a King so well disposed to justice, and near his person so sage a Counsel, a Parliament so zealous for the publick good, so many honourable men endowed with so sincere intentions, when may we reasonably expect the comfort of people, if not at this hour, when miseries are eminent, clamours piercing, and dispositions very good? Alas, if there be any thing in the world, wherein a great States-man may be seen to oblige the present, and repleniſh the future times with admiration of his virtues, it is in procuring the advancement of so holy an affair, for which Heaven is in expectation, and the hands of so many thousands of people are daily lifted up on Altars.

Such and so many Officers, for not having had any other aim in charges, but the accommodation of their own affairs, have passed away like phantasms, leaving nothing here behind them but ordure, nor bearing ought with them into the other world but crimes. They have found, that *the souls of the wounded have cried to Heaven against them, and that God hath not let it pass without revenge*, as speaketh holy *Job* in the four and twentieth Chapter, where he at large explicateth both the calamity of the poor, and the chastisement of the rich, who persecute them. But all those who have constantly addicted themselves to the maintenance of justice, and the consolation of afflicted persons, besides the Crowns which they enjoy in Heaven, live gloriously in the memory of men. Their mouthes, which are opened for justice, after they are shut up as Temples, are truly worthy to have lillies and roses strewed on the marble which encloseth them, and that their posterity may also reap the good odour of the virtues of their noble ancestours, which hath made it march with upreard head before the face of the people.

Animæ vulneratorum clamavérunt, & Deus inultum abire non patitur.

Regnanti facilitas tunc sit ditior, cum remittit, & acquirit nollis the fauros famæ, neglectâ vilitate pecuniæ Cassiod. l. 1. Epist. 16.

You on the other part shall behold travels and laudable actions, which good judgement will invite you to recompence; wherein you must shew your selfe generous and liberal. For, although virtue be always well enough payed with its own merit, yet must we affirm it to be one of the greatest disorders which may happen in a State, when in sowing benefits, nought else is reaped but ingratitude, and that to be capable of rewards, one must become remarkable in crimes.

On the other side, there will be many defects presented, that must be corrected, which are either of persons very well conditioned, fallen into some slight offence by surprize, and such as these ought to be handled with much sweetness and clemency; or they are covert vices of some wicked consciences, which you neither ought, nor may as yet manifest; and here much industry and wisdom must be used to dislodge sin, and draw the winding serpent out of his den, as by the hand of the wise woman spoken of in Scripture: or they are publick sins of men resolved, who sin without hope of amendment to the infection of a Common-wealth; and here is it, you are to strengthen your self with all your power, to take away the evil, and evil men.

These are the precepts which S. *Bonaventure* giveth in his Treatise of the Wings of the Seraphin.

This discretion whereof I speak, will shew you the manner of proceeding in affairs; for it much importeth to lay hold of them by a certain handle which rendereth them much more easie. We see by experience, that those who make them spectacles of chrystal cut into diamond points, for one pistolet on a table, think they see a huge treasure, in such sort their eyes are filled with illusions, and yet their hand if they know not the secret, will be much troubled to finde out the piece of gold they seek for.

This daily happeneth in the course of the world: affairs have an infinity of faces, which present themselves to our thoughts even then, when they are most subtile; but they are hollow imaginations, and he is really an able man, who knoweth how to lay his finger upon the point of a business, and grasp it, as it said, at the right end.

You expect not here I should speak to you of the mannage of revenues, artillery, arms, sea-affairs fortifications, petitions, and decrees, they being matters much alienated from my profession, from whence I can derive no glory but by the confession of mine own ignorance. Every one must look into the substance, extent, and the quality of affairs he treateth, must learn what is profitable to be known for the discharge of his place, inform himself of that which he cannot of himself fore know, willingly hearken to advices, examine and weigh them with maturity. Avoid above all, six obstacles of good affairs, which are, Disorder, Confusion, Passion, Solicitude, Irresolution, Precipitation; to do all things warily, and peaceably, so that no anxiety be shewed, like unto *Sejanus*, a man who had more spirit then conscience, and of whom it is said, that in the middest of his greatest employments, he seemed ever idle.

Actus otiosi similimus. Velleius.

There are some who give out many precepts upon every office, and do, as if one should make a large discourse to a man by teaching him to go. Experience, which is a wise Mistress, so soon as she encountereth with a man endowed with some capacity, sheweth him much more then books.

Finally, your last livery is *Courage*, which is exceedingly necessary for men of your profession. *Calisthenes* a disciple of *Aristotle* observeth, that the earthquake of the Isle of *Delos*, was an unlucky presage to the Cities of *Buris* and *Helice*, which were swallowed up in a gulf. So when the bodies of States-men, which are as this Island of the Sun, tremble and bow to favour, what may we expect, but an absolute desolation of Provinces? It is necessary to have a great courage to strengthen the arm against so great authority of iniquities, and violences of men of quality, who will confound elements, and mix stars with the dust of the earth to come to the end of their exorbitant pretensions.

A great courage, say I, to resist the secret allurements, which occur on the part of allies and friends, especially of powerfull women, to whom nature hath afforded such dangerous attractives, that it is many times much easier to defend ones self from the horns of bulls, the tusks of bores, and the throat of Lions, then from the cunning practises of such creatures.

A great courage in the manage of affairs, and words, that are to be used with certain persons, who are quickly angry and heated in their harness: what a brave virtue is it to endure and temper them with a mildness of spirit, peaceable, and charitable; as it is said, that with a honey-comb fountains of troubled water are cleansed and purified. An Ancient said, that

Avicen. de diluvils.

he who can well ſuffer an injury is worthy of an Empire: his only ſilence will diſarm a paſſionate man, and throw proſtrate at his feet the ſame, who ſeemed to roar over his head.

See La jour-nee.

A great courage alſo to tolerate the ingrateful, who often caſt ſtones againſt thoſe, who gave them honey: like unto thoſe *Atlantes*, who ſhot Arrows againſt the Sun.

A great courage likewiſe in the bad ſucceſs of affairs, which cannot always proſper according to the meaſure of our travel and good deſires. And to tell you it in a word, a very able courage, when a man is ready to ſuffer the loſs of office, diſgrace, baniſhment, poverty, impriſonment, and permit rather to have the heart turned out of your belly, then any good reſolution to be pulled from you, which may be conceived for the Weal-publick.

If you deſire to arrive at theſe precious endowments, let the Scripture be ever repreſented before your eys as the pillar of clouds and flames, which conducted the Army of the living God. There it is, where you ſhall learn Maxims of State, ſcored out with moſt vigorous reflections of the wiſdom of God, and where you ſhall trample under foot with a generous contempt ſo many illuſions, which wretched ſouls ſeek for in the mouth of *Pythoniſſes* and Sorcerers. Read the books of Wiſdom, the Prophets, the book of holy *Job*, and the divine *Pſalms* of the King, choſen out according to Gods own heart. Conſider the ſtream of ſo many Hiſtories written in this Theater of wonders, which are characters of fire, wherewith the Divine Providence is pleaſed to be figured to mortal eys, that we may learn the puniſhment of crimes, and the crowns of virtues.

Repreſent unto your ſelves often in your Idæa's thoſe great States-men, who have flouriſhed in the courſe of all Ages, and derive light and fire from their examples, to illuminate and inflame you in the ſelf ſame liſt. Behold him who had been refined above all others in the Schole of God, I mean *Moſes*. Who hath there been more humble in refuſing charges, more obedient in accepting them, more faithful in exerciſing them, more induſtrious in executing the commandments of God, more vigilant in government of the people, more ſevere in the correction of vices, more patient in ſufferance of the infirmities of ſubjects, and more zealous in the cordial love he bare to the whole world?

Moſes Dei de proximo arbiter. Tertul. de Monogamia. Auguſt. l. 22. contr. Fauſt. cap. 69.

With theſe gifts he became the God of Monarchs, he ruined the ſtate of his enemies, he unlooſed the chains of an infinite number of ſlaves, he opened Seas, he manured Wilderneſſes, he marched in the front of ſix hundred thouſand men at Arms, he lived laborious amongſt Shepherds, chaſt in the Courts of Kings, temperate in government, a companion of Angels in his retirement, and, as it were, a Cabinet-friend of God, having continually Heaven for object, and all greatneſs in contempt. He had blotted out all that which was man in him, by the purity of a converſation wholly celeſtial. The fleſh was in him under ſuch ſubjection, and the ſpirit in ſuch Empire, that he merited the name of God, in the reſemblance of whom he was transformed by the ſuperabundance of his virtues.

Omnem ſuam humanam divinæ legis habitatione, cœleſti puritate converſationis obduxerat, mentem regens, carnem ſubjiciens, numine Dei vocatus eſt, ad cujus ſimilitudinem ſe perfecta virtutis ubertate transformavit. Ambroſ. l. 2. de Cain & Abel.

Behold that great Diſciple of *Moſes*, *Joſhuah*: what piety in the ſervice of the Omnipotent, what ſweetneſs in government, what greatneſs of ſpirit in noble enterprizes, what patience in difficulties, what prudence in direction, what diſpatch in expeditions? It is no wonder if at the ſight of theſe eminent qualities, Walls and Cities fell, Giants waxed pale, Rivers retired back, the Sun ſtood ſtill, and one and thirty Kings under-went the yoke.

Behold *Samuel*, the Father, Maſter, and Judge of two Kings, the Doctour of Prophets, the Sanctuary of the poor, the pillar of the Church. Is it not a magnificent ſpectacle to ſee him go out of charge after ſo long a government, and ſo great a diverſity of affairs, with a heart ſo untainted, and hands undefiled, as if he had perpetually converſed with Angels? Is it not a moſt heroical action which he did in the firſt of *Kings*, when after the election of *Saul*, having voluntarily reſigned his dignity, he ſhewed himſelf with up-rear'd head in the midſt of the people, and gave liberty to all the world, from the leaſt to the greateſt, to complain and make information againſt him before the King newly choſen? If it may be found, that in his magiſtracy, he ever did the leaſt wrong to any man, he is there ready to afford all ſatisfaction that may be thought fit. But as he had lived moſt innocently, at this word was lifted up a loud cry, proceeding from a general conſent of the people, which highly proclaimed the integrity of his juſtice. Is not this a praiſe of more value, then millions of Gold and Empires?

1 Reg 12. Loquimini de me coram Domino, & coram Chriſto ejus.

But above all, reflect often on the Wiſdom of God Incarnate, *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Saviour of the World, as the prime model of all States-men, which the Prophet *Iſaiah* hath exactly repreſented in the eleventh Chapter of his Propheſie, where he figureth the Redeemer unto us in quality of a Judge, to ſerve for an inſtruction and an example to all poſterity. Firſt, foraſmuch as concerneth his perfections, he gave him ſeven ſorts of ſpirits very conſonant to a true Politician, to wit, the ſpirit of *Wiſdom* and *Underſtanding*, the ſpirit of *Counſel* and *Strength*, the ſpirit of *Science* or *Piety*, and the *Fear of God*, wherewith he was wholly repleniſhed. Then deſcribing his manner of proceeding, he ſaith; He ſhall not judge according to humane appearances, by the inconſiderate views of carnal eys, and the relation of a raſh tongue: but he ſhall do juſtice to the poor, and fortifie himſelf with all kinde of vigour, for the defence of ſo many gentle ſouls, as are oppreſſed in the world.

To this purpoſe he ſhall ſtrike the earth with the words of his mouth, uſing his tongue as a rod of correction, and ſhall overthrow the wicked with the breath of his lips.

Juſtice ſhall be ſo familiar to him, that he ſhall make uſe of it, as of a girdle of honour, or a rich bawdrick which Captains were. The effects of his government ſhall be ſo eminent, that the Wolf under his reign ſhall be ſeen to cohabit with the Lamb, the Leopard with the Goat, the Calf with the Lion, and little children to play with Baſilisks and Aſpicks; willing in theſe Allegories to ſignifie, that he ſhall mollifie the moſt ſavage humours by his laws, to reduce them to the temper of reaſon.

Behold ſomewhat near, how this divine Writer deſcribeth the Policy of the King of Monarchs.

All thoſe who have inſiſted in his ſteps, have been glorious in the memory of men: and he that would number up through all Ages ſo many great States-men, ſhould make a large Volume.

I will not at this time produce *Melon Injurioſus*, *Carmerus*, *Robert*, *Ambert* ſurnamed the *Man of God*, *Oenus*, *Godegrandus*, *Ledwardus*, *Eginardus*, *Raoul*, *Fulbertus*, *Hildwinus*, Monſieur *Stephen* of *France*, *Guarinus*, *William* of *Mountaigne*, *Henry Arnaudus* of *Corgues*, *Rochfort*, and the moſt famous *Thomas More*: not ſpeaking of ſo many other lights of Ages, which have illuſtrated us much nearer, where we may finde a large liſt of uncorrupted men.

Many

Many have ſo worthily filled the chairs of Juſtice, that they have deſerved to paſs forward to Altars, there to poſſeſs the prime places of Prelacies.

I ſatisfie my ſelf to draw out of *Marcianus*, *Caſſiodorus*, *Baronius*, and ancient Manuſcripts, the life of *Boetius*, where you may obſerve the body of Hiſtory ſufficiently repleniſhed with matters very conſiderable.

BOETIUS.

The firſt SECTION.

His great Nobility.

BEhold here how I make a great States-man to walk along in his rank, the honour of the Gown, and the ſingular Ornament of the Purple Garment, who hath had the priviledge to revive Learning in his life, and at his death to bury all the *Roman* Greatneſs in his Tomb.

It is the moſt illuſtrious *Boetius*, whom I have ſelected almoſt in the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity, as the moſt accompliſhed perſonage, that hath flouriſhed in the quality of a man of the long Robe throughout Chriſtendom. For if you conſider his extraction, it was the nobleſt of his time: if you regard his means, he was of the moſt honeſtly rich; if you reflect on his wit, he dazeled the eys of the moſt Learned: if you behold his innocency, his life was as a Pearl without blemiſh; if you weigh his dignity, he had been three times Conſul of *Rome*: if you enquire after his Negotiations and Government, you ſhall finde he lived in the greateſt revolutions of the *Roman* Empire, when affairs were moſt thorny. If you will obſerve his conſtancy, you ſhall ſee a pillar of Diamond not to be ſhaken with all the counterbuffs of iniquity: and if a brave death may ſet a ſeal upon a good life, you will be enforced to admire him, beholding him to dye on a Scaffold, for the defence of piety and juſtice, which are the two Poles that ſupport all the great Policy of this Univerſe.

The unhappineſs is, there hath not been ſome Authour found in that Iron Age, to have written the acts of this great man in a ſtile ſuitable to his merit; we ſhould have diſcovered marvellous treaſures: but ſince I muſt make my way through ſo great a ſcarcity of Writers, who have handled this ſubject, I will endeavour to render it as little irkſom in ſtile, as it is profitable in matter.

As for the firſt quality I have obſerved in him, which is his great Nobility, it is certain he ſummed up a thouſand years, ſince his Anceſtours began to be reſplendent with ſingular luſtre in the City of *Rome*, which is no ſmall ſpace, to ſay, that ten Ages which waſt Rocks, and wear Elements, had not altered the honour of this great Family.

He was deſcended from the houſe of thoſe great *Manlii*, whoſe hearts extended as far as the *Roman* Empire. The moſt celebrated amongſt them, named *Marcus Manlius*, defended the Capitol againſt the *Gauls* in the extreme neceſſity of the *Romans*, & redeemed, as it were, from the abyſs of the City, which God had choſen to command over ſo many nations. He was a man truly valorous, who wanted nothing but

but to have been born in an ample Kingdom, and not in a Republick jealous of the greatneſs of its ſubjects: For, he having too much courted the people to the prejudice of Magiſtrates, was accuſed to have ſought a change of government, and was precipitated from the Capitol which he had defended, to the end the theater of his glory might be turned into the ſcaffold of his puniſhment.

Never could any thing be ſeen more deplorable then this brave Captain, when pleading his cauſe, where he was upon queſtion of his laſt unhappineſs, having produced about four hundred Citizens, delivered from great neceſſities by his means, then thirty ſpoils of noble enemies, whom he had ſlain with his own hand, then ten Crowns, then fourty other prizes of valour; as he beheld the incenſed Judges much enclining to his ruin, he ſhewed his naked breaſt, as yet covered over with honourable ſcars received in ſo many great battels for his Countrey; and then turning his eyes and his up-rear'd hands to heaven towards the Capitol, he prayed the Gods to give the people of *Rome* the ſame underſtanding for the preſervation of his perſon, that they had afforded him for the ſafety of the Weal-publick, in defence of the City of *Rome*.

This ſpectacle was ſo raviſhing, that it was impoſſible to condemn him in ſight of this noble fortreſs, which ſubſiſted not but by his valour: but his enemies cauſing him to be carried into another place, exerciſed a heavy judgement, and an act odious to poſterity, which was attended by great ſterilities and peſtilencies, attributed to the death of this noble perſonage. The other *Manlius* very eminent, was he, who ſlew in ſingle combat the Captain of the *Gaules* in ſight of both the armies For this man advancing himſelf on a bridge, aſſailed, and defended by both parts, challenged aloud the moſt valorous among the *Romans* to combat man to man; which being underſtood, *Manlius* ſlowly came forth with the leave of his Dictatour, and having well obſerved his adverſary, who immeaſurably braved it, he ſtruck him ſo nimbly, that he fel down ſtark dead in the liſt: then taking his chain off all bloudy, he hung it about his own neck, from whence he was ſurnamed *Torquatus*; which Title did afterward likewiſe remain unto his whole poſterity.

The third of this race much renowned in hiſtories by an act, one of the ſevereſt ever exerciſed, was that *Torquatus*, who cauſed his ſons head to be cut off, for having charged and vanquiſhed his enemy without leave. The young man tickled with the honour of his Anceſtours, ſeeing a fair occaſion to fight, took the opportunity. And not expecting the permiſſion of his father, overthrew the enemies of the *Roman* people, in killing with his own hands a man of note in ſingle combat, whereupon ful of joy, he returneth with the applauſe of the ſouldiers, and haſteneth to ſeek out his father, who commanded the Army, bearing in his hands the ſpoils of his enemies, and ſaying aloud: *Father, behold the cauſe why I may be eſteemed your ſon.* But the father turning his eyes away, cauſed the trumpet to be ſounded to gather all the ſouldiers together, and in the middeſt of a great Aſſembly, as General, he pronounced ſentence againſt his ſon, and ſaid unto him: Son, *Since without any reſpect, either of the dignity of a Conſul wherewith the Common-wealth hath honoured me, or the majeſty of the title of a father, which nature hath afforded me over you, you have fought contrary to my edict, diſſolving the ſacred knot of military diſcipline, which hath hitherto maintained the greatneſſe of the* Roman *State: I well ſee you have reduced affairs to ſuch neceſſity, that either I muſt forget the Common-wealth, or my ſelf and mine. But God forbid the publick ſuffer for our faults, and that we muſt expiate the temerity of one young man, by the diſaſters of ſo many innocent perſons. Here an act of State muſt be performed, which is for the preſent ſomewhat odious, but ſhall be profitable for youth through all poſterity. My ſon, I have ſenſe of nature, as a father, and as a Captain I reſent alſo the flaſhes of this youthful virtue, which is ſo charming in its illuſion: but ſince I muſt either by your impunity annul, or by your bloud ſeal the commandment of the Conſuls, you being of my bloud, I cannot think you ſo degenerate, as to deny to re-eſtabliſh by your puniſhment the Laws of arms, which you by your errour have diſtroyed.*

Thereupon he commanded the executioner to bind him, and lead him to the place of puniſhment, to be beheaded, wherewith the Aſſembly was ſo aſtoniſhed, as if all the Captains had their heads under the ſame ſword. For every one was drenched in a deep ſilence, until the bloud of this young Prince was ſeen to guſh forth; for then the ſouldiers ſpared neither ſorrow nor execrations, taking the body by main force to cover it with its ſpoils, and interre it with all honour.

I had a deſire to touch this particularly, thereby to teach the Reader, that the great conſtancy which *Boetius* witneſſed in the whole courſe of his life, and eſpecially at his death, was in him heredita.y.

It were a long piece of work for him, who would proſecute all the acts of the Anceſtours of *Boetius*, ſince by the report of Saint *Hierom*, this family hath been ſo illuſtrious, that ſcarcely can one man be found therein, which hath not enjoyed or deſerved the Conſulſhip.

Wherefore I may well ſay, it was a very particular Providence of God upon this admirable man, which being pleaſed to raiſe him to the condition of a great States-man, hath cauſed him to be nobly born. For although it cannot be denied, but that many deſcended from very mean extraction, have ſometimes exceedingly well improved in the manage of States; yet muſt we affirm, they have ſtood in much need of time, diligence, and eminent virtues to give a counterpoiſe to this defect of bloud. Ordinarily thoſe who ariſe from theſe degrees, being derived from baſe birth, are many times envied, and little reſpected, whereby finding themſelves offended, they often take harſh ways, to become powerful in the minds of ſubjects by ſtrong hand: whereas ſuch as are of race noble and illuſtrious, cannot have ſo few other parts, but that they may eaſily enter into hearts, as into a houſe, which the virtue of Anceſtours hath beforehand wholly purchaſed for them. And though this ſeem expedient in all places, yet it is much more neceſſary in a State, where is a great number of noble men and generous ſpirits, and where every one thinks himſelf ſufficient enough to perform that which another doth.

Preſumption equalleth them all in ability, at the leaſt according to their imaginations, were it not that the uncontroulable ſupereminency of houſes makes them yield to reaſon. And although baſe nobility be very ſhameful, yet is it much more tolerable then a ſervile ſpirit, which hath power in its hands without any moderation,

There are four things, ſaith the Wiſe-man, which cauſe earth-quakes here below, *A ſervant imperious, a rich fool, a woman ſcornful when ſhe is married, and a maid-ſervant become the heir of her Miſtreſs*: that is, ſaith he, the fourth thing which the world cannot endure. Education maketh manners, and Prov. 30.

every

every one is readily that which he hath learned in youth, were it not, that through a great ſtrength of courage ill inclinations are reſiſted.

Boetius, who in his excellent Nobility was endowed with ſo ſweet a temper of ſpirit, ſeemed to be created of God to govern men. On the other part his family, which was rich and powerful, gave alſo much encreaſe to his command, as that which alienated him from the corruptions, that eaſily faſten on a neceſſitous fortune. A man who feareth poverty, is ever to be feared, and a rich innocent cannot meet with any thing more dangerous then a hungry Judge.

Saint *Thomas* hath ſaid very well, that a poverty
4 cap. egim p. virtuous and free from all covetouſneſs, is an admirable quality for a States-man: but where ſhall we now adays find ſuch a poverty, in a time, when riot is ſo exorbitant, that the greateſt houſes are therewith impeached? The innocent riches of our great Conſul fell out to be much to the purpoſe, ſo that they might be employed for aid of the poor, in a time which happened in one of the ſickleſt Ages of the world, ruined by ſo many incurſions of Barbarians, not naming the other ſcourges, which then fought againſt the ſins of men.

The ſecond SECTION.

The eminent wiſdom and learning of Boetius.

EXperience, the wiſeſt Miſtreſs of the world, hath ſometimes cauſed the ſaying of *Plato* to be queſtioned, who thought Common-Wealths happy when they fell into the hands of Philoſophers, or of men who ſought to become Philoſophers. For in effect it is obſerved, that thoſe ſo knowing men meet not always with the bent of common underſtanding, having their ſpirits more eſtranged from civil life. They pleaſe themſelves with great Idea's as if they converſed in the Common-wealth of *Plato* with demy-gods, not at all yeilding to infirmities of nature. And although they uſe ſome endeavour to render themſelves converſable, yet doth the ſweetneſs of repoſe inebriate and withdraw them from affairs: but if they force themſelves to attend them, noiſe amazeth them, diverſity of humours not always ſuitable to their underſtanding diſtaſteth them, labour ſomewhat painful overwhelmeth them, and the heap of ſo many incident occaſions confoundeth them.

Add hereunto, that there is much malice in the manners of men, not found in books; and that their actions being very innocent, when they come to meaſure others by their own level, they find themſelves deceived. Beſides, the ſedentary and retired life ſpent in the entertainment of their books, rendereth them very timorous, & ſofteneth their brow, which ſhould always be as it were of braſs, to endure the ſhock of ſtrong impudencies, which may inſinuate themſelves into the corruptions of the times.

This may be confirmed by the example of *Theodates* King of the *Goths*, who with all the Philoſophy of *Plato*, wherein he was exceedingly ſtudious, very ill managed his affairs.

As alſo by *Michael* the Emperour, ſurnamed of the Grecians, *Parapanicius*, as who would ſay, The Schollar: for he perpetually had table books and pens in his hand, to compoſe Orations, Verſes, and Hiſtories, reſigning the whole government of his affairs to an Eunuch, named *Nicephorus*, who through his inſatiable avarice drew much hatred upon the head of this Emperour.

I verily affirm, if you take learning in theſe exceſſes, one may very well ſay, that it would not only become unprofitable, but alſo dangerous to principality. It is not my intention to prove learned men are capable of the manage of great affairs for the onely conſideration of the advantage they have in letters, for then Governours of Provinces were to be taken out of the Regencies of ſcholes; but I ſay, that ſciences well managed, add a marvellous luſtre to one in government. For firſt, they vindicate him from ſtupidity and a ſavage life, which maketh a man without ſight or knowledge of virtue, to be in a State, as was *Poliphemus*, made blind by *Ulyſſes*, in his den. Beſides, they cleanſe, refine, and ſtore the ſoul, made to know great and divine lights. Afterwards, they open the underſtanding by the reading of ſo many excellent books, and even unlooſe the tongue, which is an inſtrument very neceſſary to manage hearts. Finally, they make a man more mild, civil, and courteous, and I could ſay alſo more awful and worthy of credit.

For if ſome unhappy Princes were produced, who being unfurniſhed of other talents, have made ill uſe of letters, by abuſing them through want of judgement, as one may all the beſt things in the world; this nothing at all in ſubſtance leſſeneth the truth of our propoſition, ſince we may oppoſe againſt them a large liſt of Law-makers, Princes, and governours, who have exceedingly well made uſe of the knowledge of learning. For if we make account of the policy of God, which is ever the moſt aſſured, know we not, that he having choſen *Moſes* to conſtitute him the Governour of ſo great a State, was willing he might have a good taſt of all the ſciences then in requeſt among the *Ægyptians*? And *Philo* ſaith, that he there learned Arithmetick, Geometry, Muſick, and all the greateſt ſecrets of their Philoſophy, contained in their Hieroglyphicks. Know we not that *Solomon* had a heart as large as the ſea, wherein God lodged ſo many knowledges of things both divine and humane, that he penetrated whatſoever the underſtanding of man, enlightened with rays from God, might comprehend?

Are we ſo little verſed in Hiſtory, that we cannot reckon up the names of all the greateſt Princes, who have been very learned, as *Alexander*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Adrian*, *Antoninus*, *Conſtantine*, *Theodoſius*, *Gratian*, *Charlemaigne*, *Alphonſus*, yea even *Solyman* the great Turk? What a cloud of witneſſes ſhould we have, did we now collect all the names and hiſtories of learned States-men? For if letters give ornament to ſuch as are wholly eminent in military profeſſion, by a much ſtronger reaſon we are to think they are able to advance the luſtre of an excellent Governour, vowed to the Robe, and to a life peaceable, as *Seneca* and *Cicero*.

I have been the more willing purpoſely to uſe this Preface, to the end that coming preſently to ſpeak of the great learning of our *Boetius*, it might not diminiſh the credit we ought to have of his ability in ſtate-affairs. It is ſometimes ſo dangerous to be learned among groſs ſpirits, that the tenth Age, which was very dul, made as it were the good Pope *Silveſter* the ſecond, paſs for a Magician, becauſe he underſtood Geometry. And it is not above foureſcore years ago, that to know Greek and Negromancy, were as it were one and the ſame thing in the opinion of the ignorant. Vide *Baron.* Anno 995.

He that proceedeth by ſuch brutiſh ways, would take *Boetius* for a Devil, ſuch knowledge had he: for it muſt be confeſſed, that in the revolution of ſo many ages, there hath not been many ſeen, who arrived

rived to such a degree of science. As our spirits are limited, so every one freely taketh his share, according as his inclination leadeth him, his aim moveth him, his understanding transporteth him, his labour supporteth him: and he that cannot prevail in one science, applieth himself to another, since the diversity of arts is so great, that it is able to satisfie the most curious, allure the most nice, and encourage the weakest. But as for our *Boetius*, he entred into the secrets of all sciences, and as there was nothing too holy for his great virtue, so might not any thing be found so elate, as to exempt it self from the vivacity of his spirit.

Scalig in Hypercritico.

Julius Scaliger hath very well given testimony of him according to his merit, when he said, the wit, learning, industry, and wisdom of *Severinus Boetius*, challenged all the Authors of the world as well *Grecians* as *Latines*, not excepting any. He addeth, that all which he composed in Poesie was divine, and that nothing might be found either more elegant or grave; in such manner, that the abundance of supereminent conceits choacked not the grace, nor curiositie took any think from the propriety thereof.

And whereas he writeth, that his prose seemed not equal to the verse, but retained somewhat of the barbarisme of that Age, I assure my self *Scaliger* may have taken some works falsly attributed to *Boetius*, as there are in the great Mass compiled under his name, which have likewise deceived *Cardinal Baronius*, who imputeth the book of the *Discipline of Schollars* to him, which is one of the most silly pieces that could come from a man alienated from common sense.

Among other things this Author saith, that he hath been in the City of *Julius Cæsar*, called *Paris* to take the air, and that he there hath seen many bad schollers, discoursing of Nations, and giving a face to the University, as it had in later times; which will seem ridiculous to every one who shall consider the life of *Boetius*, and the times wherein he flourished. It is no wonder, if those who have admitted such works for pieces of *Boetius*, not through want of judgment, which hath been in these two personages, whom I mention, very great, but for fault of giving time to examine them, they there have found matters, which with them have lessened the opinion of such an Author.

But this is very certain, that all which is extant of this brave Writer, hath in it vigour, grace, purity, spirit, and excellent good consequence: as appeareth in the books of Consolation. As for the rest he hath not so confined himself in this great eloquence, but that he entreth into the most profound questions of Philosophy and Theologie: and should he have no other honour, but to make *Aristotle* first speak Latine, who was unknown in the West, I should make much more account of him, then if he had raised *Orpheus* up again with his Harp. The great knowledge he had of Geography, Arithmetick, Musick, and all which concern the Mathematicks, was the cause when any one stood in need of some piece of wit, they went presently to *Boetius*, as the onely man of the Empire, who was esteemed a true Liberary, animated with the spirit of all Arts. It is a pleasant thing to read what the King *Theodorick* wrote to him in requiring a dial of him, to present it to the King of *Burgundy*. Behold the words of his great Secretary *Cassiodorus*.

It is not reasonable to contemn the requests which Kings our ntighbours with all confidence make unto us, and especially when they require some slight things, which they account in the number of great treasures, it happeneth often times that the dalliances and conceits of wit obtain that by sweetness, which arms cannot gain by force. If we needs must play, let us so use the matter our sports may be made for the good of the publick, and let us search for things serious even in pleasures. The King of Burgundy intreateth of me with much instance two dials, the one circumvolved with water, the other with the sun, and he prayeth me to send skilfull masters to shew him this invention. Let us afford entertainment to this Nation, to the end they may hold those things for miracles, which we here dayly use for recreation. I understand the report which their Embassadours have made of these and the like workmanships, which hath much amazed them, as a thing very extraordinary. Now I know you are so accomplished in all sorts of sciences, that you have tasted in the fountain of all the industries, what others seek to practise by rote. For you, for this purpose, remained in the University of Athens, *and have so fairly allied together the* Romane *robe with the* Grecian *mantle, that their doctrine by your means is become wholly Latine. You are ignorant of nothing that is in the speculative, nothing which is in the practick; and all that, which the* Athenians *would attribute to themselves of singularity, you have transported into our City of* Rome. *Your translations have made* Ptolomy *the Astrologian,* Nichomachus *the Arithmetician,* Euclid *the Geometrician,* Plato *the divine,* Aristotle *the Legician,* Archimedes *the Mathematician, to speak Latine. All sciences dispersed among so many men, and so many wits, through all ages, are in you altogether united: you have interpreted them all with such perspicuity of discourse, retaining the propriety of language, that should these Authours return to life again they would prefer your translation before their own originals.*

Afterward he enlargeth himself upon the praise of the Mathematicks, then returning to his diall, he saith, it is an admirable thing to see, that a little immoveable steel every day performeth as much way as the sun, and that if the stars had understanding, they would envy dials, and return back again, for fear to be surprized by this pretty sport of men, the hours would be ashamed, that being the daughters of the day and night, they were painted with shadows. In the end, having given full scope to his wit, he concludes, and saith: I pray you send us two dials so soon as you can, to the end you may be known by the figures of your spirit, in a Country, where no man shall see the print of your foot-steps. I would have them understand that our Senatours here are as learned as Doctours, that they may admire your inventions, and esteem them as dreams, so that being awakened, they may confess they have nothing comparable to us.

Fugam solis aquiparat, quod motum semper ignorat. Invideret talibus, si astra sentirent. Vli est illud horarum de lumine venientium singulare miraculum. si has & umbra demonstrat? Cassiodorus, l. variar. Epist. 45.

Cassiodorus amassed together all the strength of his wit, when he was to dispatch letters to *Boetius* in the behalfe of his King. Witness whereof yet is that other excellent Epistle of Musick, where we learn that our great King *Clodovæus*, having demanded a singular Player on the Lute of *Theodorick*, who then reigned in *Italy*, address was presently made to *Boetius* to chuse him, with a magnificent letter, which still retaineth a notable testimony of his ability.

Cassiodorus variarum 16. Epist. 42.

Angelus Politianus, who had throughly read him, holdeth opinion, that there is nothing to be found more sharp then He in *Logick*, more subtile in the *Mathematicks*, more rich in *Philosophy*, nor more sublime in *Theology*, adding the judgment of *Albertus Magnus*, and of S. *Thomas*, who have commented upon his works, and assuring us that his sentences were all as it were without appeal. *Laurentius Valla* calleth him the last of the learned, thereby willing to say, that all the glory of the excellent wits of antiquity, was buried with him.

But why go we about to search out the testimonies of Authours, since we have still some of his true works in our hands, which are the mirrours, wherein the wit of *Boetius* makes it self to be seen with more advantage to all posterity? It may be said, he had too much Philosophy for a States-man, but the bird is not burdened with her feathers, no more then the tree with his leaves and flowers.

What

What wrong hath he done to the City of *Rome*, if when he saw himselfe to be taken from the Common-wealth, and in tearmes where he could not assist it with his counsels, he honoured it with the riches of his wit, charming the sharpnesse of troubles with the sweetnes of his retirement, and giving an account to posterity of the time which he husbanded for it?

The third SECTION.

His entrance into the government of the State.

I Will willingly leave all digression to come to my project, & seeing the life of *Boetius* furnisheth us, not with many slight matters, wherewith ordinarily volumes are stuffed, when men desire to distend them beyond their merit, I rest on negotiations of government, which shew a man as well as doth the needle the hours upon a true clock.

Boetius happened in a time, which gave him an admirable list to combat in, with firm footing against vices the most applauded, and to place his virtues in the bright splendour of light, not holding them still imprisoned within the precincts of a library.

Behold here a strong adversary, that fortune put upon him, which exercised his constancy in rough affairs, and caused him in the end to pass by the dint of sword, ending a brave life by a Tragedy very bloudy, no whit abating his noble courage.

This is a history which verily hath given occasion of much horrour to spirits the most strong, and execration to mouths the most innocent; to detest the tyranny of a barbarous sword, purpled with the bloud of an honourable old man, by whose mouth all learning, and the best maxims of State did speak. It is necessary, my Reader, well to deduce this narration, you first understand the humour, qualities, fortune, beginnings, progress, and the end also of this Persecutour.

You must therefore understand, that the City of *Rome*, which counteth its age, and continued before the *Cæsars* seven hundred years, and after *Augustus*, who was the first Emperour, about five hundred twenty three, and generally from the foundation thereof, one thousand two hundred twenty nine, was at that time involved in very great perplexities, the Emperours living then the age of flowers, and driving one another, as waves, to be broken against the rocks.

One *Nepos* elected to the Empire, chose for his Constable a man called *Orestes*, who sought to take the Purple from his Master, to give it to his son, and verily he caused him aloud to be saluted *Cæsar*, and set the Diadem on his head, surnaming him *Augustus*, though afterward for contempt, the name of *Augustulus* was given unto him.

It is a fatal blow from the providence of God, that the Empire of the West, which begun by an *Augustus*, must receive end by an *Augustulus*: as that of the East, having commenced under *Constantine the Great*, concluded afterward in the person of *Constantinus Dragosus*, vanquished by *Mahomet*.

Nepos seeing himself betrayed by him in whom he most confided, sent for *Odoacer* King of the *Heruli* to his aid, who like the wolf in the fable reconciled the dogs that worried one another, by eating them. For he defeated these two contesting Princes, and seeing himself march in the fair fields of *Italy* with sword in hand, attended by strong Legions, the great weakness of the Empire, so many times overwhelmed by civil wars, being unable to oppose his designs, he being entreated to help a friend, payeth himself by his own hands, and makes himself Master of his possessions: experience ever teaching us, that forrain charities, have fingers some-what crooked to lay hold on that, which they make shew to succour.

The Emperour *Zeno*, who reigned in *Constantinople*, understanding all this goodly business, dispatcheth *Theodorick* into the West, to make head against this usurper: whether he had a purpose to throw the apple of discord between those two strangers, who in too near a degree closely courted his estate, to make them devour one another, or whether that he cordially loved this man, and that to oblige him, not hurting himself, he freely gave him a matter desperate; he armed, and supported him with gold and strength, to raise him to that throne, not having at that time any will thereunto.

This *Theodorick* was bastard-son of *Theodomire* King of the *Goths*, born of a concubine called *Aureliana*. His father who sought for land, which is very easily found out for a tomb, had much afflicted the *Eastern* Empire, oft-times making inrodes even to the gates of *Constantinople*; whereat *Leo* the Emperour, who then reigned being somewhat amazed, endeavoured to gain him by some honest composition, which was done: and the more firmly to bind this accord, *Theodomire* sent his little son *Theodorick*, who was not above eight or nine years of age, in hostage to *Constantinople*. The Emperour beholding him to be of a good disposition and a brave courage, very heartily loved him; and afterward *Zeno*, who succeeeded both to the Empire and affections of *Leo* his father-in-law, much esteemed this young man, who arrived to maturity of age, served him most couragiously in brave expeditions of war against the *Gepides* and *Bulgarians*, sworn enemies of the Empire.

This occasion whereof we speak being offered, *Theodorick* flyeth like a Merlin to his prey, and leaving the Court of *Constantinople* came into *Italy*, attended by gallant troups, to decide the matter of Empire and life with *Odoacer*. He being ful of fire, handled his adversary very roughly, and defeated him in three battails, making him forsake the field, and inforcing him to immure himself in *Ravenna*, where he belieged him, for the space of three years resolved either to loose his head in *Italy*, or encircle it with a Crown at *Rome*.

The father *Theodomire* being already deceased, his mother the fair *Aureliana*, who had reigned in affections, entertained an insatiable desire to command over the most important part of the world, and being then in the field, she spared not to excite the souldiers, and advance a spur of fire very far into the heart of her son: whereupon it is recounted that *Odoacer*, after so long a siege, being reduced to an extream scarcity of victuals, and seeing he could not any longer subsist, resolved to seek in the hazard of arms, the remedy which he could not finde in his languishment. He espied a time, when the assailants tired out with so long a resistance, seemed now to relent, so that by the benefit of a fair night be made a sally with his whole army, composed of people hungry as wolfs, and resolved to conquer or dy in this last battel. Their sally was so furious and unexpected, that *Theodorick*, who was otherwise a great Captain, seeing the astonishment and disorder of his souldiers, betook himself timely to flight, when this *Aureliana* his mother, moved with an ardent ambition, which gave her courage above her sex, came before him, and taking him by the hand had

confidence to say: *My Son whither go you? you must of two things do one, either fight, or return into the womb of your mother. You have, as far as I can perceive, the enemy at your back, and fear on your forehead: turn your head against the one, and you shall chase away the other: If you persist in this flight, I will rather make a wall of my body to stay you, then render my selfe a confederate of such an obloquie.*

It is a strange thing, that the words of a woman were stronger then the sound of trumpets, arms, flight, and the black apprehensions of death. This young Prince, changing his fear into a generous shame, speedily rallyeth the troups that were best resolved, and hasteneth to fall upon his enemy, with such violence, that his souldiers seemed so many flying Dragons, who handled their matter so well, that the valiant *Odoacer*, notwithstanding his best endeavour, was constrained to retire into *Ravenna*.

Some time after, seeing his enemy was invincible, he caused him to be sought unto for peace, on such condition, that they should between them, divide the Kingdom of *Italy*, to which *Theodorick*, whether that he was wearied out with so long a war, or that he hoped the more easily to joyn the skin of the fox to that of the Lion, willingly consented to this counterfeit peace. The agreement signed, he entered into *Ravenna*, and these Princes, who were both very brave souldiers, embraced before the face of two armies, mutually preventing each other with all manner of courtesie.

But, oh good God! what cement was ever found able enough to entertain ambition and amity in one constant state? and what world hath at any time been wide enough to lodge two ambitious men without a quarrel? Their conversation too frequent, first sowed contempts and insolencies among souldiers of different Nations, afterward jealousie crept into the hearts of the Captains, and distrust into the souls of the Sovereigns, who beheld and observed one another, as expecting who should first begin.

Theodorick, whether he sought for some pretext, which ever is soon enough found out to colour the greatest mischiefs, or whether he understood of a design intended on the part of his enemy, imagined the earth was not large enough to give elbow-room to his ambition, whilest *Odoacer* shared the Throne with him; that there was but one sun necessary in heaven, and one King in a Countrey; that he could not endure a Crown made crescent-wise, but that it was very fit, he should furnish out the roundness of its circle; and for the rest that man would sooner be King, who first prevented his adversary.

Hereupon he resolved on a horrible assassinate: for feigning all friendship and affection, he invited *Odoacer* to a magnificent feast which he had prepared for him to be the last of his life. It is a great matter, that there must be a bait alwayes to surprize men and birds, and that the greatest disasters ordinarily happen in the sports and banquets, when sensuality predominateth, and reason is ecclipsed. This miserable King of the *Heruli*, made it well appear by his over-much confidence, that he had not so much mischief in him, as was afterward imputed to his ashes; for he very joyfully went to this banquet, accompanied with his son, and all the principal of his Kingdom, and walked along with great alacrity, having no other intention but to make war against dishes, and nothing less then at that time to entertain purposes of blood and murder. The resolution notwithstanding is taken to make them all pass by the dint of swords, in a place the most delightfull, where pleasures seem to make men as it were newly born. They entered into a great hall most magnificently furnished, and sat down at the table; there was no speech in the beginning, but of mirth; the spirit disbanded, thinketh on nothing but objects of pleasure, when instantly the signal was given, and the *Goths* drew swords purposely out to offend the most sober patience of the *Heruli*. They answered again what choller and wine suggested: *Theodorick* stood up, and taking his sword slew *Odoacer* with his own hand; the rest fell upon his son, and the Princes of the Kingdom. Never was there seen banquet of *Centaures* and *Lapithes* more unfortunately expressed. Tables and men were overwhelmed, wine ran mixt with blood, the dreadfull cries of the dying made those tremble who were far enough out of danger, and gave matter of pity even to hang-men; yet for all this not a man was spared; the bodies mangled and bloody were cast one upon another, and the poor souls issued forth in the midst of massacres and furfets to yield an account in the Court-hall of Heaven.

Sigonius l. 5. Occidentali de imperio in fine.

So an ancient manuscript observeth it, found in a library at *Rome*.

What horrours of the abyss, and furies of Devils see you here? I would know, whether there be any beast in the world that had heaped together in one sole body, the enraged hunger of wolves, the subtlety of foxes, the strength of Lions, the cruelty of Tigers and Panthers, the poison of Basilisks, whether it may be more dangerous to man, then himselfe, when he is possessed with a mischievous ambition.

Oh how happy would the lives of men be, were they not infected with these venemous passions, which transform reasonable nature into more hideous monsters, then those which Poets have set over the gates of hell. We shall see in the sequel of this history, how wickedness never escapeth the eye of God, and that if he come with feet of lead to chastise it, he notwithstanding hath an arm of iron, to cut up treacheries by the root.

This murder divulged, the *Heruli* took arms to revenge their Prince, but the Centinels disposed in many places of the City, hewed those in pieces who shewed themselves most forward.

Theodorick made a declaration very ample, wherein he expressed, that that which caused him to resolve on such an action, was nothing but the security of his person, against which *Odoacer* had a most evident design, which would instantly have appeared in the deprivation of his life and estate, had he not with all diligence prevented his enemy. That he did, what the law of nature ordained, in so manifest a danger, but that he will hence forward witness all manner of clemency to such as would throw themselves into his arms, indifferently stretched out to accept the obedience of all the world.

The great distast of war every one had at that time, the little hope the most mutinous conceived to revenge their quarrell, and the authority of *Zeno* the Eastern Emperour, who ceased not to support *Theodorick*, caused a great silence in arms, and afforded full liberty to this ambitious King of the *Goths*, to become Master of *Italy*.

As for the rest, he seeing *Rome* was then as it were like a great oake overthrown, where every one hasteneth on all sides to get the spoil, and that the *French*, *Visigoths*, and *Burgundians* might aspire, as he, to the conquest of *Italy*; he made alliances with all those Princes, and especially with *Clodovaus*, who at that time reigned, whose sister he took in marriage. Besides, the Emperour *Zeno*, that had ever upheld him, happening to die, as *Anastasius* his succes-

Procopius saith, that *Theodorick* took pretext, and treacherously slew him at a banquet.

four

sour mide shew to cause an alteration in affairs, and would render himself absolute in the West, this man knew so well how to play his part, that he diverted his ambitions another way.

There is also a letter to be found in *Cassiodorus*, which he wrote to this *Anastasius*, deputing a solemn Embassage to him for the obtaining of peace, where among other things he saith: *That it is good reason they should seek for peace, who have no cause to make war, and that the man wadeth far into wrong, who giveth no testimony of any disposition to receive conditions sutable to justice. As for himself, he acknowledged the Emperour, as the prime dignity raised above all other Kingdoms, and to be the support of the whole world, and that one of the greatest favours from God, which he hath at any time received, was to have learned in the Court of* Constantinople, *how he ought to govern the* Romans. *That he knows the authority of the Emperour is the onely modell of all the policy in the world, and that so much as God hath exalted him above other Princes, so much would he humble himself under this Monarch, from whom he requireth most glorious amity, that he may hereafter apply himself to all that which may appertain to his honour and service.*

The Emperour *Anastasius*, who according to the humours of his turbulent spirit cut himself work enough out in the East, not going to seek for it in the West, seeing that he set himself into the conditions of a suppliant, when his fortune might already put into his mouth words armed for command, suffered him to gnaw his bone in secure peace. The *Romans* considering, that besides force of arms he had the consent of two Emperours of the East, willingly received him, under hope they had to see some tranquility succeed after so many storms, which had afflicted their State.

Behold how from a Knight of fortune he arrived to the dignity of an Emperour: he being notwithstanding resolved never to take upon him the Title of Emperour, but contenting himself with the name of King, thereby to decline the jealousie of those, who were very capable of it. He that would consider the qualities of his person, which contributed to enthrone him in a place so eminent, shall find, that besides military virtue, he had other parts very worthy to govern, were it not that his spirit was drenched both in humane policy and long prosperities, which served as disloyal nurses to sin.

It seemeth that *Sidonius Apollinaris* had studied him, and summed him up even to the haires of his head, when in the second Epistle of his first book he so curiously describeth him, and saith among other things: He had a body exceedingly well proportioned, the top of his head well circled, his eye-brows thick, his hair long, his nose hooked, his lips soft, his teeth of ivory, his complexion white mingled with vermillion, which quickly blushed, more through shamefac'dness then choller, his body very comely, his arms strong, his hands slender, his breasts full, his leg plump, his feet small to support a great body.

He addeth, that concerning his manners, he ordinarily prayed before break of day in the presence of his Bishops, who were *Arians*, without noise or attendance, and that afterward he applied himself to affairs, and gave audience to Embassages and petitions, where he heard much and spake little, ever shewing himselfe very intentive in resolutions, and most prompt in the expedition of that which he had resolved on. From thence he went to survey his Arsenal, his Magazins, his Stables, and his Treasures; or he went on hunting, being naturally so dexterous in shooting, that infallibly he would not miss the mark. After exercises he took his repast; where he loved to be entertained with serious things, and as for that which concerned his table, there might be seen (saith he) *The nativeness of* Grecians, *the plenty of* French, *the promptness of* Italians, *and a discipline truly Royall.* If after dinner he played at dice, his custom was to be silent when he won, to laugh when he lost, and never to be angry, but rather to take occasion to speak some good words, and ever handled dice as manly as arms.

For the rest, he was so good a gamester, that not disquieting himself at all, he rejoyced to see his subjects in humour against him, and so despoiled himself in game of affected gravity, that he seemed to have no other fear, but to be feared. It did him good then to be asked some favour, and such a one oftentimes lost in game with him, who won his suit.

About three of the clock the burden of affairs of the Kingdom had their turn, wherein he rendered himselfe very serious till the time of supper.

Ennodius in his Panegyrick saith, that he honoured the Royal purple with the rays of his countenance, and that there was not in the world a habit so beautifull, which he made not more lustrous by wearing it on his body: that his eyes had the serenity of the spring, and that his hands were worthy to give death to rebels, and matter of vowes to his subjects: That all which Diadems perform in the person of other Emperours, nature had done in him; and that nothing in him was wanting but an heir: for the truth is, he dyed, not leaving any son to succeed him.

Reader, I have been willing to present unto you succinctly the great revolution of the Empire into which our *Boetius* fell; and the qualities of his Persecutour, who degenerated afterward into so much barbarism. But let us now behold, what he did by the counsell of our great *Boetius* in the manage of his Kingdom; to the end you may have so much the more horrour of his wicked ingratitude, who slew this holy man, that was as the Intelligence and Angel Guardian of his State.

The fourth SECTION.

The entrance of Theodorick *into* Rome *and his happy government by the counsel of* Boetius.

Theodorick having pacified the City of *Ravenna*, and made himself Master of the most important places of his Kingdom, went to *Rome* with the most flourishing troops of *Italy*, where he was received in the manner of ancient triumphs; which exceedingly pleased the people, who at that time resembled the earth, which ariseth from the snows of winter, as from a tomb, to becom young again with the sweet breath of the spring.

So many years were slipt away wherein they had not seen any thing but divisions, troubles, famine, and blood; when this Prince came to appear upon the triumphant Chariot, with his golden arms, which gave him a marvellous majesty, besides the graces he had from nature, they thought they beheld a star newly descended from Heaven, and followed him with infinite acclamations in witness of affection.

He being alighted at the Palace, *Boetius*, who was the principal man of the world in nobility, wit, and learning, was chosen out from all the State to make him an Oration: In which, being then in full vigour of eloquence, he most divinely acquitted himself. It is a great loss, that posterity hath not pre-

ſerved ſo brave a monument of this rare ſpirit, to enchaſe it now preſently in this work. From thence the King paſſed to the Circus, which was a large place appointed for Jouſts and Tournaments, and ſtaying himſelf at a place called the Palm of gold, he cauſed his throne to be magnificently ſeated in a place very high raiſed, and round about him benches for the Senatours, who appeared all of them cloathed with robes of their order.

There he made an Oration ful of ſweetneſs in preſence of all the people, whereby he declared he had a purpoſe to revive the ancient magnificence of *Rome*, and vehemently to deſire to conform himſelf to the faſhions of thoſe Emperours, who had been the moſt zealous for the Weal-publick: which made the whole world conceive moſt excellent hopes of his government.

All the City was then in pomp, like to a noble Lady, who having laid aſide ſorrow, ſuddenly appeareth in the bravery of a bright habit. Never day ſeemed to ſhine more reſplendently to an afflicted people.

It was in the ſame time that S. *Fulgentius* coming from *Africk* to *Rome*, after he had viſited the Churches of the Martyrs, paſſed along by the Circus at the inſtant, when all theſe gallant ceremonies were performed, where he was ſo raviſhed, beholding the majeſty of the Emperour, the glory of his Senate, the luſtre of his nobility, the magnificence of the place, and the throng of innumerable people, that he cried out: *Oh how beautiful is* Jeruſalem *the celeſtial, ſince* Rome *the terreſtrial at this day appeareth with ſuch Splendour! Good God! if you allow ſo much honour on earth, to thoſe who follow vanity, what glory will you give in heaven to your Saints, who ſhall behold verity?*

Quàm ſpecioſa debet eſſe Hieruſalem *illa cœleſtis, ſi ſic fulget* Roma *terreſtris! Et ſi in hoc facto datur tanti honoris dignitas diligentius vanitatem, qualis honor et gloria tribuetur ſanctis contemplantibus veritatem?*

The ceremony being ended, the King entertained all the Senate in a feaſt worthy of his greatneſs, and diſtributed liberalities to the people, which ſeemed to renew the face of ancient *Rome*. He diſpoſed himſelf, preſently to viſit all the places of the City, to know the condition of his Senatours, to inform himſelf of the humour of the people, to obſerve the ſtate of affairs, and to conſtitute the government.

It is moſt certain, he was indowed with a natural wit good enough, but he had withall ſo little experience in civil affairs, that he had much ado to ſign ordinary diſpatches.

Anonymus Author in cujus vita.

Behold the cauſe why a nameleſs Authour, who wrote his life in a very low ſtile, witneſſeth, that he uſually ſigning with four letters, cauſed them to be cut in copper, and clapping them on the paper, fetched the draught of his pen round about, to ſerve as a model, to the end that by this means he might give ſomewhat the better form to his writing. This want of experience cauſed him to tye himſelf conſtantly to two great States-men, whereof the

Idem Author teſtatur.

firſt was our *Boetius*, whom he made Maſter of Offices, and ſuperintendent of his houſe, in ſuch ſort, that all paſſed by his counſel: the other was *Caſſiodorus*, of whom he made uſe, as of a moſt able and faithful Secretary to dictate all the letters and proceeding of the Kingdom.

Boetius, whom he in the beginning loved as the apple of his eye, and honoured as his father, gave him the forms and maxims of all that excellent policy, which we behold ſo reſplendent in his government. I will here couch ſome of them, that Politicians may ſee the happineſs, which commonly waiteth on States guided by the ways of conſcience.

The firſt maxim was, that King *Theodorick*, being an *Arian*, ſhould not onely abſtain from perſecuting and afflicting the Catholick Church in any kind whatſoever, either of himſelf or by any of his, but on the contrary ſhould cheriſh, honour, protect, and maintain it with all the extent of his authority, becauſe the experience of Ages had made it appear, that thoſe who were intereſſed in the perplexities of Religions contrary to the Catholick, had proſpered very ill: and that not going any further, the deportments of the Emperour *Anaſtaſius*, who then reigned in *Conſtantinople*, made it manifeſt enough, ſince he had involved himſelf in the hatred of the Clergy and people, to ſupport with paſſion certain novelties: and how on the contrary, ordinary practiſe had diſcovered, that all Monarchs, who had entertained good correſpondence and reſpect with Eccleſiaſticks, were evermore honoured in their government, and much happier in the ſucceſs of their affairs.

Theodorick ſo well obſerved this maxim, that to witneſs the zeal he bare to our Religion, he cauſed the head of one of his officers to be cut off, who having been bred in the Catholick Church, became an *Arian*, thinking by this means to be advanced into the good favour of his Maſter. But this brave King, *My friend*, ſaith he, *ſince thou haſt been diſloyal to God, I can never think thou wilt be faithful to thy Prince. Thou ſhalt waſh away the ſtain of thy treachery with thy blond, to teach poſterity, thou muſt not mingle the intereſts of God with the profane pretences of thy fortunes.*

Theodorus Anagnoſtes. Ὃς τῷ Θεῷ πίστιν οὐκ ἐφύλαξας, πῶς ἀνθρώπῳ φυλάξεις συνειδησιν ὑγιαίνων.

He ſhewed himſelf very zealous to preſerve peace in the Church in a moſt dangerous ſchiſm raiſed in his time. For Pope *Anaſtaſius* being deceaſed, and they proceeding lawfully to the election of *Symmachus*, there was a *Senatour* of an unquiet ſpirit, who deſirous to make a Pope at the devotion of the Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, to countenance his Extravagancies, banded Altar againſt altar: and cauſed an Antipope to be choſen, named *Laurentius*, which rent both Senate and Clergy into great partialities. But *Theodorick* very ſpeedily quenched the fire, and being well informed of the buſineſs, ſeeing *Symmachus* was firſt elected, and ſupported by the ſoundeſt part, he maintained him with a ſtrong hand againſt all the enterpriſes of adverſaries, who durſt not in the end reſiſt his authority.

Beſides, having publiſhed an Edict againſt the favourers of the *Heruli*, who perplexed the Province of *Genoa* and *Milan* whither they were retired, that fell out to be the cauſe of very many miſeries, and tears among the poor people, who having no ſupport ſo helpful unto them as the Biſhops, threw themſelves into the arms of *Epiphanes* and *Laurentius*, both great Saints and great Prelates, the one of *Pavia*, the other of *Milan*. *Epiphanes* undertook to ſpeak and ſaid to the King:

Sir, Should I here reckon up all the favours which you have received from God, I might make you appear more ſparing in your deſires, then he hath been in his liberalities; ſince you have aſked nothing of heaven which hath not ever ſurmounted your vows and hopes. But not to ſpeak at this time of ſo many prodigies, is it not a very great wonder to ſee you do juſtice in the throne of your enemy, and to behold us pleading the cauſe of your ſervants, with ſuch a confidence, in a place, which the terrour of arms had heretofore rendered ſo dreadful?

Sir, It is the Saviour of the world, who hath given into your hand this people, which hath charged us with their requeſts. Take good heed, how you offend him by ill uſing the gift he hath afforded you. Know how an inviſible power hath led you by the hand into ſo many encounters and battels, that the air, rain, and ſeaſons have favoured your ſtandards, as if they had been to you engaged. Now is the time you muſt acknowledg ſo many benefits by your piety, not deſpiſing the tears of the afflicted, which are the ſacrifices of ſupplians. The examples of your Predeceſſours, who have been caſt out of the throne for their iniquity

iquity, ſhew, you cannot eſtabliſh it but in your virtues.

upon this conſideration, your Country proſtrate at your feet, moſt humbly begges to, you would be pleaſed to ſweeten the rigour of your laws, not only by doing good to the innocent, but by pardoning the culpable. For very little would our clemency be, if we did onely abſtain to ſtrike thoſe who have given offence to none, not conſidering mercy is not made for any but the miſerable. In revenging your injuries you ſhall do like men of the earth, and by pardoning, ſhare in glory with that great Monarch of heaven, who daily maketh his ſun to ſhine on criminal heads, as well as the moſt innocent.

The King made a moſt courteous anſwer, ſaying: There was no reaſon that earthly powers ſhould reſiſt the prayers of Biſhops, who made heaven propitious: and that he remitted to all in general the puniſhments of death ordained by laws: but in ſo much that the ulcer muſt be purged, leaſt by ſhewing himſelf too indulgent to vices, he might make them paſs into example for poſterity, the conſideration of his ſtate required the Authours of ſedition ſhould be removed, to the end their preſence might not foment the evil.

Vitia transmittit ad poſteros qui præſentibus culpis ignoſcit.

The reply was found very reaſonable, and letters of grace inſtantly diſpatched by *Vrbicus*, who was one of the chiefeſt officers in the Court for expeditions.

He ſatisfied not himſelf with this favour: but calling the good Biſhop into his cabinet, having highly commended him, ſent him among the *Gauls* to redeem the *Italian* priſoners there, by reaſon the *Burgundians* in certain incurſions had taken away very many: and others over-whelmed with the miſeries, which proceed from civil wars, were voluntarily ſtept aſide. The King gave commiſſion to the Biſhops to rally them to their troups, liberally defraying the charges that were neceſſary.

Caſſiodor. l.2.c.2.29.

There is alſo found one amongſt his letters addreſſed to Count *Adela*, wherein he witneſſeth, that though he had a great deſire to preſerve his people in full peace and repoſe, becauſe the glory of a Prince conſiſteth in the tranquility of his ſubjects; yet that he principally intended the Churches ſhould enjoy this favour; ſince in obliging them, the mercies and bleſſings of God were drawn on his kingdom and purſuing this courſe, he commanded Duke *Ida*, to cauſe all the Eccleſiaſtical poſſeſſions to be reſtored, which ſome had uſurped in *Languedoc*, after the death of *Alarick*. Obſerve the good foundations of piety which he laid by the counſel of *Boetius*.

The ſecond Maxim was, to bend all his endeavours, and imploy his beſt thoughts for the comfort of the people, becauſe there is not any way more powerful to gain the hearts of all the world, then by ſweetning the ſharpneſs of the times preſent, or the burdens of the paſſed. We have ſeen (ſaid he) by experience, that thoſe who are deſirous to poſſeſs gold without the love of the people, have been very unſafe; that Kings differ not from other men, but in being powerful to do good, and that the common ſort meaſure their greatneſs onely by their bounty: that is it, which heretofore made the Gods of Gentiles, and which maintaineth Monarchies on the firm rock of conſtancy.

Caſſiodor. l.4.ep.36.

Theodorick imbraced this care moſt particularly, for he punctually enquired after the loſſes of his poor ſubjects, and if he found any moleſted by the paſſage of ſome troups, or other like, he releaſed them of taxes and ordinary ſubſidies, as it may yet be ſeen in his letters, and namely in one which he wrot to Preſident *Fauſtus*, wherein he commanded him to hold his hand in this buſineſs, *Becauſe* (ſaith he) *a body over-burdened ſinketh to the ground, and that it were better to deſpiſe a ſlight gain, then to deprive himſelf of pretious things received from the love of ſubjects. The river which gtideth along* (ſaid he) *though it do no other ſpoil, ſtill worketh out its channel; ſo companies of ſouldiers, which paſs through towns and villages, though military diſcipline be there obſerved, fail not to bring thither with them much damage, and therefore it was his pleaſure, the places ſhould be recompenced which had been overcharged.*

Lib.4. Epiſt. 2.

For the ſame reaſon, he appointed fifteen hundred crowns of alms to be delivered to the venerable Biſhop S. *Severinus*, to diſtribute them among the peaſants, which he knew had been vexed with the harbouring of certain warlick companies. Verily, as it is no ſmall temerity in particular men, who have neither any charge nor knowledge of affairs, to argue great men upon tributes, and the husbanding of their treaſures; ſo would it be a neglect to conceal from them upon occaſions the moderation they ought to uſe herein, ſince it is ſo exactly recommended by the law of God, and publiſhed in all hiſtories.

If a ſtranger raiſed from the bottom of barbariſm, ſhewed himſelf ſo Religious in matters of ſubſidies towards men, whom his arms had newly made tributary; Princes, and Lords of Chriſtendom have good cauſe to conſider what they owe to a people, which is given them as to Fathers and Protectours of the publick. There is no doubt, but the exorbitancies committed in ſuch like affairs, are moſt important charges of conſcience, which much clog a ſoul in the agonies of death, and in the dreadful judgement of Almighty God.

There is alſo to be ſeen an Edict of the ſame Prince, where having underſtood that in the payment of taxes, the rich made the heavieſt part of the burden to fall upon the ſhoulders of the meaner, and that the undertakers of this buſineſs ill behaved themſelves therein; he deteſteth all theſe abuſes, as injuries done to his own perſon, and gave full liberty to thoſe who had been wronged to complain to him, that ſuch order might be taken, as he ſhould judge reaſonable. This manner of proceeding made him ſo beloved, that other Princes having paſſed away like dreams of one night, he reigned thirty years in a moſt ſupereminent degre of reſpect which thoſe, even of the religion contrary to his own, bare him.

The third Maxim given him by *Boetius*, was to make himſelf moſt exact in the exerciſe of juſtice, becauſe it is the baſis of thrones, and the ſpirit which animateth all government: and he ſo deeply impreſſed this in his heart, that the deſire he had to render every one what was his, was changed in him to a moſt ardent thirſt, and a continual hunger. He ſelected out the moſt untainted and uncorrupted Governours he could find, and ſpake theſe words unto them, related by *Caſſiodorus*:

Uſe the matters ſo, that judges of Provinces may be very careful in the obſervation of laws; that Tribunals ſpare not to thunder out ſentences againſt ill manners; that theeves may fear the gates of your Palaces; that the adulterer may tremble before a chaſte Officer; that the forger may feel horrour at the voice of a Herauld; and that all crimes may be baniſhed from our territory; that no man oppreſs the poor; that perſecutours be apprehended and purſued as diſturbers of publick repoſe. You ſhall make a general peace when you have beaten down the authours of miſchiefs which are committed. Let Captains contain their ſouldiers in all manner of diſcipline, in ſuch ſort that the labourer, the merchant, the ſailer, and the artificer, may underſtand arms are not made, but for their defence. I will not likewiſe that my neareſt alles be pardoned in any caſe of juſtice; ſince I have taken the Common-wealth into my charge, I have deſpoiled my ſelf of my proper intereſts. I wiſh well to mine, but in the generality.

Caſſiodor. var.l.12. Mihi propria cura dilapſa eſt poſtquam generalem capi cogitavi. re cuſtodiã. Opto meis bene, ſed quod poſſit eſſe commune.

Purſuing the maxims I will recount an admirable paſſage, which he uſed among others, to make his juſtice remarkable. A *Roman* Lady left widow by

the

Manuscriptum P. Sirmondi. Joannes Magnus, & Laurentius Venetus.

the death of her husband had lost a son born of this marriage, who was secretly stoln from her, and in servitude bred up in another Province. This childe grown up a young man, received notice from a good hand, that he was of free extraction, and son of a Lady, whose name was given him, her aboad, and all circumstances, which caused him to undertake a voyage to *Rome* with intention to make himself known unto her. He came directly to his mother, who was much perplexed with certain love-affairs, having betroathed her self to a man, who often promised her marriage, yet never accomplished it. This lover then absent, and detained by urgent affairs very far from *Rome*; the Lady had the space of about thirty days free, wherein she kept this young man in her house, acknowledging him, and particularly avowing him for her son, throughly convinced by evident tokens, so that then her charity was so great towards him, that she ceased not to weep for joy, in the recovery of her loss.

The thirty days expired, the Lover returned, and seeing this guest newly come to her house, demandeth of the Lady what man he was, and from whence he came. She freely answered, he was her son. He, whether moved by jealousie, thinking this might be but a colour, or that pretending the marriage of the widow, he would not have a charge of children, plainly told her, if she sent not away this found child from her lodging, never should she have any share in his affection. The unhappy creature surprized with love, to serve his passion, renounceth her own entrals, and readily banisheth from her house this son, over whom she had so many tears. The young man seeing himself as between the Hammer, and the Anvil, in so great a necessity of his affairs, hasteneth to require justice of the King, who most willingly heard him, and commanded the Lady should be brought before him to be confronted by him. She stoutly denied all the pretensions of this young man, saying; *He was an Impostor and ungrateful, who not contenting himself to have received the charities of a poor creature in her house, needs would challenge the inheritance of children.* The son on the other side wept bitterly, and gave assurance, she had acknowledged him for her own, very lively representing all the proofs which passion and interest put into his mouth.

The King sounded all passages to enter into the heart of the Lady, and asked her whether she were not resolved to marry again. She answered, *If she met with a man suitable to her, she would do what God should inspire her.* The King replyed: *Behold him here, since you have lodged this guest thirty days in your house, and have acknowledged him so freely, what is the cause why you may not marry him?* The Lady answered: *He had not any means, which ever is necessary for housholds expence. And to what may your state truly amount*, saith the King? The Lady replyed, *She was very well worth a thousand crowns, which was great riches at that time. Well* (saith *Theodorick*) *I will give as much to this young man for his marriage, on this condition that you shall marry him.* She much amazed, began to wax pale, blush, tremble, and to shew all the countenances of a perplexed woman, who sought to excuse her self, but faltered in her speech. The King yet to affright her more, swore deeply she should marry him presently, or tell lawful causes of impediment. The poor woman condemned by the voice of nature which cried in her heart, and having horrour of the crime proposed unto her, cast her self at the feet of the King, with much profusion of tears, confessing her loves dissimulation and mishap. Then this great Prince taking the word from her: *Are not you a miserable woman* (saith he) *to renounce your own blood for a villain who hath deceived you; get you to your house, forsake these fond affections, and live in the conditions of a good widow, taking unto you such support from your son, as he by nature ought to afford you.* I leave to relate a singular example, upon the same subject, which I drew from the Chronicles of *Alexandria*, and cited in the third Book, & one and twentieth Section of my first Tome.

The fourth Maxime, which *Theodorick* received from our Oracle, was to place deserving men in offices, and to ground his State upon rewards and punishments, which the ancient *Democritus* said, were the Divinities of Common-wealths.

The King laied this counsel upon his heart, and presently made *Boetius* Superintendent of Offices and Dignities, to the end his judgment might be as the character of the excellent qualities of such as should have principal Commissions. There was no speech at all either of favour, flesh, blood, or nation; all rewards were for men of judgment and virtue: when any one was designed for some office, long and serious inquiry was made of his condition, which being throughly known, the King gave approbation of him by writing to the Senate, or forgot not to put into account all his services and laudable actions, to the end, the sincerity of his proceedings might be known, and that he might cast a double lustre upon him, who received so great a benefit from his hands.

We may behold the practice hereof in many letters, which are to be found upon this subject, and namely, upon the advancement of *Cassiodorus* to the dignity of a *Patrician*; where the King writing unto him letters full of respect, makes a narration of his life and functious, wherein he had very well served his Majesty; and then said unto him: *Enjoy now the recompence of your travel, and doubly take the interests which you have contemned for the publick, for there are no riches more glorious, then to see your virtues crowned both by the testimony of the Prince, and by the praises which proceed from the mouth of all the world. It is a great happiness to oblige a King to confess, that a subject hath that already by his merit, which he grants him by his liberality.* Epist. 1. lib. 4.

This gave so great encouragement to the Nobility to dispose themselves to honour, by the degrees of honesty, that in few years the Court was replenished with persons qualified with parts of Science, & conscience, which are the two sources of good affairs.

The fifth Maxime was, the good husbanding of treasures which are not only the sinews, but the soul, blood, and life of the people.

It must be confessed, that the States of the world, are subject to great maladies: one while there is a drowsiness in affairs, that is the lethargy: sometimes a humour peccant and malign, compoled of passions and errours which besiege the understanding, that is the Epilepsie; sometimes obstacles which hinder the light of good counsel, and they are Cataracts, which grow upon the eys: sometimes obdurations against good advice, that is hardness in the ears. sometimes a malicious silence of truth, that is the squinancy: sometimes oppressions, that is shortness of breath; sometimes want of courage, and those are the evils of the heart: sometimes: there is raised an exorbitant avarice, that is the bulimy, or dog-hunger: sometimes coldness and remisness to unlock Coffers for necessary uses, that is, the gout in the hand: sometimes negligences opportunely to take occasions, & that is the gout in the feet: sometimes fiery ambitions and enraged avarice, and they are feavers:

sometimes

ſometimes you may obſerve malignities and inteſtine wars, which may be called the ſtone, and nephretick pains; ſometimes bloody agonies termed diſſenteries; ſometimes great corruptions of manners, that is the cachochymy: ſometimes ſuddain diſturbances, they are Eryſepelies: ſometimes ſtenches of hidden crimes, and that is an infection of the noſe, which the *Grecians* call *Lozena*: ſometimes there are diſcovered ſpots of impiety, that is the Leproſie: ſometimes an impotency in all the members, that is the Palſie; ſometimes a faintneſs over all the vital parts, that is the Ptiſick.

Never ſhould he have done, who would keep an account of all the maladies, which are ever dangerous in their ſources, and mortal in their iſſues: but this Ptiſick which drieth up the body, and maketh of a living man a kinde of ſpectre or anatomy, is one of the leaſt accidents: and this happeneth to a State through the ill manage of treaſures, contrary to the loyalty due to the ſacred perſons of Kings. That is it which maketh ſouldiers to mutiny, which offendeth the great, and giveth matter of indignation to the moſt reaſonable, and of murmure to all the world: whiles the one account in ſubſtance the gold and ſilver which they have purloined, and the other reckon in Idæa that which is ſpent, entertaining their thoughts with the deſire of a thing afar off, as if one would warm himſelf with the memory of fire.

This is it which bringeth contempt of a Common-wealth abroad, weakneſs at home, and miſery on all ſides: which maketh the people hungry, and a Prince neceſſitous in his own houſe. The effects of this diſeaſe are better known then the remedies thereof practiſed; for there are ordinarily in all States many Reformers, who have verily notable deſigns upon Treaſures; but there is the like uſe made of them, as of Tooth-picks before Dinner.

Theophraſt. de plantis. Ζωον πλεον ἢ ἀνθρωπος.

Money is of the ſect of inviſibles, no man knows what becomes of it in ſo many hands; thoſe who abuſe it, have ſo many kinds of jugling-tricks, which dazle eys, whileſt they fill their purſes. It is a goodly plant, as that which is called the Affodil, or Scepter-royal, which breeds bad little worms, that gnaw all the ſubſtance thereof, and hide themſelves under the leaves, till ſuch time that getting wings, they become Butterflies all ſpeckled over with flowers, and brave it over men in the air, whom they durſt not behold upon the earth.

The State of Great-ones is alſo an admirable tree, but it oſtentimes covereth under its fair verdure, colour, and beauty, men which gnaw like worms, and who frame themſelves wings all enameled with glory at the charge of the publick, to take their flight over the heads of ſo many mortals, whom they look upon with a ſcornful eye, as if they had no further memory of the earth which bare them.

A Prince cannot more oblige his State, then to have an eye open to all theſe diſorders, and to make his money diſtil like blood through all the veins of the body, reſerving ever good Treaſures to render himſelf helpful to his ſubjects, terrible to his enemies, honourable to his Allies, and neceſſary to all the world.

Theodorick became ſo well verſed in this Maxime, that he let not, as it were, a day paſs, wherein he caſt not his eys upon the treaſure of his Exchequer, and that he took not the pains himſelf to ſum up his revenews and expences, to conform his undertakings to his coin. He was moſt exact to draw into his Coffers all innocent gains, and honeſt emoluments as much as he could, preſerving them very charitably for the neceſſities of the Realm. We may ſee this in many of his letters, and eſpecially in that which he wrote to *Saturninus* and *Verbuſius*, where he recommendeth unto them to have a great care of that, which is the beſt part of his Treaſures: and that as he deſireth not to burthen his people, ſo would he not have lawful monies to be loſt. He giveth a reaſon hereof which is very notable: *I have reaſon to avoid poverty* (ſaith he) *becauſe it is the mother of exceſs, and that there is nothing more pernicious then to be poor in Empire. The inquiry which I make after my rights, is the profeſſion of my innocency, and that as I would not avarice and extortions ſhould reign in my Palace, ſo will I from thence baniſh neceſſity.* *Caſſiod. l. 1 Ep. 19.* *Indigentiã juſtè fugimus quæ ſuadet exceſſus. dum pernicioſa res eſt in imperante tenuitas*

The ſixth Maxime was that, which the ſeventy Sages gave among many other to King *Ptolomy*, when he asked of them the means how to govern well. It was their counſel to have, even in time of peace, warlike troops well entertained and guided, to add Majeſty to his State, aud terrour to his enemies. That is it, which *Auguſtus Ceſar* did, to conſtitute his Empire, when he appointed certain revenues which he would not have employed on any other thing, but the entertainment of ſouldiers. That is it, which the Common-wealth did before him, ever holding in neceſſary places ſouldiers well diſciplined. That is it, which by the report of *Valerius Maximus* gave Cities, Provinces, and Kingdoms to the people of *Rome*. And *Theodorick* well acquitted himſelf upon this counſel when he ſaid: *War was never better made, then in time of Peace.* *Ex ep. 24. l. 5.* *Res prælio-rum benè diſponitur, quoties in pace tractatur.*

The ſeventh was well, to fortifie the Frontiers, whereof he was very careful, as he witneſſeth in an Epiſtle, which he wrote to the *Goths* and the *Romans* inhabiting at *Tortona*, giving them commandment to ſtrengthen this place, and not to expect the incurſions of the enemy at unawares. *For* (ſaith he) *all ſuddain things are inconſiderate, and it is too late to build up a Fort, when one is already in danger.* To that he added alſo the forces on the Sea, which are very neceſſary to unite the places of his Territory, to diſſolve the deſigns of his enemies, and to make himſelf great and awful; for the experience of the *Athenian* Wars with the *Spartans* ſufficiently diſcovereth in the Hiſtory of *Thucydides*, that they ever have moſt advantage who command the Sea-coaſt. One may ſee by the letters, that King *Theodorick* wrote to his Lievtenant *Abundantius*, with what vehemency he ſought to make himſelf able in this point, giving out ſtrait Commiſſions to build and rigg out great ſtore of Ships, wherein he thrived ſo well, that he vaunted the *Grecians* and *Africans*, had nothing to condemn in him. *Caſſiod. l. 1. ep. 17.* *Lib. 5. ep. 16.*

The eighth recommended unto him, notwithſtanding his great forces, to entertain peace and good intelligence with his neighbours; to the end, that being leſs buſied in forrein wars, he might have full leiſure to manure his Kingdom with good government, which he did, as we may behold in his Epiſtles, entertaining thoſe Princes with teſtimonies of affection, congratulation in their proſperities, conſolations in their adverſities, embaſſages, and preſents, which were more witty then coſtly. His letter to our *Clodovæus* well ſheweth, that he highly valued above all, the Alliance of *France*, when he proteſteth the ſafety of the Kingdom is his own proper glory, and that he ſhareth in all the proſperities which happened to this great King. *Epiſt 41. l. 2.*

The ninth counſelled him to love letters, cheriſh learned men, who are the Trumpets of the glory of Princes, and make them lead a pleaſing and happy life in the eſtimation of poſterity; and conſequently to cheriſh Arts, invite brave Maſters, maintain

Merchants,

Merchants, discourse even with Labourers with much sweetness, by the example of *Augustus Cæsar*, which he so exactly did, that he rendred himself very amiable to all the world, in such manner humbling himself to the meanest, that he disdained not to be among Peasants to talk with them in their trades, and for their honour, till the earth with his own hands.

The tenth was to take away the riot of particulars, and shew himself magnificent in publick matters, as in buildings, theaters, necessities, and recreations of the people, still undertaking something great for the majesty of the Kingdom, and commodity of the Common-wealth. Towards which he was transported with much fervour and reason, raising many goodly Fabricks, and repairing the honour of places of consideration, even to the equalling of ancient *Rome*. For he saith in an Epistle which he wrote to one *Agapetus*, Governour of the City, that he would not subscribe in ornaments to the Ancients, since he paralelled them in the happiness of his age As in effect, whilest he observed these excellent Maximes, his Kingdom was indeed a Realm of justice, peace, and plenty, beheld by all as the miracle of the world.

The fifth SECTION.

The honours of Boetius, *and alteration of* Theodorick.

Boetius was honoured with so great respect for the many excellent qualities resplendent in his person, that from the foundation of *Rome*, scarcely might a man be found of the long Robe mounted to such an eminency of honour, by the degree of civil prudence, learning, and virtue.

It is a very notable thing, that not only the King made him three times Consul, but needs he would through abundance of his love, that his sons, who were yet very young, should be advanced to the Consulship. A matter not ordinary, but titular and of favour, and very rarely given, but to those who were singularly to be gratified.

Himself confesseth, that if joy were to be derived from frail honours of the world, he had cause enough to rejoyce on that day, when he saw his two sons carried in Pomp through the City in a triumphant Chariot, accompanied with the whole Senate, and attended by an infinite concourse of people, who ceased not to congratulate the father and the children, as the off-spring of a race, born for the good of the Common-wealth.

The same day he made in full Senate an Oration of thanksgiving to *Theodorick*, for the large liberalities extended towards his house, which was delivered with such a grace, that in conclusion they presented him a Crown, as to the King of eloquence. He likewise gave notable largesses to all the people, and appeared in the great Court of the Circus, sitting in the middest of his two Consuls in presence of the whole City, having his heart repleni shed with content, and tears of joy in his eys for the affections which the people witnessed.

To crown all those blessings of fortune, he had married a wife, held one of the most accomplished Ladies under Heaven. For, which is very rare, she enjoyed a great spirit, a singular modesty, and an excellent chastity, of whom *Boetius* sufficiently to praise her, said in one word; *She was the image of her father* Symmachus, who had given her to him in a most chast and happy marriage.

Now this *Symmachus* called the pearl and pretious ornament of the whole world, was a Senatour, who seemed to be composed of nothing but wisdom and virtue, for which cause he then lived in much reputation: and all this family of *Boetius* was in such sort esteemed, that *Ennodius* writeth, it was *a vein of purple*, signifying thereby it contained therein all great dignities, no otherwise then as veins inclose the blood. He notwithstanding addeth, those purples encreased by the lustre of *Boetius*, who possessed them: and after when *Rome* became the prize of those who subdued it, it being no longer lawful for Consuls to reap Palms in the fields of battels, he equalled the ancient triumphs by the greatness of his judgment.

a Ennodius in epist. ad Boetium, l. 8. epist. 1. Vena purpurarum, Purpura possessoribus ince rta scantes.

Gerebert, an Authour who wrote of those times, calleth this *Boetius* the father and light of his Country, who managing the reins of the Empire in the quality of a Consul, spared not to diffuse by the force of his ability in good letters, all the lustre they had, equalling them with the wits of *Grece*.

Tu Pater, & Patriæ lumen, Severine Boeti,
Consulis officio, rerum dispönis habenas,
Infundis lumen studiis, & cedere nescis
Græcorum *ingeniis*.
Boetius, thou Father and Countries-light,
Dispossest Consuls office, common right,
Giv'st studies radiant lustre; and no whit,
In any thing submit'st to *Grecian* wit.

Gerebertus l. 1. Epigr. Pithæ.

Verily, we may see by that which followeth in this History, the little assurance may be had either in men, or favours. If men be vessels who do nothing all their life-time but play with the winds; favours are waves of glass, which fail not to shiver themselves against the Rocks. We would think the Moon much greater then all the Stars, were it not that the shadow of the earth, which we make use of to measure it, causeth the contrary to appear; and we might have some opinion, these great dignities of the world, had much eminency above all that which is here below; were it not, that they daily fall into shadows and phantasms of nothing, which well approve, we have much illusion in our eys, since these greatnesses have taken such estimation in our hearts.

Jealousie a bad daughter born of a good house, which is that of love and honour, divideth beds, and Empires, and hath ever eys so bleared, that it cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperity of another And for that cause, the lustre which proceeded from the house of *Boetius* in such manner, as day progresseth from the gates of the East, failed not at all to give suspicions to King *Theodorick*, who seeing himself a stranger, and ignorant among *Romans*, & men of so great counsel, being not able to derive any other recommendation to himself, but what the sword gave him, envied so many heavenly riches as were contributed to the happiness of his Empire.

The change, which then succeeded at *Constantinople* greatly fortified his distrusts: for it is written that *Anastasius* an Emperour, who had done nothing in the Throne but create Schisms, beholding the Laurels of *Cæsar* wholly withered on his head, had some distast both of life, which he had passionately loved, and of the Scepter possessed with so much ambition. It is certain, that being one day in the Circus, as he espied a furious sedition whispered against him, he voluntarily laid down his Crown, and let the people know by his Heralds he was willing to be rid of the Empire, which for some time appeased the most passionate: notwithstanding, being greatly hated, and foreseeing he could not make much longer aboad in the world, he began to reflect on

on his Succeſſors, deſiring to transfer to the Throne one of his three Nephews, whom he had bred up, having no male iſſue to ſucceed him. There was difficulty in the choice, and he having a ſoul very ſuperſtitious, put that to lot, which he could not reſolve by reaſon: for he cauſed three beds to be prepared in the royal chamber, and made his Crown to be hanged within the Teſter of one of theſe beds, called the Realm, being reſolved to give it to him who by lot ſhould place himſelf under it. This done, he ſent for his Nephews, and after he had magnificently entertained them, commanded them to repoſe themſelves, each one chuſing one of the beds prepared for them. The eldeſt accommodated himſelf according to his fancie, and hit upon nothing: the ſecond did the ſame. He then expected the youngeſt ſhould go directly to the crowned bed, but he prayed the Emperour he might be permitted to lie with one of his brothers, and by this means not any of the three took the way of the Empire, which was ſo eaſie to be had, that it was not above a pace diſtant. *Anaſtaſius*, much amazed, well ſaw God would transfer the Diadem from his race; and it is alſo added, that he likewiſe knew by revelation, that it was *Juſtine* who ſhould ſucceed, for he having determined to kill him, with *Juſtinian*, heard a voice which ſpake in his heart, and ſaid: *He ſhould take good heed to touch theſe two perſonages, becauſe they ſhould do, each one in their turn, good ſervices to God.*

Zacharias and M. S. Sirmundi.

Afterward as this *Juſtine* being ever near the perſon of the Emperour, one day by chance ſet his foot on the train of his robe, the Emperour looking back, *Thou holdeſt me* (ſaid he) *by the gown, and ſhalt follow me; but ſtay a while, your time is not yet come:* which much amazed all there preſent, who thought him to ſpeak like a man diſtracted, not conceiving what he would ſay.

In a few days this *Anaſtaſius*, who ſo much feared thunder, that he fled into a Cave ſo ſoon as at any time he heard the leaſt notice thereof, was ſlain by a thunder-ſtroke upon the very ſtairs of the place which he had choſen for a ſanctuary. *Juſtine* derived from baſe birth, and mounted through all the degrees of War to the dignity of the Captain of the Guard, was choſen Emperour; of whom, he being a valiant man and wel beloved, *Theodorick* began to cõceive a great jealouſie, ſtil fearing he might take out of his hands the Empire he had uſurped.

The beginning of the ſtorm was, that *Juſtine* an Emperour moſt Catholick, treated the *Arians* of *Conſtantinople*, who had been tolerated under *Anaſtaſius*, with the ſeverity ordained by laws, deſpoiſingthem of Churches, which they had boldly uſurped. They failed not to addreſs their complaints, and offer up their grievances to the ears of *Theodorick*: who interpreting the diſgrace of his ſect to the contempt of his perſon, entred into violences more fit for a Barbarian then a King, who had been trained up to civility by ſuch good counſels, for he threatned to turn all *Rome* into fire and blood, if the Emperour *Juſtine* did him not right, and for this purpoſe he ſent Pope *John*, commanding him to go ſpeedily to *Conſtantinople* to cauſe the Churches to be rendred to the *Arians*, ſuppoſing his dignity would procure him full power with the Emperour. The Pope anſwered, he had made very ill choice of him for ſuch an Embaſſage, that the rank he held in the Church permitted him not to be a provider of Churches for the *Arians*, and that if he had any bad deſign upon his perſon, he was ready to ſtretch out his neck for the defence of the Church, there being no need for him to paſs the ſeas for this, and undertake the voyage.

This made him enter into much greater extravagancy, threatning the City with a deluge of blood if it were not remedied: Behold the cauſe, why the Pope was intreated to go to *Conſtantinople*, and to find ſome way how to ſweeteen affairs, yet to let nothing paſs to the prejudice of his conſcience. He yielded to the tears of the people, and undertook the voyage of *Conſtantinople*, accompanied with ſome of the principal Senatours, where the Emperour *Juſtine* received him with much ſubmiſſion, and unſpeakable magnificence.

Theodorick expecting the iſſue of this great Embaſſage, which was not ſo ſoon ended, entred further and further into a vaſt labyrinth of ſuſpicions and jealouſies; beginning to diſtruſt *Roman* Senatours, and to monopolize all affairs with his *Goths*, which was the beginning of his ruine. He at that time did four things which infinitely grieved all good men.

The firſt was, he advanced two, who appeared like two comets over the heads of mortals: The one was called *Gongiaſtus*, and the other *Trigilla*, both men of rapine & concuſſions, who by their evil deportment did much diſgrace the authority of their Prince.

The ſecond was, that he who heretofore uſed great moderation in matter of ſubſidies, bare himſelfe therein moſt inordinately, by the perſwaſion of thoſe two Goths, who were prodigiouſly covetous, and inſatiable in their avarice.

The third was, that in a great ſcarcity of victuals, he cauſed all the corn to be taken out of the fields near *Rome*, enforcing every one by an expreſs Edict to ſell that little which he had upon a very low price for the Kings own granaries, and the entertainment of ſouldiers; which gave occaſion of many tears, the poor entering into deſpair, if the force of this Edict ſhould be of long continuance.

In the end, for a fourth violence, he fell upon the moſt eminent Senatours, diſpoiling them of their goods, and threatning them baniſhment and death under ſuſpicions of treaſons.

Boetius endeavoured to cure *Theodorick* by all the ſweeteſt wayes: but ſeeing his ſpirit was become very dark, and much altered in all that which might be ſaid reaſonable, not to looſe honour and good conſcience in the generall ſhipwrack he foreſaw, he began to roar like a Lion againſt the corruptions of this mercenary Court.

He ſtoutly ſet upon theſe two powerful favourites, and reſiſted them in the greateſt vigour of their credit, with ſuch liberty and conſtancy, that it wel from that time forward appeared this man had his ſoul in his hand, being ever ready to reſign it for the defence of juſtice. *Trigilla*, who was the ſuperintendent of the whole government of the Empire, and the inſtrument of King *Theodorick*, would fain ſeem an able man, and to give colour of wiſdom and reaſon to actions diſproportionable, namely in that Edict publiſhed concerning the great heaps of corn, amaſſed together in the magazine of the Prince, in the ſharp wants and indigencies of the people. *Boetius* lowdly blamed this manner of proceeding, and ceaſed not to declare the miſeries of Provinces in words very effectual, demanding audience of the King, for the good of his State.

Theodorick, whether he had not as yet altogether renounced the reputation of a righteous Prince, or that he thought his great favourite *Trigilla* was grounded upon moſt pertinent reaſons, and ſtrong encounters of affairs, which made him ſtir up theſe

novelties, would needs in his cabinet hear a conference between *Boetius* and *Trigilla* concerning the Decrees; where *Boetius* defended the cause of the poor, with such weight of reasons, prudence, and courage, that he hindered the battery of *Trigilla*, and prevailed so far with the Prince, that he procured him to revoke his Edicts: whereupon these two favourites with all the faction which followed them, finding themselves immeasurably offended, began more and more to cast into the soul of *Theodorick*, already much changed, infinite distrust against *Boetius*, and the whole Senate. And then *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, two personages the best qualified in *Rome*, who had run through all the most honourable charges of the Common-wealth, were very ill intreated by suggestions and suspitions, which these men had raised against them. *Boetius*, seeing the affairs reduced to such a pass, where dissimulation could not repair them, spake in the end to *Theodorick*, in full Senate with all the libertie which his conscience dictated unto him, saying:

SIR, I am not ignorant that we are in a time, wherein it is as it were much easier to flie, then to speak of the State of this Empire without offence to any, and that all discourse, which at this present may be framed, will ever be suspected by those, who have made even our thoughts criminal to your Majestie.

Yet must I needs say, it is a matter very hard to be silent in so great revolutions of affairs, since nature hath not created us like Crocodiles, who are said to have eys to weep and not a tongue to complain. I perceive we loose as it were all that which we have of Romane *in us, and that in this universal disaster, where all the world should strengthen their arms against violence, men are contented to do, as in a thunder, every one prays the thunder-bolt may not fall upon his own house, and very little regards the danger of his neighbour: So likewise we see many Senatours, whose dignity ought to put into their mouthes good and forcible words for the defence of justice, satisfying themselves to avoid the blow, and expecting safety in common ruines.*

As for my self I freely protest, that being born of blood, which never learned to flatter any man, and seeing my self in a rank where my silence may prove injurious to the publick, since I cannot uphold liberty already too much leaning to its ruin, I will at least support the image of it, and in so general a servitude, speak something, wherein I will either discharge my conscience for the present, or comfort my ashes for the time to come.

Alas Sir, when I behold you sitting upon the Throne of glory, whereunto the hand of God seemeth to have raised you by miracle, fortified you by discretion, and blessed you with so many prosperities; I cannot chuse but remember with the most tender resentments of my heart, the calms of the first years, when you took into your hand the stern of this large Empire. Who ever saw divers mettals so happily commixed, as we then beheld different Nations united in one entire body, under your authority? What consent in affections? What correspondence in all orders? What vigour in laws? What obedience in subjects? What agreement in the Senate? What applause among the people? What policie in Cities? what good fortune in arms? What blessing in all the success of your affairs.

Seemed it not, that God had affixed to your Standards and Edicts some secret virtue, which made the one triumph in war, and the other becom prosperous in peace; with so much terrour and reputation, that even things opposite of their own nature, knit themselves firmly together for your benefit?

O Sir, what is become of that golden face of your government? Who hath Metamorphosed it into this leaden visage? Perhaps you thought it was a part of the greatness of your Majestie, to hold a Senate under, to whom all the good Emperours have so much ascribed, that they esteem them as necessary for their greatness, as leaves about the Rose to set out its beautie.

Justin. Genuens. hist. l. 6.

I could tell you Sir, how much these Counsels are pernicious, were it not that the experience of the years of your reign hath taught you more, then all the malignity of men can deface. If you will be pleased to call as yet to counsel your wit & understanding, which God hath repleniished with so many fair and noble lights, believe me you should finde this people is as the herb Basil, which rendereth a good savour, as it is said, when gently handled, and createth scorpions when rudely chafed. Hold us in the estimation and condition, wherein you hitherto have retained us, and you shall see nothing more tractable then the Romane *people: but if you proceed with those violences, by which some daily pervert your good nature, it is to be feared, least this severity produce not rather poison, even for those who hope out of it to derive sweetness.*

Our enemies cease not to exasperate you, upon want of respect due to your Majesty, and yet God knows we have so regarded royal authority, that seeing it in most unjust hands, where it lost its lustre, we suffered it not to loose the fruit of our obedience.

Allow Sir, the liberty, which ever hath been the most pretious inheritance of this Empire, you have placed men over our heads, who to become great and unwilling to seem any thing less then what they are, seek to smother in our miseries, the baseness of their own birth, and believe the means to justifie their own carriage, is to take away eys from those, who have them, and to render tongues mute, least they may learn a truth. Now adays to be born rich is to become a prey, and to arrive at government with some supereminences of wit, is to raise enemies; all great actions are suspected; and it seemeth that to find safety, we must seek it either in ignorance or idleness,

we have so learned to obey, that we would not hitherto so much as inter into consideration of the distribution you made of your favours, leaving them more free unto you then are in the Sun his rays, and contenting us to honour the character of your Majestie as well on Rocks, as Marbles and Silver. But now when we see the pretious interests of the Kingdom, in hands less pure then we wish, what else can we do in so publick a calamity, but here most humbly remonstrate, that which the subtile dissemble, the miserable suffer, the good deplore, and even the very stones relate.

Where is the time, Sir, when we heard those noble words to proceed from your mouth, That the flock may be sheared, not flayed; that a body overcharged, sunk to the ground; that there was no tribute comparable to the precious commodities derived from the love of Subjects? *And now all the Cities and Countries, bewail the vigorous concussions they feel, to satisfy with their sweat and blood, the avarice of some particulars, who are not withstanding, as gredy as fire, and more unsatiable then the abyss.*

I exasperate not here our miseries, by an amplification of words: I have, Sir, made you to see, when you pleased to hear me in your Cabinet, the tears of Provinces, which softened your heart to compassion, and opened your hands to liberality, so that if your good affections be not altered by some, you are capable enough to discharge heaven of all promises, which it hath made unto us by the happiness of your Empire.

Unseal those eys which you so oft have opened for the comfort of your poor subjects, and in what part soever you turn them, you shall behold nought but miseries. Is it not a strange thing, that slaves being sometimes sold to courteous Masters, sweeten the sharpness of their condition by some gentle usage, and that there should be none, but the people of Rome, *who yearly buy out their bondage? None but the people of* Rome, *who were made accountable for the goods pulled from them, and tributary for the ship-wrack of their poverty?*

From thence the way is taken to the oppression of Magistrates, and some are perswaded, that throughly to mow the Meadow, you must humble the heads of plants most eminent, Paulinus *is despoiled,* Albinus *is guilty of Treason, they be culpable enough since they are rich and powerful. It is said, there can be no safety found, but in their disgrace. And who seeth not, that these proceedings tend to the ruine of that most noble body, which almost thirty years maintained your royal Crown?*

Out alas, Sir, if we exclaim against Witches, who poison Fountains, how can we be silent, seeing endeavour is used to invenom the soul of the Prince, who is the source of all counsels, to the end we may hereafter find poison, where we hoped for remedie?

Sir, onely behold and imitate your self; re-assume that spirit which made you reign in our hearts, as well as in our Provinces: distinguish flatterers from true friends; hearken to those, whose loyalty you have known in the success of so many prosperities.

Remember your self, that you were made to reign over men, not as a man, but as the law: to bear your subjects in your bosom, and not trample them under-foot; to teach by example and not constrain by force, to be a Father of Citizens, and not a Master of Slaves.

Remember your self, Kings are given by Heaven for the use of people, and that they ought not to have so much regard to the extent of their power, as not to consider the measure of their obligations. Handle the matter so, that the greatness of your Majestie may appear in its goodness, and that this word which you heretofore had in your mouth, may stick eternally in your heart, when you said: A good Prince ought not to fear any thing so much, as to be too much feared.

This oration greatly enkindled minds, and King *Theodorick* was so much amazed at this liberty, that he seemed not wel setled in his countenance, he onely said in few words, he would give all satisfaction to the Senate, when time had cleared this business, whereof he would inform himself, that it might be treated at the next Session.

Trigilla, *Congiastus*, and *Cyprianus* the principal of the faction of the *Goths*, seeing themselves touched to the quick, resolved the time was now come, wherein either they must be lost, or *Boetius* undone; so that after this assembly, they ceased not to besiege the soul of the King, who was become jealous, melancholy, and timorous, with a thousand objects of distrust upon the practice of *Boetius*, assuring him the conspiracie was wholy contrived and plotted at *Constantinople* by Pope *John* and his Complices, at *Rome* by *Boetius*, *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, who had marvellous correspondencies. Not content with this, they gained some mercenarie people, they practised with false witnesses, they counterfeited letters, forged and sealed in the name of *Boetius*, and said all that which their passion suggested.

This is it which gave the most dangerous assault upon the mind of the Prince, for he having read their papers, and heard some depositions, which they gave him notice of, would have no further information to be resolved, but speedily assembling the Senate, entred with his papers in hand, shewing in his countenance the trouble of his thoughts, and spake in these terms:

This last Oration, which Boetius *made in this place, was the Trumpet of a conspiracie plotted against my State. I wonder not a whit that he made it his task to disgrace our government with so great ornament of eloquence, to transport your minds into rebellion: but I marvel much how he would promise himself to draw to his partie, complices from a bodie so innocent as yours. All my officers displease him, as an enemy of the good offices are done me; and all the favours which I allot to the merit of mine, are so many crimes in mine own person with this man, who draweth poison from all that which serveth others for nourishment. He, whom the Prince raiseth, serves as an object for his envy, and it hath ever been an injury to appoint him a companion in his honours. He deploreth the miseries of the publick, as if he were father thereof; and it seemeth to him all is lost, which justice putteth into any other hands then his own.*

Had the Gepides *and* Bulgarians *forraged over all* Italy, *he could not frame any other complaints, then he doth of the State of our Kingdom; where thanks be to God, there is nothing so grievous, but it may seem a silver Age, if we compare it to the Empire of those who have gone before us. Besides, our good subjects esteem not themselves so unhappy under me, but that they think my preservation is the source of their felicities. But needs must he have pretext of piety to colour his design, and to take upon him a title of Protectour of the people, to make himself usurper of mine Empire. Verily would ambition be satisfied, I have performed for this man all that, which may be done to such as are the most greedie of honour, raising him to all eminent charges, and given even to his children almost in their infancie, dignities, which have been reputed in this Commonwealth, as prodigies. But in doing this, I sought bottom in an abyss, where it was not to be found.*

I have suffered all these extravagancies so long as I could possible, ever thinking to complain of him, was to draw convulsions upon mine own proper entrails: but since forgetting all respect of dutie, he cannot be unmindful of his own nature, which is to do evil to those who wish him well, I demand of you in the quality of a King, that justice which you would afford to the meanest of my Kingdom.

I have not his eloquence to amplify Impostours, but I enjoy some strength of understanding to jude of a truth. Behold here, most loyal subjects, those who will depose the conspiracie he hath plotted against my state. Behold here letters signed with his own hand, which were dispatched to the Emperour Justine, *to call him to my ruin. You may judge hereupon, and ordain what shall be reasonable, it being not my intention to pretend here any other satisfaction, then what the laws afford me.*

As soon as he had spoken this, he caused his witnesses to come in, who were one *Basilius*, *Opilion*, *Gaudentius*, men of lost conscience and reputation. *Theodorick* notwithstanding caused them to be openly heard, and without exception, against the innocent. Then he began to produce that goodly letter, addressed to the Emperour of the East, which was wholy counterfeited by the damnable impostures of one named *Cyprian*.

The poor *Boetius* found himself at the instant like the just *Naboth* in the midst of these perverse creatures, & what industrie soever he used for the declaration of his innocency, it was oppressed by a powerful faction, which transported minds either through corruption or weakness, to the ruin of virtue.

The King pressed the Senatours to deliver their opinion thereupon: they, who were desirous not to appear suspected, confidently cast the stone against the accused, and thought his condemnation would be their freedom; others who were enemies, bare themselves in it with much animositie, there remained some few feeble souls who followed the course of violence: so that banishment was decreed against *Boetius*, according to the intention of *Theodorick*.

Verily, if there be any thing worthy of commiseration in the world, it is to behold offenders sit as Judges upon the blood of an innocent, and to consider that afflicting a man with all extremitie, they also deprive him of the precious jewel of reputation, which maketh us live in the estimation of honest men, a pleasing and spiritual life, as do many great ones in the memory of all ages.

The wise *Boetius* after he had wasted himself with love and travel for his Country, is taken out of the bosom thereof, as a man treacherous, and put into the hands of the Guard to lead him to *Pavia*, the place of his imprisonment.

He was not suffered to speak with his father in-law *Symmachus*, for all those who were honoured with his friendship are sequestred; scarcely had he the means to give the last adieu to his wife *Rusticiana*, who seeing her husband suddenly fallen from so eminent a dignity into such disaster, could not contain from saying unto him with scalding tears:

Sir, is this then it, which your innocencie hath deserved? If the King be resolved to put you to death, why suffereth he still a piece of your selfe to live, which hath ever been so dear unto you? I have courage enough to follow you either in exile, imprisonment, or death. But *Boetius* replied again in few words, that he might not any further increase her grief: *Madam, the hour is not yet come, trouble not your self to see me suffer for justice. It is a title of honour which God hath reserved for his children. The education which you have derived from your good father, and the instructions you have received from me, give me occasion to hope you will bear this accident with a Christian resolution. My daughter, it is not fit that our tears, which fall from so much a higher place as we have been bred in greatness, may shew any dejection in the estimation of men. Support your self a little under you burthen, and open your heart to the consolations of heaven, since those of earth are mingled with so much acerbities.* Then turning to his children all dissolved into tears: *My children, (saith he) God hereafter will become your father. Make provision of great virtues, which have ever been the inheritance of our house, for all other blessings are but dust and wind. This is the lesson which God giveth you in the change of my fortune. Comfort your good mother by the dutie of faithful obedience, and live in hope: Perhaps you shall see me again, if it please God, sooner then you imagine.*

These words were arrows that pierced these faithful hearts with most just resentments of nature, which could not quickly end, notwithstanding all the lenitives that might be applied.

The sixth SECTION.

The imprisonment of Boetius.

THe great changes of fortune, which suddenly happen, have this property in them, that they strike our souls as waves not foreseen, and give us the blow before we have leisure to understand our selves. The poor *Boetius* seeing himself between four walls, sequestered from the City, which had served as a theater of glory for all his house, taken away from the love of his own, bereft of his Library, and

all the most precious accommodations of life, shut up as a victim destined for a bloody sacrifice, found himself in the beginning surprized with an overwhelming sadness, as he hath left expressed in writing. He bewailed with broken sighs his innocency unworthily handled; he traced in his thoughts the marks of his former fortune; he cast his eys upon his forsaken family, which seemed to him in the Lyons throat; he called into memory the unworthiness of his accusers who had been heard against him, the ingratitude of the Senate that had condemned him for being faithful unto them, the cruelty with which this sentence was executed, the wrack of his means, the loss of his reputation, and all the black horrours which a man declared criminal of treason, figureth to himself.

Then! cur dura miseros avertéris à te, Et flentes ocellos claudere sæva negas? Lib. 1. Metr. 1.

In this abyss of disturbances, he was displeased as it were with death, which layeth hold on so many young men that desire nothing but to live, and deigned not so much as to shut up his eys, which he perpetually moistened with his tears. Hereupon we may see, that the most couragious spirits, in these accidents so strange and unexpected, ever pay some tribute to the natural passions of men. But likewise on the other side, we shall observe the power which a well rectified judgment hath over it self, when we behold it to dispate all the troubles and agitations of the heart by the vivacity of reason, and use of precepts of wisdom, which he most exactly practised in this his captivity.

We have also the book of his Consolation, composed in this prison: which is verily in the judgment of learn'd men, one of the most excellent pieces of work that may be framed on this subject; where he introduceth Philosophie, who visiting and awakening him from this dead sleep of sadness.

What Boetius (saith she) are you he then, whom I have fed with my milk, whom I have cherished with so good nutriments, and bred up until you arrived to the strength of mans estate? Verily I have given you arms, which would strengthen you against all the strokes of fortune, were it not that you have forsaken them. Know you me no longer? From whence proceedeth this silence? Tell me, is it out of shame or stupidity? I had rather it were derived from a just bashfulness, but as far as I can perceive, you are become wholly senseless. Will you say nothing to me? Ah poor man, he is not absolutely lost, but so near as I can guess, he hath a Lethargie, a common disease with those, who suffer themselves to be transported with illusions of the mind. He hath forgot himself, but he will recover, when he shall know me. Let us only wipe his eys surcharged with terrestrial humours, and covered with a thick cloud of the world.

This done, *Boetius* came to himself, and framed an admirable Dialogue with this Queen of spirits, to which I remit the Reader, contenting my self to observe here the principal arguments, which served him for his Consolation, to the end we may learn with him in our afflictions, to fix our resolutions on the will of God, and suck honey from the Rock, as the Scripture speaketh.

Lib. 1. prof. 6. *Maximus fomes salutis, vera de mundi gubernatione sententia.*

The first reason proposed to him by this Wisdom descended from Heaven, was to ask of him, what opinion he had of the Providence of God, and whether he thought the world moved by chance, or were governed by reason? *God forbid* (saith *Boetius*) *that I ever come to this degree of folly, to think that all here below is casually done. I know God ruleth in the world, as in an house built by his own hands, and that nothing happeneth in the affairs of men, but either by his command or permission.* Thereupon Philosophie *crieth out. Just God! it is verily marvellous, that a man who hath such an understanding of the Divine Providence can be sick of the disease, wherewith I see you surprized. My friend, you entred into the world, as into a list or circle, whereof this Providence hath made the circuit with his own hands. It is fit you patiently*

Lib. 1. prof. 1. & alibi. *suffer all that happeneth to you, within these limits, as an ordinance of God, to which you have submitted your self. It is he who governeth our lives, our conditions, our fortunes. If you be resolved to give law to the policie of the Omnipotent, from whom you ever ought to receive it, what else will you gain, but to make your self mutinous, and to render your condition more troublesom by your impatience?*

I pray you think with your self, if you were embarqued in a vessel, you must go according to the impulsion of winds, and not the motion of your affections. If you till and sow, you shall have fruitful and barren years, according to the diversity of seasons; and you would have a fortune ever equal and perpetually stable? you would hold back by force of arms its chariot incessantly circumvolving? Are not you very simple not to know, that if she were not inconstant, she could no longer be fortune?

Go not about here to question with me upon the afflictions of good men, and the prosperities of evil. What injurie doth God to an innocent, if he allot him the share of all those great souls, whom he will not entertain in the pleasures of an idle life, but in the exercise of vertue? Know you not there are fishes that die in standing waters, and are delighted in the bubling of sluces? Great spirits go all that way, they no more loose themselves in tribulation, then the sun in his eclipse, which only serveth to make him more resplendent.

And what advantage, think you, do the wicked derive from the benefits of this life? Is there any thing more miserable then to be transformed into a beast by the enormitie of vices, and to add impunitie to so many crimes? You say, they do whatsoever they list; and I say they are thereby so much the more miserable: for if it be an unhappiness to desire an evil, it is a double misery to have the power to execute it. *Si miserum est voluisse prava, potuisse miserius est.* Lib. 4. Prosa. 4.

If all offenders were punished according to their demerit, they should have some benefit which they have not, to wit, the punishment of their misdeeds, which being a work of justice cannot but be good; they should have some bridle to stay their exorbitancy, some apprehension of the judgments of God; which being stolen from them by long prosperities, what else remaineth for them but to pass to extremity of punishments by the extremity of crimes? For my part, if I should throughly punish a depraved man, I would ordain for him neither wheels, flames, nor tortures, but I would burst him with honours, gold, silver, and riches; and when he were full up to the throat, I would draw aside the curtain, to let him see vertue and Paradise, of which he had betrayed the one and lost the other, by the disaster of his carriage. Lib 3. Met. 8. *Quid dignè stolidis mentibus imprecer, &c.*

The second question which *Philosophie* asked him, was, if he knew well who himself was? And *Boetius*, answering, He was a man of honour, reviving the memory of the great riches and dignities he had enjoyed heretofore. *Verily* (saith she to him) *I well see there is much forgetfulness of your condition, and niceness in your complaints. If God had put gold as well as blood into your veins, and given you leave to be born full stuffed with precious stones, or laden with honours and dignities from your mothers womb, you had some cause to deplore, that the inheritances of your birth were taken from you: but who are you, or from whence come you? I could tell you how many years it is since you were born a little infant, all naked, creeping on the earth, and having a mouth open to cries and hunger, which had not so much as one little hair on the body to cover it; and now you take upon you the spirit of a Monarch, and think you have nothing, if you possess not all? Verily are you not one of the most miserable, if you do not know how to take contentment in that which is left you, and not still to tie your selfe to sorrows for that which you have lost? You have a father-in-law which is Symmachus, one of the most excellent men in the world, you have a wife, the pearl of her sex, you have children of great hope. How many things would you buy at the price of your life, if you had lost them? And yet you think you are miserable when you possess them, and when they are employed with all their endeavour for your deliverance.* Vide Tom. Lib. 2. de Consideratione cap. 19.

Your vessel doth yet lie at anchor, and is not altogether broken: I see comfort in something for the present, and hope for the future; and happen whatsoever will, I will save you by swimming. But needs must I freely confess, that I find a little niceness in this your act, when you deplore with so much bitterness and affliction the petty wants of your condition. Tell me, I pray you is there any man, in the world, who possesseth a felicitie so full and free, as not to dispute with his fortunes, to make his estate more happie? The condition of worldly goods, findeth every where thorns; prosperities never come all together, and although they arrived in heaps, they ever would have a slippery place. Lib. 2. Prof. 4.

One is accommodated with honest means, but is of base extraction, which maketh him to blush in good companie. Another is very Noble, but is so poor in his estate, that it were much fitter for him to be unknown. Another is born of good rank, and hath no want of riches, but he bewaileth that part which he hath lost, consecrating himself to retirement with wilful tears. Another hath met with a good marriage, but his barrenness maketh him amass riches for a stranger. Another hath

children

children, to have cause of great miseries: and to speak in a word, you shall finde very few, who well agree with their condition. Through all, there are evils, which give happiness to those who are ignorant of them, & horrour to such as have tried them.

Add also a reason, that these men, very fortunate, are extreamly sensible upon the touch, and as there needs not any thing but a pegg to stay a piece of artillerie upon the way, so the least accident hindereth the glory of their greatnes. How many think you are there, who would touch Heaven with a finger, if they had but onely the surplusage of your fortune? This place, which you call your banishment, is the country of so many honest men as inhabit it, and if you reason well, you shall finde, that there is as it were nothing miserable, if not made so by opinion.

Finally I ask you, whether ever you have had any thing in the world more precious then your self? If you answer truly, you will protest unto me, assuredly no: and yet notwithstanding, behold you, thanks be to God, if you will, to have so much and more for your self, then ever you had, and that neither prison nor fetters may prejudice the liberty of your spirit.

The third reason, which is very much at large deduced in this divine work, is drawn from the vanity of all temporal goods, where wisdom proveth by very good reasons, that if the sorrows we have for the world, might be measured at the rate of the things which contristate us, as there is nothing great in this vale of tears, so should there not be any thing capable of much disquiet. Mourn we for mettals, which are the nest of rust, and the tinder of concupiscence? for attires, which are the nourishment of mothes? for bodies, which are the food of worms? for houses which are the bones of the earth, piled one upon another with cement and morter? for precious stones, which are the excrements of an enraged sea, borrowing their worth from our illusion? for honours, which are golden marks and weathercocks of inconstancie?

What a folly is it to hold retirement for a punishment, which so many brave spirits have taken for a Paradise, and to think our selves sharpely punished, when we no longer behold behind us great trains of servitours, who burden us with their crimes, and make us become answerable for their souls.

What an errour is it to desire to hold riches locked up, which never are what they ought to be, but when they are distributed? For they resemble a dung hil, which stinketh when it is together heaped, and fatteneth the fields when it is spread abroad. We move Heaven and Earth to flie from povertie, and finde it in our riches; for great fortunes are now adays so hungrie, and have so much ado to maintain themselves, that although the needie are ever the most poor, yet is there nothing more beggerly then the rich, who have a thousand dependances, and a thousand necessities, whereunto their felicitie is fastened, as with a chain.

What a charm is it to think then to be happie, when you manage the affairs of Great-ones; where never is any thing done to please them, if you make not your self a slave to all their passions, where favours are granted of feathers, and disgraces inflicted of lead? Where your step, your life, and your faith is sold for a pleasing fantasm, which lasteth no longer then the dream of one night?

Deserveth not a man to be strucken down as an enemy of reason, when unloosened from this slaverie, he withereth, languisheth, and sighs for his fetters, ready prest a thousand times to kiss the hands of him, who again would enchain him.

Prof. 6.1.3. *O gloria, gloriat militibus hominum mortalium nihil aliud nisi aurium inflatio magna. Dum rutarot moles ipsa trahit.*

What a mockerie is it to affect greatnes among men? as if an ant would make himself a Lord among mice, and to feed himself with glory, which is nothing but a swelling of the ear. Oh Boetius, Seneca desired under Nero, and Papinian under Antoninus, the solitude which thou now enjoyest; but whilst they endeavoured to break their bands, and leaned to a ruinous wall, the mass of their greatnes transported and buried them. Behold thy self retired from affaires, into a chamber of Pavia: behold thy self in repose, and among books, the first entertainment of thy young days; why dost thou not now present y make a vertue of the happines, which the providence of God offereth thee?

For a third point, he considered the fruits that might be derived from tribulation, when it is well managed. *Prosperitie* (saith this wisdom unto him) *is windie, open, slipperie, and inconsiderate. Adversitie quite otherwise, is sober, reserved, prudent, and circumspect; the one under appearences of felicities, bringeth unto us an infinite of lies; the other, is ever grave and sincere; the one deceiveth us, the other instructeth us; the one blindeth us, the other enlighteneth us; the one polluteth us, the other purifieth us; the one charmeth us, and tieth up our understanding, the other enfranchiseth us; the one separateth us from our soveraign good, and maketh us fall into a thousand sorts of vanities, the other draweth us back, as with a hook, to the consideration of eternitie; the one createth for us many flatteries, the other discovereth unto us many true friends. Let us suffer a little*, Boetius, *and if this seem troublesome, think, that as thy prosperities have passed away, so shall thy adversities. The last day of thy life, which cannot be far off, will ever be the last of thy ill fortunes, if thou leave not it, it will forsake thee: it is an ordinance of God, that favours and disgraces cannot be of long continuance, and that for mortals there is no evil immortal.*

Finally, for the last reason, the holy man, who had composed so learned books of the mysteries of our faith, forsaking all the comforts of humane things, drenched himself very far into the consideration of blessings in the other life, of eternity, and the excellency of God. He considered it, as an infinite sea of essence, bounty, beatitude, which encloseth in it self all being, all good, all verity. He saw the whole. Universe in this immensity of God, as a spunge would be in the midst of the Ocean, an atome in the air, and a little globe of glass, enchased in the first Heaven. He saw in his bosome all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treasurs, all pleasures, all consolations, all delight, all joys, and all beatitudes, he walked at ease in those fourteen abysses of greatnes, which are in God, to wit, *infinity, immensity, immutability, eternity, omnipotency, wisdom, perfection, sanctity, benignity, power, providence, mercy, justice, and the end whereunto all things tend.* This is inserted in my Journé.

From thence he beheld the Word Incarnate, the true King of the afflicted, and all the Saints laden with crosses and persecutions, thinking himself very happy to mingle his tears with the bloud of so many brave courages, who had gained Heaven with violence.

This consolation overflowing his heart, drowned all his acerbities, and infinitely sweetned the sharpnes of his captivity.

Behold the fruits, which the wise *Boetius* gathered in his prison; well shewing, that virtue is an hostess tractable in every lodging, and who looseth no part of her liberty in chains. It onely appertaineth to huge mountains, to bear snow and verdure at one and the same time, and to great souls to retain a holy vigour in the strength of afflictions.

The seventh SECTION.

The death of Boetius.

IT is a loss, that the Authours which have written of this death, have cut off so short the last act of a life so eminent. There is not any thing, saith one, so curious in a statue, nor so hard to polish, as the nails; and nothing which more clearly maketh the perfection of a man accomplished in vertues to be seen, as a good death. I will here speak that, which I have drawn from the most probable authours, touching the death of *Boetius*.

It is certain he was very long in this prison, since he complaineth in this Preface of a book, which he composed during the time of his captivity, that his spirit was in declination, his body being worn with the torments he endured by the rigour of a King of the *Goths*. Death in the end came to unloose his fetters, by an act very barbarous, exercised by *Theodorick* on this admirable man.

He seeing Pope *John* had done nothing in his favour at *Constantinople*, but in stead of causing the Temples of the *Arians* to be restored, had purified and changed them into *Catholick* Churches, entred into a fury more exorbitant then ever, and kept this good Pope in prison at *Ravenna*, until he was wasted with diseases, yielding up his most blessed soul in fetters, to hasten to enjoy the liberty of the elect.

Cyprian and *Basilius*, accusers of *Boetius*, failed not to kindle the fire with all their power, to ruin him whom they already had wounded. There was sent unto him a Commissary, who was Governour of *Pavia*, to interrogate him upon matters, where-

with

with he had been charged. The King promising him by this instrument a reasonable usage, if he would confess all the process of this imaginary conspiracy, *Boetius* having heard what his commission imported, replieth:

Tell the King your master, that my conscience and age have reduced me to those terms, wherein neither menaces nor allurements can work any thing upon me to the prejudice of reason. To require the proceeding of my conspiracy, is to demand a Chymera, which hath never been nor ever shall. Is the distrust of his witnesses so great, that needs he must exact from my mouth the articles of my condemnation? Verily he hath as much cause to doubt my accusers, as I matter of glory to be accused by mouths so impure, that they would as it were justifie the greatest delinquents by their depositions. One Basilius *chased from the Court, and charged with debt, hath been bought to sell my blood, and having lost credit in all things, finds more then enough for my ruin.* Opilion *and* Gaudentius *condemned to banishment, for an infinite number of wicked practises, they being fled to Altars, the King redoubleth an Edict, by which he ordained, if they instantly went not out of* Ravenna, *they should be branded in the forehead with an hot iron. What may be added to such an infamy? Yet notwithstanding the same day they were received and heard against me. Arrows are made of all wood to transfix me, and the most criminal are freed in my accusation. Some being not ashamed to employ against the life of a Senatour those, who would scarcely have been set to confront very slaves.*

This makes me say my condemnation is premeditated, and my death already vowed, and that this search is made for petty formalities, to disguise an injustice.

King Theodorick *playeth too much the Politician, for a man, who hath full liberty to do ill. What need is there to use so many tricks? Tell him boldly from me, that I submitt to his condemnation. I was willing to save the Senate, though little grateful for the sincerity of my affections: I wished the repose of the Catholick Church: I have sought the liberty of the* Romane *people: Here is all that I can say. As I am not in condition to tell a le; so am I not on terms to conceal a truth. Had I known the means to reduce the Empire into better order he should never have understood it. Finally, if he be resolved to put me to death thereupon, let him hasten his blow. It is long since I have had death in desire, and life in patience.*

The Commissary much amazed at this constancy, made his relation to the King in very sharp words, which put oyl afresh into the flame, to thrust affairs into extremities. The poor *Rusticiana* wife of *Boetius*, knowing the point whereunto the safety of her husband was reduced, made use of all the attractives she could, to mitigate the fury of the Prince: and observing *Amalazunta*, the daughter of *Theodorick*, to be an honourable Lady, and endowed with a singular bounty, she recommended her petitions and tears to her. This Lady gave her access to the King, to whom she with her children presented her self in a most deplorable State, able to soften obdurate rocks.

Alas, Sir Said she, *if you once more deign to behold from the throne of your glory the dust of the earth, cast your eys upon a poor afflicted creature, which is but the shadow of what she hath been. I no longer am* Rusticiana, *who saw palms and honours grow in her house, as flowers in meadows: Disaster having taken him from me, by whom I subsisted, hath left me nothing but the image of my former fortune, the sorrows of the passed, the grief of the present, and horrour of the time to come.*

I would swear upon Altars, that my husband hath never failed in the duty which he oweth to your Majesty; but calumny hath depainted his innocency unto you with a coal, to inflame you with choler against a man, who ever held your interests as dear unto him as his own. I know what he hath so many times said unto me thereof, and how he hath bred his children, whom your Majestie now beholdeth at your feet. If we no longer shall take benefit of justice, Sir I implore your mercy. Look on a woman, worthy of compassion, tossed in the storm, and who beholdeth in the haven the Olives of peace, which you always have desired to equal with your Laurels. Suffer me, I may embrace them: The world already hath cause enough to dread your power; give us cause to love it proportionably to your bounty. Alas, Sir, on whom will you bestow it? Fire, which consumeth all, burneth not ashes, and behold us here covered with ashes before your eys: what more desire you of us? A miserable creature is a sacred thing; the God of the afflicted taketh it into his protection, and will no more have it touched then his Altars. If my unhappiness have set me in that rank, and my sex made me a just object of your pitty, Sir, vendet that to me, which I in this world do hold most precious; and think not we ever will retain any resentment of what is past, when we shall see our selves re-established in our former fortune. It is in you to command, and for us to obey your ordinances, and even to kiss the thunder-bolt that striketh us.

It is to much purpose to present musick to the ears of Tygers, it hath no other effect but to enrage them the more. The cruel Tyrant presently commanded the Lady to withdraw; adding he would do her justice. And they ceasing not still to multiply suspitions with him upon this pretended conspiracy, as if *Boetius* had now been presently with sword in hand with the Emperour *Justine* at the gates of *Rome* or *Ravenna*, he fell into such fear, gall, and choller, that without any other formal proceeding of justice, he dispatched the afore-mentioned Commissary with a Tribune, to put him to death, whose life was so precious to the *Romane* Empire.

Boetius, who had a long time been prepared both by prayers and the sacraments of the Church, for this last hour, knowing the cause wherefore they came, beheld them with a confident countenance, and said: *Performe your commission boldly: It is long since I knew, that death alone must open the gates of this prison for me.* And having spoken this, he contained himself some while in a deep silence, recommending to God this last act of his life, and consigning to him his soul, which during this imprisonment he had so often whitened with his tears, and purified as in a precious limbeck of eternal charities, wherein all great souls are deified.

This done, he went forward with a settled pace to the place of execution, which the King would have very secret, not to excite the people; where seeing himself, *Behold here* (saith he) *the Theater which I have so long desired. I protest before the face of the living God, and his holy Saints, that I have ever had most sincere intentions for the good of the State, nor am I culpable of any of those crimes objected against me. If my innocency be now oppressed, there shall come a better posterity, which shall draw aside the curtain, and entertain the rays of truth.*

O Rome, *O* Rome, *would to God thou mightest be purified by my blood, and I to be the last victim sacrificed for publick safety! I will not now accuse him who condemned me, desiring, God rather may open his eys to see the justice of my cause, and the plots practised upon his own soul. Behold the recompence I gain, for becoming hoarie in his service; but God is the faithful witness of all my actions, and in his bosom is it now, where I lay down my life, my body, my soul, and all my interests.*

There was but one poore gentleman-waiter, that accompanied him in this passage: who, as he poured out tears near unto him, *Boetius* earnestly beholding him, said: *Where is your resolution, leave these tears for the miserable, and tell my father-in-law, my wife, and children, that I have done nothing here unworthy of their honour, and that they act nothing unworthy of me, by bewailing me with plaints, which would be little honourable for the condition of my death, but that they rather take this accident as a gift from Heaven. They well know I have ever told them, it is not here, where he should expect repose, but in the place, where I hope to prepare them a room.* These words spoken, they proceeded to execution by the barbarous commandment given by *Theodorick*.

I have read in a very antient manuscript, from whence I have drawn som particulars couched therein, that a cruel torture was inflicted on this holy man, long time strayning a cord about his forehead, in such sort, that his eys started out of his head, and that in the end they knocked him down with a leaver: which I cannot think to be probable, seeing all other constantly affirm his head was cut off by the hand of a hangman: and *Martianus*, who most eloquently wrote his life, addeth, that by miracle he some space of time held his head in his own hands, like another S. *Denis*, until he gave up the ghost before the Altar of a Chappel very near to the place of his execution.

His

His body was interred in the Church of S. *Auguſtine*, to whom he had a particular devotion, and his name put among the Martyrs, as *Baronius* obſerveth, becauſe he died partly for the defence of the Catholick Church againſt the *Arians*. The place of his impriſonment hath been preſerved as a great monument of piety, his Tomb honoured with Verſes, ſuch as that time could afford, where among other things this title is given him:

BOETIVS IN COELO MAGNVS, ET OMNI PERSPECTVS MVNDO.

The King ſtayed not a whit after this to put *Symmachus* his father-in-law to death, and to confiſcate all the goods both of the one and other, which was a very lamentable thing; yet notwithſtanding the courageous *Ruſticiana* bare the death of her father and huſband with ſo great conſtancy, that ſhe deſerved to draw all ſucceeding Ages into admiration; for ſhe ſpake moſt freely to the King reproaching him with his diſloyalty, and honoured theſe two eminent ſouls as Saints, much offended with her ſelf, if at any time nature won tears from her eys, as judging them too baſe to be ſacrificed to ſo flouriſhing a memory.

Procop. l. 4. The vengeance of God ſlakened not long to fall upon the guilty head of *Theodorick*; for few days after this act, as he continually lived in the repreſentations of his crime, his imagination was ſo troubled, that being at the table, when they came to ſerve up the great head of a fiſh, he figured to himſelf it was the head of *Symmachus*, the laſt of all butchered, and although much endeavour was uſed to remove this fantaſie from him, it was impoſſible to give remedy, but he roſe from the table like a man affrighted, crying out murther, and felt inſtantly ſuch a quaking over oll his body, and beſides ſuch convulſions in all his members, that he muſt needs preſently be carried to his bed; where he was viſited by his Phiſician, to whom he complained with much horrour, that he had ſhed blood which would perpetually bleed againſt him. The feaver and frenzie carried him hence into the other world, where he had a marvellous account to make; of whom we know no more particulars: yet Saint *Gregory* witneſſeth that he learned from the mouth of a man worthy of credit, that the ſame day he died at *Rome*, certain honourable perſons being at *Lipari*, a little Iſland of *Sicilie*, in the Cell of an Hermit, who lived in the reputation of great ſanctity, he ſaid unto them: *Know ye, that King* Theodorick *is no more?* They replying, *Nay not ſo, we left him alive, and in health. Notwithſtanding* (ſaith he) *I can well aſſure you he died to day in* Rome, *and which is more, is judged, condemned, and thrown into the ſtore-houſes of ſubterranean fire, which we here call the Cauldron of* Vulcan. And it was a ſtrange thing, that they being returned to *Rome*, underſtood the death of this wretched King to have been at that very time, told by the Hermit; which was held for a moſt manifeſt judgment of God, and made all thoſe to tremble, who heard the relation thereof. Greg. l. 4. & 30. Olla Vulcani.

Athalaricus his grand-child by his daughter, although an infant, ſucceeded to his eſtates, under the regency of his mother *Amalazunta*, who reſtored all the goods had been confiſcated to the Widow, that lived afterward, until *Juſtinian* got the Empire from the *Goths*, by the means of *Beliſarius*: at which time ſhe made all the Images and Statues of *Theodorick* to be broken, cauſing alſo another proceſs to be framed againſt him after his death.

Alas, great God, who governeſt the ſtate of this Univerſe, and makeſt the pillars of Heaven to ſhake under thy foot-ſteps! what is man who will practiſe wiles in a matter of policie, contrary to thy eternal Maxims? How hath this wretch ended, looſing ſoul, Empire, and ſalvation, to purſue a phantaſm? He roared like thunder in the clouds, on the theater of humane things, and then paſt away, leaving nothing behind but ſtorms, dirt, and morter: at which time thy good ſervant *Boetius*, walking in the ways which thou preſcribedſt him, is mounted to the glory of the elect, leaving here behind him the precious memory of his name to all poſterity.

THE LADIE TO LADIES

LADIES,

I Should do an injurie to Sanctity, even in the Holy Court, *if having undertaken to ſpeak of Piety of Great-ones in theſe Treatiſes, I ſhould paſs Ladies under ſilence, who in all times have contributed to the glory of Chriſtianity ſo much force beyond their ſex, as virtue's above nature. God hath employed them in the great affairs of all Ages, ſince the Word, which from all eternity acknowledged but one Father in Heaven, hath been pleaſed to acknowledge in latter times, one Mother upon earth: and that he who is able to cloath the Meadows with the enamel of Flowers, and Heaven with the beautie of Lights, took fleſh and blood of a Virgin, to make himſelf a garment, and frame to himſelf a body. And as the chaſte womb of a woman ſerved him for a lodging at his firſt entrance into the world: ſo when he would iſſue out amongſt ſo many horrours, puniſhments, and images of death, when ſtones were rent aſunder for grief under his feet, and Heaven diſtended it ſelf with ſorrow over his head, women were alſo found near to the Croſs, as witneſſes of his laſt words, and ſurvivers of his blood.*

Here, O Ladies, are eternal alliances, which you have contracted with devotion; and he who would bereave you the ſweetneſs of its repoſe, ſhould baniſh you from your own houſes. So many men as ſtir up quarrels, ſeem now adays to have no other profeſſion, but to kill and die upon credit. Thoſe, who are converſant with books, waſte themſelves in the pleaſing tortures of the mind. Others, who are involved in the turmoils of publick affairs, oftentimes gain nought elſe but ſmoak and noiſe. But when I behold you under the title of the Devout Sex, which is given you by the Church, I finde your bleſſing is in the dew of Heaven, and that you reſemble Bees, which are born in honey, or rather thoſe birds of the fortunate Iſlands, nouriſhed with perfumes.

Believe me, thoſe of your Sex who have not true piety, had they a world of greatneſs and beauties, and were it that all the riches of this world had rendered it ſelf tributary to their intemperance, would be no more eſteemed before God, then the flower of graſs, or ſcum of earth. But ſuch as take the way of holy and ſolid virtues, enter into a life wholly Angelical, which forgetting Sex and natural imperfections, furniſheth it ſelf with the moſt perfect idea's of the Divinity.

Behold hereof a model, which I preſent unto you in this Treatiſe, where, after I have obſerved, rather by ſpeculation then practice, ſome blemiſhes, which might varniſh the luſtre of ſo many celeſtial beauties, I reduce the piety of Ladies into ſuch bright ſplendour of day-light, that it were to have no eys, not to admire the merit thereof.

I have been willing to make this ſervice ſuitable to my habit, and not unworthy of your conſiderations, thereunto invited by Ladies, who have happily allied virtue to the moſt eminent qualities of the Kingdom, and who might ſerve me for a Model, were they in a much better Age then my ſelf. If God, who hath inſpired me with theſe contemplations, grant your performance, I ſhall have the Crown of my vows, and you, that of your perfections.

THE

THE LADIE.

The first SECTION.

That the HOLY COURT *cannot subsist without the virtue of Ladies, and of their Piety in the advancement of Christianity.*

BEhold where I purpose to shut up this Work of the HOLY COURT, which I have brought thus far with labour enough. And since God after those great works of the Creation, reposed, so soon as he had made woman, he thereby shews me an example to give some rest to my pen, when I shall have represented unto you the perfections of a Lady, such as I would wish her, to serve as an ornament for Christianity, and a model of virtue.

Yet Reader, I must needs tell you, I feared this haven, whereunto I see my self arrive of necessity, as well for that I learned of the great Martyr S. *Justin*, that a singular discretion must be had to treat with women, and that he doth very much, who can love their virtues without danger: besides, being naturally disposed to brevity, I somewhat doubted least they might insensibly communicate by my discourse some touches of those great delays, which they use in attiring themselves: & verily I see there are many things may be said both of the one side and other: But as it is an act somewhat uncivil to run inconsiderately into invectives against the sex, so it is an unworthy servitude of mind to be too obsequious to them, and render vices incorrigible, by a false presumption of virtues.

Justin. ad Zenam. Serenum. Τὸ δὲ ὅπερ ἀγαπῶ μὲν τὸ μὴ κερδυμίνω.

I am much bound to my profession, that it sequestreth me from these two rocks, where so many vessels suffer shipwrack. If I must blame you, I will do as he who slew the serpent, not touching the body of his son twined up in his folds; I will strike vice without slandering the sex, and if they must be praised, I look on them as the idæa's of *Plato*, which have nothing in them common with matter.

Alcon of Creet.

I begin to verifie my first proposition, and say, the good life of women is a piece so necessary for Christianity, that it cannot be cut off without introducing a notable disorder: and this I say, because there are many uncollected spirits in the world, who make it their glory to act all against the hair, to oppose the most sound opinions, to give the lie to nature, and do that in the world, which *Momus* did in fables. Sometimes they set themselves to censure the State, and find somewhat to say of military matters, treasures, laws, and offices: sometimes they frame Common-wealths of *Plato* in their empty brains, and constitute new forms of government, which never will have being but in their chymæra's. When they have touched upon the Purple and Diadem, they busie themselves to controle God upon the masterpieces of nature, and among other things, that he hath done ill to create a woman.

Si mundus absque mulieribus esset, conversatio nostra non esset absque Dei.

Cato the Censor said in his time, *That if the world were without women, the conversation of men would not be exempt from the company of Gods.* And a Doctor of the Jews yielding a reason why the Eternal Word had so long time deferred its Incarnation, said nothing else, but that the world was then repleniſhed with bad women, and that four thousand years were not able to furnish out one good one, to serve as an instrument suitable to the greatness of this Mystery. Another having lived free from the bands of marriage, caused to be set on his tomb: *Vixit sine impedimento, He lived without hinderance*, which was a phrase very obscure to express what he would say: Notwithstanding it was found this hinderance, whereof he spake, was a woman. This may well happen through the vice and misery wherein the state of this present life hath confined us: but to speak generally, we must affirm, had it been the best way to frame the world without a woman, God had done it, never expecting the advise of these brave *Cato's*; and whosoever endeavoureth to condemn marriage, as a thing not approved by God, sheweth, that he is either out of his wits, or a publick enemy to mankinde.

Bristowi for.

S. Zeno homil. de continent. Aut hostis publicus, aut insanus.

The great S. *Peter*, in whose heart God locked up the Maxims of the best policy of the world, was of another opinion, when he judged the good and laudable conversation of women, rendered it self so necessary for Christianity, that it was a singular mean to gain those to God, who would not submit themselves to the Gospel. Whereupon he affordeth an incomparable honour to the virtue of holy women, disposing it in some sort into a much higher degree of force and utility, then the Preaching of the word of God: and in effect it seemeth this glorious Apostle, by a spirit of propheſie, foresaw an admirable thing, which afterward appeared in the revolution of many Ages, which is, that God hath made such use of the piety of Ladies for the advancement of Christianity, that in all the most flourishing Kingdoms of Christendom, there are observed still some Queens or Princesses, who have the very first of all advanced the Standard of the Cross upon the ruins of Infidelity. *Helena* planted true Religion in the *Roman* Empire, *Cæsar* in *Persia*, *Theodelinda* in *Italy*, *Clotilda* in *France*, *Indegundis* in *Spain*, *Margerite* in *England*, *Gyſellis* in *Hungary*, *Dambruca* in *Poland*, *Olga* in *Russia*, *Ethelberga* in *Germany*, not speaking of an infinite number of others, who have happily maintained and encreased that, which was couragiously established.

1 Pet. 3. *Ut qui non credunt Verbo, per conversationem mulierum sine verbo lucrifiant.*

Reason also favoureth my proposition; for we must necessarily confess, there is nothing so powerfull to perswade what ever it be, as complacence and flattery; since it was the smoothest attractive, which the evil spirit made use of in the terrestrial Paradise to overthrow the first man, setting before him the alluring pleasures of an *Eve*, very newly issued out of the hands of God.

Now every one knows nature hath imparted to woman a very good portion of these innocent charms: and if many by these priviledges are also powerfull in actions so wicked, why should not so many

many virtuous ſouls generouſly employ'd in the ſervice of the great God, bear as much ſway, ſince he accuſtometh to communicate a grace wholly new to the good qualities, that are aimed to his honour?

I conjure all Women and Ladies, who ſhall read this Treatiſe, to take from hence a generous ſpirit, and never permit vice and curioſity may derive tribute from ſuch ornaments, as God hath conferred on them, it being unfit to ſtuff *Babylon* with the gold and marbles of *Sion*.

The ſecond SECTION.

That women are capable of good lights and ſolid inſtruments.

SInce I ſee my ſelf obliged by my deſign to make a brief model of principal perfections, which may be deſired for the compliſhment of an excellent Ladie, and that this diſcourſe cannot be throughly perfected without obſerving vicious qualities, which are blemiſhes oppoſite to the virtues we endeavour to eſtabliſh; I will make uſe of the clew of ſome notable invention in ſo great a labyrinth of thoughts, the better to facilitate the way.

I remember to have heretofore read a very rare manuſcript of *Theodoſius* of *Malta*, a Greek Authour, touching the nuptials of *Theophilus* Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, and his wife *Theodora*, which will furniſh us with a ſingular entrance into that, which we now ſeek for; ſo that we add the embelliſhment of ſo many Oracles of wiſdom to the foundations, which this Hiſtorian hath layed.

Anno 830. *Zonaras* ſaith, that ſhe was onely ſtepmother, and relateth it ſomewhat otherwiſe, but let us follow our Authour.

He recounteth, that this *Theophilus* being on the point to diſpoſe himſelf for marriage, the Empreſs his mother, named *Euphroſina*, who paſſionately deſired the contentment of her ſon in an affair of ſo great importance, diſpatched her Embaſſadours through all the Provinces of the Empire, to draw together the moſt accompliſhed maidens which might be found in the whole circuit of his Kingdom. And for that purpoſe ſhe ſhut up within the walls of *Conſtantinople*, the rareſt beauties of the whole world, aſſembling a great number of Virgins into a chamber of his Palace, called for curioſity, *The Pearl*. The day being come, wherein the Emperour was to make choice of her to whom he would give his heart with the Crown of the Empire, the Empreſs his mother ſpake to him in theſe terms:

MY LORD AND SON, *Needs muſt I confeſs, that ſince the day nature bound me ſo ſtreightly to your perſon, next after God, I neither have love, fear, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you. The day yieldeth up all my thoughts to you, and the night, which ſeemeth made to reſt the agitations of our ſpirit, never raſeth the remembrance of you from my heart. I acknowledge my ſelf doubly obliged to procure with all my endeavours what ere concerneth your good, becauſe I am your mother, and that I ſee you charged with an Empire, which is no ſmall burthen to them who have the diſcretion to underſtand what they undertake.*

It ſeems to me ſince the death of the Emperour your father, my moſt honoured Lord, I have ſo many times newly been delivered of you, as I have ſeen thorny affairs in the manage of your State. And at this time, when I behold you upon terms to take a wife, and that I know by experience to meet with one who is accompliſhed with all perfections neceſſary for your State, is no leſs rare then the acquiſition of a large Empire; the care I have ever uſed in all, concerning your glory and contentment, is therefore now more ſenſible with me, then at any other time heretofore.

It is true, O moſt dear Son, that the praiſe-worthy inclinations which I have obſerved in your Majeſtie, give me as much hope as may reaſonably be conceived in the courſe of humane things: yet notwithſtanding the accidents we ſee to happen ſo contrary to their proceedings, do alſo entertain my mind in ſome uncertainty.

That you may take ſome reſolution upon this matter, behold in the Pearl *of* Conſtantinople, *I have made choice of the moſt exquiſite maidens of your empire, to the end your Majeſtie may elect her, whom you ſhall judge moſt worthy of your chaſt affections. I beſeech God, who is Author of Marriage, to direct your ſpirit in this choice, & diſpoſe it to that which ſhall be to his greater glory, wherein you ſhall ever find your contentments.*

When ſhe had ſpoken this, ſhe drew out of a box a golden apple, enameled with precious ſtones, which ſhe had purpoſely cauſed to be made, that it might be preſented to her, who ſhould be choſen out for the bed of her ſon, and putting it into the Emperours hand:

Behold (ſaith he) the golden apple, which I leave to your diſcretion, to give it to the moſt abſolute. You have the Commiſſion of Paris *in your hands, but you ſhall do well to diſpoſe of it more diſcretely then he.*

The Emperour, after he had moſt affectionately given thanks to his mother for ſo many excellent proofs of her affection, asked of her by what note might one know a wife truly virtuous, and ſo accompliſhed as ſhe wiſhed.

Euphroſina replied: *It is no ſleight demand, O Emperour, nor can that ſo readily be reſolved; yet by your good favour, I will roughly delineate this diſcourſe with ſo much ſincerity, as not to attribute any thing to my ſex, to the prejudice of truth.*

There are three ſorts of men, who cannot ſpeak well of us: whereof the firſt are certain ſcoffers, who to put themſelves into an humour, and to give ſcope to their wits, have no diſcourſe more familiar in their mouthes, then the condemnation of women: and God forbid, theſe ſhould be any other then Poets or Philoſophers; for they frame diſcourſes of our nature, and extravagancies to no purpoſe.

I revenge my ſelf commonly upon theſe kind of men by ſilence: for it is to caſt water on coals, to hear them without reply, and to puniſh their tattle by contempt.

Others are men wounded in ſport, and who have not well digeſted ſome diſgraces they have received from women, to whom either vice, folly, or malice hath engaged them more then was expedient for their quiet. Theſe are, as if a dog hurt with a ſtone, ſhould run up and down to bite all the ſtones he finds in his way, yea, thoſe which are laid by work-men in the buildings of Churches and houſes. They fall upon all women for having been deceived, as they ſay by a woman; and ceaſe not to ſcratch the wound, to renew the ſmart of it. But who ſees not it is a meer paſſion, to blame the general for the deſerts of particulars?

In the third rank, are certain melancholly furious creatures, or ſuch as have ſomething worſe in them then fury, who have not ſo much proclaimed war againſt our ſex, as denounced it againſt total nature, which covereth us within its arms in this point, and confirmeth us in our right by their ſilence.

Some of theſe, who are ſtrong in paſſion, and diſcover their revenge with pretext of learning, would perſwade us, that the meaneſt ſpirit of all the men in the world, is more eminent then that of the moſt capable woman.

Verily, I will not raiſe my ſex above the merit thereof, thinking we ſhall ever be high enough, if we abide in the rank which God hath given us.

But whether we conſider reaſon, or whether we regard experience, they very pertinently make void this Chymera of conceit which hath taken birth from ſelf love and folly, as from its two moſt ſuitable elements.

I would willingly demand of theſe diſcourſers, whether they hold ſouls to have a ſex? Never will they avow this opinion, unleſs they mean to renounce faith and reaſon. And if our ſouls be indifferently created by God, why do they thereupon go about to forge diſtinctions, which have not any ſubſiſtence, but in their depraved imaginations. *Tertul. l. de animâ. Animæ non habent ſexum.*

If ſome ſay this diverſitie proceedeth from the bodies; who knowes it not, that the diſpoſition of Organs, from which it is thought the goodneſs of wit proceedeth, is as advantagious in women as men? See we not even at this day in all ſorts of conditions, men ſometimes ſo abject in wit and capacitie, that if one degree ſhould be taken from them, it ſeems they would have but ſufficient to become beaſts? And have we not ſeen in all times women intelligent and capable, ſome where ſ have made themſelves appear as miracles in arts, and others ſhewed, that if they were ignorant, we could attribute it to no cauſe, but to the modeſtie of their condition

I ſhould be to copious if I now went about to enlarge my ſelf upon the goodly works of Sophina, Erinna, Soſipatris, Cleobulina, Themiſtoclea, Teleſilla, Zenobia, *and* Eudoxia. *Theſe who condemn in us the want of wit, oftentimes wiſh we had leſs, and would ſettle a good part of their contentment in our ſtupiditie.*

We hold for an undoubted truth, that God having created us with this equalitie of ſouls, we have as much right in knowledge neceſſarie, for us in matter of grace,

virtue, and glory, as men can have. One thing I may well say, that the complexion of feminine bodies, may diſtil into our ſouls inconſtancies, infirmities, and paſſions, which perhaps would take an irregular flight, were they not repreſſed by piety and reaſon.

For my part, I think Simonides *hath not very ill expreſſed the ten Orders, which he hath made of the humours of women, and this will much help you in the choice you are to make, if your Majeſty will take ſo much pain as to be informed thereof.*

In ſaying this, ſhe cauſed her Virgins to draw near; and as heretofore thoſe of *Sparta* ſhewed drunken men to their children, to make them to abhor drunkenneſs, ſo framed ſhe a deſcription of the bad natures of women, to procure a deteſtation thereof, and exalt the merit of the virtuous, by the counterpoize of their contrary.

The third Section.

The ten Orders of women, and the vitious qualities which Ladyes ought eſpecially to avoid.

BEhold Maidens (*ſaith ſhe*) and adviſe in good time to lay hold on the tenth rank: for there are nine neither pleaſing nor laudable.

Sus lota & volutabro Pet. 2. 2.

In the firſt ſphere are thoſe, which are of the nature of a hog, creatures unworthy to be named, who ſoil the honour of their ſex, by the diſorder of their carriage: for leaving all that which is either honeſt or generous in our manners, they let themſelves looſe to all kind of infamous pleaſures, of gluttony and luſt, which ruineth them in conſcience, fortune, & reputation. They are whoups, proud birds, which have nothing but creſt, and naturally delight in ordure: they are bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but ſeek to hide themſelves under the mantle of night: they are horſe-leeches, which draw blood from the veins of a houſe & ſtate, where they exerciſe their power. They are *Syrens* of the earth, which cauſe ſhip-wracks without water. They are *Lamiæ*, who have hoſteries of Cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good uſage. They are harpies, who ſurprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed dypſades, which enforce an enraged thirſt upon thoſe whom they have once bitten. He that ſpeaks this vice of a woman, hath as it were nothing to ſay of all the evils in the world. And when impudence hath given them a brow of flint and ſteel to ſin, the bankrupting, which is made upon honor, is attended by that, which is committed on virtues and Altars, and there is not any vice in the world, which will not ſeek to poſſeſs it ſelf of the throne, from whence ſhamefac'dneſs is baniſhed. I beſeech you I may ſpeak no more of theſe ſcandals of nature, leaſt I may poiſon my tongue by the recital of their deportment.

Vide Petrum Damianum in Gomorrhianis.

Eccleſ 9. Laqueus venatorum.

In the ſecond rank are thoſe, who have the skin of the fox, and the ſnares of the hunter, to ſurprize the ſimple. I ſpeak not at all of certain creatures, who uſe pleaſing and innocent ſubtleties, as were thoſe of *Rebecca* and *Rachel*, which rather reliſhed of prudence then craft: but I diſcourſe of ſome women, cunning, inconſtant, ingenious, and practick. We ſee by experience, that creatures the leſs ſtrong, have the more ſleights, as if nature were willing to recompence the defect of one part, by the exceſs of another? So it often happeneth that we our ſelves being deſtitute of forces, which is more proper for men, have recourſe to an infinite number of deceits: wherein we think to have ſome advantage, & by the cunning of our wits, which are nimble enough, & by the ſuperabundance of leiſure we enjoy in a ſedentary life, and by the fervour of our paſſions, which being almoſt never in the mean, do ſtir up our underſtanding, to make it produce an infinity of deſigns. There are women able to give a leſſon to the greateſt Lawyers in matter of proceſs; ſo well are they verſed therein: they know all the terms of litigious pleadings, better then ever did *Labeon* or *Tribonius*, & they ſo cunningly make uſe thereof, that they tire the ſtrongeſt patiences by the tricks and flexibilities which they invent. There are ſome, who have a ſent ſo penetrating, that they ſmell from far all that which is done in a City, & diſcover the moſt ſecret things to find in ſome ſort their own intereſts. Others perpetually bear a ſnare on their tongues, ſuch words have they of double meanings; they know how to meaſure their dalliances to their own profit; to counterfeit friendſhip where there is not any; to hide hatred under flattery; to put Rivals into paſſion and quarrels; to make them fight and play the Fencers at their pleaſure, and afterwards to pull ſome feather from thoſe that are beaten. We do not ſo much advance our affairs as we would wiſh by theſe tricks; for that maketh us odious, & taketh the credit from us, which we ſhould rather derive from the goodneſs of our manners. And beſides, as there is no policy, which hath not in the end its countermine, whileſt paſſion holdeth us in breath to deceive others, oftentimes we ſuffer our ſelves to be ſurprized by a certain levity, of eaſily beleiving all thoſe which flatter us. Fair maids believe me, as there is nothing more lovely then goodneſs, ſo is there not any thing more ſtable then an honeſt ſimplicity. We are not born to be *Circes* and *Medea's*, nor to open a ſhop of all ſubtleties; let us be contented that Poets have made a monſter of a creature of our ſex, which commonly ſpake in very ambiguous terms, and they named it *Sphinx*; let us ſpeak truths to make fables falſe, and beware of the art which they profeſs.

Mulier fluxa & clamoſa, nihil omnino ſciens. Eccleſ. 9. Tecta perfluentia in die frigoris Prov. 17. Ulyſſes Alcobrandinus.

In the third rank go along certain natures endowed with dog-like qualities, moſt inſupportable, as are ſo many women troubleſom, importunate, & ſlanderous, who do nothing perpetually but bay, bawl, or bite. To live with ſuch a creature in a houſe, is to have a rotten roof, which letteth rain & tempeſts drop in winter upon the head of the hoſt. There are men who becom familiar with Lions, Bears and Dragons; but where ſhall you find one, who hath made tractable ſuch like humours? The habitations of deſerts are delights in compariſon of ſuch company. A film in the eye, the gout in the foot, the ſton in the reins, the hiſſing of aſpicks, thunder, lightening, raſors, hooks of iron, make leſs noiſe, and do leſs hurt, then theſe poiſoned tongus, which penetrate even into the entrails.

A husband which meeteth with ſo ill a chance, daily acteth that part in his houſe, which did heretofore *Prometheus* on the mountain of *Caucaſus*, when a vultur rent him alive, and gnawed his heart, which was only fruitful for his puniſhment. The wife that meets with a bad husband ſhould not much complain, but yet ſhe findeth that being in ſubjection, ſhe is not ſo far diſtant from the degree, wherein nature hath placed her: but on the contrary ſide, to ſee a man ill handled by the impudent exclamations of an imperious woman, is a kind of monſter in nature, which moveth pity in ſome, & aſtoniſhment in others. All husbands have not the reſolutions of the Philoſopher *Socrates*, who held opinion we muſt endure women, as the dung of pigeons, which pay our patience with their fruitfulneſs. For verily being crowned with a bucket of water by his Miſtreſs *Xantippe*, after a great noiſe of bitter words, he replied, Such was the nature of the world, becauſe after the thunder-clap followed rain. Our age is not ſo fruitful in ſuch inſenſibilities: but in like occaſions the husband and wife coming to contend with words, a wind is raiſed at the door and window, which bringeth a ſtorm into the houſe. In all times our tongues have been cenſured, as tempeſts

Vitia Alabrandinus

pests opposite to publick repose: some have compared them to those bells of the Forrest of *Dodona*, which made a prodigious jangling: others have said, there needeth not above three of them to make up a Faire; and others have added, It was ill done to say, there were words which came from our mouthes, but rather waves and froath of the Sea. I cannot but think these Censors speak out of excess; but let us prove them lyars by our discretion, and perswade our selves, that discourses of a woman which have been purified by silence and consideration, have a marvellous virtue.

Mulierum verbales undæ. Falgentius.

Mulier fama. Prov. 11.

In the fourth order are women of the earth, who are of a nature gross, stupid, and dull, that live in the world as superfluous creatures, and know as it were, neither good nor ill; the care of their house very little toucheth them: the least business is of power much to perplex their mindes; their kindred and allies finde little friendship with them, since they themselves have oftentimes the heart of an Ostrich towards their own children, whom they regard as if they were strangers. In the end, they have much ado to endure themselves, so unprofitable they are, and malignant towards civil life, : which happeneth to them through depraved habits, and inordinate idleness, whereinto they have suffered themselves to slide from their tender years or by some other corrup ions of a melancholy spirit, which they foment to the prejudice of their repose.

These kinde of natures are good neither in the Country, City, house-keeping, nor in religion. For we finde that in all things we must use endeavour, and that we came into the world, as into a Galley, where, if one cannot manage either the Stern or Oar, he must at the least make a shew to stir his arms, and imitate the Philosopher *Diogenes*, who rolled his Tub up and down, wherein it was said, he inhabited, to bulie himself. For my part, I like well those people who banished all idle gods out of their walls, and retained such as enjoyned travel. For, to live and take pains, is but one and the same thing; and that, which the nourishment we take, operateth for the preservation of life, labour doth the like for accommodation thereof.

August. l. 7. de Civit. Dei. Philo de sacrif. Abel & Cain.

Non est ira super iram mulieris. Eccles. 25.

In the fifth station you have women of the Sea, who much deceive the world by their fair semblances: for they at first appear quiet & peaceable, as a Sea in the greatest calm, having no want of grace or beauty, which promiseth much good to those who know them not, but one would not believe how they shift away upon the least wind of contradiction which is raised: how they are puffed up, and become unquiet with anger, love, avarice, jealousie, and other passions very active. Such an one seeth the flower of the thorn, who knoweth not the pricking thereof, and such an one beholdeth with admiration those excellent beauties, who cannot believe how many pricks and stings they cover under these imaginary sweetnesses. You shall therein ordinarily observe very great levity & impatience, which maketh them hourly to change their resolution, in such sort, that they think nothing so miserable, as to remain still in one and the same condition. I have seen young widows, who had washed the bodies of their husbands with their tears, wiped them away with their hairs, and, as it were, worn it by force of kisses, and who not content with these ardent affections, discharging the surplusage of their passion upon their own proper bodies, toar their hair, pulled their cheeks, and were rather covered with dust then apparel; they died every hour, saying, they could not live one sole moment without their best-beloved, and filled the air and earth with their complaints; which was the cause why such as came to the Funerals, knew not whether they should bewail the dead, or the dying. Notwithstanding, presently after these goodly counterfeitings, they began again to reform their hair, and change the dust of the pavement into the powder of *Cypress*, to put painting upon their tears, to adorn with a carcanet of pearl the neck, which they seemed to destine to a halter, to seek for Oracles from their looking-glass, and to do all things as if death and love conspired to make their feast in one and the same Inn. I have observed others, who being yet under the yoak, were the best servants in the world, but as soon as they saw themselves at liberty, there were no worse mistresses then they. There are noted to be in the heart of a woman the passions of a tyrant, and should they continually have wheels and gibbets at their command, the world would become a place of torture and execution. Never have I seen passions more hard to vanquish: for in the end the Sea which threatneth the world to make but one element, suffereth it self to be distinguished into ditches by little grains of sand, which staied it with the commission they received thereupon from God: but when a woman letteth the reins of her passion go, there is not, as it were, neither law divine nor humane, which can recal her spirit to reason. Fair maids, take ever from the modesty of your hearts, the laws which may be given you by justice.

S. Zeno Hom. de continen.

In the sixth degree are the natures of the Ape, who have a certain malice spightful and affected, and such spirits may be found of this kind who day and night dream on nothing but mischief. They are filled with false opinions, sinister judgments, disdains, smothered choler, discontents, acerbities, in such sort, that the ray of the prosperity of a neighbour reflecting on their eys, makes them sigh and groan. And as those Apes which sculk in the shop of a Trades-man, mar his tools, disturb his works, scatter his labours, and turn all topsie-turvy: So these malicious creatures spy occasions to trouble a good affair, to dissolve a purpose well intended, to over-throw a counsel maturely deliberated, to cause a retardation on the most just desires, and frustrate the most harmless delights. How many times do we behold the sun to rise chearful and resplendent in a bright morning, and every one is abashed to see a mist arise, which in this serenity doth that which blemishes on a fair body? It is said, it sometimes proceedeth from a sorceress, which darkeneth that glorious eye of the day with her charms: and how often have you observed prosperities more radiant then the cleerest Summers day, which have been cloyed with dusky vapours by the secret practises of a woman, who biteth the bridle in some nook of a chamber? Fair maids, malice is an ill trade: it ever drinketh down at least the moiety of the poyson which it mingled for others.

Custodite à muliere mala. Prov. 6.

In the seventh Region, there are some kinde of Owls, or Wild-cats, certain creatures enemies of day, of all conversation, all civility, and all decorum: who having received from God many honest enablements to adorn life, and to do good to persons necessitous, so lock up their entrails, that you may sooner extract Honey and Manna from flints, then get a good turn out of their hands. How is it possible they could be courteous to oblige their likes since they are many times cruel to themselves, defrauding themselves of the necessities of life, which are, as it were, as common as elements, to satisfie a wicked pasions of avarice that gnaweth them with a kind of fury? For they endure in abundance part of that, which the damned suffer

Mulierum genus avaritiæ.

in flames perpetually, and fearing leaſt the earth may fail them, they bewail what is paſt, they complain of the preſent, they apprehend the future, they love life, onely to hold money in priſon; and fear not death, but for the expence muſt be made at their funerals.

Fountain of Garamant. *Helinicus. S. Bonaventura in dicta.*

Let us take heed we reſemble not thoſe fountains, which are ſo cold in the day, that they cannot be drunk, and ſo hot in the night, that none dare come near them. Let us do good both in life and death with the goods which God hath given us. If men be ungrateful, he will ſuffer us to reap reward even from his hands. A covetous ſoul, which in the proſperity of its affairs, and ſuperabundance of riches, heareth not the clamours of the needy, is as the hen, which is ſaid to be deaf in ſummer; is like a bottle full of ſilver which affordeth nothing till it be broken; is a mil-wheel which much laboureth, and gaineth nothing; a hog, which never doth good, but at his death. It hath always folly for guide, ſervitude for dowry, and miſery for recompence.

Inveni amariorem morte mulierem. Eccleſ. 7.

In the eighth are thoſe, which are ſaid to be compoſed of a certain mixture of powders very different, which cauſeth them to be of humours light, giddy, fantaſtical, in ſuch manner, that they daily make an infinite number of metamorphoſes, and one knoweth not in what mould they muſt be caſt, to put them into a ſtate of conſiſtence. You may there obſerve a ſpirit, which is perpetually upon change, which ceaſeth not to jump from deſire to deſire, like a bird from branch to branch. A ſpirit, which will, and will not, which ſaith, and unſaith, doth and undoeth, and which continually hindereth it ſelfe in its thoughts. All that which you think to be very firmly ſetled with ſuch kind of perſons, is tied with a ſliding knot, and there needeth but the turn of a hand to overthrow what is thought to be beſt eſtabliſhed. One thing they retain very conſtantly in ſuch an ebb and floud of inconſtancies, which is obſtinately to fix themſelves upon their own opinions, and no more to give way to reaſon, then rocks to waves. It is verily one of the greateſt vices which may be in a woman, as being the ſeminary of all diſorders that grow in houſes. I have ever learned from Antiquity, that the nobleſt Spirits are thoſe, which give good counſels, and that ſuch as willingly hearken unto them, come neareſt, and joyn with them in a laudable degree of goodneſs. But ſuch as neither can give good advice, nor receive it from others, are the very worſt natures of the world. Preſerve your ſelves, Maidens, from this imperfection, which is the blemiſh of a noble courage, the worm of concord, the poiſon of life, the inſeparable companion of folly. Make it not your trophey to be refractory againſt the advices and remonſtrances of thoſe, to whom nature, juſtice, and reaſon hath ſubjected us: otherwiſe you would travel much, and get nothing in recompence, but the perfection of a mule.

Mulier compta. Eccleſ. 9.

I ſet in the ninth place maids, who are of the nature of thoſe proud kinde of creatures, as of peacocks, or little dogs, which are glutted with curioſities, whileſt ſo many poor people die for hunger in the ſtreets. This order is now adays much ſpread over the world, for it is filled with nice women, who ſeem to be born for nought elſe, but to make it appear how high the deſires of exorbitant nature may mount, when a great fortune ſupporteth them. Many little fisking goſſips are ſeen, who are made up like puppets, ſo curiouſly bred, that they ſeem to be fed with potable gold between cotten and ſilk. Thoſe are the divinities of fathers and mothers, who raiſe rain and fair weather in their houſes, at the onely aſpect of their countenances. The joy and ſadneſs of the whole family waiteth on the condition of their humours; they muſt no more be offended then thoſe ſtars, which are thought to ſend tempeſts upon ſuch as have not ſaluted them. What may one hope from a ſoul altogether drenched in theſe delicacies? follies attend the increaſe of age, and multiply by infinite degrees. Reaſon is trampled under foot, and paſſion armed with a great power makes it ſelf to be carried on the ſhoulders of men. Deſires are without meaſure, wills without bridle, paſſion without moderation, and ſenſuality without reſiſtance; bravery, tattle, impertinent babble, toyiſhneſs, love, afford no paſſage to truth, and if there be any devotion, it is altogether ſilken; ſo coy and curious it is in the choice of perſons. Sacraments are good, if they be not tied to hands, where vanity ſeeketh its intereſts; yea, pride is planted upon the hair-cloth of pennance; and if God would chaſtiſe ſuch creatures to their liking, he muſt tie up his rods with ſilk, or elſe they never would receive correction.

When they leave their parents to be delivered to husbands, they go to change power, and not nature. A husband is ever uncivil, according to their ſaying, if they have not permiſsion to do any thing. And as it is ſaid the moon never agreeth in qualities with the ſun, but when ſhe hath eclipſed him, ſo they find not any concord in marriage, but in the dimunition of his authority, whom God hath given them to be their head. They carry along with their portion all the vices of their childhood, which oftentimes accompany them even to the grave. They have no eyes to ſee adverſity, no nor ears to hear it; the miſeries of the poor touch them ſo little, as if they were made of marble, and the care of their family ſhall never interrupt their pleaſures. What a life is it to behold a woman, who although ſhe riſe in a time when the ſun is near noon-tide, notwithſtanding, as if ſhe feared the vapours of the ſerain, ſhe is armed before ſhe come out of her bed, with a reſtorative from the kitchin, to keep her colour the more freſh. Ptolom. Almag. 2.

From that time ſhe cauſeth her ſelf to be attired, and clothed like an Idol, by three or four ſervants, who have more ado to preſerve her beauty, then ever had the Veſtals of *Rome* to maintain the ſacred fire. One preſenteth her with red, another with white, one holds a looking-glaſs, and another dares not tell her that the time of Maſs is already paſt, whileſt my Lady taketh her head-dreſſings: yet muſt the Canons of the Church be broken as eaſily as a glaſs, to obey the humours of a woman, and to celebrate then, when it is to be doubted whether the ſun begin not to bend already to his ſetting. Maſs is paſt over with making ſowr faces, and looking ſcornfull with a good grace, with ſome ſlight ceremonies of devotion, which go no further then the outward parts. There it is, where reſolutions are made of entertainments of time, to be choſen for the reſt of the day. Then follow the viſits of child-bed women, gaddings, and coachings, dances and banquets, where the prattle is ſo loud, that a few women could ſuffice to make the noiſe of a mil. They much love to hear diſcourſe upon all kinde of affairs. They that have not their ſpirits ſo ſubtile, entertain themſelves upon trifles, and ſlight complements, which they have ſtudied for the ſpace of ten years. Others, who can ſhew they have read a great quantity of love-pamphlets, or ſuch like, would ſeem of ability, ſo far as to give law to Poets and writers. Others, who have not this kind of reliſh, love not to pleaſe any thing ſo much, as their own ſenſuality, and in theſe looſe companies take fire and winde on all ſides, to the great prejudice of their reputation.

I leave it my Daughters, to the repose of your recollected cogitations, to think what Epitaph may be bestowed upon gentlewomen that lead such a life, but that they have employed themselves in the customary actions of a beast, nay, which a beast daily performs better then they; with this disparity, that they have been more inventive to season their sin.

Behold what honest women commonly most condemn in the carriage of the vitious and imperfect, which I have abbreviated in few words; being unwilling to enlarge any further upon the other imperfections, whereof I have no experience, having ordinarily so much entertainment with my books and employments, that I have no leisure to study on the manners of this sex.

The fourth SECTION.

The tenth Order of Women, full of Wisdom, and Virtue.

THe young Emperour took great pleasure to hear the Empress his mother speak so freely concerning the nature of women; and he prayed her to perform her promise touching the characters, which might serve him in the choice he meant to make; whereupon she replied:

"The last and most excellent Order of women is that, which heretofore was called the order of Bees; women truly divine, who seem to have been made upon Celestial globes by the hands of Angels, so sweet is their nature, their virtue so rare, & price so unvaluable. They are in houses as the sun in his Orb, (a) and he that would equal their worth, should he draw out all mettals and precious stones which the earth hideth in its veins, would rather finde insufficiency in his purpose, then want of merit in his object.

(a) *Sicut sol oriens in mundo, in altissimis Dei.* Eccles. 26.

Bees (as said an (b) Ancient) having nothing mortal in them but death: they perform actions worthy of immortality. Bees are labourers from the day of their birth; and it seemeth these are framed for the practice of virtues from their cradle. Bees have their little wings; these meditation and action. Those have a sting, these a point of vigour, which is the instrument of all perfections. Those live under a King, and these consecrate themselves to the obedience of laws both divine and humane. Those are great enemies of ordure, and these live in the delights of chastity. Those travel incessantly, and lose not a day unless heaven enforce it; (c) these are perpetually in the exercise of good works, and loose no time but to give it unto God. Those never stay upon withered flowers; and these set not their hearts upon any fading things which are under the Moon. Those have their hives rubbed with bitter herbs, to defend them from venemous creatures; and these use mortification of flesh against the poison of pleasures. Those make themselves connterpoises with certain little stones to fly the better; and these make a counter-ballance with humility to soar the higher. Those make honey which serves for nourishment and medicine; these have ever charity in their hands to cure the wounds and acerbities of the life of the poor, succouring their want by their liberalities. Those make the Altars to shine by the help of wax, which they produce; these adorn and enrich all the Church with the travel of their hands, or wealth of their Cabinets. What, would you to be more noble or divine? Why then are you amazed, if the Scripture (d) hath said, That houses and riches came from Parents, but a wise and a virtuous wife from the hand of God?

(b) *Nihil haeret mortale, nisi quod moritur. Apis nil in usi artifex nascitur.* Quintil.

(c) *Nullus enim par ce lum licuit, ergo perit dies* Plin. l. 1.

(d) Prov. 19. *Domus, & divitiæ dantur à parentibus, à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens.*

The fifth SECTION.

A brief Table of the excellent qualities of a Lady; and first of true Devotion.

THe Gentlewomen that stood round about the Empress, expressed much earnestness to know in few words the excellent qualities of a woman truly virtuous; and *Euphrosina*, not to frustrate their desire, proceeded in these terms:

"A Lady well accomplished, is like a star with five rays, which are the five vertues, of Devotion, Modesty, Chastity, Discretion, and Charity (a.) Devotion formeth the interiour, Modesty makes it appear in the exteriour with a requisite comeliness, Chastity perfecteth both the one and the other, Discretion applieth it to the direction of others, and Charity crowneth all her actions.

(a) These are the qualities which the Scripture giveth her in divers places. (b) The first title of a woman, which S. *Paul* observeth in the Epistle to *Titus*. c. 2. when he calleth her by a Greek word ἰδιοπρεπῆ, as one would say, suitable to holy things.

(b) A woman without Devotion, were she composed as a *Pandora*, & had she all the beauties which the heart can desire, and the imaginations feign, is a Bee without a sting, which will make neither honey nor wax, is a savage beast that nature hath lodged in a painted house, is a case covered with precious stones, to preserve a dung-hil, is a *Michol*, who appeared outwardly with a Crown, and lived inwardly a slave to her passions, is a piece of flesh already halfe rotten, having not so much as one grain of salt in it. Corruption will creep into her life, disorder into her manners, infamy into her reputation, and despair into her salvation. Devotion is a virtue hereditary to our sex; it is the first portion which God hath granted us; it is the title which the Church hath given us; it is the most eminent mark of our Nobility. If we loose this ornament, I cannot see why we should pretend to live, having renounced the honour of Christianity.

But to tell you my opinion, Devotion being no other thing but a prompt and vigorous affection, which disposeth us to all that which concerneth the service of God, it seemeth to me, that many among us have great illusions in this point, and oftentimes court a fantasie, thinking to entertain a truth.

There are of those, who by over-much embracing Altars have overthrown them, (c) and broken the Idol of *Dagon*, to set their own judgement up in the place thereof.

(c) *Altaria dum venerantur, everterunt.* S. Zeno, hom. de patientia *Strabo* lib. 1. Ælian. de animal. l. 7.

I have seen very many, who have a slight devotion of apish tricks, which onely consisteth in a certain light and childish imitation of countenances and gestures, having not any solidity in the interiour. For my part, I imagine when I think upon such apparences of piety without effect, that if apes had a little studied our countenances, they would much exceed us in this point: For they are great and mischievous imitatours of all they see; witness those, who washed their eyes in a bason full of glew, having observed a huntsman, who washed his with fair water; and he who being desirous to bathe a little infant in imitation of its nurse, hastened to plunge it in a boyling cauldron. How many do we daily see in the seemings of affected piety, who so well act all countenances; as if with such merchandise Paradise were to be purchased? And in the mean space they are altogether devoid of true virtues; so that he who could penetrate into their hearts, should finde they were like to those pearls, which in stead of a solid body, have nothing but the husk.

Some take devotion as a slight pastime, others as a light complement; others bend that way for complacence to the humours of another; others for glory: and although they have consciences as rude as those

of

of the Countrey, they would willingly draw Seraphins, out of Heaven to govern them, to the end that although they cannot have devotion, they may at the leaſt gain the reputation to ſeek after the perfecteſt: others are thereto tranſported for ſome ſlender cloak of liberty, and certain accomodations of their own proper intereſt.

I do not ſay, but that there are a great number who have intencions moſt pure, and proceed very piouſly, but we muſt affirm, that the defects whereof we ſpeak, may craftily ſlide into the infirmity of our ſex.

For, what may we ſay of a creature to whom ten years of devotion, twelve hundred communions, and a thouſand exhortations have not yet taken off one hair of vanity? What may we think of her, who eateth the immortal Lamb twice or thrice a week, and daily on all occaſions becometh a Lioneſs in her houſe? What may we judge of her, who ſo many times layeth the holy Euchariſt on her tongue, as a ſeal of the ſpouſe, not being able to bridle or reſtrain it ſo far, as to forbear ſo many indiſcreet and evil words? what may one preſume of her, who makes a ſcruple to drink cool in ſummer, and to behold a flower with delight, yet feeleth no remorſe of conſcience to have ſpoken more ſlanders in one dinner, then ſhe hath eaten morſels? Verily we betray devotion, which is of it ſelf fair and glorious, when we uſe it in ſuch ſort; and we give matter to exorbitant ſouls how to juſtifie their ſins by our deportments, to which they ever have but too much inclination, & think that in depainting us with a coal, they make themſelves as white as ſnow. There are others, who deſire devotions extatick and raviſhing, diſguiſed in ſtrange words, in faſhions never heard of, in ceremonies not accuſtomed. All that which is juſt, prudent, and moderate, taſteth too much of common; other paths muſt be found to Paradiſe; new habits muſt be cut out for God under the mould of their fancy, to make him known. I am not ignorant, that there are in religious orders ſouls purified from the dregs of the world, which have apprehenſions of God moſt elate; nor would I for any thing condemn ſuch bleſſings. But when in ordinary life they ſpeak to me of faſhions ſo extraordinary, I ever go along with a leaden pace, ſo much do I fear, leaſt for a ſtrong piety, I find a body of ſmoke. I add alſo others, who make to themſelves a devotion hideous, penſive, and melancholly, which amazeth thoſe who behold it with the only ſight thereof, they voluntarily reſigning themſelves to, as it were, perpetual tortures of the mind. This virtue hath but too much ſlander in the world; we have nothing elſe to do, but to hide its beauty, and to give it a maſk of terrour, to affright thoſe, who have buſineſs enough to free themſelves from their ſenſuality. I eſteem the devotion moſt proper for our ſex, is that which hath leaſt of affectation, & moſt of effect. Every one will be able to direct the prayers ſhe ought to make, confeſſions, communions, according to her own capacity, profeſſion, and leiſure, uſing therein the counſel of ſome that govern her conſcience; but let her aſſure her ſelf ſhe ſhall never taſt devotion at the fountain head, but in the practiſe of virtues, and the conſtancy of good reſolutions.

The ſixth SECTION.

Modeſty.

AFter the interiour is directed by the motions of piety, followeth the virtue of modeſty, which proclaimeth us exteriourly. It is the needle of the dyal, which ſheweth how our ſouls circumvolveth times, and the hours of the day: it, which witneſſeth the power we have over our paſſions; it, which formeth us after the model of great ſouls; it, which cauſeth us to appear in converſation, in a manner not only regular, but ſweet, honeſt, & exemplar.

In incorruptibilitate quieti & modeſti ſpiritus. 1 Pet. 3. 4.

It is the virtue, which S. *Peter* the Apoſtle required of our ſex, when he adviſed us to hold the inward man in the incorruptibility of a ſpirit peaceable and modeſt. This is ſeen in the carriage, geſtures, and countenances; but eſpecially in ſpeech, and habits. We cannot believe how wiſe we are in ſimplicity, and how powerful in mildneſs.

It is the ſtrongeſt armour we have from nature. When we manage a ſpirit, and govern an affair by theſe ſweet and peaceable ways, we aſtoniſh the moſt confident, we diſarm the ſtouteſt, and triumph over conquerours, we have nothing to do but to hold our peace, and our ſilence ſpeaketh by us. But when deveſting us of this ſpirit of ſweetneſs, modeſty, and docibility, we put on a faſhion haughty, ſcornful, & turbulent, we are onely able in loud noiſes, which render us contemptible to thoſe who are more powerful then we, troubleſome to our equals, intolerable to our inferiours, and hateful to all the world. With this mild temper of ſpirit, *Heſter* changed King *Aha ſuerus* into a lamb, with the ſame, *Abigail*, was much ſtronger then the arms of *David*, and *Jeſabel* with her natural cruelty having ſlain Innocents, ruined Cities, diſturbed States, was thrown out of a high window on the pavement, to be trampled all bloudy under the feet of horſes.

But as concerning Modeſty, which regardeth the comlineſs of body and attire, it is a ſtrange thing, how many complaints are made againſt us upon this point. We have already ſerved for the ſpace of ſo many Ages as a common place to Preachers, matter of cenſure for Edicts, a fable for Cities, and laughter to our ſelves. In the mean time this love of bravery is ſo throughly engraſted in our ſpirits, that we will not deſpoil us of it, but with our ſkin. It is an original ſin, which all women carry with them from their mothers womb, for which there is no Baptiſm to be found, and he that ſhould go about to waſh us from this ſtain, we would have an action againſt him. Yea, were this onely usual among great Ladies, for whom earth, rivers, and ſeas, ſeeme to produce wherewith to ſatisfy their curioſity, it would appear leſs ſtrange, but all women are born with this paſſion and they ſo heartily hug it, that there will be almoſt no diſtinction made in orders, ſince there is ſo much confuſion in habits.

Citizens wives will become Queens; and if we hereafter would be taken for Queens, we muſt become Citizens wives. Perhaps thoſe who cenſure us in this point, require too much of us, and ſome are therein tranſported with ſo much zeal, that if we would believe them, we ſhould make all the *Maries* of Egypt to be at Court. Thoſe who intend to treat with us in this manner, by falling upon our hair and attires, touch not our hearts, for could any one truely perſwade us to virtue, we ſhould cover our ſelves with a ſack, ſo that it might advance the glory of God, and the profit of our neighbour: yet do I think we have ſome right to comlineſs, and propriety in our garments, ever abiding within the limits of the moſt regular, in ſuch ſort, that the wiſe may not blame our ſuperfluities, nor thoſe who are more favourable accuſe our defects.

But to ſpeak ſincerely, there is a kind of frenzy in our proceeding. He who ſhould ſee the ſtuffs taken up ſometimes at the Mercers to cloath a little body, whereof the worms will quickly make a dung-hill, would

would say they had undertaken to cover some huge whale: & he who should reckon up all the furnitures of a Lady, as they ly on a table, having never seen any woman, would think it were a Mercery to furnish a little City: we resemble those birds, which have no body, and are as it were nought else but feathers; we use therein so many fashions, disguises, and inventions, that we tire our spirits; so much study and affection, that many of us make so much business about a ruff, as if we had a Commonwealth of *Athens* to manage.

And that which is most horrible, is, these vanities are drawn from the bloud of the poor; and in the same proportion as they are extracted, they so impoverish, as I fear posterity may have more cause to curse our dissolutions, then cherish them. Nay, worse is done, when they so vehemently affect to begin the adultery of their bodies by that of the face, that it is insensibly eaten into with painting and poyson, as if they would derive beauty from *corruption*. Then certain fashions of apparel are found out, which seem to be made rather to sell bodies, then to cover them. I do not know what may be reserved for the eyes of a chast husband, when through all markets the secret parts of his wives body are exposed as open, as if they were ready to be delivered over to the best bidders. I cannot tell what husbands can be pleased with the publication of this nakedness, if not certain *Platonists* who would approve the law this Philosopher made, as it is said, of community of beds, then the doctrine of idæa's, which would be viands too empty to satiate the hunger of concupiscence. Verily, if we yet retain a vein of the perfect Christianity which swaied in the golden age, we ought to stifle by a generous consent, all these abuses, and make of the spoils of superfluity a Sacrifice of mercy, giving in part for the relief of the poor, that, which hitherto we have dedicated to the fantasies of our spirits. Since we are born with some supereminencies of body, and are the goodliest creatures of the world, why should we go about to beg glory from poisons of the earth, from worms, and spoils of the dead? If opinion have put us unto it, it is now long since withered by the confusion of so many hands, who incessantly gathered it. The glory of the greatest Ladies shall not hereafter survive, but in great modesty.

The seventh SECTION.

Chastity.

It is the quality S. *Paul* calleth sanctification. 1 Tim. 2. *Salvabitur per filiorum generationē, si permanserint in fide, et dilectione, et sanctificatione, cum sobrietate.*

THis is the shortest way we have to the preservation of Chastity, an incomparable virtue, & the richest jewel of our sex. It ought to be as natural to us, as flight to birds, swimming to fishes, beauty in flowers, and rays in the sun. You need not ask, what may become of a maid or wife, who is prodigal of a good, which should be as firmly united to her body, as her hearts: She is capable of all sorts of crimes, and were there question to open all the gates of hell, incontinency alone would put the keys into her hands. There is no beast in the world that is not better then a prostitute, who by the dishonour of her bed hath charged her soul with sins, her body with intemperance, her renown with reproaches, and her memory with execration. We sought so to instruct your daughters in the virtue of purity, that they may not know the least shadow of sins which are committed in the world. I approve not those little *Dina's*, who will see and smell out so many customes of Countries, and entertainments; for they too soon learn that, which they too late will forget, and take so much fire in at the ears and eyes, that water enough will not be found to extinguish it. I do not wish a maid, though very young, should be delighted in the company of children which are not of her own sex. I likewise fear those of her sex, who are too curious, their company is sometimes so much the more dangerous then that of men, as we least take heed of a domestick enemy. That chastity is ever the most stable, which knoweth not so much as what voluptuousness may pretend unto. I will think crows might become nightingales, when any one should make me believe that a creature of our sex, which is delighted to hear or utter scoffs, and speeches of double sense, which cover ordure under golden words, either is chast, or can any long time continue as she is.

Hieron. ad Laetam. Securitate est carere timore, timore autem quid quæras.

Let us guard the eyes, mouth, and ears of those young maidens, as Temples dedicated to Honour, let us do nothing in their presence, which they cannot imitate without sin: let us teach them not to addict themselves, either to pleasures of the mouth, or sleight desires, to take and freely possess any petty favours. A creature which much coveteth to have that which her condition cannot afford, hath many enemies in her heart, which will deliver her body over to dishonour, and her soul to confusion. Let us cut off as much as we may so many wanton songs, idle books, infamous pictures, gossipings, dancings, and banquets: never is a beast taken but with some bait, nor chastity lost, but that such attractives serve as fore-runners.

There are not so many lost spirits to be found among women well bred, who in sin pretended nothing but sin: but the love of divers Ladies proceedeth rather from vanities of the mind, then weakness of the body. They desire to be in some esteem and admiration of those, who can neither esteem nor admire them, but in the pretensions of their own interests: they take delight to be commended for their beauties, which never any man so profusely applaudeth, as not to hope to be paid for his praises. They are subject to much credulity, whether it be through some easiness of nature too weak, or by overmuch presumption and self-love, in such sort, that they quickly esteem themselves fair, and worthy to be beloved by those who feign affection, not seeing that fishes are taken with nets, and women with the credulity of their light belief. They undertake designs to make servants, who are not of the order of Arch-angels, to serve them as *Raphael* did *Toby*, not pretending power over their hearts and honours. They are infinitely delighted to see a man prostrate at their feet, especially when he hath some qualities, which put him into the estimation of the world. It is a glory among the quaintest to have gained slaves, who love their chains, and who will no longer live nor dy but for them. This is the cause they counterfeit themselves to be little Idols: and take many sacrifices of smoak; and although they at the same time have not any intention to offend God, notwithstanding they suffer themselves to dissolve among so many offers of services, complements, & protestations, and in the end feel, it is a very hard matter to defend ones self from an enemy, who onely assaulteth us with gold or incense. Drops of rain are composed of nothing but water, and do by their continual fall penetrate the stones; so, much sweetness of words, submissions, and observancies redoubled one upon another, are able to make a rock rent in sunder: how can they but transport a woman, who issuing from a bone, faileth not to retain all the softness of flesh.

Love sometimes hath wings to fall upon its prey with a full souce, and sometimes, it goeth along with a crooked

a crooked pace. That which it cannot obtain by a prompt heat, it expecteth from a constant importunity. From thence ensue private conversation, and disorders, which make tales in cities, stage-plaies, and bloudy tragedies, which being begun behind a curtain, are many times ended at the gallows. I do not find a better remedy to stop the beginnings of lust, then to behold the end thereof. A Lady who sollicited in matter of dishonour, in the first baits shall draw the curtain, and behold a huge gulf of scandals, injuries, rages, and despairs, will as willingly descend into Hell alive, as consent to this brutish passion. She will seasonably proceed to remedies, and unfolding her heart in the secret of Confession, will discover the deceipt of it, and by this means avoid an infinity of disasters. Thrice, yea four-fold happy is she, who will take these words as an Oracle, and enchace them in her heart to remember them eternally.

The eight SECTION.

Discretion in the manage of affairs.

A title which the Wiseman expresseth by the word *Sensata*, *Eccles.* 7 And S. *Paul* useth the word ὁ κυβός, *Tit.* 2. much recommending to women the care of household affairs.

WHen we have begun to polish our selves by these virtues; Discretion will regularly apply us to conversation and affairs, every one according to her qualities.

A woman is a poor thing, which hath no imployment nor discretion; as there are many to be found, who having lived to the age of ninety years have not learned any thing, but to dress and undress themselves. Why should we have a reasonable soul, were it not to enrich it with knowledges, which are necessary to us, both for our selves, & the government of those which fall into our hands? As we profess not to be wise, so we have not made a vow of stupidity. We should love as our eye-sight the reading of good books, which teach us how to become better; for they are wise companions, and honest entertainments, from whence we never behold jealousies nor scandals to arise. It is not a very barren delight to behold women, who as soon as they have made a silly complement, have nothing else to say, unless they talk of their ruffs, or some such kind of trifles? At the least, I wish those, who never have been willing to learn to speak, would one day practise to hold their peace: But they deafen the world with their prattle, and daily deliver an Iliad of speeches, wherein there is not so much as one good word. Tell me not these maids so knowing, are more subject to caution: I would not have them, I say unto you, all learned, as the *Sybils* and *Muses*; but who will envy them an honest science of things, which serve for the direction of manners? There is none but spiders, and such little creatures, that turn flowers into poyson. We ought not to fear that a maid, to whom good foundations of humility & devotion are given, will abuse this celestial manna, which is found in sage Writers.

I have learned from one full of wisdom and experience, that for one young virgin instructed in learning, which hath failed in her honour, twenty other have been found of the ignorant, who have so much the more grosly erred, as they had the less knowledge of their fault. I intend not by this counsel proposed, which is, to perfect them by reading that therefore we give liberty to the curiosity of reading of all sorts of books, and namely those which treat of loves, though in a very gentle manner; for they have a little sting in them as soft as silk, which insensibly enters into the heart; and when they describe this passion unto you with so many exquisite terms and honest inventions, they create so beautiful loves, that in seeking to imitate them, we produce such as are deformed. If we must become learned, we ought to do it in that manner as the Sts. *Tecla*, *Catharina*, *Eudoxia*, *Marcella*, *Paula*, *Fabiola*, *Eustochium*, who with the spoils of *Egypt*, furnished the Cross and Altars of our Saviour: Nor would I advise a virgin to go and hide her self in a granary or cave, to devour books: It is fit she season her reading with works proper to her profession. Let us never suffer her to be idle, but so soon as age rendereth her capable, let us give her some little direction and exercise in the house. For why should we be ashamed to work with the needle, since *Augustus Cæsar*, the founder of Empires, reputed such kind of imployments not unworthy of his daughters; and that the *Romans* many years preserved, as a relick, the distaff of Queen *Tanaquilla*, much more charily then the lance or sword of *Romulus*; thinking it was more necessary to give women examples of industry, then furnish men with idæa's of war? One would not beleive, how much the earnestness some have upon a good piece of work, diverteth all other passions, which may embroil the spirit; but whosoever will make trial, shall find that innocency is never better lodged then at the sign of labour. I leave you to think, when a maid hath endeavoured to learn from her tender years, matters fit for housewifery, even to the kitchin, what a goodly light is in that house, whether it proceed from a father, or from a husband for the direction of the family, the government of men, and maid-servants, the example of youth, and the comfort of the family. She maketh her self necessary in the best affairs, there is much repose in her prudence, her health is accounted important, her life precious, her death deplorable, and her memory replenished with honour. The wisest of men *Solomon*, hath given no other marks to know a virtuous woman then the Oeconomy she holdeth in the government of her family. *She hath considered* (saith he) *the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread in idleness; she hath taken pains in linnen and wollen. She is become as a ship laden with victuals and riches. She riseth before day to provide fitting food for her family. She hath made purchase of farms, and entertained traffick. She hath put her hand to work, then opened it to the necessity of the poor. All her servants are in good order, her husband and children cannot sufficiently praise her for her great wisdom. She is a lamp which will never be extinguished in the darkness of night.* Behold somewhat near the tearms which he useth, to reckon up the perfections of a wife, ending with wisdom, and fear of God, which is the first and last ornament.

The ninth SECTION.

Conjugal Love.

IN the end; as love is a generous passion which by its good government crowneth all virtues, I would advise a married Lady, for the accomplishment of her perfection, to bear a most cordial charity towards her husband. This is no hard matter when there is good fortune and correspondence in marriages: for complacence ever maketh wings for love, and it is held a happiness to love that, which pleaseth our passion. But it is a most pitiful thing, when parents blinded with avarice, and charmed with the sweetness of pretended interests, renew the example of cruel *Mezentius*, who tyed the living to the dead & endeavoured to match a poor young maid, who surviveth in favour & blessings from heaven, with a husband putrified in vices, ordures, and diseases of body. Then in a time when much virtue is to be shown, in putting on a resolution to love a monster, from their most tender years to their tomb, what should we do therein? The law of nature gives us free permission to desire good husbands, but the laws

It is the Epithete which S. *Paul* giveth to virtuous women, calling them φιλάνδρους, *Tit.* 2.

laws of marriage exhort us to bear with them as much as we may howsoever they prove. if we love for our selves, this is impossible; but if for God, we therein shall find duty and facility. A woman cannot seek out a shorter way to the perfection of her sex, then by wedding the humours of her husband, so that they be not opposite to the commandments of God: she who well obeyeth, commandeth well; and when we once have surprized the heart of a man, there is not any thing resisteth our wills.

Union is a marvellous cement, which so straightly knitteth obedience and power together, that it is a very hard matter to distinguish him who obeyeth, from him that commandeth. We have in all ages excelled in this conjugal piety, and there are hereof so many rare examples to be found, that pens are troubled to express, as well as ears to believe them. Tender and delicate young maidens have been seen, who inconsiderately married to husbands, worn out with maladies, perceiving from the first night of their nuptials, unguents, ulcers, and evil savours, and finding a counterfeit health in bodies, more fit for a tomb then a marriage bed, yet have not abandoned them, but loved, honoured, and served them, watching sometimes fourty days, and fourty nights about their beds, never disarraying themselves. Some one man hath been found among others, whose indisposition drawing along with it seven years together the stench of wounds that were incurable, the horrible infirmity of members which appeared wholly disfigured, did weaken all the forces of those who were willing to assist him, overthrew the patience of the most faithfull, wasted the charity of the most zealous, yea even such as do all for money, abhorred to come near him. And then to see a young maiden of sixteen years of age, weak of complexion, handsom of body, and endowed with a beauty which the most flourishing husbands would have coveted, to tie her self to this dead body, to stir it, touch it, cleanse it, to give it broths, to blow the powder of herbs into the nostrils of it, which distilled an humour insupportable to all the world, to cut his beard, and hair, when no man would undertake this adventure; is it not a miracle of our sex worthy of the admiration of men, the applause of histories, and love of all posterity?

Vives relateth this in the second book of a *Christian Woman*, of one named *Clara*.

What shall I say of one *Eponina*, who having espoused a husband much clogged with troublesom affairs and crimes, yea even of treason, was nine years shut up with him in the vault of a sepulchre; and afterwards seeing him to be discovered, and condemned to death by the Emperour *Vespasian*, would needs accompany him to execution, and die with him, saying, she already was prepared for a tomb, and that she could better tolerate it dead then alive? What should I speak of a *Persian* Queen, named *Cabadis*, who seeing her husband detained in prison, came to visit him, not suffering her self to be known; and giving him her garments of a wife, to put on those of a husband, afforded him opportunity to escape, paying afterward with her noble blood the errour of her piety?

See *Lipsius* in his Politicks.

Are not these prowesses worthy to be written in letters of gold and azure, to be exposed to the view of all Ages? A thousand-fold happy they, whose concord hath bound love up with chains of adamant, separation never finding place in the knot of marriage, which God hath been pleased to tie with his own hands. Let us for this cause preserve us from jealousie, which useth to grow from the most beautifull loves, as those worms, which are said to issue from the fairest flowers. It is a most unhappy passion, formed by fantasie, attired by suspitions, darkened by discontents, fed with bad humours by curiosity, entertained with impostures by slander, which gnaweth asunder all that which there is of virtue in chast affections, troubleth the repose of beds, embroyleth the affairs of households, renteth alliances, produceth monsters, soweth fury and rage, and having tormented all the world, devoureth it selfe. If our husbands fall into this misery, let us pity them as franticks, and take away from them all manner of occasions which may stir up their imaginations, and if the like malady surprize us, let us not resemble those women, who have travelled in the dead time of night through high forrests full of horrour, that they might hasten to watch their husbands, accompanied onely with their passions, whereof some fell between the teeth of wilde beasts, which to them were more pleasing then the executioner they retained in their own proper entrails.

We oftentimes in this point more bewail our own interests, then the offence done to God; and it is no strange thing, that she who loveth ill, should be deprived of what she affecteth. When there is sin in it, let us deplore it, let us endeavour to remedy it by prayers, by discretion, by patience, by all the most holy industries we may use therein. We shall find our selves strong in silence and hope; and not in ceaseless complaints, which have no other effect, but to fret wounds, and renew disasters.

The tenth SECTION.

The care of children.

TO hide nothing from you; women, who are called to the sacrament of marriage, ought to be very perfect, because they have as it were in their manage the most precious interest of posterity; they being chosen out to bring forth and educate Children, which are to be members of the body of State.

It hath often been questioned from whence proceeded the good and evill nature of men; and I find that many have attributed it to the divers aspects of Planets, as by a fatal necessity: But to say truly, this Astrology of fools, and webs of spiders, are as it were but one thing, both being fit to catch flies, and not deceive understanding men. I hold opinion, good mothers make the good nature of children; and it hath ever been observed, that great personages who have flourished in some eminency of virtues, have taken from thence as it were generally the first impressions of sanctity.

If chast daughters chance to be born of incontinent mothers, it is almost as rare, as to see nettles bear gilliflowers. Let us preserve our bodies as temples, to bring forth more virtues then flesh for the publick, and when God affordeth us issue, let it be one of our chiefest cares to train it up in his service. My heart bleedeth when I consider how now adays many children of quality are bred, which are stifled with servile indulgences under the shadow of dandling them. God sends them as creatures, with which he intendeth to support the world, govern Common-wealths, people heaven, and adorn even the conversation of Angels: but to see how they are used, it seemeth that pieces of flesh are ingendered, which are onely to be licked as bears, to give them true perfections. They are loaden with fat and the kitchin, they are entertained in the full fruition of all the desires of their hearts; they are observed like little kings, who are not as yet many times above five years of age, & already exercise a Monarchy in the houses of their parents. Jesus Christ banished Idolatry from the world with so

much ſweat and blood, and it is again daily renewed, when children are ſet up as certain little Idols, to whom all hearts, reſpects, hopes, fears, and homages are ſacrificed. I beſeech you, let us not cauſe them to learn that which we ſhould make them forget; let us not accuſtom them to mimick affectation of words, to pomp of habits, to liberty, to pleaſures. Let us attire them for the ſervice of God, and exerciſes ſuitable to their ſex and condition; and above all, let us take heed they be not poyſoned by the ear, in the frequent converſation of ſuch bad company, who ſeem to be born for nought elſe, but to infect purity.

The eleventh SECTION.

The concluſion of the Diſcourſe.

THe Empreſs held ears and hearts ſuſpended with this her diſcourſe, when ſeeing the hour approach, wherein choice ſhould be made of a wife for the Emperour her ſon: *Behold the time* (ſaith ſhe) *my Lord and ſon, when your Majeſty muſt conſign the golden Apple into the hands of her, whom you ſhall judge to have the beſt portion of thoſe excellent qualities, which I have recited.* And ſaying that, ſhe cauſed a goodly room to be opened, where upon one ſide were ſeen pictures of Ladies, who flouriſhed in the more elder Ages, in ſanctity, in ſpirit, in courage, and in all virtues mentioned by us, which compoſed a triumphant Court. There was *Sarah, Rachel, Lea, Deborah, Abigail, Suſanna. Eſter, Judith, Mariamne*, S. *Agnes*, S. *Cecily*, S. *Helena*, S. *Monica*, S. *Felicitas*, the ten *Sybils*, *Zenobia*, *Amalazunta*, *Placidia*, *Pulcheria*, *Eudoxia*, *Theodora*, *Marcella*, *Paula*, *Euſtochium*, *Victorina*, *Clotilda*, *Radegundis*, and very many other, not comprizing thoſe who have flouriſhed within theſe eight hundred years; which much amazed me, and made me ſay, that ſuch as affirmed women of honour were ſo rare to be found, would perhaps have ſome trouble to finde leaves on trees, and water in the river. All theſe pourtraits appeared with lights of glory in a moſt pleaſant manner, having enchaſements all enriched with pretious ſtones. *Behold*, ſaith *Euphroſina*, *O Virgins, how pretious is the memory of holy Ladies.* Then turning her ſelf to the other ſide, ſhe ſhewed with her fingers the figures of ſuch as had forſaken honour and virtue, which were pale, penſive, cloudy, and encompaſſed with flames, as if they came out Hell. There was *Semiramis*, *Phædra*, *Thisbe*, *Phillis*, *Helen* of *Greece*, *Clitemneſtra*, *Cleopatra*, *Agrippina*, *Julia*, *Meſſalina*, *Calirrhoe*, *Thais*, *Phryne*, *Rhodope*, *Flora*: and in perſpective ſo great a quantity, that it ſeemed to equal the ſands of the Sea, not accounting thoſe therein, who afterward had a ſhare in their miſery.

The Emperour having obſerved them, entred into the room called the *Pearl*, where he ſaw ſo many pearls ſelected from all the Provinces of his Empire. There was nothing to be ſeen but ſtars, lightning, and rays, ſo much theſe beauties on every ſide mingling their lights afforded luſtre, which gave him much difficulty how to reſolve. There was among others one named *Iceſia*, a maid of much knowledge, to whom the Emperour *Theophilus* ſpake a Greek verſe, to which ſhe replied with an admirable promptneſs, notwithſtanding he reliſhed not this ſpirit, finding it too curious for his humour: but after information taken from his eys, his ears, and the mouthes of thoſe who bred theſe creatures, he gave the golden Apple to one named *Theodora*, a Paphlagonian by Nation, whom I notwithſtanding cannot think to come near, whom I here repreſent for a model.

CLOTILDA.

The first SECTION.

Her Birth and Education.

Ex *Greg. Turonenſi, Ammonio, Hincmaro, Philippo Bergomenſi, Baronio, &c.*

THE number of Ladies eminent in ſanctity is ſo great, that it rebateth the point of wit to think thereon, and the virtues are ſo reſplendent, that in the commixtion of their lights they dazle all eys in ſuch manner, that it is a hard matter to ſpeak of it, unleſs we put ſome limits upon the diſcourſes of ſo many ſingular ſubjects, who ſet none on their merits. And that is the cauſe, why out of a great number of Princeſſes, ſome of thoſe whoſe names I have produced, I here undertake one, raiſed upon the moſt perfect Idæa's, which is the firſt Chriſtian Queen of *France*, I mean the moſt glorious *Clotilda*, wife of our great *Clodovæus*, who verily is much bound to Heaven to have been choſen out for the advancement of the affairs of Chriſtianity in this flouriſhing Monarchy, with proweſſes and ſucceſſes encomparable: ſo likewiſe are we tied to her in an immortal obligation, to have caſt the firſt ſeeds of piety into the Court of our Kings, that it might with the more authority, enter into the ſouls of all their ſubjects.

The good Princeſs like to a pearl which cometh from the ſalt Sea, beheld her ſelf involved almoſt from her birth in great acerbities and horrible confuſions, from whence ſhe aroſe with ſo much luſtre, as ſhe made of adverſities the ſteps to the Temple of glory. She was daughter of *Chilperick*, who contending for the Scepter againſt *Gombaut* his elder brother, King of *Burgundy*, with more temerity then reaſon, ſunk down to the ground, and was forſaken by the people, whom he had excited againſt this his brother, who verily was a bad King. But God who giveth Sovereigns leave to reign, favouring a juſt cauſe even in the perſon of an evil man, gave victory to the elder. He moſt truly made uſe of his fortunes; for having ſurprized his younger brother at the ſiege of a City, he cauſed him to loſe his head on a Scaffold: and not content with this murther, extended his vengeance againſt the wife of the deceaſed, by an act moſt unworthy. For cauſing a ſtone to be tied to her neck, ſhe was thrown into the river; and it was a great chance he had not inflicted the like upon two other Virgins, the lamentable remainders of this unfortunate marriage. But beholding them as yet ſo young and innocent, he thought their life could not be prejudicial to his eſtate, and their death might be ignominious to his reputation. Behold the reaſon why he contented himſelf to ſhut the one of them up in a Monaſtery, and retained the other, which was our *Clotilda*, with himſelf, that ſhe might be bred in his Court.

The holy Maid entreth into the Palace of her Uncle, as a Sheep into a Lion's Den, having no reaſon to repoſe much aſſurance in a man, who ſtill had the blood of her father and mother in his hands. Notwithſtanding, great is the power of virtue, when it is enchaſed in beauty. For this cruel *Baſiliſk*, who had an eye of blood and poyſon, no ſooner conſidered the praiſe-worthy parts of this Princeſs, but that feeling himſelf dazeled with her aſpect, and his heart ſoftned with the innocency of this poor Orphan, he inſtantly took compaſſion upon her, who never inclined to it before.

He began to behold her with a pleaſing countenance, to endear her, to wiſh and promiſe her much good. But the good creature, who could not think after ſo ſtrange an affliction ſhe was any more to pretend to greatneſs, and pleaſures of the world, threw her ſelf between the arms of the Croſs, that there ſhe might finde thoſe of God: and though in publick ſhe ſtifled the reſentments of her ſorrow with a diſcreet patience, nor reſiſting the ſtorm, nor ſtriking her head againſt the rocks; yet in the ſecrecy of her retirement ſhe daily diſſolved her ſelf into tears, and found no comfort but in the wounds of the World's Saviour.

'My God (*ſaid ſhe to him*) I adore your holy 'providence, which drencheth me with Gall and 'Wormwood, in an age wherein Maidens of my 'quality accuſtom not to walk but on roſes; per-'haps you know my pride hath need of ſuch a coun-'terpoiſe, and you in all equity have done that 'which your wiſdom thought good. Behold I have 'my eyes ſtill all moiſtned with the blood of my fa-'ther, and the body of my poor mother, which be-'ing covered with ſo many waves, cannot have over 'it one ſilly tear from the eyes of her daughter, 'which fail not every night to pour forth ſtream-'ing rivers. My God, *Your name be bleſſed eternally.* 'I require nought elſe of you, but the participati-'on of your ſufferings. It is no reaſon I here ſhould 'live without ſome light hurt, ſeeing you wounded 'on all ſides for my example. Some have been plea-'ſed to wiſh me I ſhould receive and take content-'ments in the hope of a better fortune: where 'would they have me gather thoſe pleaſures? I am 'yet upon the weeping ſhores of the river of *Baby-'lon*. I fix all my conſolations and ſongs at the feet 'of your Croſs; promiſing to deſire nothing more 'in the world, but the performance of your holy 'will.

There is I know not what kinde of charm in holy ſadneſs, which cannot be ſufficiently expreſſed; but ſuch it is, that a ſoul contriſtated for God, when it is faln into Abyſſes, wherein all the world reputes it loſt, findeth in the bottom of its heart lights and ſweetneſſes ſo great, that there is not any comfort in the world to be compared with them.

Clotilda was already come to theſe terms; and if for obedience ſhe had not learned to leave God for God, ſhe had been ſoftned with thoſe tears by ſuffering her ſelf voluntarily to ſlide into a lazy ſorrow. But conſidering that whileſt ſhe was in the houſe of this Uncle, an *Arian* Heretick, ſhe was bound by God to inſtruct with her example all thoſe who were to be ſpectatours of her actions, ſhe ſet her hand courageouſly to the work, and ſhewed her ſelf ſo able of judgment in her carriage, and ſo regular in all her deportments, that her life became a picture of virtue, which ſpake to all the world. Although ſhe were derived from the blood of Kings, ſhe ſhewed to have no other nobility, but that which ſprings from worthy actions. As her face was free from adulterate beauty, ſo her ſoul was exempt from thoſe affected authorities and diſdains which ordinarily grow with great fortunes. Her aſpects were ſimple and dove-like, her words diſcreet, her actions ſober, her geſtures meaſured, her carriage honeſt, her acceſs affable, her converſation full of ſweetneſs and profit. She was a virgin in minde and body, living in marvellous purity of affections and

amities, which she fomented by the virtue of humility, which the Ancients esteemed to be as the wall of the garden of charity: God oftentimes suffering impurity of body to chastise the rebellion of the soul. She was so humble of heart, that she accounted her self as the meanest servant of the house, not scorning at all to apply her self to inferiour offices; which she notwithstanding performed with so much majesty, that even in spinning with a distaff she seemed a Queen.

She was marvellously wise in her counsels, prompt and agil in execution, moderate in all good successes, constant in bad, ever equal to her self. She spake little, never slandered, envied none, did good to all the world, not pretending her own interests, expecting from God alone the character of her merit, and the recompence of her charities. She had no worldly thing in her person, and as little regarded her attires, as the dust of the earth. She knew almost but one street in the City where she dwelt, which was the same that led to the Church. Sports and feasts were punishments to her, and she was seldom found in the company of men, unless it were some beggers, whose misery she assisted. Her whole heart went towards God, her feet to the Church, her hands to alms, her eys to reading books of devotion, her arms to exercises and works of her sex; all her body to sacrifices and victims of her soul.

Observe, you young maids, who read these pages, of what wood God useth to frame Saints, and that never any happeneth to produce the miracles which *Clotilda* did in the conversion of a Kingdom, not acting wonders of virtue in the interiour of the soul.

The King her uncle was so ravished with these precious parts, that the excess of his admiration turned into a furious jealousy; for beholding this spirit more masculine then he could have wished, and fearing least she might be possessed by some other besides himself, he had no purpose to *marry* her, but kept her so straightly, that one would have said to have seen him, he was the dragon in fables, that ever stood centinel near the golden apple.

But, oh silly humane prudence, which still rowing against the *current* of the providence of God, findest as many precipices in pasion as thou openest snares for innocency! This man notwithstanding all his endeavours, which went the contrary way, bred up in his house a maid, whom God had already destined to chastice his cruelty, and make, he unwitting thereof, his Scepter tributary to a valorous husband, who was to marry *Clotilda*, and joyn the Kingdom of virtues to the force of his arms.

The second SECTION.

Clodovæus *requireth* Clotilda *in marriage.*

Clodovæus King of *France*, a man born to make it appear what valour may produce when, it is supported by piety, daily advanced his conquests among the *Gauls*, yet in so many victories remained a slave to Idolatry. God was willing to win him to himself by the ways of chast love, and by the means of a wife, which should sanctify his person and house.

The fame of the beauty and virtues of *Clotilda*, which spread through neighbour Kingdoms with so sweet an odour, failed not to approach him at that time, when he was upon tearms to take a wife in lawful marriage. Love, which many times surprizeth as well by the ear, as the eye, so enkindled him at the report made by his Embassadours of the perfections of this divine maid, that he no longer retained either heart or thought, but for her. He affected what he never saw, with a love mixed with reverence, felt a more noble flame then he was won, which scorched him with a generous passion and excited him to require this Princess, as the type of his felicities. The difficulties proposed upon the effecting of this marriage, augmented desire in him. For he was of a vigorous spirit, who measured all by the greatness of his own courage, and resolved to break through obstacles, to crown his purposes. He addressed himself to his great favourite *Aurelianus*, and having opened unto him the project of this marriage, would needs instantly dispatch him upon a solemn Embassage to confer with the maid, and treat with the King her uncle. This man who understood the suspicions and apprehensions of *Gombaut*, made it appear unto him, that the conquest of the golden fleece, & the marriage of *Clotilda* were almost one and the same thing; and that no access could be had to this maid, without first speaking to this bull, who threw flames and fire through his throat. *Clodovæus* conjureth him to use all possible industries to satisfie his pasion, assuring him he could not oblige him in any matter, whereof he would be more sensible. *Aurelianus* obeyeth, and taking a ring from the Kings finger, with certain other Jewels to present the Lady, hastened towards *Burgundy*.

I cannot here conceal, that which *Baronius*, the Father of Ecclesiastical History was unwilling to omit, seeing it is witnessed by good Authours, and hath nothing incredible therein, but onely with such who think it is a note of wisdom to seem very incredulous,

We know by what hath been spoken before, that *Clotilda* seldom appeared in publick, if it were not at Church, and cast her eyes on very few, but the poor. God made use of this disposition for her good: for *Aurelianus*, having learned this Lady daily conversed willingly with needy persons, and that it was necessary to seem of this quality to speak unto her without suspicion, took the habit of a begger, and as the servant of *Abraham*, sent by the first Father of Believers, treated the loves of *Isaac* in requiring water of *Rebecca*, who was to be his future spouse; so this man managing the commision of marriage, for the prime King of the faithful, resolved to beg alms of *Clotilda*, to find means of access to her; and for this cause he stood at the gate of a Church among a great rabble of beggers, expecting till Mass were done, that he might see the Princess come forth. She failed not to perform acts of charity to all the poor according to her custom, & perceiving this man who seemed of a generous aspect in these miserable rags, felt her heart seized with extraordinary piety, beholding one of so good carriage reduced to such misery; and without any further enquiry she gave him a piece of gold. *Aurelianus* seeing this royal hand so charitably stretched out to succour a counterfeit want, whether he were transported with joy, or whether he were desirous to make himself observed by some act, he lifted up the sleeves of the Princess, which according to the fashion of robes then usually worn, covered all even to her hands, and having bared her right hand, kissed it with much reverence. *Clotilda* blushed heartily thereat yet passed on further not shewing any resentment, nor blaming the begger as some Authours add. Well saith she in secret to an old Lady, who was her confident friend, Have you observed what this begger did? The other replied: It was a very easie matter to note it, since this act had painted her forehead with a most lively scarlet: But yet (said

Clotilda

Clotilda to her what think you of it? The Lady answered smiling, what can I els think, but that your rare perfections joyned to your liberality have transported him? For my part I suppose (said the Princess) he hath some other design, and if you think good we will cause him to come to the Palace to beg alms, and thereupon take occasion to be informed of his person.

Aurelianus failed not to entertain this commandment, which was the scope of his desire, and accordingly to pass to the place assigned him, where *Clotilda* beholding him soundly chid him for his boldness, in lifting up the sleeve of her garment and kissing her hand. He who was a most quaint Courtier, found out his evasion, and said: The custom of his Country permitted to kiss the lips of Ladies at salutation: but the happiness of his condition having abased him so low, he could not aspire to the face: Behold the cause why he contented himself with the hand, it being a thing very reasonable to kiss a hand, which is the source of so many charities, since the doors of Churches from whence we expect good, are kissed. *Clotilda* was much pleased with this reply, and well saw this man belyed his habit by his discourse and garb. She therefore importuned to tell who he was, and from whence it proceeded that he was reduced to such misery as to beg his bread. Madam (saith *Aurelianus*) since your Greatness presseth me thus far, you shall know I am born of a good place, and that it, which hath brought me to this state, is nothing els but the love of a Lady, whom I court, not for my self, but for one of the greatest Princes under Heaven. The maid was very curious to know who this Prince was as also the Lady, sought unto with so much pains. *Aurelianus* seeing it was now time to speak to the purpose, said: The Lady is three steps from me, for indeed it is your self. At which she began to blush again, and to shew some disturbance of mind: but (quoth he) Madam, trouble not your self, since I am in a place where I with confidence may speak unto you, your Excellency shall know, I am sent by *Clodovæus* King of *France*, my Master, who is the best Prince, and the most valiant Monarch in the whole World. The fame of your most precious and eminent qualities coming to his ear, he desireth to *marry* you, and hath dispatched me to give you notice thereof, and require your consent. I could have entred into the Court with some solemn Embassage; but the difficulties the King your uncle enforceth upon you, made me resolve to take this attyre, to speak to you with the more freedom. You may well assure your self, this marriage shall make you the prime Queen of the West, and the most happy in the world; and to approve the authority of my commission, behold the ring of the King my Master, which I present unto you.

There is not any woman so holy, who is not capable of much delight upon praises afforded her, and who doth not willingly open her eyes to greatness. *Clotilda* was not so insensible, as not to be touched to the quick with such an Embassage, howsoever she shewed in this surprisal, she had within her a heart very faithful to God: for most freely refusing the ring, and interrupting the Embassadour: Speak no more Sir (saith she) I know your Prince is a Pagan, and I a Christian: God forbid that I ever marry an Infidel, were he the Monarch of the world. Madam, replieth the Gentleman, frame to your self no difficulties upon the difference of Religions, my Prince is not so tyed to his Sect, as not to forsake it for your love. But what means will there be said (*Clotilda*) to gain my uncle? I do not think he hath any purpose to *marry* me. The Embassadour answereth: If you give me your consent, we will find opportunity to bear you from hence. Not so (replied the prudent maid) it is a course I will never admit. Ah, why Madam? saith *Aurelianus*: should you do it, who would condemn your discretion? Is it a sin in your Religion to fly from the den of a furious wretch, to resign up your self into the hands of a King? We know how he used your father and mother, and how he also treateth you at this time.

At this word the Lady poured fourth some tears, and said: Do by Embassadours all that possibly you can, and assure the King your Master, that I hold my self much honoured by the choice he hath made of me, and that he cannot be so soon for God, as I for him, at least in heart and body, when the King my uncle shall give me leave. Upon these conditions I take your Ring, which I very charily will keep. All this passed very happily in a Court of the Palace, where she ordinarily spake to the poor, interrogating them of their necessities; and none perceived there was any other business but the care of the poor, her confident friend onely excepted, who had a share in the secrets of *Clotilda*.

The third SECTION.

The Embassage to the King of Burgundy *for the marriage of* Clotilda.

Aurelianus touched Heaven with his finger, that he had so successfully thrived in his commission; and forgot not parcel-meal to relate to the King his Master all the particulars of his voyage entertaining him above all with a curious discourse made upon the admirable beauty and singular prudence of *Clotilda*. *Clodovæus* burnt with impatience, and would presently have taken the King of *Burgundy* by the beard to make him let go his hold: but wisdom adviseth him, he must observe therein requisite formalities, and that it was fit to send his Embassadours to *Gombaut* to require of him his neece in *marriage*, which he speedily did, appointing thereunto his faithful *Aurelianus*, to whom he allotted a flourishing company of Nobility; which caused such apprehensions to arise in the mind of the *Burgundian*, that he slept not upon it either night or day. From whence proceeded it, said he to himself that *Clodovæus* knoweth my neece, since I have hitherto kept her so close, that she hath seen nothing, but the walls of the Church, and my Palace? Is there some Cell under a rock? would he have my estate? This *French* man is too harsh: I would neither have him for a Son in law nor a neighbour. Besides, this maid, who hath seemed hitherto as a lamb in my house, being at my dispose, when she behold her self Queen of *France* and have swords at her command, who can tell whether she will not shew me her teeth, & revenge on me the bloud of her father and mother? I must rather keep her immured within ten iron gates, that she may not escape my power. Behold a great act of State, which I must cunningly play.

This man environed with such thoughts recieved the Embassadour of *France* very slightly, and having promised with all speed to give them answer, he was wary enough not to discover all the thoughts he had thereupon: but taking the most pleasing pretext, answered, that he honoured the King *Clodovæus*, as one of the most valiant Princes of that

Age,

Age, and ſhould ever account the ſervice done him, as one of the greateſt favours he could receive from Heaven; but as for this alliance which he ſought, it was a matter he could not think on. Firſt, becauſe his Niece had never raiſed her ambition ſo high as to pretend marriage with ſo great a King, having nothing in her perſon ſo eminent as might deſerve ſuch a husband: and although there were ſome equality on this ſide, yet was there on the other part an eſſential impediment, which was diverſity of Religions, it being a thing unheard of for a Chriſtian maid to marry a Pagan, nor could he permit it without betraying the ſalvation of his Niece, and diſgracing himſelf through the whole world. *Aurelianus*, who well knew where it itched with him, replied in few words, That for the qualities of his Niece he ſhould not trouble himſelf, that the woman beſt beloved, was ever beſt conditioned: that it was ſufficient ſhe pleaſed the King his Majeſty, who was not ignorant of her perfections; and for the matter of Religion, which was the moſt conſiderable, he hoped the King would put on a reſolution to become a Chriſtian The *Burgundian* replied, this affair was of ſuch importance, that he would not confide in ſucceſſes upon hopes, which are always uncertain, but that he muſt ſee an expreſs promiſe from the King of *France*; and thereupon diſmiſſeth the Ambaſſadour, thinking he had ſufficiently hindred the buſines. But the brave *Aurelianus* ſpeedily diſpatched a Currier to *Clodovæus*, to ſhew unto him where the obſtacle lay, and to get a promiſe from him to become a Chriſtian.

The King, who was ſo tranſported with affection, that he was on terms to refuſe nothing, haſtily gave the promiſe required of him; which being afterward preſented to *Gombaut* by the Ambaſſadour, it made him ſweat apace; not knowing further what invention to make uſe of to avoid this fatal blow: notwithſtanding he anſwered, that this marriage was of ſo great conſequence, that it could not be decreed, but in an Aſſembly of his States, thinking by this trick he might diſſolve the deſign of *Clodovæus*, or draw the affairs out at length with ſuch delays, that he ſhould trouble all the world. But this was it which tranſfixed him: ſo far humane prudence is cunning to ruine it ſelf by its proper inventions. For the moſt active *French* Nobility ſojourning in *Burgundy* in the expectation of the States, ſowed in the ſpirits of the Magiſtrates and people, the great good would enſue to their Nation by this alliance, when they ſhould come to be all united together, as brothers: but if they once refuſed the requeſt of a great Prince, ſo repleniſhed with honour and courteſie, they muſt neceſſarily proceed to arms which could not but be fatal to their Kingdom. The *Burgundians*, hungry after repoſe, very well taſted theſe reaſons; and the prudent *Clotilda* ſpared not ſilently to ſtrike her ſtroak, inſenſibly gaining the chief of the Council to follow her inclinations. *Aurelianus*, who had a very ſharp and clear-ſighted ſpirit, much preſſed the States, nor could *Gombaut* make ſo many knots, but that he ſtill diſſolved them.

In the end he muſt come to the point. The States aſſembled, and the King came thither with a ſtudied ſpeech, wherein he had heaped together with very great ſubtilty all the reaſons which made him apprehend this alliance with the *French*: but God, who maketh great alterations in Kingdoms, as billows in the Sea, ſo diſpoſed the hearts of the *Burgundians*, that all allegations oppoſed againſt the deſign of this marriage, ſeemed but dreams and Chimæra's. One of the greateſt States-men riſing up, made a long ſpeech, and declared to the King, That the repoſe of his Kingdom, at which he aimed in all his diſcourſe, conſiſted in this alliance; That marriages had in all times been rather the knots of peace, then incentives of war; that the comfort which might grow from ſuch an action, would deſtroy all the acerbities & diviſions of factious ſpirits: that the greateſt troubles of Kingdoms had been often pacified by good alliances; that the *French* were become ſo powerful, it was not fit to deny them any thing: that the requeſt of *Clodovæus* was ſo fair, it could not be rejected without a notable act of incivility: That there was not any beaſt more cruel in the world, then love changed into hatred, and that it was to be feared, leaſt entreaties of a lover might end in the fury of a Conquerour: That the offer he made to become a Chriſtian, would for ever be glorious to their Nation, for furthering ſuch a piety: That *Clotilda* had naturally affection for her Country, and wit enough to gain her husband, and wholly tranſport him to the love of her Nation: That the people were tired with ſo many wars, which would infallibly grow much more bloody then ever, if they ſlighted the faithful love of ſo great a Monarch.

This man connected ſo many reaſons one upon another, that he prevailed, and almoſt all came to this concluſion, that they muſt with all ſpeed ſend the Princeſs to the King of *France*, who required her. The miſerable *Gombaut* finding himſelf ruined on all ſides, ſaid he would uſe no obſtacle; but did think it fit to obſerve the deportments of his Niece; for ſhe had vowed her ſelf to God, and to enter into Religion. The Ambaſſadour underſtanding this laſt evaſion, extremely laughed from the bottom of his heart, and ſaid, if the Princeſs were that way diſpoſed, the King his Maſter would not be ſo earneſt in her purſuit, as to cauſe her to break her vow. But that it was fit ſhe ſhould be heard, which was done; and ſhe being asked thereof, anſwered, that her devotion had never hitherto tranſported her ſo far, as to make any vow of virginity: and although ſhe were infinitely pleaſed with the ſweet retirement ſhe enjoyed in the Court of her Uncle, notwithſtanding if it were his good pleaſure to marry her to the King of *France*, on this condition that he became a Chriſtian, ſhe would not be ſo indiſcreet as to hinder it. Upon this anſwer of the Princeſs, the Deputies of both Nations there preſent gave a loud applauſe, and cried out the marriage was concluded. The King himſelf diſſembling, his paſſion forced a ſmile, and well ſaw it was high time to forgo what he could hold no longer. He diſpoſed of her train very poorly, as a man naturally covetous, ſaying, His Niece was too fair for him to give her ſo many rich attires: That the Roſe was ſufficiently beautified with its leaves, and the Sun with his rays; and that all humane Arts arrived not to the perfections of Nature. *Aurelianus* did not with much earneſtneſs inſiſt hereupon, ſo much he feared, leaſt the diſpoſition of this man might change, and he invent ſome new tricks to hinder their departure. But he reſolved inſtantly to carry this Princeſs away. The Uncle ſeeing her upon her journey, began much to flatter her which he had never done before, ſaying:

Go too Niece, I well perceive, that notwithſtanding your devotions, you are of the humour of other women, and affect glory. You are weary to abide with an Uncle, you will have a husband, and needs muſt he be a King. Proceed, I ſhall not be againſt it, let every one ſettle their affections where they may expect their felicity. Good daughter, you ſee how much I endeavour to content you, and how it being

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in my power to hinder this marriage, which I thought to be little advantagious to my Realm, yet have I been willing to cauſe it to be confirmed in a general aſſembly of my States, to render your deſires the more aſſured. This affection, which I at this preſent witneſs, ſufficiently declareth, that I for a long ſpace have entertained moſt ſincere and hearty affections for the good of your houſe. For that which paſſed concerning your father and mother, troubled no man ſo much as my ſelf, God is my record thereof. But, dear daughter, there was a neceſſity in it. I muſt obey the advice of my Council; ſuch are the priviledges of Empires: I could not otherwiſe ſave the repoſe of my people, and ſecure the lives of my ſubjects. Whenſoever I ſhall fall into the like crime, I wiſh to be uſed in the ſame manner. Behold the true cauſe, moſt dear daughter, if there yet remain in you any reſentment concerning this death, I ſuppoſe you are wiſe enough to do that herein which the law of God ordaineth, which is to forget what is paſt, and not to be ungrateful for the preſent. If I have hitherto detained you in my Palace very retiredly, it hath been to pleaſe your humour, which I ſaw had ſincere inclinations to devotion; and to breed you as a childe of honour, which is the portion you are to carry preſently with you to your husband. My well-beloved daughter, endeavour to love your Country, and to hold good correſpondence with us. You ſubmitted to my humours whileſt you lived with me, you now muſt undergo thoſe of a husband, and in complying with them ſhall be moſt potent. Forget not the fear of God, which ever hath been a faithful companion to you from your moſt tender years; and let us often hear good news from you.

In ſaying this he kiſſed her, and the virgin moſt humbly thanking him for ſo many remonſtrances of affection, with promiſe to honour him all the days of her life, began to weep; which a *Burgundian* Gentleman perceiving, who was of her train, ſaid, that ſo long as he lived he would never confide in the tears of woman: for were there a creature in the world which might make bone-fires of joy in her heart, it was his Miſtreſs, who on this day was delivered from the Lion's throat, to become the wife of a great King, and Queen of a vaſt Empire.

The fourth SECTION.

The arrival of Clotilda *into* France, *and the life which ſhe led in the time of her Wedlock.*

NEver Ship laden with Gold ſo gladly arrived at the Haven, after ſo many tedious tempeſts, and a thouſand diſaſters among Pirates at Sea, as *Clotilda* ſeemed content to behold her ſelf to tread on the ground, where ſhe was to command, after ſo long a ſervitude ſuffered in a Palace, which had all her life-time, as it were, ſerved her for a priſon.

Clodovæus expected her at *Soiſſons* with ſo great impatience of love, that he would have willingly haſtned the courſe of the Sun, to meaſure it by his affections. When he ſaw this moſt beautiful Princeſs, he found ſhe ſurpaſſed all the Idæa's he conceived of her, and that her preſence far prevailed above her fame. He then embraced her moſt lovingly, nor could be ſatisfied with beholding her. For God, who was pleaſed to make uſe of this maid for the converſion of a great King, had (as it is ſaid) varniſhed over the Table of this mortal beauty, and imprinted with his finger, I do not know what kinde of graces and attractives, which *Clodovæus* never had felt before. She as an humble *Abigail* caſt her ſelf at the feet of a husband, calling him her Lord and King, and proteſting ſhe entred into his Palace to live there as his moſt humble hand-maid. The Court ſtood wholly rapt with admiration to behold the worthy qualities of this Princeſs, and took part in the contentment of their King. The people ran by heaps on all ſides to ſee her; and ſo many poor Catholicks as were then in *France*, looked on her as the dawning of the day, which came to charm their cares, wipe away their tears, break their fetters, and gild the times with the luſtre of her Majeſty. There was nothing to be ſeen every where, but jouſts, tournaments, ſports, feaſts, largeſſes to crown the ſolemnity of theſe great Nuptials. Notwithſtanding the good Queen ſuffered not her ſelf to be tranſported with the current of her proſperities; but that in the midſt of pomps ſhe held her eys firmly fixed upon the many benefits ſhe had received from God, and ſought out in mind the ways ſhe ſhould take to teſtifie her gratitude, and pour her ſelf as incenſe upon coals towards the divine Majeſty. She had one thorn in her heart, which then entred very far therein. It was, that ſhe ſaw the King ſpake not at all of the promiſe he had made to become a Chriſtian, and that ſhe having attempted to put him on this diſcourſe, he ſubtlely declined it. She knew not in what manner to ſpeak to him of it, nor where ſhe might take entrance into his heart.

In the end ſhe reſolved to ſay unto him: *Sir, I ſee your Majeſtie exerciſeth at this time your liberalities towards all the world, and I would gladly partake therein, and receive a favour.*

The King thinking ſhe would beg a gift or a Favourite, or ſome other: *Ask* (ſaith he) *confidently; for you muſt not be denied.* Thereupon ſhe replied: *If your Majeſtie bear ſo ſincere an affection to me, as you make ſhew, I moſt humbly intreat, that on the firſt night of my nuptials, I enter not into the bed of a Pagan.*

Clodovæus anſwered: *Madam, I underſtand what you would ſay, It ſhall be done, but it is not yet time; ſuffer the fruit ſeiſurably to ripen, and then either you ſhall gather it, or it will fall of it ſelf. Alas, would you now ſpeak to me of Baptiſm, and all your ceremonies? Your attractives are not ſo faint, as to permit me to entertain any other thoughts, then of you: all my devotion ſhould be but of love, and my piety ſhould have nothing but ſhews; but this is not it, you deſire of me. Give me time to look about me, and I will adviſe on the means, which I will uſe for the accompliſhment of my promiſe. As for the reſt, you ought not to have any ſcruple to lye with a Pagan husband; for your law ſaith, as I underſtand, that the unbelieving husband is ſanctified by a believing wife.*

The Queen doubted whether that ſhe ſhould entreat him to defer the Nuptials at the leaſt for ſome time, and deny him all conjugal company till the accompliſhment of his promiſe; but ſhe conſidered that her conſcience was not intereſſed therein, and the law of God commanded her not to ſeparate her ſelf from her Pagan husband: that if ſhe uſed ſo much cunning, it would cauſe of two things, one; which were either to exaſperate, and put him off for ever from Chriſtianity, or make him to undertake a diſſembled piety, which would ſtill be ſaid to have been beſieged with importunities and allurements, and conſequently, would never be conſtant. She reſolved to render him all the duties of marriage, and to gain him rather by the example of a good life, and her humble prayers preſented on Altars, then by any other way.

Clodovæus very well liked her humour in this proceeding, and well ſaw ſhe was wiſe, which gave him occaſion to honour her much the more. He was about the age of thirty years, when he married *Clotilda*, and as a Pagan bred up in the liberty of Arms, he had not ſpared to uſe many love-dalliances; but the affection ſhe bare to this good Queen was ſo great, that it razed out of his heart all other love, as the ray of the Sun ſcattereth the ſhadows and phantaſms of the night. The holy Lady perceiving the

the ſpirit of her husband already moved in hers, and that there was no need of power, but example, ſo compoſed her manners in her marriage, that ſhe made her ſelf a perfect model of perfections, requiſite for this eſtate.

Royal Crowns loſe their luſtre on heads without brains, and brows without Majeſty. But this Lady made it preſently appear, that although her birth had not made her worthy of a Crown, nor her good fortune had afforded it, her merit alone had been of power to make her wear the beſt Diadem in the world. She practiſed in the Court of a Pagan King, a ſtrong and vigorous devotion, which was not puffed up with outward ſhews and vapours, but wholly repleniſhed with wiſdom. For ſhe had a fear of God ſo chaſt, that ſhe apprehended the leaſt ſhadows of ſin, as death; a love ſo tender, that her heart was as a flaming Lamp, which perpetually burned before the Sanctuary of the living God. Her faith had a boſom as large, as that of Eternity; her hope was a bow in Heaven, all furniſhed with Emeralds, which never loſt its force, and her piety an eternal ſource of bleſſings.

She had made a little Oratory, as *Judith* in the Royal Palace, where ſhe attended as much as time would permit to prayers and mortifications of fleſh, abiding therein as in a fortunate Iſland, which made the ſweetneſs of her immortal perfumes to mount up to Heaven. Yet did ſhe manage all her actions with ſingular diſcretion, that ſhe might not ſeem too auſtere in the eys of her Court, for fear weak ſouls might be diverted from Chriſtianity, by obſerving in her carriage perfections tranſcendent above ordinary capacities. But all that which moſt paſſed in a common life, was done by her and her maids with much purity, fervour, majeſty, and conſtancy. It was an angelical ſpectacle to ſee her preſent at Maſs, and diſpoſe her ſelf to receive the bleſſed Sacrament, which ſhe very often frequented, to draw grace and ſtrength from its ſource. She honoured Prieſts as Meſſengers deſcended from Heaven, as well to diſcharge her conſcience, as to hold her Religion in much eſtimation among Pagans. The zeal of the houſes of God, which are Churches, enflamed her with ſo much fervour, that ſhe had no delights more pretious, then either to cauſe new to be raiſed, or to adorn thoſe which had been erected, ſo far as to make them receive radiance from the works of her royal hands. Her charity towards the poor was a ſea which never dried up, and her heart ſo large, that all the hearts of the miſerable breathed in hers. She compoſed and decked her ſelf daily before the eys of God, putting on all virtues, as it were, by nature, and rich attire of Ladies, for neceſſity. But the King her husband ſhe honoured, as if ſhe had ſeen the Saviour of the world walking upon the earth: and not ſtaying alone on the body, ſhe penetrated even to the center of this infidel ſoul, which ſhe beheld with eys of unſpeakable compaſſion. She moſt particularly endeavoured to obſerve all his humours, and follow the motions of his heart, as certain flowers wait on the Sun. All that which *Clodoveus* affected, took preſently an honourable place in the ſoul of *Clotilda*; if he delighted in Arms, in Dogs, in Horſes, ſhe for his ſake praiſed Arms, Dogs, and Horſes, regarding even the objects of the honeſt pleaſures of her husband, as her beſt entertainments. Her converſation was full of charms and attractives, which ever carried profit along with them: Sometimes ſhe ſweetned the warlike humours of her husband with harmony of reaſon, ſometimes ſhe comforted him upon occaſion of troubles, which might happen in the world: ſometime ſhe withheld very ſoberly, and with prudent modeſty his ſpirit, which took too much liberty, ſometime ſhe repeated unto him certain precepts of wiſdom, and practices of the lives of Saints, and worthy perſonages, that he might love our Religion; ſometime ſhe pleaſed him with an eloquent tongue, and an entertainment ſo delicate, that nothing might be ſaid more accompliſhed. She was magnificent and liberal towards her houſhold ſervants, moſt exactly taking notice of the faithful ſervices they yielded to her husband, and kept her houſe ſo well united within the bands of concord and charity, that it ſeemed, as it were, a little Temple of peace. Slander, uncleanneſs, idleneſs, impudence, were from them eternally baniſhed; Virtues, induſtries, and arts, found there a manſion, and the miſeries of the world a ſafe Sanctuary. For ſhe embraced all pious affairs of the Realm, and governed them with ſo much equality of ſpirit, that ſhe reſembled Angels, who move the Heavens, not uſing in themſelves the leaſt agitation. May we not very well ſay, this Divine woman was ſelected out by God, to ſet a golden face on an entire Monarchy, by the rays of her piety?

The fifth SECTION.

The prudence which the Queen uſed in the converſion of her husband.

THe holy Queen brought forth a King, and a great Monarch to *Jeſus Chriſt*, bearing perpetually his Court and the whole Kingdom in the entrails of her charity. She had her Centinels day and night before the Altars, who ceaſed not to implore the aſſiſtance of Heaven for the ſalvation of her husband, and ſhe her ſelf often in deep ſilence of darkneſs, cauſed her weeping eye to ſpeak to God, & addreſſed many vows to all the elect for the converſion of this unbelieving ſoul. She very well conſidered, that that which oftentimes ſlackneth theſe wavering ſpirits in their endeavour to find the way of eternal life, is certain intereſts of fleſh and blood, certain impediments of temporal affairs, ſome inordinate paſſion, which tortureth and tyrannizeth over the mind. Behold the cauſe why ſhe took great care to ſweeten the diſpoſitions of her husband, calm his paſſions, and through a certain moral goodneſs facilitate unto him the way of the myſteries of our faith. This being done, ſhe took her opportunity with the more effect, and found the King daily diſpoſed better & better for theſe impreſſions.

He already had the arrow very deep in his heart, and began to ask queſtions, propoſing conditions, which ſhewed he would one day render himſelf. He ſaid to Clotilda: *Madam, I ſhould not be ſo far alienated from your Religion, were it not that I ſaw therein matters very ſtrange, which you would have me believe by power and authority, not giving any other reaſon thereof. You would have me believe, that three are but one in your Trinity, that I adore a Crucified man, and that I crucifie my ſelf in an enforced and ceremonious life, wherein I was never bred. My deareſt, had I your good inclinations, all would be eaſie to me: but you know, that all my life time I have been trayned up in arms. If I ſhould to morrow receive your Baptiſm, which blotteth out all ſins (according to your maxims;) I were no ſooner waſhed, but I ſhould fear to plunge my ſelf again into an infinity of occaſions, which might daily preſent themſelves to my underſtanding. Then would you threaten me with the judgment-day, and Hell, with terrours able to overwhelm my mind. Conſider whether it would not be more to the purpoſe, to let me perſevere in my Sect, therein performing all the good I may: Can you think, that for all this I ſhould be excluded from the mercy of God, who will ſave all men?*

The wiſe *Clotilda* replied thereunto: *Sir, I beſeech your Majeſtie not to flatter your ſelf with this ſpecious title of mercy, for there will be none in the other world for thoſe, who have performed*

formed it in this without profit. Now is the time, that God spareth not to stretch out his arms for your obedience; if you despise him, you will lose him without recovery. One can never do too much for eternal life; and whatsoever we suffer, Paradise may still be purchased at a good penny-worth. Alas, Sir, why do you find so many difficulties in our Religion? Think you that God doth wrong in desiring to make you believe things which you cannot conceive by humane reason? It is he, who hath made the soul of man, and who accommodateth all the wheels thereof, nor is there any one of them which moveth not at his pleasure. What marvel is it, if man offer the homage of his understanding to God? If weakness submit to strength, littleness to greatness, the finite to the infinite, that which is nothing, to him who is an abyss of essence, goodness, wisdom, and light?

If you make a promise to any of your servants, although it be unreasonable, and almost incredible, yet would you have him to believe it without reply, and that he take no other ground for this belief, but the greatness and infallible word of your Majesty. One man exacteth faith of another, though both of them are but earth and dust: and you think the Soveraign Creatour of Heaven and Earth is unjust, to make us believe that, which our brutish senses cannot comprehend: is this the submission and obedience we ow Eternal Truth? Why should not I believe, that three are but one, that is to say, three persons, one onely God, since I daily finde my memory, understanding, and will, make but one soul? Wherefore should we scorn to adore a Crucified man? The Cross is so far from weakning my belief, that there is not any thing which more confirmeth it. For if the Saviour of the world had come, as your Majesty, to the conquest of the Universe with Legions, Horses, Treasures, and Arms, he should in my opinion retain that esteem, which great Captains hold: but when I consider that by the punishment of the Cross, he hath reduced the whole world under his laws, and planted the instrument of his excessive dolours even on the top of Capitols, and the heads of Monarchs, I affirm, that all is of God in such an affair, since there is nothing in it of man. Alas, Sir, if you have a faithful servant, who would suffer himself to be tormented and crucified, to make you master of a rebellious Fort, would you not find more glory in his loyalty, then ignominy in his torments? And think you if the Eternal Wisdom having taken a humane body, and voluntarily exposed it to extream rigour to wash our offences in his blood, and subdue the pride and curiosities of Earth to the power of Heaven, it hath done ought therein reprehensible? Have we not much more cause to adore the infinite plenty of his charities, then to dispute upon honours, which onely consist in the opinion of the world? I beseech your Majestie, figure not to your self our Religion, as an irksome and austere Law: when you have submitted to the yoak, God will afford you so much grace, that all these difficulties which you apprehend, will no more burthen you, then feathers do Birds. And although it should happen you after Baptism fall into some sin, which God by his grace will divert, the blood of Jesus Christ is a fountain, which perpetually distilleth in the Sacraments of the Church to wash away all our iniquities. Sir, I fear least you too long defer to resign your self to the many advertisements which you have received from Heaven: if you weigh the favours that God hath done to your Majesty, having set a Crown on your head at the age of fifteen years, having preserved you against so many factions, defended you from so many perils, adorned you with so much glory, honoured you with so many prosperous successes, you shall find, he hath reason to require at this time from you, what he demandeth of you by my mouth. What know you, whether he have chosen out your person to make you a pattern to all other Kings, and constitute you such in France, as Constantine hath been in the Roman Empire, which will render you glorious in the memory of men, and happy in Heaven to all eternity? Verily, Sir, if you yield not your self up to my words, you ought to submitt to the blood of so many worthy Martyrs, who have already professed this faith in your Kingdom: you ought to submit to so many great Confessours, as knowing as Oracles, of as good life as Angels, who denounce truth unto you. You ought to submit to miracles, that are every day visibly done at the Sepulcher of great S. Martin, which is an incomparable treasure in your Kingdom.

Sweet-heart (answereth the King) say no more, you are too learned for me, and I fear least you should perswade me to that, which I have no desire to believe; and although you had convinced my soul to dispose it to this belief, think you it would be lawful for me so soon to make profession of your faith? You see I am King of an infinite people, and have ever at my command a great Nobility, who acknowledge no other Gods but those of the Country. Do you believe that all spirits are so easy to be curbed, and that when I shall go about to take a strange God, will it not make them murmur, and perhaps forge pretexts to embroil something in my Kingdom? For Religion and the State are two pieces, which mutually touch one another very near; one cannot almost stir the one without the other: the surest way is not to fall upon it, and to let the world pass along as our predecessours found it.

Clotilda well saw this apprehension was one of the maineſt obſtacles of his ſalvation, and ſhe already had given good remedy thereunto, practiſing the diſpoſitious of all the greateſt of the Court. Behold the cauſe why ſhe moſt ſtoutly replied thereunto:

Sir, it is to apprehend fantaſies, to form to your ſelf ſuch imaginations? You are a Prince too abſolute, and too well beloved to fear theſe commotions, but rather much otherwiſe, I aſſure you upon mine honour, your people are already much diſpoſed to receive our Religion; and your Nobility, which hath ſufficiently underſtood the vanity to Idols, expecteth nought elſe but your example to embrace Chriſtianity: Nay, if need were to penetrate rock, and cut through mountains to gain ſucceſs for ſuch an enterprize, your travells would therein be very well employed, nor is it fit you fear to looſe earth to purchaſe Heaven. But all the facility is in your hands, the grape, which you ſaid was not yet ripe almoſt five years ſince, is now mature and it is neceſſary you gather it.

Theſe words oftentimes preſented upon occaſions, had quickly a marvellous power over the mind of *Clodoveus*, and the iron began in good earneſt to wax ſoft in the fire. For he honoured Churches and uſed Eccleſiaſticks with a quite other reſpect then he accuſtomed, whereof he gave a moſt evident teſtimony in the buſineſs which paſſed with S. *Remigius*.

The Hiſtory ſaith, the ſouldiers of *Clodoveus* foraging the Country in their liberty of arms, had pillaged in the Church of *Rhemes* a goodly and large veſſel of ſilver to pour water into; at which the good Biſhop being ſomewhat troubled, for the reverence he bare to all that which appertained to his Miniſtery, he ſent his commiſſaries to the King to make complaint thereof, which was not loſt. For *Clodoveus* commanded them to come to *Soiſſon*, where diviſion ſhould be made of the booty had been taken from all parts, which was done, and they coming to unfardle all theſe pilfries, the King being there preſent in perſon, found the veſſel, which he preſently commanded to be reſtored to the Commiſſaries of the Church: but a ſouldier becoming obſtinate thereupon, and much diſpleaſed that ſo goodly a piece ſhould eſcape his hand, gave a blow with a halbard upon it to cleave it aſunder, which *Clodoveus* for that time diſſembled, fearing to proceed to a reaſonable chaſtiſement with any paſſion: but afterward ſeeing this fellow much out of order, *How?* ſaith he, *is there none but you that grow mutinous, and yet are the worſt armed of all the troups?* And ſaying ſo, he took the halbard out of his hand, and threw it to the ground; the other ſtooping to take it up again, felt a furious blow from the hand of the King, which bereaved him of life, in puniſhment of his temerity.

The Queen underſtanding this news, held it a good preſage of his converſion, and that which much more confirmed her in this hope was, that being delivered of a goodly ſon, ſhe obtained love of the King it might be Chriſtened, which ſhe ſpeedily did: but the infant ſtayed not long after his Baptiſm, to forſake an earthly Crown, to take in Heaven a Diadem of eternal glory.

Yet *Clodoveus* found ſome ſlakneſs in his good purpoſes, and chid the Queen, as being too vehement to diſpoſe all the world to her own Religion, ſaying, this Baptiſm might very well have procured hurt to the health of the child; but ſhe replyed, that life and death were in the hands of God; that this child was not ſo much to be lamented for having ſo ſuddenly changed from the life of a fly, to that of Angels, but that the Saviour of the world, who holdeth in his hand the keys of fruitfulneſs could bleſs their royal bed with a fair iſſue, when he thought good; and that we ſhould not be amazed at the death of ſo frail a creature, nor attribute the cauſe thereof to Baptiſm, which operateth nothing but good. She knew ſo well how to excuſe her act, that

being the second time delivered of a male child. Baptism was as well conferred on this as the former, after which it deceased; whereat the King offended more then ever, blamed her very sharply, saying, that he from this time forward well saw these waters of Baptism were fatal to the death of his children, and that she should take heed how at any time to open her mouth to obtain of him such like liberty.

She endowed with a constant heart, and having taken very deep roots in faith, made an answer worthy of her piety, saying to her husband: *Ah, how Sir? What if God had thought me unworthy ever again to have any issue by my child-beds, were it not reason I adore his holy Providence, and kiss the rods of his justice? I humbly beseech your Majesty not to cast upon the baptism of Christians that, Which you should rather attribute to my sins.*

The King all enraged with choler, was so edified with this word, that from this time forward he retained it in memory with much admiration, not being able to wonder enough at the great courage and modesty of his wife.

The sixth SECTION.
The conversion of Clodovæus

IT is to sail without Stars, and to labour without the Sun (saith *Origen*) to think of coming to God without a particular grace of God. After so many humane speeches redoubled one upon another, the Holy Ghost, worker of all Conversions, spake with a voice of thunder to the heart of *Clodovæus* in the middest of battels, and caused him to settle upon this resolution, which he had pondered the space of many years.

The occasion was, that the *Suevi*, a people of *Germany*, passed the *Rhein* with great forces, commanded by many Kings, who were personally in the army, & came to rush on the *Gauls*, with intention to destroy the beginings of the *French* Monarchy. *Clodovæus* having received news of this preparation, speedily opposeth them with good troops: for he likewise had drawn together to his aid the *Ribarols*, people near bordring on the *Rhein*, who were allied to the *French*, and had first of all given notice of the enterprize of the *Suevi*, who in a near degree threatned them.

The encounter of the two Armies was at *Tolbiac* near *Colen*, which verily was one of the most desperate that is found in Histories. The King undertook the conduct of the Cavalry and had given to Prince *Sigebert* his kinsman, the Infantery. All of them were extremely inflamed to shew themselves valiant in this Conflict. *Clodovæus*, who proceeded to lay the foundations of a great Monarchy, wherein he would have no companion, thought he must either triumph or be lost. His allies, who were interessed very far in this war, failed him not in any kind. The *Almans* on the other side, had an extreme desire to extend their conquests, and thought their fortune depended on the success of this battel. There was nothing but fire tempests, deaths, and slaughters; so great was the resistance on either side. In the end, *Sigebert* valiantly fighting, was wounded with an arrow, and borne all bloody out of the battel by his son. The Infantery, through the absence of their Colonel, was defeated and put to rout. All the burthen of the battel fell upon the Cavalry, which did marvellous exploits, fighting before the eys of their King: but in the end the shock of enemies was so impetuous, that it brake through and scattered them. *Clodovæus* bare himself like a Lion covered with blood and dust, among the ranks of those affrighted men, cried out with a loud and shrill voice, to rally their troops, he in the mean time fighting in his own person, and withall performing the duty both of a great Captain, and valiant souldier. But notwithstanding all his endeavours, terrour had so seized on these flying men, that the affair grew desperate.

And as remedies are sought from Heaven when those of the earth are of no effect. *Aurelianus* the great favourite of the King approaching near to his Master, perswadeth him to make a vow unto God, to fulfil the promise he had made to the Queen his wife, which was, to be baptized, if he returned victorious from this battel: which he did, calling aloud upon the God of his wife, and promising an absolute conversion to the Catholick faith.

The word was no sooner spoken, but that his troops rallied themselves up, made head against their enemies, pursued them, ran through, and routed them with so great a massacre, that the fields were all covered with dead bodies. The discomfiture so terrified them on the other side of the *Rhein*, that the *Almans* which survived, fearing least the King puffed up with his victories, might pass the river, dispatched a speedy Ambassadour unto him, to yield themselves tributaries to his Majesty.

Clotilda hearing the news of this battel, and of the holy resolution of her husband, was transported with so great joy, that she went out to meet him as far as *Champaign*, accompanied with the great Archbishop S. *Remigius*, a man whom God was pleased to make use of to crown this great work of the salvation of *Clodovæus*. For besides his admirable sanctity, acknowledged throughout all *France*, he had the reputation to be one of the most able & eloquent men of his time; witness *Sidonius Apollinaris*, who speaketh of his eloquence with admiration, saying, He thought there was not a man living upon the face of the earth, whom S. *Remigius* surpasseth not, without any elaborate study at all, through the experience he had acquired of well speaking. His conceptions were inimitable, his language so sweet and polite, that it resembled a piece of Ice very smooth, whereon nothing might be seen unequal. His sentences were full of weight, his arguments of force, and his words glided along like a river, and ever bare in them some flashes of lightning at the end of his periods.

Sidon. Apollinar. ep. 7. c. 9. *Flumen in verbis, lumen in elanſulis.*

So soon as the King, who was still replenished with sweet Idæa's of his victory, saw the Queen his wife, *It is now, Madam* (saith he) *that you have gained*; Clodovæus *triumpheth over the* Almans, *and you triumph ever* Clodovæus. *The deed is done, my Baptism must no longer be deferred.* The Queen infinitely comforted with this word, answereth: *Sir, To the great God of Hosts is due the glory of these two triumphs; and your Majesty doth most wisely to render him with the first opportunity what you have vowed. That man giveth doubly, who affordeth readily. Behold one of the greatest Prelates of your Kingdom, whom I have brought along to serve your Majesty in an affair of such importance.*

Thereupon S. *Remigius* was presented, whom the King most honourably entertained, and signified he much desired to be rectified by his good instructions: whereat the holy man exceedingly rejoycing for the good which he hoped to derive from thence, made him on the day assigned a Sermon of the knowledge of God, and of the glory of Christianity, against the vanity of Idols, so ravishing, that it transported the King, and all his Court, who ceased not afterward to confine himself to the lips of S. *Remigius*, as to a stream of living waters. It is true that S. *Vedastus*, who was afterward Bishop of *Arras*, had already

Anno Christi 495. Clodovæi 15. already begun to catechise *Clodoveus*. But as these holy men pretended nothing but the interests of God, not having regard to any thing which touched their own persons, he most willingly gave way to the dignity of an Archbishop, and to the great ability of a man accounted as an Oracle, contenting himself to assist S. *Remigius*, and to contribute in this action all which his ministry and service might afford.

This King going to *Rhemes* disposed himself religiously to receive Baptism under the direction of of this Prelate, daily hearkning with singular attention unto the instructions of faith, and informing himself with much judgment, in all that which was necessary for his salvation. It is written among other things, that when S. *Remigius* came to explicate the mystery of the pasion unto him, he was much moved thereat: so that transported with a generous impatience, he put his hand to his sword, and spake aloud in anger, That had he with his *French* been present in the place where this act was committed against his Master, he would have revenged it, with the utmost ability of his forces. The holy Prelate sweetned his warlike humours, and made him capable of every mystery, using therein much endeavour and great perspicuity of discourse. After these instructions, they proceeded to confession, and ordinary penances, wherein the King shewed so much devotion, that laying aside the Purple Robe and Crown, he covered himself with ashes, imploring the mercy of God in his most fervent prayers.

Chronicum manuscriptum.

When the day of Baptism came, which was the Eve of *Easter*, Saint *Remigius* caused the Church of *Rhemes* to be excellently adorned, as the custom of those times would permit, commanding it to be hanged with the richest pieces of Tapestry he could finde, to be perfumed with sweet odours, and lightned with a great quantity of wax-lights, composed of certain perfumes, which rendred a delicate splendour, in such manner, that Saint *Gregory* of *Tours* saith, this place resembled a little terrestrial Paradise.

Some while before the Baptism, the King and Queen sitting with S. *Remigius* in the Oratory of S. *Peter*, attended by few persons of note, behold there came on a sudden a most resplendent light, which appeared unto the eys of all the world with rays so sparkling, that scarcely it might be endured; and at the same instant was heard from Heaven a voice, which said, *Peace be with you, fear nothing, persevere in my love.* This was the time when the new *Constantine* set forward towards holy Baptism; where being arrived in the presence of all the world, S. *Remigius* spake to him these words: *Mitis depone colla Sicamber; Adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorâsti. Bow thy neck (O French man) under the yoak of God: adore that which you have burned, and burn what you adored.*

Omnipotentem Deum in Trinitate confessus. Gregor. Turon.

Thereupon pronouncing his profession of faith, and especially that which concerned the mystery of the holy Trinity, he was baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the holy Ghost.

The hand of God, that is not shortned, and which being the Work-master of Nature, operateth when it pleaseth him above nature, useth to honour with some great miracles, the foundations of Religion in certain places, where it is planted. Here he was pleased to consecrate the Kings of *France*, & the whole Realm to his Majesty, to derive from hence an infinite number of services; and as those great Kings are the first of the Church, and the most perfect images of the Divinity among all Monarchs, especially when they declare themselves imitatours of the piety of *Clodoveus*, so God was willing to renew at their consecration, the wonders he did at the Baptism of his Son, to the end, the workmanship might have conformity with its model: for he caused a Dove visibly to appear, which bare in her beak the holy Viol, filled with the unction wherewith *Clodoveus* and his successours were afterward anointed.

In baptismate ejus Angelus ampullam sacri Chrismatis detulit. Vide Morum de sacris unctionibus l. 2. c. 7. *Clemens quartus, alias Guido, scripsit in Jus civile.*

It is a thing so authentical, that it is rather to be reverenced, then disputed; the memory thereof is still preserved in the Epitaph, set over the ashes of *Clodoveus* in the Church of S. *Geneviefue* of *Paris*, which said, this Dove was an Angel: in S. *Thomas* in the second book of the institution of Princes, in *Clement* the fourth in his Questions, and so many other Authours, that it were to do a thing already done, to distend my self any further upon this subject.

Others have added, That the Flower-de-luces were brought at the same time by the help of an Angel, to be set in the Arms and Scutcheons of the Kings of *France*: but that is not well proved. I should rather believe that the Lilies were the Symbole of the *Gauls*, as the balm of *Judæa*, long time before *Clodoveus*: for there are yet certain Medals found, stamped in the time of the Emperour *Adrian*, who was little above one hundred years after our Saviour Christ, whereon the figure of *Gaul* was to be seen, formed as an honourable Lady, which seemed to hold in her hand a Flower-de-luce, offering it to the Emperour, and yielding thanks for its preservation by this Title engraven on the same coyn, *RESTITVTORI GALLIÆ.* I cannot likewise understand, who is that *Cilurus* cited by Monsieur *Capet*, in his pleadings of Rights and Liberties, that maketh mention of a Rod sprinkled with Flower-de-luces, which then appeared in Heaven, to witness the Kings of *France* should be the true Defenders of the Catholick Church.

Ita Savaro in Tractatu de sanctitate Regis Ludovici.

We have no want of true miracles, nor need we go about to entertain ill grounded fantasies: they who desire to establish false things, gain nought else upon the credulity of humane spirits, but to make truth to be doubted.

That which I finde in this Baptism most probable, is, that *Clodoveus* was baptized with his children, his sisters, and more then three thousand Cavaliers, Captains, Souldiers, and other Courtiers, not numbring women and little children; and which is more, the King made an Edict so favourable for Christian Religion, that being published, it converted to the faith almost all the rest of the *French* Nation, in such sort, that every where there was nothing to be seen, but burning of Idols, and erecting of Altars.

The admirable *Clotilda*, who had so long time sighed after this most happy day, being wholly absorpt in reverence & thanksgiving rendred to God, beheld her self crowned with so many thousands of children: and if those women of the old Testament for a slender carnal race, sing Canticles of triumph, what might this Lady both say and do, who, after her coming into *France*, saw the face of a Monarchy absolutely changed, the Kingdom of God established, and so many souls aranged under the banner of our Saviour, who was pleased so powerfully to make use herein of her prayers and industry?

The seventh SECTION.

What Clodovæus *did by the perswasion of* Clotilda *after his Baptism.*

THe holy woman daily building upon her foundations, ceased not to dispose her hus-

band to all the holy and glorious actions, which she could think on, that he might in some sort answer the favours he had received from the Divine Majesty, she caused him to bend his affections to the embellishing and enriching of Churches; which he did, beginning with that of *Rhemes*, with so much magnificence, that S. *Remigius*, who was of a noble and generous courage, had much ado with himself to take all which the King was willing to give: humbly beseeching his Majesty he would apply his liberalities to other places that had more need thereof.

Thereupon he disposed himself to build the Church of the Apostles S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, whom he honoured as the Fathers of Christianity. It is now dedicated to S. *Genovefue* of *Paris*; which the King and Queen afterward chose out for the place of their sepulchers.

One cannot too much glorifie this holy place, which hath been as the cradle of the piety of *Clodovæus*; and it is a most manifest blessing from Heaven, that it fell into the hands of that sage and religious Prelate, the Lord Cardinal of *Rochefaucault*, who by his zeal (a most powerfull alchymie) daily changeth the bricks and morter into marbles and gold: and not content with dead stones, hath assembled the living in so many good Religious men, there eternally to praise the greatness of God, and of this heavenly Virgin, Patroness of the place. He could not better serve our great King, then by so preciously honouring the ashes of the first most Christian Prince, and of his holy spouse *Clotilda*, to tie their protection to his standards.

In the third place, the blessed woman very deeply impressed in the soul of her husband, the devotion of S. *Martin*, in such sort, that in all his most thorny affairs he had a singular recourse to this great Apostle of *France*, making there many vows, and sometime praying prostrate at his tomb, with the fervour of an incredible piety.

From whence also proceeded, that not satisfying himself with giving large donatives to his Church, he treated the whole Dioces with marvellous reverence; forbidding his troops when they marched upon any exploit, to take ought else in those precincts, but salt and herbs. Which was so streightly observed, that he caused a souldier to pass through the pikes, who had taken hay from a Countreyman, saying it was herbs.

Moreover, to imitate in all eminency the piety of great *Constantine*, he procured a national Council to be held at *Orleans*: where he witnessed much respect to the Prelates assembled in that place to decide Ecclesiastical affairs, writing unto them a notable letter, by which he confirmed the rights and immunities of the Church, according to the form of ancient Canons.

Baron. tom. 5. anno. 514.

In the end Pope *Hormisdas*, coming to succeed *Symmachus* in the holy See, *Clodovæus* was the very first dispatched Embassadours unto him, with a very beautifull Crown, surnamed the *Realm*.

It hath been a custom very ordinary in all times, to offer Jewels and Crowns to Altars, in gratefull acknowledgement towards the Divine Majesty. So *Constantine* tendered his Diadem to the Saviour of the world, which is yet at this time to be seen hanging over the Altar of Saint *Sophia*. So did *Mauritius*, so *Henry* the Emperour at *Clunie*, who made offer to the Church of a *World*, all over diversified with most exquisite precious stones.

Flodoardus Philippus Bergomensis.

This is the cause, why the King sent this present, as the History expressly mentioneth, to be hanged up before the chief Altar of Saint *Peter* at *Rome*, in token of the offer he made to God of his person and estate, as the eldest Son of the Church. And he that would well consider the foundation of the History, shall finde this Diadem, called the *Kingdom* or *Realm*, was a kind of crown come from *Constantinople*: For it is said, that the Emperour *Anastasius*, who sought support from the favour of the King of *France*, against the *Goths* that swayed in *Italy*, understanding the great feats of arms done by our *Clodovæus*, sent a solemn embassage unto him, to congratulate, and offer him the title of an honourable Consul, the purple robe, and the Crown, which the *Gregians* at this time called Βασιλεία.

Clodovæus very gladly entertained this Embassage, and shewed himself attired with those ornaments in the Church of S. *Martin*, where he made a largess of gold and silver: then acknowledging all these prosperities came to him from God, after he was baptized, he consecrated this rich jewel, which had been presented to him by the Emperour, in the chief Church of Christendom, to serve as an eternal monument of his religion. Behold how this illustrious Monarch began at that time to manifest the marks of his zeal, and to cement together the good intelligence which *France* afterward had with the Pastor and spiritual Father of the whole world.

I am bound to touch this as I pass along with all sincerity, being naturally an enemy of these questions which are many times moved with too much fervour and inconsideration, in the point of contestations of the jurisdiction of Soveraign authorities. We are learned enough, when we know that *Jesus Christ*, who had the source of power in himself, distributed it to Popes and Kings: constituting the one for spiritual government, the other for temporal. It is his pleasure we honour the character of his authority, both in the one and other, and not to argue upon fantasies. God hath set them over our heads to admire their lustres, & not to controul their power.

Amongst the follies of *Nero*, it is reported, that one day beholding a space of land, which separated two seas, and held them in excellent order, he had a desire to cut it, that these two seas might encounter, and himself see what countenance they would carry, when they commixed together. Take you good heed (saith the Oracle unto him) otherwise they will overflow to drown you. Leave matters as God hath appointed, and confound not the limits of nature. It is true, Ecclesiastical and Civil power are two great seas, God hath limited and divided them by the interposition of spiritual and temporal administration: Both exercise their functions, and live in fair peace. God preserve us from those miseries, which may dis-mantle the wall, and cause them to intermingle together, so, that we may behold the world in a deluge of calamities.

To what purpose is all this? The Sun doth not the work of the rain, nor the rain of the Sun. *Constantine* said, the Bishops were Bishops in their Churches, in that which concerneth Religion, and God had appointed him for the government of his Empire in matters temporal. Let us rest in these limits, *Give we to* Cæsar, *that which belongeth to* Cæsar: *to God what appertaineth to God*. We have better learned to live then dispute, and our Ancestours have preserved a Monarchy so flourishing, the space of twelve hundered years, not with disputations and unprofitable wranglings, but with the arms of wisdom, obedience, and courage.

Communis Episcopus eram quæ extra eccles. fam.

Savaro. p. 15. de pietate Regis Ludovici.

We have always rendered to the Pope the honour he deserveth, as to the Soveraign Pastour of the Universal Church, which is under Heaven. We have confessed,

1 Pet. 2.

Subditi eſtote omni humanæ creaturæ propter Deum, ſive Regi quaſi præcellenti, ſive ducibus tanquam ab eo miſſis

feſſed, and do acknowledge the King true and abſolute Monarch in the government of temporal things, ſingularly honouring him, and with moſt cordial affections loving him, as an animated protraicture of the greatneſs of the Divine Majeſty. God thereupon maketh us to proſper, and taſt by experience, that there is no ſcience more noble then obedience, nor any felicity, but the accompliſhment of the will of the ſoveraign maſter. On the contrary, it is obſerved in the Hiſtory of ſo many Ages, that the wounds from Heaven have on all ſides fallen upon thoſe, who have ſought to caſt the apple of diſcord into the houſe of God. The winde blown from their mouths, returned on their heads, ſince it is fit, iniquity ſhould firſt kill it ſelf with its own poiſon.

The eighth SECTION.

The good ſucceſs which God gave to Clodovæus *after he became a Chriſtian.*

Clodovæus was no ſooner become a Chriſtian, but that it ſeemed God had tied to his arms ſome ſecret virtue, which made him triumph over his enemies, and crown all his enterprizes with moſt glorious ſucceſſes.

The firſt war he undertook after his Baptiſm, was againſt *Gombaut* King of *Burgundy*, of whom we have very amply ſpoken heretofore. I much wonder at certain Authours, who meaſuring the affections of Saints, with the weakneſſes of their own ſpirits, and eſteeming it a ſweet glory to be revenged upon enemies, from whom ſome notable injuries are received, have ſaid, that *Clotilda* excited her husband to the ruin of her uncle, to derive an account from him of the death of her father and mother. This is too inferiour a conceit of a Lady, who was arrived to ſo high a degree of perfection: nay, it was ſo much otherwiſe, that ſhe ſhould enkindle the fire of this war, that *Gombaut* being in the full poſſeſſion of *Clodovæus* to bereave him of life, ſhe withheld the fatal blow, and afterwards ſeeing he by his ill deportment had loſt his Kingdom, ſhe did all that poſſibly ſhe might to preſerve a part thereof for *Sigiſmond*, ſon of *Gombaut* her couſin-germane.

Paul. Æmil.

That which firſt of all ruined this unhappy King of *Burgundy*, was his hereſie, which drew upon him the vengeance of God: for it being often preached unto him, and he convinced by reaſons, offering himſelfe in private to become a Catholick, yet ſtill retained Arianiſm in publick. Behold the cauſe, why he having divided his heart, God divided his Kingdom.

The ſecond cauſe of his ruin was his nature, cruel and covetous, which rendered him uncivil, and an enemy of all order. He ſent his Neece as it were in anger to *Clodovæus*, giving her not any thing in marriage, but many complements: Whereupon the King making ſundry remonſtrances, and afterwards complaints, he neglecting both the one and the other, and anſwering the Embaſſadours, ſent to treat with him very perverſely, he reſolved to make war upon him.

Add hereunto, that having already put two of his brothers to death, he tyrannized over the third, who to get ſhelter from the tempeſt, had recourſe to the King of *France*, who was no whit diſpleaſed to take this occaſion to poſſeſs himſelf of the Kingdom of *Burgundy*, which he ſaw to be very fit for him. *Gombaut* having learned that *Clodovæus* armed in good earneſt againſt him, would needs flatter his brother, whom he had before much exaſperated, to win him to his party: but he playing the fox againſt a fox, having given him fair promiſes, turned his back towards him, and yielded to the *French* with all his troups.

The *Burgundian* affrighted, fled, and caſt himſelf upon the *Rhoſne*, untill ſuch time that he was ſhut up in *Avignon*, where *Clodovæus* deſperately purſued him, preſſed him, and thruſt him upon extremities: ſo that the leaſt word of Queen *Clotilda*, had been ſufficient to take away his life. But the King contained himſelf both for the reſpect he bare to his wife, whom he well knew not to be delighted with the blood of her allies, and for the diſcretion which *Arredius* a Counſellour of *Gombaut* uſed toward him. The vanquiſhed King yielded to all the conditions propoſed by the Conquerour, ſo far as to become tributary to *France*.

Afterwards the troups of *Clodovæus* being retired, this man full of gall and bitterneſs againſt *Godegiſilus* his brother, who had levied arms againſt him, beſieged him in *Vienna*, contrary to all promiſes made to *Clodovæus*, and having ſurprized him, ſlew him in the Church with his own hand: which was an act barbarous, and only worthy of a man abandoned of all ſenſe of Religion. This cruelty was the cauſe that *Clodovæus* returning back again, entred into *Burgundy*, and poſſeſſed himſelfe thereof, to puniſh the exorbitances of a man, who was as outragious to offend thoſe who might hurt him, as unable to reſiſt the juſtice of arms raiſed againſt him.

There remained nothing for him in this ſhipwrack, but an ignominious and miſerable life, which God oftentimes inflicteth for puniſhment of brother-ſlayers, as he did to *Cain*; which he finally ended in Arianiſm. The holy *Clotilda* (as I ſaid before) taking pitty of the iſſue of this wicked father, employed all her endeavours to preſerve for *Sigiſmond* the title of King, and ſome competent remainders of a fortune, horribly diſ-membred by the evil manage of this Prince, blinded with errour and impiety.

From thence, *Clodovæus* transferred his arms into *Aquitaine*, where he had buſineſs enough to deal with *Alaricus* King of the *Viſigoths*. But as I undertook not in this Treatiſe to enlarge upon the wars of *Clodovæus*, nor on his ſingular valour, but as it may be conſidered to correſpond with the piety he received from *Clotilda*, I remit the Reader to the Hiſtory of *France*: contenting my ſelfe to obſerve two or three paſſages of the Divine Providence over King *Clodovæus* in this war. The firſt was, that having reſolved to turn his arms againſt this *Goth*, who drew into his Territories all the enemies of *France*, and who was an Arian heretick, moſt inhumanely uſed the Catholicks, which were in his power; he endeavouring to decline this blow, uſed many wiles to ſurprize his adverſary, and murther him if he could, under colour of emparlance and amity. *Clodovæus* notwithſtanding, ſhielded by the powerfull hand of God, was delivered from his practiſes, and although the other was ſupported by King *Theodorick*, who was his father-in-law, his country-man, and leagued with other Kings, our brave Monarch repleniſhed with the confidence he had in the cauſe of God, as one who intended to cut off the root of the Arian hereſie, which budded forth in *France*, couragiouſly marched in the face of the enemy, and with ſo much ſpeed prevented him, that he rather ſeemed to have the conduct of an army of eagles then ſouldiers.

See Monſieur du Plaix.

A ſecond teſtimony of the faithful love of Heaven, appeared in wonders, which ſerved for a preſage of the near approaching victory. The one was, that the King, according to his cuſtomary piety, having

appointed

appointed some men of purpose to offer up his vows at the feet of Saint *Martin*, they entring into the Church to perform their devotions, heard by good chance the Quire of Choristers who sung out aloud this versicle of the seventeenth Psalm: *Præcinxisti me Domine virtute ad bellum: supplantâsti insurgentes in me. Lord, thou hast engirted me with force and valour for war: Thou hast cast under me all those, who were raised against me*: which being related to the King, he thereupon conceived good success, and setting forward on his way, as he entred into *Poictiou*, there was seen to issue out of the Church of Saint *Hilary* of *Poictiers*, a great brand of fire, like unto that flaming pillar which heretofore led the chosen people through so many dreadful wildernesses; in such sort, that it seemed this great S. *Hilary*, who had heretofore been a light both for the East and West against Hereticks, enlightned still on the top of the place, where he had been reverenced, a burning Pharos, to illuminate the conquests of a Prince, who hastened to do that with the keen sword, which he had formerly acted with the sharp dint of the tongue. In the end, coming upon the brink of a river swoln up, where he knew not how to find a foord, which much stopped the course of his enterprize, behold a Hinde rouzed with the noise of the Army, took the river in the sight of the *French*, in a place where it was passable, and shewed them the way, who prosperously followed. The King encouraged by so many prodigies, encountreth with *Alaricus*, & gave him battel very roughly, fortune holding the victory in ballance about six or seven hours, until the *French*, animated by the good example of their King, renewed their forces with loud out-cries, & brake with all violence through the files of the *Goths*. *Clodovæus*, who had the flame of a generous vigour, burning perpetually in his heart, much desired to meet with King *Alaricus*, when perceiving him in the middest of the conflict, he set forward to encounter him. The other already contemned by his own *Goths*, for having heretofore refused the combat, and seeing his Army in disorder, became valiant in his despair, and put on a resolution, either to vanquish his enemy, or to wash away the stains of his dishonour with his bloud. He withdrew himself from the main of his Cavalry, and marched on towards *Clodovæus*. The souldiers stood still on both parts at this great duel of two Kings. They came to handy strokes in the head of two Armies; and charged one another bravely, being a very long time bloudily bent to battel: but in the end *Alaricus* felt the thunder, which proceeding from the victorious hand of his adversary, threw him down half dead in the list of combat. *Clodovæus* quickly alighted from his horse, to rid him of life; and being about to mend some defect in this cuiras, he was treacherously assaulted by two *Goths*: but he having dispatched his adversary, defended himself from both these, and mounted up again on his horse, whom he made to curvet in a martial manner, demeaning himself so bravely in all, that he seemed to be as it were a flash of lightning, sent from the hand of God, rather then a man.

This defeat ruined the hopes of the *Goths*, and cut off all the designs of heresy, which subsisted not but by their favour. From thence *Clodovæus* marched all covered over with laurels into the Countrys of his conquests, with so much good success, that being before the City of *Angoulesme*, which made shew of resistance, the walls miraculously fell down, as did heretofore those of *Jericho*, he having, by the advise of *Aprenins* his Chaplain, caused some holy reliques to be lifted up, whereunto he dedicated a singular devotion.

What need we here make mention of the adventures, which he had with the Kings *Chararic*, and *Ragvachairus*, whom he defeated as it were without blows? This man went every where as confidently, as one who seemed to have a Guard of celestial Virtues by his side: his hands were fatal to purge the earth from many Infidel Princes, that infected it with heresie, tyrannies, and sacriledges. Who can but wonder, that in so short a time he extended his Empire from *Rheine* to *Seine*, from the river of *Loyre* to *Rosne*, and from the *Pyrenæi* to the *Ocean*? Who can but admire, that he was so feared by all the Monarchs of his age, as the *Grecians*, who have written after that time under the title of King, intended for the more excellency, to speak onely of the King of *France*? who will not highly esteem his great authority, in that he first of all stampt golden coyn, which the Emperours had always forborn through extream jealousie, causing the marks of his faith to be impressed on this money? And who can sufficiently marvel, that having at his death left four sons to succeed him, he hath besides been followed by seven and fifty Kings, who constantly rendering themselves imitatours of his belief, have likewise shared with him in his felicity.

Suidas. Ρηξ Γαλλων ἀξιοχρεως.

I demand of you whether one must not become blind, deaf, and dumb, not to see, understand, nor declare, that all the happiness and prosperity of *France* is inseparably tied to the piety of our Ancestours, since the hand of God, thundering and lightning at the same time upon so great a number of Diadems of heretical Kings, as of *Gombant*, *Godemar*, *Chilperic*, *Godegisilus*, *Alaricus*, and in the end on *Theodorick* himself, led *Clodovæus* by the hand through so many smoaking ruins, so many swords, & such flames, to establish him with all his posterity in a Throne, whereunto the great Saint *Remigius* hath promised an eternity of years, so long as it should remain cemented with the same faith and religion, which first of all consecrated the Lilies to the service of the Divine Majesty?

The holy *Clotilda*, amongst all these conquests of her husband, lifted her innocent hands up to Heaven to apply the forces of the Saviour of the world to his Royal banners. In the end, having drawn him to *Paris*, after so many bloudy wars, and sweetned the extravagancies of his nature, a little too violent, propending to excesses of cruelty, she caused him to tast in his repose, devotion and justice, in such sort, that having closed up his eyes in the exercises of piety, she enterred him with a most honourable reputation. There is yet to be found an old Calendar of the Church of S. *Genevefue*, which maketh mention of the day of his death, on the seven and twentieth of *November*.

V. Kal. Dec. Depositio magni Regis Clodovæi. Du Pleix.

The ninth SECTION.

The life of Clotilda *in her widow-hood: her afflictions and glorious death.*

Clotilda vehemently desired to bring forth male children, for the establishment of her State, and though this affection seemed to be most just, notwithstanding God, who purgeth all the elect in the furnace of afflictions, found a rough Purgatory for this good soul, in the enjoying her desires. She had sons, as she wished, whom she endeavoured with all her power to breed in the fear of God, whilest she might bow them: but these children, who tasted too much of the warlick humours of the father, and had not

not enough of the piety of the mother, being arrived to an age wherein it was not possible any longer to restrain them, they fell into many terrible extravagancies, which transfixed the heart of the mother with a thousand swords of sorrow.

It happened that *Sigismond*, the cousin-germain of *Clotilda*, for whom she had procured the Kingdom of *Burgundy*, after the death of his wife, by whom he had a son named *Sigericus*, suffered himself to be surprized with the love of a Lady waiting in Court, whom he afterward married, to the great heart-burning of the son, who could not endure to see her clothed with the spoils of his mother.

This step-dame being drawn from servitude and wantonness, to enter into the bed of a King, beholding her self crossed in her loves by this Heir of the house, conceived so much gall and rage against him, that she prepared a most fatal calumny for his ruin, accusing him to have a plot upon the life of his father. *Sigismond*, who was of an easie nature, stirred up with love and ambition, quickly believed this shameless creature: and after he had called this poor young man to dinner, under colour of affection, he commanded him in his sleep to be strangled by the hands of his servants. But the miserable man, delivered out of the gulf of his passion, and seeing himself defiled with an act so black and wicked, publickly confessed his sin, and for it performed a most austere penance: but God, who ordinarily blotteth out the crime, not forgiving the pains and satisfactions due to his justice, deprived him of Scepter and life by the hands of his allies, raising up a sharp revenge, to give to such like an eternal horrour of his iniquity.

The children of *Clodovæus*, who had already shared the Kingdom of their father, were not yet satisfied, but desired to advance the limits of their division, as far as the point of their lance might extend. Behold the cause why *Clodomer*, who was the eldest of the legitimate, seeing the Kingdom of *Burgundy* in this danger, entreth thereinto with great forces, and found little resistance; *Sigismond* being formerly convinced by his crime. Having possessed himself of the places most important, he took the miserable King, and led him away prisoner to *Orleans*; to dispose of him according to his pleasure. But *Godimer*, the brother of *Sigismond*, who had retired to the mountains, while the *French* made all this notable havock, returned with a great power, and having slain the *French* Garrisons, made himself Master of the Kingdom. *Clodomer* understanding this defeat, became so furious, that he caused the head of his prisoner to be cut off, with his wife and children by his second marriage, commanding, through extremity of cruelty, to throw the body into a ditch, which was executed. Nor content with this, he re-entereth into *Burgundy* boyling with choller, with intention to recover all to his obedience: but he found himself assaulted by the *Burgundians* in a battel, who slew him; and knowing him by his long hair, they cut off his head, and fixed it on the point of a launce, to serve for a sad spectacle to the *French*.

This accident afflicted the heart of the mother, who bewailed her son with inconsolable tears, as well because he was the first, whom she had bred with all tender affection, as for that she seeing him dead in the pursuit of so many bloudy acts, was full of anxiety in the matter of salvation of his soul. The poor Queen fortified her self, as much as she might, against the violences of sorrow, and armed her self against other accidents which she foresaw might grow from the evil dispositions of her children.

Clodomer left three sons very young, whom the holy woman bred up in her house, and near her person, into whom the most excellent Maxims of all wisdom and piety were distilled. These little children very well bred, and gently trained by the very good precepts of their grand-mother, promised something excellent in time to come, and served as a most sweet lenitive to this disconsolate turtle, to sweeten the acerbities she had conceived upon the death of their father: when behold an horrible frenzy crept into the souls of *Childebert* and *Clotharius* her two sons, which is read in all our histories, the brows whereof do blush to leave a blemish of execration on the wicked exorbitancy of ambition.

It were much fitter for the great men of the earth to have gnawing vultures, and sharp rasors in their entrails, then to nourish such a passion, which being onely puffed up with a smoake, violateth all it hath therein of right or humanity, to fatten it self with bloud, and never as it were openeth its eyes, but in the flames of the damned.

Childebert and *Clotharius*, sons of the great *Clodovæus* and the holy *Clotilda*, despoyling themselves of all respect, sweetness, & humanity, conceived a mortal jealousie against their little Nephews, imagining their mother would breed them up to their prejudice; and so not taking counsel of ought but their own brutish passion, they resolved to be rid of them. The poor children were perpetually under the wing of their good grand-mother *Clotilda*, who could never suffer them out of her sight; such fear had she of ill habits, which are easily made to slide into the hearts of children by the corruption of evil company. These infamous Uncles besought their mother to let their little Nephews come to visit them, to have thereby some harmless recreation, promising to restore them again speedily into her hands. The holy woman, who could not imagine the execrable malice, which was hatched in the heart of these unnatural sons, consented these little ones should go, fearing least the denial she might make, would further exasperate the suspition of the suppliants. Yet did she even then quake for fear, and bidding them farewel, kissed them with redoubled embracements, raptures, and affections, not being able to contain her passion, nor the presage of her unhappiness.

The little innocents went to the slaughter with a smiling countenance, as children who have walks of recreation, and play in their heads.

When they had them in their full power, they dispatched a messenger to their mother, to bear unto her most unwelcome news. For he was commanded to shew her a poynard and a cyzars, requiring her, she would make choice, which of these she should judge fittest for her grand-children, either to pass them by the dint of sword, or forcibly to shave them and make them Monks.

Clotilda, extreamly astonished at this impudence, answered, As well dead, as Monks: which some very inconsiderately have interpreted, thinking this answer proceeded from an ambition she had, that her grand-children might reign: but the admirable Princess would say, that we ought not to apply any to the service of God, but voluntaries, and that she had rather see her children well dead, then to behold them in a religious profession by constraint & force. This wretched messenger made to the humour of his Masters, instead of sweetning the matter, made a very harsh relation of his message, which precipitated the evil already beginning to fall into extremity.

Clotharius possessed with a diabolical spirit, took *Thibault* the eldest of these children, & striking him down

down to the ground, thruſt his ſword quite through his body. The little *Guntharns*, who was the ſecond, beſprinkled with the bloud of his brother, whom he ſaw diſtended on the pavement, graſped the knees of his Uncle *Childebert*, with lamentable out-cries, ſaying: *O Uncle, ſave my life, wherein have I offended you?* He ſo quaked in all the parts of his body, & ſo transfixed him with his ſighs, that the other, though he purpoſed this miſchief, was ſeized with much compaſsion, and prayed his brother to paſs no further. But *Clotharins* enraged, and more ravenous then a Tyger of *Armenia*, What? (ſaith he) you have been of the Councel, and yet now hinder me in the execution: I will run you both through with my ſword. *Childebert* amazed, threw the poor victim from his knees, and delivered him to the executioner, who in that very place cut his throat.

As they were upon theſe conteſtations, the third ſon of *Clodomer*, named *Clodoaldus*, was taken away by a friend of the father, and ſecretly bred up in Eccleſiaſtical condition, wherein he arrived to ſo perfect a ſanctity, that forſaking the ſhadow of Diadems and Scepters, which deceiveth the credulity of the moſt paſsionate by its illuſions, he hath merited Altars on earth, and a Crown of Glory in Heaven. For this is that S. *Cloud* which we reverence, near unto *Paris*.

What imagination is ſufficiently powerful to figure to its ſelf the ardent dolours, which ſeized on the ſpirit of poor *Clotilda*, when ſhe heard all that paſſed by the practiſe of her unnatural ſons? What might this ſoul think ſo free and purified from the contagions of the earth, which apprehended the ſhadow of the leaſt ſins, when ſhe beheld her houſe polluted with ſo horrible ſacriledges? Yet ſtill ſhe guided the helm of reaſon in ſo tempeſtuous a ſtorm of paſsions, & in ſo dead a night of miſery, ſhe adored a ray of the Providence of God, which ſhe conſidered in the depth of her ſorrows: ſhe her ſelf no whit affrighted, took up the mangled bodies of theſe innocent creatures, and gathered together the ſcattered members as well as ſhe could, ſaying: *Poor Children, I bewail not your death, although it cannot be too much bemoaned. You are dead like little Abels, like little Innocents, forſaking the earth, profaned with the crimes of your Uncles, to haſten to poſſeſs a place in Heaven; you have out run me, to live hereafter in the boſom of your grand-father. But I ſorrow for theſe Cains, and theſe Herods, who ſo treacherouſly have murdered you, and who, whereſoever they are, I aſſure myſelf do carry pincers and executioners in their hearts. They ought at leaſt to bear reſpect to the aſhes of their father, they ought to have compaſsion on the tenderneſs of your bodies; They ought ſomewhat to regard my age and the care I have had to breed them, ſince the death of the King. And had they concluded upon this maſſacre when they took you from my houſe, they ſhould have executed you in my arms; I at the leaſt had cloſed up your dying eyes with my fingers, I had wiped away the bloud from your faces, I had encouraged you to death, I had received your laſt ſighs in my boſom. Alas, my pretty creatures little did I think the kiſſes I gave you at your departure, were to be the laſt I ſhould afford in your life. Pure and innocent ſouls departed from theſe bodies in an age, wherein you were ignorant of ſins which never approached your knowledges, much leſs defiled your bodies. Behold from thoſe Palaces of ſtars and light your afflicted mother, whom God hath as yet left on earth to give burial to your bodies.*

Speaking this, ſhe cauſed them to be carried away that ſhe might beſtow them in the tomb of their grand-father, where being her ſelf perſonally arrived, nature evicted a huge tide of tears from her conſtancy and cauſed her to ſay:

My moſt honoured Lord and husband, who ſo cordially loved me in this life, will you not open unto me your ſacred tomb to entertain me near you? Behold here your grand-children, which I bring unto you, little bloſſoms cut off in the tenderneſs of their age, by the hands of their Uncles, your children and mine. Moſt dear husband, I account you thrice happy, to have been tranſported into the other world before you ſaw theſe lamentable tragedies. Were there nought but their reſpect towards you, it ought to have reſtrained them. But my ſins alone have deſerved this deſolate old age, to which God hath reſerved me to make trial of the moſt ſenſible dolours which might ever fall into my imagination. I will endure them as long as it ſhall pleaſe the Divine Providence, who will draw this ſatisfaction from my ſins, and I with ſorrow will waſte my body, that hath almoſt nothing left but the bark, to place it in ſhort time with yours.

The holy woman daily poured her ſelf out in tears near to this ſepulchre, remaining there day and night, as if ſhe had been ſome ſhadow of the dead: but in the end to divert her ſelf from this imagination, which was too full of affliction, and that ſhe might the more freely enjoy God, ſhe reſolved wholly to leave the Court, and to paſs the reſt of her days in the City of *Tours*, near to the ſepulcher of S. *Martin*.

There it was where ſhe began to lead a life wholly celeſtial, as one who ſeemed to have nothing to do with the bodies and converſation of the living.

It is true, that great proſperities do not eaſily corrupt ſouls, which have taken a good temper in the fear of God,; yet notwithſtanding they wound, and in ſome ſort change them. A little Bee ſometimes goeth ſo long upon her honey, that by much walking there, ſhe entangleth her wings: ſo a ſoul, yea one of thoſe which are the moſt devout, being continually ſoothed by a long ſequel of good ſucceſſes of the affairs of the world, taketh ſome ſmall flight out of it ſelf, and ſeeketh recreation in a ſmiling and delicate air, which affordeth it nothing but objects of delight: but ſo ſoon as adverſity hath given its blow, it re-entreth into it ſelf; it foldeth it ſelf within it ſelf; it taſteth it ſelf; it knoweth it ſelf; it findeth God in the bottom of its heart, afflicted and perplexed with the revolutions of the world; it raiſeth it ſelf above the ways of the Moon, and the tracks of the Sun, to that goodly Temple of Eternity, where ſpirits live deſpoiled from theſe maſſes of fleſh and bones, which we drag along with us in this mortal life.

This is the way which the wiſe *Clotilda* took ſo ſoon as ſhe was alienated from the Court, and diſentangled from affairs, which ſhe never had uſed but for obligation of conſcience; ſhe entreth into a ſweet retirement, where it ſeemed unto her that nature had not diſplayed the mountains and valleys, the forreſts and rivers, but to make her a theater of the works of God. She reliſhed this retreat, as Manna from Paradiſe, and taſted this deep ſilence with incredible delight, after ſo many confuſed clamours of the embroylments of Court. It ſeemed unto her that ſhe then ſpake to God, face to face; and that ſhe ſaw all the pride of the earth much lower then her feet. Her ſoul was whitened with her tears, was purified in her deſires, and vapoured out all into God, as it were, through the limbeck of her ardent charity.

The holy Lady, who had heretofore loved to behold her ſelf ſhine in the majeſty of ſumptuous attire, to render her ſelf more acceptable to her husband, more illuſtrious in the eyes of her people, was cloathed ſo modeſtly, that her hiſtory telleth, ſhe was ſeen to be covered with courſe cloth. She who heretofore was altogether ſparkling with precious ſtones, appeared now in the livery of penance. She who had endeavoured temperately to entertain a mortal beauty for the contentment of her dear husband, was wholly waſted with mortifications of the fleſh. She who after ſo many victories of one of the moſt valianteſt husbands that ever was, had been led along triumphant in the chariot of glory, converſed

now

with widows and orphans, going as it were perpetually on foot, were it not that the weakneſs of her body diſpenſed with her therein, by the counſel of thoſe who undertook the care of her health. She, who had ſeen all the ſervices of a great Monarchy at her feet, was then continually proſtrate at the feet of the poor, whom ſhe ſerved as the living Images of God. She, who had taken ſome care to manage revenues, as the ſinews of State, deſpoiled her ſelf as it were from things moſt neceſſary for life, to ſuccour the neceſſities of the people. She, who had delighted to build goodly Palaces, had not any affection but for Monaſteries and Churches, which ſhe cauſed to be erected every where, with ſo much liberality as her means would permit. This divine woman was as the Moon in eclipſe, which appeareth wholly dark on the ſide towards the earth, but faileth not to be moſt radiant on that part wherewith ſhe looketh towards Heaven. So thoſe who beheld this Princeſs with carnal eys in ſuch a ſtate, ſaid ſhe was eclipſed; but God, who in this retirement darted on her, rays of glory through the Cloud of the body, cauſed her to ſee with eys of Angels, as a ſoul wholly inveſted with the Sun of juſtice.

As ſhe was in the ſweetneſs of this repoſe, news came unto her very haſtily, that ſhe muſt return to Court, to appeaſe the diſcord between her children who were ready to encounter one another, and to embroil the Kingdom in the deſperate deſolations of Civil war.

The good woman did not as thoſe, who hold retirement from the vanities of the world as a puniſhment, nor ever are with themſelves, unleſs neceſſity make them take the way, which they cannot elect by reaſon. So ſoon as ſhe underſtood theſe importunities, which call'd her back to the affairs of the world, ſhe haſtened to proſtrate her ſelf at the ſepulcher of S. *Martin*, ſhedding forth bitter tears, and ſaying: *My God, you know my heart, and that it is neither for fear of pain, nor want of courage, that I retired from the Court of my children; but that ſeeing their diſportments and affairs in ſuch a condition, that I could not think my ſelf any way able to profit them by my counſels, I made choice of the means which I thought moſt likely to help them, which are Prayers. And behold me here now humbled at the Tomb of one of your great ſervants to beg of you by his merits and aſhes, to pacifie the differences of theſe unfortunate children, and to behold with the ey of your accuſtomed mercies this poor people and Kingom of* France, *to which you have conſigned and given ſo many pledges of your faithful love. My God, if you think my preſence may ſerve to ſweeten the ſharpneſs of theſe ſpirits, I will neither have conſideration of my Age nor health; but ſhall ſacrifice my ſelf in this voyage for the publick: but if I may be of no other uſe, but to ſtand as an unprofitable burthen, as I with much reaſon perſwade my ſelf, I conjure you for your own goodneſs ſake, to receive my humble prayers, and accommodate their affairs, and ever to preſerve unto me the honour which I have to ſerve you in this retirement.*

A moſt miraculous thing: it is obſerved that at the ſame time when the holy woman prayed at the tomb, the Arms of the brothers now ready to encounter to pour forth a Deluge of blood, ſuddenly ſtopped; and theſe two Kings not knowing by what ſpirit they were moved mutually ſent to each other an Embaſſage of peace, which was concluded in the place, to the admiration and contentment of the whole world. This much confirmed *Clotilda* in her holy reſolution, wherein ſhe lived to great decrepitneſs of Age. And in the end, having had revelation of the day of her death, ſhe ſent for her two ſons, *Childebert* and *Clotharius*, whereof this, who was the moſt harſh, was in ſome ſort become humble, having undergone certain penances appointed him by Pope *Agapetus*, to expiate many exorbitances which he had committed; for ſuch is the moſt common opinion. Theſe two Kings being come, the mother ſpake to them in theſe terms:

I was as i were reſolved to paſs out of the world without ſeeing you, not for the hatred of your perſons, which cannot fall into a ſoul ſuch as mine, but for th horrour of your deportments, that cannot be juſtified but by repentance. God knows, I having beheld you ſo many times to abandon the reſpect you ow to my age, and the authority which nature gave me over your breeding, never have endeavoured to put off the heart of a mother towards you, which I yet retain upon the brink of my tomb. I begged you of God before your birth, with deſires which then ſeemed unto me reaſonable, but which perhaps were too vehement; and if ever mother were paſſionate in the love of her children, I moſt ſenſibly felt thoſe ſtings, yielding my ſoul as a prey to all cares, and my body to travels, to breed and bring you up with pains, which are not ſo ordinary with Queen-mothers.

I expected from your nature ſome correſpondence to my charitable affections, when you ſhould arrive to the Age of diſcretion. I imagined after the death of your father, my moſt honoured Lord, that my Age which began to decline, ſhould find ſome comfort in your piety. But you have done that which I will paſs under ſilence: For it ſeemed to me your ſpirits have as much horrour of it as mine, which yet bleedeth at it, nor do I know when time will ſtanch the blood of a wound ſo hideous.

Out alas, my children! You perſwaded your ſelves it was a goodly matter to unpeople the world, to enlarge your power, and to violate nature, to eſtabliſh your Thrones with the blood of your allies; which is a moſt execrable frenzie. For I proteſt at this hour, wherein I go to render an account of mine actions before the living God, that I ſhould rather wiſh to have brought you into the world to be the vaſſals of Peaſants, then to ſee the Scepter in your hands, if it ſerved you to no other uſe, but to authorize your crimes. Blind as you are, who behold not that the Diamonds of a Royal Crown, ſweat with horrour upon a head poiſoned with ambition. When you ſhall arrive to that period wherein I am now, what will it help you to have worn Purple, if having defiled it with your ordures, you muſt make an exchange with a habit of flames, which ſhall no more wear out then eternity?

Return, my children, to the fair way you have forſaken: you might have ſeen by what paths the providence of God, led the King your father to the Throne of his Monarchie: you might have alſo obſerved the diſaſters of Kings our near allies for that they wandered from true piety. That little ſhadow which you yet retain of holy Religion, hath ſuſpended the hand of God, and withheld the fatal blow, which he would otherwiſe have let fall upon your ſtate. If you perſiſt in evil, you will provoke his juſtice by the contempt of his mercie. Above all, be united with a band of conſtant peace: for by dividing your hearts, you diſunite your Kingdoms; and deſiring to build up your fortunes by your diſſentions, you will make deſolate your houſes. Do juſtice to your poor people, who lived under the reign of your father with ſo much tranquillitie, and which your diviſions have now covered all over with acerbities. Is it not time to forget what is paſt, and to begin to live then, when you muſt begin to die? My children, I give you the laſt farewell, and pray you to remember my poor ſoul, and to lodge my body in the Sepulcher of the King your father, as I have ever deſired.

The Saint ſpeaking this, ſaw that theſe children, who had before been ſo obdurate, were wholly diſſolved into tears, and kneeling about her bed, kiſſed her hands, having their ſpeech ſo interrupted with ſobs, they could not anſwer one word. Thereupon ſhe drew the curtain over all worldly affairs, to be onely entertained with God. And her maladie daily encreaſing, ſhe pronounced aloud the profeſſion of the Catholick faith, wherein ſhe died; then required the Sacraments of the Euchariſt and extream Unction, which were adminiſtred unto her, and by her received with infinite devotion. From thence forward ſhe for ſome time onely lived on extaſies of her ſoul, turning that little breath which remained on her lips, to the praiſes of God: and in the end, rendered up her happy Ghoſt, the third day of *June*, on the firſt hour of the night, pronouncing in the inſtant of death theſe words: *Adte Domine levavi animam meam: Deus meus in te confido, non erubeſcam.*

The Hiſtory telleth, that the chamber where ſhe died, at the inſtant when her ſoul departed out of her body, appeared very lightſom, and that her ſacred members yielded forth a moſt ſweet ſavour, which left to all there preſent a great eſtimation of her ſanctity.

ctity. Her body was interred, as she desired, at the feet of S. *Geneveſue*: for she was so humble, that she accounted her self most happy, to submit her diadem to the ashes of a poor shepherdess. Her memory hath been so honourable throughout all *France*, that she is yet reverenced under the name of S *Clothe*, which is the Vulgar word.

O woman, truely worthy to bear a Crown of stars! gold, silver, and precious stones are too base for you If statues should be erected suitable to your desert, Diamonds, Emeraulds and Topazes, which have been employed on the pourtracts of the Queens of *Ægypt*, would be of too mean a value in respect of your prayses.

Oh Queens, oh Princesses, nay, oh Ladies, and Gentle-women, why do not you at the least in your houses, that which she performed in an ample Kingdom? What a glory? What an Empire? and what a triumph, to issue from the house of a King of *Burgundy*, as an innocent lamb, a poor orphan, married for despight, and to enter into a Court full of Idolatries, which seemed then a forrest of ravenous beasts, yet knew so well how to charm them with invincible spels of her piety, as to convert a King warlike, haughty, a Pagan, and in converting him to change the whole face of a great Monarchy?

All that which we retain of Religion, piety, and happiness under God, we ow to this holy Queen. O *France*, *France*, my dear Country! how art thou bound to her memory, to her name, to her virtue, & how much oughtest thou to preserve the precious treasure of faith, which she hath so happily recommended unto thee by her example!

I speak not at all now of the particular favours thou hast received from Heaven: I say nothing of thy flower-de-luces, of thy holy Viol, of thy Standdard, of thy cure of the Kings Evil, and other such like. I onely mention that which thou mayest boast before the face of all Nations], nor ever shalt thou loose the glory which S. *Gregory* the Great, an incomparable man, who flourished above a thousand years since, gave thee in his books, when he calleth thee, the lamp of the whole world, and saith, thy Monarchs as much surpassed all other soveraign Princes, as Kings transcend the people.

Greg. ep. 6. l. 5. qux est 106.

I pronounce that, which thou mayest publish as a priviledge very extraordinary, that *Constantine* the Great made heretofore a decree, which was afterward engraven upon the Altar of S. *Sophia*, in the prime Church of *Constantinople*, by which he expresly forbad all his posterity, to make any alliances or marriages with forreigners whersoever under Heaven, except the *French* Nation, as if this Religious Monarch had foreseen that they were the Kings of *France* who should second him in the zeal he bear to the support of the Church. See and consider the favours God hath done thee herein. Behold thy neighbours, behold the powers and soveraignties of the earth, behold the Empires and Kingdoms: where is it, that one alone may be found from the memory of men, which hath received Catholick Religion with more favour, which hath defended it with more courage, which hath preserved it with more constancy? Behold the *Roman* Empire, and thou shalt see presently after *Constantine*, his sons to be Hereticks, and his son-in-law an Apostata. Behold *Italy*, and thou shalt see it sheltered under the protection of thy Kings. Behold *Spain*, & thou shalt see it overrun with *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Saracens*, and the Scepter in the hands of *Arian* Kings. Behold *England*, and thou shalt see, that it did not seriously receive the faith, till six hundred years were fully expired, after the publication of the Gospel. *Poland* accounteth six huudred and two and fifty years since it was Christian: *Muscovia* six hundred and two and twenty. Thou (O *France* alone art it, to whom *Jesus Christ* being in the agony of his dolorous passion when he recommended his mother to S. *John*, and his soul to his father, designed, and miraculously deputed a Pastour, to wit, the glorious S. *Denys*, who received the first rays of the knowledge of God in this eclipse, which happened at the death of our Saviour, to diffuse his divine lights afterward with his bloud upon the mountains, where thy Virgins do as yet a lead a life wholly Angelical.

Baron. tom. 10. anno Christi 960. *Constant.* Octavi 49.

O *France*, wherefore hast thou enlightned all the parts of the world with thy conquests? Wherefore thy Kings having communicated themselves with so much sweetness and facility, have they augmented their Majesty by familiarity with the people, which usually dissolveth it? Why have they appeared as Amethists, which shine so much the more, as they are often worn? Why hast thou been a Seminary of all great spirits? Why hast thou in all times held predominance in learning and sciences, like unto the Altar of the Sun, from whence light is borrowed to illuminate all other lamps? Why dost thou astonish all histories with the continuance of thy Monarchy, to which there is none to be found comparable in the world? Why hath God so many times enriched thee by thy losses, ennobled thee by thy disasters, raised thee by thy ruins and precipices,

——*fecitque cadendo,*
Ne caderes?

Is it not for having preserved this precious jewel of *Clotilda*, this faith, this Religion, which she hath consigned to thy Kings, and to thy people? Oh blind, if thou knowest it not! Oh insensible, if thou neglectest it! Oh unfortunate, if thou loosest it! Go yet, and see the ashes of this good Princess, which are in thy Capital City, ashes worthy to be kissed of Queens, honoured by Kings, and reverenced by all people.

So long as there shall be Sacrifices and Altars, Angels and men, the name of holy *Clotilda* shall live, & spread it self with a sweet odour through all the Provinces of Christendom; and my pen, which taketh its flight much further then my design intended, shal be the messenger of her greatness, with so much the more fidelity, as it hath confidence in her protection

I will also to crown this work, represent unto you a Lady, issued of her bloud, a grand-child of one of her sons, who hath done in *Spain*, that which this in *France*; converting her husband to the faith, and by consequence gained the Nation.

The tenth SECTION.

INDEGONDIS,
Issued from the bloud and house of Clotilda, *transporteth the Catholick faith into* Spain.

ABout the year five hundred foureſcore and three, *Levigildus* an *Arian* Prince, reigned in *Spain*, who seeing the house of *France* held supereminency amongst all the Kingdoms of the world, sought the alliance thereof; and obtained for wife to his eldest son, called *Hermingildus*, the daughter of *Sigebert*, grand child of *Clotilda*, named in History *Indegondis*.

She was one of the most accomplished Princesses of that Age, in whom beauty, grace, and virtue, made together an admirable harmony, to purchase her the hearts

hearts of all the world. Every one lamented that this bright day-break, which began to enlighten *France* with its rays, went at her rising into a Countrey, where the Sun setteth, and that so many singular perfections were separated from that Kingdom which had given them birth. The good virgin, who had no other object, but the obedience she ought to render those to whom nature had subjected her, went well pleased, besides was something satisfied with the title of a Queen, which she might justly one day expect. But little knew she the combats and difficulties that waited on her in the same place, where she hoped to gather nothing else but flowers.

I do not think hell can ever produce a mischief like unto heresy: which wholly perverting good affairs, instantly hasteneth to drench all the contentments of this innocent soul in a deluge of tears. Alas, a million of tortures well deserve to be employed upon the criminal souls of those, who were the first authours of this monster. For it in all Ages hath disturbed States of Princes, ruined so much generous Nobility, and sowed division among the most settled amities.

The wise of that time much apprehended the sending of this young maid into *Spain*, to marry her to an heretical Prince, to place her in a Court wholly infected with heresy, where no other objects should be presented unto her, but errour and vice. Behold (said they) a goodly vessel well rigged, well furnished, well guided, which hath sails of linnen, cordage of purple, and oars of silver; but they go about to expose it to a rough tempest. Behold an excellent meadow all enamelled with most delicious beauties of nature; but they endeavour to oppose it to cruel Northern blasts. Behold a chrystal well polished, smooth, and delicate; but they seek to hazard it to the strokes of the hammer. Behold a statue all resplendent with gold, and precious stones; but they trample it under foot. What will a child be able to do amongst so much malice? An age so tender, amongst so many heads grown hoary in sin? A great simplicity amongst so many snares? A maid which hath no recommendation but chastity and obedience, amongst so many wicked commands? Do we think that a father-in-law, a husband, a mother-in-law will have no power over her spirit? That pleasures will not allure her? That the dignity of a Kingdom will not move her? That the lustre of a Diadem will not dazle her eyes, and force prevail upon her? If that should be given her which she deserveth it were fit to afford her all but the power to ruin her self.

Others said very temperately, that we must not believe, that by gaining a Kingdom she should loose religion: that she was of bloud so illustrious, it received no blemish; that she would rather dy then dishonour her birth; that she would endure all the torments of Martyrs rather then betray her faith. And that if needs she must make ship-wrack of all her fortunes, that the last plank she would embrace, should be a good conscience: that she should be assisted by a good Council, that would never forsake her: that there were as yet in *Spain* very many Catholicks, whose tears she would wipe away, and sweeten their acerbities: That her husband, a young Prince, was not so obdurate, but that she might hope one day to joyn him to the Catholick faith: Women are infinitely powerful, when they once have gained the heart of a man. In the end, that she must reflect on the example of her grand-mother, who had converted her husband, with all his Court; and if then cold and timorous considerations had been used upon this marriage, *France* might still have Pagan. If the mother overcame an Idolater, the daughter may well prevail on an *Arian*.

Yet they which spake thus, judged not the conversion of hereticks to be much more difficult then that of pagans, as well for the intolerable pride which ordinarily possesseth their spirits, as for a certain malediction, which seemeth to be tied to those who voluntarily withdraw themselves from the light, and shake off the yoke of lawful powers.

Yet notwithstanding considerations of State transported her, and *Indegondis* would take her fortune promising her self so much assistance of God, that not onely she should stand firm in the piety of her Ancestours, but that if it were possible, she would save her husband: supposing to her self he was neither of marble nor iron, nor to be mollified with the attractives of her sex.

The courageous maid was waited on into *Spain*, by a flourishing conduct of *French* Nobility, where she was received with very great applauses, for the reputation which the name of *France* had acquired in the opinion of all the people.

The King *Levigildus* her father-in-law, was married upon second nuptials to an *Arian* wife, named *Goizintha*, who was as deformed of body as mind: notwithstanding, she had charmed the heart of this old man, by I know not what kind of sleights, that she held predominance upon affairs, and bent as it were all his wills at her pleasure.

She shewed in the beginning an extraordinary affection to this marriage, and went in person to the Princess, giving her such fair entertainment, that it seemed she went about to over whelm her with courtesies.

Yet was it to behold night and Aurora in one and the same Chariot, to see these two Princesses together. For *Goizintha*, besides other deformities of her person, was become blind of one eye: and *Indegondis* laying aside so many excellent parts, which she had from nature, appeared on that day in her attires like unto those Goddesses which the Poets and Painters form, according to the most advantageous idæa's of their spirits.

Hermingildus her husband beholding her so accomplished, easily felt the glances shot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds. Never any man bound himself to a creature of the world with a love so forcible, so honest, and so innocent, as did this Prince to this admirable Virgin. From the first arrival, and first glance of the eye, he felt his soul transported with a sweet violence, and it seemed unto him this stranger came to negotiate with him a love, much different from that of flesh and bloud.

It is a position, which hath been sufficiently argued by ancient Sages, touching the encounter of amities, which are so diversly applied to objects; sometimes by ordinary ways, as by a manifest reflection of beauty and goodness; sometimes also by passages altogether extraordinary, in such sort, that it is very hard to divine from whence the knot groweth, which tieth two persons who never have seen one another, so suddenly, that it is done in an instant, and so inseparably, that it lasteth even to the tomb. Some have said, it proceedeth from secret influences of the same stars, which predominate at the their births; a matter, which they verily have ado to make good. Others have thought it is a work of fortune, and that loves were shuffled together like cards, to marry sometimes a Queen to

a Groom. Others have referred it to complexions of the body, and to reſemblance, which uſeth to be the mother of affections, a thing very probable. Others to the qualities of humours, which is daily ſufficiently found.

But beſides this there is a certain ſecret touch, as in the Adamant, not to us throughly known, which readily ſtriketh its blow, and ſpeaketh in a dumb language in the bottom of hearts. For my part I ſhould think that in this love which *Hermingildus* bare to *Indegondis*, there ſhould be ſome very particular paſſage of the Providence of God, who was pleaſed conſtantly to bind his heart to her, whom he intended to make uſe of for his converſion.

The eleventh SECTION.

The perſecutions of Indegondis.

NEver Nuptials were more full of content, nor amities more faithful, nor beginnings more proſperous then were theſe. But there is ever in humane things ſome miſchief, which ſticketh on the moſt ſmiling felicities, and never giveth wine but with a mixture of dregs.

I know not what kinde of fantaſie poſſeſſed this wicked ſtep mother *Goizintha*, but ſhe became jealous of the chaſt contentments of her ſon-in-law, altogether, as it were, beſotted of this admirable Princeſs, whom he could not endure out of his ſight. She obſerved their converſation, their diſcourſes, their pleaſures, & ever put her ſelf athwart their deſigns, becoming as troubleſom, as if ſhe had been one of thoſe malign ſpirits which uſe to obſeſs men.

Indegondis, although ſhe paſſionately loved her husband, durſt not refuſe the flattering entertainment of this ſtep-mother, nor ſhew that ſhe diſtaſted the company of her ſex, to ſeek after a man; but the Prince extremely repined hereat, and could not diſſemble the jealouſie of his ſtep-mother, ſaying, She ought to be contented with the credit ſhe had in affairs, not to pry ſo narrowly into his marriage, and by her importunities take from him his deareſt Spouſe. The other let him underſtand, this frequent converſation and amity offered her, tended to no other end, but to convert her to her Religion, thereby to render her the more obſequious to his will. And verily ſhe well witneſſed this deſign was deeply engraven in her heart. For ſhe neither ſpared endeavour nor ſubtle practice to ſeduce this innocent Princeſs, firſt waging war againſt her in the ſhape of a Dragon, afterward of a Lion.

She told her with much cunning, that God might as well be ſerved in one Religion as in another: That we ought to accommodate our ſelves to the place, where Fortune hath ranked us; that it was the chiefeſt policy of a Kingdom, to ſatisfie the will and inclinations of the King: That ſhe was not come into *Spain* to give Law, but example of obedience: That her husband never could faithfully love her, whileſt ſhe entertained any other ſenſe, other laws, and other Sacraments then himſelf: That never could ſhe be a Queen of people, if ſhe embraced not the faith of the people over whom ſhe was to command: That it was a folly to fear the reproaches of *France*, where the wiſeſt would ever think ſhe had done diſcreetly, to ſubmit to the times: That if the ſame faults are pardonable in thoſe, who in erring, authorize themſelves with a multitude of great complices, no man could argue her juſtly of a verity, which ſhe had entertained with a whole Kingdom.

The wicked woman ceaſed not to afflict the innocent ears of this young Princeſs with ſuch like words: but ſhe who had not herein a pliant and yielding ſpirit, proteſted, that if ſhe perſiſted to maintain theſe diſcourſes, it would enforce her to forſake her company, and that it was not needful to uſe ſo many ſubtleties; for ſooner ſhould her heart be torn out of her belly, then her Religion from her ſoul. In ſaying this, ſhe went out of her chamber, ſhewing unto her an eye ſweetly diſcontented, with a ſoul well reſolved: with which the other offended, notwithſtanding diſſembled her anger, ſo much ſhe feared to diſturb her; but quickly afterward endeavouring to make this breach up again, ſhe tendred her a thouſand proteſtations of affection, and ceaſed not to tire her out with flatteries, whereat the poor *Indegondis* was much perplexed, and could not any longer handle the matter ſo as not to expreſs her diſdain.

Notwithſtanding *Goizintha*, who left not hope to ſeduce her, attempted once again to get her to be baptized after the *Arian* manner, alledging a thouſand reaſons; whereunto the Princeſs anſwered very wiſely; *That ſhe was (thanks be to God) well chriſtened in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt; and that if the water of the Baptiſm of the* Arians *had been caſt on her head, although ſhe loved her hair as well as any woman of her ſort, ſhe would cut it off, and tear away the skin, which had been defiled with ſuch an execration.*

The ſtep-mother hearing theſe words, ſhifted away, and ſaid all foaming with choler, That ſince ſhe would not be baptized after the *Arian* manner, ſhe would prepare another kinde of Baptiſm for her, which would waſh her from the head to the foot: And thereupon enraged, ſhe put her ſelf upon a practice wholly barbarous, which is related by Saint *Gregory* the Great, and many others; to wit, that after ſhe had dragged this poor Princeſs by the hair, and tormented her even to the effuſion of ſome blood, ſhe cauſed her to be taken by two or three of her waiting women, commanding them to ſtrip her ſtark naked, then to binde her with cords by the arms, and in this poſture plunge her in a pool, in a very cold ſeaſon of the year.

It was a pitiful ſpectacle to behold the daughter of a King thus cruelly uſed in the ſame place where ſhe entred with ſo many triumphs. The impious *Goizintha* ſtood upon the brink of the pool, as ſhe, who bare ſway in this torture, and commanded her wicked ſervants to drench her in the water, not all at once, but by little and little, that ſhe might endure the longer Martyrdom. At every moment the miſchievous Queen cried out; *Say you are an* Arian, *and you are ſafe.* The holy Maid, who had not ſo much apprehenſion of death, as of her nakedneſs, anſwered aloud: *I am a Catholick, a Catholick I will dye: take away my life in this confuſion; neither fire nor water ſhall ever have ſo much force upon me, as to make me unſay it.* She was a long time in this torment with a conſtancy, which amazed this bloody ſoul, that ſo tortured her. In the end, ſhe again took her garments, going out of the water, as from an Amphitheater of her glorious battel.

The twelfth SECTION.

The retreat of Hermingildus, *and his Converſion.*

HErmingildus who knew nothing of what had paſſed, beholding her ſomewhat pale, and weakned with ſuch harſh uſage, asked her if ſhe felt any pain of body, or affliction of minde, to diſcolour her ſo much more then ordinary: but the wiſe Princeſs replied, It was nothing, and that there was not

not any thing so important, as to be worthy of his knowledge.

He, who well perceived that she by her discretion dissembled some great affront, enquired very curiously of those who might inform him, and somewhat too soon discovered the cruel disgrace, which his mother-in-law *Goizintha* had put upon his wife. This transfixed him with a dolour so sensible, and so enkindled him with fire, and choler in his heart, that if the fear of God, and the sweetness of his wife had not served for a counterpoize to his passion, he had torn this wicked Queen in pieces. But the good *Indegondis* prostrating her self at his feet, besought him by all that which was most noble in him, not to precipitate the matter into such extremities, and prevailed so well with her natural eloquence, that he was contented to remove presently from the Court, and retire to *Sevil*, which his father had given him for his livelyhood.

Then was the time, when those chast loves, which had been crossed by the disturbances of *Goizintha*, all obstacles being overcome, enlarged themselves as a River, which having broken its banks, poureth it self with a victorious current in the wideness of his Channel. *Hermingildus* could not sufficiently satisfie himself to behold so many virtues in so great a beauty: the modesty, which she had witnessed in this last disgrace, gave him apprehensions of her piety above all may be said.

Those, who seek nothing in marriage but sensual pleasure, which is more thin then smoak, and much lighter then the wind, cannot imagine how much these fair amities, which are the daughters of virtues, nourish holy delights. These are celestial fires, which are ever in the bosom of God, as in their sphear. It is he, who begetteth them, and breedeth them, they being not constrained to descend upon earth, to beg a caytiff nourishment from perishable creatures, which promise so many wonders, and produce nought but wind.

These two great souls beheld one another with the eys of the Dove, and were mutually inflamed with affections so honest and innocent, that Angels would not be ashamed to entertain the like fires, since they are those of charity, which is the eternal furnace of all souls the most purified.

Indegondis perceiving she had already great power in the affection of her husband, and that there was no longer any step-mother to dissolve her designs, sollicited him seriously for his conversion, and sayd:

SIR, I must confess unto you, the honour I have received from your alliance seemeth not accomplished, whilest I behold between us a wall of division, which separateth us in belief and Sacraments. Since our amities are come to that point, as to enjoy all in common, and that they unite things most different, why should we divide God, who is most simple of nature? why should we make two Religions and two Altars, since we now live in such manner, that we have but one table, one heart, and one bed?

Verily, SIR, if I saw the least ray of truth in the Sect you profess, and some hope of salvation, I would submit thereunto, the more to oblige me to your person, which I love above all the things in the world. But it is most undoubted, that you are ill rectified, that you pursue a fantasie in stead of a verity, and that dying in this state, you loose a soul so noble, which I would purchase with expence of my blood. I boast not to be learned, as you Arians, who have so many goodly allegations of Scripture, that you make the ignorant believe, God is all that, which to your selves you imagine.

SIR, I for my part think the chief wisdom in matter of religion, is, not to be so wise as you are, and to have a little more submission of spirit; for faith is the inheritance of the humble, and never doth the day of God shine in a soul, which hath too much light of man. You well see this heresie of the Arians is a revolted Band, which hath forsaken the highway, to wander cross the fields: you are not ignorant that this Arius was a wicked Priest, who raised an heresie for disgust, that he was not made Bishop; and was rejected, and solemnly condemned in a Council of three hundred and eighteen Bishops. Those men were wise enough for you and me; I fix my self upon their resolutions, I follow the generality of the Church, I adhere to the body of the tree, and you tie your selves to a rotten branch. I have no argument more strong, then the succession of lawful Pastours, then the conformity of the Universal Church, then the succession of all Ages, then the Wisdom, Sanctity, and Piety, which I see resplendent on our side.

Besides, I come from a Country where we have seen all the Arian Kings our neighbours round about, to have had most unhappy ends: when in the mean time my great Grand father, King Clodovæus, for having sincerely embraced Catholick Religion, received so many blessings from Heaven, that he seemed to have good hap and victories under his pay. I am not the daughter of a Prophet, nor do I vaunt to have the spirit of Prophesie; but I dare well foretell, the Kingdom of Spain shall not be of long continuance unless it vomit out this pestilence of Arianism, which lies about the heart of it: I would to God, with expence of my life, I might establish my Religion, then should I account my self the most contented Queen of the world.

Hermingildus knew not what to answer to the strength of truth and love, two the most powerful things in the world; only he said, it was a business which well deserved to be pondered, and that these changes in persons of his quality are subject to much censure, if they have not great reason for caution. The good Princess to give him full leisure to advise thereupon, handled the matter so by her industry, that he conferred with S. *Leander*, who was a strong pillar of the Catholick faith in *Spain*. The sage Prelate so well managed the spirit of this Prince, that with assistance of God, and the good offices of *Indegondis*, who moved Heaven and earth for this conversion, he drew him from errour. This brave courage so soon as he saw the ray of truth, needs would acknowledge and freely confess it, taking the Chrisme of Catholicks with pomp and solemnity, even to the giving a largess of golden coyns, which he purposely caused to be stamped a little too suddenly, making his own image to be engraven thereon, with a *Motto*, which said, *Hæreticum hominem devita*: that is to say, we must avoid an Heretick, alluding to his father *Levigildus*.

Disputation, which concerneth the estate of Princes, is a tickliſh piece; where the most part of those who speak of it, use their own interests for Text, and their passion for Commentary. Silence and peace, which are the two mansions of a good conscience, are of much more worth, then all the questions which enkindle divisions. I think the best doctrine is that, which best knoweth how to cement up concord among Miters, Diadems, and Crowns, entertain the obedience of people towards their Sovereigns, and if there be verities, which are the daughters of the Abyss, and silence (as those Ancients said) to leave them in the house of their father and mother, where, though they nought avail, they shall ever be better lodged then in publick.

It is not vice, but the times, which divideth Saints, and every one thinketh an affair probable, which he hath taken upon the byas of his own understanding. S. *Leander* approved the separation of *Hermingildus* in *Spain*: S. *Gregory* of *Tours* blamed it in *France*. I enter not into all the considerations of them both, but I think this Prince took ways too violent in his beginnings, levying arms against his father, which were not according to the counsel of his wife; and I will have no other Authour, but himself, since he condemned his own design, so soon as he began to become holy.

The thirteenth Section.

The reciprocal Letters of the father and the son, upon their separation.

HErmingildus, extreemly incenſed at the affront which he received in the perſon moſt dear unto him in the world, and who wanted not a Nobility round about him, that enkindled the fire of choler, burſt forth in the beginning with violence. The father, an old ſuſpitious man, felt himſelf much diſpleaſed with this alteration, & the ſtep mother ceaſed not to throw flames through her throat, and cry al-arm as loud as ſhe could, to tranſport affairs inſtantly, unto the utmoſt point of ſeverity.

Levigildus notwithſtanding, before he would proceed to extremities, ſought to do ſomething by letters, which are found couched in the Hiſtory: wherein this Prince flattereth his ſon with fair words to ſurprize him. Behold here the copy of them:

SON, I would willingly ſay that unto you preſent, which I cannot ſufficiently expreſs in my letters. If you have as much confidence in me as I yet have love towards you, I verily think were you with me, and alienated from the evil counſels of thoſe who abuſe the facility of your excellent nature, I might do much upon your ſpirit, both as a father, and as a King; ſo that at the leaſt if you fear my Scepter, you would love my charity which ſtill openeth its arms to your obedience. I have bred you up from your tender infancy, to make you heir of my Crown; and ſince you arrived to full age, I have conferred ſo many benefits on you, that they have ſurmounted your hopes, and as it were drained my liberalities. I have put a Scepter into your hand, to ſerve your father with the more authority, and not to deliver it over to mine enemy. I have cauſed you to be ſtiled a King, to become a ſupport to my Crown, and not a Lord over mine Empire. I have given you all to repoſe my old age upon the hope of your duty, and not to afflict me.

And yet notwithſtanding, after I have done all this, beyond cuſtom, beyond your age, and above your merit, you pay me with impiety and ingratitude. Expect yet a little, and the law of nature will give you that which you ſeek by ambition. Alledge not Religion unto me to juſtifie your arms, it hath been a crime in you to take a Religion contrary to my commands; and an impiety in your Religion, to ſeparate your ſelf from my obedience. I counſel you as a friend and command you as a father, to render your ſelf as ſoon as poſſibly you may at my Court, and ſet your ſelf in the way of duty; otherwiſe I fear you may implore mercy, when there will be no other Kingdom found for you, but that of juſtice.

Hermingildus deliberated upon the anſwer he was to make theſe Letters: but his Councel too fervent ſhewed him, it was now no time to retire back; that he had to do with a man imperious, and turbulent, a mother-in-law irreconcileable, who had no other aim but to ruin him: and that if he took not arms to defend his own life, he would be chaſed away like a beaſt, and ſhould not find ſafety even in deſarts. Behold the cauſe why he wrote back in this manner.

Sir, I give thanks to my Religion, which hath already afforded me patience enough to bear the ſharpneſs of your words, and which is more, reſolution alſo not to be ſhaken with the ſeverity of your menaces. I have ever freely proteſted, that I am tyed unto you with immortal obligations, and am beſides ready preſt to acknowledge them, even to my laſt breath, were it not that ſome now endeavour with you, to render all my duties unjuſt, and my thoughts criminal. Your Majeſty ſhould quickly ſee me by your ſides, if ſhe who will not behold me at your feet, but in the quality of a Delinquent, had not preoccupated your heart and ears, to ſtop up the one to charity, the other to juſtice.

What aſſurance can I have of my life in a place, where ſhe for whom I live, hath been dragged by the hair, and trampled under foot? The wound ſticketh ſo ſenſibly upon me, that time can neither find a lenitive nor reaſon a remedy.

As for the change of Religion made by me, I go along with the main current of Wiſdom, and ſanctity of the whole world, and where I find my ſalvation moſt aſſured, I cannot live with more authority, nor dy with more hope; and if you condemn me for it, your Majeſty ſhall know, that a father requireth obedience out of the limits of nature, when he exacteth it beyond conſcience. Sir I beſeech you to add to ſo many benefits by you afforded me, the liberty of an honeſt repoſe, leſt our arms may be as ſhameful for the Conquerour, as miſerable to the vanquiſhed.

Levigildus was more exaſperated upon theſe letters, and the wicked Step-mother ceaſed not to rub the ſore as much as ſhe might. All deſigns tended to war: the father upon the one ſide maketh great levies of ſouldiers; the ſon fortifieth *Sevil* and *Cordova*, and draweth to his party ſome Forces of the Empire, having ſent an honourable Embaſſy to the Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, which was at that time *Tiberius*, to intreat great ſuccours. Acts of hoſtility were practiſed both by the one and other part, and in the end *Hermingildus* is beſieged in *Sevil*, where he made his abode the ſpace of two or three years after his departure from the Court. King *Levigildus*, who was an old fox, endeavoured then to entertain the Catholicks with much ſweetneſs, to divert them from his ſons ſide, and gaineth by force of money many mercenaries, who well diſcovered they had no other faith, but that which their fortune would give them.

The fourteenth Section.

The Treaty of peace between Levigildus *and his ſon, by the mediation of* Indegondis.

THe war was yet like to continue very long, had it not been that the Princeſs, weary to behold theſe calamities that took beginning from an affront which ſhe had endeavoured to diſſemble with ſo much prudence, beſought her husband with great tenderneſs of tears, to reconcile himſelf to his father. He touched at that inſtant with a quite other ſpirit then he had heretofore felt, proſtrated himſelf before the Altar, and proteſted before God, that he abandoned all the juſtice of his cauſe for the onely conſiderations of piety, and would rather dy then proſecute thoſe diſſentions any further, to the prejudice of charity. He went out wholly changed upon this her motion, and coming to his wife, ſaid unto her: *Madame, behold me reſolved to ſeek out the King my father, ſince you ſo deſire it. But I muſt needs tell you that having forgotten my ſelf in this reſolution, I cannot neglect you. The unworthy uſage which you have received at Court, requireth you return not thither but in triumph. Never will I admit that you undergo hazard, by expoſing you to the mercy of a woman, which perhaps hath none either for you or me. You know the affairs of* France *are at this time in ſo great confuſion, that you cannot hope there for any retrait to aſſwage your griefs. We have here a Prince, the Emperour* Tiberius, *who is our ally, in whoſe protection I adviſe you to put your ſelf, to paſs into* Africa *and from thence to* Conſtantinople, *if it happen that I be otherwiſe entreated, then your hopes import.*

At theſe words the poor *Indegondis* felt her ſelf ſeized with a great trembling, and wept bitterly, not being able to anſwer one word. The Prince, ſeeing he had proceeded too far in afflicting her ſo faithful heart, ſweetned his diſcourſe, and ſaid: *Dear heart, why do you trouble your ſelf at my departure? I hope the affairs will run in a way ſo proſperous, that in two or three days, we ſhall ſee one another at Court; but that which I have ſpoken, is ſaid, taking all accidents at the worſt, to provide the better for your ſafety.*

They had during their abode here, a little ſon, which yet hung at the breaſt: the father taking it in his arms, ſaid: *Madame, Behold a moſt precious pledge of our marriage, which I recommend unto you. Let God diſpoſe of it as ſhall pleaſe him, but you muſt breed it up as a King.* The mother beholding

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the infant, redoubled her ſighs, and the poor *Hermingildus* not knowing what would follow, felt himſelf ſurprized with a heavy and ſtupid dolour, which made him break off his diſcourſe: yet notwithſtanding he failed not to treat with the Emperours Lieutenant, to put all that which was moſt dear unto him into ſafeguard. But when the fatal day of ſeparation came, theſe two hearts ſo united, felt ſuch violent convulſions of grief, as if they then had foreſeen the events which afterward ſucceeded, and that this farewell ſhould be their laſt.

Indegondis at her parting, cried out: *Sir, whatſoever happen, looſe not the treaſure of your faith. My good Miſtreſs*, replied the Prince, *aſſure your ſelf you have gained a diſciple, who ſhall never diſhonour you: be you merry, I will expect you at Court.*

Alaſs, what is our life, and the affairs of man! That which is paſt is nothing, the preſent a fantaſie, and the future an abyſs, where even thoſe who ſtand on the brink, ſee not any thing. Theſe two great ſouls, which it ſeemed were worthy to live an Age to manure their faithful loves, and poſſeſs Empires as perpetual inheritances of their merits, go about to be divided for ever with a ſeparation, which would be judged hideous and pitiful, were it not that ſhe hath brought forth a Kingdom to Religion. Some time after that *Indegondis* was retired, *Levigildus* underſtanding his ſon diſpoſed himſelf to ſome compoſition, conceived much joy thereat: for he feared leaſt he might be enforced to give battel, wherein he had perhaps found what a man may do, thruſt into deſpair. So ſoon as he ſaw ſome overture of peace, he diſpatched his ſon *Recaredus*, who was in the Army with him, to gain his elder brother, well knowing they were both of humours very conſonant.

When the younger entred into *Hermingildus* camp, and had eſpied him, he ſtopped ſuddenly, & cried out *Oh my brother, before I embrace, I deſire to know whether I come to a friend or an enemy.* But the good brother, without making him any other anſwer, ſet forward, and moſt lovingly embraced him in the ſight of the whole Army. The other ſighing, *Ah brother* (ſaith he) *moſt dear brother, whither have the counſels of thoſe tranſported you, who deſire the ruin of our houſe? Behold your ſelf here environed with Armies and Legions, and behold on the other part my father, who beſiegeth you with all his army. Miſerable that I am! What ſhall I do, but make between you both, a wall of my body to hinder your deſigns? Ah, how brother? are you upon the point to give my father battel? Oh how unhappy would the Sun be which ſhineth over our heads, if this day, before the ſetting, he ſhould ſee his face defiled with the ſtains of our blood! Brother, it is our Countrey againſt which you arm, that ſtretcheth out to your obedience the ſame hands it liſted up to Altars for your ſafety. Brother, it is your father and mine againſt whom you march: what honour can you get to tear out of his body by violence a ſoul, which he is ready to render up to nature, and to throw it out, yet alive, into the flaming ruins of his Kingdom? Have you no other objects to give teſtimony of your valour? I beſeech you, both by the Religion you have embraced, and the blood common to us both, ſtay your arms, or if you perſiſt in your purpoſe, kill me rather at your feet, and take me as a victim to purge both the armies. Behold the King, who lovingly expecteth you, and who reckoneth up the moments of my Embaſſage; I bring you the word of full aſſurance upon my life and honour. You muſt come inſtantly, if you dare believe me, for you cannot procraſtinate nor retard this affair, but you muſt ſlacken your own happineſs.*

Theſe words were powerful enough to tranſport a man, who was already reſolved. *Hermingildus* having aſſured him of the good affection he had ever borne both to the King his father, and himſelf, went to the Court. *Recaredus* flieth with the deſire he had to inform his father of the ſucceſs of his Commiſſion, and being arrived, he bare the news of the coming of his brother, wherewith he was infinitely pleaſed. The Prince followed quickly after, and proſtrated himſelf at the feet of the King his father, ſaying: *Sir, And my moſt dear father, behold here your poor Hermingildus, who will perpetually be yours, whatever happen. Thoſe, who have armed your clemency to the ruine of your blood, have chaſed me from your Court and Palace; but not been able to ſeparate me from your love. I have lived hitherto like a poor exile, and as it were a dead man among the living. If my enemies be not ſatisfied with my miſeries, behold Sir, I ſtretch my hands wholly diſarmed to the power, which nature hath given you over me, ready to live or die at your feet.*

The King, whether he diſſembled his paſſion, or whether he truly were touched with ſuch a ſpectacle of piety, embraced him with much tenderneſs, ſaying: *Ah my ſon, evil fame hath depainted you much other then you are. I aſſure you this confidence which you have witneſſed unto me, hath now ſet you free from all ſuſpition. You are very welcome, moſt dear ſon, where have you left the Princeſs your wife?* The Prince replied, *She ſhould ſpeedily be at Court. Goizintha* faileth not to be there preſent, and to ſhew to her ſon-in-law all poſſible courteſies; which ſo confirmed the mind of *Hermingildus*, that he inſtantly diſcharged himſelf from all diſtruſt, and prepared to ſend ſuddenly for *Indegondis* to come to the Court. A friend notwithſtanding whiſpered him in the ear, that it was not neceſſary for him to haſten ſo much, and that he muſt ever fear a ſtil ſea, an old man amorous, and a ſtep-mother too curteous.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Hermingildus *wickedly betrayed.*

THis ſpeech was but too true; for the pernicious *Goizintha* foreſeeing, if *Hermingildus* were once again fully poſſeſſed of the heart of his father, whereof there was ſome probability, he would not fail to revenge himſelfe on her for the affront done to his wife, & if it were not with diligence prevented, he might diſcover her ſleights, and diſturb all her faction: She therefore called a fatal Council, wherein ſhe reſolved to overthrow this poor Prince. She gained unto her infamous men who poured into the ears of King *Levigildus* whatſoever they thought good; ſhe ſuborneth witneſſes, ſhe cauſeth letters to be produced, & frameth a groſs calumny, giving her husband to underſtand, that this reconciliation of his ſon was but a matter of diſguiſe, the better to arrive at the ſcope of his intentions; that he hath ſworn the ruine of his father, & that his ſpirit is become ſo arrogant, he cannot endure him as a companion in the Empire; that it is a thing undoubted that all the *Romans* deſire to lift him to the Throne: that he hath practiſed alliance with the Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, whereof expreſs letters might be produced: and to ſhew this is a buſineſs already concluded, he hath delegated his wife, a cunning and turbulent ſpirit, into *Africa*, to paſs from thence to *Conſtantinople*, and to bring with her all the forces of the Empire, to fall upon *Spain*; that there was no other remedy but with all ſpeed to prevent his deſign, and to make him feel the power of deſpiſed clemency.

She ſpake ſo much both of truth and falſhood, and her Commiſſioners were ſo well practiſed to forge many ſuſpitions, and repreſent a thouſand accidents in affairs, which ſeemed to confirm this conſpiracy, that in the end *Levigildus* entred into a frenzy more groſs then had poſſeſſed him before; and having declared his ſon guilty of treaſon, he cauſed him to be ſuddenly taken, & ſhut up in a ſtraight priſon. It was a pitiful thing to behold this Prince, a man wholly innocent, ſeaſed on in the middeſt of all the pleaſing triumphs of the Court, which they had prepared to

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honour his arrival, betrayed even at that time, when he least thought thereon and used with so much cruelty. A matter very natural to heresie, where, after they had cloathed him with sackcloth, he was so loaden with chains, that he became crooked, not being able at all to lift up his head.

He then well knew his hour was come, so that renouncing all the pleasures of this life, he began courageously to prepare himself for death. The King accompanied with some Commissioners, whom he had given in charge to draw his process would needs see him, and beholding him, suffered himself instantly to be transported with great disturbances of choler, calling him ungrateful, parricide, and wicked wretch. The Prince mildly answered: *Sir, could I foretel, I should know what I had done, and wherefore I am accused; but since I have no such spirit, I will die in silence.* The father replied, his ill conscience suggested thereof enough unto him, and that he knew but too much what designs he had upon the State and the life of his father; that he would have him speak freely, and that if he could justifie himself in these points, he would gladly hear him.

Hermingildus at that time made the Apologie, which I have else where expressed in Latin, approching as near as I might to his own intentions and phrase, and am here ready to render it in our language, that I may not frustrate my Reader of it.

Sir, said the Prince, *the proof of my innocencie is as easie, as the defence thereof is difficult. I reposed, next after God, all my confidence in your Majestie, to choak the flame of cruel envy wherewith you see me assailed, and as it were still smoking. I attended to implore your name, to challenge your power, and to have you for witness of my fidelity, unworthily treated by slander; and now I have you for an ardent accuser, and a most severe Judg, nay, which is more, an incensed father. You have caused me to be taken as it were from the table of a feast, by you prepared for congratulation of my return; you have made me to be despoiled of purple, to be bound, and fettered like a Galley-slave. I fear least the justification of my actions, may not be the condemnation of yours; and that in seeking to defend mine own innocency, I be not enforced to accuse the errour of my father, which is to me one of the greatest punishments I can suffer. Notwithstanding, since you command I should speak, not that, in the condition whereunto affairs are arrived, I may hope of any thing either by my discourse or silence, but hap what may, I will pour into your ears the last voice of my blood. For did my accusers, demand no other thing then my life, I would willingly give it them without reply: but seeing they go about to fasten infamy on mine ashes, I beseech your Majestie, to hear the few words I have to say.*

The business here is not a new crime; it is a very long time since the Queen your wife, and our step-mother Goizintha, *began to weave this web against my brother and me, to deprive your Scepter of its lawful heirs, and give your Crown as a prey to her ambition. Would to God I might now call out of the other world, the blessed soul of my dead mother, to be present at this judgment: She would speak, and I might be silent; she would remember your Majestie, how being in the agonies of that fatal hour which took from us this great Queen, she embraced my brother and me, beseeching you by your chaste loves, and inviolable faith of marriage, to be unto us both father and mother. We were then of an age, wherein we could not as yet either feel or bemoan our losses. Notwithstanding, seeing you bowed over the body, which yeilded up the ghost, with weeping eys, we gave up our infant-tears to her memory, as a just tribute Nature: but you taking your little orphans into your bosom, forbade them to mourn, which you could hardly do, and wipeing away their tears, promised you hereafter would become to us a father for protection, and a mother for indulgence. I thus grew up under your eys, spinning out the course of my innocent years, and am come to an age capable to bear some share in your hopes. Had you any thing at that time in the world more dear unto you, then your* Hermingildus? *Dignities were for him, for him Empires, wars were made by him, and peace concluded in his name.* Hermingildus *was the object of your thoughts, the entertainment of your discourse, the contentment of your heart.*

Your Majestie then resolved to marrie me, although very young, you found out for me a wife, daughter of a King, sister of a King, niece of a King, but such an one as by her virtues surpassed all titles of Kingdoms. Ah poor maid, who would have said then, thou wast reserved to be the subject of so lamentable a Tragedie! I was reputed the most happy man of the world, since for me were born so many singular virtues and perfections, admired by all men. I must confess I loved this Princess, not so much by the ways of an ordinary love, as a certain admiration of her virtues. For I have received the faith by her piety, her example, and her doctrine; holding in her soul the rank of a husband, a disciple, and as it were of her own son.

Thereupon Goizintha *began to poss ss your heart, and to gain supereminence in your affairs; so changing your will by her ordinary practises, that she hath turned all your antient favours into disdain, your confidence into suspition, your resolution into disturbance, and your mild temper into command. This woman hath so persecuted me, that in your Court I neither enjoyed watchings, rest, recreation, nor affairs without danger. But I have willingly passed under silence all that, which touched mine own person, until she fell upon an action so barbarous, which were sufficient to justify the* Scythians *and* Tartars. *I have no words to speak it, having so much sorrow to feel it: Enough is said, when there hath been seen a daughter of so many Kings, trampled under the foot of a woman (whose birth I will not reproach, because indeed I well know it not) a Princess most innocent, beaten even to blood by a mother in-law; a Lady repleniſhed with honour, disarayed of her garments by unworthy servants, and plunged by little and little into a pool in a cold season, to consummate a Martyrdom, such as the antient Tyrants never invented more cruel for women, contenting themselves to impose oftentimes onely nakedness for a punishment.*

Had I revenged my self of such inhumanity with sword and fire, no man could have thought my proceeding unjust, nor my thoughts unreasonable: notwithstanding, I have still endeavoured to cure my self by the remedy most ordinary with me, which was patience. I in silence retired unto a City which your Majestie gave me for lively-hood; resolved there peaceably to pass my days with my wife, whilest we beheld the face of this Court so adverse to our hopes.

But your Goizintha, *as if we had committed a great sin, in not enduring her to thrust a sword through our throats, hath sounded an alarm in your Palace, and afterward in all the Province, declaring me an enemy to the country, an usurper of the Crown of my father, a Parricide, a creature excommunicate, and adding thereunto words much more injurious against me and my wife.*

For my part, Sir, I wish you had rather harkened to our innocency, then served her passion; all then had succeeded better. But after strange Levies were made, you came thundring upon Sevil, *to besiege me with a huge Army, so that you seemed to stir all the elements against me. I confess it, I then followed the instinct which God giveth creatures, even the most brutish, to defend their own family and fortune. I took Arms not to offend you, but to safeguard my self and my wife against the furies of a step-mother, who makes use of all Arrows for our ruin.*

Yet seeing my Armies reduced to that point, that I had no means to escape without giving battel, which must necessarily be fatal to both parts, I renounced for your sake the laws of nature, and am come to render my self up to your discretion. I call to witness the Altars, holy fire, and the Angel-guardians, which have seen me prostrated before them, of the sincerity of my intentions, and of the tears I have shed for you, having not leisure then to bemoan my self.

Afterward your Majestie sent my brother unto me, to give me assurance of your love; you called me forth, I am come, I have suppliantly intreated, you have received me. I prostrated my self at your feet, you have raised me with so many favours and so many tokens of good will, that I could require no more for my safety. I ask, who hath changed your affection, who hath tarnish'd our joys, and withered the olives of peace, but she, who being not able to ruin me with weapon in hand, seeks to have my blood by form of justice.

Behold my accusation and crime; behold all that which hath made me to be cloathed with sackcloth, and chained with fetters ordained for Galley slaues.

The father, who was of an ardent spirit, interrupteth him hereupon, and demandeth, where his wife was? Whether he had not sent her into *Africk*, to pass from thence to *Constantinople*? The Prince answered, *He had onely projected this in his mind, not for any other purpose, but to advise upon the safety of her person, not know ng as then how matters would stand; and that accidents had taught him, he was wise enough in his counsels, but less happie then he imagined.*

The King insisteth, and interrogateth, whether he had not treated alliance with the Emperour *Tiberius*?

as? He thereunto replied, that he had never practiſed any other correſpondence, but to draw from him ſome Troups for the defence of his life: and that ſo ſoon as he ſaw ſome overture of peace, he had diſmiſſed them, reſolving to make no further uſe of them. He then was preſſed upon divers queſtions, to which he made moſt pertinent anſwers, ſhewing very evidently to the miſerable father, the colours and pretexts which they made uſe of to ruin him, unleſs paſſion ſhould caſt a film over his eys.

In the end, ſeeing he could not convince his ſon to have practiſed any thing, ſince the accord was made between them both, he made a ſtrong ſally, & willed him freely to anſwer one word, upon which he would ground the whole proceeding, to wit, *whether he were not a* Roman *Catholick? That is it, Sir,* ſaith the Prince, *which I avow, which I publiſh, which I proteſt. For verily it is a crime, which maketh the Judges become pale, and the Offenders laugh. The accuſation whereof is a vow, all great ſouls ſhould profeſs, and the pain is a felicity which Martyrs have bought with their blood. I wiſh to die a hundred times, if it might be done, for the glory of that goodly title; ſo far is it too little, with one mouth to confeſs the praiſes of God. Command if you pleaſe, that my body be hewed and cut into pieces for the profeſſion of the Catholick faith, and then I ſhall have as many mouthes as wounds, to praiſe my Saviour, and all thoſe wounds ſhall be as gates of blood, to give paſſage to my ſoul to the place, where it is expected by ſo good company.*

The father ſaid thereupon, *he was become a fool; and that no man hated life, but he who had ill imployed it.* The ſon replied, *The miſuſe had been in hereſie, of which he repented him.* And at that inſtant, the Guard received commandment to re-convey him to Priſon, where he was ſo comforted with the viſitations of God, that finding with much difficulty, means to ſend a Letter to his dear *Indegondis*, he wrote to her in this manner:

The ſixteenth SECTION:

The Letter of Hermingildus *to his dear wife* Indegondis, *and his generous reſolution.*

MY holy Miſtreſs, from whom I have received the faith and true knowledg of God, I write theſe lines unto you, cloathed with ſackcloth, and loaden with fetters in the bottom of a dark dungeon, for the defence of that Religion which you have taught me. If I did not know by experience the invincible force of your heart, and the reſolution you practiſe in affairs which concern the ſervice of God, I had concealed my eſtate from you, that I might not contriſtrate objects ſenſible to nature.

But (moſt dear wife) you have a forehead too noble to bluſh at the disgrace of the Crucifix, and a courage too well fortified, to refuſe taking part in the livelie of the Saviour of the world. I proteſt upon mine honour I could never perſwade my ſelf, there might be contentment to ſuffer that which I tolerate, when your innocent mouth preached unto me the reward of ſuffering, wherewith your body had heretofore been gloriouſly covered. But ſince my impriſonment, I have felt conſolations of God ſo taſtful, that I cannot think it poſſible to reliſh in the world any other antipaſts of Paradiſe. You are not ignorant, that my life and converſation, which hath been ſo long time plunged in errour and vanity, deſerved not theſe benefits: but your moſt pure hands, which you ſo often have lifted up before Altars for my ſalvation, have obtained that for me, which much tranſcended my merit and all my hopes.

The King my father hath been pleaſed to hear me, and I have pleaded my cauſe in fetters with ſo great aſſiſtance from the Heavenly goodneſs, that I juſtified my ſelf in all charges objected againſt me; and have put the matter into ſuch a condition, that I am no further accuſed as a thief & homicide, but as a Catholick.

I ſuddenly expect my ſentence, and do not think I am put into the ſtate wherein I am to ſave my life; but I undoubtedly believe this will be the laſt Letter you ſhall receive from my hand. I earneſtly beſeech your loyal heart, that as in this action which ſhall cloſe up my days, I intend to do nothing unworthy of you, ſo on your part, act nothing unworthy of me: betraying the happineſs of my death with tears, which would be little honourable to the condition whereunto God hath called me. I put into the hands of the Divine Providence, both you and your little Hermingildus, *the onely pledge of our holy loves.*

Be courageous, my deareſt love, and after my death take the way of Conſtantinople; *to render your ſelf at the Palace of the Emperour* Tiberius, *who is a good Prince, and moſt Catholick. I recommend unto you my poor ſoul: as for the body, let that become of it, which ſhall pleaſe my father. If the alteration of times and affairs bring you back into* Spain, *there to hold the rank you deſerve, my aſhes will likewiſe rejoyce at the odour of your virtues. I hope my death ſhall not be unprofitable, and that God will make uſe of it for the good of the Kingdom. You know how many times I have heard you ſay, that you would have bought the ſalvation thereof with your blood; you have already in it employed one part, it is my turn to perform the reſt upon a Scaffold: For in what place ſoever you are, I promiſe my ſelf to be moſt particularly aſſiſted by your holy prayers.*

The good Princeſs received this Letter, with the news of his death, as we will preſently tell you: but in this ſpace of time, *Recaredus*, the younger brother of *Hermingildus*, extreamly afflicted, that having been a mediatour of this counterfeit peace, he ſaw it end in ſo deplorable a Tragedie, haſteneth to caſt himſelf at the feet of his father; beſeeching him with infinite abundance of tears and lamentations, either to give him the ſtroke of death with his own hand, or ſave the life of his brother. The father replied. *He was a furious fellow, and a Traitour to his fortune, and that he ought to ſuffer juſtice to be done, which would give him a Crown. That his brother well diſcovered himſelf an enemy to his father and the State, ſince he would not for his ſake renounce onely ſo much as a phantaſie Religion; that he was onely queſtioned upon this point, and that if he could perſwade him to reaſon, he was ready to ſave his life.* *Recaredus*, prepared himſelf ſtrongly to gain him, and asketh leave to go to the Priſon, which was allowed him.

The young Prince, ſeeing his brother covered with ſackcloth, and bowed under fetters, was ſo amazed at this ſpectacle, that he ſtood a long time mute as a ſtatue; but in the end, breaking ſilence with a deep ſigh: *Ah brother* (ſaith he) *it is I, who have betrayed you; it is I, who have covered you with this fatal ſackcloth, I, who have bound and fettered you with theſe cruel chains, made for ignominious ſlaves, not for your innocency. Brother, behold my poynard which I preſent you, revenge your ſelf upon my guilty head. I have been culpable enough, in that I have produced from a good intention ſo bad effects.*

Hermingildus beholding him with a peaceſull eye, anſwered: *Brother, Why do you afflict your ſelf? Full well do I know your innocency. What innocency?* replyed the other, *if unadviſedly I be the cauſe of your death by my diſaſterous Embaſſage? But good brother, ſince you are reduced to this extremity, I beſeech you forgo the name of Catholick: or, if that ſeem unworthy of your conſtancy, diſſemble for ſome time, and content the King my father and yours, who requireth from you no other ſatisfaction.*

The good Prince anſwered: *Ah Brother! What have you ſaid, you lately perſwaded me to an act of piety at the peril of my life; think not now to induce me to an impiety, although it ſhould concern all the lives and Kingdoms of the world. Behold here the time for you to reign, and for me to dye. I willingly dye for the honour I ow to my Religion, for which I gladly would ſuffer death a thouſand times, if it were poſſible. I neither accuſe you nor my father, whom I more compaſſionate then my ſelf; and counſel you to render him all the duties of piety, in the decrepitueſs of Age whereinto he is entred.*

As for our ſtep-mother, I pray you rather to endure her nature, then revenge my death. It is the work of God to take knowledge of injuries, and for us to bear them. When my ſoul ſhall leave this miſerable bodie,

it ſhall ceaſeleſly pray for you; and I hope, moſt dear brother, you in the end will renounce this poor liberty, which entertaineth you in the ſect of the Arians: *and if dying menuſe to divine, I foretel, that being converted to the faith, you ſhall lay foundations of Catholick Religion in all this Kingdom, which I am about to moiſten with my blood.*

Recaredus uſed all the entreaties he could deviſe, never being able to ſhake the conſtancy of his brother; which much offended King *Levigildus*, & tranſported him into reſolutions very bloody. Notwithſtanding, thoſe who might yet ſpeak unto him with ſome liberty, counſelled him to precipitate nothing in an affair of ſo great conſequence; ſaying, there was no appearance that *Hermingildus* had undertaken any plot againſt the life and ſtate of his father, ſince he came ſo freely to preſent himſelf upon his bare word: that thoſe who find themſelves guilty, uſe not to come to burn themſelves, as Butterflies at the candle. That his countenance at this interview, was too ſweet, his ſpeech too proper, his deportments too candide, to cover ſo black a miſchief; and as for change of Sect, it was no wonder, if the King having given him a Catholick wife, he had taken that Religion with its love; that it was a complement of a lover, which age would bend, experience ſweeten, and prudence in the end deface: that he had at that time more need of a Doctour then an executioner, ſince the apprehenſions of God were diſtilled into the heart by the help of tongues, not the dint of Swords.

The ſeventeenth SECTION.

The death of Hermingildus.

THe faction of *Goizintha*, tranſported beyond all conſiderations, ceaſed not to ſound in the ears of the King, that *Hermingildus* was not an offender, whoſe power was to be neglected. That his crime was not ſuch as might promiſe him impunity; that the laws of the Country had never tolerated ſuch practices; that he had violated right both divine and humane, becoming a fugitive from his Country, an Apoſtata in his religion, a rebel to the power of his father; in ſuch ſort, that to render his wound incurable, he had changed all lenitives into poyſon. That he had levied arms againſt his Sovereign, without regard of his age, his name, the majeſty of the Kingdom, and the voice of Nature, and that there was nothing but the deſpair of his affairs, which had taken them out of his hands. That he held correſpondence with the enemies of the State, to whom he was become an aſſiſtant and a companion: and now to make himſelf as impudent to defend a crime, as bold to execute it, had caſt all the fault of his conſpiracies upon the Queen, his Mother-in-law, and the marriage of his father; ſhewing himſelf ſo inſolent in his miſery, that there was nothing to be expected but tyranny from his proſperity: that it was to be extremely arrogant, even to ſtupidity, to ſeek to retain a chymæra of piety, contrary to the will of his father: and that never would he be ſo conſtant in his ſuperſtition, if he had not leagued all the intereſts of his fortune with the Catholicks, enemies of the Kingdom: that if order were not taken therein, they ſhould be hereafter deprived of the power to deliberate on it, when they had given him all the means to execute it.

The credulity of the unfortunate father was ſo ſtrongly aſſaulted by theſe diſcourſes, that he reſolved to go beyond himſelf: ſo that on a night, which was *Eaſter* Eve, he diſpatched a meſſenger to the Priſon, with an executioner, to let him know, he was ſpeedily to make his reſolution, to chooſe either life and Scepter, by returning to the Religion of the *Arians*, or death by perſiſting in the Catholick. That he had a Sword and a Crown before his eys, the one for glory, the other for puniſhment, the choice of either was referred to himſelf.

Hermingildus made anſwer, he had already ſufficiently manifeſted his determination upon this Article; that he would rather die a thouſand deaths, then ever ſeparate himſelf from the Religion which he had embraced with all reaſon and full conſideration. The Commiſſary replied; *The King your father hath given me in charge, that in caſe of refuſal, I ſhould proceed to execution of the ſentence decreed againſt you, What?* ſaith Hermingildus. *He hath condemned you by expreſs ſentence* (ſaith the other) *to have your head cut off in this ſame priſon, where you are.* Whereupon the holy man fell on his knees to the earth, and ſayd:

My God, my Lord, I yield you immortal thanks, that having given me by the means of my father, a frail, brittle, and miſerable life, common unto me with flies and ants; you now afford me on this day by theſe ſentences, a life noble, happy, glorious to all eternity.

Then riſing up again, he requeſted the Commiſſary he would by his good favour, ſuffer a Catholick Prieſt to come to him, to hear his Confeſſion, and diſpoſe him to death. He anſwered; It was expreſly forbidden by the King his father: but if he would admit an *Arian* Biſhop, he ſhould have one at his pleaſure. *No* (ſaith he) *for I have deteſted, yea, and do ſtill abhor Arianiſm even to the death: and ſince my father denieth me a favour which ordinarily is granted to the guilty, I will dye having no other witneſs but mine own conſcience.*

Which having ſaid, he kneeled down again, and made his confeſſion to God, praying very long for his father, his ſtep-mother, all his enemies, and pronouncing alſo at his death, the name of his dear *Indegondis*, to whom he profeſſed himſelf bound with incomparable obligations. Then afterward having recommended his ſoul to God, under the protection of the moſt holy Virgin, his good Angel, and all the Saints, he ſtretched out his neck to the executioner, which was cut off with one blow of an Axe.

So many Stars as at that inſtant ſhined in Heaven in the dead ſilence of the night, were ſo many eys open over the bloody Sacrifice of this moſt innocent Prince, from whom a wretched father took away, by the hand of a hang-man, the life which he gave him. Had his condition been capable of tears, even Tigers themſelves would have deplored him, ſeeing ſo much piety, ſuch faith, ſo much goodneſs, ſuch worth eclipſed, in a blood ſo pretious, in an Age ſo flouriſhing, in a fortune ſo repleniſhed with hope.

The news of his death haſtned to finde out *Indegondis*, who was yet in *Africa*, where ſhe alſo received the laſt Letter, which her husband wrote to her out of priſon.

The ſervants that were about her perſon, began to make hideous lamentations, as if they themſelves had been condemned to death. But the courageous *Indegondis* kiſſing the Letter of her dear husband, then opening it with ſingular reverence, and reading the laſt words, which he, as it were, had ſteeped in his blood: ſhe cried out:

Alas! generous and faithful heart! you have done all that, which a good man might: you have manfully fought, you are happily arrived at the Crown. Nothing can be deſired in you, but the imitation of your conſtancy.

Servants, why do you weep? This is the very day, wherein I am a Queen, and when I eſteem my ſelf the moſt

moſt triumphant woman in the world, having my huſband a Martyr in Heaven. Give me Roſes and Flower-de-luces, that I may crown his image, and honour at the leaſt with theſe teſtimonies a ſoul, which hath left unto us ſuch ſweet odours of virtue..

She had with her, her little *Hermingildus*, almoſt dead with the weariſomneſs of travel on the way, which indeed had been ſomewhat eaſie for the tenderneſs of his age. The mother beholding him;

Go my ſon (ſaith ſhe) *follow your good father: God hath given you a favour in your Cradle, that he doth not to all Children, which is, to be baniſhed for the faith, and to take part in the Martyrdom of him who begot you. Go little innocent, and rejoyce with others before the Altar of the Lamb: your mother ſhall not long ſtay behinde you.*

Others ſay, he was ſent priſoner to the Emperour *Mauritius*, but without ground.

The childe died ſhortly after, and the good Princeſs, having for a long time combatted in a brave manner againſt the apprehenſions of nature, poured forth on a ſudden thick ſobs, and a main Tide of tears which diſtilled from her eys againſt her will, whereupon ſhe mildely ſaid:

Alas! my teares, what fitneſs can you finde to bemoan a Martyr? My God, it is done; the father and the ſon are already at reſt, there remaineth nothing but to take the mother. Behold two parts of the world, Europe *and* Africk, *which I have filled with my miſeries. If you will that I yet paſs into* Aſia, *your will be done. But if I no longer be ought, but an unprofitable burthen to the earth, what do I here? I have ſpun out all the web which you gave me: I have ended all the hopes of the world; Why ſtay you, O my God, to receive my ſoul, which I bear on my lips?* She was heard; for in few days, being all waſted with love, travel, and deſires, after an exemplar death, ſhe found her Tomb in *Africk*.

What ſhall I ſay here, and what ſhall I do, to ſhut up this diſcourſe? We have all certain natural ſoftneſſes in the bottom of our ſouls, and ſome humane apprehenſions, which alter the force of our judgments My pen cannot almoſt paſs over this Hiſtory, and not commix the waters of mine eys with mine ink: and perhaps alſo (you my Reader) cannot peruſe it without compaſſion. It ſeemeth unto you theſe chaſt loves of *Hermingildus* and *Indegundis* are too unhappy; that ſuch virtues are cruelly handled; that ſuch noble courages have met with a fortune ſiniſter, hideous, & perſecutive, even to the Tomb. You would gladly ſee theſe brave ſpirits, after ſo many tempeſts, ſuch thunder-claps and whirlwinds, arrive at a Port of ſome large temporal felicity. You would behold them with Crowns on their heads, with Scepters in their hands, with Provinces flouriſhing in revenues, with proſperities perpetually ſmiling in their houſe, with loves free from diſturbance, deſires void of denials, affairs without trouble, greatneſs without change, pleaſures without acerbities, and a long poſterity fully laden with honours. It grieves you, that this poor Prince hath paſſed away as a pearl, parched up with lightning in its growth, or as an Eagle ſtrangled in the ſhell. You bewail this Princeſs, that being born in *France* ſhe died in *Africk*, ſeparated by the ſword from a husband who loved her ſo tenderly, deprived of a ſon, who gave ſo many good hopes, abandoned by all her allies, but ſome poor waiting-women that buried her with ſorrow ſo full of pitty, that it was of power to move the monſters of *Africk* to commiſeration. Ah ignorant that we are of the works of God, perpetually fixed to the earth, and deprived of thoſe ſparkles of fire and light, which burn under the moſt generous breaſts! Let us a little draw aſide the Curtain, and ſee through ſo many clouds, one ſole ray of the Sanctuary. What injury hath the Divine Providence done to Prince *Hermingildus*? If for a Crown which is the weather-cock of winds, if for a Scepter, which is the Reed of the times, if for a life, which is the Harbinger of death, it afforded him virtues, delights, and glories, which out-ſtrip the flight of our thoughts, which dry up our mouthes, which out-run our deſires, which ſurmount all our imaginations? What injury, if it make a Saint of him, whoſe name is couched in Martyrologies, whoſe memory liveth in writing, whoſe praiſe flouriſheth in mouths, whoſe words are nought but honour, and works but bleſſings; whileſt his ſtep-mother *Goizintha* dies like a dog, and is buried in the opprobry of her name? What injury, if it have ſo handled the matter, that his father, touched with a lively repentance, hath juſtified him as an Innocent, deplored him as a ſon, invoked as a Martyr? If it hath ſanctified his fetters, conſecrated the tower of his priſon, raiſed up his aſhes above all the Crowns of the Kings of *Spain*? If it hath given him Altars on earth, and a Diadem of beatitudes in Heaven? Is it to have deſpiſed his virtues, neglected his ſufferings, diſobliged his conſtancy, and fruſtrated his travels? What would you have God to have made the virtuous *Indegundis*? A Queen, delicate, ambitious, covetous, haughty, which had not ſpit but in Gold, walked but on Roſes, flown over the heads of men, and putrified in delights? How many ſuch like are there, who have defiled their names with reproach, wearied the earth with their importunities, aſtoniſhed poſterity with their deportments, and peopled Hell with their crimes? But this Lady having been purified with the burning coals of tribulation, iſſued from the hands of God as a veſſel of glory, to make her luſtre reſplendent in the ſight of all Ages.

Ah Ladies, who read this piece, and who many times flatter your ſelves with the title of virtue, in ſome petty tracks of devotion, which have nothing but outward ſemblance: what example of piety ſee you here? What mirrour? What perfection? My eys dazle in beholding her actions, and my pen fails in writing her praiſes.

What a courage? that a young Maid not above fifteen or ſixteen years of age, entreth into a Kingdom, with intention to conquer it for God, much otherwiſe then the *Cæſars*, who ſo many times have devoured it by ambition? What a prudence to tolerate the converſation of a ſtep mother, whileſt ſhe meddled not with her Religion? What liberty of ſpirit, and what ſtrength of words to defend her faith, ſo ſoon as ſhe ſaw her ſelf aſſailed in this virtue, which was more dear unto her then the apple of her eye? What patience to endure to be dragged along upon the pavement by the hair? to be beaten even to blood? to be thrown into the river? to be uſed like the duſt of the earth for the honour of *Jeſus Chriſt*, not challenging any one, not complaining, not ſeeming offended, nay, not telling her husband (into whoſe boſom ſhe poureth forth her moſt ſecret thoughts) the affront ſhe had received, for fear to break peace with a creature, who deſerved the hatred of all the world? What wiſdom, what grace, what eloquence uſed ſhe in the converſion of her husband? What love for his ſoul? What zeal for his ſalvation? What care for his direction? What authority, to ſtop with a word the Armies of the father and ſon, inſtantly ready to encounter? What reſignation of her own will in this ſeparation from her husband? And what a heart of Diamond againſt a thouſand ſtrokes of dolours, to take thankfully a death ſo bloody, ſo tragical, ſo pitiful? To ſee her

ſelf at an inſtant bereaved of a ſon and a husband, and of all things in the world, offering up unto God in all her afflictions, the obedience of her heart, prayers of her lips, and victims of all the parts of her body? What triumph, when after her death, her brother-in-law, who had participated of her good inſtructions, in remembrance of her and her husband, was abſolutely converted to the Catholick faith, and changing the whole face of the Kingdom, repealed the baniſhed, reſtored the Biſhops to their Sees, Religion into force, Laws into Authority, and the whole Province into peace? What miracle to ſee ſage *Indegundis* on the top of all her Tropheys, whereof ſhe tendreth homage to God in the glory of Saints? How ought we here to render to her the offerings of our moſt humble ſervices?

Behold here the limits which I propoſed to my ſelf, ſo to give an end at laſt to theſe Hiſtories, having thought it more fit and ſuitable to my employments, to abbreviate my ſelf in theſe four models, then unboundedly enlarge them; yet it hath been ſomewhat difficult with me to make a reſolution to put forth this ſecond Volume, among ſo many duties of our ordinary functions being thereunto ſollicited by entreaties, which held, as it were, the place of commands.

And I may well ſay, I were ſtupid and ungrateful, if I ſhould not confeſs to have been much excited to proſecute this labour, by the honourable invitations which my Lord Biſhop of *Bellay* hath uſed towards me in his works. I cannot ſet too high a price upon his recommendation in ſuch a ſubject: for he is verily one of the moſt able and flouriſhing wits, that ever handled a pen. To ſee the number of his books, one might ſay, he began to write ſo ſoon as to live; and to conſider their worth, it is a wonder, how ſo many graces and beauties, which other attain not but with much labour, encreaſed with him as in a ſoyl natural for eloquence. If there be any ſlight diſcourſes, who amuſe themſelves to argue upon ſome words of his writings, it is not a matter unuſual, ſeeing we are now in an Age, where there are ſome who revive the example of thoſe corrupted *Grecians*, that preferred a ſawce made by the Cook *Mithecus*, before the divine works of *Phidias*.

If this piece have given you any contentment, take the pains to read it over again ſometimes at your leiſure, taſting the Maxims therein with an utility worthy of its ſubject. For believe me, the precipitation now adays uſed in ſlightly running over all ſorts of books, cauſeth a certain indigeſtion in the minde, wherewith it is rather choaked, then nouriſhed. Reading is never good, if the underſtanding take not occaſion thereby to negotiate by meditation and induſtry, that which concerneth the health and ornament thereof.

To the King of Ages Immortal and inviſible, to God alone be honour and glory given, for ever and ever more. 1 Tim. 1.

THE HOLY COURT.

MAXIMS OF CHRISTIANITY,

AGAINST THE

PROPHANE COURT.

Divided into Three Parts.

WHEREOF

The { I. / II. / III. } treateth of the { *Divinity.* / *Government of this life:* / *State of the other World.* }

THE

THIRD TOME.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSSIN*, of the S. of JESUS. And Tranſlated into Engliſh by S^r^ *T. H.*

LONDON,

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY FRANCES,
Counteſs of PORTLAND, and Baroneſs WESTON.

Right Honourable,

THE excellent endowments of your Soul, acknowledged even by envy, and admired by truth, together with your known propenſion to the reading of pious books, invites me to this Dedication, as proper for your ſweet retirements, and conſonant to my intentions, which only aim in ſome meaſure to expreſs my humbleſt reſpects to your Honour. The matters herein handled, are Inſtructions, apt to inform the minde by way of Maxims, learned diſcourſes made familiar to leſs able underſtandings, and choice Hiſtories exemplifying both, that ſo all ſorts of Readers, though of different capacity, diſproportionable judgment, may finde ſomewhat to entertain their curioſity. My ſcope (excellent LADY) *in this Tranſlation, is through your Honours hand, and under ſo noble a Patronage, to convey the third part of the* HOLY COURT *into Engliſh light, which (as the firſt breathed air under the benign aſpect of her ſacred Majeſty) may alſo hope in this latter piece with like happineſs to be crowned with your Honours chearful acceptation. The height of my ambition is by this poor way to ſerve you, ſince more ample demonſtrations are wanting to my weak abilities; as likewiſe not to doubt your noble diſpoſition will be ſatisfied with ſuch my humble acknowledgments. The advancement of virtue, and depreſſion of vice is my Authour's ſcope throughout the whole Work, which he elegantly purſues, and victoriouſly atchieveth. Triumphs of that kinde beſt become his grave and ſerious pen, whileſt my task is faithfully in our language to imitate his living figures, though in dead and diſcoloured forms, and confidently to tell your Honour, that I will ever be*

The moſt Obſequious Servant of

Your Commands,

T. H.

28 MR 59

TO

MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR THE PRINCE.

SIR,

THe excellency of the ſubject I handle in theſe Diſcourſes, makes me reflect on that of your Greatneſs, to offer you a Work, which being conceived by your Authority, muſt needs ſeek for birth under your favour. It is the third Part of a Court abſolutely holy, which not unlike the City S. *John* ſaw in his profound Contemplations, cannot aſcend from our manners to Heaven, unleſs it deſcend from Heaven into our manners. I likewiſe endeavour to faſhion it in Books, by the model of things Celeſtial, to imprint it on lives; and I now undertake the defence of truth, which conſtituting your ſalvation, and compoſing your happineſs, well deſerve to be the moſt ſerious employments of your minde.

It is true (Sir) all Maxims of State that depend not on the Maxims of God, are effects of carnal prudence, which end in fleſh; and all fortunes that reſt not on him, who with three fingers ſupporteth the Glob of the earth, rather purſue the way of precipices, then the path of exaltation. The wiſdom of the world loves nothing ſo much, as that whereof it is moſt ignorant: it runs after honour, not knowing what honour is; ever hungry and ſtill needy, nor having any other aim, but to make it ſelf a Miſtreſs over giddy ſpirits, to become the ſlaves of all Paſſions. Which maketh me ſay, there are none but the blinde, who ſeek after it, the miſerable who finde it, the ſottiſh who ſerve it, and the forlorn who tye themſelves to its principles. But the wiſdom of Heaven, which I in theſe Maxims preſent you, is ſo tranſcendently ſublime above all humane inventions, as the light of Stars ſurpaſſeth the petty ſparklings and flitting fires of the earth; It is that which leiſurely marcheth by holy paths, to the ſources of day-light, and as being preſent before the Throne of God, beholdeth glory and felicity unfolded in his hands. It is the element of great ſouls, ſuch as yours; and when they once are throughly ſettled therein, they finde taſtfulneſs which turneth into nutriment, and nutriment which paſſeth to immortality. Your prudence may read in your own experience, what I expreſs in my Treatiſes, nor need you go any further then your own life, to meet with the proofs of theſe excellent verities.

You know (Sir) how the Divine Providence in the firſt flower of your age, drew you from ill ways, and ſnatched you out of the hands of infidelity, as a *Conſtantine* from the Palace of *Diocletian*, to ſerve as a Buckler for the Church, whereof impiety would have made you a perſecutour. This Providence knew ſo well how to ſeparate blood from manners, that it cauſed you to demoliſh what your Anceſtours had raiſed, and preſerving their dignity without touching their errours, to make of the unhappineſs of their judgment, the beginning of your felicity. From thence you ſee with what ſucceſs the hand of God hath conducted you to the height of this moſt eminent glory, wherein *France* at this preſent beholds you, as a Prince accompliſhed in the experience of affairs, and times, the Father of good counſels, the undertaker of great actions, endowed with a ſpirit which ſeems an eternal fire, and to be parallel'd by nothing, but the goodneſs of your own heart.

You live peaceable as in the right ſphere of true greatneſs, where you perpetually reflect on two Poles, God, and the King: you ſeek for the one in the other, and you walk to the God of life, by the moſt lively of his Images. His Arms are beheld to proſper in your hands, as well as his Edicts in your mouth. You have borne Thunder and Olives throughout *France*, under your protection, awful at one time, and amiable at another, but ever proſperous in both. Yea, fully to crown your happineſs, the Divine Goodneſs hath afforded you a houſe flouriſhing in riches and honours, which comprehendeth in its latitude, two Princes of the blood to ſerve as pillars for the State. It gave you a wife, who hath made of her fruitfulneſs, the Trophey of her Virtues, and entred by love into an Eclipſe, to become the Mother of lights, and bring forth children to bear the hope of Flower-de-luces. The eldeſt Son, whom your excellency hath committed as a ſacred pledge to our Colledge at *Bourges*, would trouble us to tell you from whence he hath taken ſuch, and ſo many ſplendours, and ſparkling flames of wit, which dazle the eys of thoſe who have the honour to be near him, were not you his Father. He is a Pearl, who maketh it appear by the equality of his Orient, that if Nature have equalled his birth to the greateſt on earth, he will equal his Virtues to his Extraction.

SIR, I ſpeak this ingenuouſly, that you may both behold in your own perſon, what I treat in my books, as alſo underſtand that true piety ſoweth the ſeeds of the moſt ſolid greatneſs,

greatneſs. But beſides the relation this Deſign ſeems to have to the pleaſure of God over you, I finde much obligation to offer it you as a ſlender teſtimony of a ſingular gratitude in our Superiours and our whole Society, which would willingly ſuffer their affections to paſs through my Pen; if it had as much eloquence as the main body tenders reſpect and zeal to your ſervice. You have been pleaſed to make it known by your good purpoſes, to love it by election, defend it by Juſtice, honour it with your Opinion, encreaſe it with your Liberalities, and if your benefits be ornaments unto it, your judgment ſerve for Apologies.

I received a notable portion in your favours, whileſt you reſided in *Bourges*, where your Excellency called me to deliver the Word of God, and to confeſs your virtues in my diſcourſes, as I muſt acknowledge my diſcourſes to proceed from your virtues. It was by your converſation I perceived, that as there is nothing too high for your underſtanding, ſo there is not any thing too low for your bounty. God hath beſtowed on you the gift which the Scripture attributeth to the Patriarch *Joſeph*, to oblige hearts with ſweetneſs; not unlike the Engines of *Archimedes*, which made water mount in deſcending: ſo yours cauſeth not your humility to deſcend, but to make it re-aſcend to the ſource of the prime ſublimity. Which done, not preſuming any thing in regard of your Excellency, but daring all through your courteſie, I preſent theſe MAXIMS of the *Holy Court*, of which many will make their reading, others their precepts; but you will (I hope) frame your virtues of them on earth, to make them your Crowns in Heaven: So wiſheth

SIR, *Your moſt humble and moſt obſequious Servant in our Lord,*

N. CAUSIN, S. J.

The Deſign and Order of the BOOK.

I finde (Courteous Reader) my Works do inſenſibly increaſe under the favour of thy good opinion, as Plants ſprout under the aſpect of the moſt benign Stars. I had confined my ſelf to that which concerneth the hiſtory of Courts, and ſtill reſt in the ſame reſolution: But ſaw a piece very neceſſary in theſe times, wanting in my Work, which was the Treatiſe of MAXIMS, *and majeſty of our Religion.*

I almoſt durſt not undertake it (ſo much the ſubject ſeemed to require judgment, preparation, and ability:) But God having inſpired me with a ſtrong conceit I might be favoured by thoſe to whom he hath given full power over me, ſubmitted the ſlenderneſs of my Wit to the power of their wills, perſwading my ſelf a ſilly nothing may become a matter important in their hands.

You know, how having a purpoſe to frame a Chriſtian Inſtitution in the HOLY COURT for men of quality, I began with their obligation to Piety; and conſequently ſhewed the obſtacles muſt be vanquiſhed to arrive thither. Then I gave precepts of the principal virtues moſt concern them, which were waited on with the Hiſtories of Courts, abbreviated into four Models.

In this (that the good Court may triumph) I repreſent a Combat of two Courts, the Holy *and* Counterfeit; *the* Religious, *and* Prophane: *wherein I unfold the victories of the chief Maxims of Chriſtianity, divided into three Parts, whereof the one treateth of the* Divinity, *the other of the* Government of this preſent life, *and the third, of the* State of the other World.

You may behold how divine the ſubject is, and that the other Books were only to prepare you to theſe great lights, the rays whereof I diffuſed. I muſt needs tell you, that being ſurpaſſed by ſo many excellent men, who have worthily handled a pen, I have in this ſeriouſly ſought to go beyond my ſelf.

I have contracted large Subjects into little Tracts, which hath been no ſmall labour; there being not a Maxim whereof I could not have compiled an ample Volume: But imagining conceptions are like hairs, which more eaſily may be filletted up, then diſheveled; I have endeavoured to give you more ſubſtance in this Book, then Words and amplifications. And ſeeing all the ſubjects are very ſerious, I have ſweetned them with excellent Examples, to afford fit nouriſhment both to Eagles and Doves.

All which I now offer you in this, is more then my promiſe, thinking it better to give without promiſe, then to promiſe and not give. Your affections ſets an edge upon my induſtry, and if labour waſt the body for your avail, and reſerve works of the wit for poſterity, it ſhall be as a Cedar, which cauſing the death of the living, ſeems to give life to the dead.

This Tome being repleniſhed with important conſiderations, cannot be for him who curſorily reads it With thoſe delicious loyterings, which ſlightly furniſh out the Titles of Books, and thence derive nothing but wind. Give me (Gentle Reader) the contentment that God may be glorified in your manners by reading this, as I here ſeek to honour him in his Works.

THE

MAXIMS
OF THE
HOLY COURT,
AGAINST THE
PROPHANE COURT.
First Part touching the DIVINITY.

The first MAXIM.
Of Religion.

PROPHANE COURT.	HOLY COURT.
That matters of faith being invisible and uncertain, we must tie our selves to the world, which is visible and certain.	That matters of faith being most certain and very excellent, we should fix the whole order of our life unto it.

I. THere is nothing so reasonable in nature, as to desire good, nothing so eminent, as to know much; nothing so absolute, as to have the power of all: but there is not any thing so profitable, as to proceed to true wisdom by a mysterious ignorance, and to be in created light by blindness. The soul becometh another world by the means of knowlege; or rather as God createth a world in essence, that, frameth another in Idæa: But if truth and love do not co-operate therein, man tormenteth himself in his knowledges, and createth evils without end, from which he cannot free himself, no not by issuing out of life.

The Prophane Court (say you) *leads you into a visible world*, but it is to behold miseries in it: *To a world certain*, but it is to teach you that happiness being therein uncertain, loss is undoubted. All we have in the world is base, caityf, and difficult, without knowledge of the true God. It is but a laboursom turmoil of affairs, an amazement of transitory pleasures, an illusion of deceitfull blessings, which trouble us, and starve us, in stead of satisfying our desires, or nourishing our hopes: *But the knowledge of God is the root of immortality.*

The happiness to be born a Christian.

Scire justitiam, & virtutem tuam, radix est immortalitatis. Sap. c. 15. 3.

I then require of you (O Reader) that in the beginning of this discourse you adore the wisdom of God over you, who hath selected you out of the Mass of so many Infidels, to inrole you in the number of his children, and hath drawn you from the confusions of so great darkness, to call you into the light of Christianity. Behold so many people covered under the veil of shadie night, born in errour, to live in bruitishness, and die in despair of eternal salvation, and you are enlightned by the rays of God, illuminated by his wisdom, guided by his direction, covered with his protection, nourished with his blood, animated with his life, & are made participant of his felicity,

If you be desirous in some measure to observe the excellency of your faith and Religion, consider, the perfection of any thing is known by three principal notes; *Essence*, *Operation*, and *Repose*. All which, you have visible in the wisdom of Heaven you profess. His *Essence* is of an infallible verity; his *Operations* miraculous, and his repose an unchangeable happiness. For what assurance more solid, then to have a God Incarnate for Authour, who is come to cast the seeds of a golden Age, and adopt a new world in the blood of an eternal testament? Who can better teach us the secrets of God, then God himself? *I cannot account him* (said *Varro*) *a skilful Master: who learns nothing of himself*: And he hath understood all in the bosom of his Eternal Father, and from his own wisdom, which is no other then his *Essence*. He was promised from the beginning of the world, preached through all Ages, given as a pledge to the memory of all mankind, so long before his coming was appointed, his time, birth, life, and death. He came at his perfixed time, all environed with prodigies and miracles, all composed of virtues, making greatness to proceed out of the lowliness of his humble and painfull life, as lightning-flashes break through the obscurity of night.

Three tokens of the perfection of a thing. S. Thomas 1. p. q. 6.

Solidity of our Religion.

Varro apud *Vincent* tom. 2. *Illum quidem eruditorem elige, quem magis mireris in suis; nihil magnificum decebit qui à se nihil dicerit.*

2. What foundations think you hath he laid of your faith? Men believe men upon a little piece of paper, yea, very often upon the breath of a silly word. And Jesus would not be believed, but by writing his Law with the rays of an infinite number of Prophesies, which were verified in his Person, with the blood of more then ten millions of Martyrs, who suffered for his doctrine; with miracles so visible & irreproachable, that they changed even executioners into Confessours, and Tyrants into Martyrs.

The foundations of faith.

To speak plainly, he might have tied you unto him, and not made use of so many things: For what is more essential for the foundation of a belief, then the

revelation of the first Verity, which might have been known to us by fewer proofs? But behold his goodness, and how he dealeth with our infirmities, as to be willing to strike us so sensibly with reflection of the greatness of our faith, to win us to his direction. The *Jews* ran after a simple figure, and tied themselves to weak elements. The *Gentiles* are filled with childish toys, and dotages, which made the most learned amongst them to mock at their religion, and say, *That should their gods have appeared alive, in such manner, as they painted them, they would be accounted Monsters.* In the heart of *Mahumetans*, a tyrannous law is planted with sword and empalements; No man is permitted to dispute upon it, (so many ridiculous and shamefull things there are in it) which makes a soul recoyl in the very beginning, that hath never so little humanity. But Christian Religion hath appeared in the bosom of glory, ever holy, ever victorious, ever opposed by the wicked, and still triumphant, over impiety. It is enriched by its losses, glorified by its persecutions, established by its totterings, and honoured by its wounds. God for it ha h opened all the most learned lips, directed all the best pens, and for it bound himself with as many witnesses, as there are letters in the Scripture. Have not we then cause to proclame with *Tertullian*: *O how happy are we, to say, God engageth his own faith by oath to confirm ours! And are not we worthy of all unhappiness, if we any whit distrust this Eternal Verity?*

Fmic. l. de superstitione apud S. Augst. l. 6. de Civitate Dei.

O beatos nos quorum cunctâ Deus jurat! O miserrimos, si nec juranti Deo credimus! Tertul. c. 4. de pœn.

3. You perhaps will say, all it teacheth is very high, and that to be faithful, one must (as it were) cease to be reasonable. But tell not me, faith is opposite to reason: it is above, not against it; it commandeth our sense to obey God; it laboureth to raise, not demolish; or if it demolish, it is but by ruining rebellion, to establish obedience. What is more reasonable, then to subject your reason to God, and to suffer your self sweetly to pass along in the current of this puissant Authority, which hath drawn so many Ages after it, destroyed so many errours, gained so many battels, and won so many Crowns? Faith is a great gift, although it be the gift of the humble. *It is the first life of humane understanding, the Jasper stone which serves for foundation of the City of God, the virginity of the soul, the source which watereth all the felicities of mankind.* Why are you amazed, when God would have you believe that, which is above your understanding, and surpasseth your knowledge? *It is a most happy ignorance* (said St. *Hilary*) *which rather deserveth reward then pardon, when one trusteth to the word of God, in that he cannot comprehend.* You see how policy is guided by humane faith, without which, all the world were nought but disorder, and life a perpetual confusion: and yet you think it a strange matter, that God in his great policy exacteth a faith absolutely Divine, to serve as an entrance into your felicity. If you take away humane faith, and stick fast in the resolution not to believe any thing, but what you see, you will become a Monster, fit to be excluded from humane Society; you will disturb the beds of the most chast wedlocks; you will accuse the modesty of the sincerest women; you will make the children to be doubted, not onely by the fathers, but the mothers also, who are so often enforced to believe Mid-wives, and Nurses; you will almost make doubt, whether you have a liver, a heart, a spleen, or any lungs, nor will believe you have any thing, but that which you cannot behold without death. These are considerations which Saint *Augustine* and *Theodoret* pursued in the Treatises they wrote of Faith, by which they shew the necessity of humane belief, to pass on further to the Divine. Then what occasion have you to make your sense rebel against God, who becomes a surety for what he promiseth vs; since we every moment, must give credit to the fidelity of most abject persons in the actions of civil life? Who seeth not that to take faith from Religion, is to tear the Altar out of the Temple, the apple from the eye, and the heart out of humane body.

That to be faithful, is to be conformable to reason.

Guillelm. Paris. de moribus, & Guillelm Lugdun. de fide. Trina vita mentis humana, &c.

S. Hilarius 8 de Trin. Habet non tamveniam, quam præmium ignorare quod credas.

Necessity of faith.

Si quod nescitur, credendum non est, quomodo fervent parentibus liberi, quos parentes sui esse non credent?

S. August. l. 2 de utilitate credendi.

Do you not consider likewise, that it was an invention worthy the Eternal Wisdom, to draw us to him by three degrees, which are as three Heavens observable in nature, and above nature? The first is that of science, the second of faith, the third of glory. Science appertaineth not to the whole world: all are permitted to live well, but few to speak well. Some have not will for it, others means. Some have no inclination, others can never make application. Needs must then three parts of mankind be deprived of the knowledg of things most divine, and persevere in ignorance, according to the unhappinesse of accidents, without the help of faith which repleniſheth us with the knowledge of God. Besides, we finde sciences are extreamly sophisticate, as well through the weakness of our understanding, as the corruption of our manners. Academies are framed as Palaces of verity; yet it is never so ill handled, as in places where shew is made to adore it. Under the shadow of defence it is rent asunder, and as the ancient *Telesias*, it is strangled in making much of it. What inconvenience then do we find, if God, to remedy this misery, hath given us faith, which contenteth the whole world by its universality, as it assureth all well composed minds by its certainty. If the perfection of our nature had been limited within natural actions, divine faith had not needed to conduct us: But since God hath called us to a felicity above nature, were it not fit we were directed thereto by a supernatural knowledge?

Sine hoc nec ipsa exigi potest vita communis. Cypr. in symbol. Apostol.

Great Providence of God in the establishment of faith.

Lactantius.

S. Thomas, 2. q. 2. art. 3.

4. Consequently look on the *Operation* of Religion, the second note of its excellency: you shall see the fountain of *Mordochaus*, which in the beginning creepeth on with little noise through the Meadows, and in an instant turneth into a great river, and this river into light, and this light into a sun; but a sun which affordeth lustre, and water to all the world.

The powerful operations of our Religion. *Esther. x.*

The powers of the world which glitter with so much pomp, have this almost ever proper to them, to be either unprofitable, or malign. What did those great Philosophers, who framed worlds in their idæa's? What did the *Plato's*, *Aristoteles*, and *Zeno's*? Could they ever perswade any one silly hamlet to live under those goodly Common-wealths they instituted on paper? What did the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, & *Pompeys* with all their forces, but tend to the destruction of mankind? It is a strange thing, that the last of them caused a Temple to be built to *Minerva*, over the gate whereof he commanded to be engraven, that he had taken, routed, and slain two millions, one hundred fourscore and three thousand men; pillaged or sunk eight hundred forty six ships, made desolate one thousand five hundred thirty eight Cities, and towns. Behold how the great ones of the earth make themselves remarkable, as dreadful Comets, by the ruin of the whole world. But *Jesus* in establishing his Religion, would not be powerful but to do good, since, *He is the Adamant* (saith *Salvianus*) *who hath drawn this mighty mass of Iron of all Ages with the hands of his love, & lively affections towards mankind.*

Plin. l. 7. c. 26 Cruel vanity of *Pompey.*

Salvian. de provid. l. 4. Chalybem affectu quasi sorvante suspendens amoris sui manibus.

How can the tree be better known, then by the fruits? And upon what may one more reasonably ground the judgement made of Religion, then upon the works thereof?

What

What have all other Religions taught, but to cut the throats of children, to embrue Altars of Idols with blood; but to create ordures, & abominations, to cover secret mischiefs with the veil of hypocrisie, to authorize fables, and canonize vice? But Christian Religion is that alone which brought piety into the world, where it was before unknown. It is that which hath crushed murtherous and adulterous gods under the ruins of their Temples, which demollished profane Altars, suppressed sacrifices of humane blood destroied Amphitheaters, where they gloried to tear men in pieces, which confounded witchcrafts, tamed pride, quayled covetousnes, stopped the innundations of luxury, repressed extravagancies of ambition choaked enraged desires of avarice, & turned a land of Tigers, Leopards, and fiery Serpents, into a Paradise of delights. It is that which drew from Heaven all the virtues, whereof some had before been unheard of, others contemned, the rest persecuted. It is that which taught humility, chastity, virginity, modesty, temperance, justice, and fortitude. That, which discovered true prudence, which opened the sources of contemplation, which furnished out the Hoast of religious Orders, which brake so many chains of the world, trampled under foot so many Idols of gold and silver, seated poverty in the Throne of glory, erected statues of innocency, established purity even in thoughts. Is it not that which so many Martyrs, Confessours, Doctours, Virgins have done, whose triumphs we daily honour? Is it not upon these, that *Jesus* having vanquished so many monsters, imprinted the rays of his sanctity, which is preserved, and maintained, even in the corruption of Ages, in the persons of so many as God hath reserved to himself? Must we not confess, that a life led according to the doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, is a manifest conviction of all errours, and a little miracle in the world?

5. From thence when we consider by what means our Saviour hath wrought this establishment, which are found so contrary to all humane ways, and how he acteth in suffering, how he draws to him in rejecting, how he is exalted by his abasings, glorified by his ignominy, enriched by poverty; how he doth raise by destroying, how he lives by his death, and is eternized by dying. This is it which transporteth humane understanding into admiration of the greatnes of our Religion.

6. Finally, if you also cast your eye on this last perfection of *Repose*, you shall well understand, how *Alexander*, after he had conquered the *Persians*, being desirous to pass into the *Indies*, those who thought they were at the world's end, disswaded him, and said, *It was time for* Alexander *to rest, where the Sun and the world ended.* But our Religion goes much further then the Sun, and this inferiour condition of the world. It hath the total Universe for object of its travel, and the Kingdom of Heaven for its repose. All other Sects proposed pleasures to themselves for object of their pretensions, which might make them desire the body of a horse, or a hog, to enjoy it with the more advantage. But God, lifting us up to himself above the tracts of the Sun & time, promiseth the same delights which he hath for himself in the vision, possession, and fruition of that divine face, which makes all the Happy. (*a*) *We know this house of morter and clay failing, wherewith we are covered, God hath prepared an eternal building for us in Heaven, not made by the hand of man,* as the Apostle assureth us, and as we shall deduce towards the end of these Treatises. Thither it is our faith paceth roundly on, beholding with a purified eie, the lights of Heaven, *a God invisible as if he were already visible.* Unto this life it is we prepare our souls, and begin on earth to make the first essays of Beatitude.

The repose which our faith promiseth.

Tempus est Alexandrum cum orbe & sole desinere. Senec. Suasor.

(*a*) *Scimus, quamdiu terrestris domus nostræ habitationis hujus dissolvitur, quod ædificationem à Deo habemus, domum non manufactam, æternam in cœlis.* 2 Cor. 5. *Invisibilem tamquam videns sustinuit.* Heb. 11. 27.

7. I then demand of you (O Noblemen) whether all this well considered, you ought not to abhor these petty undertakers, who seem to come into the world, not to receive rules of faith in it, but to prescribe them. They who cannot reform a silly fly in the works of nature, will make themselves Monarchs in the belief of our faith, and trick up anew this great work of Religion, which derives its accomplishment from God. They believe what pleaseth themselves to displease the prime Verity, and create a new Symbol in the chymæra's of their wits, to introduce an impiety into Christianity. Needs must they have a fling at the Bible, as if it were the book of a man; labour about the Fountain-heads of the four rivers of terrestrial Paradise, the speaking Serpent, *Noah's* Ark, the Tower of *Babel*, the red Sea, the jaw-bone and foxes of *Samson*, as if the Omnipotency of God were not a pledge sufficient enough against all these weaknesses and curiosities of wit: *which*, saith Tertullian, *are doctrines of devils, grown up to please the itch of incredulous ears.* We must believe one Article, and leave another; believe the Trinity, and doubt of the Sacrament, Invocation of Saints, Purgatory, Images, and Ceremonies of the Church, as if it were not evident, that whosoever divideth faith, hath none at all. It is not much to the purpose to dispute of Religion, after the sweat of Confessours. blood of Martyrs, and so many millions of miracles. Never would belief be so sick, were it not preceeded by the death of virtue, all will be unhappy for them, who lose piety, the root of happines. But what repose hath a Catholick, who may dying say; *I trust to God for a gift, which cannot proceed but from God. I dye in the faith of* Constantine, Theodosius, Clodovæus, *S.* Lewis, *and so many millions of Saints. I go where all the wisest and most entire part of mankind doth go. I follow the authority of eighteen general Councils, wherein all Ages assembled together the wisest men of the world. I dy in the belief of the Church, which is professed throughout all the habitable World. The living and the dead. The stones and marbles of the Tombs of mine Ancestours speak for me: the stars will fall from the Heavens before my faith can be shaken.*

Errours of the times. *S. Hilarius l. 1. de Trinit. Eidem potius ipse constituunt quam accipiunt.*

Tert. de præscript. *Doctrina dæmonum prurientibus auribus nata.*

The notable assurance of a Catholick.

And therefore (O Catholicks) strike at Heaven gate by continual prayer, ask of the Father of lights a lively faith, a most sincere zeal towards your Religion, suffer not your judgment to change in the massy composition of body, plunge it not in sensuality, polish it for the great fruition of God, entertain it with consideration of his beauty, nourish it with antipasts of his glory. It only appertaineth to sensual souls, black, and distrustful, to suffer themselves to fall into pusilanimities and faintnes, which lessen the esteem we should have of our vocation towards Christianity. It only appertaineth to carnal spirits, and who want faith in the house of faith, to set the riches and affairs of the world above Religion. But you (O Great men) learn hereafter to value your selves, not by these frail and perishable blessings, which inviron you by that skin which covers you, by those false ornaments of life which disguise you, by all those beauties, which never are nearer ruine, then when they most sparkle with lustre. Learn to behold all humane things from the top of the Palace of Eternity, and you shall see them like rotten pieces, which possess a nothing of times infinity. Why do we here entertain our selves with earthly considerations, as fire, which absented from its sphere, is fed with fat and coals. Let us open our bosoms to these fair hopes wherewith the Religion

That zéal ought to be had towards Religion.

Hoc est fidem in domo fides non habere. Cyprian. de mortalitate.

Ephes. 2. we profeſs, ſweetly repleniſheth our hearts. We no longer are pilgrims and vagabonds, nor ſtrangers of the Teſtaments: but Citizens of Saints, and the domeſticks of God: built on the foundation of Apoſtles, and Prophets, on the fundamental ſtone, which is *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Let us enter into this goodly train of Ages, into this admirable fellowſhip of Patriarchs, Martyrs, and Virgins. Let us haſten to the ſources of light, and never end but in infinity.

The firſt EXAMPLE upon the firſt MAXIM.

Of the eſteem one ought to make of his Faith and Religion.

The PERSIAN CONSTANCY.

Drawn out of *Theodoret, Caſſiodorus, & Epiphanes. Theod. l. 5. c. 38. Epiph. Scolaſticus. Caſſiod. hiſtor. tripart. l. 10. c. 32. Baro. tom. 5. anno. 420. & alii.*

IF the eſtimation of things eternal, do not as yet ſufficiently penetrate your heart, reflect on that, which ſo many valiant Champions have done, to preſerve a bleſſing, which you preſently poſſeſs by grace, and which you often diſ-eſteem through ingratitude. I will produce one example amongſt a thouſand, able to invite the imitation of the moſt virtuous, and admiration of all the world. In the time when *Theodoſius* the younger ſwayed the Eaſtern Empire, the *Perſians*, who had been much gained by the induſtry of the Emperour *Arcadius* his father, & afterward entertained by his infinite ſweetneſs and courteſie, lived in good correſpondence of amity with the Chriſtians; ſo that many of our Religion adventured themſelves in their Teritory; ſome to make a fortune in the Court, others for pleaſure, many for commerce, and the reſt there to eſtabliſh true piety.

Matters of Religion proceeded then very proſperouſly, and the moſt eminent men of the Kingdom ſhut up their eyes againſt the Sun, which this Nation adored, to open them to the bright Aurora of Chriſtianity. But as there are ſome who never enjoy any thing, ſo there are others who never have enough. Some Chriſtians not contented with their progreſſions, which were well worthy of praiſe, thought they loſt all, out of the deſire they had to leave nothing undone. Which is the cauſe, I much approve thoſe Ancients, who placed the images of wiſdom over the gates of great houſes, with this inſcription: *Experience is my mother*. So the wiſeſt and moſt experienced thought, nothing was to be precipitated, & that mean advancements accompanied with ſafety, were more to be valued then great ſplendours which drew precipices, and ruins after them. On the contrary, young and fiery ſpirits thruſt all upon extremity, ſuppoſing their power extended to the meaſure of their paſſion. Nothing is more dangerous in any affair, then when indiſcreet fervour takes the mask of zeal, or that a feaver of Reaſon paſſeth for a virtue. All his thoughts are deified, his foot-ſteps ſanctified, and although nothing be done for God, it is ſaid, all is for him.

Indiſcreet zeal.

Helinandus apud Vincent. Uſus me genuit.

Biſhop *Audas*, a man endowed with great and ſingular virtues, but extreamely ardent, and unable to adapt his zeal to the occaſion of times, needs would countenance the humour of the blind multitude, and went out in the midſt of the day to deſtroy a Pyræum, which was a Temple wherein the *Perſians* kept fire to adore it. Men quickly enflamed in matters of Religion, fail not to raiſe a great ſedition, which came to the notice of King *Ildegerdes*. *Audas* is ſent for, to give an account of this act: He defendeth himſelf with much courage, and little ſucceſs for the Chriſtians benefit: for the King turning his proper juſtification into crime, condemns him upon pain of death to re-edifie the Temple he had demoliſhed; which he refuſing to do, was preſently ſacrificed to the fury of Pagans. *Theodoret* blames him that he unſeaſonably ruined the Temple, and convinceth him by the example of S. *Paul*, who ſeeing in *Athens* many Altars dedicated to falſe Gods, contented himſelf with refuting the error, without making uſe of the hammer to deſtroy it, as well fore-ſeeing the time was not yet come: yet withal commanded this man, who rather choſe death, then to become an Authour of impiety in the re-eſtabliſhment of this Temple.

Audas deſtroyeth a Pyræum. Commotions for matters of Religion. Others Paranaves, or Goronaves. Judgment of *Theodoret* upon this action.

The rage of Idolaters by the *Magi* (profeſſed enemies of our Religion) was not wholly extinct in the blood of *Audas*, but ſtirred up a violent perſecution, which almoſt proceeded to the undermining the foundations of Chriſtian religion in *Perſia*. Men were every where ſeen to be flayed and roaſted, pierced with bodkins and arrows, thereby becoming ſpectacles of terrour & pitty, to all thoſe who beheld them. Some were expoſed to waſps in the boyling ardours of the ſun: Others thrown into Caves, & places filled with infection, to be devoured by rats, and ſlowly gnawn by ugly vermine: Their members fell in pieces & their life daily diſtilled drop after drop, their faith unſhaken, which the ſword of perſecution ſought for even in their entrails. Their members were not tormented, for they had none but wounds, for they were all over covered with them: and as torments redoubled one upon another, gave no end to their ſufferings, ſo God found the means to finiſh their pain, and life by eternity of their crowns.

Terrible perſecution.

The King ſeeing ſo dreadfull tortures rather ſerved to publiſh the glory of the Combattants, then ruin their virtue, reſolved upon other cruelties, which being apparently leſs violent, were in effect much more pernicious.

There were among the Chriſtians, two Lords of prime quality, the one whereof was called *Hormiſdas*, the other *Suenes*, who being the two cies of the Court, and Standard-bearers of Chriſtianity, the endeavour of the Genti's was moſt violent againſt them to force them to abjure Religion, *Hormiſdas* is firſt ſummoned to return to the *Perſian* ſuperſtition, & being ſent for to the Palace, the King who much eſteemed him, both for his great Nobility (for he was of the blood Royal) as alſo for the ſervices his father had done to the Crown in the quality of the Governour of a Province, unwilling to looſe him, he made trial of all ſorts of allurements, to gain him to his opinion.

Hormiſdas, and the ſtrength of his will.

But the brave Champion ſtood firm in his beliefe, telling the King with many excellent reaſons, that deſtroying the faith of his true God in *Perſia*, he would bury the loyalty due to his Majeſty in the ruins thereof: which was the cauſe that *Ildegerdes*, in ſtead of yielding the homage he owed to reaſon and truth became furiouſly chollerick, ſo that degrading him of honour, and confiſcating all his goods, yea, leaving him nought at all, but a poor pair of linnen breeches, he ſent him out to keep the camels of the Army; adding to this great inhumanity the moſt barbarous ſcorn could be invented againſt a gentleman, endowed with ſuch excellent parts. But this couragious heart, which had ſtudied the glory of the Croſs in the deep abyſs of the ignominy of *Jeſus*, drave camels before the eyes of an Army, wherein he had commanded with ſuch alacrity, as others govern Empires, and thought his nakedneſs more glorious, then the purple of Monarchs.

The King one day beholding him out of a chamber window among the camels, roaſted under the ſcorching Sun, and all covered over with duſt, felt his heart

mollified

mollified by the effect of his own cruelty, and calling him into his palace; after he had laid before him the worth of his extraction, and the noble employments wherewith he meant to honour him, he cloathed him with rich apparel, and conjured him by all the ways of friendship, to return to the throne of honour, by forsaking his Religion. But *Hormisdas* displeased with such discourse, took the robes were cast over his shoulders, & tore them in pieces in the Kings presence, saying: *Sir, keep your gifts & impieties, & know* Hormisdas *will never do any thing unworthy his courage*: which was the cause *Ildegerdes* thrust him naked out of the Court, and sent him back again to his camels, where he ware out a long & painful martyrdom

Suenes persecuted.

The same storm fell at that time upon *Suenes*, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the Kingdom, & who had a thousand servants in his family. Officers were sent to seize on his whole estate possessed by him, not to maintain riot, but cherishpiety; so that in a short time, he saw himself reduced to beggery. But he weighing how Almighty God, who cloathed Heaven with beauties of light, & in the spring-time maketh a garment for the earth, bordered & adorned with so many millions of flowers, had for us put on nakedness; scorned all these violences, and said aloud, *They were not near taking away the treasure of faith he bare in his heart, who attempted it on this silly moveable of fortune*:

The King, purposely to afflict him the more, took all his children from him, to thrust them into servitude and fetters, if they would follow their fathers example: wherewith somewhat softened, seeing they snatched from between his arms those, who in the imbecillity of age, had more need of his example, then wealth, he kissing them, said: *Children, keep constantly the faith of your poor father, and leave greatness and worldly fortunes to others. You shall ever be wealthy enough, if you persist loyal to God. Faith will wipe away your tears, will enrich your poverty, glorifie your chains, and immortalize the honour of your death. This persecution is a cloud that passeth, but we shall quickly behold a bright day, which neither admitteth end nor darkness.* This constancy which should make all the world wonder, exasperated the infidels, so that dayly seeking out all the ways how to torment, and burn him with a soft fire, they advised to give the confiscation of all his goods to one of his servants, who had been the most treacherous, and cruel against his Master. He had nothing left but a wife, who possessed in his heart the place of those chast correspondencies, which the law of God afforded him, and she in beginning making a shew of willingness inseparably to follow the fortune of her husband, much comforted this generous soul, who thought nothing was his, but what he gained to *Jesus Christ*.

An excellent instruction for children.

Stranger persecution of a man.

But behold a strong battery to take from him the remainders of his consolation. The King caused this woman to be vehemently sollicited, to make a divorce from her husband, and to marry his servant: to whom he already had given possession of his great estate. This at the first a little startled the soul of this Lady, she yet having some humanity in her, but saw her self encompassed with many kindred and worldly friends, who suggested according to the maxims of impiety: *That is was a folly to forsake a blessing so present, to run after a fantasie of felicity. That the command of Kings must be obeyed, who are visible gods on earth. That a husband despoiled of all his means, retaineth nothing of man, but body, nor can any longer be a husband. That she married him to live, and to give life to others by love, not to cut her own throat, and her childrens, through wickedness. That a man who renounceth honour, can no more pretend to nature. To conclude, that it is wealth, which maketh men, and that it was no dishonour to marry a servant, who is the favourite of a mighty King. He came not into the world to be masters of fortune, but to yeild to its Empire. What content can there be to walk up and down Towns and Cities like a begger, following a husband, the object of the worlds laughter, & reserve all is left of his miserable body to swords & flames.*

Violent temptation of a woman.

She yieldeth.

So much were here ears beaten with such like discourses; that through a most unspeakable cowardice she forsook her religion and husband, to marry this servant, who seemed noble enough, since he had the golden fleece. The King seeing she had yielded, added for full accomplishment of inhumanity, that *Suenes* should remain in his own house, as a slave to his wife and servant. Behold here the extremity of all worldly miseries. *Yield thy self up* (said one) *poor* Suenes: *seest thou not that of so many palaces, and such treasures, there is not left for thee so much as a house covered with stubble, of so many children, none to call thee father? Is it not time for thee to forsake thy faith, since she who slept by thy sides, hath left thee? Is ert thou among st the chains of* Lestrigons, *and* Tartars, *thou mightest breath a more wholesom air: But to behold thy self a slave to thy servant in thine own house, and to have perpetually before thee the infidelity of a disloyal wife for object, how is it possible, but to overthrow the most stable constancy in the world?*

Admirable constancy.

But *Suenes* assembling together all the forces of his heart, said: *O faithless and perfidious discourses! All is taken from me, but they cannot take away Jesus Christ. I follow him in liberty and bondage, in prosperity and adversity, in life and death: whilest one small threed of life remains in my heart, one silly spark of breath upon my lips, I will combat against the gates of hell, and all the laws of impiety.* O the power of the spirit of God! O divorce from flesh and bloud! O spectacle worthy to be beheld by angels over the gates of heaven with admiration! A man to dy in so many indignities, such punishments, such deaths, without dying, without complaint, growing wan, or speaking any one word unworthy the lips of a Christian! What is it to be a puissant; but to brave all the powers of earth, and hell? What is it to be rich, but to place all your treasures in the heart to God?

II. MAXIM.

Of the essence of GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is fit to obey Nature; all other Divinity being most unknown.

A *Cynick* Philosopher heretofore sought for a man with a candle at noon-day: and now adays the wicked seek God in a clear and full light, and when they have found him, become blind by their own lights, in that they see not him, who is not to be known

THE HOLY COURT.

That nothing is so known as God, although not acknowledged through our *ingratitude* but in the quality of the Judge punishing their offences. Out alas! what is man without God? *Tertullian* speaking of the countrey about the *Euxine* sea, saith, It is a Region separated from the cõmerce of men, as well by the providence of Nature, as the reproach of its bruitishness. It is peopled by most savage

Tertul. adverſ. Marcion l. 1. cap. 1. Excellent deſcription of *Tertullian.*

vage Nations, which inhabit, if we may ſay ſo, a wandering cart, that ſerves them for houſe; a habitation, which though perpetually in motion, is leſs inconſtant then their manners. Their abode is uncertain, their life wholly ſavage, their luxury promiſcuous, and indifferent for all ſorts of objects. They make no ſcruple to ſerve in the fleſh of their Parents in a feaſt with beeff and mutton, and think the death of ſuch curſed, who dy, when they no longer are fit to be eaten. Sex ſoftneth not women in this Country; for they fear of their dugs being young, and make a diſtaff ſerve for a launce, being otherwiſe ſo fervent in battle, that they had much rather fight then marry. The Climate and elements are as rigid, as their manners. The day is never bright, the ſun never ſmileth, nor is the sky any thing, but a continued cloud. The whole year is a winter, and the wind ever North. Ice robs them of rivers, and if they have liquour, the fire affords it. The Mountains are ſtill covered with ice and ſnow. All is cold in this Country, but vice, which ever burneth. Yet I muſt tell you, (ſaith he) there is not any thing amongſt theſe wonders more prodigious, then wicked *Marcion*. For, where ſhall we find a Monſter more odious, or a man in nature more ſenſeleſs then him, who did not acknowledg the Divinity, and will have the cauſes, and ſublime reaſons given him of the Eſſence of God, which never were, nor ſhall be: for then there would be ſomewhat above God.

Humano arbitratu divinitas conſtitatur: niſi homini Deus placuerit, Deus non erit. Tertul. Apol. c. 5. *Nec quicquam refert, Dauus ne geſ, an aſſeras.* Arno. l. 1.

The Emperour *Tiberius* having conceived ſome good opinion of Divinity in the Perſon of our Saviour, was willing to rank him in the number of other gods, but it was not executed, becauſe it muſt paſs by decree of the Senate: and God, who is all that which he is by nature, regarded not the judgement of men to authorize his Divinity. *You were as good deny God,* (ſaith *Arnobius*) as to make the truth of his Eſſence depend upon the weakneſs of humane reaſon.

God is better known to us then our ſelves.

1. I ask of you whether there be any thing in the world more preſent with us, and more familiarly known than our ſelf, our ſubſtance, our life, our being? It ſeemeth (ſay you) it is the moſt certain of our knowledges. Now if I ſhew, the ſcience we have of God is far ſtronger, more undoubted, and invincible, then the knowledg we have of our ſelf, I neceſſarily convince the ignorance of the Divinity, is ſtupid, ungratefull, and puniſhable with all the rigours of eternal juſtice.

I pray tell me, what ſo certain knowledg can you have of your ſelf? Have you it by the knowledg of Hiſtory, which is a reaſonable knowledg; by revelation, which is extraordinary; by propheſie, which is myſterious; by faith, which is infallible? I do not ſee you alledge any of theſe for confirmation of your own being. You have no proofs (ſay you) more certain, then your ſenſes, which you know notwithſtanding to be bruitiſh, deceivers, and deceived in ſo many objects. You hear your ſelf ſpeak, you ſmell your ſelf, you touch your ſelf; and for that you affirm you are, although you have not any knowledg of the better part of your body, by the moſt noble ſenſe within you, but by the help of a mirrour. Nay, you know ſo little of your ſelf, that ſcarcely have you obſerved the number of your teeth: and being far from the particular diſtinction of the interiour parts of your body, ſhall you enter into the great labyrinths of the facultyes of your ſoul, you would quickly finde out your own ignorance.

Compare now the ſcience you have of your ſelf, with the great proofs, which lead you to the knowledge of the Divinity. Firſt, we are born to know God, as the excellent Divine *Alexander Alenſis* diſcourſeth: becauſe if the ſoveraign Goodneſs be neceſſarily deſired by our reaſonable appetite, we muſt affirm the ſupream truth is no leſs capable to be known by our underſtanding: & as we are naturally inclined to the ſearch of this ſoveraign Good, which may take up all the agitations of our thoughts, ſo we feel our ſoul almoſt without any other reflection, ſtir'd up with a generous deſire to be united to the 1. cauſe. We behold it through ſo many creatures, as through lattices, & it ſeems to ſpeak to us in as many objects, as we ſee works of his Goodneſs. It maketh us reſtleſs, it ſcorcheth us with an honeſt flame, which teacheth us there is a God, and that we are created for him, nor is there any other creature in all viſible nature, which laboureth in ſuch inquiſition, but man: This ardent inclination to this knowledg, is not a ſlight facility of ſcience, & we ſee conſtant ſtudy is ordinarily recompenced with the fruition of its object.

Alex. Aleſ quæſt. 2. de cognitione Dei. A ſingular conſideration of *Alex.*

God moſt eaſie to be known.

2. I likewiſe hold, God of his part is very well to be known, having all the conditions which may make a thing known, as Eſſence, immutability, ſimplicity, brightneſs and preſence. If you there look for Being, which is a neceſſary object of the underſtanding, as colour, of ſight: *God*, ſaith S. *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, *is a creating Eſſence, an Eſſence comprehending all things.* If immutability, *Origen* teacheth, the Divinity ſitteth on the top of beatitude, ever conſtant, never changeable: if brightneſs, God is all light, as the Scripture manifeſteth in ſo many places: if ſimplicity, *Fauſtus* Biſhop of *Rhegium* ſheweth, *God is all what he hath*: if continual preſence, *Porphyry* confeſſeth, he is every where, becauſe he is not in any part, as bodyes are. The Poet *Orpheus* in his myſterious poeſie, calleth him φάνητα, as one would ſay, *lightſome* and *viſible*, to teach us all the world is enfolded within his radiance. I will not hereupon inferr, that one may have in this world an abſolute and perfect knowledg of God, as of a thing finite; but I ſay, that amongſt ſo many lights, it is not admitted that any man ſhould be ignorant there is a God, Creatour of all things.

Nazianzen. Iambico. 2. Θεὸς πρωτὴ καὶ συνεκτικὴ καὶ ὅλη ἀναφὴς λόγων. *Origenes homil. in numer. 23. Fauſtus de gratia. l. 2. c. 7. Deus eſt quod habet. Deus ubique eſt quia nullibi eſt.*

Reaſon of *Mercury Triſmegiſtus.*

3. What *Epicurean* can diſ-involve himſelf from *Triſmegiſtus* his reaſon, who teacheth, that were there not an Eſſence neceſſary & independent, all we ſee, all we touch, all we feel in the world, would have no being; but this is meer illuſion. Wherefore? Becauſe the things which may be, and not be indifferently, like ſo many plants or tranſitory animals, one while are, and another while are not. And we may truly ſay, there hath bin a certain time, wherein they neither had being nor name in the world. Now, as nothing can actuate, and produce it ſelf, muſt we not confeſs, that had there not been from all eternity a firſt Agent, which gave motion to ſo many cauſes enchained one to another, whereof they are produced, wherein we preſently behold this great world, all had been a nothing. For of two we muſt grant one, either that the world is created, or not created. If impiety tranſport a man ſo far, as to ſay it is not created, but hath been from all eternity, he would ever be convinced by his own confeſſion, that there were ſuch a Being as we ſeek for, eternal, neceſſary, independent, which is nothing elſe, but God: He would be reduced to this point, that he no longer could deny the Divinity, but was only ignorant what this Divinity is, & inſtead of giving this title to a moſt pure Spirit, as we do, he would attribute it to a body, as to heaven, water, earth; where he would inſtantly find himſelf aſhamed of his folly, to take for the Divinity, a thing which hath no underſtanding, & conſequently is far leſs then himſelf. Inſted of a true God, he would make a million of deities, to become as many ſnares of his errour, and witneſſes of his bruitiſhneſs. But if the

Θεὸς τὰ ὄντα καὶ τὰ μὴ ὄντα.

Θεὸς ἀχώρητος καὶ ἄυλος τῷ.

world be created, (which it is not lawful to doubt) of three things we muſt affirm one, Either that it produced it ſelf, or that one piece made another, or that there was one cauſe external, ſupream, not to be reckoned among the reſt, which made all the parts of the univerſe. To ſay a thing made it ſelf, is to affirm it was before its being, and to aſſever a propoſition ridiculous to all humane underſtanding. But if to evade this manifeſt contradiction, one will maintain one piece made another; ſtill muſt he come to a laſt piece, which was produced by it ſelf, and ſo fall again into the ſame difficulty. Behold the reaſon why we muſt ſtick upon a general cauſe, out of the main maſs of all cauſes, and which affording eſſence, ſenſe, and intelligence to ſo many creatures according to to the condition, & qualities of every one, remaineth eternal, and immoveable. Now he who ſays this, affirmeth there is a God.

Author libri de tripici habitaculo apud Aug. tom. 9. *Nihil ſeipſum creat. Quæ enim potentia, qui omnino non eſſet, ſeipſum faceret. Deus inmatus, infectus, ſine initio, ſine fine, in æternitate conſtitutus.* Tertul. l. 3. adverſ. Marcion. c. 3.

4. But if ſome impious creature will notwithſtanding perplex the evidence of this propoſition, imitating Sorcerers, who caſt miſts upon the brighteſt morning, and ſay one thing produced another from father to ſon, but that this ſtill mounteth upward *in infinitum*, and ſo think to make us looſe our judgement and reaſon, in the labyrinth of infinities; Firſt it is anſwered according to the doctrine of Philoſophers. There is nothing in the world actually infinite & although an infinity of generations of men, beaſts, & other creatures were admitted, ſtill muſt you confeſs this infinite maſs of men, was produced from a cauſe independent. For that which agreeth to each part of a ſpecies, and which is properly by it affected, agreeth likewiſe to the main of the whole ſpecies; as if it be proper to every man living to underſtand, & reaſon, it muſt be inferred, the whole ſpecies is intellectual, and rational: But in this infinite maſs of men ſuppoſed, there cannot any one be aſſigned, who was not produced, not by it ſelf (a matter we already have refuted) but from another cauſe independent of this ſuppoſed maſs: and this cauſe is God, which we prove.

Instance upon the infinite number of the wicked.

Force of reaſon.

5. Secondly (as lying is ingenious to ruin its own labours) they who ſuppoſe this infinity of generations & efficient cauſes, deſtroy all ſorts of generations, when they think to eſtabliſh them. For as a quantity cannot be divided into proportionable, and correſpondent parts to the infinite, ſo there are no cauſes eſſentially ſubordinate one to another, which go into this infinity: There muſt neceſſarily be in ſuch ſubordinations a firſt, which is a cauſe of a middle, and a middle the cauſe of a latter. Neceſſarily all theſe created eſſences, and which were but *in potentia*, preſuppoſe eſſentially an actual eſſence, always ſubſiſting, which is a ſupport to all the reſt, as the earth hath all the pieces of a building raiſed one upon another. It muſt be to bring you into the world, that your father acted after your grand-father, your grand-father after your great grand-father by a continuation, diſtinct & meaſured as in a chain from the firſt link to the laſt. For were there not a firſt, a middle, a laſt; there could not be either order, or ſubordination; and were there no ſubordination, there could be no action. If infinite number of wheels muſt move to make a clock ſtrike, it would never ſound, becauſe the ſwindge being to be given to all the other from a firſt wheel, this firſt wheel would never be found, becauſe in infinity there is no firſt. And although it were found, it could not communicate its activity to the laſt; otherwiſe it muſt paſs in a determinate time an infinite ſpace, which can never be meaſured. If you depend from father to ſon, from an infinity of men, to be produced (as you ſay) you could not be a man, for you muſt have paſſed from infinite Ages, before you could come to the father, who begat you. And if one could paſs over infinite Ages, ſee you not the infinite would be finite? So much you forget all truth, and reaſon, in the chymæra's of your wit. And then what abſurdity were it to grant to a Nature ſo poor, and limited, as is that of all corruptible things a conſequence of infinite cauſes.

Theophil. Raynaudus.

Ita Ruvius & Cajet. 1. part. q. 2. art. 3. Vaſq. 1. part. D. 20, nu. 11.

6. But let us withdraw from theſe thorns, and not urge at this time the reaſon which hertofore convinced *Epicurus*, and guided him, (brutiſh though he were) to the knowledge of the Divinity, when he figured to himſelf, that neceſſarily there was in the univerſe an excellent Nature exalted above all the reſt and the beſt of all, and that this was God. Nor likewiſe let us alledge what was touched by *Scotus*, who ſaith, A pure Act being poſſible, and there being no incompatibility between eſſence, and purity of eſſence, it of neceſſity muſt be, becauſe it formally excludeth all power, not yet actuated. Let us alſo paſs over that of (*a*) *Ariſtotle*, taken from the neceſſity of a firſt mover, which *Auerroes* judgeth very effectual

Cicero 2. de natur. Deorum. *Quod neceſſe ſit præſtantem aliquam eſſe Naturam quæ nihil ſit melius.* Scot. in 1. diſt. 2. q. 2. *Si aliqua purus eſt poſſibilis, ergo exiſtit, aliquo non eſt eſt actus purus qui pugnat formaliſſimè cum quavis potentialitate.* (*a*) Ariſt. 8. Phyſ. Sect. 2. Metaphyſ.

7. I demand of thee (O bruitiſh man) who ſo often blemiſheſt thy knowledges by the impurity of thy life, can one ſay a man is hidden, who were ſhewed by a thouſand lights, diſcovered by a thouſand voices, a thouſand trumpets, repreſented by a thouſand pictures? Nay, all creatures (who will carefully conſider them) are lights, voices, images, which ſhine before the pavillion of the Divinity, which proclaim, which figure, which engrave it on our hearts with an eternal character. *The leſſons of the Divinity are common to all the world* (ſaith *Proſp:*) *we learn them in the leaves of elements, and in the volumes of time: We cannot but remember them, if we forget not our ſelves.* We admire in *Philoſtratus* (*b*) an *Athenian Herod*, who appointed twenty four pages for his ſon, every one of which bare the title of the Greek letter, that he might learn his Alphabet by calling his ſervants. But O ingrateful man! God gave thee a million of creatures, which contribute to thy ſervice, to teach thee his Name, who for his greatneſs cannot be unknown and for his goodneſs ought not to be neglected. I ſpeak not now of all the wonders of the world, whereof uſe is made to prove the Divinity, becauſe they are ſufficiently ſeen, and that it is the ordinary place, whereon they dilate, who handle this ſubject. It is impoſſible, ſaid *Cleomede*, that a man who will attentively conſider five things, appearing in the fabrick of the univerſe, to wit, the contexture of ſo many, and ſo different parts, the order of productions, the relation one creature hath to another, their ends, and uſe, ſhould not admire, and know this great All, is made by a Nature ſoveraign, predominant and Monarchal, which produced all things of unity, and cauſed them to re-enter into themſelves by the ſame unity. So many rays in a ſun, ſo many drops of water in a river, ſo many Rivers in a ſea, ſo many branches and leaves on a root, ſo many ſinews from the brain, ſo many veins from a liver, ſo many arteries from a heart, ſo many parts of a creature, ſo many motions of one principal, conſpire together to make us underſtand this Firſt of Unities. Two ſtrings cannot accord upon a lute without the wit of a man, and ſo many things high and low, viſible, inviſible, weighty, light, great, little, hot, cold, living, not living, moveable, immoveable, ſenſible, inſenſible, can they agree without the ſpirit of God? The lines of Mathematicians drawn upon the ſand of the ſea-ſhore, make a man ſay who is in a deſart Iſland, that men have paſſed by; becauſe neither Bears, nor Lions trace ſuch like figures: and cannot theſe vaſt heavens, with

Lights of God invincible.

Humanis cordibus quadam æterna legis tabula prætentur, ut in paginis elementorum ac voluminibus temporum communis, & publica divinæ inſtitutionis doctrina legatur. Proſp. l. 2. de vocat. Gentium. c. 4.

(*b*) Philoſt. in vita Herodis Attici. Cleomede l. 4. de mundo. *Hoc autem omne invenire ſummæ ſapientiæ eſt, efficere, virtutis invicta.* Galen l. 3. de uſu partiu. c. 10.

All contributes to the knowledge of God.

all

all the rivers, and ſeas which moiſten it, make us ſay, *Neceſſarily God went this way?* If from the great ſchole of the world, and the general voice of nature, thou doſt paſs to ſciences, they do all bear on their brows the marks of the Divinity. The Mathematician ſhews thee the point, which maketh all lines. The Arithmetician, the unity, which cauſeth all numbers; to tell thee, there is a Creatour, who is the center, and beginning of all creatures: Geometry preſenteth thee the compaſs with one ſtable foot in the center, the other moving, to ſhew thee the firmneſs of the Eſſence not created, and inſtability of all things created: Aſtrology propoſeth unto thee its motions ſo regular, and meaſured; Muſick its harmonies; Philoſophy its reaſonings; eloquence its diſcourſes; Mechanick, its works and admirable induſtries, to let thee underſtand the effects of this increated Eſſence, which travelleth throughout all nature without loſing any part of its eternal repoſe. The knowledg of a God is given to the ſoul, as a dower or inheritance of its birth: God ſhall never be hidden, never ſhall fail; ſhall ever be underſtood, ever harkened unto, perpetually ſeen. *Herod* and *Nero* knew him, being unable to free themſelves from this ſcience: The *Polyphemuſes* did believe him in the obſcurity of their caves, even when they were devouring the fleſh of men, : conſcience told them news of him, nor hath any man hitherto grown to ſo much fury, as not at ſome time to acknowledge his dependence in the affrightment of a mind troubled with the image of its crimes. Nothing will appear to be ſo well known as God, who makes all things to be underſtood: whilſt in the mean time the ingratitude of men hath reduced him to this point in the world, that he is moſt forgotten by all.

Tertul. adverſ. Marcion. l. 1. c. 10. *Anima à primordio ſcientia Dei doti eſt: nunquam Deus latebit, nunquam Deus deerit; ſemper intelligetur, ſemper audietur, ſemper videbitur.*

Ingratitude of man towards God

8. It is the greateſt of evils to be unwilling to know him, of whom you cannot be ignorant. Our ignorance is convinced by his lights, and our ingratitude overwhelmed by his goodneſs: and yet man asks if God govern all: why this, wherefore that, why evil, why wicked and wherefore ſo many miſeries in the lives of mortals? He will know the cauſes of the will of God, which have no cauſes, but is the chief of all cauſes; and (doubly ſtupid as he is) he complaineth of evils which ſprang from himſelf, and accuſeth God of nothing, but becauſe his mercy hath not at all times thunder in hand to chaſtiſe his crimes. He is enforced to confeſs a ſoveraign Being, to which he oweth all he is, and confeſſing ſerves him ſo negligently, that it were almoſt better to have no God, then to believe in one, and make him the object of his neglect.

Who will open again unto us the lips of *Iſaiah*, to ſay once more, Hearken, O you heavens, which circumvolve over our heads, repleniſhed with ſtars and lights: Hearken, O earth, which haſt ſo often trembled with horrour of the crimes of ſo many Mortals? To ſay truely (ſaith the Creatour) had I no other title of recommendation towards man, but my ſelf, my ſcepter, Empire, and dignity; honour & gratitude would ever be due to me: but hear what I have done: I have nouriſhed children with incomparable ſweetneſs: I have bred them, and borne them in the boſom of my providence, with unſpeakable tenderneſs, yet was contemned by thoſe, on whoſe foreheads I imprinted the rays of my glory. Forgetfulneſs alone is inſupportable to love: but what ſhall we ſay of contempt? what of injury? There hath not been any excellency, or perfection in me, which was not invaded and checked, O man, by thy vices. Thou haſt reſiſted the Immenſity of my Eſſence by thy avarice and boundleſs ambition: my Infinity by thy inordinate concupiſcencies, which tend to be infinite; my Immutability by thy inconſtancy; my Eternity by thy love of tranſitory things; my Power by thy imbecility and remiſneſs; my Wiſdom by thy ignorance; my Perfection by thy wants; my Sanctity by thy vices; my Liberality by thy ingratitude; my Juriſdiction by thy tyranny; my Providence by thy ſtupidity; my Mercy by thy obſtinacy; and my Juſtice by thy iniquity.

I no longer complain of *Moors* and *Arabians*, who perſecuted me; I complain of being wounded in my own houſe by my unnatural children. If needs I muſt endure the contradiction of all the world, veryly, O Chriſtian, thy hand ought to be the laſt lifted up againſt me. The Ox, bruitiſh as he is, acknowledgeth his Maſter; the Aſs loves his crib, who oweth him: what ſay I? ſavage beaſts, who have almoſt perpetually ſlaughter, and blood under their paws, are reclaimed by benefits, and thou becomeſt obdurate by my liberality. What is there more miſchievous, more intolerable, then to ſee a ſervant rebel againſt a Maſter in his own houſe, when he lives of his granary, and ſhakes under his correction? It is not ſo great a matter to adore with a moſt ſubmiſs reverence, whom thou canſt not comprehend, to moiſten the earth with thy tears, and appeaſe Heaven with thy penance, and ſay, (a) *Wo the time I knew thee not! Wo the blindneſs that made me neglect thee! Wo the deafneſſe which ſhut up mine ears againſt thy ſacred words! Blind and deaf, I deſperately threw my ſelf amongſt ſo many objects of creatures of the world, and beauties which onely ſerved to deform me. Thou wert with me, I not with thee. and all, Which cannot be without thee, ſeparated me from thee. It is too late to begin to know thee, and too late to begin to love thee; but this will be never to have an end but in him, who concludeth all things.*

Tertul. adverſ. Marcion. l. 1. c. 23. *Quid injuſtius & improbius, quàm ut ſervus ad verſuſcapus Domini ſui ſubornetur? & quidem quid iniquius eſt, i ipſa adhuc domo Domini de ipſius adhuc horreis vivens, ſub ipſius adhuc plagis tremens.*

(a) S. Aug. tol. 31.

The ſecond EXAMPLE upon the ſecond MAXIM.

The Power of the DIVINITY over Infidels.

Drawn from the Scripture, S. Hierom, upon Daniel and Joſephus, &c.

ANTIOCHUS the THEOMACQUE, Or Enemy of GOD.

IT were a very hard matter to find out a ſoul more proſtituted to impiety, then that of *Antiochus* ſurnamed the *Theomacque*; and a heart more poſſeſſed with the fear of a Deity then *Eleazars*. For which cauſe, the encounter of times, and battels having ſo well oppoſed them, we will propoſe them in this Hiſtory. This *Antiochus*, who rendred himſelf ſo notorious in holy Scripture, through the exorbitancie of his wickedneſs, ſeemed to have derived impiety from his birth; for the *Antiochuſes*, his Anceſtours, cauſed themſelves heretofore, to be ſurnamed the Saviours, and Gods of the earth.

Antiochus a politick man, who had no other God, but ambition.

He was of a ſpirit, fierce, cloſe, and craſty, intelligent, bold, audacious, who ſhewed from his younger years to have no other Gods but ſcepters, no other Paradiſe, then fruition of Empires. His father *Antiochus* the Great, had given him this leſſon: For he was an active Prince, but more judicious then his ſon, who never ceaſed to diſturb his neighbour, and covertly attempt the Kingdom of *Ægypt* by arms, and ſubtleties, until ſuch time that the *Romans* clipped the wings of his ambition, as well to ſtay the progreſſion of his overmuch power, become formidable to the Empire, as to puniſh him for the dangerous correſpondencies he held with *Hannibal*. He was enforced by reaſon of ſome agreements and tranſactions of peace to ſend his ſon to *Rome* in hoſtage, and that was this *Antiochus* we mention.

This

He was delivered for an hostage to the Romans.

This young Prince, who already had in his imagination design of Empire, managed this occasion, and deriving his happiness out of the necessity of his fathers affairs, learned therein all the extent of supream powers on earth, and began to reflect on the *Romans*, as gods of the whole world. On the other side *Scipio*, and all the other great Captains, were forward to let the people behold this off-spring of the *Asian* Kings, as a Lion enchained, and finding him vain enough they spared not slight complements, and court smoakes: but ever held in their own hands the highest point of authority, and drew profit out of all affairs.

Prudence of the Romans.

During his abode in *Rome*, his father *Antiochus* the Great, overwhelmed under the burden of his ambition, found the catastrophe of his pretensions in a tomb, and his eldest son *Seleucus* succeeded him, who had a short life, and an unhappy reign. At which time young *Antiochus* felt in himself a vehement itch of rule, more powerfully then any of his predecessours had done, for soon understanding his brothers death (who left him the Kingdom of *Asia*,) and knowing his sister *Cleopatra*, married to the King of *Ægypt*, was a widow, and the mother of onely one child, of whom he hoped to be easily rid, he ardently thirsted to joyn the two Empires, and unite them under his power. Now the Kingdom of *Syria* appertaining to this young Orphan, the son of his sister, he in the beginning entred thereinto with great modesty, in the quality of a Tutour, and Regent, & not a King, aforehand disposing the peoples minds by *Attalus* and *Eumenes*, who did him good service in this pretension. This wolf clothed in a lambs-skin thought to enter by the same ways into the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, and wrote thus to his sister,

Ambition of Antiochus.

His craft.

That it seemed the Gods had thrown him among thorns at the time when Kings of his age walked not but on violets, and roses. That being absent out of the Kingdom, he had received sad news of the death of his thrice honoured father, and immediately of the death of his well-beloved brother; whose days he wished might have been lengthned with his own years: But that nothing afflicted him so much as to see her a widow, burdned with an infant, whose hands were not so early fit to manage a scepter. Behold therefore the cause why he now undertook the government of the Kingdom of Syria, which was the possession of his Ancestours, and whereunto she had right by the title of dower. But otherwise though he were heavily surcharged with two Kingdoms, he was no whit discouraged to share with her also in the cares of Ægypt, since, besides charity towards his own, the continual practice of affairs he had at Rome, *in the most knowing school of the world, it had acquired him some dexterity and experience in the sway of Kingdoms. That he would make her reign in the affluence and pleasures of a flourishing Court, and prostrate the whole world at her feet. That she should onely be troubled to see their submission, as the gods behold earth from heaven, and that he would be as faithful a Regent, as he had ever been a loving brother.*

Cleopatra had been married to *Ptolomeus Epiphanes*, and cast a bait by the father, to catch the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, under hope conceived, that having studied in his school, she would beguil her husband, & bring *Nilus* to *Euphrates*: But she opening hereys, found her flesh was much nearer then the smock, and ever upheld both her husband, and son, against her fathers plots. She understood the heart of her brother to be desperately subtle, and ambitious, and seeing she could not possess *Syria*, where he had strongly fortified himself, she easily admitted this his imaginary title of Regency, which she could no longer withhold: But for so much as concerned *Ægypt*, she made answer, *That she very humbly thanked him for the compassion he had of her widow-hood and the Gods who afford the deepest roots to trees the most subject to winds would furnish her with sufficient courage to suffer so boisterous shocks. As concerning the Kingdom of* Syria, *his providence had prevented the good opinion she conceived of him, being already resolved to put the Regency into his hands. But as for Ægypt, there was no necessity he should rob himself in the freshness of his youth, of the pleasures so fairly acquired for him, to undergo so many burdensom charges in a forreign Countrey, wherein he would not be honoured, as were the* Ptolemees. *That her people were somewhat jealous, nor would confide in external power; which might much discontent him in the sincerity he pretended in the manage of her affairs. That she was assisted by a wise Council, with whose aid she hoped to maintain her people in perfect peace, and raise her son to the height of the happiness of his extraction, and that it should ever be a singular comfort for her to be assured of the good affection he bare towards her estate, and to correspond with him in an unfained intelligence,*

Prudence of Cleopatra against the wiles of her brother.

Antiochus, who found not his expectation in his sisters letters, laid down the sheep-skin, to put on the Lions, and began to make open war, by invading the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, which was the cause *Cleopatra* instantly cast her self into the protection of the *Romans*, although she nothing doubted, but that her brother had thence sought support, and credit: But she on the other side knew they favoured justice, & willingly undertook the causes of widows and orphans. And verily the Senate of *Rome*, either through the integrity of their manners, or to ballance sceptors which swayed under them, and make none too great to the prejudice of their power, inclined to the widows part, and commanded *Antiochus* to retire out of *Ægypt*. He who knew how to court men, went about to gain *Popilius Lenas*, deputed by the Senate to determine this affair, requiring some delay to withdraw his forces leisurely, of purpose to spend time for the renewing his plots.

Equity of the Senate of *Rome* to support widows.

A notable act of an Embassadour.

But the other, a man resolute, and not to be paid with words, making use of a riding-rod which he had in his hand, drew a circle about *Antiochus*, and enclosed him within it, saying: *There is but one word to be used, before you come out from thence; you must necessarily resolve, either on peace with your sister, or wars against the Senate & people of Rome.* He seeing himself so strongly charged, gave way to their demands, and wrote to the Senate, *That I esteemed the Peace which came from their motion, more glorious then all his victories, and heard their Embassadours, as if the Gods had spoken out of heaven to him* Therein imitating the most supple Courtiers, who instead of shewing their discontent against power, give thanks for a beating. How soever, becoming enraged with rancour to see so rich a prey escaped out of his hands, he discharged all his choler upon the *Jews* as those who make their servants suffer for the losses they had in game. He had a spleen against this Religious Nation both through the motive of his own impiety, and reason of State, suspecting them more to encline to King *Ptolemee's* faction. Behold why he entred into *Jerusalem* like an enraged Lion with huge troups, in the beginning pillaging the City and Temple; sparing neither the prophane, not sacred, swallowed excessive riches, and plunged the fiery flames of his anger in the bloud and tears of four-score thousand people; some killed, divers sold, and many fettered, unable to satisfie his cruelty.

Masked complement.

Horrible persecution of the *Hebrews*.

Anno *Antiochi* 7.

For presently after came out those wicked and bloudy Edicts, which made God a party, with a violent hatred, & let loose the rains of impiety, even to

Anno ejus. 9.

the deſire of utter defacing the marks of Religion. The ſtreets of *Sion* mourned, Prieſts were baniſhed or maſſacred, the Altars demoliſhed, Temples polluted with ordures, and uncleanneſs, by abominable monſters who renewed ſacrifices to *Beelphegor*, and *Bacchus* in the Sanctuary, heretofore impenetrable to mortal eyes. *The abomination of deſolation* foretold by the Prophet *Daniel*, which was a ſtatue of olympick *Jupiter*, was ſeen to be raiſed in the holy place, in ſight of all the world. The books of the Law were ſought out through all the houſes, and committed to flames, the feſtivals changed into Bacchanals, all exerciſe of piety interdicted with whips, wheels, fires, ſo far that two poor mothers being found adminiſtering Circumciſion to two little infants, were drawn through the City, having their lamentable off-ſpring hanged about their necks, and in that poſture thrown into a ditch. The whole City was nought elſe but a ſpectacle of gibbets and ſlaughters, the Pagans by ſome falſe brothers, conſpiring with much fervour to put the Kings Edicts in execution. Then was the time, *Eleazars* combat with the ſeven young *Machabees* appeared, which is excellently deſcribed in the Scripture, in *Joſephus*, and the Fathers of the Church, that it were a thing ſuperfluous to endeavour enlargement upon it, with a more ample diſcourſe. I onely ſay, that if God permitted upon one ſide to be ſeen the unbridled ſoul of a man, profeſſed an enemy of all piety; on the other, an admirable ſpectacle was beheld of fear and reverence, rendered to his Name by the faithfull.

Combat of *Eleazar.*

What a prodigie to ſee an aged man four-ſcore and ten years old, of one of the prime families of his Nation, learned in the Law, of an Angelical aſpect, to go ſmiling to puniſhment? And he cracking even their hearts with compaſſion, who ſate as Magiſtrates upon his execution. Some perſwaded him onely but to make ſhew to eat hogs fleſh for the Kings ſatisfaction. But he reflecting on the true point of honour, *The hoarineſs* (ſaith he) *of this venerable hair wherewith my head is covered, having waxed old in the exerciſes of Religion, ſufficiently teacheth me my duty. It is not fit for* Eleazar *to counterfeit impiety, but profeſs virtue. God forbid, I ſhould forget the law of my God, diſhonour the ſchool and doctrine in which I was bred; or become a ſcandall to theſe young men, to whom God is now pleaſed to make a Theater of my Conſtancy: The honour of my paſſed life ſhall enter into the aſhes of my Tomb, and my ſoul ſhall fly out of this body truly innocent, and not bear infidelity into the boſom of my Anceſtours.* Then they tormenting him under the laſhes of whips and fervour of flames, he added: *My All-knowing God, thou art not ignorant, that it being in my power to free my ſelfe from death; not to fail in thy fear, I faint in my life. I make thee the depoſitory of my ſoul, which iſſueth out of theſe torn members, chuſing rather to die tortured on all ſides, then to live one ſilly moment unfaithfull.*

The Mother of the *Machabees.*

After *Eleazar*, went the glorious mother of the *Machabees* along, having the ſpirit of a man in a feminine body. She entred firſt of all into the combat, although ſhe were the laſt that arrived to the crown, bringing ſeven ſons with her to death, as to the true ſource of immortality. This bleſſed creature ſtood between two flames, the one of natural love, the other of charity towards God: Both combatted, but there was but one prevailed, that ſhe might tranſcend all things under God.

As ſhe lived in ſeven ſouls, ſo ſhe was ſacrificed in ſeven bodies: She ſaw the tongue torn out from one, the toes and fingers of feet and hands cut off from another, the skin pulled away all bloody from the head of this; that, thrown into a boyling cauldron; finally, ſhe beheld them all equal in puniſhment, as ſhe parallel'd them in love. Some while ſhe delivered one to the executioners, another while ſhe received the blood upon her garments, preſently the mangled members in her arms; ſhe fought in all, and for all, having no other fear, but of their deliverance. But ſhe infinitely fearful for the youngeſt of her ſons, ſhewed him Heaven, then her breaſts, the one to have bred him, the other to glorifie him. When ſhe ſaw him dead, then was the time ſhe thought him born, and then with moſt courage ſhe waited on his execution. O incomparable mother! (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) who knew what it was to poſſeſſ children, ſince ſhe feared not to looſe them. Mother of Martyrs, and eight times a Martyr, who equalled her triumphs to her childrens, and her glory to eternity.

Auguſt. ſerm. 109. c. 6.

Puniſhment of the wicked *Antiochus.*

In the end, *Antiochus* after all this butchery retiring, the living God, who purſued the tracks of this impious man, and who in his eyes bare the lightnings of his juſtice, raiſed *Mattathias* and his children, who with a ſilly handful of men, reſtored ſanctification to the Temple, and liberty to the Citizens; having in four encounters defeated four Royal Armies.

This wretched creature, and who had no religion in him, though in appearance he made ſhew of that of the *Grecians*, went to *Elymas* to invade a Temple of *Diana*, where great treaſures were kept: but was there ſo ill intreated, that he more haſtily returned then came thither, laden with confuſion, and in ſhort time heard the diſcomfiture of his Armies, and victory of the *Jews*, whereupon he entred into ſo deſperate fury, that he reſolved to retire haſtily again to *Jeruſalem*, and to make of the whole City but one tomb.

Joſeph Ben. Gorion.

But the hand of God had already deſigned his; for it happened being in his coach, his horſes frighted extraordinarily upon the meeting and roar of an Elephant, gave him ſo boyſterous a ſtroke, that thrown on the ground, he received a mortal wound, the fire and venom whereof crept ſo far into his hurts, that he ſeemed to burn alive like the damned, feeling inexplicable dolours throughout all his body, which became a neſt of vermin, and having his ſoul turmoyled with Spectres and Furies that gave him no repoſe. At which time the miſerable Atheiſt coming to himſelf after a drunkenneſs of ſo many years, ſpake theſe words, JUSTUM EST SUBDITUM ESSE DEO, ET MORTALEM NON PARIA DEO SENTIRE; profeſſing there was a *Great God, to whom we muſt ſubmit, and never with him conteſt*; when being in the bed of death, he acknowledged impiety had been the original of all his evils, and that ſhould God reſtore him to his health, he would fill *Jeruſalem* with gifts and wonders, even to the becoming a *Jew*, and ever proclaim the glory of the Creatour. But the gates of mercy were already ſhut up againſt this diſloyal man, who had no true repentance: his hour was come which made him die, all waſted with putrefaction inſupportable to his Army, who could not endure the ſtench, troubleſome to himſelf, and execrable to the memory of all mankinde.

The Prophets and holy Fathers mention him as a damned ſoul, and the figure of *Antichriſt*, to teach the wicked out of the deportment of this man, that there is not any one withdraws from God, but flies from his mercy, and falls into the hands of his juſtice, which purſueth Libertines beyond the gates of hell.

III. MAXIM.

III. MAXIM.

Of the excellency of the DIVINITY.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That Great men are Gods on earth, whose favours we should adore.

Divers opinions of the Divinity.

THere is not any thing hath more perplexed the minds of men since the beginning of the world, then the diverse opinions of the Deity; since the wisest, when they had spent all their abilities upon this question, found nothing more certain then uncertainty. One would wonder why the knowledge of the true God being so important for man, hath been so many Ages obscured and covered in a great abyss of darkness, even from those, who thought themselves the most clear-sighted in the knowledge of total Nature. But who sees not it is an evident punishment for sin, and a most just effect of Gods vengeance, who hath permitted truth to be hidden from man, because man would conceal himself from truth, even in the shadow of death, and nothing? *They vanished in their thoughts* (said the Apostle) *and their senseless hearts were obscured.*

Evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis, & obscuratum est insipiens cor eorum. Rom. 1.

But that which herein is very considerable, is, that God hath ever handled wicked men, like the damned: for the unhappy souls condemned to hell, have an idæa of the beatitude they have lost, which serves for an executioner: And infidels after shipwrak of faith, and truth, which they abandoned, fail not still to retain an opinion of the excellency of the Divinity, not knowing what it is, nor why they should stick to it. It was that wherein *Pliny* esteemed men more miserable, then beasts: For creatures not made for the knowledge and fruition of a God, are troubled at nothing, nor make any question thereupon, contenting themselves peaceably to enjoy innocent favours of Nature: but the curiosity man hath had through all Ages, to be informed of the state of the Sovereign cause, is a strong conviction of his infidelity. He findeth himself obliged to seek into the knowledge of God, which, as saith *Tertullian*, is the first vesture of the soul: but this knowledge flyeth him so long as he renounceth faith, innocency, and reason, the prime pieces of the intellectual life.

God in this life handleth the wicked, as the damned.

Diversity of Gods. *Plin.* l. 2. c. 7

From thence grew the great diversity of gods, heaped one upon another by the Gentiles. For poor humane nature overwhelmed partly by the greatness of this sovereign essence, partly also clouded by its own ignorance, misery, and sin, being unable to understand a God, most Only and Simple, with one sole touch of the soul, hath made an impertinent dissection of it, dividing it into as many parts, as there are errours on the Altars of Gentiles: whilest every one sought to adore that, which most flattered his imagination, or sensuality. They who were more spiritual, have deified virtues, as Chastity, Concord, Intelligence, Hope, Honour, Clemency, and Faith. Other more absurd, have tyed themselves to the worship of creatures, as the *Ægyptians*: Some, who questionless were sottish, have framed gods in humane shape; some old, others young, and many perpetually infants: They have made them male, and female, black, white winged, and deformed. They make some to rise out of a wind, others from the sea and divers from rocks. They who were more fearful, and superstitious adored the beaver, and tempests not for

THE HOLY COURT.

That all greatness is wretched before the majesty of God, who alone is to be adored.

esteem of their worth, but through horrour of their malignity. They ware their gods shut up in rings, & many submitted to monsters, denying themselves repose, and repast, to satisfie their superstition. It is the misery which S. *Augustine* deplored in his City of God, after *Pliny* the Historian, and other Authours, who handled this subject.

God of flatterers.

But such as amidst this great obscurity of Sects, thought themselves more gentile, and refined in conversation, taking other ways, and leaving old superstitions, began to canonize Emperours, Princes, and the Great-ones of the earth, saying, There were no Divinities more visible, and propitious then these; seeing they dayly became the distributours of glory, and worldly fortunes. The *Athenians*, who vaunted to have the most subtile wits of the earth, quickly suffered themselves to fall into such like flatteries, whereof we have a very notable passage in *Seneca*, who telleth us, that *Mark Anthony* being a Prince extreamely dissolute, was instantly called god *Bacchus* by his flatterers, and soon came to such shameless impudence, as to suffer this title to be engraven upon his statues. Behold the cause, why entring into the City of *Athens*, all the men of quality, marching before him, and desirous to be acceptable with him, both through humour and affection of favour, they failed not to introduce him with the title of *Bacchus*: nay, willingly to over-value him above other people, they added the hearty offer of their *Minerva* in marriage, the Guardian-Goddess of their City, who had refused all the gods.

Remarkable punishment of flattery. *Senec.* Suasor. 1.

This Prince was not amazed at their complement for he presently replied, Their motion was grateful: But seeing *Minerva* was a great goddess, he must suitably accomodate her to her dignity, and therefore ordained they should find out six hundred thousand crowns to give her in marriage. An *Athenian* thereupon replied, *Jupiter* her father took the goddess *Semele*, without demand of any portion: But this was to little purpose, their flattery cost them so great a sum, that needs must they afterwards exact it with the peoples clamour, many of them affixing pasquils upon *Anthonies* statue, to deface false applauses by a just reproach. If all flatterers were punished in such measure, the number would be very small: But since they find rewards, where others received nothing but punishment, it is no wonder the Ages are wholly drenched into servile complacence. Never were Christian men seen to be more disposed to slavery. The great eye of Divine Providence is taken away, & all sense of Religion, to adhere to men of gold & silver: They cease not to deify thē: & we may truely say, the favour of the rich and great-ones of this age is now adays become a false Divinity, which receiveth Incense, and Victims, almost from all hands. Notwithstanding he is curst by the Prophet, who putteth his trust in man to the exclusion of God, & who thinking to fortify himself throughly in the course of humane affairs, makes to himself an arm of of flesh, and hay, to raise fortunes, which will vanish like phantasms.

For this cause I here purpose to present unto you some passages of Gods greatness, to oppose them against the abjectness and infirmity of the mightiest on earth; that so we may learn from this discourse to be replenished with a worthy estimation of the Divinity, and the knowledge of the nothing of the richest magnificences on earth.

The greatness of God compared to the Low condition of men.

ALL the praise of great things endeth in one ample word; & by how much the more an essence is simple, by so much the fewer words shall we need to explicate it. Of whom must we learn to speak of God, but of God himself? And what do we learn from him, but that he is what he is? That is to say, little, & that is to say, all. For, as S. *Bernard* hath excellently observed, call God good, call him great, call him blessed, call him wise, call him all you can, you find him included in this word. When God said, *I am what I am*, he said, He is all he is, Add hereunto a century of attributes, you shall not go far from the essence: If you speak them, you add nothing unto it: if you mention them not, you not at all lessen it.

God is who he is. S *Bernard.* l. 5 de consid. *Si bonum, si magnum, si beatum, si sapientem, vel quicquid aliud tale de Deo dixeris, in hoc verbo instauratur, quod est,* Est. *Nempe hoc est ei esse, quod omnia esse. Si centum talia addas, non recessisti ab esse; si ea dixeris, nihil addidisti ad esse: si nihil dixeris, nihil de eo minuisti.*

S. *Denys* gives a particular reason thereof, when he saith, that (*a*) essence is the first and last pledge of Nature, the most intimate, most necessary, most independent, most simple, and most perfect of all things in the world. Behold the cause, why the Celestial Father could say nothing better to the purpose of himself then (*b*) *I am what I am.*

(*a*) Greatnesse of essence.

Let us here then speak of the excellency of Gods Essence comprised under these words: and oppose against it the frailty, and nullity of our essence, that penetrated with the greatness of the Omnipotent, we may be drenched in the abyss of low humility.

(*b*) *Ego sum qui sum.*

2. Our first abjectness, and which is of power to humble those who think themselves the most able in the world, is, that we have been an eternity in nothing. For if you mount, still ascending upward to the source of time, when you shal have reckoned millions of Ages, you shal find nothing but labyrinths, and abysses of this great eternity without end, & when you shal present to your thoughts all that time, which hath preceded, be it real, or imaginary, you wil be ashamed to see so many millions of years, wherein you had not so much as the essence of a rush, of a butterflie, or a silly gnat. That *Rodomont*, who threatneth to hew down mountains, & thunder-strike mortals, and thinks all the ample house of Nature was created onely for him, who swalloweth the world by avarice, and wastes it as fast by riot, thirty or forty years ago was not able to contend for excellency with a catter-piller. (*c*) What weakness, what confusion of humane essence! But thine (O Great God) hath no beginning: It hath seen all times unfolded from thy breast: It hath assigned them measure; and hath taken none from others for it self, but its Eternity. The beginning of the lives and reigns of all *Cæsars* is reckoned, but of Gods years no man hath a register. He is neither young, nor old, ancient nor new: Content your self with saying, He is eternal.

Eternity of nothing first humiliation of man.

(*c*) *Hesterni quippe sumus, & ignoramus, quoniam sicut umbra dies nostri sunt super terram,* Job 8. 9. *Tertul.* adver. Marc. l. 1. c. 8. *Una & germana divinitas nec de novitate, nec de vetustate, sed de sua veritate cetera. Non habet tempus æternitas: omne enim tempus est. Deus, si vetus est non erit, si est novus non fuit.*

3. The second point of our infirmity is, that after we have had being for a few years, we shall be (to speak according to the phrase of the world) an eternity in a tomb, as bodies confiscated by death, abandoned to worms, despoiled even to the bones, become dust, & consumed to be reduced into the mass of elements from whence we came. I affirm the soul is immortal, which many times serveth to immortalize its punishments. I affirm the body riseth again, although both being separated so long one from an other, no more make up a man. The Axiom of S. *Bernard* must be made good, *Every man is reduced to be no longer a man.* So many persons go daily in and out of the world, as smal drops of water into the seas. The ocean is no whit altered, either by their entrance in, or passage out. *Seneca* was astonished, how one could say there were Comets which presaged the death of great men. It is not credible (saith he) the universe should interest it self in the loss of particulars, yea, were it of Monarchs. We all bud forth like the leaf of a tree, and die as the leaf; neither our life, nor death any thing importeth this great All.

Humiliation of death. *Bernard.* c. 3. de anima. *In non homines vertitur omnis homo Esine quicquam in terris tam magnum, quod parvus mundus sciat?* Senec. l. 4. natur. qq. c. 1.

Behold, that which much abaseth the pride of the most vain-glorious, is to think upon a beer, & tomb, and reflect on that ample grave, whereinto all mankind insensibly sinketh. That is it which *Job* called, *the stone of darkness.* That, which the Ancients named, *the secret of horror.* The greatest Princes of the earth resemble *Alexanders* stone, the most excellent of the world in the brightness of lustre: but so soon as it was covered with dust, it had neither force nor beauty beyond other stones: How great, rich, active soever they be, the dust of a sepulcher makes it appear they are nothing. But God alone hath immortality without dependence, because he is what he is. All that which may be, and not be, hath ever some time assigned when it was not, or wherein it shall no more be. One may at the least find an imaginary time, when the most eminent Powers were nothing, and for so much as concerneth men, it is no difficult matter to give them limits, to which, and in which they no longer shall be men: But of God alone we may truly say, his years not onely decrease not, but know not what is to increase. For the Eternity of God (to speak properly) is very long, and very short: very long in extent, for it spreadeth over all Ages; very short, because in an instant it possesseth all it can have in the infinity of times, being ever like the center of a circle, which looketh towards all the lines without stirring out of one place.

Lapidem caligins. Job. 28. 3. *Secretarium horroris.*

Tu autem idem ipse es, & anni tui non deficient. Sæcula cuncta tenens, ante omnia sæcula solus. Novatiani l. de Trin. c. 31.

4. Our third Annihilation is, that we have much more non-essence, then essence, according to *Plato's* argument: because if we have the essence of a man, we have not therefore the essence of Heaven, of earth, creatures, nor plants, although some similitude thereof. We are confined, and limited within a particular essence which comprehendeth a soul ignorant & unsatiable, a body feeble and frail; a strange connexion of a nature mortal and immortal; an alliance of a ray of the sun with a dung-hil, of a spirit prompt and subtile, with most infirm flesh. But God, who is, what he is, containeth in himself all possible essences, and which is more, containeth them under the sole form of the Divinity. The world is bright in the light of stars, resplendent in flames, subtile in air, streaming in eternal veins of rivers, stable on the foundation of the earth, rich in mines; fruitful in plants, displayed in flowers, and all because it is a world, and it a creature: but God in one sole indivisible, and under one sole form, concludeth the fervour of Seraphins, the science of Cherubins, the majesty of Dominations, the height of Thrones, the excellency of Principalities, the strength of Virtues, the superintendence of Arch-angels, the charitable offices of Angels, the greatness of Heaven, the beauty of stars, the splendor of lights, the activity of fire, the subtlety of air, the fruitfulness of earth, the eternal freshness of fountains, and all we may call great, beautiful, or pleasing. God, I say, comprehendeth them under this great title, *I am that I am.* That is it which made S. *Augustine* say: *This and that is good: Take away this and that when you speak of God; and behold*

Man hath more non-essence, then Essence.

Excellency of the simplicity and universality of God, in comparison of the world.

Ego sum qui sum. *Bonum hoc, & bonum illud; tolle hoc & illud, & vide ipsum bonum si potes: ita Deum videbis non alio bono bonum, sed bonum omnis boni.* Aug. l. 8. de Trinit. c. 3.

the

the Sovereign God: so shal you see God, who is not good by a borrowed goodness; but the Good of all good.

Maximus Tyrius. Oratione de Deo. In Deo non est nisi Deus.

This first essence is lovely (said *Maximus* of *Tyre*:) And verily it is the chief of beauties. But how think you, is it lovely, like a meadow all strewed over with flowers, or as Heaven all enamelled with stars? Take away this meadow, these flowers, this Heaven, these stars, God is nothing of all created things, but it is he from whom all creatures derive being, beauty, goodness, force, unity, and lasting. I well know what he is not, but cannot say what he is. I am satisfied in speaking with S. *Bernard: In the great God, all is God, and there is not any thing in him, which is not himself.*

S. Bernard. de consider. l. 5.

Mutability of men.

Finally our fourth misery is, that our essence being so short and slender, faileth not to be afflicted with so many mutations, so many vicissitudes, that we may say, there is almost nothing less in us, than our selves. All change (saith the Philosopher) beareth with it some image of non-essence, and therefore we who change every moment, are (as it were) nothing in nature to be trusted to. It is not known with what knot, with what chains men should be tied, or fettered, so variable, and inconstant these *Proteuses* are. Ages alter us, and in changing us, change themselves. Infancy becometh adolescency, adolescency is taken off by youth, youth by manhood, manhood by declining years, and those years by decrepit age. If you reckon well, you shal find every one of these mutations, is a species of death.

As time alters our bodies, a thousand other things make impression on our minds. Humours, passions, conversations, customs, accidents, vices, and virtues, so often transform us into other men, that one may say, we are the most natural pourtraicts of inconstancy in universal Nature. There is none but God can say: *I am the God, who changeth not.* There is not any the least shadow of vicissitude in the great abyss of light; as he is one without number, infinite without limits, eternal, free from floud and ebbe of time, so he is immoveable without augmentation or diminution. He stands immoveable within himself, and reneweth all various nature out of himself. He takes nothing of men, which he gave them not. Essence, is proper to him, as eternal to him.

Ego Dominus & non mutor. Malach. 3. 6.

In se manens innovat omnia, & nihil accipit quod ipse non dedit, esse illi quod est semper. Semper est proprium. S. Leo. ep. 93. c. 5.

It is a maxim in Theology, that simple forms, which of themselves constitute a Person, make no difference between the subject and nature; that is to say, God is his Deity, his life, his eternity, and all he is, without diversity. It is for things composed of divers pieces to be susceptible of any forms; and consequently of sundry mutations: But God being from all eternity a most pure Act, as he hath not any thing but himself, can have no difference with himself: He hath nothing in himself better than himself: He hath no part eminent one above another. For he is without parts; and all that agreeth to him under this title; *I am what I am.*

Non sui aliquid optimum, habet unum optimum, totus S. Bernard, l. 5. de consider.

5. If you are not yet satisfied enough concerning the greatness of this sovereign Being, and demand something more particular, the Word will tell you in S. *John* what he learned in the bosom of his Father: *God is spirit.* All substance in the world; or above the world is spirit or body: but as the body is base and abject, so beauty, strength, power, abideth in the power and jurisdiction of spirit: It is the spirit which doeth all; which animateth, which acteth, which quickeneth, which governeth all the instruments of nature; which worketh great miracles in little bodies, and hath nothing so admirable, as it self. The better part in us is spirit; and God is nothing but spirit; all spirit, all intelligence, all reason, all light, (said S. *Irenæus.*) But what spirit, but God the Father and Creatour of spirits, who is as much exalted above the highest intelligences, as spirits are above bodies.

Deus spiritus est. Joan 4.

Beauty of spirit.

Totus spiritus & ennoia, & totus ratio, & totus lumen. Iren. l. 2. c. 16.

Our spirits resemble the fire of this inferiour region, a gross, and material fire, which cannot here live, unless you put it to wood, cole, grease, or such like. But the spirit of God is like the fire near to the celestial globes, which Philosophers hold to be tenfold more subtile than air, and not to stand in need of any nourishment in its sphere, but from its self.

Perfections of God. *Magnitudinis ejus non est finis.* Psal. 145. *Excelsus & immensus.* Baruc. 4. *Intra omnia sed non inclusus, extra omnia sed non exclusus.* Isidor. de summo bono. c. 2.

If we consider the four perfections which give us a full Idæa of the divine Essence, to wit, infinity, immensity, immutability, eternity, this great Spirit possesseth them by title of essence. Strive not to comprehend him, for he is infinite. Infinite not in a certain manner, not by comparison of one thing with another; not in posibility, but absolutely, actually infinite: as an ample, and most glorious treasure of all offences, and perfections. Assign him no limits; for he is immeasurable, and extended through all measures without measure; not by a local extent, but an indivisibility of presence. *He is high and immense. He is in the Whole universe without confinement. He is out of all the universe, without any exclusion from it.*

Represent him not to your self under many forms, if you desire to figure him in his Nature, for he is immutable. Enquire not of his age, for it exceedeth eternity, such as you may imagine it, *The present day passeth not with him, and yet he is in it, since all things are in him.*

Non peragitur in eo hodiernus dies, & tamen peragitur, quia in eo sunt ista omnia. August. 1. Confess c. 9.

But if we regard the three excellencies, which in your opinion more concern divine manners, to wit Wisdom, Goodness, and Sanctity; I not only affirm he is wise, but I say he is the abyss which swalloweth all wisdoms: I do not only say he is good, but the source of goodness, nature & bounty; a source never emptied but into it self & which continually streameth out of it self: I do not only say he is holy, but the root, the object, the example, & form of all sanctities

Sanctimonia, & magnificentia in sanctificatione ejus. Psal. 95. 9.

Finally, if we behold the eminencies which illustrate him, in respect of the eye he hath over exteriour things, as are power, jurisdiction, providence, justice and mercy; this Spirit is so powerful, that he can all, but impotency, so predominate, that there is not any thing from heaven to hell, which boweth not under his Laws; so provident, that he hath a care of the least butterfly in the ayr, as well as of the highest Cherubin of the Empyreal Heaven; so just, that his ballance propendeth neither to one side nor other, so merciful, that he pardoneth all. O great God! Great Spirit! How terrible art thou to our understandings, and how amiable to our wils! Thou commandest by words, thou ordainest by reason, thou accomplishest by virtue all which is, and giving birth to all things, only reservest to thy self Eternity. Let it not then be strange, if strucken with those rays which dazled the eyes of Seraphins, we yield to thy greatness, and rather choose to enter by love into thy knowledg, than by knowledg into thy love.

6. Let us also in conclusion reflect on this munificent Spirit, who repleniseth all the world with his bounty, spreading it over all creatures with incomparable sweetness. Do you not think you behold the great Ocean, which incessantly furnisheth the ayr with vapours, and waters for all the earth, dividing himself to so many objects, yet perpetually entire in his greatness, & ever regular in the measure of his eternal passages. He is singular in essence, but very divers in his titles and effects; and making his circuit round about the world, every one gives him names after his own manner. Some call him *Indian*, others *Persian* some *Arabick*, some *Æthiopian*, and some *Britanick*; others

An excellent similitude of God with the Ocean.

others ſurname him with epithets quite different, every one deviſeth what he liſt, and in the mean time he ceaſeth not perpetually to paſs on his way, and not content to encompaſs the whole Earth as with a girdle, he cleaveth the mountains of *Calpe* from *Arbyla* (thoſe famous pillars of *Hercules*) to enter thereinto, and bedew the world with his pleaſing ſtreams. He runs a long way, he makes a great circuit; he advanceth delicious Iſlands in the midſt of his boſom: one while he ſwelleth upon one ſide, preſently retireth back from another. He is angry, he is pacified: he bears and ſwalloweth veſſels: he engulphs earth, he killeth flames; he ſometimes by long wandering paſſages goeth under the world, and purifying his waters, diſtilled through thoſe large ſources, maketh fountains and rivers to moiſten mortals. And, that nothing may be wanting to his greatneſs, he mounts up to Heaven, there to beget clouds, and entertain ſtore-houſes of waters, as in Cobweb lawn, to give afterward the ſpirit of life to trees, to plants, and all the productions of nature. Oh how admirable is he! Yet is all this but a ſilly drop of dew in compariſon of the divine Eſſence. God who is all in all things, being not able to be ſufficiently known by us, in the ſimplicity of his Eſſence, is called by many names, ſignified by an infinite number of figures, repreſented in divers attributes, and inexplicable excellencies: Yet ſay we all we can of him, we affirm he never is ſo well eſteemed, as when we account him wholly incomprehenſible: He not onely environeth the world with his preſence, but beareth it within his arms, and boſom: He formeth it in his Idæa's, he accommodateth it in his diſpoſe, he penetrateth it by his virtue, maintaineth it by his wiſdom, and eſtabliſheth it by his power. He is without, yet not excluded from it; he is within, yet not contained; he is under, yet not drenched, he is above, yet not advanced. He confirmeth Scepters and Crowns, he raiſeth Cities, Provinces, and Monarchies, he erected States; he circumſcribed laws, he directeth virtues, he enlightened ſtars in Heaven, he engraveth the beauty of flowers in the meadows; and travelleth throughout all nature, without taking pains; ever preſent, yet always unſeen; ever in action, yet always in repoſe; ever ſearching, yet not needing any thing; ever loving, yet never burning; ever amaſſing, yet never penurious; ever giving yet never loſing any thing; drawning to himſelf, yet hath nothing without himſelf. Good God, what ſay we, when we ſay GOD.

Yet thou (ô ſinner!) thou yet wilt lift an armed hand againſt thy Lord, againſt a God omnipotent, who notwithſtanding will not appear potent towards thee, but to do thee good. Blind and inſenſible fugitive from the ſovereign Eſſence in the region of nothing, and whither wilt thou go, not to find the reproaches of thy crimes? A caytif pleaſure, a wretched gain, a ſatisfaction of vengeance, diſſolute company take God out of thy heart, to reſign thee as a prey to thy paſſions. Thou wilt adore the favours of men, that are like the rain-bow in heaven, and which having made oſtent of ſo many ſplendours, and varied paintings, leave us nothing but water and morter. Thou wilt build fortunes upon a foundation of quick-ſilver, upon a frail reed, upon a man, who beareth all the figures of vanity. Thou wilt ſeek for Paradiſe in the Capitol, as ſaid *Tertullian*. Thou wouldſt find ſovereign beatitude in the Courts of great men, and perpetually eſtranged from heaven & the living God, thou graſpeſt nothing but Chimæra's of honour, and feeble images of content. *The ſtrength of Pharach* (ſaith the Prophet *Iſaiah*) *ſhall be thy confuſion, and the confidence thou haſt in the ſhadow of Ægypt, ſhall be the reproach of thy countenance.*

Cælum in Capitolio quæritis, averſi ab ipſo Deo & cælo. Apol. c. 4. Iſaiah. 30. 3. *Decalvare, & tondere ſuper filios deliciarum tuarum.* Mich. 1.

Shouldſt thou not now forſake all thy ſuperfluities? Oughſt not thou to wear ſack-cloth, and carry aſhes of penance, having buried the children of thy delights (loves and vanities,) which ſo far tranſported thee into the forgetfulneſs of eternal bleſſings? If God be the Eſſence of Eſſences, why doſt thou pleaſe thy ſelf with making ſo many nothings, by committing ſins without number, infidelities without conſideration, and ingratitudes void of ſhame? If God be a Spirit, why holdeſt thou thy ſelf perpetually fixed to carnal pleaſures, which flatter to ſtrangle thee? Look on worldly ambitions, and thou ſhalt ſee them bordered with precipices: Reflect on delights, and thou ſhalt find them ſtrewed all-over with thorns: View the ways of ſin, and thou there ſhalt obſerve nothing, but remorſe. Ought not we at this time to reſolve upon conſideration of the greatneſs & goodneſs of God, to bear a reverence, and an eternal love towards him? a reverence, by faithfully keeping all his laws, and commandments, and holding his will more dear, than the apple of our eys; a love, by dayly offering our ſelves, if it were poſsible, a hundred times for him, in as many Sacrifices, as our ſoul hath thoughts, and body members? My God, make me from henceforth to enter into the bottom of my ſoul, and to ſilence all theſe troubleſom creatures, all theſe inordinate paſsions, which ſo often bereave me of the honour of thy ſight. Appeaſe their ſtorms, and ſurges, that I may ſilently ſpeak to thee, and enter with thee into the great abyſs of delights, which thou reſerveſt for ſouls the moſt purified, that there I may be rapt in contemplation of thy bounties, may be abſorpt in conſideration of thy beauties, and may wholly dive into thy heart by ſacred ardours of thy love.

The third EXAMPLE upon the third MAXIM.

Of the weakneſs of man, and inconſtancy of humane things.

Drawn from *Joſephus*, 18. book of his antiquities, and S. *Luke*. Act. 12.

AGRIPPA.

WHo ſaith Man, ſays all vanity: *He is a wretched creature* (affirms that Ancient) *whom fortune toſſeth as a tennis-ball, whom miſery, and envy poize in a ballance, whom time deſpoyleth, death takes away, and of whom inconſtancy makes a continual metamorphoſis.* He entreth into the world by the gate of ſin, with a body as frail, as his ſpirit is barren: weakneſs of mortal members, and ſtupidity of heart are given him as a portion of his birth, and a neceſſity of his condition. If you (as yet) be not perſwaded of this verity, and more eſteem to confide in the world, and to frame to your ſelf an arm of ſtraw, then to ſeek ſupport from him who ſuſtaineth with three fingers of his power, the whole globe of the Earth, King *Agrippa* (of whom S. *Luke* maketh mention in the Acts of Apoſtles, and *Joſephus* in the eighteenth book of his Antiquities) is able to give you a fair leſſon of it.

Ariſt. *Bernard.* l. 2. de conſider. c. 9. *Fragili corpore, mente ſterili, cui infirmitas corporis, ſtultitas cordis cumulatur tradis-ceſſerit.*

You have heard in the Hiſtory of *Herod*, how this unnatural Prince put his two ſons to death, lawfull children by the chaſt *Mariamne*. This *Agrippa* of whom I ſpeak, ſon of the youngeſt, named *Ariſtobulus*, came into the world with great priviledges of nature, dexterous, courteous, amiable, pleaſing, born to court and entertain the favour of the world, *Judea* was a Theater too ſtreight for his great Spirit, he burnt with impatience to be ſeen in the Court of *Tiberius Cæſar*, where his mother was already become

Agrippa grand-child of *Herod.*

become gracious with one of the greateſt Princes of the Empire, *Antonia*, mother of the great *Germanicus*, and the Emperour *Claudius*. It was no hard matter for him to ſatisfie his deſire: For behold him preſently at the Court of *Rome*, where he cloſely adhered to the perſon of *Druſus*, the Emperour *Tiberius* his ſon, honoured by all the world as ſucceſſour of the Empire.

Amides of great men barren.

Agrippa ſo well knew how to gain this great Prince, by the ſweet charms of his converſation, that he could not live without him: but as *Tyberius* was a frugal man, ſuffering his ſon not to fall into any exceſs, ſo *Druſus* was full of free affection towards his favourite, the effects whereof were yet very ſlender. In ſuch ſort, that *Agrippa* entertaining correſpondence with the ſon of ſo great an Emperour, more pleaſing than profitable for him, dayly conſumed as the butter-flyes in the flames of this greatneſs; ſo profuſe was his expence above his ability. The mother was extreamly troubled at it, and reſtrained (what ſhe might) her ſons purſe; but he ever found ways to open it again, till ſuch time as ſhe dying, and the ſon ſeeing himſelf at liberty, he flew into exorbitant expences, and became indebted a third, or a fourth part, more than he was worth.

A pretty touch of *Lewis* the twelfth, to *Francis* the firſt.

This is it which ordinarily overthroweth young men, who expect great fortunes, and mighty favours. *They think to be preſently in the midſt of the City, when they afar off ſee the hand of the dyal.* They ſuppoſe they poſſeſs bleſſings, which will never be had; they promiſe, are engaged, much turmoyl, and paſſionately hoping, ruin all their hopes. Behold a little the goodly ſupport may be expected from men of the world. *Druſus* the Emperours ſon, who bare all glory in bloom, is taken into the other world, without making any mention at all of his favourite: *Agrippa* falls from the chariot of favour, and found there was nothing got by the ſervice of his Maſter, but debts, and diſcontents.

Affliction of a Courtier fruſtrated of his hopes.

He reflects on the father, to ſee if any ray of compaſſion will dart from his eyes: But *Tiberius* commanded him to be gone from the Court, ſaying for a full reaſon, he could not endure to look on what his ſon had loved, without renovation of his memory, and grief. The young Prince returneth into *Judea*, where, though the grand-child of a great King, he found himſelf ſo needy, that he wiſhed to die, not having wherewith to live.

Poverty the chief ſcourge.

There is nothing more bitter to men of quality, amongſt all the ſcourges of the world, then poverty, which ever draweth along with it four evil companions, dependence upon another, contempt, ſhame, and miſery. This generous heart thought that death would better his condition: But *Cypre* his wife, a good Princeſs, chaſed away his melancholy humour, and deſcending ſo low, as the ſhame of begging for him, procured ſome little money, that he the more ſweetly might paſs this miſerable life: for verily he ſometimes lived at *Herod* the Tetrarchs charge, ſometime upon *Flaccus*, Lievtenant of *Syria*. But this kind of life being beggarly, and waited on with much reproach, he grew impatient, and reſolved to return to *Rome*, to bury himſelf in the ſhadow of favour, ſince he could not touch the body of it. The poor Princeſs his wife, ſeeing there was not any would lend him mony, unleſs ſhe bound her ſelf for him, did it courageouſly, expoſing her perſon to all the perſecutions of creditours, to help her husband.

Loyalty of a wife to her huſband.

Miſeries of a man indebted.

But a man much indebted is like one poſſeſſed, round beſet with a Legion of devils, no ſooner went one out, but ten tormented him. *Agrippa* ſaw himſelf aſſaulted by creditours, Provoſts, and Sergeants, which more terrified him than arms, or warlike Engines. The moſt powerfull of them all, was a Controuler of the Emperours houſe, who required a huge ſum of money from him, whereof he was accountable to *Tiberius* his Exchequer. To this he anſwered very coldly, he was ready to ſatisfie, if he pleaſed to be patient but till the next day: but that night, he ſtole away, and went towards *Rome*, to draw more near to the flame muſt burn him. Notwithſtanding before his coming, he wrote to *Tiberius*, who was in his Iſland of *Capreæ*, to ſound the likelyhood of his welcome. The Emperour who long before had his wound throughly skinned, for the death of his Son, wrot back again very courteouſly, giving him aſſurance of welcome; and the truth is, he found *Tiberius*, who entertained him with extraordinary favour, and lodged him in his palace. All his buſineſſes went well, had it not been this Controuler, (whoſe ſhadow he ſtill ſaw before his eyes) wrote ſpeedily to the Emperour, *That Agrippa was endebted to his Exchequer in great ſums, which he had promiſed to diſcharge preſently, but fled like a faithleſs man, and diſcovered by his proceedings there was nothing but impoſture in his actions.*

Generous act of *Antonia*.

This unlucky letter at the firſt deſtroyed all his credit. For the old man, who for all his friendſhip was reſolved not to looſe a denier, cauſed him ſhamefully to pack out of his palace, and forbad his Guards, to admit him any entrance before he had ſatisfied his creditours.

The miſerable *Agrippa*, ſeeking out a God of money to make his vows unto, went directly without any fear to the Princeſs *Antonia* to acquaint her with his misfortune, and beg her favour. The Lady was ſo generous, and bountifull towards him, th at ſhe diſcharged the debt, lending him money in remembrance of his dead mother, and for that he had been breed with her ſon *Claudius*, beſides ſhe took ſingular pleaſure in his humour.

Flattery of *Agrippa*.

This man whoſe fortune ebbed and flowed, ſaw himſelf ſuddenly raiſed, ſo that entring into amity with *Caſar*, he made a ſtreight league with *Caligula*, by the expreſs commandments of *Tiberius*, who appointed he ſhould follow him. Theſe were two notable ramblers, whom chance had ſo very well coupled together, as well for conformity of their humours, as the encounter of their hopes. They began a life wholly ſportive, not thinking on the time to come, but to hope well of it, nor dreaming of any thing, but that which might make them merry.

Agrippa perſiſting in his ordinary delights, undertook one day as he went in coach with *Caligula* to ſpeak of *Tiberius*, ſaying, *That he was as old as the earth, and that it ſeemed death had forgotten him: That it was high time he payd tribute to nature, as for himſelf, he wiſhed nothing elſe in the world, but quickly to ſee* Caligula, *Prince of the world in his place, well knowing he ſhould lay hold on a good portion of the felicities which all men were to have under his Empire.* He found not, that *Caligula*, although ardently deſirous to ſee himſelf ſuddenly Maſter, ſhewed to take any pleaſure in this diſcourſe, ſo much he feared the Emperour *Tiberius*. He kept his thoughts in his heart, not truſting his tongue with them, leaſt ſtones and buſhes might have ears.

It happened by chance, that *Eutyches Agrypa's* coach-man heard all his Maſter ſaid, and was ſome ſpace of time without ſhewing any appearance of it, but afterward being brought before the Provoſt of the City, at his Maſter *Agrippa's* requeſt, for a pilfery committed by him

him in his houſe, he ſaid he had many other things to ſpeak, which concerned the Emperours life, whereupon the Provoſt carried him to *Caprea*, where *Tiberius* plunged in his infamous pleaſures was ſometime without ſeeing him. *Agrippa* who would needs excuſe himſelf before he was accuſed, wholly forgetting the diſcourſe he had held with *Caligula*, earneſtly preſſed this ſervant might be heard, ſo far as therein to employ the credit of *Antonia*, who was very powerful with *Tiberius*. The Emperour anſwered, *Agrippa* need not fret himſelf ſo much in this affair, and that it might perhaps be too ſoon decided for him. This put more diſturbance upon him then he had before, ſo that to ſatisfie him, *Eutyches* needs muſt be ſent for, who urged his accuſation very coldly, upon which *Tiberius* who ſpake but half a word, and ſaid nothing to *Macro* Captain of the Guards, but *Take, take him*, neither naming whom, nor how. *Macro* that thought not of him at all, who was ſpoken of in this buſineſs, ſtood much amazed, not knowing whom he meant, which made the Emperour repeat the word again in choler, ſaying plainly: *I command you ſeize on the perſon of* Agrippa, ſo that inſtantly he was taken almoſt in *Caligula's* arms, and put to the chain before the Palace-gate, with other Criminals brought thither.

His Priſon.

It was then very hot weather, and he being extreme thirſty, ſaw a ſervant of *Caligula's* named *Thaumaſtus*, paſſing along, who carried a Pitcher of water; he called him, entreating he might drink; which the other preſenting with much courteſie, he having drunk ſaid: *Aſſure thy ſelf, I will one day well pay thee for this glaſs of water thou haſt given me; if I get out of this captivity, I will make thee great.*

Strange prediction.

Thereupon leaning to a tree, an Owl in a ſtrange manner perched over his head, which a certain priſoner (an *Almaign* by Nation) a great Southſayer perceiving, foretold him (as *Joſephus* relateth) that this bird would prove a good *Augur*, and that he ſhould overcome all his affairs: but when he ſaw her the ſecond time, let him expect death within 5 days. Note that theſe kind of predictions proceed from a cunning ſleight of the Devil, nor are their iſſues ever very proſperous for ſuch as look after them.

Notwithſtanding *Agrippa* ſeeing himſelf in this condition, deſpaired not of his fortune, he is carried to priſon, the good Princeſs *Antonia* (whoſe heart was tranſfixed) not daring in any ſort to ſpeak to *Tiberius* for him, whoſe humours ſhe too wel underſtood. All ſhe could do was to recommend him to the Captain, that he might be well uſed & lodged, to let him take the baths, & have ſome indifferent keepers.

He remained there ſome ſpace with much anxiety, when one day as he entred into the baths, *Marſyas* one of his ſervants brought him news of *Tiberius* his death, whiſpering it in his ear in *Hebrew*, to this purpoſe, *The Lion is dead* The Centurion who guarded him, ſeeing them talk together in great ſecret, would needs have his ſhare, and underſtanding what it was, became ſo joyful that he merrily ſupped with his priſoner. Yet other reporting this bruit was falſe, the Centurion entred into ſuch inraged choler, that finding *Agrippa* in his bead, he made him ariſe, fettered him, thought to kill him, for the diſpleaſure he conceived to have ſo eaſily witneſſed the joy of his heart. But his anger was ſoon appeaſed, the death of *Tiberius* being moſt certain.

Admirable change of virtue.

Caligula his ſucceſſour burnt with deſire to go inſtantly to *Rome* to deliver his good friend: but *Antonia* counſelled him not ſo much to haſten this affair, leaſt it might be thought he did it to brave the decrees of the deceaſed; which he found to be diſcreet advice. Behold the cauſe why after ſome days were paſt, he gave the royal purple, and diadem with his own hands to our *Agrippa*, adding thereunto a chain of gold, of like weight with that of iron, wherewith *Tiberius* had fettered him, and cauſed him to ſway in *Judea*, giving him the Kingdom of *Philippis* in its whole extent. A year after he got leave of the Emperour to viſit his Kingdom, where every one beheld him with much amazement, ſeeing him return with a Crown, in that place where he had been reduced almoſt to beggery. Wherefore not to be ungrateful for benefits received from God, he offered his gold chain in the Temple, and made *Thaumaſtus*, who gave him the cup of water, Controller of his houſe; ſuch power hath a ſlight good turn well placed over a generous ſoul.

When he had reigned about four years, *Caligula*, the little God of his felicity, after a general inundation of all the vices in the world, is ſlain by *Chereas*, which taught him, great men of the earth are weak reeds, that in an inſtant fall by the breath of God. Every one thought his whole fortune was ruined; but the Emperour *Claudius* his Succeſſour, with whom being young he had been bred, ſet him above wind and tempeſt, adding to what *Caligula* gave him, all *Judea* and *Samaria*.

Behold how the Kingdom in the end returned to the race of *Mariamne*, of which it had been diſpoſſeſſed, and how Providence rendreth inſenſibly, a juſtice moſt ſenſible. *Agrippa* ſeeing himſelf unexpectedly ſo exalted, endeavoured all he could to gain the love of his people, to entertain juſtice, and commerce, to raiſe goodly buildings, and to prepare at certain times publick ſports and recreations. But let us ſtill purſue at the heels this frail greatneſs of men, which having touched the Stars, is loſt in abyſſes. This unfortunate Prince ſo much deſired to become acceptable to his Jewiſh people, that through exceſs of this thirſt, he embarqued in an ill buſineſs. For being arrived at *Jeruſalem*, at the time when the Church began, which was outragiouſly perſecuted by the *Jews*, to pleaſe them, he cut off the head of S. *James*, brother of Saint *John*, and at the ſame inſtant cauſed S. *Peter*, Prince of the Apoſtles, to be taken, whom he fettered with heavy chains, of purpoſe very ſpeedily to ſacrifice him to the rage of the giddy multitude, had he not been delivered miraculouſly by the help of an Angel.

But the unhappy *Agrippa* perpetually adhering to men, and not fearing to purchaſe their favours at the charge of innocent and ſacred blood, ſoon found himſelf over-whelmed under the burthen of his greatneſs: to teach perfidious Princes, the great ruine of their fortunes often proceedeth from the perſecution of the ſervants of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

The ſeaventh year of his reign, ſetting forth magnificent Games at *Cæſarea*, the ſecond day of the entertainments, he appeared in full Theater before the Ambaſſadours of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, in a robe of cloath of ſilver, on which the Sun reflecting his rays, he was preſently beheld reſplendent as a Star, and being about to open his mouth to make a ſpeech, his flatterers began to cry out with loud applauſes, *It was the voice of a god, and not of man*, wherwith he entred into a deſperate vanity, and *Joſephus* ſays, that at the ſame inſtant he ſaw the Owl, wherof the Southſaying impoſtour ſpake which preſaged his death, when ſuddenly he cried out to his Courtiers; *Behold the God you have made, who ceaſeth to be a man, you have placed me among the Immortal, but I go to take place among the dead.*

He felt, whileſt he ſpake this, the gripes of a violent

lent Colick, which inforced him to be carried from the Theater to the Bed, and from the Bed to the Tomb. The rumour of his malady being divulged, the people conceived so great a grief thereat, that men, women, and children entred into his Chamber covered with hair-cloath, bewailing him, and praying for his health. He beholding them in the extremity of his pain, wept bitterly, bidding adieu to his family, and people: then remaining for the space of five days in extreme dolour, he yielded up his soul, to serve as an eternal example to posterity of man's weakness, and the inconstancy of humane things.

IV. MAXIM.
OF THE
PROVIDENCE
OF
GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That our support should be from our selves, without expectation of any thing from the Providence of God.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the foundation of Humane life, subsisteth in the Providence of God.

The belief of a Providence is the sweetness of life.

IT is an unspeakable comfort to have the eys of God for witness of our sufferings, and when we in justice suffer with courage, to know our patience is inlightned with those aspects, which make them thrice happy, The valourous Champions, who contended in the Olympick Games, the spectacle heretofore of the whole world, in that proportion they felt their skin to smart, their blood to drop, their bones crack, were comforted to see upon one side, the Judges of their Combates sitting to consider their merit: and on the other, Crowns placed aloft before them, the lustre whereof reflected into their eys, to charm their pains by the hope of glory.

From thence we derive an undoubted Maxim, that it is an unspeakable comfort to the faithful, who indure some incommodities rough and thorny, to know there is an eye of Divine Providence, which not only seeth them, but becoming a pledge for their travels, promiseth to their perseverance assured recompence.

His Goodness.

2. I observe the admirable providence of God, in that being perpetually questioned by the diffident spirits of Libertines, it ever subsisteth, bearing in it's bosom who would destroy it; and which is more, is established by the proofs, wherewith they indeavour to ruine it. I at this present lay aside the reasons, which have so often been refuted. I speak nothing at all of the consent of the wise, of the Heaven's motions, of the necessary dependance of creatures, of the Architecture of the Universe, of the order and end of every thing, of miracles, of predictions, of spirits, of examples, and so many other arguments ordinarily used to prove Divine Providence. I only maintain one thing, which perhaps will seem strange, but is most undoubted, that the same reasons whereof the wicked make tropheys to evict this belief from the faithful, are Arrows which recoyl back upon themselves.

Manifest proof of Providence.

All that which makes them murmur, and cry out against the government of a Supreme Cause, is, that evils are seen in the world, which would not be, if a God, all good, all wise (as we affirm) took care of things temporal. To which I answer, we ought to believe a providence, since there is evil in the inferiour order of the world, which we inhabit, & the profit we derive from our evils, endeth in the knowledge of the sovereign good. For I ask, from whence know we evil to be evill, but by the existence of it's contrary? Had there never been health in the body, we had never known what sickness were: but when at any time we saw a man sound, fresh, and lusty, who suddenly lost his appetite and sleep, by reason of shakings and heats felt over all his body, he is said to be sick, because the order of the good constitution he before injoyed, is changed and over-thrown. Likewise, when we see some evil to happen in the world, we presently say, it is ill, because it is against the order of good: and therefore the very wicked who complain, cannot so do, but by affirming and acknowledging an order, from which this evil is wandered. Now whersoever there is order, there is necessarily direction and providence, since we see one cannot so much as tell unto four, and reckon some number one after another without the help of reason. You commit a sin, and feel, it instantly brings some remorse with it: what teacheth

Providentia est ratio ordinis rerum ad finem.

Rom. 7. 7. *Peccatum non cognovi, nisi per legem. Nam concupiscentiam nesciebam nisi lex diceret: Non concupisces.* Psal. 63. 8.

you it is sin, if not the Law? *I entred not into the knowledge of sin, but by means of the Law. For I knew not what concupiscence was, if the Law had not told me: Thou shalt not covet*, said the Apostle.

Now what is law, but an order, and a sovereign reason engrafted in intellectual nature, which commandeth, and ordaineth things that ought to be done, with expres prohibition of their contraries. What is it else but an eternal rule which guideth the world by the knowledge of do, and not do: an ordinance most holy, which prescribeth all honest things, and banisheth all vice.

Sagitta parvulorum facta sunt plaga eorum, & infirmata sunt contra eos lingua eorum.

From thence ensueth, we cannot complain of the least disorder, without confessing this eternal Providence, which establisheth all orders. O the wonders of God! who causeth the arrows of those who invade his wisdome, to return against such as shot them!

An answer made to complaints against Providence.

3. Some complain there are things poor and abject in nature, which are to no purpose; because bruitish man will not know their use, for fear he therein find his own ingratitude. They would have God make the world all of gold, as that Painter, who unable to pencil the beautiful *Helen* with so great diversity of parts, and conformity of members, filled his table with drapery, which seemed rich, but was little to the purpose. Who seeth not the truth of that singular axiom of S. *Thomas*, that never would there be perfect goodness in things created, were there not some order and degrees in the same goodness. All the grace and beauty of the world would be lost, if the multitude, and disproportion of so many things were taken away, which by an admirable discrepance, and discord infinitely agreeing, consent in the good of this great All: In this it is, wherein the musick of the great God consisteth, and you will disturb it: This is his Table diversified with many colours, and you will deface it: This is his Common-wealth, divided into sundry offices, and you will ruin it.

S. Tho. contr. Gentes. l 3. c. 71. *Perfecta bonitas in rebus creatis non inveniretur, nisi esset ordo bonitatis.*

Evils of nature.

After this so laudable diversity is blamed, the evils of nature are decried, serpents & poisons are exclaimed at, and all other creatures thought mischievous. Blind that you are, who see not, an evil well placed in the world, is not an evil. Fire which burneth straw, makes gold and silver shine: water which drowneth men, dayly gives life to fishes. If you take his poyson from the serpent, you bereave him wherewith to live: and what shal we say, that there may be found such among men, who have turned poyson into nutriment. Every creature is good for some use. Let us not then accuse the wisdome of the Creatour, but only correct our imprudence. Another, saith he, complains not there are evils, but they are ill disposed, since good men have the greatest part of them. It is an old quarrel, and which hath so many times been sufficiently refuted, with more vigour of reason, than correction in manners. The heavens, and stars are accused, when a good Prince hath lost a battle, and that having all his life time pursued innocency, ill success hath waited on his standards. Some complain that another, being so just, is plunged in a miserable suit, that the sea which drenched innocents, favoured Pyrates; that hail fell upon the field with crosses and benedictions, and that death sparing so many unprofitable and guilty heads, took away that excellent man in his prime. Ignorant that we are of the blessings, and evils of life! Have we then taken the character of Christianity under condition to be happy in all worldly occasions? It is reason since God gave us eternal blessings, he should likewise satisfy us in all these petty trifles? We say the just are not the more happy, because they do not always gain the most in play, and traffick, and that they are not the most favoured with good success in the world: as if a favourite fed with viands from the Kings own dish, should complain the King afforded him not the bread was distributed amongst his Dogs. We would that God having so charily taken us into his protection for our eternal salvation, should also charge himself to deliver us all our packets. This innocent (say you) is oppressed, and this wicked man is prosperous. How know you Gods counsels over both the one and other? This gold (saith S. *Augustine*) of one side is purified in the furnace, and on the other; that fish you thought happy, hath already the hook in his throat. God hath so long expected your penitence, and you cannot one moment reasonably wait on him. The decrees of his providence resemble letters written with the juice of a Limon, which never are read, but by the help of fire. That day when he shal come to Judge the World in flames, will make all appear, which the weakness of our wits cannot comprehend. But without expectation of so long a term, there needs but one Session; there needeth but the quarter of a mans life to teach many examples of divine Providence.

Glos. In Job. *Tentatio in electis, non est nox sed vespera, quia lucem abstulit non extinxit.* Tertul. ad Scapul. *Animas nostras authorati in has pugnas accessimus.*

Let us stick still to the verity pronounced by the ancient glos upon the book of *Job*: *Temptation is not a night for elect souls, but an evening, which darkneth, not extinguisheth light.* Let us cleave to the resolution, which *Tertullian* teacheth us: *We have engaged our souls by a solemn oath to this warfare of tribulation. Let us not betray our faith, to betray our glory.* The *Ægyptian* Thorne was ever esteemed in the contexture of Coronets, and still a sharp affliction patiently borne, hath been highly valued in the Diadem of constancy.

Of the permission of sins.

4. If peradventure one spirit be convinced upon this article by a million of example, which shew, if virtue for a time hath been afflicted, yet God in the end crowneth it with immortal garlands; he fals upon the permission of sins, and you find Libertines so abominable, and unnatural, as to accuse God to have too much goodness and clemency to tolerate their disorders? Why doth man complain of the evil whereof he is the Authour? If a leg be lame, or crooked, the moving virtue which of it self giveth force and vigour, is not blamed, but the distortedness, and the debility of the part. Why do we not at least use God in the same manner? When we behold a deformed and exorbitant will, let us not say this great Mover commits this irregularity; for he ceaseth not to dispose all creatures to good, but confess the defect is the evil will, which resisteth its Creatour.

Homines magis sibi sunt ordinem divinæ Providentiæ, quam res naturales, quia propinquiùs ordinantur ad Deum, sicut ad finem. Hieron. Ferr. l. 1. de Triumpho crucis. c. 11.

What wrong doth God unto us, if he being Governour of this ample City, called the World, will not force any man, but gives every one leave to live according to his condition? He suffereth stones to abide in their own inclination, creatures in their instinct, men in their liberty. He ceaseth not to teach them good, to prescribe and give them means to perform it, and if they do otherwise, they derive from their evils, either justice or repentance. What wrong then doth he, if he make man free, to become the more like himself.

Faustus Reg. l. 2. de Grat. This Authour hath been opposed upon the point of Grace: but he may be favourably interpreted upon many things, since he was afterward reputed holy, as *Baronius* saith.

Have you not seen the notable discourse written by *Faustus* Bishop of *Rheggio*, where Wisdom, Power, Bounty, and Justice, plead before God one against another, touching mans liberty. Power feared, if he were let loose, he might abuse this free-will to his own ruin, and said, he must give all except the power to undo himself: but in the end it was concluded that that which was best and most excellent, should be granted him, to wit, liberty not to be thrown into

into the world like the ſtock of a tree, but have leave to do good and ill, that his extraction might be rendred the more elate, and his actions the more glorious: That power would make him more noble; wiſdom, prudent; goodneſſe aſſiſt him in his combats, and juſtice crown him in his victories.

Talem faciamus quem in dextram partem non trahat neceſſitas, ſed voluntas, qui malum ratione intelligat, bonum virtute perficiat. Talem faciamus cui bonitas in natura, malitia ſit extra naturam, &c. S. Tho. contra Gent. l. c. 7 *Bonum totius præmineat bono partis. Ad prudentem igitur gubernatorem pertinet negligere alicujus defectum bonitatis in parte, ut faciat augmentum bonitatis in toto.*

Such let us make him, ſaid Wiſdom, *that he may haſten to the choice of the better part, not of neceſſity, but of meer good will, that he underſtand evil by reaſon, and do good through virtue. Such let us make him, that goodneſs may appear in his nature, and malice out of his nature. Such let us make him, that he may have good in will, and evil in power: And the firſt ground of his glory may be the power of ſin, and the will not to act it.*

Were it a matter very reaſonable think you, that God ſhould ceaſe to do good, becauſe man would take occaſion to do ill? Know we not it is a maxim of well ordered policy, never to neglect the publick for inconveniencies, and defects of ſome particulars. We are not ignorant, free-will is one of the moſt excellent treaſures of reaſonable nature, & why ſhould God deprive his workmanſhip of it, under colour that ſome particulars would abuſe it? Ought we not to content our ſelves to behold in the hiſtories of all the Nations of the world, how God purſueth, chaſtiſeth, deſtroyeth both evil, and evil men, ſometimes openly, ſometimes covertly, to reward good men in the end, and reſtore virtue to her throne, of which the inſolency of the wicked ſeeks to diſpoſſeſs them. Let us then for this reaſon adore the Providence, and acknowledg the propoſition I here have proved, that the diſorders condemned in nature, averr, there is a firſt order and a primitive rule, without which nothing can be well diſpoſed.

Foundation of the verities of Divine PROVIDENCE.

Maxims of Providence. Tuſillum, & magnum ipſe fecit, & æqualiter illi cura eſt de omnibus, Sap. 6 *Nonne duo paſſeres aſſe vaneunt,* &c. Matth. 10. *In ipſo vivimus, movemur & ſumus.* Act. 17. (a) ὅλῳ ἐν ὅλῳ κύκλῳ ἐπίσκοπος. Clē. Alex. (b) S. Dio. de Cæl. Hier. c. 4. πάντα τὰ ὄντα μυστικῶς (c) Auguſt. de Trin. l. 3. c. 4 *Nihil fit ſenſibiliter, & viſibiliter quod non de interiore inviſibili, atque intelligibili aula ſummi Imperatoris, aut jubeatur aut permittatur.*

THere remaineth, having ſuccinctly refuted the objections of p ophane ſouls, to inſtruct and ſettle the faithful in this belief, which is one of the greateſt conſolations of life; and for which cauſe I affirm the doctrine of Providence is grounded upon Scripture, upon holy Fathers, and upon reaſon: Upon the Scripture, which give us aſſurance in ſo many places.

Wiſdom plainly telleth us, *That God made little and great; and as here is nothing ſo vaſt, may eſcape his Immenſity, ſo there is not any thing ſo ſmall, which is deprived the bleſſings of his bonity. His Providence governeth all things from the beginning of the world, and ceaſeth not to disintangle this great web of Ages. The tree loſeth not one of his leaves, the head one of its hairs, the air one little bird, without his ordinance, as the Eternal Word teacheth us. We drive life, motion, and being from his boſome, in which he heaveth us without wearineſs, and preſerveth us without loathing. All the world is a large* (a) *diocеſs, whereof he is the Biſhop, and eternal Prelate, who indefatigably watcheth over his flock, as ſaith* Clemens Alexandrinus. (b) *So ſoon as a creature is in being, it is moiſtened with ſources of the divine Providence, ſaid* S. Dionyſius. *And according to the opinion of* S. Auguſtine, (c) *Nothing is ſenſibly and viſibly done in the world, which cometh not from the interiour, inviſible, and intelligible cabinet of this great Monarch, whether it be commanded, or permitted.*

Now obſerve, this divine Providence is compoſed of three heads; Knowledge, Diſpoſition, and Government. Knowledge ſeeth and conſidereth all things: Diſpoſition ordaineth the connexion of parts, and correſpondency both of the one, and other. Government embraceth all things which concern the end, as well to divert the obſtacles, as advance the progreſſions. God hath all theſe three points supereminently. For as for knowledge, it is moſt perfect, as we will preſently demonſtrate. Diſpoſition is ſuch, that all the whole univerſe in all its parts is ruled like a paper with Muſick lines. Which made *Syneſius* ſay, (d) the world was the harp of God, and the diverſ orders of nature were the ſtrings of it. And *Junilius* an *African* biſhop, who flouriſ[illegible] ſixth Age, diſcourſing very ſubtlely upon this ſubject, ſhews the relation there is between the civil world and nature, comparing the ſeven daies of the week, with the ſeven ages of the world. The government of it is ſo perpetual and viſible, that *Ariſtotle* himſelf (e) confeſſeth, the communication of the firſt being, maintained all creatures in ſtate, and that without its benigne influences, this great All would return to nothing.

(d) Syneſius hym. 4. ὅσα σὺ ᾔ φύσις ἀπαυγάσματα μέτρα. Junilius in Geneſim, niſi ſit Beda. (e) Ariſt. Epiſt. de principio.

6. But if you ask upon what foundation of reaſon this doctrine is built, I anſwer, it is ſupported by four powerful columnes; Science, Goodneſs, Juſtice, and the Power of God. His Science is infinite, and incomprehenſible. For he moſt diſtinctly beholdeth all things which have been, are, ſhall be, and may be, in their proper eſſence, which is the efficient, final, exemplar, and fundamental cauſe of them. You muſt not require how this divine Spirit may ſuffice ſo many things; ſince all things in compariſon of him, are no more then a drop of dew compared to the Ocean. He knows all, becauſe he created all; becauſe the world is no world by any other reaſon, but that God hath known it was a world. The vapours of the earth never weary the ſun, it could not breath forth ſo much, if he digeſted not more: ſo the knowledge of all objects of the world cauſe no wearineſs in God, becauſe all therein is finite, and his ſcience is, as is his eſſence, infinite.

The foundations, & four pillars of it. Knowledg of God. *Pſalm.* 146. *Sapientia ejus non eſt numerus. Deus in omnia ſufficiet. Diſſimulator, & prævaricator perſpicacia ſua non eſt.* Tertul. l. de pœnit. c. 3.

7. To this ſcience is joined a great goodneſs, which is the cauſe God loved all he created, and conſerveth it with a certain tenderneſs of affection, and ineſtimable ſweetneſs. The Empire of man ordinarily is harſh, and violent. He diverteth the courſe of waters, he dryes up fountains, he ſubmitteth Lions to the yoak, he placeth turrets on the backs of Elephants, he changeth metals, he counterfeits precious ſtones, he ſophiſticateth total nature to accommodate it to his pretenſions: but God not forcing the inclinations of things created, applyeth himſelf to each according to the qualities of its eſſence. He ſhineth with the ſun, and burneth with the fire. He makes ſhowers with the clouds, pearls with the ſhells, the dew of heaven, gold, and fruits with the earth.

His goodneſs.

We underſtand there are three ſtreamings of this bounty: the one by generation, the other by ſpiration, and the laſt by creation. The two firſt are eternal, the laſt is temporal, by which he drew the world out of nothing, and having produced it, maintains it both in general and particular, affording even to the leaſt fly, all accommodation according to its nature, and condition. He is not like thoſe Oſtriches, which lay their eggs on the ſand without hatching them: but compareth himſelf to the Hen in the Goſpel, which toileth and laboureth inceſſantly, either to hatch, feed or train up her young ones: ſhe waxeth lean, ſhe famiſheth her ſelf, becomes angry, briſtles up her ſelf for her precious brood, and taketh that upon her for love, which ſhe cannot have by nature. It is a ſhadow of the goodneſſe of God, who ceaſeth not to provide for our neceſſities, to love us as his children, to defend us as the apple of his eye. *I was* (ſaid he by his Prophet) *as the foſter-father of my people. I bare them all between my arms, they never vouchſafing to open their eyes to my protection. Yet will I draw them to me by the bands of* Adam, *which are the chains of my charity.*

Hoſea. 11. *Et ego quaſi nutritius Ephraim portabam eos in brachiis meis, & neſciebam quod curarem eos. In funiculis Adam traham eos, in vinculis charitatis,* Exod. 2.

Behold in *Exodus* the little *Moſes* who floateth on *Nilus* in a cradle of reeds: the mother for fear of the rigour of men abandoneth him to death, the ſiſter followeth him with her eyes to ſee what will become

come of him: but her weakneſs could do nothing [illegible] him from danger. God in the mean ſpace becomes the Pilot of this little Barque, he conducteth it without ſails, without rudder, without oars, he bears it upon the waves, he makes it arrive at a good haven. He draweth out this Infant, who was as a Victim expoſed, to make of him a God of *Pharaoh*, one day to drown in the red Sea the poſterity of thoſe, who would have drenched him in *Nilus*.

His Juſtice

8. Add to this immenſe goodneſs, juſtice, an inſeparable virtue of the Divinity, which ſeems to oblige God to preſerve and direct what he created. But it is to judge moſt abjectly of this divine underſtanding, to ſay as did *Averroes*, he abuſed his magnificence, and ſoyled his dignity, if he buſied himſelf in the manage of ſo many trifles. S. *Ambroſe* judged better when he ſaid; *If God wrong himſelf in the government of the world, did he not himſelf a greater injury in creating it? For to do, or not to do, what one is not obliged unto, hath no injuſtice in it; but to abandon a creature, after it is produced, is a ſtain of inhumanity.* And if we regard the juſtice, which appertaineth to the government of men; what malignity and proſtitution of mind were it to think, ſouls the moſt caitive, having ſome ſpark of juſtice, yet God (who muſt be ſovereign perfection) would ſuffer the world to be expoſed to fortune, or delivered over to tyranny, as a prey and a booty, without any care of it, or inquiry into injuſtices? There is not any Age which could not furniſh out a million of proofs againſt the miſchievous beliefs, if we would open our eys to conſider them, but our diſtruſts and puſillanimities blind us, and alienate us from knowledge of thoſe truths, which God reſerveth for the moſt purified ſouls.

Amb. l. 1. offic. c. 13. *Si injuria eſt regere, multo major injuria feciſſe, quum aliquid non feciſſe, nulla ſit injuſtitia, non curare quod feceris, ſumma inclementia.*

His Power

9. To conclude, the laſt column which ſhould ſettle our faith in the verity of Divine government, is the magiſtral power God exerciſeth over all the world, which he ruleth, tempereth, and directeth with one ſole thought; much otherwiſe then did heretofore thoſe practick wits, who vaunted to animate Statues, becauſe they by certain engines gave them motion. Wretched and blind that we are, ever bowed down to the earth, and perpetually deveſted of thoſe great lights of Saints! We meaſure God by the ell of men, we cloath him after our faſhion, and we hold impoſſible to the Divinity, what our underſtanding cannot comprehend. Shall we never ſay with the Prophet *Jeremiah: O moſt ſtrong! O only great, and only potent! the God of Hoſts is thy name. Thou art great in thy counſels, incomprehenſible in thy cogitations, and thy eys are upon all the ways of the children of* Adam.

Ὁ Θεὸς μεγεθοποιὸς τῆς κοσμικῆς. Ariſt. l. de mundo.

Hier. 32. 19 *Fortiſime, magne, & potens! Dominus exercituum nomen tibi, magnus conſilio, & incomprehenſibilis cogitatu, cujus oculi aperti ſunt ſuper omnes vias filiorum* Adam

We daily ſee upon men, who are but worms of the earth, ſo many tokens of God's power. A King ſpeaketh, and a hundred thouſand ſwords haſten out of ſcabbards at the ſound of one ſyllable. A Maſter of a family builds, and at one ſilly beck, behold ſo many Artificers, ſo many Mules and Horſes, ſome draw materials out of the bottom of Quarries, others carry them in waggons, ſome make morter and cement, others hew ſtones, ſome raiſe them aloft, others lay them, ſome play the Carpenters, and others poliſh marbles. There are ſome who work in iron, and others in braſs: all is done to the likeing of one man, who is poſſeſſed of a little money.

Do you never conſider God as a great King in an Army, as a great father of a family in a houſe, who by his ſovereign power governs all he created, not with a toilſome care, but an incomparable facility? He gave in the beginning of the creation an inſtinct to all living creatures, and there is not any thing ſo little a Spider, which coming into the world, bringeth not its rules, its books, its light; it is preſently inſtructed in all it ſhould do. God ſpeaketh interiourly to all creatures in a dumbe language, with a powerful impreſſion, a ſecret commandement: he gives a ſignal into the world, and every one doth his office, every one laboureth regularly as in a Ship, and all things agree to this great harmony of Heaven. The little Nightingal in the forreſts, makes an Organ of her throat, ſometimes breaking her notes into warbles, ſometimes ſtretching them out at length. The Swallow is buſie in her maſonry, the Bee toileth all the day in her innocent theft, the Spider furniſheth out the long train of her webs, and makes more curious works with her feet, then the moſt skilful women can weave with their hands. Fiſhes play their parts under the water, beaſts of ſervice labour in their duty, ſmall grains of ſeed, though dead and rotten, give life to great Trees, which advance to the clouds. There is nothing idle in all Nature, nothing diſobedient but Men and Devils, who imploy their liberty to reſiſt him, whoſe power is as juſt, as it is eternal.

Guil. Par. de univerſ. 1. p. par. 3. c. 14. *Naſcitur aranea cum lege, libra, & lucerna;* *Deus ipſe, univerſa ſua perfectæ magnitudinis & poteſtatis includit, intentus ſemper operi ſuo, vadens per omnia, nec vens unquam, vivificans & reverſa.* Tertul. de Trin. c. 2.

10. Let us then concluding this diſcourſe, adore the Divine Providence which holdeth the Helm of the Univerſe. Let us behold it as a Watch-tower, furniſhed with a thouſand fires that abundantly inlighten this Ocean whereon we ſail. Let us behold it as a burning Pillar in the wilderneſs of this life. Let us behold it as our Pole-ſtar, and never looſe ſight of it. It is our ſupport, our ſweetneſs, our comfort. It is that which cooleth our ardours, drieth our tears, breaketh our fetters, and diſſipateth our annoys. If we be in darkneſs, it is the light, if we be anxious, it giveth counſel. If we be in a labyrinth of errours, it is the thread, which guideth us. If in danger of ſhipwrack, it is the Haven. And if we be at the gates of death, it is life.

Away with all curioſities, Southſayers, Sorcereſſes, and ſuperſtitions, unworthy the name of a Chriſtian. Fie upon deſpair, and minds affliction. Let us learn in all things which appertain to us, ſpeedily and effectually to fix our ſelves on the will of the Omnipotent. Let us continually ſay, God ſeeth this affair, ſince nothing eſcapeth the quickneſs of his eye: He loves me as his childe, becauſe he is goodneſs it ſelf: He is juſt, becauſe he is the meaſure of all juſtice: He is potent, becauſe there is not any thing can reſiſt his will. Let us expect awhile: the trouble I indure, is but a flying cloud, and God will do all for the beſt: Let us ſay with Saint *Auguſtine*.

Auguſt. de civit. Dei c. 2. l. 1. *Duc me, ſumme pater, vaſtæ moderator Olympi, quacunque placuit, nulla parendi eſt mora. Ad ſum impiger. fac nolle, comitabor gemens, malúſque pati, facere quod licuit bono.*

O ſovereign Father, who governeſt the vaſt frame of Heaven, I ſubmit to thy direction. Lead me on the right hand, lead me on the left, turn to what ſide thou pleaſeſt. I follow thee without reply, or delay. For what ſhould I get by reſiſtance, but to be dragged weeping, and to bear, becoming evil, what I might do ſincerely, becoming good.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, ſaid Nicephorus Gregorius, (a) *fight againſt a wicked man as a fugitive from Providence, and a diſturber of Juſtice.*

(a) Δεσπότην Θεὸν ἡ γῆ καὶ ὁ οὐρανὸς ἀλάστορα. Niceph. Greg. l. 7.

Let us learn to ſleep ſecurely in this conformity to the will of God, as a little Infant on the Teat of his Nurſe. It is at the ſight of this Providence, that *Jonas* buried in the belly of a Whale, and covered under the Ocean's waves made a Chappel of the devouring gulph, which was to have been his puniſhment, ſpeaking affectionately to God: (b) *Behold all thy waves and abyſſes paſs over my head, yet I deſpair not to behold thee in thy Temple.*

(b) Jon. 2. 4. *Omnes fluctus & gurgites tui ſuper me tranſierunt, verumtamen rurſus videbo templum ſanctum tuum.*

It was in ſight of this that the Patriarch *Noe* ſhut up in the Ark, whileſt wrathful Heaven thundered over

over the earth, the winds were unfettered, the pillars of the world tottered with fatal convulsions, whilst men and houses were torn in pieces to serve as a pastime for the Sea, and that yels of beasts mingled with the cries of so many mortals ecchoed round about, lastly when all the world swam, he rested in an incomparable tranquillity, adoring the counsels of Gods justice. Sacred Providence! we prostrate on the earth adore thee, vindicate us from the bondage of our passions, make us die to so many dead things of mortals, that we hereafter may live in thy delight.

The fourth EXAMPLE upon the fourth MAXIM.

Divers observations upon Providence.

LEt us a little withdraw our minds from discourses to the consideration of examples, like those who labouring on some curious works, refresh their eyes with beholding the verdure of meadows, or luster of Emeralds. Volumes might be compiled without end by him who would follow the footsteps of divine Providence, in so great a labyrinth of times, and Histories so innumerable. But it is not my purpose in these abbreviations, where I endeavour to suppress much, and well express a few things.

If you behold this Providence in nature, there are eternal miracles, which astonished the wise, animated all voices, gave matter to all pens, and filled all the books in the world. On what side soever we turn our eys, we meet this great Mistress with a hundred arms, and as many hands, which incessantly travel to do us good. It enlightneth us in the beauty of stars and lights, it warmeth us in flames, it refresheth us in the air, it delighteth us in the enamel of meadows, it moistneth us in the streaming of crystal fountains, it profiteth and enricheth in the fertility of fields, so many trees and shrubs, such diversity of fruits, such wholesome hearbs, such a great quantity of viands so well divided into all the seasons of the year, so many living creatures, some whereof come from the water, others from the earth, the rest from the air, every part of the world bringing its tribute; so many medicinable waters, so many rivers which afford such delicious shores to the land for commerce, and all humane accommodations.

Providence of God in the ordinary works of nature.

Vid Senec. l. 4. de benef.

I now let all this pass, and coming to matters more particular, demand of you who was the cause, that in the *Canary* Island, called *Ferro*, when it is roasted with droughts, and heaven affordeth no succour by showers, nor rivers by waters, there is found a huge tree, which seems to change all the leaves thereof into as many petty fountains: for every one distilleth water, and all render it in such abundance, that it sufficeth both men and their flocks? Who doth all this good husbandry, but the divine Providence? And who is it supplies scarcity of rain in *Ægypt*, and commandeth *Nilus* to over-flow the fields in his limited time, to bear in his inundations the wealth of *Pharos*, but it?

Particular providence over divers countries. Joannes Metellus.

Who maketh Antidotes grow in places, where poysons spring, but its wisdom? If *Africk* have many serpents, there are *Psylles*, which destroy them. If other countries breed store of snakes, there are Ashen flowers, which drive them away. If *Egypt* have a Crocodile, it affords an *Indian* rat, which bursteth it. There are likewise trees to be found which having venemous roots upon one side, yield a remedy on the other. By what hand are framed so many wonders of nature, which make books incessantly speak, but by that of this great Work-man?

Historia Sinarum part. 4.

But if you on the other side will consider it in protection of men, what doth it not by the ministery of its good Angels? I see upon one side in histories the little King *Mithridates* involved in lightning flashes, whilst he innocently sleepeth in his infant cradle, the flames consuming his cloaths, and linnens, and not touching his body at all. To whom think you should I attribute this?

Admirable protection of men in rare accidents.

On the other side I ponder the prodigy so loudly proclaimed in the Greek Anthology of a shipwrack, equally surprizing a father and a son, which took away the life of the father, and gave the son leave to arrive in a safe harbour, having no other vessel but the corps of his deceased father, who gave him life by his death, as he had afforded him birth by his life. Who did this but the Master of Life and Death?

Philippus Anthologia Græc. l. 1.

Besides, I read in the relations of *Muscovia*, set out by the Embassadour *Demetrius*, that a country Boor, being by chance clammed in the hollow body of a great tree full of hony, and finding no means to come forth of his licorish captivity, behold a Bear hasteneth to the same tree to eat of the hony, whereof these beasts are very greedy: which observed, the poor forlorn creature, not discerning what this might be, but catching hold, (as one almost drowned) of any thing which good luck offered him, grasped the Bear, who feeling himself taken, laboured hard to fly through fear conceived, and draweth out the peasant by an admirable accident, wherein it was no easie matter to say, which of the two was most affrighted. Who directed this but the eye of Providence?

Demetrius Legatus.

I admire also in the earth-quake of *Aoulia*, that happened the year, 67. the last day of *July*, (where one writeth, that in the City of S. *Severin* alone, ten thousand souls were taken out of the world) how in the horrour of such infinite ruins and sepulcher of so many mortals, a great bell fell so fitly over a child, that it incloses him, and doing no hurt, made a bulwark for him against any other danger; who ballanced the motion of this metal, but the fingers, which distended heaven.

Will you pass to particulars of Empires? You will be rapt with admiration, when you come to consider the beginnings, progressions, and events of every one. You shal see them spring like smal veins of water unknown, and with time to take such encrease, as to become huge rivers, large enough to over-flow the fields. Sometimes it will seem to you, they are only set upon a needles point, and are ready to ruin; in the mean space there is an invisible hand, which supporteth and re-establisheth them by their proper fals. You admire, how God so long suffers ungrateful, and perfidious Nations to draw them unto him, and afterwards the measure of their sins filled up; if they must be destroyed, it is but to cause others to rise out of their ruins.

Providence over Empires.

The *Assyrians* after the Reign of thirty eight Kings, changed into *Medes*, and *Chaldæans*: the *Medes* after the sway of nine Kings, and three hundred and twenty two years, ended in *Astyages*: The *Chaldæans* after two hundred and nine years in *Darius* the *Mede*. But they like two rivers, united in the person of *Cyrus*, to make great the *Monarchy* of the *Persians*. The *Persians* after two hundred thirty years, and fourteen Kings, dissolve into the *Grecians*: The *Grecians* are multiplied to *Ptolomey's*, and *Seleucides*. All are finally swallowed in the *Roman* Empire. *Rome* lost it self after one thousand two hundred twenty nine years, accounted from the foundation

foundation to the Emperour *Auguſtulus*, who is obſerved, as the laſt Monarch before the great wrack, which made the Empire a prey to ſo many Nations, that had fed it with their bloud. From the diviſion of the *Roman* Empire, ſprang our *French*, *Spaniards*, *Engliſh*, *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Lombards*, *Polacks*, *Ottomans*, and ſuch other Powers.

Providence over the Church.

If from thence you advance your thoughts to the government of the Church, which is the principal work of God, and reflect upon it from its cradle to the preſent Age, entertaining in your memory its infancy, encreaſe, travels, perſecution, glories, and crowns, you will ſtand amazed at the bottomleſs depth of the counſels of the Divine Providence.

Diarium Hiſtoricum.

What mother ever had ſo much care, and tender affection over her little infant ſleeping in the cradle, as this Providence for the Church and Chriſtianity? It is a remarkable thing, that at the ſame time when *Nebuchadnezzar* ruined the Temple of *Jeruſalem* in the Eaſt, the Capitol was built in the Weſt, to plant there one day the Croſs; and that *Rome* in the ſpace of one hundred forty two years, having been ſix times taken, and ranſacked by *Alaricus*, *Genſericus*, *Odoacer*, the *Hernli*, *Theodoricus*, *Beliſarius*, and *Totilas*, when one would have thought it brought to nothing, was ever preſerved by God to be the ſource of lights, and the mother of all Churches.

How many times hath God tied ſecret virtues to the ſtandards of Chriſtians? How many times made winds and tempeſts to fight under their Enſigns? How often hath he opened for them lands inacceſſible, calmed ſtormy ſeas for them, changed deſarts into Paradiſes of delight? Petty handfuls of ſouldiers to diſcomfit huge Armies, take Towns impregnable, cleave rocks, and hew through mountains, to do the work of Giants, and find facility in all, which humane reaſon conceived impoſſible!

Read *Paulus Æmilius*, and *Guilielmus Tyrius* upon the conqueſt of the holy land; and you ſhall ſee, that birds of the air ſeemed in pay with *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*: For who can be but aſtoniſhed to hear it told, how when he beſieged *Jeruſalem*, the *Sultan* having taught pigeons to carry meſſages, diſpatched one of them with a letter which ſhe bare under her wings, to give advice to the beſieged? But good hap would have it, that a Hawk, ſeazing on her, juſt over the Chriſtian army, took her, and made her to let fall what ſhe carried, to inform ours of the enemies deſign. How many ſuch like accidents ſhew us the care God hath of his, and that he never ſuffered them to be overthrown, but to vanquiſh their vices, and to humble their pride by the counterpoiſe of forraign Powers.

Paul. Æmil. l. 4.

Strange accident.

What may we ſay of Councils? What may we likewiſe think of great bodies of Juſtice? How many times have we ſeen counſels diſcovered, and reſolutions, of which it ſeemed no creature had a thought? God governed the hearts and tongues of thoſe, who ſought to abuſe them againſt him, a great Spirit ſwayed all thoſe members aſſembled, and ſecretly did its work to the admiration of the whole world. One ſame motion guided within compaſs all thoſe ſtars, as in *Archimedes* his ſphere, and accorded them by their proper contrarieties. Great God! have we not cauſe to ſay what he did in *Seneca*; *Throughly to puniſh the wicked man who woundeth the Divine Providence, I ordain nothing, but that he underſtand the wrong he hath done to a good father.*

Vis illum veras pœnas dare? Sentiat quam bono patri injuriam fecerit. Senec. contro. l. 1.

V. MAXIM.

Of Accidents.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That all is done by chance, by neceſſity, or humane providence

THE enemies of Providence uſe all kind of Engins to oppoſe their own happineſs, and crack their own eye-ſtrings, that they may not behold the great eye, which purſues the wicked even into the ſhades of death. I find the *Chaldæans* made three ſquadrons, that we may ſpeak with holy *Job*, wherewith to aſſail this great Miſtreſs of the world. Some hold all is done by chance, and that nothing but Fortune predominateth in the actions and affairs of the world: others will ſubject all to the laws of fatal neceſſity: the third put their whole confidence in carnal prudence, which not unlike reeds, takes away their ſupport, and leaves them remorſe.

Three ſquadrons againſt Providence.

Happy he, who amongſt ſo many ſtraights, ſhelves, and ſhip-wracks, can hold the right way, ever caſting his eye towards Providence as his Pole-ſtar, and never looſing ſight of it, that he may never looſe himſelf. Let us now endeavour to ruin theſe three Companies of *Chaldæans* by the arms of Scripture, holy Fathers, and Reaſon.

The miſery of impiety.

It is a pitifull thing to ſee a giddy ſoul, which ſeeketh God, and will not find him, making ſo many errours as paces, ſo many ſtumbles as ſteps, and as many ſacriledges as there are creatures in the whole world. The Prophet *Eſay* complained in his time of thoſe who dreſſed up Altars to Fortune, and made Sacrifices to her. But this Sect took with time ſo great encreaſe, that it filled the whole earth. For blind Gentiliſm beholding ſo many ſundry accidents in the life of man, the cauſe whereof they could not penetrate, imagined there was a certain Deity, blind, unequal, and furious, which diſtributed all conditions, and held good, and bad luck, as day and night in its hands. This Idolatry of Fortune was ſo general, that *Plinie* durſt ſay: Fortune alone is invoked throughout the world, in all places, at all times, in all languages, none talk but of her, ſhe onely is praiſed, ſhe onely accuſed: ſhe gives all preſents, makes all expences, and if you well weigh the great book of the accounts of our life, you ſhall find, Fortune filleth all the leaves of it.

Eſay. 65. Qui ponitis Fortunæ menſam, & libatis ſuper eam.

Adorers of Fortune.

Plin l. 2. c. 6. Toto mundo, & locis omnibus, omnibuſque horis omnium vocibus fortuna ſola invocatur; una nominatur, una accuſatur, una agitur rea, una cogitatur, huic omnia expenſa, huic omnia feruntur accepta, & in tota ratione mortalium ſola utramque paginam facit.

The *Romans* who in arms overcame all other Nations, do go beyond them in ſuperſtition, not contenting

Fantasies of Ancients upon the names of Fortune,

tenting themselves with one sole Fortune, made many, which had no other foundations of their Deities but Chymæra's of brains bereaved of reason as S. *Augustine* sheweth us in his fourth book of the City of God. One was called Fortune the first born, because they held it was the beginning of all things: the other was all covered over with dugs, and was termed *Mammosa*, in testimony of its fruitfulnesse. One was called Fortune the strong; the other feminine, the other a virgin, the other inconstant, the other stable. One was for certain days, another for all times: One for Emperours, all of gold, which they kept in their chambers as a relick, and another for the people, of wood or earth.

Aug. l. 4. de civit. Dei, c. 2.

Lastly not so much as young men, but adored *a barbed Fortune*, that their first beard might grow in good fashion. Good God! what ignorance, what a cloud! See we not how gross these superstitions are, since the bloud of *Jesus* washed away the stain? Notwithstanding the world is filled with slaves of Fortune who cease not to impute all prosperities, and adversities of life to the hazard of chance.

That Fortune is in the power of Providence.

2. Now to decide this point: we must know Fortune is nought else, but man himself, when without thinking upon it, he makes himself the accidental cause of an effect not pretended.

Arist. de causis *Fortuna est causa per accidens in his quæ per electionem alicujus gratia fiunt.*

A man through despair sought for a halter to hang himself, and stirring the earth in an unusual place met with a treasure: it was said to be fortune, yet is this fortune nothing else but man, who in searching gave occasion to this effect, which followed, though never by him intended. In respect of man this chance is absolutely casual, in respect of the prime cause which is God, it is a Providence. Behold a man crushed under the ruins of a tree, he expected not this tree should fall, and therefore it is his fortune: But God, without whose dispose one sole leaf of a tree droppeth not off, had foreseen this fall from all eternity: which enforceth us to affirm, that all fortunes of men are enclosed within the power of Providence.

A notable doctrine of William of Paris, *Guilielm. Paris.* 1. part. de univer. part. 1. c. 24.

It is a notable doctrine of a great Bishop of *Paris* who saith, God, Father of all essences, begetteth and eternally speaketh his Son, or his Eternal Word, and that in this Word he once said all he would do, and all which should happen: in such sort, that there is not any accident, order, or mean in this great connexion of Ages, enchained one within another, can escape the vivacity of his eye, and the extent of his Providence. There it is he hath ordained all the blessings of nature grace, and glory: There it is he hath seen all the evils of offence, yet willeth he not, nor can he will, they should be of him, or by him, as being unworthy his sanctity, his glory, and goodness. But as for the fortunes and misfortunes of men, banishments, bands, prisons, maladies, afflictions, prosperities, riches, honours, treasures, glories, and crowns, he hath appointed them according to his divine pleasure, to be instruments of good desires, and glorious actions. Wherefore let us never say, good and ill haps of the world come by chance, without Gods dispose.

Mea sunt omnes feræ silvarum, & pulchritudo agri mecum est. Mecum sunt divitiæ, & gloria, opes superbæ, & justicia. Per me Reges regnant, & legum conditores justa decernunt. Si clanget tuba in civitate, & populus non expavescet, si erit malum in civitate quod Dominus non fecerit. Psal. 49. 10. Prov. 8. 18. Amos, 3. 9

To me, saith the Great God in the holy Scriptures, *belong all the beasts in the forrest, & I behold the beauty of the fields disclosed from my bosome. With me are riches, glory, pomps, wealth which rest in the protection of my Justice. It is by me Kings hold the reins of Empire in their hands, and Law-makers open their lips to pronounce Oracles. The trumpet sounds in the midst of the City, and the people tremble, not knowing the cause of their misery: But there is no evil of punishment in the City, which I have not caused for most just reasons.*

(a) The second squadron of our *Chaldeans* taking a quite contrary way to this, will bruitishly maintain all things are done by a fatal necessity, which some attribute to stars, others to divine prescience. For asmuch as concerneth stars, it is a distinct question, which would well deserve a much longer discourse, than this present design permitteth (b). We have shewed in some other former tracts, and will also manifest once again, how vain, and frivolous the science of Horoscopes is, being taken in that heigth, whereunto the vanity of some impostours hath raised it, not here intending to condemn those who handle Astrology within limits permitted by the Church. Let us now be contented to say it is a savage ignorance to seek to infer from the course of planets an absolute necessity upon mens actions: since even judicial Astrologers the most fervent and obstinate, durst never proceed so far. All say the stars make impressions of certain qualities upon bodies, and minds, but that they may be diverted by precaution: which gave authority to the famous axiom of *Ptolomy*, cited by S. *Thomas* in the book of destiny, affirming, (a) *the wise man shall rule the stars.*

(a) Second squadron.

(b) Vanity of Astrology.

(a) S. Thom. opuse. defat. *Sapiens dominabitur astris.*

(b) *Tertullian* in the treatise of Idolatry, said pertinently, that evil Angels are made prime masters of the curiosity of Horoscopes; and that as they were banished from Heaven, so are their Disciples from the earth, as by an extension of the divine sentence. He addeth, that man should not at all pretend to the Kingdom of Heaven, who makes a practise to abuse both Heaven and stars. It seems God pursueth those, who addict themselves to such vanities, as fugitives from Divine Providence. And it is very often observed, that great-ones who are ensnared in the servitude of this curiosity, have felt violent shocks, and many times most dreadfull events. (c) *Henry* the second to whom *Cardan*, and *Gantricus*, (two lights of Astrology) had foretold verdant and happy old Age, was miserably slain in the flower of his youth, in games and pleasures of a Turneament. The Princes his children, whose Horoscopes were so curiously looked into, and of whom wonders had been spoken, were not much more prosperous. *Zica* King of the *Arabians*, to whom Astrology had promised long life to persecute Christians, died in the year of the same prediction. *Albumazar*, the Oracle of Astrology, left in writing, that he found Christian religion, according to the influence of stars, should last but a thousand four hundred years: he already hath belyed more than two hundred, and it will be a lie to the worlds end. The year 1524. wherein happened the great conjunction of *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, in the sign *Pisces*, Astrologers had foretold the world should perish by water: which was the cause many men of quality made arks in imitation of *Noahs*, to save themselves from the deluge, all which turned into laughter. The year 1630. was likewise threatned by some predictions, with an inundation should drown half mankind, which proved false by a season quite contrary. It was foretold a Constable of *France* well known, that he would dye beyond the Alps, before a City besieged, in the 83. year of his Age, and that if he escaped this time, he was to live above a hundred years; which was notoriously untrue, this man deceasing in the 84. year, of a natural death. A Mathematician of *John Galeazzo* Duke of *Milan*, who promised himself long life according to his planets, was slain at the same time when he prognosticated this, by the commandment of the same Duke. Another Astrologer of *Henry* the seventh, King of *England*, advised this great Prince to take heed of Christ-

(b) *Expellantur mathematici sicut angeli coram, urbe & Italia: interdicitur mathematicis sicut cælum Angelis. Non potest regnum cælorum sperare cujus digitus aut vadit abutitur cælo.*

(c) *Alexandarde Angelis* l. 4. c. 40.

mas

mas night, was asked, whither his own ſtar would ſend him that night: to which he anſwered, to his own houſe in ſecurity of peace: Yet was he inſtantly ſent to the tower to celebrate the vigil of this great Feſtival. One might reckon up by thouſands, the falſhoods, miſeries, and diſaſters which wait on theſe ſuperſtitions.

Exiſtimant tot circa unum caput tumultuantes Deos. Aurelius.

Who can then ſufficiently deplore the folly of one, who forſaking the great government of God, the fountain of wits and treaſure of fortunes, makes himſelf a ſlave of *Mercury*, or *Saturn*, contrary to the voice of Scripture, deciſion of Councils, Oracles of holy Fathers, Laws of Emperours, conſultations of the wiſe, experience of people, and conſent of all the moſt ſolid judgments?

Againſt the neceſſity inferred of preſcience.

We will not labour to ruin a doctrine forſaken both by honour and reaſon: We only ſpeak againſt thoſe, who will infer a neceſsity derived from divine preſcience, by force of which, ſins themſelves, according to their underſtandings, are directly cauſed by the decrees of heaven. It is the opinion of *Velleius Paterculus*, who ſaid, deſtiny did all the good and evil in the world, and that it was a miſerable thing to attribute that which proceedeth from above, to the demerit of men, and to make the ordinances of heaven to paſs, as crimes of mortals. This Maxim was defended by Hereticks even to fury, and it is a wonder men have been ſo wicked, as to burden the prime ſanctity with all the ordures of the world.

Ità efficitur, quod eſt miſerrimum, ut quod accidit, etiam meritò accidiſſe videatur, & caſus in culpam tranſeat.

We well know, if deſtiny be taken for the ordinance by which God eſtabliſheth the lives of particulars, and ſtates of Empires, it is nothing elſe but the Divine Providence whereof we ſpeak: but good heed muſt be taken from concluding ſins within the liſt of Gods will, who only being pleaſed to permit them, cannot in any ſort eſtabliſh or will them. And it is here an impertinent thing to ſay, All God hath forſeen ſhall neceſſarily happen, otherwiſe he would be deceived in his foreſight, which cannot be affirmed without blaſphemy: but he foreſaw all future things, they then of neceſſity will happen. Who ſees not, it is a childiſh toy, and that this captious argument muſt be overthrown by ſaying, All which God hath foreſeen neceſſarily, happeneth by neceſſity, and all he foreſaw indifferently, happeneth by indifferency. Now ſo it is, that of all which dependeth on our liberty, he hath not foreſeen any thing neceſſarily, but indifferently: We muſt then conclude, that all is done by indifferency, not fatal neceſsity. harken to the excellent deciſion of S. *John Damaſcen.*

Damaſc. l. 2. Orth. fidei. c. 32.

God foreſaw all things; but he determineth not all things; He well foreſaw all which is and ſhal be in your power: but he determines not, becauſe he willeth not ſin, nor will likewiſe conſtrain any man to virtue. (b) *Plato* in his Common-wealth deteſteth all opinions, which ſeek to introduce into the beliefs of people, propoſitions unworthy of Gods goodneſs; namely thoſe which make him authour of ſin, adding, we muſt not endure to hear it ſpoken or written by any man in a well rectified Common-wealth.

Omnia quidem Deus præſcit; non omnia tamen præſtit. Præſcit enim ea quæ in noſtra ſunt poteſtate, non autem ea præſtit, quia non vult peccatum, nec cogit ad virtutem.

(b) Plato l. 2 de republic. Θεὸς κακῶν ἀναίτιος.

Who knoweth not, that ſuch are the cauſes, ſuch the effects? If the cauſes be neceſſary, the effects likewiſe are enchained within the limits of neceſsity: If they be contingent, they are all in indifferency. Now the preſcience of God (to ſpeak properly) is not the cauſe of our actions, unleſs it be by meer accident and occaſion; then it cannot make them neceſſary. Is it not true, that the great eye of God equally beholdeth things paſt, preſent, and future? And as our eye maketh not things preſent by beholding them, ſince a wall is neither white nor black by force of my ſight; and as our memory makes not things paſt, by repaſsing them by their ſpecies, ſo the preſcience of God makes not things future by forſeeing them: they are not, becauſe God hath foreſeen them; but he foreſaw them, becauſe they ſo ſhould happen.

Fauſt. Reg. de gratia. c. 2. l 2. Si ad fallendum homo, reſpectis, bonus eſſe potuiſti. Si ad præcognitorem, tu tua progeſtorum tuorum ordine, ut de te malum præſcirem, compulſiſti.

O man, if thou beholdeſt him who made thee, thou mayeſt have been good. But if thou contemplateſt him, as him who knew thee before the beginning of Ages, thou haſt enforced him to make an evil judgment upon thee, becauſe thou haſt made thy ſelf evil.

Our action, although it be not the firſt dated in execution, at the leaſt in the Idæa and order of nature it always foregoeth the divine preſcience: if we regard its firſt intentions, we may all be honeſt men; if we conſider our proceedings, we conſtrain him to foreſee of us, what is in us. If preſcience imported any neceſsity, we might conclude God were neceſſitated in all the actions he doth throughout the world, becauſe he eternally hath foreſeen them all, which were moſt impious. Let us not then ſay: But if God hath ſo foreſeen it, it will happen by an inevitable neceſsity: for there are three ſorts of neceſsities; one moſt abſolute, as that of the Eſſence of God; the other natural, as light in the ſun, heat in fire, the third is a neceſsity conditional, as is that, If God foreſeeth ſuch or ſuch a thing, it ſhal happen: I ſay, it is a neceſsity of ſuppoſition, for you preſuppoſe he foreſaw it, but inſtantly you learn he foreſaw it not, but becauſe it ſhould be; and that his preſcience is no more the cauſe of our actions, than our memory of the taking of *Rochel*, and wars with the *Hugnenots*.

3. Squadron of nice ones according to humane prudence.

4. After this brain-ſick band, another riſeth, which comprehendeth the ſubtle and more refined wits, according to the judgment of the world, who ſuppoſe all good ſucceſs proceeds from prudence and humane induſtry, without the helping hand of God. They are ſuch, as according to the ſaying of the Prophet, ſacrifice to their nets, who kiſs their hand as an independent worker of great actions, who ſavourly taſte all they do, like Bears, ſaid to lick their paws, when they have eaten hony.

Habac. 1. 16.

An obſervation of the *Greſilians* pon the dependence we have from on high. *Mentem tunc hominibus adimit ſupera illa mens, qua cujuſcumque fortunam mutare conſtituit, conſilia corrumpit.* Velleius. l. 2.

Greek Authours tell us, *Mercury* was bred by the houres, to teach us, all wiſdome and humane eloquence not guided nor ſupported by the meaſures of heaven, can neither have nouriſhment, nor ſubſiſtence. There is no one more blind than he who thinks himſelf clear-ſighted in affairs without the prudence of heaven; all ſucceeds ill with him, and he findeth by experience, that God begins the change of fortunes by the corruption of counſels. The reaſon thereof is very manifeſt, ſince we know all created ſpirits, work not but by the dependence they have upon the increated Eſſence, as alſo that all Intelligences have ſo much excellency, as they have relation to the firſt Intelligence, which is the Word of God.

Weakneſs of humane wiſdome.

If we conſult with our own thoughts and knowledge, as being near of kin to us, we ſhal find they have three ill properties, which is, they are heavy, timorous and uncertain: as heavy, they creep on the earth; as timorous, they glance at all objects, and reſolve on nothing; as uncertain, they are perpetually floating. There is none but God, who raiſeth them by his exaltation, ſetleth them by his ſtability, and ſtaieth them by his immutability.

Vanity of Politicians, without Gods direction.

All they, who diſunited from the eternal Wiſdom, think to proſper in governments, honours, worldly affairs, are *Icaruſes*, that ſeek to counterfeit birds with waxen wings; the leaſt ray proceeding from the throne of the Lamb will burn them, and make their height ſerve for no other uſe, but to render their

their falls the more remarkable. If they be lettered, they ſhall ſtead them as forreſts do thieves, to cover their crimes, and if they have dignities, they ſhall be unto them, as the golden and ſilver precipices of the Emperour *Heliogabalus*, which were not deviſed but to make his ruin the more memorable. Doth not the Apoſtle proclaim aloud with a voice of thunder to the poſterity of all Ages: I will pull down the wiſdom of the wiſeſt according to the world, I will rebuke the prudence of the moſt ſubtle? And did not holy *Job* repeat the like *Oracles* upon the dung-hill, ſaying: *God often times giveth ſucceſs of Affairs moſt ſhamefull to the moſt able Counſellours, and he reduceth Judges to a certain ſtupidity of underſtanding*? Hath not the experience of Ages ſhewed ſo often in the hiſtories of *Pharaohs*, *Herods*, & all ſuch like, that there is no greater wiſdom in the world, then to be an honeſt man? *To be wiſe is to uſe wiſdom, and to make it ſerve for direction, as the eye for ſight.*

Nicephorus. Gregor. l. 7. Τὰ σοφὰ ἐυρεύμαλα πρὸς ἄσοφον τελδίων πτῶσιν. Perdam ſapientiam ſapientium 1 Cor. 1. Adducit Conſiliarios in ſtultum finem, & judices in ſtuporem. Job. 12. 17. Senec. ep. 118. Sapere ſapientia ſua eſt, ſicut oculorum videre.

5. Let us draw three concluſions from theſe three propoſitions we have deduced; The firſt whereof ſhall be, never to do like thoſe vulgar and abject ſouls, which is to curſe, and deteſt our condition and fortune, as it were an effect of ſome falſe Divinity, and not a Divine Providence. Remember daily within your ſelf thoſe words: *Nothing is done on the earth without cauſe. God hath diſpoſed all with Weight, and meaſure.*

1. Concluſion againſt thoſe who curſe fortune. Nihil in terra ſine cauſa fit Job. 5. Omnia in menſura, & numero, & pondere diſpoſuiſti. Sap. 11.

Recal into your thoughts the ſingular conſideration of *Boetius*: (a) *We muſt patiently ſuffer all which is done within the circle of Providence, ſeeing we have bowed our necks under its Laws, by the condition of our birth.* (b) So ſoon as you are born, you enter within the jurisdiction of Gods ordinance, you have undergone the yoke to receive good or evil fortune, as he ſhall pleaſe to appoint. I ask, if you ſhould reſolve to give law to him from whom you ought to take it, were you not moſt unjuſt, & unhappy? Moſt unjuſt, becauſe you would incroach upon Gods inheritance; moſt unhappy, becauſe you could not kick againſt the prick, but to hurt your ſelf the more. Were you embarked in a veſſel, you muſt go not according to your own will, but the courſe of wind, and tide. If you learned the trade of husbandmen, you muſt caſt into the earth, to reap again what will come of it, & you ſhould ſometimes have barren, ſometimes fertile, and fruitful years. You have entred into humane life, which of its nature is repleniſhed with inconſtancies, and viciſſitudes: one while there is good, another while evil hap. Let fortune roul as God ſhal pleaſe, nothing with him is hazardous. Would you be ſo hardy, as to tie your ſelf to the wheel of a chariot perpetually running, to ſtay the courſe which the Divine Providence affords it? You deſire, ſay you, a ſtable fortune in the world, and underſtand not, that were it ſo, there would no longer be either world, or fortune, ſince the condition of theſe inferiour things is in continual mutation.

(a) Boet: de conſol. Æquo animo toleres oportet, quicquid intra fortunæ aream geritur, cum ſemel jugo colla ſubmiſeris. (b) An excellent reſolution upon worldly accidents.

Deorum crimen Sylla tam felix. Senec. ad Marcia.

When you ſee the wicked flouriſh in honour, riches, and reputation, ſay not *the proſperity of a wicked man is heavens ſin*, that God walketh upon the vaults of his palace, and abandoneth the care of worldly affairs. Expect a little, Juſtice will come, although many times with a leaden pace. How know you, whether God will convert this man by ſurcharging him with proſperities, to confound his ingratitude? How know you, whether reſolving to deprive him for his crimes of eternal bleſſings, he gives him ſome uſe of temporal benefits in recompence of ſome moral virtues he hath heretofore exerciſed? Rather ſay to God: *Oh God, how profound are thy thoughts, and how inſcrutable to the ignorant, and fooliſh!* Expect the day which will draw aſide the curtain, and make you ſee all the ſecrets of the world. God expecteth it with ſo much patience in his eternity, why will not you expect it in your mortality?

Pſal. 91. 6. *Nimis profunda facta ſunt cogitationes tuæ: vir inſipiens non cognoſcet, & ſtultus non intelligit hæc. Vis tu eſſe longanimis, & patiens, junge te æternitati Dei, & cum illo expecta quæ infra te ſunt* Auguſt. in Pſal. 91.

6. The ſecond concluſion ſhall be, never to adhere to this brutiſh and ſavage opinion, which puts a fatality upon all the actions of men and all events. Beware of the fooliſh diſcourſe of him, who ſays, If my hour be come I ſhall die, and if not, I have nothing to fear. For ſee you not according to theſe unbridled maxims, all deliberation, all prudence, all order of humane life muſt be taken away? Were here a fatality, we need no more talk of ſhips to paſs the ſeas, nor medicines to cure maladies, nor bread to feed the hungry. A man beſotted with this folly, might free from danger, walk on the waves; for if his deſtiny bear him, he ſhall never periſh by water; He need not at all make uſe of medicine, for his death can neither be delayed, nor haſtned. What avails it ſo much as to eat? For if he muſt die of hunger, whatever he do he ſhall fail, and if his deſtinie threaten him not that way, he ſhall live in full aſſurance. Behold here prodigious dotages. But God, hath he not fixed the number of my years, as ſaith Job: *You keep a reckoning of his years and moneths: you have ſet him limits which cannot be broken?*

2. Concluſion againſt Fatality.

Job. 14. 5. *Numerus menſium ejus apud te eſt, conſtituiſti terminos ejus, qui præteriri non poterunt.*

I affirm, God knows the number of your days, and hath determined them: Hath he not on the other part obliged you to your conſervation by the Law of nature? Since you have no revelation from above, that God wil have you die in ſuch or ſuch a faſhion, you ought to preſerve your life to the laſt breath, and if through raſhneſs you run among precipices, ſhipwracks, and musket-ſhots, without obedience, without reaſon, without diſcretion, you are the murtherers of your ſelves. God hath foreſeen you muſt die at ſuch an hour, and of ſuch a death: but he hath likewiſe foreſeen it would happen unto you through a moſt perverſe will, and an enraged temerity, which ſought to tempt the Counſels of the Omnipotent, againſt all the maxims of verity. Know you not, God hath ſet fire and water before you, and that you may take which of them you pleaſe? *Liberty of Free-will is abſolutely given to man to become a Maſter over all his actions, with a conſtancy of mind, either voluntarily to keep and conſerve good, or to reſiſt evill with the like freedom*, ſaid Tertullian.

Tertul. adverſ. Marc. c. 6. *Tota libertas arbitrii in utramq; partem conceſſa eſt homini, ut ſui Domini conſtanter occurreret, & bona ſponte ſervando, & mala ſponte vitando.*

7. The third concluſion will teach us to ſettle our labour by heavens direction in a good temperature, ſo that we ſtand not with arms a-croſs when we ſhould travel, expecting from Gods hand what we ought not to expect with our cooperation: and that on the other ſide we take heed, not ſo to preſume of our own abilities, as to aſcribe thereunto all good ſucceſſes which happen. For both the one and other is hateful before God. We know what the Sage *Greek* ſaid to a Carter plunged in a myre, who called aloud on *Minerva*, not ſeeking to ſtir himſelf: My friend, with *Minerva* you muſt ſtir a hand. God is very ready to aid you, but you muſt on your part uſe correſpondence. Set up ſayl, and God will give you wind, till the earth, and you ſhall receive Heavens benediction. But if you think to pleaſe your ſelf with an ill rectified devotion, and not to care for the affairs of your family, will you not be like thoſe barren trees, which make a noiſe with their leaves under the breath of winds, and never bear fruits? On the other ſide, beware of thinking to be happy by means meerly humane and politick, without Heavens direction: For ſo doing, you will build upon quick-ſilver, phantaſms of greatneſs, which will afford you illuſions in this life, to

Third concluſion againſt humane prudence, and lazyneſs. Σὺν Ἀθηνᾷ καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.

Nec consilio Prudenti nec remedio sagaci, divina providentia fatalis dispositio subverti vel reformari potest. Apul. Metamor. 9. *Hen fatis superi certâsse minores.* Sil. Ital. l. 5.

drench you in the other into eternal confusions. When you have done all which justice and conscience dictate, leave successes to God, and know there are strokes from Heaven that cannot be vanquished, either by prudence of counsels, or any humane remedies. We are to be answerable unto God with our good desires, not powers; the petty gods of the earth can do nothing against the Decrees of Heaven. Take these words of S. *Paul*, not as ordinary, but as oracles of an immutable Verity: (a) *Prudence of flesh is death: but prudence of Spirit is peace and life.*

(a) Rom 8. *Prudentia carnis mors est, prudentia autem spiritus vita & pax.*

If you have good success in ought you do, thank God, and look on him (saith (b) S. *Bernard*) as an Omnipotent Will, a virtue full of affection, an eternal light, a sovereign beatitude, which repleniſheth all here below with the abundance of his ever-honoured bounty. But if in doing all you can, you find main oppositions, and irksom afflictions in the world, say as the chast *Sara* did, seeing her self injured by her servant: *O God, I turn my face to the place whence I expect my consolation. I fix mine eyes on thee, because thou settlest all my hopes. I beseech thee deliver me from the fetters of this disgrace, or deliver me out of this World. Thy counsels are impenetrable to the weakness of my understanding; but I am well assured of one thing, that he who faithfully serves thee, shall never be deceived. If his life be assaulted with afflictions, it shall reap Crowns. If it be exposed to the ardour of tribulations, thou wilt stretch out an assisting hand. If thou exercisest it under thy chastisements, it shall be to make it find out the path of thy mercies.*

(b) Bernard. de cõsider. l. 5. Tob. 6. 3. *Ad te Deus faciem meam converto, ad te oculos meos dirigo. Peto Domine ut de vinculo improperii hujus absolvas me, aut certè desuper terram eripias me, &c.*

The fifth EXAMPLE upon the fifth MAXIM.

Of the Providence of GOD over States and riches of the World.

EULOGIUS.

Drawn from the observation of *Paul* a Greek Authour.

THE Divine Providence is a marvellous workman, which ruleth here below over the heads of mortals, it laboureth in this great mass of mankind; it takes men of earth, to make them of gold, and of those men of gold, makes men of earth. It commixeth slaves and Kings, and causeth the one, not thinking of it, to spring from the other in the revolution of times, as *Plato* said. But we who know not all its secrets, sometimes blame the works of it, which should rather stir up our admiration, then be subject to our censure. One complaineth the wealth of the world is not well divided, and that the wicked have ever the greatest share. Men who oftentimes know not how to part with a finger breadth of land, but by disjoyning most intimate charities, would make themselves distributers of the worlds fortunes, as if they looked more narrowly into the world, then he that made it.

Paul. Syllegus. l. 3. c. 48.

I will here set down a memorable history, drawn out of a rare Grecian Authour, named *Paulus*, who compiled many narrations, learned from the best of his Age. He recounteth how in the time of the Emperour *Justin* the elder, about the year 528. after the birth of Christ, there was in *Thebais* one named *Eulogius*, a stone-cutter by his trade, of poor means, but very rich in virtue. Which maketh us say, Poverty resembles the Island of *Ithaca* (as said *Archesilas*) which though rough and bushy, failed not to breed the bravest men of Greece, whom she made use of, as a school for all the exercises of virtues.

Poverty the Isle of Ithaca. *Αυτερὰν μὲν ἀγαθῶν κυροτρόφον. Stob. serm. 93*

This man, who at that time had no other wealth on earth but his hands, spared not to store up treasures of good works, as pledges in Heaven. He feared God, was devout, chast, sober, abstinent, courteous, peaceful, charitable, and embraced eminent virtues in a mean fortune. It is a strange thing, that notwithstanding his labour, which was hard enough, he fasted most part of his time even to Sun-set, and with the little money he got by the sweat of his brows, relieved the poor. He walked like *Abraham* before pilgrims, he washed their feet, and received them into his little house with all possible charity. Then seeking out needy persons of his own Parish, to give them some refection according to his ability, he extended his compasion even to beasts, not suffering any thing to escape his bounty. One would have said, seeing all this poor trades-man did, he had been some rich Lord, such abundance appeared in so low a poverty.

Virtues of a good poor man.

It happened, that a holy Hermit called *Daniel*, who lived in great reputation, for the excellent endowments of his soul, passing along that way, sojourned in the poor cottage of *Eulogius*, who received him like an Angel descended from Heaven. He, who was a most spiritual man, looking very far into the Mason's life, found therein such eminent perfection, that he well perceived devotion many times lodged with little noise in a secular life, and that God, who is a great Master, had servants every where.

Daniel the Hermit made a rash demand;

This so enflamed him to the love of those virtues he observed in his host, that returning to the Monastery, he exercised great devotion, as fasting three whole weeks together, with intention to obtain an ample estate from God for *Eulogius*. Fervour so transported this good man, that he considered not, that God, who preserveth us to health, loveth us not to curiosity; and that the banquets he made for his greatest servants, as *Elias* and S. *Paul* the Hermit, when he for them opened the treasures of Heaven, were only bread and clear water of fountains. Notwithstanding, he without intermission, importuned Heaven by his prayers, complaining, God who was most just, gave riches in excess to so many sinners, to puff up their pride, and foment riot, when the poor Mason, who deserved rivers should stream nothing but gold for him, was invaded by harsh poverty, which tyed up his hands from virtue. But he persisting day and night to beg the fruit of his request, heard a voice from Heaven, which commanded him to lay aside so indiscreet a request, saying, If his *Eulogius* left his poverty, he would forsake his conscience. But he pertinaciously persevering in the pursuit of his desire, through a goodness wholly blind, answered, He well knew the contrary, and that this good man would never become evil with the blessings of God, but would rather make them mount up again to their source. That were he made rich, it would be but for the poor, and that wealth would change nothing in him, but to make him the more profitable for all the world: adding thereto, he would answer for him body for body, and soul for soul. God, who was willing to let the Hermit find by very sensible experience the temerity of his request, permitted the Mason in an instant to become a wealthy and able man. For digging in the earth, he there found a very rich treasure, which made him even in an instant bury his piety. Behold him changed into another man. He, who before perpetually sang the praises of God among the wants of poverty, like a little Gold-finch among thorns, groaned under the burden of this gold, grew pensive, anxious, sad and suspitious. He forgot piety and himself, to converse with this gold. In the end, he resolved to steal out of his Country, where he was very well known and to travel to *Constantinople*, the Port of all Nations,

Οὐχὶ βλαβήσεται χάρ.

Change of fortune causeth change of manners.

ons, there to unfold the change of his fortune with the more liberty. Yet had he some discretion, not instantly to appear in full view; but to polish, and trick up himself, making some apprentiship in the school of the world, and of civil life, to correct all that which the defect of his birth had left in him, either of rudeness or imperfection. And being of a good understanding, and handsom presence, he put himself in the conversation of honest men, and drawing near to the fountain of light, began to haunt the Court, to fashion himself for arms in the Emperours Regiments, where being full of crowns, and daily having opportunity to oblige souldiers, he so well knew how to gain hearts, and purchase the good opinion of all the world, that mounting step after step, he was in some few years made Captain of the Guard to the Emperour *Justin*. Behold him transported from the element of terrestrial men, into a new sphere, to converse with Gods.

Riches the mother of vices, and neglect of God.

There he was seized on by a dead drunkenness, which change of fortune usually causeth in weak understandings. He no longer looks back on his extraction, but to hide the defects of it. He no more remembers ancient amities, but quite to deface the marks of them. He neither knew God nor men, but for his own ends and services. He walketh up and down the City of *Constantinople* like a God in a Comedie, wearing rubies, and dragging silk after him, and he who scarcely had iron to forge a hammer or a trewel, will no longer spit, but in gold and silver. Prayer is a trouble to him, fasts are torments, ceremonies of the Church amusements, and constraints. This eclipse of devotion is waited on by a desperate exorbitance of feasts, game, and love. The more shameful his birth was, so much the more he makes himself ostentous and magnificent, to divert all the suspition of it. It is the fashion of many Great-ones derived from inferiour rank, to drown their former condition in profuse riots, and to do as that *Roman*, who sought to cover by strength of gold and silver, his fathers cottage, who was but a sheepherd.

vision of *Daniel* the Hermit.

Being engulphed in these vast delights, the Hermit, who knew not what was become of his *Eulogius*, had a frightful vision, wherein he saw himself suddenly brought before the Tribunal of God. He seemed to stand trembling before this awfull Throne, environed with Angels of fire, who held instruments of terrour in their hands. The Judge sitting with incomparable majesty, looked on him with an insensed eye, and shewed him a man buried in roses, and wasted with riots, saying unto him: *Is this then the care thou hast had of thy brothers soul?* Afterward turning to the Angels, executours of his justice, *Strike* (said he) *and spare not this respondent.* The poor man halfe dead with fear, presently understood this out-cast shewed him, was *Eulogius*, who having found great riches by his means, led a riotous life at *Constantinople*. He presently threw himself at the feet of the Judge, humbly beseeching him with tears & groans, to suspend the rod of his indignation, on condition he would reduce his friend unto duty.

He went to *Constantinople*, and spake to *Eulogius*.

Verily, he failed not instantly to hasten to the place where he was, and found him in this ample City, the most eminent of the Eastern Empire, in glorious equipage, perpetually near the Kings person, or so overwhelmed with visits, affairs, and delights, that it was a whole moneth before he might speak to him, though he daily much endeavoured it. In the end, it was Gods will one day, he was admitted into his Cabinet; when beseeching him to send away his people, for the importance of the business he was to treat, that done, he presently made himself known remembring *Eulogius* of his former poverty, his trewel, and masons life; adding, that by his prayers he came to this eminent so tune, he confidently blamed him for his ingratitude, and infidelity towards God. The other who took no contentment, that amidst his golden glitter and silk, the old rag of his first fortune should be remembred, brake off the discourse, and shamefully driving him out of his Cabinet, asked his waiters, what they meant to bring a fool and a melancholy lunatick before him; which was the cause the unfortunate Father *Daniel* was so loaden with blows, that he thought he should have been slain in the place. Yet all bloody, he crept out of the chamber as well as he could, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, humbly besought God, steeping every word in his tears and blood, to send *Eulogius* not more riches and honours, but disgrace and poverty, knowing it was the onely means to reduce him to reason.

Fall of *Eulogius*.

This quickly came to pass as he wished. For the Emperor *Justin* dying, *Eulogius* was removed both from the favours he hoped, and those he possessed, which disposed him to a bitterness of heart against *Justinian*, then seated in the Empire. But it being dangerous to suffer ill affection towards the Prince, to encroach upon the heart, he already was so giddy, that nothing wanted but opportunity to undo himselfe.

Rebellions and seditions direful for people.

Behold here a hideous treason plotted against the new Emperour, which aimed to ruin the whole state of the East, & to bury *Constantinople* in its ruins: *Hypatius*, & *Pompey* nephews of the Emperour *Anastasius*, who preceded *Justin*, had also pretences for the Empire, which having been little countenanced, either through want of time, or defect in their merit, failed not to be reproduced in this new State, wherein *Justinian*'s affairs, seemed, as yet, much unsetled. These Rebels had drawn to their side huge factions of mutinous spirits, and envenomed the peoples mind, by decrying what they could the government of *Justinian*, under the shadow of exactions of excessive sums of money, levied on all sides. So that in short time, the whole City was seen in arms, and filled with malecontents, who under colour of defence of publick good, committed shameful outrages, and pillages unpunished

The people never fail to favour rebellions, and to second the evil purposes of the factious, for that is the way to put ones self between two dangers, and to be exposed as a prey to all violence. The Emperour seeing the malignity of this storm, and well understanding he could not divert it but by strong resistance, dispatched the Regiments of the *Heruli* to over-run the Rebels. They being rough gamesters, made a great massacre of the people, whilst the blind iron made no distinction between forreigner, and native. This served more to exasperate minds transported with extremities, saying: *They no longer must hope for safety, since the Prince had sold their lives to Barbarians.*

The sedition was so much enkindled, that women and children became parties, ceasing not to throw stones and fire from on high out of windows upon the Emperours souldiers. They seeing themselves charged on all hands, entered into an inexorable fury, which was waited on by so strange a butchery, that it in an instant covered the streets with blood & dead bodies. The Patriarch beholding all this misery, had recourse to the arms of heaven, since earthly Powers could do nothing, so that he presently advanced a procession of Ecclesiasticks, who bare the books of the Gospels, and Images of our Saviour. But

the *Heruli* became then enraged Elephants with the sight of their bloud, nor could they look on any Image but of revenge, or entertain any Gospel but the sword. They onely called force to counsel, when reason was banished, and acted all which violent rage might in an unlimited power. You would have said, signal had been given for fire and sword, to commix and confound all that might be disordered. Crimes were freed from chains, for laws, and Religion, which useth to become a veil for protection of supplicants, had no obstacle in it to stay the heat of this fight.

The Emperour, who only required to pacifie the sedition, needs would call the people into the Theater, to sweeten and inform them of his intentions: but the rebellious cried out instantly, it was to deceive, and the more easily to ensnare them: and the excess of their wickedness having taken away the hope of pardon, they took *Hypatius*, and lifted him on high upon a target, to pronounce him Emperour in sight of all the world. The whole City stood five days in so horrible confusions, that it seemed a very image of hell.

In the end, God favouring the right of lawful Princes, *Justinian* found effectual meanes to disarm rebellion, attracting some by great liberalities, and discountenancing the rest; he so changed the face of affairs, mingling likewise force with industry and favour, that he caused *Hypatius* the imaginary Emperour, to be taken with *Pompey* his Associate, and condemning them to death, dissolved the whole conspiracy, which had before been so fatal to the people that thirty thousand remained dead on the place. *Eulogius* was far engaged in the faction of *Hypatius*, so that saving his life by flight, all his goods were confiscated. The miserable man not knowing of what wood to make his arrow, returned to his former trade, and hid himself in great obscurity, to make it a veil for his crimes. Notwithstanding, moved with remorse of conscience, he began in this alteration of state, to make a virtue of his necessity, and to sacrifice his body to penance, which had been vowed to sensuality. The Hermit *Daniel* afterward met him by chance, and perceiving him much milder, and more tractable then he was at *Constantinople*: *How goes the world with you*, Eulogius, (said he) *having been the King in a Tragedy, what part play you now*!

To which, all over-covered with shame, he replied, His ingratitude had abused the blessings of God and men, yet for all this not lessened their goodness and that if Father *Daniel* would once again pray for him, not to restore him to the Court, where he too long lived in the death of his innocency, but a little to sweeten the sharpness of his poverty, he would be grateful for it all days of his life. The Hermit answered: Confide not in me, my friend, the experience of your follies hath made me wiser then I was. Though poverty be irksom, it is an evil necessary for you. Remain in the condition, whereunto your birth disposed you, and ask not riches again, which would only serve to make you nought.

VI. MAXIM.

Of PREDESTINATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT	THE HOLY COURT.
That the Salvation is a thing done, nor need we take care of it.	That our eternal happiness is yet in our hands, and expecteth our endeavour.

Maluit ortus servare, quam nosse suos Lucanus.

1. GReat things are not unlike the sources of *Nilus*, whereof the Ancients said, nature made them rather to be looked after, then found: so many great wits have been employed to enquire the causes of Predestination, yet all have confessed: *It was an abyss of the riches of Gods wisdom and knowledge, whose judgments are incomprehensible, and ways not to be tracked.*

Rom. 11.

Maxims against fatality.

Fear not the judgements of God, which of themselves are nought but justice and goodness; but fear your works, which have so little assurance, and so much iniquity. Say not your salvation is a thing done, and that God having determined it from all eternity, without calling you to counsel, good works can do nothing to advance your happiness, nor bad to encrease your unhappiness. Know, God, who of his meer bounty calleth you will neither save nor damn you, but by justice. Think not, it is destiny or necessity begins this business: God by his grace hath put the mould and cizars into your hands, to fashion your self such as you desire to be reputed. First secure your self of your self, by contributing to the graces which prevent you: He who is good to himself, shall never find God evil.

(a) Notable saying of Tertullian.

The great judgement of *Tertullian* fore-stalled the disputation of men, when he said: (a) *It was neither a good faith, nor very solid, to referre all to the will of God, and so flatter the world, by saying, nothing is done in the world without the Ordinance of God: but we must understand there is some power in us, which God himself expecteth, to accomplish the work of our salvation.* To say then, The great God hath determined of us in his eternity, without making any reflection upon our works, *Is to make a pillow for the sloath of some, and to prepare a precipice for the despair of others.* Let us not in this article make God so liberal, that he gives us blessings wherewith we may take occasion to be evil, and think his mercy will countenance our sluggishness. *He sleepeth too much at ease, who thinks to carry his happiness behind him.* (b) What care would you have a man take of his salvation, who thinks it depends not at all upon his care, and what despair will not strike down a feeble brain, who shall imagine all his travels do nothing for his avail towards beatitude, since the conclusion of his good or ill hap, were estimated without any consideration of his merit? A labourer would not trouble himself to till the ground, which were infallibly condemned to barrenness, or to a certain proportion of fruit, and his industry to be idle. And who would care to polish his soul, if his glory were confined without any regard to his free-will? All labours would seem nought but wretched accessories; and good works, but frivolous amusements.

Non est bona & solida fidei, sic omnia ad voluntatem Dei referre & ita adulari unumquemque dicendo, nihil fieri sine jussione ejus ut non intelligamus aliquid esse in nobis ipsis Tertull. de exhort. castitatis.

(b) Note the danger that followeth, if the consideration of good works be taken away.

2. But

True doctrine of Predeſtination.

2. But when we fix our thoughts upon this verity, which ſayes predeſtination to be a divine Providence by which certain perſons are mercifully drawn out of the Maſs of corruption, and picked out to be exalted to eternal beatitude by wayes infallible, and that it is chiefly done by the mercy of God, who decreeth in his eternal counſel to prevent us with his grace; and that according to the correſpondence we therein ought to uſe, he judgeth of our good or ill hap: we call it a propoſition conform to the doctrine of the Church, advantageous to the glory of God, and infinitely availeable for repoſe of conſcience. Theſe are three points upon which we muſt inſiſt upon this diſcourſe.

Three points of reaſons of this doctrine.

S. Paul, and S. Auguſtine interpreted in the matter of Predeſtination.

And firſt, there is no cauſe to become jealous upon the words of S. *Paul*, and Saint *Auguſtine*, who ſeem ſometime to attribute all to the meer will of God, without admitting any conſideration of our good works. For we muſt weigh with our ſelves theſe two great men, like two huge ſeas, that through impetuous power of water, ſwel ſo upon one brink, that they ſeem for a time to leave the other dale. But as the Ocean, after he hath largely dilated himſelf upon one ſide, returns within the limits God preſcribed him; ſo theſe men falling upon contumacious ſpirits, who rebel againſt truth, return into a peaceful equality to build the houſe of God. The one ſought to overthrow a Judaical opinion, which maintained the eternal happineſs of Predeſtination was of neceſſity tied to the blood of *Abraham*, to Circumciſion, to works, and ceremonies of the old Law; without obſervation of which, the *Jews* acknowledged no ſalvation. Behold the cauſe why the excellent Apoſtle, who ſaw in this a contempt of grace, and a manifeſt foil given to Gentiliſm, which he had taken into his protection, ſtrongly inſiſteth and argueth with a torrent of reaſons to confound this arrogance of the *Hebrews*, who boaſted the reliques of a dying law, and ran after it with Chymæraes. From whence it comes to paſs that all the reaſons he produceth, have no other aim but to exalt the myſteries of redemption; and to ſhew, that the origin and beginning of our ſalvation conſiſteth in the grace of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who calleth us to Chriſtianity of his meer mercy, without conſideration of the obſervation of the Moſaical law, or other works, which preceeded this calling.

Rom. 6. 23. Epheſ. 1. 4. S. Aug. l. de prædeſt. Sanctor. c. 19.

And it is in this ſenſe he ſaith, grace is life eternal, becauſe it is by it's means we obtain beatitude, and in this ſenſe that he aſſureth us God choſe us before the worlds creation to be Saints, to wit, according to the ſame interpretation of S. *Auguſtine*, we were ſelected in the idæa's of God from all eternity to participate in the grace of the Goſpel, we thereto contributing nothing on our part. For the firſt grace being the beginning of all merit, cannot be produced by merit. Finally, it is in the ſame ſenſe he maintaineth God loved *Jacob*, and hated *Eſau* before they had done good or evil. For it is to be underſtood he gave temporal favours, and ſpiritual graces likewiſe to *Jacob*, which he gave not to *Eſau*, although he had beſtowed on him favour ſufficient for his accommodation. Otherwiſe if one would bring this paſſage to the point of predeſtination to glory, who ſeeth not we muſt conclude, that as *Jacob* was predeſtinated to eternal beatitude without any conſideration of good works, ſo *Eſau* had been reprobated without any regard of his demerits: which is moſt falſe, and condemned by the Church. Let us then undoubtedly hold, that all paſſages of S. *Paul*, which he alleadgeth in this point, have no other ſcope, but to exalt the free gift of redemption, and fruits of the Croſs of *Jeſus* above all legal ceremonies.

Rom. 3. 11.

3. And as for S. *Auguſtine*, he labours mainly to ruine from the top to the bottom the opinion of *Pelagians* and *Semipelagians*, whereof the one ſaid we were choſen to glory immediately by the good works we do by our own natural forces; and the other to exerciſe ſome corrective upon this opinion, which ſeemed too rigid, have written, the works of nature diſpoſe us to grace, and grace to glory. Now our eminent *Doctour* undertaking to humble this proud nature, which they ſought to raiſe to the prejudice of grace, and the blood of our Saviour, gives many aſſaults, wherein he hath no other aim but to teach us, this Predeſtination, which he calleth preparation to grace, is not due to the merits of our free-will; but that God by his mercifull bounty poureth it into our hearts, to be the beginning of good works, to which he affordeth life eternal, crowning the favours himſelf inſpired; and in this regard, he with S. *Paul* exalteth good works, which are productions of that ſeed of grace, which the Holy Ghoſt ſowed in our hearts. Doth not the Apoſtle ſay (*a*) God predeſtinated thoſe he foreſaw would be conformable to the Image of his Son; where four of the moſt famous Fathers of the Church S. *Cyril*, S. *Ambroſe*, S. *Chryſoſtom*, and *Theodoret*, no otherwiſe underſtand this paſſage, but that predeſtination to glory, followeth the preſcience of good works? And what would S. *Auguſtine* affirm, when he ſaid (*b*) the will of God could not be unjuſt, and that predeſtination proceeded (beſides the grace of God) by moſt ſecret merits, which were diſcovered to this divine eye, that diſcerneth all the actions of men?

S. Augnſt. only pretended to ruine the opinion of Pelagians.

(a) *Quos præſcivit & prædeſtinavit conformes fieri imaginis filii ſui.* Rom. 8.

Aug. l de prædeſt. Sanctor. c. 3. Antequam faceret nos præſcivit nos, & in ipſa nos præſcientia, cum nondum eſſemus, elegit.

4. Is there a ſoul ſo repleniſhed with contradiction, which averreth not, That what God doth in a certain time, he determined to do it in his eternity? Now Faith teacheth us, he in that time by him determined, rendereth life eternal to the juſt for reward of their merit, as himſelf pronounceth in S. *Matthew*. (*c*) And therefore it is neceſſary to confeſs, God before all Ages was reſolved to give the Crown of glory, not indifferently, but in conſideration of good life, and laudable virtues. And for this it is to no purpoſe to ſay, the end of our intentions goeth before the means, whereby ſome infer, God firſt decreed beatitude, which is the end, then conſidered good works, which are the addreſs to this end: For I anſwer, when the end poſſeſſeth the place of Salary, as this here doth, the merit is always preſuppoſed before the recompence. And although the Maſter of a Tourneament wiſheth the prize to one of his favourites, yet his firſt intention is, he ſhall deſerve it by his valour. God taketh the like inclinations in this great liſt of ſalvation; he wiſheth all the world palms, but willeth it to them, who well know how to make uſe of the helps of his grace.

(b) *Quia voluntas Dei injuſta eſſe non poteſt: venit enim de occultiſſimis meritis.* Apud Mag. l. dist 41. Manifeſt reaſon.

(c) Matth. 25. Anſwer to objections.

The doctrine of the moſt ancient Fathers concerning predeſtination.

Thus the moſt ancient, and graveſt Fathers of the Church thought; this ſentence they agreed on before the impoſtures of *Pelagians* in the golden Age of the Church through a moſt purified ray. And to this purpoſe *Tertullian* ſaid: (*d*) *God, who is very good of his own, was ever juſt of ours.* And S. *Hilarie* ſaid moſt perſpicuouſly: (*e*) *That Election was not an effect of judgment indiſcreet, but that from the choice of merit, proceeded the diſtinction made for glory.* S. *Epiphanius* expreſſed the like opinion *That there was no exception of perſons in the proceeding of God, but that it paſſed according to the merit, or demerit of every one.* Behold what we may gather from the ſoundeſt tradition of the Church.

(d) *Tertul. de reſur. carnis. Deus de ſuo optimus, de noſtro juſtus eſt.*

(e) *Hilar. in Pſal. 64. Non vere indiſcreti judicii electio eſt: ſed ex delectu meritorum diſcretio eſt.*

(f) But

(f) The second point of reasons. That God is glorified in that he hath our works for predestination to glory.

(f) But if we now weigh the second Article whereon we insist, which is the glory of God; it is an easie matter to see this opinion, which appropriateth a certain fatality of divine decrees, without other knowledge of cause, agreeth not with this immense bounty of God, nor the sincere will he hath to save all the world: It is not suitable to his justice, nor to his promises, or menaces he makes to virtues, or vices: besides it tormenteth minds, weakens the zeal of souls: and throweth liberty & despair into manners.

The complaint a Reprobate may make.

Why should not a miserable reprobate have ca se hereupon to say: Ah, my Lord! where are the bowels of goodness and mercy, which all pens testifie, all voices proclaim, and laws establish? Is it then of honey for others, and of worm-wood for me? How cometh it to pass without any knowledge of merit, you drew this man from the great mass of corruption, to make him a son of your adoption, a coheir of your glory, and have left me as a black victim, marked with a character of Death? What importeth it me, that in this first choice you made, you did not condemn me without knowledge of cause? to think no good for me, was to think ill enough for me. Was I then able to row against the torrent of your power? Could I intrude into your Paradise, which you have fitly disposed like the Halcyons nest, whereunto nothing can enter but its own bird? You have built your Palace of a certain number of chosen pieces, in such sort, that the account thereof being made, and proportions valued, one small grain might not be added to encrease the number. What could I do in this dreadful exclusion, but accuse your bounty, and deplore my unhappiness?

Aug. de verbo Apost. ser. 11. *Si posset loqui pecus, & dicere Deo, quare istum fecisti hominem, mepecudem?* Answer to objections. *Glossa* in Danielem

Behold what a reprobate soul may object: and it were boorless to answer, that a bruit beast might complain in this fashion, that God had not made it a man, or the like might be alledged for infants, who dy without Baptism: For as concerning beasts, nothing is taken from them, rather much given, when from nothing being and life is afforded them with contentments of nature; and as for little infants, they endure no evil, and are no more disturbed to be deprived of the sight of God, then was *Nebuchadnezzar* for the Scepter of *Babylon*, when he in his infancy was bred among shepheards, thinking himself the son of a Peasant, and wholly ignorant of his Royal extraction. But to say, A man who dies at the age of discretion, and is delivered over to eternal flames, was condemned by God, without any other fore-sight of his works, is it not a cruelty, not worthy of ought but Calvinism? as if a father might be excusable in marrying one daughter richly, and cutting the others throat, to set her on a pyle. He who would judge wisely, must fly the very shadow of an opinion so damnable, and all which may seem to favour it.

The fruits of Gods glory derived from our Maxim.

6. Now as concerning the Doctrine which establisheth Predestination upon grace and prevision of good works, it seems to strech far towards the point of Gods greatest glory. It discovereth us his science in attributing unto him an infinite survey over all the actions of *Adams* children before all Ages by which it seasonably fore-saw all that was to be done, by all particulars, in so great a revolution of times: It in an instant affordeth us this most innocent knowledge, seeing we learn by the same way that the prescience which God hath of our works, is no more the cause of our happiness, then my memory of the fireing of *Rome*, which happened under *Nero*; or then mine eye of the whiteness of snow, and fresh verdure of meadows by its simple aspects. Nothing hapneth because God fore-saw it, but God fore-saw it, because it should so happen by motion of our free-will, and not by the laws of necessity.

Qui non est praescius omnium futurorum non est Deus. Aug. de civit. Dei l. 5. c. 9.

Moreover, the Justice of the great Master is very eminent in this action; for we do not say he works at random, and seeks to make boast of his power in the misery of mortals: but with the Scripture, that he separateth light from darkness with a diamond, to wit, a most strong and resplendent knowledge of the merit and demerit of men. What sense is there to make a power, which takes its glory from ignorance, and is potent in contempt of reason? Is not this to make all terrible, even to its own favours? What sense is it to appoint a Judge to satisfie the whole world according to desart, and to make him sign Decrees irrevocable in favour of some one, before knowledge of all merit? Cannot we make him potent, unless we make him unjust?

A notable passage. *Adamante discrevit lumbras Eccles.* 16. 14. *Secundum* 70.

Add also, that in the seeling we have of Predestination, the mercy of the most mild Father shineth with visible marks. For we do not make him to damn him through a negligence of thoughts, and coldness of affection, which cannot be in a God so active, or a heart so loving: but we believe his goodness extendeth to *Cain* and *Judas*, and would they have endeavoured, they had the means to gain beatitude, which never fails any man, if he want not correspondence.

Goodness of God

In the end, we likewise acknowledge in this point the most prudent government of God, who will have nothing idle in nature, nor grace. He could enlighten us without the Sun, and afford us fruit without the earth: but he will his creatures operate, and that one unfold the rays of his substance, another supply with the juice of its bosom. In like manner, he is pleased we make his grace to profit us, to raise our riches out of his favours and derive our glory from his bounty. He will give a title of merit to our happiness, to advance the quality of his gifts. He will crown in us, what comes from himself, as if it were wholly ours. Why shall we shut up the eys of his wisdom? why ty up the hands of his liberality? An Ancient said, He more esteemed the judgment of certain men, then their proper benefits. God will, we value both in him, that we enjoy his bounty by favour, and his judgement by merit. The actions of the Sovereign Monarch are free from controul, as his gifts from repentance.

Si voluisset Esau, & incurrisset, & Deo adjutorio pervenisset. Aug. ad Simp. l. 2.

Third point. Reposse of conscience.

I will leave you now to conclude, what quiet we may have in our consciences upon the matter of Predestination. I leave you to think, whether a good soul have not cause to say: O be the Divine Providence praised for evermore, since it so worthily hath provided for me. I cannot adore its counsels, unless I love its goodness. It sweeteneth my pains, it comforteth my cares when it teacheth me, my eternal happiness depends on him and me; on him, who loveth me tenderly, and on me, who cannot hate my self, unless I derogate from my essence, after I have failed in all virtues. Courage then, we roul not under this fatality which writeth laws on diamonds, and ties us to inevitable necessities. The sodder is not cast, we have yet the mettal boyling apace in hand; we may appear on the mould of virtue, we may make our selves such by the grace of God, as to put our salvation in assurance, our life into repose, and death into crowns.

I cannot fear God with a slavish fear, since he is nought but goodness: but I will ever dread my works, since I am frailty it self. Let us hereafter live in such sort, as we would be judged. Let us consecrate our life to innocency, and banish all sin. Let us undertake

undertake piety, humility, obedience, alms, and devotion towards the Bleſſed Virgin, which are moſt aſſured marks of Predeſtination. Let us not preſume of our own forces, nor deſpair likewiſe of Gods mercy. If we ſtand upright, let us ſtill fear the declining of nature, which eaſily bendeth to evil, and if we ſtoop, let us quickly raiſe our ſelves again, making all avail to our ſalvation, yea, our proper falls. We have a great Advocate in heaven, who openeth as many wounds for us, as we have inflicted wounds on his body. We have inflicted them through cruelty, and they will receive us through mercy, ſerving us towards Heaven for a chariot of triumph, as they were to us on earth a mirrour in life, and a ſepulcher in death.

Drawn out of *Simeon* of *Conſtantinople.*

The ſixth EXAMPLE upon the ſixth MAXIM.

Of the ſecret Power of Predeſtination. PROCOPIUS.

Marvellous ſecret of Predeſtination.

PRedeſtination is an admirable ſecret, wherein experience teacheth us, there is nothing which the happy ought not to fear, nor any thing the miſerable may not hope. Stars fall from the firmament, to be changed into dung-hils, and dung-hils of the earth mount up to Heaven to be metamorphoſed into ſtars. The graces of God inſinuate themſelves by ſecret wayes, and the impreſſions of the will are extreamly nice: all that paſt, is a dream, and the future a cloud, where thunders murmur in the dark.

Hiſtoria Patrum orientis, & *Raderus.*

We tremble when we read in the Hiſtory of holy Fathers, that an Hermit, grown white in the auſterities of Religion, underſtanding a notable thief had gained Heaven by a ſigh he caſt forth in the inſtant of his death, was much diſpleaſed, and preſently became nought, becauſe God was good, blaming his mercy, to try his juſtice: for one ſole cenſure made him looſe forty years of penance, and drew his foot out of Paradiſe, to deliver his ſoul to hell. I purpoſe here conſequently to produce a ſingular converſion, that you may admire, and fear the ſecret wayes of God. *Simeon* of *Conſtantinople* is the Authour of it, who enlarged it with many words, but I will abbreviate it into good proportion, which ſhall render it no whit the leſs effectual.

Actor. 12.

Procopius preſented to *Diocleſian.*

The Emperour *Diocleſian* having pacified *Egypt*, ſojourned ſometime in *Antioch*, of purpoſe to deſtroy the name of *Jeſus Chriſt*, in the ſame place where the faithfull began to be called *Chriſtians*. *Theodoſia*, a great Lady, came to him, bringing her ſon along with her, named *Neanias*, in very good equipage, with purpoſe to prefer him in Court, and ſatisfie her ambition. To make her ſelfe the more acceptable, ſhe freely proteſted, her deceaſed husband died a Chriſtian, that ſhe had often attempted to work him to forſake this ſuperſtition, adverſe to Gods and men, and that being unable to prevail upon his inveterate obſtinacy, ſhe had manured this young plant, (ſpeaking of her ſon) carefully training him in the ſervice of the gods and Prince, with infinite deteſtation againſt Chriſtianity.

Diocleſian, who was much delighted with ſuch accidents, loudly praiſed the Lady, and caſting his eye on *Neanias*, he found him of handſom ſhape, good preſence, underſtanding, and valiant, whereof he conceived great hope he might prove hereafter a principal inſtrument of his deſires. That which alſo pleaſed him the more, was, that putting him on the diſcourſe of his education, he ſaid his father did all he could to win him to Chriſtianity, but that he ever ſtuck to his mothers ſide; not enduring the impertinencies of a Religion, which profeſſeth a ſon as old as his father, a mother without a husband, a childbirth joyned to virginity, a God crucified, a Croſs divinized, and ſuch other extravagancies, whereat he ſet himſelf a jeering with ſo much tattle, that he gained the Emperours heart.

Scoffing dangerous.

Scoffs have this proper in them, that they penetrate very far into jocund minds; and though they proceed from a ſoft ſpirit, they often make more impreſſion, then iron. The Emperour ſo well liked his humour, that he gave him a charge in the City of *Alexandria*, with two Companies to forrage round about, and cleanſe the Countrey from the ſect of Chriſtians. The mother conceived much joy thereat, and the ſon, who ſeemed already to touch Heaven with a finger, put himſelf into action for accompliſhment of his Commiſſion.

Admirable Converſion.

But, O the bottomleſs depth of Gods judgments! Behold he going about to ſurprize, is ſurprized, and of a Lion is become a Lamb, and of one victorious, a victim. He being near the City of *Apamea* in *Syria*, the earth ſhook under his feet, the air was inflamed with lightning, and thunders roared in the clouds, a voice came from Heaven, which ſaid unto him: Neanias, *whither goeſt thou, and to what purpoſe is this equipage?* He, although much aſtoniſhed, anſwered it was for the Chriſtians, The voice replied, *Is it then to me you go?* But he, having the hardneſs to ask it, *who are you*, ſaw a Croſs in the air, and heard theſe words: *I am* Jeſus *the Crucified, Son of the living God, and you ſhall hereafter be a veſſel of election for me.* This viſion beat him down, to raiſe him like S. *Paul*, and of a perſecutour, in a moment made him a Confeſſour. He ſecretly ſent for a Goldſmith, and cauſing him to make a rich Croſs, he embraced it, he kiſſed it, and carried it hanging about his neck, to engrave it in his heart.

In ſtead of perſecuting the Chriſtians, he turned his arms againſt a race of *Saracens*, who over-ran the Countrey, and raviſhed maids to ſatisfie their bruitiſhneſs, which filled houſes with terrour and tears. The Croſs gave great ſucceſs to his arms, and in ſhort time having chaſed away this pernicious faction, he went to the City of *Antioch*, being already fully inſtructed in the points of his religion.

Inter-view between *Procopius* and his mother.

The mother, who knew not what had paſſed in this matter, entertains him with much joy, not ſatisfying her ſelf either with his ſight, or in congratulating his triumphs. But he, who no longer cared for any thing under God, ſaid: *I have obtained other victories which you know not. And what?* replied the mother. *Madam, I have vanquiſhed my ſelf by the grace of God, and departing hence a Pagan, am returned a Chriſtian, deſiring nothing more in the world of you, but ſince you gave me birth, you will take example from me. How, my ſon* (ſayes the mother) *you are diſpoſed to be merry.* No, *replies he, and drawing out his Croſs, behold*, ſaid he, *the marks of the Religion I profeſs.* She much amazed, drew him aſide into her cloſet, and asked him, who had recommended this abomination to him, and whether he were become a fool? *There are none but fools* (ſaid he) *who with reverence look after deaf and dumb gods; the time is come theſe feeble Deities muſt be abjured, and all the works of darkneſs*: and ſpeaking this, he ranſacked his mothers cloſet, which was very ſumptuous, breaking and throwing down the golden and ſilver idols, and withal ſaying, theſe ſilly entertainments were onely good to make money of to diſtribute among the poor.

Theodoſia

Revenge of Theodoſia.

Theodoſia was ſo offended at this act, that without any regard of blood, and nature, ſhe went to the Emperour, and related all had paſſed, reſolving rather to deliver her ſole ſon to executioners, then to loſe the ſatisfaction of her revenge. *Diocleſian* as much ſurpriſed with aſtoniſhment, as enflamed with anger, having praiſed the mother for her zeal, wrote to *Juſtus* Governour of *Paleſtine*, and commanded him to ſeize on the perſon of *Neanias*, and to ſeek by all means to reduce him to obedience, and in caſe of refuſal, to take away his ſword, and proceed againſt him with all the rigour of puniſhments ordained for Chriſtians.

The Governour having received the Emperours Mandate, went with his Guards to the houſe of *Neanias*, and ſignified the tenour of his Commiſſion, withal delivering into his hand the Emperours Letters, wherein perceiving ſome blaſphemies againſt our Saviour, he tare them in pieces, and ſaid to *Juſtus*: *Execute your Commiſſion; I have a body to ſuffer, but not a ſoul to betray my Religion.* The other conjured him by all the wayes of friendſhip, to take pity of his age, and not become an enemy to his own life and fortune, adding, temerarious counſels are ſources of irrecoverable evils. But the valorous Champion drawing out his ſword, threw it at the Judge's feet, profeſſing he was wholly gained to *Jeſus Chriſt*, whereupon he fettered him, and led him to *Ceſarea*.

Conſtancy of Procopius.

His ſufferings for Religion.

In few daies he was brought to the Palace, to anſwer upon accuſations objected, which he moſt freely averred, perſiſting in the confeſſion of his faith with admirable conſtancy, which was the cauſe, the Judge proceeding according to ordinary forms exerciſed againſt the faithful, made him cruelly be beaten with rods in ſight of all the world. *Diocleſian* thought by theſe ſhameful and barbarous wayes, to ſtifle Chriſtianity: but theſe outrages practiſed upon men of quality, enkindled the courage of Chriſtians, and ſowed ſeeds of Martyrs. Many Pagans were ſeen, who deplored this puniſhment, beholding a young Lord whom they had lately ſeen triumphant in courteſie, in arms, and valour, delivered into the hands of hangmen, to be uſed like a thief. The Martyr perceiving the peoples tears, ſaid; *Fathers, and Brethren, bewail not my ſufferings, lament your own errours; my pains will paſs away, but the torment of infidelity ſhall be everlaſting.* Then lifting his eyes to Heaven, he fervently beſought God to fortifie him in his combats, to whom he reſigned the total glory. *Juſtus* ſeeing him more courageous then he wiſhed, ſent him back unto the priſon, where he was comforted with the ſight of Angels, and it is ſaid, our Saviour himſelf appearing, baptized him with his own hands, and gave him the name of *Procopius*, and heartened him, bravely to finiſh his combats.

The next day he came forth of Priſon, like the Sun out of clouds, his body reflecting luſtre and Majeſty, when they thought him ſpent with exceſs of torments. The whole City was filled with rumour, and many ſouldiers ſecretly coming to the Biſhop *Leontius*, were converted to faith, whereof the Governor advertiſed, made them preſently to be beheaded, fearing to exaſperate the Bands, if he longer deferred their Execution. *Procopius* having once again been tormented, before he was brought back to priſon, recommended theſe firſt victims to Heaven by his prayers, whoſe example was quickly waited on by twelve Ladies, full of honour, who made open profeſſion of faith. *Juſtus* thinking it was a feminine heat, which would be quenched when torments were applied to their bodies, cauſed them cruelly to be tortured, commanded their ſides and arm-holes to be burnt, yet they perſevered, ſinging and praiſing God in the ardour of the moſt exquiſite torments.

Theodoſia mother of our Martyr, being preſent at this ſpectacle, felt her ſelf touched to the quick: for the ſpirit of God entred powerfully into her. It ſuddenly took off the film, which in her had clouded the light of reaſon, making her ſee into the bottom of her ſoul, at which ſhe conceived much horrour.

Change of Theodoſia.

Alas then, ſaid ſhe, *within her ſelf, who ever lodged a heart ſo barbarous as thine, in the body of a woman? All the blood thou ſeeſt ſhed, diſtilleth now to ſatisfie a revenge thou conceiveſt againſt thine own blood. Thy ſon is in priſon all rent and torn, and if he yet have not rendred up his ſoul, he keeps it on his lips, expecting (perhaps) thy laſt words. If thou art not yet ſatisfied, go bathe thy ſelf in his wounds, and pull away that little life nature gave him by thy means, and which cruelty taketh from him by thy practiſes. Ah* Theodoſia, *the moſt rigorous of women, and the moſt unfortunate of Mothers, though thou haſt abjured nature, renounce not the God of nature. Hear the voice which ſpeaketh in thy heart, and render thee to that* Jeſus *who begins to reſign the up to thy ſelf. Why wilt thou not do, what they all before thine eyes? They have neither hearts of ſteel, nor bodies of braſs, more then thou: but more reſolution, becauſe far greater faith. And why ſhouldſt not thou be faithfull, by imitating their example. If thou haſt provoked God's mercy, thou haſt not waſted it. Let us go to Heaven by the purple way, ſince the Providence of Heaven preſenteth it unto thee. The blood of thy poor ſon yet ſpeaks to thee in ſo many tongues, as there are dreps of it ſhed in the ſtreets. Let us follow him, and never think that done too late, which ſoon ſhall work thy eternal ſalvation.*

She feeling the combat of theſe cogitations in her heart, ſuddenly cryed out, as in an extaſie: *I am a Chriſtian.* The Judge, who feared this act, gave ſemblance to hear nothing of it, but ſhe redoubled her voice ſo loudly, and made ſo ſolemn a profeſſion, that it was impoſſible for him to diſſemble it: ſo that ſeeing ſhe would not deſiſt from this reſolution, he was enforced to ſend her into the priſon, where her ſon remained.

Procopius beholding her to come fettered with other Ladies, was infinitely joyed at this ſpectacle, and cryed out aloud:

Madam, my dear mother, who brings you? To whom ſhe anſwered: *Loving ſon, the cauſe which put you here, brought me hither to be the companion of your death, ſince I am the murderess of your life. I have betrayed blood and nature, and delivered my bowels to executioners, to ſatisfie paſſion. Virtue and honour being loſt, nought elſe remains for me, but the happineſt to dy with you for* Jeſus Chriſt. *It is, Son, at this inſtant, I muſt accompliſh the words you ſpake to me at your return, that I ſhould take example from you, as you birth from me. O God, moſt honoured Mother, behold here a great touch from Heaven, (ſaid* Procopius*) I have nothing more to wiſh in the world, ſince I this day behold you the precious conqueſt of* Jeſus Chriſt. *It is at this time, when being a Mother by nature, you ſhall likewiſe be a Mother to me by the example of your pity: You are come to the point whether God would have you, and all that is paſt, was but to augment the glory of your converſion. Let us go by the way of blood, to the place where the ſoul of your good Husband, and my deareſt father, expecteth us.*

His impriſonment and martyrdom.

These two hearts wholly diſſolved into the love of God, ſpake in thought, having not language enough to expreſs their affection. *Theodoſia* being in a ſhort time after baptized by *Leontius*, was led to execution with the twelve Ladies, where ſhe appeared as the ſingular ornament of this holy Quire, leaving her head in the place, where ſhe had firſt confeſſed *Jeſus Chriſt*, with a conſtancy ſo heroick, that ſhe drew

drew tears from all the world. *Procopius* having been tumbled up and down at divers Seſſions before the Tribunals, whipped, roaſted, broyled, ſalted, torn in all his body, the ſtrength of his courage no whit ſhaken, ſtretched out his neck to the Executioner, and yielded up his fair ſoul to God, learning in the converſion of his mother, and his own, the Divine power of this great Predeſtination.

VII. MAXIM.

Of the Divinity of JESUS.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That God will be ſerved in any kinde, and that every Sect hath reaſon in its Religion.

THE HOLY COURT.

That none but* Jeſus *is Authour of truth and ſalvation, to whom all Creatures bear witneſs of his Divinity.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is an old dotage of obſequious ſpirits, who having no zeal for faith, and likewiſe leſs courage againſt impiety, do in appearance approve all Religions, and follow none. That is it which made *Symmachus* ſay, God was a great ſecret, and that it was no wonder every one ſought after it, and ſpake according to his weak endeavour of it, ſome in one faſhion, and ſome in another: That is it alſo which made *Maximus Madaurenſis* write, He was too great to enter whole and entire into the underſtanding of man; but muſt be taken piece-meal, every one contenting himſelf to adore ſome Symbol of God, which ſeemed moſt convenient unto him.

Behold the ſhorteſt way can be taken to arrive at groſs impiety; for it is to make a *Roman* Pantheon of Religion, where you ſhall have a thouſand imaginary Divinities, without one leaſt glimmer of the knowledge of the true God. Lies for ſome ſpace accord together, although they ſpare not to oppoſe one another; but true Religion hath this property, to tend wholly to Monarchy, and if you ſpeak to it of tolerating other Sects, as if they were reaſonable, it is to thruſt thorns into the feet, and put ſtraws into the eys of it.

2 Cor. 6. *Jeſus* hath nothing to do with *Belial*, the faithful with the unfaithful, nor the Temple of God with the Synagogue of Devils. All Religions which wander from the ray of Chriſtian and Catholick verity, are but Chymæra's of piety, ſpectres of wiſdom, and flames, which lead theſe ſouls into an abyſs of fire and darkneſs. There is but one Redeemer, to whom are due all ſervices and adorations. And it is my deſire for your comfort to ſhew you, that the Authours of all Sects, having in the end appeared ſo monſtrous, it only appertained to the Eternal Son of the Father Celeſtial, to bear the teſtimony of all creatures for the homage of his Divinity.

Of the revelation of the WORD INCARNATE, *and how all Creatures bear witneſs of his Divinity.*

THe great God, whom the Prophet *Iſaiah* called *the hidden God* and who according to the ſaying of the *Pſalmiſt*, had ſpread round about his Throne a veil of darkneſs impenetrable to mortal eys, was unſcarſed in the Crib, in the firſt of his days in ſuch ſort, that you need lift up but ſimple cloaths to know him. The Word Incarnate ſo viſibly repleniſheth all the world with its knowledge, that a man muſt be blinde not to ſee its lights, and ſtupid to reſiſt its love. We will content our ſelves at this time to expreſs three proofs; The one drawn from the voice of inſenſible Nature, the other from reaſonable Nature, and the third from divine reaſons.

Voice of Nature.

It is an admirable thing to ſee, that Heaven and the elements have been willing to bear a part in the great harmony, which hath manifeſted the Word Eternal to the world involved in times, and the increated Wiſdom included in the body of an infant. If we will look into ſigns from Heaven, I may ſay, that at the approach of this Nativity, the Sun appeared incompaſſed with a marvellous Rainbow, willing thereby to give notice, the time of reconciliation was near, and that the great Mediatour, who ſhould reunite all things in his Perſon, came to ſanctifie the world by an univerſal peace.

Oroſ.l.6. c. 20. Sinat in Sing. c.95. Senec. l. nat. qq. Dio. l. 45.

Three Suns.

I might alledge what was witneſſed by *Eutropius* in his ſixth Book, and by *Euſebius* in his Chronicle, how three Suns were ſeen to ſhine at one time afterward united and incorporated in one ſole Globe: in my opinion, ſo to denote three ſubſtances, to wit, of the Word, the Soul, and fleſh conjoyned in the ſole perſon of our Saviour. I could ſay, how at that inſtant the Sun was invironed with three circles, the one whereof bare a Coronet of ears of corn, to teſtifie the plenty, which the Word Incarnate ſhould bring into the world. I could add what *Albumaſar* the *Chaldæan* wrote in his Introduction, ſixth Treatiſe, and firſt Definition, touching the apparition of a Virgin in the firſt aſpect of the ſign *Virgo*. But let us reſt ſatisfied, that Heaven ſpake aloud, making uſe of a new Star, as of a tongue to declare the living God, and that this apparition became ſo famous, that even Infidels had authentick teſtimonies thereof, as we may ſee in the narration of *Chalcidius*, a Platonick Philoſopher. And it is ſtrange, that *Pliny* (*a*) himſelf ſpeaketh of a certain Star with ſilver rays, infinitely reſplendent, which ſhewed God in a humane figure.

Plin. l. 2. c. 25.

(*a*) Plin. c. 25. l. 2. Fit & candidum cometes argenteo crine reſulgens, ut vix conniveri liceat, ſpecie humana Deos effigiem in ſe oſtendens.

If we ſpeak of the Air, know we not it was illuſtrated with a great and Divine light, which Saint *Luke* called (*b*) *the glory of God*. If we ſpeak of waters; Tradition teacheth us, a Fountain was ſeen to ſpring in a poor Stable, which was honoured firſt with the birth of the Son of God (*c*). If we ſpeak of the Earth, hath it not contributed to the revelation of the Word, when it made ſome of its Trees bow, to adore the Saviour (*d*)? Did it not bear flowers viſibly imprinted with the moſt noble characters of the living God, as *Rovillius* depainteth the Granadil? The Birds of the Air have rendred their homage by

(*b*) Gloria Domini circumfulſit eos.

(*c*) Baronius.

(*d*) Sozomen. l. 5. c. 2. Rovillius de plantis. Joan. 1. 32. Matth. 17. 27.

Agnovit bos possessorem suum, & asinus præsepe Domini sui. Isaiah 1.

the means of a dove, which appeared in the Baptism; fishes in that, which served as a Steward, and Cash-master to *Jesus Christ*. Four-footed beasts were remarkable in the crib, because we have learned from the Prophet *Isaiah*, *the Ox hath known his Master, and the Ass the crib of his Lord.*

(e) Voice of Prophesie.

2. (e) If we pass from the voice of nature, to voices divinely humane, as are predictions; what is there more admirable than the universal consent of prophesies? He who should tell us, that a most beautiful statue of white marble had been seen in a Temple, all framed of pieces laid together, made by sundry artizans in divers Ages, in such sort, that one began the head of this statue, having no other determinate design; the other not seeing the head which was made, nor knowing it to be done, made a body, another an arm, another a hand, another a leg, another a foot, in the end, every one made his part, pursuing the same course; none of these excellent Masters knowing ought of his companions works: Notwithstanding that all these pieces, wrought in sundry Ages, by so many several hands, and in provinces so far distant one from another, being set together, it was found every piece was so curiously composed, and fitted to the entire body of the statue, that it might be said, All these Sculptours had long agreed together for the accomplishment of such a work.

If then this discourse in the Idæa's of men, have any place in the truth of Histories, as many have thought, must we not say some Intelligence governed the minds of all these Artizans, to cause them insensibly to consent in all the dimensions of this Master piece so excellent and exact?

Let us here say the like, when we behold the great model of the Word Incarnate, which God placed in the frontis-piece of his works, to be admired and adored by all intellectual Nature. We find Prophets divided one from another, the distance of many hundred years, different in age, humour, condition, style, invention, order, and connexion, who could neither see one another, nor agree together in any kind, as were *David*, *Daniel*, and *Isaiah*: yet all without mutual knowledge laboured in the History of the great Saviour of men; one speaketh of his birth, another of his life, another of his doctrine, another of his manners, another of his miracles, another of his death, another of his victories and triumphs. When we take pains to gather together, and consider all these pieces, we find them measured and fitted with such proportion, that we are enforced to affirm, it is not a work of mortal hands, but an enterprize of the Spirit of God.

Excellent prophesies touching our Saviour. 49. Genes. *Non auferetur sceptrum de Juda, &c. Donec veniat qui mittendus est.*

Who inspired the Patriarch *Jacob*, that prophesied so many years before all Prophets, that the Messias, who was the hope of all Nations should come, when the Scepter of *Judea* was taken out of the hands of *Judah's* race: which was fulfilled punctuall in the time of *Herod*, who put the true Heirs of this Royal Line to death, to satisfie his ambition, and content his tyranny? who dictated to the Prophet *Daniel*, (a) that after the Edict of King *Artaxerxes*, granted in favour of the re-establishment of the Temple, there should be 70. weeks to the birth of Christ, that is to say, the space of 490. years, which was found true by calculation of the best Historiās Who made the Prophet *Aggeus* speak with this thundring majesty, and worthy the lips of the God of Hosts, WITHIN A SHORT TIME I WILL MOVE HEAVEN, EARTH, AND SEA; THE DESIRED BY ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD SHAL COME, AND I WILL RPLENISH THIS HOUSE WITH GLORY? Was it not the same Spirit, which afterward wrought those great mysteries we see; who then shewed them to his faithful servants? It is he who guided the pen of *Isaiah*, when he proclaimed the Messias should be born of a Virgin: he, who revealed to the Prophet *Micha*, this birth should happen in *Bethlehem*: he who opened the eys of *Zachary*, to see him in the triumph he afterwards made in *Jerusalem*: he, who deciphered to *David* all the particularities of his passion in the second Psalm. This great consent of Prophets without design or art, astonished the *Jews*, who had the Scriptures in their hands, and could reckon up all the verficles of their Bible. They well saw, it was the uncontroulable voice of Prophets, but their vanity had so blinded them, that they rather wished to have no Messias, than to acknowledge him poor according to the world; although his very poverty had been reckoned by the Prophets in the number of his greatnesses.

(a) Dan. 9. 26.

Agg. 2.

Isaiah 7. Micah 5. Zach. 9. Psal. 2.

Strange testimony of Gentilism.

3. Perhaps it will appear to be less strange, that the *Hebrews*, who were a chosen people, had so many revelations touching the Word of God. But who will not be rapt with admiration, to consider the words, which the wisest, the greatest, and most glorious of Gentilism, left to posterity, concerning this mystery? I speak not of *Trismegistus*, of *Pythagoras*, of *Numenius*, nor of others, whose writings may be called in question. I speak of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Cicero*. How came that into *Plato's* mind, which he so eloquently afterward couched in the fourth book of his laws? to wit:

(a) *That God should be to men the rule and measure of all things, and principally if it were so, or ought to be so in any part of the world, that there were a Man-God.*

(a) Ὅδε θεὸς πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον

From whence think you came it, that *Aristotle*, who proceeded so advisedly in all his Maxims, let this word fall:

(b) *That it was no unbeseeming thing for the Gods immortal, to revest themselves with humane nature, to destroy the errours, which were crept into the world?*

εἴ πᾳ πς, ὡς φασὶν, ἀνθρώπος ἔστιν.

Who suggested to *Cicero*, one of the wisest Politicians that ever was amongst men, what he wrote in his Book of a Common-wealth?

Plato l. 4. de legibus.

(c) *That the time would come, there should be no other law at* Rome, *than at* Athens: *but that amongst all Nations, and in all times, there should be one same, eternal, and immutable law, one common Master, and Emperour over all, which should be God himself, the inventour, teacher, and introducer of this law: and that he who obeyed him not, should flie from himself, as a despiser of his own nature. But in this alone, that he would not obey, he were grievously chastised, although he might escape all other punishment.*

(b) *Non esse Deum immortalibus indecorum hominis induere naturam, quo ab erroribus revocentur mortales.* Cælius refert. l. 17. c. 34.

(c) Cicer. l. 3. de Rep. *Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac: sed apud omnes gentes, & omni tempore una lex, Deus ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator, &c. Iam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto. Te duce si qua nefandi vestigia nostri, irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.* Virgil.

It were a thing superfluous, to alledg here the verses of the *Sybils*, which it is known were so expres, that many of the principal of the Gentiles were converted to Christiãity, by reading the testimonys these divine women, rendered of the Word incarnate.

We all likewise know, God to make this argument the more visible, permitted a little before the Nativity of our Saviour, that *Virgil*, the most eminent of all Poets, composed that his excellent work, where he expresseth in Latin verse the conceptions of *Sybilla Cumæa*, and speaketh plainly of a child which should be sent from Heaven to pardon the sins of men, and fill the earth with blessings. And to shew this was not alone in the minds of particulars, we read that towards the reign of *Augustus*, *Julius Marathus* foretold, Nature should bring forth a King for the Worlds Empire. Which so amazed the Senate, according to the relation of *Suetonius* (d) the Historian, that they forbad to breed up children which

(d) *Sueton. in Aug. 94.*

which ſhould be born within the time this South-ſayer had prefixed. Doth not *Joſephus* alſo make mention of the prediction, which ſaid: *Nations come from* Judea *ſhould become Maſters of the univerſe?* The *Romans* underſtood not this language, but applyed it, ſome to *Auguſtus*, others to *Veſpaſian*, until ſuch time as truth drew aſide the curtain, and made the accompliſhment of theſe predictions, perſpicuouſly appear in the Perſon of our Saviour.

Joſeph. l. 7. c. 11. de bello Judaico.

Nay not ſo much as *Porphyrie*, yea *Mahomet*, and devils, but give ſome Elogie of honour to *Jeſus*. *Porphyrie* in the Treatiſe he made of the bleſſings of Philoſophy, ſaith: *It is a great matter that devils themſelves have ſpoken in favour of* Jeſus, *confeſſing him to be endowed with ſingular piety, for which cauſe he entred into poſſeſſion of moſt happy immortality.* And *Mahomet*, *That the ſpirit of God bare record to* Chriſt *the Son of* Mary; *that the ſoul of God was given him; that he is the Meſſenger, Spirit, and Word of God; that his doctrine is perfect, and enlighteneth the Old Teſtament.* O God of the univerſe, how powerfull is verity, to derive teſtimonies in favour of his Word from the very lips of the moſt prophane!

Porphyrius, περὶ εὐαγγ. φιλοσοφ.

Alcoran. Azoar. 1. 4. 11. 13.

Reaſons of ſeemlineſs.

4. Let us adde alſo ſome divine reaſons in this brevity, whereunto we have voluntarily confined our ſelves. Who ſees not that humane underſtanding, conſtrain'd by the conſideration of myſteries, doth homage alſo to the Incarnation of the Son of God? Where is that darkneſs which can hinder the bright day of faith? What can Infidels ſay? That this myſtery is impoſſible? Impoſſible, how? Either on Gods part, or mans, or from the repugnance of humane underſtanding with ſuch like propoſitions, becauſe by their ſaying they involve contradictions. How, would it not be poſsible to God, he being Omnipotent, Immenſe, Infinite? How, according to the confeſsion of ancient Philoſophers, can he repleniſh all the world with his Divinity, and is not able to accommodate himſelf with enough of it to divinize his holy Humanity? Is it becauſe we ſay it is united to the Word in this myſtery, in a quite other faſhion, than the Spirit of God is with the world? I admit it: For the union of it is truly perſonal. But muſt it not be confeſſed, the Word in this divine Eſſence, as under title of efficient cauſe, it hath an influence infinite over all the effects of the world, and as under title of final cauſe, it hath a capacity to limit and meaſure all the inclinations of creatures; ſo under title of ſubſtantial bound, it may confine and accompliſh by its perſonality all poſsible Eſſence? Why ſhall we tie the hands of Divine bounty in its communications, ſince it binds not our underſtanding in its conceptions?

Is it not a ſhameſull thing, that man will eſtimate, and ſet a value upon the Divine Eſſence? If God pleaſe not man, he ſhall not be God. Should we ſay, man is incapable of this communication? And how is it, that the holy Humanity reſiſted the Omnipotency of God, to the prejudice of his own exaltation, ſince it is found as ſoon in the union of the Word, as in the poſſeſsion of Eſſence? See we not in nature, that the rays of the Sun draw up vapours from the earth, and incorporated with them, do create Meteors in the air, not any one making reſiſtance to his exaltation? What contradiction can there be in our underſtanding againſt ſuch a maxim, ſeeing it appears the moſt famous Philoſopher ſaid, This union of God with man, might be very fit, and *Plutarch* alſo ſpeaking of the communication of the Creatour with the creature, pronounced theſe words, *That God was not a lover of birds, nor other living creatures, but a lover of men; and that it is a very reaſonable matter that he communicate himſelf to his loves, and delights?*

Plutarch, in Numa. Θεὸς δὲ φίλορνις, ἢ φιλόθηρος, ἀλλὰ φιλάνθρωπος.

But this would ſeem to abaſe the divinity. Hear what *Voluſianus* ſaid: *I wonder, that he, to whom this whole univerſe is ſo ſmall, can be ſhut up within the body of a little child, having a mouth open to cry, as others.*

Voluſianus. Miror ſi intra corpus vagientis infantiæ latet cui parva putatur univerſitas, &c.

What uncomelineſs is there, if God be united to a little body? Have not *Plinie* (*a*) and *Seneca* (*b*) ſaid That nature was never ſo admirable as in little bodys, and that it was a ſlavery in Great-ones, to be unable to be little? *I wonder the Sovereign Lord of all things is ſo long abſent from Heaven, and that all the government of the world is transferred to ſo little a creature.* From whence proceedeth this amazement, but from the baſeneſs of our thoughts? If we ſaid, God being made man, ceaſed to be God, and were deſpoiled of his Empire, greatneſs, Eſſence, there would be ſomewhat wherwith to queſtion this Myſtery: but when we ſay God came to Man by inclination of a Sovereign bounty and mercy, not leaving himſelf, when we ſay humane nature is received into the Word, as a ſmall ſource into a huge river, and not looſing its Eſſence, is fixed upon the perſonality of the Word it ſelf, is it not to honour the power, majeſty, and wiſdom of God?

(a) Plin. *Naturæ nuſquam magis quam in minimis tota eſt.*

(b) *Servitus magnitudinis, non poſſe fieri minorem.* Senec. *Homo quippe ad Deum acceſsit, Deus à ſe non deceſsit.* Auguſt.

5. In what were the Divinity abaſed? Can it be in doing a work ſo noble, ſo ſingular, ſo divine, that it deſerveth to entertain the thoughts of men and Angels, through times and eternity? what is more ſpecious, and more ſweet, than to repreſent to ones ſelf the Perſon of our Saviour, who in himſelf makes an alliance of all was moſt eminent in ſpiritual and corporal nature, to wit, of God and man; verily, ſay I, one compoſed of an unheard-of compoſition, to render the majeſty of his father palpable, and viſible, to the hands and eyes of mortals? What dignity, to behold in the world a Man-God, become a part of the world, to poſſeſs the Spirit of God from all eternity, who propoſed this perſon as the end of his communications, the bound of his power, the firſt-born of all creatures; who held all Ages in breath for him, all hearts in deſires, all minds in expectation, all creatures in propheſies? *The Book of God hath written me in the beginning of its firſt page,* ſaid the Word with the Pſalmiſt.

In capite libri ſcriptum eſt de me. Pſal. 39. 8.

All creatures of this great univerſe, all predictions and conceptions of theſe two great books, the world and the Bible, tended to the accompliſhment and revelation of the God-Man, who ſhould ſet a golden head upon all nature intelligent, ſenſitive, and vegetative. All creatures were but leaves, and flowers that promiſed the great fruit which the Prophet calleth, *The fruit of earth ſublime.*

Iſaiah. 4. 2.

We muſt religionſly ſpeak what deſerveth to be heard with reverence: It is for this incomparable man that God created the world, and all creatures are but as filly rays from the Diadem of glory, which covereth his head.

Religiosè dicendum, reverenter audiendum eſt, quia propter hunc hominem gloria & honore coronandum Deus omnia creavit. Rupert. l. 13. de glor. Trinit. & proceſſ. Spi. Sancti.

What a ſpectacle to ſee them all wound up as the ſtrings of a harp, to praiſe and declare unto men the Name of God, to behold the nine Quires of Angels enter into this conſort, and every one of them to honour this firſt Eſſence, by ſo many diſtinct perfections; notwithſtanding all to confeſs their ability, cannot reach that degree which the Divine greatneſs meriteth? And thereupon behold here the Word Incarnate, which paſſing through all the ſpheres of nature, grace, and glory, enter into the new ſphere of the hypoſtatical union, where it appears as a rainbow imprinted with all the beauties of the father; he manifeſteth them to men, and making himſelf an adoring God, a loving God, an honouring God, he adoreth, he loveth, he honoureth God, ſo much as he is adorable, amiable, and honourable, through all Ages for evermore.

Let us unfold our hearts in the knowledge and love of the word revealed. Let us adore this great ſign, this eternal character of the living God, for whom all ſigns are. Let us make a firm purpoſe not to paſs over a day of our life, wherein we afford him not three things due to him by titles ſo lawful; Homage, Love, Imitation. Homage by adoring him, and offering him ſome ſmall ſervice directed according to times, in acknowledgment of the dependence we have of him, by an intire conformity of our wills to his. Love, by loving all he loves, and hating all he hates. Imitation, by ever bearing ſome mark of him upon our fleſh, according to the Apoſtle's precept, who ſaid: *Glorifie, and bear God upon your body.* And to conclude, let us often ſay;

Feed (O Lord) thy poor begger with continual influences of thy Divinity, I aſk and deſire with all my heart, thy love may penetrate, repleniſh and transform me wholly into thee.

The ſeventh EXAMPLE upon the ſeventh MAXIM.

The Triumph of JESUS, *over the Enemies of Faith.*

JULIAN the Apoſtate.

Recedentes à te in terra ſcribentur. Hier. 17.

ALl thoſe who forſake the Word of God are wretched men, blotted out of Heaven, to be written on earth, and whoſe names the earth it ſelf being unable to preſerve, abandoneth to forgetfulneſs, or contempt, and very often to execration. This is manifeſted by many ſenſible proofs in the examples of the Emperour *Julian*, who betraying his Religion, and diſhonouring the character of Chriſtianity, made himſelf one of the moſt miſerable Princes that ever was under Heaven, leaving his ſoul as a prey for Devils, his enterprizes to ill ſucceſs, his life to a moſt bloody death, his perſon to the ſcorn and hatred of men, and his memory to the deteſtation of all Ages.

Qualities of *Julian*, which ſhew, that without true Religion all is unprofitable.

Notwithſtanding he wanted no eminent qualities, which might have raiſed him, had he not forſaken the ſource of heighth and glory. Birth gave him *Conſtantius*, brother of great *Conſtantine*, for father, *Beſilina*, a moſt noble Princeſs for mother, an Emperour for Uncle, three for Coſin-germains, *Conſtantinople* for his native ſoil, and to ſerve for a Theater of great actions. He had a good wit, ſtrong body, tongue eloquent, converſation pleaſing, and courage maſculine. There was not any ſcience in the world whereof he had not ſome tincture, he moſt proſperouſly mingled Arms with Letters, and appeared as courageous in the front of Armies, as in learned Scholes.

He very little eſteemed his body, ſo much was his ſoul divorced from his fleſh: worldly riches were nothing at all in his hands, nor did he value them, but to give them. He ſaid, it was for thoſe who had no ſpirit to beg praiſe from the body., that he was ever handſom enough who was chaſte, and that if Painters made fair faces; Chaſtity, beautiful lives. His counſel was, to avoid love as an enraged Maſter, according to the ſaying of *Sophocles*, to live in the command over proper paſſions, and free enjoying of himſelf. The Gentlemen of his Chamber, and all domeſticks, who moſt nearly looked into his life, gave aſſurance, never was any thing more chaſte. He ſlept little, fed very ſoberly, continually afflicted his body, accuſtomed it to travel, in ſuch manner, that he was ſeen in the ſnows of *Germany*, and broiling ardours of *Perſia*, perpetually in the ſame ſtate.

After indefatigable toils of the day, he betook himſelf by candle-light to ſtudies of the night. He almoſt never lay but on the bear boards, and waked at an hour prefixed, not needing any one to give him notice. He expected ſo little ſervice about his perſon, that being at *Paris*, which he called *His well-beloved City*, in the time of a ſharp Winter, when the *Seine* was frozen, ſcarcely would he ſuffer a fire to be made in his chamber, ſo diſcourteouſly he uſed himſelf. He hated Riot, Superfluities, Balls and Comedies, and if needs he muſt ſometime permit them, it was more to reprove, then behold them. He afforded good and ſpeedy juſtice, his heart was patient and temperate towards the people, whom he freed what he could from tributes, making his impoſitions accord with the ability of particulars, and ſaying; He would leave his treaſures to be kept by his good friends, which were his ſubjects.

Is it not a lamentable caſe, that ſo great a man was ſo miſerably loſt, with ſo many excellent parts, for want of preſerving the beſt, which is piety. It is true, that almoſt all our Hiſtorians have written of him with much rigour, diſſembling what was good in him, to render him the more odious: but for my part, I am of opinion, the greatneſs of Chriſtianity more appeared therein, if having ſhewed the ornaments of Nature which this Prince had, we make you plainly ſee, all that very ill ſucceeded with him, and that we cannot finde any other ſource of his miſery, but his infidelity.

The cauſes of his corruption.

The judicious Readers ſhall here obſerve the cauſe of his ruine, and conſider the firſt education of children is an impreſſion very tender, which being not well managed in the beginning, filleth the whole life with diſorders. Tutours are the fathers of ſpirits, ſaid S. *Irenæus*, as having more influence over the reſemblance of ſouls, then carnal fathers over bodies. Ill luck would have it, that little *Julian* being left young in the guardianſhip of his Uncle *Conſtantine*, was recommended to *Euſebius* of *Nicomedia*, to be inſtructed in faith. Now this *Euſebius* was a Wolf in a Lambs-ſkin, who counterfeiting to be very Catholick, ceaſed not by his credit, to advance Arianiſm: ſo that this young Prince faſhioned at firſt by ſo ill a hand, could not entertain belief and reverence towards the Perſon of our Saviour. Hereſie is the key of Atheiſm, and when a ſoul is diſpoſed to contempt of its gracious Mother on Earth, it eaſily learns no longer to acknowledge a Father in Heaven.

Tutors are fathers of ſpirits.

Eccbolus an hypocrite.

He being ſo ill grounded in the elements of faith, was put under the diſcipline of a Rhetorician, named *Eccbolus*, who turned with all winds, and admitted Religion according to the times. For when he ſaw Chriſtian Emperours reign, he for ceremony ſeemed a Chriſtian. If Pagans ſwayed, there was none more inſolent then he. If Empire returned again to Chriſtians, he placed himſelf in Church-porches, beſeeching every one to tread on him, as a thing contemptible. He above all hearkned to, and honoured *Libanus*, one of the greateſt Sophiſters of his time, but a Pagan till death. He had a ſpirit mild, and very indifferent upon articles of Religion, he equally received Chriſtians and Pagans into his ſchool, & permitted S. *Baſil* himſelf to preach to his ſchollars: but omitted not ſilently to contrive the means how to reeſtabliſh the Altars and Temples of the Gods. He reflected on *Julian* as the Palladion of Gentiliſm, and bound him faſt to his own perſon by the charms of his eloquence, to apply him to his counſels.

All

School of *Julian.*

All the little piety which *Julian* might have learned from a man who had none, began to wither away in a school, where all was known but God. *Apollo* there poſſeſſed the name of *Jeſus*, *Diana* of *Mary*, *Ariſtotle* and *Plato* were the *Prophets*, *Iſocrates* the Preacher, and the names of *Tritons* were there better underſtood, than of S. *Peter* and S. *Andrew* the fiſhermen. This new diſciple took ſuch a taſt of eloquence, that it made him forget devotion: he would have given a whole Province for an Epiſtle of *Libanius*, and it ſeemed to him, he who was King of words, might become a King over hearts, and Empires. His ſpirit of fire took nouriſhment on all ſides, and devoured as well Cedars as thorns. He as yet retained ſome affection towards the knowledge of ſacred things, but curioſities predominated in his mind. He penetrated all he could, into the ſecrets of ſciences, to looſe the myſtery of faith.

It is the beginning of infidelity, to deifie a man by the tongue, and to think the Kingdom of God conſiſteth in words. Who hath not faith and virtue, ſatisfying himſelf with learning and ſciences, reſembleth thoſe *Indian* trees, which bear muſky Pears, whoſe ſmell is very odoriferous, and taſt pleaſing; but yield a peſtilent juice, wherewith they uſe to envenom arrows.

How he became depraved.

Julian ſtill manuring his ſtudies, and neglecting piety, became very vain, greedy of ſlighteſt applauſes, a great talker, a profuſe ſcoffer, extreamly curious to know things future, doubtful in faith, temerarious in ſearch of things divine, wedded to his own opinion, obſtinate in his errours, and laſtly an enemy of Chriſtianity.

Judgment of S. *Gregory Nazianzen.*

S. *Gregory* ſaith, he then obſerved in him an inconſtant wit, a fickle head, a wandering eye, unſteddy ſhoulders, roaming feet, vehement laughter, garbs and countenances immodeſt, queſtions ridiculous, anſwers much worſe, and many other things which promiſed nothing good in him. *Maximus*, a Pagan Philoſopher and a Magician, concluded his corruption, pouring into the bottom of his ſoul the blackeſt impiety that might be.

He was twenty years a Chriſtian, and ten projecting the change of his Religion, ſtill much tottering; yet never daring to let it break forth, for fear of the Emperour *Conſtantius* his couſin, who was very ſuſpitious, and one who never would have ſuffered this alteration of Religion in him. He kept him much under, without train, officers, mony; ſaw him very ſeldome, and uſed him with ſeverity: ſo that *Julian* feared the Court like fire, and never durſt lift up his eies before *Conſtantius*, whom he called the hangman of his family.

Fear, which is an ill Miſtreſs of duty, held him in under the maſk of Religion whileſt the Emperour lived, who nothing at all miſdoubting his wicked purpoſes, aſſociated him to the Empire very ſolemnly. For, having in a great aſſembly of his States pronounced a brave Oration upon the choice he made of him, he with his own hands gave him the Purple Robe, calling him *Brother*, and conjuring him to ſet his ſhoulders equal with his, to ſupport the burden of Empire; and to knit this amity with a ſtronger knot, he gave him his ſiſter *Helena* in marriage, who was not long lived. All ceremonies of dignity and wedlock done, he ſent him to govern the *Gauls*, where he performed many brave feats of arms againſt the *Almaignes*.

He is a Chriſtian for policy, and was an Infidel in his ſoul.

Then was the time when in ſo great liberty he was utterly depraved, yet ſtill ſo reſerved, that although already a Pagan in ſoul, he durſt not paſs great feſtivals without going to Church, and performing all the ceremonies of Chriſtian Religion, as he did on the day of *Epiphany* whileſt he was in *France*, according to the obſervation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*. He vaunted in an Epiſtle he wrote to the *Athenians*, that he had three times paſſed the *Rhene*, pacified the *Gauls*, ſubjugated all the rebellious towns, delivered twenty thouſand priſoners out of the hands of Barbarians, & ſent much matter of triumph to *Conſtantius*. But whether it were that vanity, by which he extolled his ſlighteſt proweſſes, made him odious; or whether ſuch as envied his glory, did him ill ſervice with the Emperour, all he did, had not that great ſplendour which he paſſionately deſired in all his actions.

Marcel. l. 21. Proweſs of *Julian* among the *Gauls*.

Conſtantius, who ever dreaded this his nature, much like a ſtanding water, cauſed him to be narrowly looked into at firſt by truſty men; but he by little & little ſhook off this yoak, and made himſelf to be beloved, as much as he might, among the *Gauls*; as well the natives of the country, (who were pleaſed with the freeneſs of his humour) as the ſouldiers, whom he ſecreetly won with fair promiſes and large hopes.

Subtilty of *Julian* to invade the Empire.

In the end, whileſt the Emperour, who was an heretick, began the perſecution of the Eaſtern Church, this man prepared a faction againſt him in the Weſt. For imagining he was already ſtrong enough, he cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed Emperour by ſecret practiſes, feigning otherwiſe to refuſe all he deſired. He began to play this goodly game with impatient ardour, being then at *Paris*, for there it was where the legions of ſouldiers, encompaſsing him at the ſhutting in of evening, called him *Auguſtus* with loud cries: whereupon he at firſt made a ſhew he would fly, & hide himſelf: but at break of day he appeared, gently reprehending the ſouldiers for what they had done, and apparently ſeeming to refuſe the title of Emperour. They, who were hired to undertake this attempt, cried out ſo much the louder, as he the more denied the honour offered him. He in the mean time, to omit nothing in this diſſimulation, held forth his hand like a ſuppliant, & intreated this might not be, wherewith they ſeemed offended, unleſs he ſpeedily embraced what they preſented. He was requeſted, that to content the Legions, he would inſtantly grace himſelf with a diadem. He anſwered, It was an ornament he never thought upon, nor regarded it at all. Some thereupon cried out aloud, he might do well to put his wifes dreſſings upon his head. But he replied, it were no good preſage to adorn a *Caſar's* head with womans attires. Whereupon ſome ſaid, he muſt then make uſe of rich horſe-trappings to counterfeit a diadem. But *Julian* oppoſing it, ſaid: *He neither would be a woman, nor a horſe.*

The Count *Maurus*, who had the word, pulled off his chain, and put it over his head, the ſouldiers redoubling their acclamations with much alacrity. When altogether unable ſufficiently to diſſemble this juggling, he not only accepted this Diadem, but promiſed to each ſouldier five crowns of gold, and a pound of ſilver, and then preſently diſpatched an Embaſſadour to the Emperour with expreſs letters to this purport:

Embaſſage of *Julian.*

That the ſouldiers had ſaluted him Emperour, which in the beginning he much diſliked, endeavouring to repreſs them as well by an hority, as fair ſpeeches, but they perſiſted ſo obſtinate in their enterpriſe, that he ſhould have incurred the peril of his life, had he not given them ſatisfaction. Behold the cauſe wherefore he was enforced to take the diadem, with all poſſible repugnance. But that he more eſteemed the judgment and approbation of Conſtantius, than all the Empires in the world, and beſought him not to hearken to envious ſpirits, who laboured to embroil them, to advance their own ends; but that regarding his birth and loyalty, he would confirm him in the honour conferred, proteſting to be nothing the leſs pliant to his commands, and that the period of his obedience, ſhould be the end of his life.

Conſtantius

Conſtantius fell into ſuch a fury upon this news, that he deigned not ſo much as to ſee his Embaſſadour, but ſent him preſently a letter of diſclaim, which he deſired might be read to the Army, commanding forthwith to lay down the title of *Auguſtus*, unleſs he would leave his life. *Julian*, who already had paſſed the Rubicon, hazardeth the buſineſs, and advanced towards *Italy* with his troups: wherewith the Emperour infinitely irritated, made an Oration in the midſt of his Army, ſhewing to the ſouldiers the treaſon and wickedneſs of *Julian*, in terms very preſſing, and ſaying, He went to require a ſpeedy ſatisfaction, well knowing, *God condemneth the ungrateful with an everlaſting judgment.* Hereupon every one cryed out, he muſt needs march on to fight with the traitour and rebel: and verily the Empetour haſtened thither by great journeys, at which time he felt himſelf ſeized by a feaver ſo ardent, that he burnt like an oven, and was beſides ſo troubled all night with dreams and horrible viſions, which told him his good Angel had forſaken him, and that it was time to leave life and Empire: which he did, being chaſtiſed by God for his cruelty towards Catholicks, and by his death, left *Julian* in full poſſeſſion of all. He inſtantly pulled off the mask, and cauſed the Temples of the gods to be opened, perſecuting Chriſtians, not ſo much by the bruitiſhneſs of *Diocleſian*, as with ſubtle wiles of a wiſe Politician.

Numen perenni ſuffragio damnat ingratos.

Death of *Conſtantius.*

Puniſhments of *Julian* remarkable.

But behold the invincible force of our Religion, and how unhappineſs is neceſſarily tyed to all their deſigns who forſake the true God. He was reſolved to ſhut up the name of Chriſtian within a narrow nook of the earth, calling us by the name of *Galileans.* But God limiting the enterprizes of this impious man, and not confining his own name, hath covered with the beams of his own glory and knowledge all the parts of the habitable world, and contrarywiſe the name of this deplorable Prince is ignominious: For although Emperours the moſt bloudy againſt our Religion are named without addition, never almoſt is *Julian* pronounced, but that for a note of eternal infamy the *Apoſtata* is added. He ſet out an Edict by which he deprived Chriſtians of the knowledge of letters. Yet God hath permitted millions of Writers to ſpring up in Chriſtianity, whilſt other ſuperſtitions, as Judaiſm, Gentiliſm, and Mahometiſm, being now fallen into extream ignorance, there is none but Chriſtianiſm, the mother of ſciences, and miſtreſs of mankind.

He reſolved to re-edifie the temple of *Jeruſalem*, and having given the commiſſion thereof to *Alipius*, bals of fire were ſeen to iſſue from the foundations, as faſt as they laid them, which made the deſign as frivolous, as the place was inacceſſible. He extreamly affected honour, yet change of religion made him ſo contemptible, that the moſt abject people mocked at him, ſaying, he muſt ſhave his beard to make halters, and that he ſpent ſo much in ſacrifices, that he would unfurniſh the world of ſheep and oxen. He ſought to give himſelf authority, yet were his laws ſpiders webs, continually broken by his ſubjects. In the end, to imitate *Alexander*, he would undertake a war againſt the *Perſians*; but after infinite many toils, he was there ſtrucken by a blow from Heaven, which quickly concluded his life, and ſhut up his mouth by the blaſphemy we have heard, when, filling his hand with bloud which diſtilled from his body, he threw it againſt heaven, and ſaid: *Thou, O Galilean, haſt vanquiſhed.*

This miſerable Prince, who thought by the help of his falſe Gods, to command the waves of the ſea, and to walk upon Stars, being pulled from the Empire at the age of thirty and one year, and the firſt of his reign, was carryed on a beer, as a ſad ſpectacle for all thoſe who adored his fortune. His death was waited on by the bone-fires of *Perſians*, and joy of Chriſtians, whoſe chains this day were diſſolved, his memory was buried in execrations and horrours, nor were there any, yea, of pens the moſt ſacred, who had not gall for him: ſo true it proves, that a man who hath defiled his ſanctification, and ſets *Jeſus* aſide, findeth hell every where, as in all things he ſought to oppoſe the Divinity.

VIII. MAXIM.

Of the Perfections of JESUS, *which make him amiable.*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we ſhould love things viſible, not troubling our ſelves with inviſible.

Διὰ ὀφθαλμῶν ἀκρασία ζῶν. Clem. Alex. *Nutibus oculorum ibant.* Iſaiah 3. 16.

ALL the greateſt evils in the world do ordinarily proceed from the ill manage of love, which exceeding the limits preſcribed by God, cauſeth every where a deluge, to occaſion afterward diſaſters. Senſual men perſwade themſelves, one cannot love but by the eyes: And verily they are thoſe, who according to the ſaying of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *begin the skirmiſh in all the battels of worldly love.* And if we follow the opinion of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, we ſhall term them *The feet of the heart*, ſince by them it goeth to objects of bodies, to which it inclines.

Baſeneſs of worldly loves.

Aſtomorum Gens veſtita frondium lanugine, halitu tantum vivens.

But, O good God, how wretched are theſe loves of things viſible! ſince they idolatrize a little skin, and reſemble the people called *Aſtomes*, who are cloathed with leaves, and live on ſmoake. The carnal man, who dayly crucifieth himſelf upon ſo many croſſes, as he entertaineth thoughts for the creature he loveth, is taken by the eye, with a little exteriour skin, called by the Phyſitians *Epidermis.* Pull that away from this body, which gives him ſo many martyrdoms, he would think that a monſter, he now adoreth for a Goddeſs. Is not this a ſtrange weakneſs of judgment, and muſt we not confeſs the eyes ſo inflamed in their purſuits, are very ſcanty in their fruition, reſerving to themſelves no other object, than thin colours, which put upon them ſo many illuſions, to occaſion ſo many flames?

I hold, every judicious man will be enforced, through

THE HOLY COURT.

That all love is due to *Jeſus Chriſt*, by reaſon of his incomparable excellencies.

Love of invisible things most penetrating.

through the sole consideration of nature, to affirm the most noble loves, yea, the greatest are employed on things invisible. For behold, a woman, who with a most lively and fervent affection loved her husband, be he taken away, and carried to a tomb in the flower of his age, and greatest splendour of his fortune, she presently becomes passionate at it, more through necessity, than election: It is not (to speak truly) the body she loveth; for should that be left to her discretion, it would in a short time become insupportable. What is it then she esteemed most in this person? The spirit, which imprinted the character of its beauty and vigour upon this mortal flesh: yet that notwithstanding she seeth not at all, nor ever did, which maketh us believe, her love was of a thing invisible.

We love excellent men, though separated from us by so many lands and seas, yea, by death it self, because we have seen some ray of their wits upon paper: We love virtues, which have neither bodies, nor colours; yea, the Amorists of the world confess, they often feel vehement passions, not for the nobility, riches, or beauty of such women as they court; well imagining, there are other of them much more accomplished in all kind of perfections, who notwithstanding make no impression upon their minds. What is it then they love? That, which they cannot see, speak unto, nor think on; so true is it, that the most penetrating arrow of love, proceedeth from things invisible.

But if that be acknowledged in natural objects, how much more by just titles, should it be in things divine, which have attractives so much the more noble and entire, as they have qualities more solid and eminent. I will here shew, God hath set a *Jesus* composed both of visible and invisible, upon the frontis-piece of the Temple of Eternity, as a lively Image of his greatness, to draw to himself the love of Angels and men.

Excellencies in the Person of our SAVIOUR.

Works of Great men. 2 Reg. 18. 18. *Vocavitque titulum nomine suo, & appellatur manus* Absolom. 3 Reg. 10. 18. *Non est factum tale opus in universis regnis.* Baron. Annal. Just 31. Cedr. l. 4. c. 39.

1. GReat ones naturally delight to do works, wherein they heap together the most visible marks of their power. So *Absalom* made a proud monument to preserve his memory, which he called *the hand of Absolom*. So *Solomon* made a magnificent throne all of ivory, covered with plates of gold, environed with statues of Lions, very gracefully set out, and the Scripture assureth us, there never was such a piece of work through all the Kingdoms of the world.

So *Justinian* the Emperour made the Altar of Saint *Sophy* of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of all the rarities in the world, which he caused to be melted, and incorporated into one mass; a wonder never till then known, nor used. So we have many times heard talk of the seven wonders of the world, which are at this time, but seven silly Fables upon a piece of paper.

Singular work of God Incarnate.

I now demand of you, if mortals, who can do nothing immortal, do notwithstanding endeavour to leave contracted works to posterity, for witness of their greatness; what should the Father of glory and sovereign Monarch of the whole world do? Were it not a thing very reasonable, and befitting his Majesty, that having distended the rich pavillion of the Heavens over our heads, which is notwithstanding no other than the works of his own hands, (as the Scripture speaketh) he made a monument, wherein he might employ the strength of his arm, and assemble together all the most delicious attractives of his beauty, and the most conspicuous characters of his power? And this verily is it he did in the mystery of the Incarnation, affording to the earth, a Man-God, of whom we cannot discourse, but must say what S. *Hilary* did: *My understanding feareth to touch the discourse of this great Word, and I have not a word which trembleth not to be uttered before such a divine light.* Let us imitate those sacred creatures of the Prophet *Ezechiel*, which clasp their wings when they hear the voice of God in the firmament: Let us hearken, and say with reverence what Saints did of the excellencies of the Person of *Jesus Christ*.

Hilar. 2. de Trinit. Filium meus veretur attingere, & trepidat omnis sermo se prodere.

Excellent qualities of *Jesus Christ*.

2. If we seek his name in the Prophet *Isaiah*, he teacheth us, he is called ADMIRABLE. If we look for his beauty in the writings of the *Wiseman*, he instructeth us, it is THE BRIGHTNESS OF ETERNAL LIGHT. If we consider the band of two natures in the Person of the Redeemer, and so much riches and treasure arranged in good order, we shal find the Prophet *Zachary* compareth them to a Pomegranate. If we reflect on his Divinity, it is THE ANGEL OF THE FIRST FACE, according to the Evangelical Prophet. If we weigh his continuance, HE IS THE ELDER OF THE DAYS, AND FATHER OF AGES. If science, HE IS THE INTERPRETER, AND ORACLE OF DIVINE MYSTERYS. If the harmony of his wisdome, HE IS THE HARP OF THE LIVING GOD, in the thirty sixth Psalm. If his office, HE IS THE ETERNAL BISHOP OF SOULS, in S. *Peter*. If his effects, HE IS THE RESTORER OF AGES. All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honour of the Saviour, and are all dried up in the abundance of his praises.

Isaiah 9. Candor lucis æternæ. Zach. 12. *Adadrimmon, malogranatum.* Κατὰ 70. Isaiah 64. *Revelator secretorum.* Genes. 41. Ægyptius. 1 Pet. 2.

Jesus a concurrence of all perfections. Παντέλειον. *Facies ultima pulcritudine,* Guil. Patis. t. 1. p. de univer. p. 1. c. 26. *Divina assimilatio est causa diversitatis in rebus.* S. Thom. opus. 2. c. 103.

It seems *Constantinus Manasses* said well in his Ecclesiastical Annals, when he named the Word Incarnate, *the universality of perfection:* For it is there where God have engraven as on Gold, the last draughts of his love, power, wisdom, consummation of his designs and counsels over men. And it is that, which, according to my opinion, moved the grave Authour *William* of *Paris*, to say, it was *the Face of the last beauty*. Now know, that to understand this title, it is necessary to consider an axiom of Saint *Thomas*, which saith, The great diversity of creatures in all the orders of the world, hath no other aim but to represent the Divinity by some image whatsoever. And in so much as the Sovereign Essence is infinite, it was expedient to produce many things, that the one might supply the others defects, and all conspire to express some character of Divine perfections. So that God beholdeth himself figured in such variety of beauties, as appear from earth to Heaven.

But all these beauties being unable to pourtraict him to the life, he painted himself in the mystery of the incarnation, which is the true table, his design, his work, wherein he included his Essence, and all his Excellencies, and in which he bounded, and limited himself, it being impossible to make any thing more worthy, or greater, than a God humanized, and a man deified.

Coloss. 1. 15. *Imago Dei invisibilis primogenitus omnis creaturæ, quoniam in ipso condita sunt universa, in ipso complacuit omnem plenitudinem inhabitare. Per eum & in eo se cognosci voluit Deus, & cœli.* Tertul. Apolog. c. 2.

He is the visible Image of a God invisible, the first-born of al creatures, because in him, & by him, al things were made, & it pleased the heavenly father, that in his Person alone a plenitude of all perfections should inhabite.

Invention of *Valentinians.*

The *Valentinians* said, God the Father of the universe, is in his Paradise as in the midst of a garden ennamelled with flowers, and that these flowers were the Intelligences, whom he enlightn'd with his lights, sanctified with his virtues, animated with his aspects, and quickned with his own life. That he beheld

beheld himself in all, and saw therein some draughts of his beauty very well expressed, yet notwithstanding they being most insufficient in comparison of the first Essence, it pleased the Eternal Father to make a Man-God, to be the King of all these Intelligencies, which they termed, *Aeons*; and for this purpose they added, That having taken the most exquisite beauties from all the flowers of this divine Garden, he fitted and enchased them in the great work of the Word Incarnate. It were too prophane Theology to take it outwardly by the letter, and it is no wonder if *Tertullian* mocked at it, objecting to them they made *Æsop's* Jay, or *Hesiodus* his *Pandora*, of the Redeemer. But if we speak according to true Divinity, we say, this God-man containeth in eminency all the virtues and beauties of Angels, to the end, he may in and through all, hold the primacy. But to give at this time some limits to a discourse, which of its nature runneth, as it were, into an infinity, we say, that as the first *Adam* falling, was infected with sin, darkned with ignorance, ruined in power: so the second *Adam* bearing himself as the restorer of humane nature, took three eminent qualities upon him, wherein all his excellencies conclude which are, Sanctity, Wisdom, and Power.

Ut sit in omnibus primatum tenens. Coloss. 1. 19.

Three excellencies of *Jesus*, wherein all other are concluded.

His sanctity. Exod. 24 8. *Ille vero sumptum sanguinem respersit in populum, Hic est sanguis foederis quod pepigit Dominus nobiscum. Sancti quasi sanguine tincti.*

And to begin with Sanctity, we find the word, Holy, was heretofore properly given to three sorts of people. First, to those who were purified by the blood of the Hoast, wherewith they were sprinkled, for so were the expiations of the old Law performed, to figure the effusion of the blood of *Jesus Christ*. *Saints were anciently those who were chafed and sprinkled with blood of the victim, immolated in the Sacrifice*, say Schole Divines. 2. This name was appropriated to those who alienated themselves from secular life, and affairs, to serve God. 3. Such as in this separated life, lived much purified from the dregs and contagion of sensuality. This being so, who seeth not the excellent title of sanctity wholly appertaineth to *Jesus Christ*, because he purgeth all the Mass of mankinde, not only by the sacred effusion of his blood, but likewise being sequestred, and separated from his mother's womb, to the honour of his Heavenly Father, he led a life in the most eminent height might ever be imagined. His sanctity hath three incomparable Prerogatives. First, it is a sanctity not of participation, but of essence, to wit, of necessity and independency, sanctity being as intimate unto God, as his Divinity. That is it S. *Dionysius Alexandrinus*, would say in the disputation against *Paulus Samosatenus*, that the sanctity of S. *John Baptist*, and all other Saints, was the work of God: but this in *Jesus* was the nature of God himself. Secondly, that it is the original and exemplar cause of all sanctities in the world, which borrow all lustre of lights from the first sanctity. Thirdly, that it hath been through all times in freedom from sin, as well because the created sanctity of *Jesus Christ*, was governed by the increated sanctity, as for that it was moistned with sources of capital Graces, and inseparably tied to the beatified vision. O Eternal word! how worthy art thou to be called by the Prophet *Daniel* The Holy of Holies, worthy the Seraphins should sing for thee eternally the Trisagion, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, worthy to bear the seal of Sanctity, and to imprint thy characters upon all the Saints. *I will establish thee* (saith the Scripture) *as the true seal of the world, because I have chosen thee.*

Ἰωάννης μὲν ἔργον δικαιοσύνης, Ἰησοῦς δὲ φύσις.

Vngetur Sanctus Sanctorum. Dan. 6. 24.

Ponam te quasi signaculum, quia te elegi. Agg. 2. 2.

His wisdom. *Sicut in Christo fuit omnis plenitudo gratiæ,*

4. The great and eminent wisdom is united to sanctity; for as very well saith S. *Bonaventure: As all plenitude of grace was in* Jesus Christ, *so there was a plenitude of wisdom by a necessary association.* It was a wisdom increated on the part of the Divinity, a wisdom beatifying, capital, infused, experimental in the holy Humanity, acquired unto it from treasures of infinite sciences; in such sort, that it had knowledge of all things created, past, present, future, possible, impossible, discovering the most small Atomes from the highest Heavens to the lowest depths.

ita & omnis plenitudo sapientiæ. S. Bonavent. Theol. verit. c. 15. l. 4.

The Word of the celestial Father, God of God, light of light, wisdom of wisdom, knoweth all the Father knows: but knowledge cometh to him from the Father, as well as Essence. It is the River Tygris whereof the Scripture (*a*) speaketh, which overfloweth in the beginning of seasons; the river which spreadeth it self into divers Channels to moisten all the wise, which are the plants of his garden. His thoughts are of larger extent then the Sea, and his counsels far deeper then abysses.

Verbum Dei Patris, Deus de Deo, lumen de lumine, sapientia de sapientia, novit omnia, quæ novit Pater, sed ei nosse de Patre est, sicut esse. Aug. l. 15. de civit. c. 14.

(*a*) Eccle. 24. *Tygris in diebus novorum, fluvius Dionysii. A mari abundavit cogitatio ejus, &c.*

The two Testaments, as well Old as New behold *Jesus Christ*, as the Cherubins did the Propitiatory: but there is as much difference between the Old and New, as between the grain of corn, and the ear, according to the saying of *Job* the Monk, in *Photius*. The doctrine of *Jesus Christ* surpasseth all other doctrines, because it hath its force and root in the Cross, as S. *Hierom* speaketh (*b*): *Jesus fortified all his doctrine by the merit of his Passion.*

(*b*) *Omnium doctrinam sicam patibulo roborabat.* Hier. ad Aglasiam.

Add, that as wisdom is observed in the order and œconomy of great affairs, when they are well proportioned to their ends, so there cannot be a matter either more important, then that of the eternal salvation of men; or which hath been managed with more choice, order, and success; or which hath succeeded by means more distant from the tracts of humane wisdom. The science of *Jesus Christ* hath inlightned the most ignorant with the knowledge of secrets unknown to Philosophers, and his word hath been as the eternal seed of so many sundry books, as were hitherto published, and which will encrease to the consummation of the world. And although the most able Philosophers, had they been persecuted by Tyrants, would not willingly have lost a tooth for defence of their Maxims, yet the wisdom of our Saviour is such, that having possessed the heart and hands of those who profess it, causeth them to pour out all the blood of their veins, and to use so much courage for preservation thereof, as it afforded them lights in its establishment.

His power. *Data est mihi omnis potestas in cœlo, & in terra.* Mat. 28. 18

5. From thence consider, it is his absolute power over all things, and note, if you please, that it is manifested principally in three Articles. First, the facility of prodigies and miracles, which appeared in *Jesus Christ*. For this large house of Nature, which we call the world, had no other motion but from his will, and he therein commanded so universally, that he seemed to hold the Heavens and Elements under hire, to be instruments of his wonders. He lighted new Stars at his birth; he eclipsed the ancient Sun at his death, he walked on waters, as on marble pavements, he caused the earth to cast up the dead four days after. We finde many of *Pharaoh's* Magicians have done false miracles; but it was, saith S. *Augustine*, by speedily applying active natural things to passive. We finde Saints have done true miracles, but in the quality of Ministers. It only appertaineth to *Jesus Christ* to do them with an original power, which hath its source in his bosom; with an absolute command, which receiveth not any modification in all nature; with a simple will, which needeth no other instruments. It only belongeth to him to do them for the full manage of the world's government, and to transmit them into the person of Saints, to the consummation of Ages.

In

In the ſecond place, I ſay this power marvellouſly ſhineth in the great Empire of the Church, which his heavenly Father hath put into his hands to build it, raiſe it, cement it with his blood, illuminate it with his lights, nouriſh it with his ſubſtance, to make laws in it, eſtabliſh Sacraments, eternize ſacrifices, create Paſtours and Prieſts, and inviſibly to rule in it by a viſible head, a power not to be ſhaken even unto the gates of hell; to exerciſe a jurisdiction over ſouls, to bind them, to unlooſe them, pardon ſins, change harts, ordain their predeſtination according to his will. Finally, this great power appears in that he firſt of all opened Paradiſe, his ſoul being exalted from the firſt day of his creation to the viſion of God's eſſence, and afterward paſſing through all the heavens, to place himſelf at the right hand of his Father, and put his Elect into the poſſeſſion of the Kingdom, he had purchaſed by his blood. Have not we cauſe to cry out thereupon, and ſay: *O happy he, whom you have choſen to raiſe him to the Hypoſtatical union! He ſhall dwell in the Palace of the Divinity, and we ſhall be filled with the bleſſings of thy houſe. Thy Temple, which is his ſacred Humanity, is infinitely holy.*

Beatus quem elegiſti & aſſumpſiſti, habitabit in atriis tuis, replebitur in bonis domus tuæ: ſanctum eſt templum tuum mirabile in æquitate. Pſal. 64.

Temple of Juſtinian.

It is ſaid, *Juſtinian* having finiſhed the magnificent Church of S. *Sophie*, which he built with ſo much induſtry and charge, ſuch numbers, and ſuch a general contribution of endeavour, of riches, and power of the whole Empire, placed therein a ſtatue of *Solomon*, who ſeemed to be aſtoniſhed, and to hide himſelf through ſhame and confuſion, to ſee his Temple ſurpaſſed by that of the Emperour. It was a vanity of a worldly Prince: But we in verity, would we repreſent what paſſeth here, ſhould paint both *Moſes*, and all the Prophets abſorpt in a profound reverence, in the conſideration of the Temple of the Church, and the wonders of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

6. Let us for concluſion of this diſcourſe, adore that which we cannot ſufficiently comprehend, and endeavour to bear an incomparable love to the Perſon of our Saviour, for the excellencies we have expreſſed. But if you require the practiſe of this, I ſay it is reduced to three heads, which are, to *adhere*, to *ſerve*, and *ſuffer*. The firſt note of faithfull affection appears in a ſtrong adherence to the thing beloved, ſo as the Scripture ſpeaking of love, ſays it cauſeth one ſoul to claſp unto another. If you begin heartily to love *Jeſus Chriſt*, you will find you ſhall think upon him almoſt inſenſibly every moment, &, as ſaith S. *Gregory*, every time you fetch your breath, there wil come a pleaſing idea of God to fil your ſoul with ſplendours and affection. You will feel a diſtaſt and unſavourineſs of heart againſt all earthly things; ſo that it will ſeem to you, that the moſt pleaſing objects of the world, are mingled with gall and wormwood. You will ſeek for your *Jeſus* in all creatures, you will languiſh after him; all which beareth, his name and memory will be delightſome to you; you will ſpeak of him in all companies, you will have an earneſt deſire to ſee him honoured, eſteemed, acknowledged by all the world. And if you perceive any contempt of his Perſon, which is ſo eſtimable, you will think the apple of your eye is touched. Your ſolitude will be in *Jeſus*, your diſcourſe of *Jeſus*, *Jeſus* will be in your watchings, and in your ſleep, in your affairs, in your recreations, and you wil account it a kind of infidelity to looſe ſight of him but an hour. Love is a great ſecret, very wel underſtood by *Abbot Moſes*, in Caſſianus, *Let our ſoul* (ſaith he) *ſigh and think it ſelf ſequeſtred from the ſovereign goodneſs, ſo ſoon as it looſeth never ſo little ſight of the divine preſence, accounting it a ſpiritual fornication to be ſeperated one ſole moment from beholding Jeſus.*

Practiſe of the love of Jeſus reduced to 3. heads.

1. To adhere.

Conglutinata eſt anima ejus cum ea. Gen. 34. 3.

Numquid quem diligit anima mea, vidiſtis. Cantic.

Suſpiret, ac toties ſe a ſummo bono anima noſtra ſentiat receſſiſſe, quoties ſe ab illo intuitu deprehenderit ſeparatim, fornicationem judicans vel momentaneum a Chriſti contemplatione diſceſſum.

For the ſecond degree, as it is not enough in worldly amities to have affections, languors, and curious lip complements, but you muſt neceſſarily come to ſome good effects, and conſiderable offices, which are the marks and cement of true affection; ſo you muſt not think the love of *Jeſus* conſiſteth in ſlight affectations of idle devotion. He muſt ſerve who wil love; his wil muſt be wedded, his command entertained and executed, his liveries put on, and we wholly transformed into him by imitation of his examples. S. *Auguſtine* to confound the weakneſs of our love towards God, pertinently maketh uſe of the practiſe of prophane loves. Behold (ſaith he) theſe fooliſh and diſhoneſt Amoriſts of the world. I demand, whether any one ſurprized with the love of a woman, attireth himſelf any otherwiſe, then to the liking of his Miſtreſs. If ſhe ſay, I would not have you wear ſuch a cloak, he puls it off: I command you in the midſt of winter to take a ſummer garment, he had rather ſhiver with cold, then diſpleaſe a miſerable creature. But yet what will ſhe do if he obey not? Will ſhe condemn him to death? Will ſhe ſend him executioners? Will ſhe truſt him into a dungeon? Nothing leſs, ſhe will onely ſay, if you do not this, I will never ſee you more. This word alone is able to make a man tear himſelf in pieces in the endeavour of complacence and ſervice. O foul confuſion of our life, and proſtitution of ſpirit! A God, who makes a Paradiſe of his aſpects, and a hell in his ſeparation from us, promiſeth never to behold us with a good eye, unleſs we keep his commandments: nor can his menaces but be moſt effectual, ſince he hath ſovereign authority in his hands. He deſerves to be ſerved above all things: ſervice done to him is not onely moſt pleaſing, but after this life gaineth recompence. In the mean time we rather chooſe to live the ſlaves of creatures, and dwell under the tyranny of our paſſions, then to embrace the yoke of God. Were it not fit we hereafter order the ſmall ſervice we do to God as well in our prayers, as actions, in ſuch ſort, that there be neither work, word, nor thought from morning till night, which hath not all its accommodations, and is not ſquared within the rule God deſireth of us, with intentions moſt purified, and indefatigable fervours?

Siquis diligit me, ſermonem meum ſervabit. Joan. 14.

Auguſt. ſerm. 19. de verbis Apoſt. *Inhoneſtos amatores oſtendite. Siquis amore fœmineo laſcivus, veſtit ſe aliter quam amata placet, & illi dixerit, nolo te habere talis birrhum; non habebit: ſi per hyemem illi dicet, in lacinia te amo, eligat tremere quam diſplicere. Numquid illa tamen damnatura eſt? Numquid adhibitura tortores? numquid in carcerem miſſura? Hoc ſolum ibi timetur, non te videbo, faciem meam non videbis.*

Finally, the laſt character of love is to ſuffer for *Jeſus*, the father of ſufferings, and King of the afflicted. The Kingly Prophet ſaid: *I ſhall be ſatisfied when thy glory ſhall appear to me.* Another tranſlation importeth, *I ſhall be well pleaſed, when I ſhall behold my ſelf marked with the characters of thy ſufferings.* Jeſus Chriſt in the great ſacrifice of patience made in the beginning of Ages, ſupplies the perſon of a great Biſhop, putting on fleſh wholly imprinted with dolours, a heart drenched in acerbities, a tongue ſteeped in gall: Round about him are all the moſt elevated and courageous ſouls, who all wear his livery, and both conſtantly and gloriouſly diſpoſe themſelves to this great model of dolours. Would we at the ſight of ſo many brave Champions lead a life lazy, languiſhing, and corrupt? Know we not all creatures of the world groan, and bring forth, that all elements are in travel, & in a ceaſeleſs agitation? The air it ſelf, (ſay Philoſophers) is perpetually ſtrucken with the motion of heaven, as with a hammer or whip, that this benummed maſs may not hatch any poiſon. Rivers are cleanſed and putrified by the ſtreaming current of their waters. The earth is never in repoſe, and the nature of great things, is generouſly to ſuffer evils. The clock goeth on by

3. To ſuffer.

Satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua. Pſal. 16.

Satiabor cum affligitur fuero ad ſimilitudinem tuam.

the help of its counterpoise, and Christian life never proceedeth in virtue, but by counter-ballance of its crosses. *Our souls are engaged by Oath to this warfare so soon as first we enter into Christianity*, said the noble *Tertullian*. Suffering is our trade, our vow, our profession Love, which cannot suffer, is not love, and if it cease to love when it should bear, it never was what it professed.

Animas vo Hras authoratti, in hac pugnas accesimus. Tertul. ad Scap.

A lover said in *Olympius*, that when he was onely some little moment absented from the creature he most loved in the world, all the best seasons were irksom, all discourses troublesome, and the greatest delights turned into bitterness. Flower de-luces seemed cole-black in the meadow, when he beheld them in his pensive solitude, roses the most vermillion grew pale, gilli-flowers lost their lustre, the very bay-trees which resist winters cold, could not withstand the sadness caused by this absence; but in a moment they all appeared quite withered to him. Viands with him had no relish, wine tast, nor sleep repose. But so soon as this creature returned, all was animated by her absence. Flowerde-luces became white again, roses resumed their vermillion, gilli-flowers their beauty, lawrels their verdure, wine and viands their tastfulness and sleep its contentment. But if there happened any harsh and painful accidents, which he must bear for her sake, they seemed a Paradise.

Olympius. *Te sine, va misero mihi, lilia nigra videntur Pallentesq; rosa, &c.*

All worldly loves speak the same; yet are we unwilling to say, or do any thing for this excellent Word of God, which is endowed with a beauty incomparable, exalted above all the beauties of the sons of men. This *Jesus*, who maketh a Paradise spring from his eys; This *Jesus*, who distilleth honey from lips of roses, for the comfort of his elect; This *Jesus* who causeth Nations to tremble under the force of his word, as under flaming arrows, and is attired with the conquest and tropheys of souls.

Behold him on the bright empyreal Heaven, crowned with a diadem of honour, and revested with celestial purple, who regardeth us, who beholdeth us, and never ceaseth to draw us unto him. So many brave spirits have followed him, amongst torrents, thorns, and flames, which they found repleni shed with a sweetness, that charmed their pain in the sight of their best beloved.

It is this sweetness turned the stones of S. *Stephen* into flower-de-luces, and changed the burning coles of S. *Lawrence* into roses. For it, S. *Bartholomew* despoiled himself of his skin as freely as of a garment, and S. *Catharine* hastened to the wheel armed with keen rasors, S. *Tecla* to Lyons, S. *Agnes* to the wood-pile, S. *Cicely* to the sharp sword, and S. *Apollonia* suffered her teeth to be torn out with as much ease, as the tree suffers his leaves to fall away from him. O the sweetness of *Jesus*, who makes all the valiant, and knoweth how to turn doves into eagles of fire! Shall we never understand, what it is to love him, towards whom all generous hearts sigh, and for whom all charities are crowned with immortal garlands?

The eight EXAMPLE upon the eight MAXIM.

Drawn from the Ecclesiastical history

Of the admirable change of worldly love into the love of Jesus Christ.

St. BONIFACE.

IT is a thing very rare, to see worldly love suddenly transported from the visible to the invisible, from the temporal to eternal, from errour to truth and from wretched passion to perfect charity. Notwithstanding Histories furnish us with some examples, and we often observe, those who were very sensible in worldly affections, when they found a good object, were more fervent & couragious in the love of God. Such was the heart of Saint *Augustine*, such likewise of generous *Magdalene*. For both of them knew so well to make use of their losses, that they seemed to have served their apprentiship unto creatures, to learn how the Creatour ought to be beloved.

Worldly lovers being converted, are the most fervent in the love of God.

Architects, when they build vaults and arches, make certain counterfeits of wood, which they call *Centries*, to serve as preparatives for their designs: but so soon as they thereon have raised true and solid works, they destroy fiction to admit verity. Much so it happeneth to souls as yet sensual; they are taken with sleight affections, which many times are not dishoneſt, but ever light, and far distant from perfection. Yet therein is to be learned what we should do for a God immortal, since we undertake so much for a mortal man. But *Jesus* insensibly building his architecture in these loving hearts, ruineth all these feignings of amity, there to establish his love.

A goodly comparison.

This which I say, is evidently to be seen in the person of *Aglae*, and S. *Boniface*, whose acts I will here produce, to give instruction how to sanctifie worldly love by the love of *Jesus Christ*. This *Aglae* was a *Roman* dame, of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautiful body, and powerful passions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a widow in an age as yet furnished with verdant freshness, grace, and beauty, she had not buried all her affection in the tomb of her husband.

Aglae a noble dame.

After she had a little wiped away the first tears, which nature exacteth as tribute in such like accidents, she quickly plaid so much the Courtier in her slight sorrow, that she seemed greatly to desire, as soon as might to be, to finish what she had never well begun. She failed not to be sought unto by many gentlemen, who saw her to be accomplished with all parts desired in an eminent marriage; and although she denied not to like their services, yet making no resolution to marry, she was all for her self, and for none else; so much she feared to take a master, instead of a husband.

She is a worldly widow.

It is nothing commendable in a Christian widow, to make a shew no longer to have a heart for the world, so to draw all the world into her heart, to change a moaning life into perpetual chatter, and turn her widow-hood into a petty Empire. *Aglae* was not yet entred into vice, but pleased her self so much to afford the love of her person, and receive none, that ere a ware she was surprized, and having disdained masters, saw her self become the slave of a servant.

Superfluities of widows.

She had a Steward in her house named *Boniface*, a witty man, and of a good presence, who managing the affairs of his Mistris discreetly forgat not his own. He so well knew how to please her, to conform to her humours, to feed her with glory, whereof she was very ambitious, to free her from cares, and fill heart with joy, that he already possessed no ordinary place in her favours: besides that, he was handsom, he had a singular grace in jesting without offence to any, to utter good conceits, and entertain his Mistris with all the delightful occurrents of the City. Love entreth in very far by this gate. It is not always beauty which surprizeth; for if it be not joyned with promptness of wit, and discourse,

Boniface Aglaes Steward.

His sweet behaviour.

discourse, it is a bait which floats on the water without a hook.

Dispositions to love should be avoided.

Familiar conversation with an Officer so pleasing, was no slight share in the house of a young widow, who lived easily, and loved pleasure. It is not without cause Saint *Hierom* would not endure to see about widows, servants so frizled and quaint; fearing least love might render them Masters over their proper Mistrisses. *Aglae* began with pretty love tricks, which are the little idols of affection, not observing, that all these gentle dalliances in a carriage too free, still thought to be constant in innocency, are not without danger. But by success of time she felt her passion so much enkindled towards this Steward, that she neither thought, spake, nor lived, but for him, not daring to discover her fancies, so much is vice ashamed of its own conscience.

Aglae in love.

Boniface, who had an intelligent and ready wit, well enough imagined from whence these extraordinary favours proceeded, which he received from his Mistris; but the more he saw her grow passionate for him, the more he persisted in his duty; whether that he in the beginning would divert this affection, which he perhaps thought not firm enough, or whether he was willing to kindle the fire by a slight resistance. His Mistris beholding him more serious in this matter then she wished, let him plainly enough understand, that having had the stewardship of her estate, he should have the like of her heart, and entertained him with more courtesie, then was fit for a man of his employment and condition.

She in the beginning managed her affections with much discretion, following the advice of *Boniface*, who knew how to hide the matter; his fortune not making him loose the remembrance of what he had been; nor passion, providence in what he might be.

Disorder of love.

Notwithstanding, it being a thing very difficult long to restrain fury, all composed of fire and violence, the favours of *Aglae* so plainly appeared, that they no longer could be hidden from the world, which is a hundred ey'd *Argus*. She occasioned speech of her, even to infamy, with so much noise and scandal in the City, that it much abashed all such as had relation to her. But being of a haughty humour, which rather useth to irritate passion by censure, then amendeth manners, she neglected what was said of her, since she stood free from controul: For love, which had bereaved her of innocency and gravity, despoiled her likewise of the care of reputation, (one of the greatest miseries may happen to a wretched soul.) She well saw her kindred neither had the will or power to hinder her pleasure, which made her change close affection into manifest whoredom.

Love is weakned by too much easiness.

Love sometimes is weakened by over-much easiness of entertaining of it. It is like the *Polypus*, which finding nothing to oppose nor devour, eateth it self by gnawing it's feet, and fins. So this passion, finding no more resistance with which it ordinarily is cherished, lessened, and lost it self. *Aglae* began at first to be weary of the frequency of this infamous familiarity, then recalled again into her heart the sense of honour, next of virtue, and lastly, God more fully touching her soul, set her in open view to her self, and made her entertain a great distast of this inordinate life.

Boniface on the other side, felt his conscience much galled, and thought on nothing but to break his chain, which he often begged of God, giving many alms in the height of his uncleanness. *Aglae* called him to her in this disposition, and said: *She was resolved to make an end of the exorbitances of her life, that it was in conclusion to weary heaven and earth too much by her sins, and that if love had wounded her, repentance would cure her, God having left her no other remedy upon evils past, then sorrow to have committed them. As for the rest, as he had followed her with so much facility in wickedness, it was no reason he should forsake her in the way of repentance. That she was a woman, he a man, that his sex obliged him to take at the least so much courage as her self, in a matter which concerned eternal salvation, and that desiring to equal him in this resolution, she should have the happiness above him to have prevented him.*

Admirable conversion.

Boniface replied, *She might confidently do what she thought good, he would ever account it his glory to wait on her in so good a purpose, and that God could not do him a greater favour, then to change the commandments of his Mistris into precepts of salvation.*

Devotion of *Aglae* in enquiry after Martyrs.

The Lady answered, she found nothing more necessary then to implore the mercy of God by the blood of his Martyrs, and therefore he should take a voyage into the Province of *Cilicia*, where daily many such were made, and bring her thence some relicks. The Steward, who could not forget his sweet nature, said unto her: Madam, you would much wonder, if from the Country of Martyrs I return a Martyr, and that my body be brought back to serve you for relicks. *Aglae* replied, Mock not, but do speedily what I tell you, and think your self most happy to be at the feet of so many glorious Confessours.

He failed not to put himself quickly on the way with men and money, handkerchiefs, and perfumes for performance of his purpose, and handled the matter so, that he was speedily in the City of *Tharsus*, at that time the Theater of Martyrs. Scarcely was he arrived, but he heard twenty Christians were led forth into a publick place to be martyred, and being already changed into another man, who breathed nothing at all but the glory of God, he stole from his company, and went presently into the open place, where perceiving the Martyrs, he brake through the throng, hastned to kiss their chains and wounds, moistening his eyes with their blood, and earnestly beseeching them to pray unto God for him.

Boniface Martyred.

The President *Simplicianus*, seeing this young stranger meddle so far in a matter whereunto he was not called, commanded him to withdraw: but he speaking with a generous confidence, and publickly professing what he was, he caused him to be apprehended and to be put to the torture, where he was roughly handled: for the executioners not content to have pulled off his skin with iron pincers, thrust slivers of pointed reeds between the flesh and nails, which caused most exquisite torments. Notwithstanding the valorous Champion had no other words in his mouth in the extremity of his torments, but:

My Saviour Jesus, *I give thee thanks for the favour thou hast done me to day, by letting me suffer for thy sake. It is good reason the body which hath so much offended thee, bear somewhat for thee. Executioners encrease my torments, augment the assistance of thy grace, & crown my combat with a faithful perseverance.* He spake with so much fervour, grace, and devotion, that those present were much moved thereat, which the Judge perceiving, commanded molten lead to be poured into his mouth to enforce him to a cruel silence: but that not succeeding as he imagined, the people mutined, and brake down an Altar, set up there for sacrifice to idols, whereat the Provost was somewhat astonished, and thinking it not fit at that time any further to incense them, he sent all the Martyrs back into prison.

The next day he went to the place with more violence and terrour, and thinking to terrifie *Boniface*,

he ſhewed him a cauldron of hot ſcalding pitch, threatning withal to burn him, if he obeyed not the Emperours Edicts. To which the Martyr anſwered, There was neither fire, ſword, nor any horrid torture able to ſeparate him from *Jeſus Chriſt*, he then ſhewing himſelf very reſolute, without leiſure given to ſay any more, was plunged into the cauldron, from whence he by miracle came forth entire, to the admiration of all the world, which began to work great converſions among the people.

Simplicianus fearing a ſecond ſedition, cauſed his head ſpeedily to be cut off with an ax, and to conſummate a glorious Martyrdom. In the mean ſpace they who were of his company, ſought round about for him, at which time they heard there was a young Chriſtian ſtranger to be executed, who had ſhewed very much conſtancy in his puniſhment. They thinking nothing leſs then of him, ſaid, it was not their *Boniface*, who ever would more readily be found among Courtiſans, then the executioners of *Tharſus*. Yet coming to the place for curioſity, they found his head upon one ſide, his body on the other extreamly amazed at what was paſſed. They bought his body for five hundred liures, and having it in their hands, they asked him mercy with weeping tears, for the raſh judgement they had given to the prejudice of his virtue.

Upon this, they had nothing ſo much in their deſires, as to carry back the body to their Miſtriſs *Aglae*, ſuppoſing they could not give her any relicks, either more undoubted or acceptable. The holy woman had already had a revelation from the mouth of an Angel of the glory of *Boniface*, and being on the way to encounter him, ſo ſoon as ſhe met him, ſhe proſtrated her ſelf before his body, and ſaid:

Speech of *Aglae* to *Boniface*.

My dear Boniface, *I ſhed not tears over thee, they would fall too low to bewail ſuch a death, as thine. Thou wenteſt out a penitent from me, and returneſt a Martyr, thou art become a Maſter from the firſt day of thy apprentiſhip, thou haſt vanquiſhed, ere ſcarce ſeen, the enemy, yea, the Crown wherewith thou ſonghteſt to glorifie other Martyrs, is fallen on thine own head. Ah how many bloudy gates were to be opened to thy generous ſoul, to afford a large paſſage to its triumphs. Iron hocks which have diſſevered thy holy members, have united thy heart to* Jeſus. *Reeds thruſt under thy nails, have confirmed thy conſtancy. Boyling cauldrons found in thy heart a love more fervent then their flames, and the ax which ſeparated the head from thy body, placed a Crown on thy head. I behold thee with an eye wholly rapt with the beauties of thy glory. I a thouſand times kiſs thy wounds, and take part in thy tropheys, and ſanctifie my ſelf by loving thee, as a Martyr of* Jeſus Chriſt. *What then remains, O bleſſed ſoul, but that I imitate thee? and though executioners forbear my body, never to ſpare my pains. That all my life may be but a martyrdom, and that there be not any part in me, which ſerves not as a victim to the ſacrifice of my patience.*

Aglae, having performed her duties, and cauſed a Church to be built, dedicated to God in memory of the Martyr S. *Boniface*, entred into a Monaſtery, and perfected her ſelf in the glorious travels of penance, finiſhing her courſe near her well-beloved, and entombing her aſhes at his feet.

THE SECOND PART OF MAXIMS. *Of the* HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGNE.

WE have directly looked towards God in the firſt Part, deducing Maxims which moſt nearly concern the Divinity. I now deſcend in this Second, to thoſe which touch the direction of this preſent life; and conſider them in three reſpects, whereof one tendeth to the ſervice of God, the other to our neighbour, and laſt ſtayeth upon our ſelves. In the firſt, I treat of Piety, againſt all counterfeit devotion. In the ſecond, I ſhew we muſt carry our ſelves towards our neighbours with juſtice, ſincerity, and ſweetneſs, excluding our own ends, diſſimulation, and cruelty. In the third, I entertain what concerns the ordering of our ſelves in proſperity againſt Epicureans, *and in adverſity againſt impatience, upon accidents of humane life: wherein I endeavour throughout effectually to obſerve the diſorders which* Plato *and* Ariſtotle *noted, were the cauſes of the deſtruction of Families, Cities, and Empires.*

THE

THE SECOND PART.

Touching the Direction of this preſent Life.

IX. MAXIM.

Of DEVOTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.	THE HOLY COURT.
That if Devotion muſt be uſed, we ſhould embrace that which is in faſhion, accommodating it to our ends.	That we muſt be devout for God, and that if Devotion be not ſolid, it is no longer Devotion.

IT is a matter very conſiderable, that Devotion is ſubject to many more illuſions then all other virtues, of which we have proof enough from our own experience, although we could find no other foundation in reaſon. But if the judicious Reader deſire to know the cauſe, I will tell him, that as nothing hath been ſo much turmoiled and counterfeited as Religion, which hath in all Ages been disfigured by ſuch variety of Sects: ſo it is no marvel, if Devotion, which is according to S. *Thomas*, as the branch of this tree, find the like contrarieties.

The cauſe wherefore Devotion is ſubject to ſo many illuſions.

Bodies moſt delicate, are ſooneſt corrupted by extream impreſſions: ſo this virtue, which is of a temperature very ſubtle, ſince it is as it were the cream of charity, may eaſily be perverted by the evil manage of it. Add, that the wicked ſpirit ſeeing this exerciſe is very neceſſary for us, ſeeks to envenom it in its ſources, to the end we may draw poiſon from thoſe things which might be our remedy.

Beſides, men either through ſuperabundance of idleneſs, preſumption of ability, through love of their own conceits, or deſire of novelty, multiply their inventions upon this matter, and many make golden calves to themſelves in *Bethel*, inſtead of the Cherubins of *Jeruſalem*. The *Lacedemonians* ever attired their gods according to the faſhions and humours which then ſwayed in their City: Every one delights to dreſs up devotion by the pattern of his paſſions.

Golden Calves taken for Cherubins. The practice of the *Lacedemonians*

I affirm one cannot worthily enough praiſe the practiſe of ſo many devout ſouls, which live in ſingular purity, either in Religious or Civil life: And I may ſay, it is an Hoaſt of the living God, as terrible in his mildneſs, as he is ſweet in his terrours. I honour all the bodies, yea, the particulars, with the honor their deſerts have acquired. But as the ſtrongeſt truths fail not to be invaded by ſome obſcurities, ſo it is no wonder, if in the ordering of virtues, ſome defects creep into the life of particulars, which ſhould no way prejudice the integrity of the general.

Of Dark Devotion.

Groſs and afflicting Devotion.

THere is a dark Devotion, which is rude and ſtupid, another nice, a third tranſcendent, and a fourth ſincere and ſolid. I call a ſtupid devotion, that which eſtabliſheth all virtue in indiſcreet and immoderate auſterities, which very often kill the body, and extinguiſh the total vigour of the mind: that, which without any obligation of the Church, or of ſome particular Order, or ſage direction, ties it ſelfe to ſtraight and rigorous obſervations, rather for ſatisfaction of ſelf-will, then through any other ſenſe of piety, and which placeth in this act all Chriſtian perfection, not minding ſo many other duties, which ſtrictly bind us to matters more conſiderable.

We have heard the Idolaters of the Eaſtern parts kill themſelves with recital of a fearfull number of prayers to their Idols, roul in the ſcorching ſands, clog themſelves with fetters, and ſlaſh themſelves with razors, thinking by theſe ways they may arrive to the top of ſanctity. Nor can we likewiſe be ignorant what is ſufficiently declared unto us by holy Scripture, that many of the Ancients were much inclined to theſe ſuperſtitious devotions, eſtabliſhing therein all the order of ſpiritual life, in ſuch ſort, that they perpetually afflicted their bodies, and in the mean time ſuffered their hearts to ſway in empty vanities, burning avarice, rigours, and cruelties towards their neighbours wholly inſupportable.

Such was the devotion of *Phariſees*, ſo often rebuked, and condemned herein by the lips of the eternal Truth. For when you ſaw them walk in publick, you beheld men lean and disfigured, who bare ſcrowls of parchment on their heads, wherein they wrote ſome ſentence of the Law of God, and tied thorns to the border of their gowns, to prick and torment their heels; whileſt the heart uncontroulably committed all diſorder. Such alſo was the devotion of certain ſuperſtitious, reproved by the Prophet *Iſaiah* in the 58. Chapter, where God ſpeaketh, ſaying unto them: *Who ever hath gon about to exact ſuch faſts from you, and ſuch devotion as you practiſe? to afflict the body a whole day together, bow the head, lie on ſackcloth and aſhes? Is this then that which you call faſting, and can you think days and times ſpent in ſuch actions, are very acceptable to God? I will teach you another kind of faſt: Break off thoſe bargains you have made with ſuch iniquity, tear in pieces* Iſaiah 58.

Diſſolve obligationes impietatis, ſolve faſciculos deprimentes.

pieces the bundles of unjust and insupportable obligations, let the poor go at liberty, who are overwhelmed with wants. Take the yoke from them which they can no longer bear, give food to the hungry, lodge pilgrims, and wayfarers in your house, cloath the naked, and disdain not your flesh.

Three blemishes of anxious devotion.

3. This dark devotion hath three things, which make it much to be suspected, and are the cause it is not well proportioned to the manner of life of solid spirits. First, when it is extreamly subject to novelties, singularities, and pride, which proceed from foolish confidence in ones own judgment. Many, who are wise according to their own way, resemble the Bat, which employeth the chrystalline humour of his eyes, to make large wings to himself, but yet very useless: so they consume all the lights and inspirations of God, to create wings of pride and vanity, which onely serve them to fly in the night and ignorance of themselves. Now, it is well known to all, that the most fatal plague in matter of Religion and devotion, is the desire to seek direction from ones own opinion, which the learned *Gerson* very well observed, when he singularly well said: (a) *If you see one walk in the way of proper judgement, although he had already one foot in Paradise, take this foot and withdraw it. For it were better to walk in the shades of death under the conduct of humility, then to have a Paradise in the pleasures of proper fantasie. Drunkenness is taken by wine* (said the Prophet) *and pride by its own opinion.*

The Bat emp'oyeth her eyes to make her wings.

(a) An excellent speech of Chancellour *Gerson* In vitis patrum libro de discretione, littera S. fol. 171. citatus à Richardo Alo.

Such there are, who after infinite many pains passed over in religious Orders, have miserably lost themselves, following the cursed *ignis fatuus* of their own opinion. Had pensive devotion no other blemish it were always much to be feared: but besides I affirm, that as fisher-men fish in a troubled water, so the Devil fisheth in the melancholly of a perplexed soul, principally when it is tyed to superiours, which govern conscience. We know by the Scripture and Fathers, the importunities and smooth practises of the evil spirit to undo us. Satan every where hath laid his nets before us, the whole earth is nought but a snare; snares in riches, snare in poverty, snare in meat, snare in drink, snare in eating, sleep, words, works, in all our actions: but we must confess there is no snare more miserable, nor of greater force, then sadness and melancholly: because it is that which bloweth out the candle, which puts out the light of the mind, and by this means makes sport for the enemy of our felicity.

Et quomodo vinum potantem decipit, sic erit vir superbus Habac. 2.

Ecce tetendit ante pedes nostros laqueos infinitos, & omnes vias nostras variis replevit decipulis ad capiendas animas nostras: Ecquis effugiet? Laqueos posuit in devijs, &c. Aug. Solil.

Doth not *Cassianus* observe, that an Hermit named *Heron*, who had sweat for the space of fourty years under the habit of Religion, and grown white amongst so many glorious palms, yet suffering himself to fall into a devotion dark, anxious, and solitary, was so deceived by the subtlety of Satan, that at the latter end of his days, he threw himself into a pit, from whence he was drawn half dead, nor was it possible to make him say, he had done ill in this act so exorbitant and desperate: proper judgement having so bewitched him in this sadness, that all his own resolutions seemed oracles unto him?

Cassian. collat 2. de discretione

Horrible issue of a hollow devotion.

And although a soul seldom falleth into such extremities, notwithstanding for a third instance, we may bring a proof taken out of S. *Thomas*, who saith, That seeing sadness is the most venemous of all passions, because it gnaweth the root of the heart, which consisteth in a certain alacrity and largness, spreading it self from the fountain of life through all the members, it is impossible that any man who ties himself to a pensive and melancholy devotion, can long persevere in the way of virtue.

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 37. art. 4.

Gilbertus a great Doctour, writing upon this sentence of S. *Paul*, drawn out of the first to the *Corinthians*, sixth Chapter, *Glorifie, and bear God in your body*, hath these notable words: *You must bear Jesus Christ, not drag him. He dragged him, who is surcharged with him, and who indiscreetly afflicteth himself in the service he doth to the Divine Majesty, not considering Jesus is the flower of the field, or the posie of myrrhe between the breasts of the Spouse, and not a load of hay, under which you must needs groan like a wheel ill greazed.*

Glorificate, & portate Deum in corpore vestro

Notable advise of Doctour Gilbertus.

Tertavult Christus, non est hic, non est Christus, sed flos campi, & fasciculus myrrha inter ubera sponsa.

4. On these same gronnds superstition is raised, which through errour feareth all it should love by virtue, and scarcely knoweth God, but by violating his clemency through a false presumption of his severity. What sense is there to enter into devotion as if one were lifted upon a rack to be tortured and to think there is no piety in the world, if the body be not torn and the spirit beaten down.

Superstitio a mandos timet quos colit, violat. Senec. Epist. 114.

One must be crucified in his thoughts by vain apprehensions, infinite many scruples must be nourished, sins imagined which never were sins, and conceits fed, that if one have walked on straws a cross, a great sacriledge is committed. Some impose a thousand fantastical observations upon themselves, some inflict voluntary tortures; and you shall find of them, who leading a life wholly innocent, make themselves hells in their own consciences, watchings wither them, dreams terrify them, and if the leaf of a tree wag, it is a spirit which comes to surprize them, nay, if some fatal bird croak in the obscurity of night, it is the voice of a dead man, who bids them prepare to pass into another world.

Out alass! Is it possible a soul which hath never so little feeling of the Divinity, can think God, infinitely merciful, is as a *Minos* and *Rhadamant*, mentioned in Fables, who spitefully comes to pry into all our actions, to number all our steps, takes pleasure to prepare punishments for us, and to raise his tropheys on our ruins. Is it so hard a matter to believe a good directour, who perswades the contrary, as that for want of a little instruction, labours in religion should be undertaken without relaxation, disturbances without repose, and miseries without comfort?

Affected Devotion.

Quaint devotion.

Effeminate and nice Devotion is of another strain; for it hath not learned to kill the body for the life of the spirit; but seeketh out witty ways to accord God and the world together, and under pretext of piety, to take those pleasures which may flatter the most refined sensuality. We now adays see many women of quality, who engross this second order, and who being little interiour, open themselves with profusion to all, whatsoever hath in it exteriour ostent. Some fall into it for satisfaction of their own wills, others by servile imitation and complacence to the humour of powerful persons, who like the great Orbs of heaven, draw along the lower planets; some through interest of fortune, others for colour of piety, and the rest by amusement. I know some who therein proceed sincerely, and did the wicked and Libertines understand the purity, excellency, and sanctity of so many good souls, who handle devotion as it should be, of which the Church is at this present furnished with a good number, they should be ravished with sight of the interiour, and take their lives to be a perpetual miracle. But we must confess, there are many devotes, who wander from these purer paths, to run after a fantasm of pie-

ty:

ty: and although I here note defects, I would have virtuous ſouls know, my cenſure no more toucheth them, then thunder the ſtars in heaven.

All exteriourly.

The firſt endeavour of this ſophiſticate devotion, conſiſteth in making an Oratory or little houſhold Chappel, in building a little magazin of relicks begged on all ſides, with more curioſity then Religion, ſetting candleſticks and pictures in order, in providing rich ornaments, in inventing new faſhions of crewets, in weaving girdles, and dreſſing up a little mercery of trinkets. And though theſe actions which concern the care of Altars are very laudable, yet are they often very much perverted, both by the intention, which is vain, and execution moſt indiſcreet. We many times finde in theſe cabinets ſo religious and curious, a *Venus* with our Lady, a *Cupid* near S. *Michael*, and a pair of beads hanging on the toes of ſome little giddy marmouzet. This is to renew the practiſe of that Lady named *Marcellina*, of whom S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh in the book of hereſies, who mingled the pictures of our Saviour, with thoſe of *Pythagoras*. Furthermore theſe places, which ſeem dedicated to piety, ſo follow the humour of their Miſtriſs, as they are accommodated to all: and if they in the morning have ſeen a Prieſt celebrate Maſs, they will make no difficulty to entertain a Ball that very evening. All this devotion is pompous and proud in its furnitures, there is not ſo much as hair-cloaths, & diſciplines but are made of ſilver, rather to ſee the bright luſtre of it, then feel the ſmartings. It hath myſteries and marvellous intrications, which many times look on the earth under a veil of sky-colour.

Aug. lib. de hæreſ. d. 7.

The pomp, and practiſes of it.

It ſeems to many, the aim of piety is nothing elſe, but to ſeek out all its petty accommodations and contentments in the world, to have liberty to do all, game-courtſhip, coſtlineſs of apparel, a caroach to ones ſelf to flutter through the ſtreets; whilſt the eſſential parts of marriage are contemned, affairs of the houſe neglected, and a husband enforced to murmur, who doth expreſs more impatience in an hour, then the other gaineth devotion in ten years.

If queſtion be made of chooſing a ghoſtly Father, there are of them, who much delight in change; and if *Seneca* ſaid, that *Roman* Ladies in the time when divorces were permitted, reckoned their husbands by the number of Conſuls, who altered every year; one may more juſtly ſay, that ſome devotes meaſure their Confeſſours by the courſe of moons, by taking almoſt every moneth a new. Other ſtick ſo cloſe to one, and ſet him in ſo high account above all humane things, that according to their opinion, he alone hath the grace, Sacraments, and blood of *Jeſus Chriſt* in his hands. But if they muſt be deprived of him, there is no more piety nor religion for them in the world: the paths of *Sion* mourn, Churches and Altars are but wilderneſſes, and the hope of ſalvation hath loſt its luſtre.

Seneca lib. 3. de benefic. cap. 16.

Such ſervices and diligence muſt be uſed to a ſlight conſcience, as if it were a huge Common-wealth. After the tediouſneſs of a confeſſion, which maketh thoſe to loſe patience, who were moſt reſolute to attend it, you muſt give & receive frequent viſits, ſpin out diſcourſes, and eternal prattle: one cannot ſuppoſe they are all of God, who is more honoured by ſilence; one would hardly believe a ſoul ſhould need ſuch poliſhing, which appeareth not to be ſo much refined in the knowledg of things divine. One thinks this devout creature through ſuperabundance of charity, beareth all the ſins of the houſe, another, that ſhe tells all the tales in the City; & thoſe who eaſily ſuſpect what themſelves do without difficulty, imagine there are other ties, which I had rather conceal.

This devotion is not fooliſh according to the world; but having learnt to make an arrow of any wood to hit the mark of its intereſts, ſhe maketh uſe of a Confeſſour, pliant and mercenary for this purpoſe. If any be found in the world, who ſtretch their conſcience, who teach to withhold goods ill-gotten, to ſooth humours, entertain libertines, and lodge ſin almoſt in the boſom of Theology, theſe are ſanctified ſpirits, and Prophets in faſhion.

There is enough done, if there be outward ſhew enough. If ſome ſmal alms be drawn out of thoſe great treaſuries of gold and ſilver, and that ſhe communicate often. For ſince ſome Prieſts are ſatisfied with ſaying Maſs but once a year, it is come to paſs that certain devotes, as if they meant to ſupply their defects, take almoſt ſo many Communions as there be dayes in the year. God forbid I ſhould blame an exerciſe ſo holy, which cannot be too much recommended, but it troubles me they go to it without any feeling of that awfull Majeſty, and ſeek acceſs to God as unto fire to make it tractable. Frequent Communions, which ought not to be permitted but with great diſcretion as a reward of the moſt ſolid virtues, are turned into pillage according to the greedy humour of a ſpirit, giddy and inconſtant. There needeth but the want of ſome ſmall circumſtance to ſtay a Prieſt, and hinder him from ſaying Maſs: but theſe devotiſts paſs all over, and ſome of them have found the way, to accord the Communion and a Comedy upon one and the ſame day.

What will enſue of this, but that ſuch women may draw water from the fountains of our Saviour, like the *Danaïdes* in the hell of *Ports* with a ſive. They often hear profanation to Altars, to bring back vengeance; and know not the many evils which aſſaile them, proceed from the contempt of holy things.

After ſo many Communions, theſe ſouls profit in ſpiritual life, as the little Cavalier ſhewed at *Rome*, who laboured much in running in a wheel, and at the end of his travel, had gone no further then when he began. When was it that a dozen of Communions have taken from them one hair of vanity? Are they leſs pompous, leſs powdered, leſs frizled, more reſerved, more chaſt, more diſcreet? You ſee to come from thence wily ſpirits, who perpetually byaſs all to their own ends, who buſie themſelves in affairs, who betray the moſt holy amities, who practiſe little furies of choller, who render themſelves inexorable in the moſt civil requeſts, who have hearts of ice towards the miſeries of mankinde, who make tribute of all, and deifie all in themſelves, yea their own follies. I ſpeak this, to make the ſolidity of ſolid devotions the more appear, which are practiſed in the Church, anſwerable to treatiſes written by bleſſed *Sales*, and my Lord Biſhop of *Belley*.

Caſſipedes

6. You may eaſily judge by ſuch proceedings, how weak and frivolous all theſe manners of ſerving God are. But if you thereunto will apply the lights of reaſon, you ſhall obſerve, that any thing is ſo much the more ſolid and firm, as it hath foundation and ſupport upon the Divinity; becauſe Eternity onely appertaineth to the Divinity, which rendreth things laſting. Now this Eternity, which is in God, as in its ſource, diſtilleth by participation into thoſe things which adhere, & are moſt perfectly united unto him. Behold the reaſon why we muſt conclude, that true devotion, which hath much union with God, hath ſo much the more ſubſiſtence. Bees bred of the body of a Bull, bear upon them a little reſemblance of a Bull, and the tree in the ſeed, whereof you ſhall have ſome characters engraven, will many times repreſent them in its leaves and fruits. Every thing naturally tendeth

Reaſons of the nullity of this devotion.

tendeth to the imitation of its original. What marvel then, if true devotion which is derived from the eternity of *God*, being unable to have eternity of it self as a creature, hath at least a band strong and durable: whereas quite contrary, this apish devotion being merely terrene, hath no true root in God, nor can draw any nourishment from thence, whereupon ensueth, it must dry up and wither. *Every plant which my heavenly Father planted not, shall be rooted out*, said our Saviour in S. *Matthew*.

Omnis plantatio quam non plantavit Pater meus, eradicabitur. Mat. 15

A soul solidly Christian, resembleth the Palm, which beareth its strength on the top: it hath all its vigour in God, and of God. He is the source and end of all good works. And if God chance to fail it, the whole fabrick of salvation falls to the ground. Besides, this devotion becomes ruinous, because it wholy depends on consolations derived from creatures mutable, short, unable to content a soul only made for God. Every creature proceedeth from nothing, and if you disengage it from the preservation of the first being, behold it is forthwith in its nothing, it cannot furnish you with any thing but wind, to feed you like a wretched Chameleon, which is the cause the creature that sticketh unto it, remains ever hungry. And this is it which S. *Augustine* hath divinely spoken: *My God, my life, and my happiness. It is fit I confess my misery unto thee, after so many silly trifles of temporal consolations have separated me from thee, who art an eternal and an immutable good, I am dissolved, and have been poured through the conduit-pipes of my senses, parted and divided into such and so many objects, and I have every where found hunger, thirst, and penury in plenty it self. For nothing was able to fill me, since I could not perceive in my self a Good, solid, singular, inseparable, which contenteth all desires, and satisfies all appetites.*

S. Paulinus devotion becomes ruinous, because it wholy depends on consolations derived from creatures mutable, short, unable to content a soul only made for God. Every creature proceedeth from nothing, and if you disengage it from the preservation of the first being, behold it is forthwith in its nothing, it cannot furnish you with any thing but wind, to feed you like a wretched Chameleon, which is the cause the creature that sticketh unto it, remains ever hungry. And this is it which S. *Augustine* hath divinely spoken: *My God, my life, and my happiness. It is fit I confess my misery unto thee, after so many silly trifles of temporal consolations have separated me from thee, who art an eternal and an immutable good, I am dissolved, and have been poured through the conduit-pipes of my senses, parted and divided into such and so many objects, and I have every where found hunger, thirst, and penury in plenty it self. For nothing was able to fill me, since I could not perceive in my self a Good, solid, singular, inseparable, which contenteth all desires, and satisfies all appetites.*

Aug. soliloq. Et in Domine vita mea beata, faciat misericordiam meam confitear tibi, &c.

Add, that in searching for petty sensual consolations, they are not always had, but one often meets with repulse, with affliction and gal, from whence comes to pass, that false piety, which is tied to these curious niceties, as they fail, it looseth all support and vigour.

Isaiah 36.5 Ecce confidis super baculū arundineum.

All these kinds of devotion resemble the bird called by the Grecians *Clottide*, a counterfeit swallow, which doth nothing but chatter with such loudness, that she deafens all the world: she much loveth the warm and clear air; but so soon as she feels the first approach of winter, she is stark, creeps along, and hangs the wings as half dead: she will pass the seas with other swallows to seek out heat, and yet she flies scarcely one day but repents it. To return back she is ashamed, follow she cannot. It remains she become prey to some unhappiness. Behold justly the image of this plaistered devotion. If the false swallow be a chatterer, this devotion is often nought else but babble. If she seek for warmth, this is nourished with temporal prosperities and sensual comforts. If the one be so quailed with cold, the other bears the least adversity with strange impatience. If the one making shew to follow, the rest stays in the way, how many souls, see we, who not having well run their race in matter of devotion, nor taken God for their scope, rest in inconstancies, agitations, troubles of mind, and in the end break with God.

Plin. l. 10. c. 25.

Of Transcendent Devotion.

Transcendent devotion.

I Pass to the third kind, called Transcendent Devotion, which practiseth to pursue unusual ways, and to refine all other devotions by subtlety of wit. Common things, which are often the best, are not for its purpose. It can abide nothing uniform and temperate; but must of necessity raise much noise and ostent, to make it self known. It affecteth unheard-of observations, extracted methods, Chymerical words: you would say, it is a rich trader, who hath a shop of spirituality, and huge magazins stored with specious titles; but when you come to look narrowly into it, you shall find there so many leaves and bark, so much vanity and empty merchandize, that this which at first so affrighted the simple, serves afterward for an object of scorn to the wisest.

We are not ignorant there are kinds of excellent ways to treat with God, reserved to souls the most eminent, and that it were a rash attempt to condemn mystical Theology, wherein so many worthily religious have prosperously proceeded. We know the exercise of prayer goeth by degrees, and that according to *Richardus de Sancto Victore*, the first, is thought, the second, meditation, and the third, contemplation. Thought ordinarily is inconstant and indeterminate; Meditation is confined and limited to certain points; Contemplation flieth like an eagle with more liberty, and picks up (as saith *Synesius*) the flowers of increated light, to colour and illuminate it self the more. Thought is a simple impression on things divine, Meditation is a more exact search into the Maxims of our faith; but Contemplation is an immoveable aspect of this first Verity, which feedeth & satiateth the soul with the sweetnesses of God.

Sublime prayer.

Rich. l. 1. de contempl. c. 3.

Synes. in hym. de θεια φωτος.

This Contemplation also is divided into divers degrees. For there is one ordinary, which maketh use of imagination and of sensible species drawn from the sight of objects, though it subtilize and purifie them by the help of the understanding. There is another termed immediate & perfect, which goes directly to god, without any mixture of fantasies, or aid of creatures; but if it be much discharged from all things create, it is called dark contemplation; because the soul being in it wholly dazled, & (as it were) blinded with rays of the divine Essence, frameth not to it self any sensible idæa of God, but beholdeth him by the way of negation, banishing all representations & resemblances of creatures, the more firmly to adhere unto the simplicity of the first Being. But if it proceed in a superiour manner, then it mounteth to the contemplation, termed the most eminent, which is the whole-sister of the beatified vision, and the last heaven whereunto S. *Paul* was rapt, a sphere totally enflamed with seraphical love, where the use of sense and exteriour man, seems quite annihilated, and the spirit transported to the ineffable conversation with the Divinity.

Divers degrees of contemplation.

S. Ambros. l. 3. de virginibus. Influentibus divinis corporeus peregrinatur affectus, & usus ille exterioris hominis exolescit.

Now we must observe upon this discourse, what the learned S. *Thomas* said, That whilest our life is shut up in this mortal body, its manner of actuating proceedeth by simple and ordinary ways, which conduct us to the Creatour, by contemplation of creatures: and if any one understand spiritual things in this sublime nakedness, which is discharged of images, it is an admirable way, & surpasseth all humane things. First, it is necessary to have a pious affection to matters divine, thence we pass to meditation, from meditation to ordinary contemplation, which is attended by admiration and admiration by a certain spiritual alacrity, and this alacrity by a certain fear with reverence, and fear by fervent charity diffused into the exercise of good works. These are the most assured ways to walk in spiritual life.

S. Thomas in 3. dist. 32.

The ordinary manner of proceeding in things divine.

But these transcendent souls will in the beginning lift a man up from the earth and make a Seraphin of him from the first day of his apprentiship. To meditate well, is nothing else but to make a review of our self and actions, to adapt them to the commandments

Illusions of this transcendent devotion.

of

of God, and counſels of *Jeſus Chriſt*. You muſt fly fervently even to the third Heaven, and remain there rapt, without knowledge whether one be on this ſide, or that ſide of the world. But alas! how many times happeneth it theſe Eagles deſcend from this falſe imperial Heaven, to fiſh ſome wretched Frog in the Marſh of this inferiour Earth?

After all theſe large temples of prayers, gilded with ſo goodly words, we ſee in the Sanctuary a Pourtraict of a Rat, a ſoul faint and puſillanimous, ſhut up in ſelf-love, tied to petty intereſts, imperiouſly commanded by ſo many tumultuous paſſions, which play their prize, whileſt the ſpirit ſlumbers in this myſtical ſleep and living death.

They will in the beginning go equal with the ſeraphical ſouls of Saints, who arrived at this purity of prayer by great mortifications, and moſt particular favours from God. But they imitate them ſo ill, that inſtead of being ſuited with great and ſolid virtues, they retain nought but oſtentous forms, and a vain boaſt of words.

What importeth it a devote, who cannot tell how to govern her houſe, to know the retire, introverſion, extroverſion, ſimplification, dark prayer, myſtical ſleep, ſpiritual drunkenneſs, taſt, fire, quier, the cloud of glory, and ſo many other kindes, which ſerve to diſguiſe devotion? Know we not many ſpirits of young women loſe themſelves herein, and ſeeking too much to refine ancient piety, have made it wholly to vapour out in ſmoak, finding themſelves as void of humility, as they were puffed up with preſumption? From thence often proceeds the curioſity of matters raviſhing and extraordinary, to gain to themſelves the reputation of great ſpiritual perſons, and to ſooth themſelves with the opinion of a falſe ſanctity. When one is once gained by a falſe pretext of errour, it is no hard matter to be perſwaded all we think on is a Viſion, all we ſay is a Propheſie, and all we do is a Miracle. The evil ſpirit finding ſouls drunk with this ſelf-love, hath played ſtrange pranks, which may be read in *Epiphanius* and *Caſſianus*, and whereof it would be an eaſie matter to produce many examples, were it not much better to deplore, then recount them.

The word of God altered in chairs, by the extravagant opinions of hearers.

8. This vanity not ſatisfied to harbour in the minde which bred it, extendeth to the chairs of Preachers, where the curious and phanatical ſpirits of Auditours would willingly hatch Chymæra's for ſuch, as are yet but young beginners in the myſtery. One will have, that uſe be made of thoughts tranſcendent and extraordinary, and many times extravagant, intangled with a perplexity of periods, which leave nothing but noiſe in the ear, and arrogance in the minde: the other, who is moſt ignorant, ſtartles at this quaint Theology, and ſeeks to wreſt myſteries, and diſ-joynt men's judgments, thereby to draw upon all ſorts of people diſcourſes of the Trinity and Incarnation, involved in viſionary imaginations; and turned about on a counter-battery of affected antitheſes; and if this be not as ordinary in all ſermons, as was the Delphick ſword, which heretofore ſerved for all purpoſes in Sacrifices, it is to be ignorant in the ways of ſouls elect. The other delighteth in doctrines unheard of, in a vaſt recital of Authours and forrein tongues, as if he went about to exerciſe Devils and not inſtruct Chriſtians: ſome one boaſts to alledge neither Scripture, Fathers, nor any paſſage whatſoever, for fear of marring the plaits of his periods; he makes trophey to take all within his own fancy, and to borrow nothing of the Ancients: As if Bees, who rob flowers in the garden to make honey of them, were not much better then Spiders, who ſpin their wretched webs out of their own ſubſtance. There are of them, who deſire to bundle up an endleſs train of fantaſtical conceptions, without Scripture, or reaſon, who ſeem to tell wonders and rarities moſt raviſhing, but if any man will weigh them in an equal ballance, he ſhall finde vanities, only big with noiſe and wind. They who have the itch of ear, are devoted to the beauty of language, and beſtir them rather to talk, then ſpeak in a ſermon. They adore diſcourſes repleniſhed with a youthful eloquence, and deveſted of wiſdom, having no ſinews for ſupport, and leſs ſting to tranſfix a heart.

Sapientiæ, atque facundiæ compones. Tertul. l. de anima c. 3.

Good God! how knowing would Preachers be, did they underſtand (as ſaith S. *Paul*) how to ſpeak, both on God's part, before God, and in *Jeſus Chriſt*, as being ſhut up within the Word, before they bring forth a word; and Auditors ſhould be well inſtructed, if they all heard (as ſaith S. *Paulinus*) with the ear through which *Jeſus Chriſt* entreth. To preach God, hatred of vice, and love of virtue, with a diſcourſe firm and rational; and firſt of all to perſwade himſelf, what he wiſheth others may practiſe; this is the mark whereat all preaching ſhould aim. We have cauſe to praiſe God, that he hath rendred our Age very fruitful in men able and ſufficient in this kinde, to whom I bear ſuch reſpect, and whom I ſo much admire, that I ſeek not to cenſure them. It were to be wiſhed the younger ſort would rather frame themſelves by their examples, then to be ſurprized with an itch to pleaſe certain ears, and ſo many unjoynted judgments.

All ſuch as judge of Preachers only by the garb and exteriour ſhew, uſe to deifie their vices; and it is a note one doth not always pleaſe God when he ſeeks over-much to pleaſe thoſe who like nothing but extravagancies. Care muſt be had of City-bruits and vulgar opinions, as the Eagle regardeth flies. Light never bluſhed to be deſpiſed by Rear-mice, and a prime ſpirit is not troubled at the ſiniſter judgments which the ignorant make, ſo that he learn to caſt up his reckoning with God, for whom he laboureth. Onions hinder the attraction of the Adamant, and all theſe popular opinions do nothing but diſturb a ſpirit on which they make impreſſion.

Solid Devotion.

9. LEt us diſ-involve what we may, the devotion of Sacraments, Books and Sermons, from theſe ſophiſticate forms, which varniſh the luſtre of it, and let us learn to ſeek it in the pureſt ſources and fountains of our Saviour.

True devotion. 1. Cor. 13. Θρησκεία τοῦ θεοῦ μία ἐστὶ, μὴ εἶναι κακὸν. Hermes.

True Devotion, if you deſire to know the condition of it, beareth the ſame liveries which S. Paul gives to Charity: It is patient, it is not offended with any thing, but that which tendeth to the diſpleaſure of God; it digeſteth all acerbities, turning them into its colour and taſte; it is ſweet and benign; it hath emulation, but for virtues, it doth nothing unfitly; it hath not any thing to do with the puffings of vanity nor ambitions, which invade worldly ſpirits; it ſeeks not its own ends, it is not moved with anger to ſee it ſelf deſpiſed, it thinks no ill, it rejoyceth not at iniquity, but enlargeth it ſelf chearfully in the truth, it ſuffereth all, it believes all, it hopeth all, it endureth all. It is a devotion always joyful, always content, ever active in its dutie, not prying through curioſitie into others affairs. It hath thoughts innocent, an eye ſimple, hands clean, little noiſe, and much fruit. A Devotion which complaineth of none, is troubled at nothing, which ſpeaks little and doth much, which hath more good effects, then ſlight complements, more ſilence then eloquence, more humility in the interiour, then oſtent in the exteriour, which flyeth on all the actions of life, as a Bee on Flowers, and converteth them all into honey. Oh what a Treaſure of peace, what a treaſure of love, what a treaſure of glory is this devotion.

There needs but one great word to expreſs great things. Diſquiet not your ſelf upon the multitude of precepts and books, to know how you may arrive

to this excellent virtue, which ſoweth the ſeeds of perfection in the heart. The firſt ſtep you muſt make towards it, is the knowledge of the will of God. Know what he would have of you, what you of him, in what manner he expecteth it, and what deſire you have to pleaſe him.

That man offendeth in ſerving, who underſtands not how he ſhould ſerve, and it is ever a main part of obedience, to learn how you muſt obey. There are things forbidden, and things commanded, ſome permitted, others adviſed. God forbids the evil, commandeth the good, permits the indifferent, adviſeth the perfect.

An Epiſtle to *Demetrias*, written by an Ancient, and tranſlated by a great perſonage of this Age.

Who puts himſelf in a way of devotion, puts himſelf in a way of perfection: but who flieth above nature, ought not for all that to deſtroy the law of nature. To ſay one is devout, and fails in the duties of common charity, which commandeth us to do to our neighbours, what we would have done to our ſelves, is to have fair titles, and feeble actions.

That man is not exempt from the law, who would do above the law, and there is not any more obliged to avoid things not permitted, than he, who for the love of God denieth himſelf ſuch as are permitted. Devotion is not practiſed to excuſe ſins, but to perfect virtues.

A ſoul truly devout, hath three aſpects, which repleniſh the whol capacity of the duties it profeſſeth; one upon God, another on it ſelf, the third upon a neighbour. It ſerves in common piety, and above common piety: that applieth it to all the ordinary actions of our Chriſtianity, and the other diſpoſeth it into a more ſublime commerce than the common, yet contemns not the common. It hath its retirement, its prayers, its meditations, guided & digeſted, not for ſatisfaction of will, but edification. It keeps all the ſenſes well governed in great equality, the tongue under the rule of diſcretion, the heart in a ſecure peace; and towards a neigbour carrieth hony in the mouth, charity in the hands, and example in all its actions, which make it live in all the antepaſts of Paradiſe.

Non eſt conſus ſuper cenſum ſalutis corporis, non eſt oble ctamentum ſuper cordis gaudium. Eccleſ. 30.

As there is no corporal riches comparable to health, ſo there is not any ſpiritual wealth in the world, that comes near the alacrity which God diſtilleth into a heart truly and ſolidly devout, freely unlooſened from earth, to be reſigned to Heaven.

Renuit conſolari anima mea, memor fui Dei, & delectatus ſum, & exercitatus ſum, & defecit ſpiritus meus. Pſal. 76.

The oyl of conſolation (ſaid *Hugo*) drieth up in worldly veſſels, but as for the conſolation and joy which is drawn from Devotion, it is ſo exuberant, that there is no veſſel here below able well to contain it. It is neceſſary the heart break into ſighs, and diſſolve into deſires for the preſence of God. I call your conſciences (O devout ſouls) to witneſs, that I were eloquent if I could make to paſs through my pen, what you feel in your hearts. I affirm, that if there be any life in the world, which is able to nouriſh and foment the joy whereof I ſpeak, it is the Chriſtian life, holily and purely led according to the rules of the word of God, and I borrow the proofs of what I ſay, from the great wit *Tertullian*, who in the Book he compoſed of games and ſportive entertainments, ſheweth by lively and urgent reaſons there is no game nor recreation in all the world can be compared to the ſoul of a Chriſtian, whoſe conſcience is a portative Theater, where inceſſantly are preſented many admirable ſhews. All, which is powerful and energetical to glad a well-compoſed ſoul, and to entertain it in eternal delights, is eminently found in the exerciſes of piety. If the chief ſource of peace and alacrity, be to be throughly reconciled to God, is it not in this Angelical Devotion? Is it not in piety, that an entire reconciliation is made with our Maſter, that the ſtool, the ring, and ſhoes of hyacinth, are put on to walk in the paths of his commandments? If there be nothing ſo majeſtical, ſo delicious, ſo pleaſing, as the contemplation of truth, whereon our ſoul liveth, as the eye on colours, the Bee on dew, and the Phenix (as is ſaid) on the thinneſt vapours of the air; is it not here, where after ſo many errours, ſo many fantaſies, ſo many illuſions, which turmoyled our minds in the diſturbances of the world, we enjoy in purity and plenitude the conſideration of the moſt noble Maxims of ſpiritual life? If it be a ſweet and ſenſible repoſe, having obtained remiſſion of ſins of the life paſt, to return into the peaceful harbour of a good conſcience; is not here the rock where ſo many waves are broken, where ſo many little currs, which ceaſe not to bark in the bottome of a troubled conſcience, are appeaſed, and where the ſoul becomes a calm ſea, beautified and curled with the rays of an enamoured and ſmiling Sun? Finally, if there be no greater pleaſure in the world, than to deſpiſe temporal pleaſures, and to trample under foot the vanities which Monarchs themſelves have ſet over their heads; where are they deſpiſed, but in this ſchool of virtue, where mortification of paſſions is learned, and the exerciſe of goodly and heroick actions, which give the ſoul an antepaſt of Heaven in this mortal life, and an enfranchiſement from fear of death? How can a devout ſoul which lives amongſt ſo many helps, ſo many remedies, ſo many comforts, give the leaſt advantage to one black and cloudy thought of the world? What can we find out able to contriſtrate us amongſt ſuch ſuccours and lights? O a thouſand times happy ſoul, which having chaſed away all theſe illuſions of vanity, beholdeſt with a clear ſerene eye the ever to be adored rays of this verity!

The ninth EXAMPLE upon the ninth MAXIM.

Of Solid Devotion.

SOlid Devotions reſemble thoſe rivers which run under the earth; they ſteal from the eyes of the world, to ſeek for the eyes of God, they ſtudy ſolitudes and retirements, they are wholly ſhut up within themſelves, and it often happens, that thoſe of whom we ſpeak leaſt on earth, are the beſt known in Heaven.

I verily think among all the great examples which may be produced of piety in Courts, there will not any one be found more ſincere, or more ſtrong, than that of S. *Lewis*, as it appeareth by all the acts of his life, namely, that which was written by his confeſſour. It is an eaſie matter to judge his was a moſt holy life, becauſe the moſt diſintereſſed, he having no other aim, but to diſſolve his perſon, his Kingdome, his wife and children, into the will of God, to make the world no longer to be ought elſe, but a Temple of the Divinity.

S. *Lewis* the true Table of the moſt ſolid Devotion.

The Divine providence drew him out of his Kingdom with an *Abraham*'s faith; gave him among ſo many lands and ſeas, the conduct of *Moſes*; and to ſet a ſeal on him of all his greatneſs, cauſed him to end his life with the patience of *Job*. We find many Princes who embraced piety, one after one faſhion, another after another, and who have covered great vices with great virtues: but it is a very hard matter to find one either more univerſal in al actions of virtue, or more free from blame in the point of innocency, than our S. *Lewis*. *David* ows all he is, more to penance, than to innocency. *Conſtantine* the Great, before

before he was a Christian, saw himself most unhappily stained with the bloud of his allies. *Theodosius* the elder was inflamed with choller, which cost many people of *Thessalonica* their lives. *Arcadius* persecuted S. *Chrysostom*, at the solicitation of the Empress his wife. *Honorius* his brother, who was very pious and innocent, and nothing warlike in him, and ever better knew what the white cock named *Roma* did, in whom he took pleasure, then the capital City of the world, whereof he was Emperour. *Theodosius* the younger, entertained love or hatred, according as his Eunuchs and women dictated.

Belisarius, one of the bravest Captains which the earth ever bare, had a very commendable souldierlike piety; but did all at the will of *Theodora* the Empress, observing her passions, even to the taking the Pope, and putting him into prison by her command. *Narses* who succeeded him, did wonders and subdued *Totila*, the most valorous King which ever reigned among the *Goths*, he was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributed all his victories, but withall so insolent, that to be revenged for a word of disdain, which his Mistress the Empress of *Constantinople* spake, he gave *Italy* over as a prey to the *Lombards*.

Finally, to conclude this Relation, and to speak of that which more nearly concerneth us, *Charlemaign* was the greatest Emperour of the world in matter of religion, valour, policy, liberality, sweetness, and affability; but the love of women, though expiated by sharp penance, set blemishes on this Sun, which the memory of ensuing Ages, hath much ado to wash off. It is a strange thing, that God chastised the sins of the father in his own daughters, who had very little care of their honour, through too free an education and indulgence of the Emperour, who spared the punishment of his own sins in another.

There hath not been almost in all the Monarchies, but one S. *Lewis*, who was so like to virtue, that if it upon one side appeared incarnate to mortal eyes, and on the other shewed this great King, there would have been much ado to know which were the copy, and which the principal. He had three things very recommendable in him, religious wisdom in the brightest lustre of the world, humility planted even upon the rubies and diamonds of the Royal Crown, courage and valour invincible, in a devotion incomparable.

Who would see a manifest token of his wisdom, let him behold now his spirit in the greatest concussions of worldly accidents stood ever in the same posture, without any whit forgoing the ordinary exercise of his piety. One sole action of his life, which was his taking in *Ægypt*, made what I say well to appear. This good King having lost a great battel, which ruined all his affairs, saw the wide fields covered with the bodies of his servants, and *Nilus* overflowing with the bloud of his *French*, himself surprized and taken by his enemies, and led into the *Soltan's* Tent among clamours, out-cries, infernal countenances of *Saracens*, and all the images of death, able to overwhelm a soul of the strongest temper: notwithstanding though his heart were steeped as a sponge in a sea of dolours and compassion, ever making use of reason, he entred into the *Barbarians* pavillion, not at all changing colour, and as if he had returned from his walk in the garden of his palace, he asked his pages for his book of prayers, and taking it, disposed himself to pay the usual tribute of his oraisons in a profound tranquility of mind; which I conceive to be very rare, since there needeth oftentimes but the loss of a trifle, to stay devotion, which is not arrived to the point of solidity.

But if you therein seek for a perfect humility, consider what passed in the Council of *Lyons*, and see how he laboured to depose the Emperour *Frederick* the second, who was ruined in reputation in the opinion of almost all the world. Other Princes who have not alwaies their hands so innocent, but that they readily invade the goods of others, when some religious pretext is offered them, would have been very ambitious to be enstalled in his place whom they meant to despoil, but the universal consent of great men, judged this throne could not be worthily supplied, but by this great King: yet he notwithstanding declined it, as a wise Pilot would a rock, and thought better to choose the extremity of all evils of the world among *Saracens*, than to mount to the Empire by such wayes.

But that which is most considerable in the matter we handle, may be observed in his valour, never weakned by his great devotion: for he was one of the most courageous Princes in a cold temperature, and with reason, that was then under Heaven. It was courage, which taking him from the sweet tranquility of a life wholly religious, caused him to leave a Kingdom replenished with peace, contentment, and delights, to go to a land of *Saracens*, and live in all incommodities imaginable to nature. It was courage, which caused him so many times to expose his royal and valiant person, not onely to the toyls of a desperate voyage, but to the strokes also of most hazardous battels: witness, when at his arrival in *Ægypt*, the coast being all beset with *Saracens*, very resolute to hinder the passage of his ship, he threw himself first of all from the ship into the water, where he was plunged up to the shoulders, with his target about his neck, and sword in hand, as a true spectacle of magnanimity to all his Army, which encouraged by the example, came to the land, as the King had commanded. The greatness of the sun is measured by a small shadow on the earth, and there many times needeth but very few words to illustrate a great virtue. So many excellent pens have written upon his brave acts, and made them so well known to all the world, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them.

If some say, He is to be as a pattern for Kings and Lords; Ladies, who should manure devotion as an inheritance for their sex, shall never want great lights, and worthy instructions, if they will consider those, who being more near to our Age, should make the more impression upon their manners. *Divers Ladies excellent in piety.*

If we speak of the endeavour of prayer, look upon *Barbe Zopoly* Queen of *Polonia*, who continuing days and nights in prayer, all covered over with sackcloth, affixed good success to the standards of the King her husband, and for him gained battels. *See the reverend Father Hilarion of Costa.*

If account be made of the chastity of maidens, and sequestration from worldly conversation, reflect on *Beatrix du Bois*, who being one of the most beautifull creatures of her time, and seeing the innocent flames of her eyes too easily enkindled love in the hearts of those who had access to her, put her self upon so rough a penance for other's sin, that she was fourty years without being seen, or to have seen any man in the face.

If you speak of modesty, let wanton Courtiers behold *Antonietta de Bourbon*, wife of *Claudius*, first Duke of *Guise*, who after the death of her husband, was cloathed in serge, and went continually amongst the poor with her waiting women, to teach them the practise of alms.

If charity be magnifi'd toward persons necessitous, cast your eye upon *Anne* of *Austria*, Q. of *Poland*,

who accuſtoming to ſerve twelve poor people every Munday, the very ſame day ſhe yielded her ſoul up to God, when ſhe had ſcarcely ſo much left as a little breath on her lips, asked ſhe might once more wait on the poor at dinner, and that death might cloſe her eys, when ſhe opened her hands to charity.

If the inſtruction of children be much eſteemed, fix your thoughts upon *Anne* of *Hungary*, mother of eleven daughters, and admire her in the midſts of her little company; as the old Hen-Nightingale, giving tunes and proportions of the harmony of all virtues, and ſo breeding theſe young creatures, that they all proſpered well with excellent and worthy parts.

If you delight in the government of a family, which is one of the chiefeſt praiſes of married women, take Direction from *Margaret* Dutcheſs of *Alençon*, who governed the whole family with ſo much wiſdom; that order, which is the beauty of the world, found there all its meaſures, and that if the domeſtick ſervants of other Lords and Ladies are known by their liveries, ſhe cauſed hers to be known by their modeſty.

If you deſire auſterities, look with reverence on the hair-cloath and nails of *Charlotte de Bourbon*, the King's Grand-mother; and behold with admiration *Frances de Batarnay*, who during a Widowhood of threeſcore years, was twenty of them without ever coming into bed.

If you praiſe chaſt Widows, who can paſs without an Elogy, *Elizabeth* widow of *Charls* the ninth, who in a flouriſhing youth being much courted by all the great Monarchs of the world, anſwered, *That having been the widow of a* Charls *of* France, *ſhe had concluded all worldly magnificencies, and that nothing more remained for her, but to have* Jeſus Chriſt *for a ſpouſe.* And verily ſhe ſpent the reſt of her days in a converſation wholly Angelical, amongſt religious women, whom ſhe had founded.

If conſtancy in the death of kindred have place, let the leſſon be hearkned unto, which *Magdalen*, wife of *Gaſton de Foix* gave, who having ſeen the death of a husband, whom ſhe loved above all the world, and afterward of an only ſon remaining the total ſupport of her houſe, made her courage to be as much admired among the dead, as her love was eſteemed among the living.

And what ſtyle would not be tired in ſo great a multitude of holy and ſolid devotions, and who can but think the choice becometh hard by abundance? unleſs we will ſay, ſuch as have been the moſt perſecuted, were the moſt eminent. Where it ſeems it is an Act of the Divine Providence, to have many times given to vicious & faithleſs husbands, the beſt wives in the world, as *Mariamne* to *Herod*, *Serena* to *Dioclefian*, *Conſtantia* to *Licinius*, *Helena* to *Julian* the Apoſtate, *Irene* to *Conſtantinus Copronymus*, *Theodora* to the Emperour *Theophilus*, *Theodelinda* to *Uthar*, *Thira* to *Gormondus* King of *Denmark*, *Charlotte de Albret* to *Caſar Borgia*, *Katherine* to *Henry* of *England*. This Lady was infinitely pious, yea, beyond limit. It is good to be devout in marriage, and not to forget ſhe is a married wife, much way muſt be given to the humours of a husband, much to the care of children and family, and ſometimes to loſe God at the Altar, to finde him in houſhold cares.

Good wives of bad husbands.

Katherine of England. Flor. Remond.

But this great Queen only attended the affairs of Heaven, and had already ſo little in her of earth, that ſhe ſhewed in all her deportments to be made for another manner of Crown, then that of *Great Britain*. She for the moſt part ſhut her ſelf up in the Monaſteries of Virgins, and roſe at midnight to be preſent at Mattins. She was cloathed from five of the clock, not decked like a Queen, but contented with a ſimple habit, ſaying, *The beſt time ſhould be allowed to the ſoul, ſince it is the better part of our ſelves.* When ſhe had the poor habit of Saint *Francis* under her garments, which ſhe commonly ware, ſhe reputed her ſelf brave enough. The Fridays and Saturdays were ever dedicated by her to abſtinence: but the Eves of our Ladies feaſts, ſhe faſted with bread and water, ſhe failed not to confeſs on Wedneſdays and Fridays, and in a time when Communions were very ſeldom, ſhe had recourſe thereunto every Sunday. In the fore-noon ſhe continued ſix hours in prayer; after dinner ſhe read two whole hours the lives of Saints, and ſpeedily returned to Church, from whence ſhe departed not till night drave her thence. This was to eat honey and Manna in abundance, in a condition which had too ſtrong ties for the earth, to be ſo timely an inhabitant of Heaven.

Whileſt ſhe led this Angelical life, her husband, young and boyling, over-flowed in all ſorts of riot, and in the end came to this extremity, as to trample all laws, both divine and humane under foot, to repudiate his lawful wife, who brought him children to ſerve as pledges of marriage, and wed *Anne* of *Bullen*.

Since this love, which made, as it were, but one Tomb of two parts of the world, never have we ſeen any more dreadful. The poor Princeſs, who was looked on by all Chriſtendom as a perfect model of all virtue, was driven out of her Palace and bed, amidſt the tears and lamentations of all honeſt men, and went to *Kimbolton*, a place incommodious and unhealthy, whileſt another took poſſeſſion, both of the heart and Scepter of the King. So that here we may behold virtue afflicted, and a devotion ſo conſtant, that the ruines of fortune, which made all the world tremble, were unable to ſhake it. She remained in her ſolitude with three waiting women, and four or five ſervants, a thouſand times more content, then had ſhe lived in the higheſt glory of worldly honour, and having no tears to bewail her ſelf, ſhe lamented the miſeries ſhe left behinde her. There is yet a Letter left, which ſhe wrote to her husband a little before her death, plainly ſhewing the milde temper of her heart, and the force of devotion, which makes the moſt inflamed injuries to be forgotten, to procure conformity to the King of the afflicted, who is the mirrour of patience, as he is the reward of all ſufferers,

My King, and deareſt ſpouſe, Inſomuch as already the hour of my death approacheth, the love and affection I bear you, cauſeth me to conjure you to have a care of the eternal ſalvation of your ſoul, which you ought to prefer before mortal things, or all worldly bleſſings. It is for this immortal ſpirit you muſt neglect the care of your body, for the love of which you have thrown me head-long into many calamities, and your own ſelf into infinite diſturbances. But I forgive you with all my heart, humbly beſeeching Almighty God, he will in Heaven confirm the pardon, I on earth give you. I recommend unto you our moſt dear Mary, *your daughter and mine, praying you to be a better Father to her, then you have been a husband to me. Remember alſo the three poor maids, companions of my retirement, as likewiſe all the reſt of my ſervants, giving them a whole years wages, beſides what is due, that ſo they may be a little recompenced for the good ſervice they have done me; proteſting unto you in the concluſion of this my letter and life, that my eys love you, and deſired to ſee you, more then any thing mortal.*

X. MAXIM.

Of PROPER *INTEREST.*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Every understanding man should do all for himself, as if he were his own God, and esteem no Gospel more sacred, than his Proper Interest.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is the source of all evils, the very plague of humane life, and one may say it is the *Trojan* horse, which beareth fire and sword, saccage and rapine in its entrails, from thence proceed *ambition, rebellion, sacrilege, rapine, concussion, ingratitude, treachery, and in a word, all that which is horrid in Nature.*

Disloyalties that spring from this Maxim.

Self-love, which should be contained within the limits of an honest preservation of ones self, flieth out as a river from his channel, and with a furious inundation covereth all the land, it overthrows all duty, and deep drencheth all respect of honesty. Men, who have renounced piety, if they peradventure see themselves to be strong and supported with worldly enablements, ackowledge no other Gods but themselves. They imagine the *Jupiter* of Poets was made as they: they create little *Sultans*, and there is not any thing from whence they derive not tribute, to make their imaginary greatness encrease. When this blindness happeneth in persons very eminent, it is most pernicious; for then is the time, when not being awed by the fear of a God Omnipotent, they turn the world upside down, to satisfie miserable ambition. And such Princes there have been, who have rather profusely lost the lives of thirty thousand subjects, than suffered so much land to be usurped upon them, as were needful for their tomb.

Practise of worldly men. Ingratitude.

Others, whom birth hath not made *Cæsars*, extend their petty power what they may. They observe men, sound their means, their abilities, their capacities, their wits and dispositions. They accommodate all to their own pretensions, they pull a feather from one, a wing from another; they flatter, promise, charm, and descend even to slavery, to mount up to the honours they aim at, no more afterward regarding their fortune who holp them, than a nightly dream.

The world is replenished with ungrateful and barbarous souls, who cannot so much as endure the sight of those, who formerly spent themselves in their service, thinking their presence a reproach of their crime; and there are such to be found, who will make no scruple to sacrifice the blood of their best servants at the Altar of their Fortune. Others,

Kingdome of particular interest.

who cannot reach to the height of worldly ambition, bend themselves with all their strength to mony, whereof they make a Deity, and run with full speed to the gainful hopes of houses. For this, friends dissolve the most stable amities; for this, allies tear one another, families divide, Cities and houses burn: and when I more nearly consider it, I find it is a blessing from God, that women do not often bring forth twins, for they would perpetually contend in this world, yea, in their mothers bellies, who should have the most land, even

THE HOLY COURT.

That proper Interest is a tyranny framed against the Divinity, and that a man who is the God of himself, is a devil to the rest of the world.

before they enjoyed air to breath in.

Of so many noble sciences manured by our Ancestours, there almost remains nothing for us, but wretched images. There is an industry esteemed in the world above all other, called the *sleight of hand*, which shews how to draw all to ones self, to be enriched with the spoils of others, and to devour many little serpents to become a huge dragon, as saith the *Greek* sentence. Now observe here three principal points, which conclude the perverseness of this Maxim, the first whereof is tyranny, the second sacriledge, and the third disaster.

Ὄφις, εἰ μὴ φάγη ὄφιν, δράκων οὐ γενήσεται.

Reasons against this Maxim, and first its tyranny.

First, it is a manifest thing, that tyranny, which invadeth the state and jurisdiction of the living God, is most impious and audacious: yet the sect which makes profession now-adays to serve God with exteriour ceremonies, and proper interests in the interiour of the heart, tyrannically usurpeth a right upon the eternal power of the Sovereign Master, which is to reflect upon ones self in all things, as his end and sovereign good. From whence you may very well conclude, his undertakings cannot be but tyrannical. Yet more to enlighten our thoughts and strengthen reason, know there is an axiom of Divinity. That God, as he can know nothing beyong himself, love nothing but in himself; so he doth nothing but for himself. For in doing for himself, he doth all for us, since we have not any thing which tendeth not to him as to the scope thereof, which subsisteth not in him as on its basis, which reposeth not in him as in its center. So doth S. *Thomas* understand that notable word of *Trismegistus*, *Unity hath produced unity*, that is to say, God only, Sovereign, and absolute, created one world, not many, *and thence reflected his fervour upon himself*, making all for his love and glory. Wherein he ceaseth not to oblige us, since we have neither love, grace, glory, greatness, or contentment, which cometh not from him. I find the interpretation of this passage much more reasonable thē theirs, who made *Mercury* more skilful in the Trinity, than all the Prophets: which is confirmed by the Author of the *Ægyptian* Divinity, who in the fifth Book, fifth Chapter, hath an excellent Maxim: *The first Agent acteth not for any end, having nothing more able than himself, for which he can act.*

Agens primas propter finem non agit, quod eo nobilius non sit propter quod possit agere.

It is not so with man. For if he will well rectifie his actions, he must act for an end, and for the Sovereign End, which, as saith the worthy *Boetius* in the first Book of the Trinity, is not composed of this, or that; but is simply what it is, without any dependence: and pursuing this end, it is necessary he proportion the means to the butt he aimeth at; for from thence resulteth that which they call good election, which is a science the most rare and necessary of the whole world. Now this wretched Maxim overthrows order so divinely established, and mortifieth what it may in the mind of man, the consideration

Quod non est ex his, sed tantum est hoc, illud vero est id, quod est. Boet. l. 1. de Trinit.

sideration of the dependence he hath on God. It will enjoy that it ought to use, never to enjoy the Divinity. It diverteth all creatures from the mark to which Divine Providence directeth them, and draws them from the use ag eed upon in Heaven; to appropriate them on earth to the prejudice of the Creatour.

All which is most excellent in creatures, is not for creatures who possess it. Light is in the Sun, but not for the Sun; waters are in the Ocean, but not for the Ocean. God, who gives brightness to the one, and rivers to the other, would that both tend to the commodity of men, thereby to pass on to the glory of the Sovereign Being. The Creatour (said an Antient) made all the most noble creatures for to give themselves, so much hath he banished worldly avarice. Kingdoms are not so much for Kings, as Kings for Kingdoms; for they are made to do them good, and to preserve them, as the goods of God himself. So soon as one is born with fair and worthy parts, he is born for the publick, and he who would retain to himself what Providence gave in common, commits a Sacriledg in the great Temple of the God of nature: if he perpetually reflect on himself in all things, and draw all to himself, as if all were made for him, he opposeth his judge, and makes himself a corrival to sovereign Majesty.

Besides, ponder here the greatness of this first Being which is invaded, the better to understand the violence of this tyranny. To whom would you compare God? (saith the Prophet *Isaiah.*) God, who graspeth the vast extent of seas in his fist. God, who weigheth Heaven with all its globes in the hollow palm of his hand: God, who supporteth the heavy mass of earth with three fingers of his power: God who poizeth mountains in his ballance: God, before whom the world, with all the huge diversity of its Nations, is no more than a drop of dew, or the cock of a ballance in the hand of a goldsmith: God, before whom all Monarchies are but dust, and men but silly Grashoppers. Were all mountains like to *Libanus* on fire, and turned into victims for his sacrifices, it would be nothing in respect of his Majesty.

Qui appendit tribus digitis molem terræ, & libravit in pondere montes, & colles in statera, &c. Isaiah 40.

Since then, you little worldling, you politick spirit, will side against God, divide his Empire, raise an Altar against his, preferring your ends to his prejudice, what do you call it if not tyranny, since it is to enterprize upon the goods of your Sovereign, who hath not any thing indispensable from his laws, no not so much as nothing it self?

2. Reason It is a great sacrilege to make a Divinity of proper interest.

Nay, if you afforded God some honourable association (though that were tyrannical) it would be more tolerable; but you allow him a wicked petty interest of honour, of gain, for companion, which you plant in your heart, as on an Altar, and daily present it the best part of the sacrifice. It is to injury a superiour, to compare an inferiour with him. It is said, the very feathers of the Eagle are so imperious, they will not mix with the plumage of other birds, if they do, they consume them with a dull file. And think you to mingle God who is an incomparable Wisdom, a riches inexhaustible, a purity infinite, with feeble pretensions, which have frenzie for beginning, misery for inheritance, and impurity for ornament?

Feathers of the Eagle imperious. *Plin.* l. 1. c. 3.

The most barbarous Tyrants, as the *Mezentius's*, found out no greater cruelty than to tie a dead with a living body; and you fasten thoughts of the world, dead and languishing, with God who is nothing but life. This is not a simple tyranny, but a sacriledge. The Civil Law saith, you must not appropriate to your self sacred gold or silver, nor transfer to prophane uses, what hath been dedicated to God; the like whereof is expressed in Laws Ecclesiastical. According to which axioms, S. *Augustine* said to *Licentius*, if you had found a golden chalice, you would give it to the Church. God hath granted you a spirit of gold, and I may likewise say, a heart of gold, when he washed and regenerated you by the waters of Baptism: and now so far are you from rendring to your Sovereign Master what is due to him, that you make use of that heart as of a vessel of abomination, to sacrifice your self to devils. One sacrificeth to love, another to revenge, a third to worldly vanity. As for you, behold you are altogether upon particular ends, which take all the victims from God, to throw them into the gulf of avarice.

Χρυσὸν ἢ ἄργυρον ἁγιασθὲν μηδεὶς εἰς ἑτέρας ξύσῃ. Authent. Justinian. Jus canonicum *Augustin* ad *Licentium.*

Osea 5. *Victimas declinastis in profundum.*

A man who hath conceived this Maxim in his brain that his affairs must be dispatched at what rate soever, hath nothing of God but for ceremony; he hath created a Temple to a little devil of silver, who sits in the middle of his heart. It is the object of all his thoughts, the bayt of all his hopes, and scope of his contentments: there is his Tabernacle, his Oracle, his Propitiatory, and all the marks of his Religion. I wonder why in *Ecclesiastes*, where the common Translation saith, *All obeyeth money*, another very ancient letter, and derived from the Hebrew phrase, hath, *Money rendereth all oracles*, for that is it which properly the word *respondere* signifieth. But I cease to admire, when I consider the course of the world: for in truth I see money is like a familiar spirit, such as heretofore Pagans and Sorcerers kept in secret places, shut up in a casket, or in some broken head, or the body of a serpent: when they became any thing irresolute, they consulted with their Idol, and the devil counterfeiting voices through wood and metal, gave them answers.

Lignum offensuris ejus aurum sacrificantium. Eccl. 31. 17.

Ξύλον πρεσκόμματος συμπάζουσιν αὐλῷ. *Pecunia obedient omnia. Pecunia respondent omnia* Eccles. 10. 19.

Now adays the Devil mony is in the coffer of the covetous, as in a Chappel dedicated to his name: and the Infidel, if he have any business to perform in his family, thinks not at all to take counsel of God upon it, nor to appeal to conscience; but refers all these enterprizes to the devil of silver, who gives him forth crooked Oracles. Shall I buy a Benefice for one of my sons, who hath no propension to the Church, but it must be provided, in what sort soever? The little devil answers, *Buy, seeing you have mony.* Shall I corrupt a faithless Judge, whose soul I know to be saleable, to gain an evil spirit? *Do so, since you have mony.* Shall I be revenged upon such a man, whom I hate as death, by suborning false witnesses, and engaging them by strength of corruption in a bad cause? *Yea, since mony gives thee this power?* Shall I buy this Office, whereof I am most incapable, for never was I fit for any thing, but to practise malice: *Yea, since it is mony, which doth all.* Shall I take *Naboth's* vineyard by force and violence, to build and enlarge my self further and further, upon the lands of my neighbours, without any limits of my purchases, but the rules of my concupiscence? *Yea, since thou mayest do it by force of mony:* Shall I carry a port in my housekeeping, which is only fit for Lords, sparing nothing from expence of the palate, nor from bravery, in such sort, that my lackeys may dayly jet up and down, as well adorned as Altars on Sundays? *Yea, since thou hast the golden branch in thy hand. Finally, this is to say very little, but if thou hast ready mony, desire all thou wilt, it shall come to pass. For thou hast Jupiter shut up in thy coffer,* (said the Satyrist.) See you not much infidelity, a great contempt of God, plain Atheism? Moreover, that which likewise makes this manner of proceeding more detestable is, that

Parva loquor, quidvis nummis præsentibus opta, evenient; clausum possidet arca Jovem. Satyricon. Per.

3. Reason. False pretext of interests.

that beſides its Empire incompatible with God, it inſinuateth with ſuch ſubtleties and pretexts of Religion, as if it were moſt devout. Black ſouls of Sorcerers, given over to all manner of execration, make open war againſt God: they ſay, they are altogether for *Beelzebub*, and keep the Sabbath to yield him homage, and have renounced all the functions of Chriſtian piety: in recompence wherof they raiſe miſts in bright mornings, by the power which the evil ſpirits gives them, that herbs and trees may die, or ſuch like; for their witchcrafts extend but to bodies. But this furious paſſion of intereſts which now adays ſo powerfully ſwayeth, beſides that it ſucketh the blood and marrow of the people, and bewitcheth ſouls which come near it with manifeſt contagion, appears with ſemblances of religion and true Chriſtianity: although it be impoſſible to ſerve two Maſters, according to the words of the Saviour of the world, and to accord the Devil of proper intereſts with the Maxims of *Jeſus*.

Enemies the moſt dangerous are ever the moſt covert, it were better almoſt to fall abſolutely into diſorder, then to be fleſh and fiſh, hot and cold, to halt ſometimes on *Baal*'s ſide, another while on the Temple of *Solomon*'s part, and never to ſerve God, but with a ſhoulder; yea, with all manner of hypocriſie. *I wiſh thou wert hot or cold, but inſomuch as thou art luke-warm, being neither hot nor cold, I will vomit thee out of my mouth.*

Vtinam frigidus eſſes aut calidus, ſed quia tepidus es, & nec frigidus nec calidus, incipiam te evomere ex ore meo. Apoc. 3.

To all objections of Scripture and Saints, framed againſt this Maxim, we have but one only anſwer: *It is the world, we cannot live otherwiſe, the Goat muſt brouze where he is tied. He who would live as an honeſt man, and not be according to the faſhion, ſhall ever be poor.* To which I anſwer, It is ſo far otherwiſe, that one cannot be rich, perſiſting in integrity; that, who will well examine families & houſes, ſhall find riches the moſt ſtable, moſt honourable, and delightful, were ever on virtues ſide, as we may ſee in the examples of *Abraham*, *Jacob*, and *David*, if we will not learn it by our own experience. *The bleſſing of God make the rich, and drives affliction from them.*

4. Reaſon. *Benedictio Domini divites facit, nec ſociabitur eis afflictio,* Prov. 10.

But quite contrary, the fortunes which proceed by crooked and ſiniſter ways, bring moſt dangerous effects along with them; for before their coming, they cauſe toils and unſpeakable anxieties: but being arrived, they expoſe a man to publick ſcorn, in ſteed of making them worthy of regard; ſince they inſenſibly are conſummate, and in the end, alwaies reſerve to him who poſſeſſeth them, treaſures of anger and vengeance. Would you ſee the proof of all I have ſaid? Look on the travel beſtowed in purchaſe of ill gotten goods, and you ſhall find it was for that, the Saviour of the world called riches, *thorns*; becauſe thorns bare a fragrant flower, but the fruit is very bad, and which is more, they ſerve for a retreat to Vipers. A ſilly gain, which in the beginning ſmiles to the eye, is the flower of the thorn: but when it is ſwallowed with great convulſion of mind and body, it proves an ill fruit, as likewiſe being involved in an impure conſcience, it is as the viper among thorns. Will you therein obſerve publick ſcorn and indignation? When you behold a man of baſe condition, who by unlawful ways is come to great fortunes, he is looked on as the flea, which an Artificer fettered with a chain of gold, to make matter for gazers. O the flea (ſaid one) it is well for her, ſhe wears a golden chain; the baſeſt of vermin, bears the beſt of mettals! Is ſhe not very miſerable, to have her liberty ſo enthralled? Why was ſhe not content to be a flea, and not to become a Lady? Yet was this ſilly creature innocent; but whoſoever exceſſively raiſeth his eſtate by injuſtice, deſerves he not well to be the object of all the aims of ſlander, and the anger of God? *Our Lord* (ſaith the Scripture) *ſhall wither up the roots of proud Nations.*

Simon Majolus.

Radices ſuperbarum gentium arefaciet Dominus. Eccleſ. 10. *Reſiduum locuſtæ comedit bruchus, & reſiduum bruchi comedit arugo.* Joel 1. *Plin.* lib. 2. cap. 103.

Will you ſee the progreſſion and concluſion thereof: the Graſhopper, according to the ſaying of the Prophet *Joel*, hath a ſhare herein, to wit, in bravery and riot of apparrel; the other part falls to the glutonous fly, which is the ſuperfluity of diet; and the laſt is eaten by ruſt, as are unprofitable treaſures of the covetous, who almoſt all reſemble the fountain of *Jupiter Hammon*, ſo cold in the day time, one cannot drink of it, and ſo hot by night they dare not touch it. In the day of proſperity, they have bowels of ice for the miſeries of the poor, and in adverſity their goods are all on fire, pillaged, burnt, and carried away, by thoſe who leaſt deſerve to enjoy them.

Finally, the day of Judgment muſt be undergone, to expiate many times by long torments the goods we can no longer enjoy. Do we not underſtand how the God of vengeance ſpeaks to the rich of the earth, who are rich in iniquity? To thee I come, the great Dragon, who lodgeſt in the midſts of Rivers of *God* and *Silver*, and ſayeſt, Theſe rivers are mine: I will put a bridle into thy mouth, and will faſten to thy ſcales ſo many little fiſhes, as thou on every ſide haſt entrapped by ſo many injuſtices, ſo many concuſſions, ſo many falſhoods; and I will take thee out of thy element, out of thy honours and riches, which thou haſt abuſed, and I will thruſt thee into the deſart on the ſand reproachful, as thou art, faint and deſpoiled, nor ſhall any man compaſſionate thy miſery. *Oh, how poor are they always, who are rich with iniquity.*

Ezech. 29. *Ecce ego ad te Draco magne, qui cubas in medio fluminum & dicis, meus eſt fluvius, ponam frenum in maxillis tuis & agglutinabo piſces fluminum tuorum ſquamis tuis, & exiram te & projiciam te in deſertum.*

(a) But what if ſerving God faithfully in his vocation he muſt be poor? O poverty, which didſt receive the Son of God born, as between thine arms, in a wretched ſtable, and who ſaweſt him conclude his innocent life in ſo great nakedneſs, that it had no other veil to cover it but the blood which guſhed from his wounds; muſt it needs be, that having been ſo much honoured by the King of Monarchs, and all Saints, who waited on him, thou here below ſhouldſt be reputed as the dregs of nature, the ſcum of the world, the fury of humane life? muſt Chriſtians come to that paſs, rather to deſire to be eſteemed crafty, robbers, and excommunicates, then poor? No man (ſaith *Minutius Felix*) how poor ſoever, comes to the poverty wherin he is born; we ſhould poſſeſs all, had we learned to deſire nothing: but the rage now adays ſo frequent, to appear in the world what one is not, the madneſs which maketh frogs deſire to ſwell like bulls, is the cauſe many ſtile a reaſonable fortune with the title of poverty, whileſt a thouſand and a thouſand who live in the world, in the midſt of extreme miſeries, had they hit upon thy fortune, would think themſelves equal in point of felicity to *Cæſar*'s.

(a) S. Reaſon. Againſt too much horrour of poverty, which nouriſheth the fervour of intereſts.

Nemo tam pauper poteſt eſſe quam natus eſt, omnia ſi non concupiſcentus, poſſidebit. Minut. Felix.

One eſteems himſelf poor, if he have not thirty, forty, fifty thouſand crowns to buy an Office, which is a fearful exorbitance of our Age. One accounts himſelf poor, if he have not five & twenty thouſand crowns to give with a daughter in marriage, when the daughters of *France* had not heretofore above ſix thouſand. One imagineth he is poor, if vails of an Office make not thirty or fourty thouſand livres of rent, when the Chancellors of *France* had not in former time ſeven thouſand. O inſatiable avarice, the Cerberus, and gulf of mankinde! whither haſt thou tranſported our manners & underſtanding? No, no, there is not any man truly poor, who is furniſhed for neceſſities, without which life is intolerable to nature: and that which affrighteth (ſay you) is the gnawing

care

care of houſe-keeping, which ſhortneth your days, and drencheth your life in gall and tears.

Againſt the puſillanimous.

Weak and faithleſs that you are towards the Divine Providence; do you not yet behold, your diſtruſt, your humane reſpects, your impatience is the ſource of all the evils which engulf you? Little birds that flie in the air and clouds, ſilly butter-flies which flutter through the meadows, painted with the enamel of flowers, and flowers themſelves which are but hay, repoſe with all ſweet ſatisfaction, under the royal mantle of the great Providence that covers all. Birds by his help, find grain fit for them. Butter-flies ſuck out the dew and juice of flowers; and flowers which live but one day, unfold themſelves with beauties, that nothing yield to *Solomon's* magnificencies. There is not any creature ſo little in the world, which liſteth not up its eys to the paternal hand of God, diſtilling dew and Manna, and is never fruſtrated of its hopes. There is none but you (O wretched creature) who having a reaſonable ſoul, ſtamped with the image of God, ſuffer your diſcretion to contribute to the exceſs of your miſeries; do you not well deſerve to be poor, ſince God is not rich enough for you?

Whoſe are the children which give you occaſion of ſo much care? Is it you (O mothers) who have ſtretched their ſinews, ſpun out their veins, numbered and knit their bones in your entrails? God hath made them, God will direct them, God will bear them on the wings of his providence, God will diſpoſe them where you imagine not. But you would not have them ſuffer any thing; why then did you produce them into the number of men, if you be unwilling they ſhould participate in the burdens of men?

Reſolution of great courages in poverty.

If you and they falling from a flouriſhing eſtate, ſhould be reduced to beggery, could you imagine you might be forſaken by the providence of God, yea although you under-went the ſtrokes of warfare, which his beloved Son did here on earth? What ſhame would it be for you, if even thoſe who have been in the world as great as Monarchs, are come to this eſtate? *Beliſarius*, who thunder-ſtruck three parts of the world by the lightning of his arms, who had poſſeſſed all which a great virtue might deſerve, all which a great fortune might give, having ſeen himſelf engraven on gold and ſilver, almoſt equal to the Emperour *Juſtinian* his Maſter, came to that paſs through extream diſfavour, as to ſtretch out his hand for alms, yea, did it couragiouſly, braving his unhappineſs by an abundance of virtues: And you, who are much ſhort of his quality, deject your ſpirit in a ſlight humiliation befallen you. *Ruſticiana* wife of *Boetius*, one of the moſt glittering beauties of *Rome*, in publick miſeries ſaw her ſelf reduced to ſuch poverty, that ſhe was cloathed as a country woman, no whit therewith diſmayed; yea, appeared before the face of Kings in defence of her husband maſſacred: and you cannot endure to be ſeen at the Church in a modeſt habit, or a plain neck-kerchief. Alas your opinion, and your curioſity, is the greateſt part of your evils!

Were it not better to undergo all the miſeries of the World, in the fidelity we offer to God, than through diſordinate love of proper intereſts, to become a devil? For what fitter title deſerves he, who doing all for himſelf, looks on himſelf as a Divinity, accounts other men who are under him, as flies and catterpillers, tyrannizeth over inferiours, tormenteth equals, ſtriketh at ſuperiours, breaketh laws both divine and humane, to haſten unto gain or honour, and to anticipate his puniſhments, makes to himſelf an hell in his own conſcience. If theſe truths perſwade you not ſufficiently the way of duty, conſider a man of intereſt in the following example, and ſee by his ſucceſs, that there is no greater unhappineſs in the world, then to be fortunate contrary to the rules of a good conſcience.

The tenth EXAMPLE upon the tenth MAXIM.

Of liberality, and unhappineſs of thoſe who ſeek their own ends by unlawful ways.

ANTIOCHUS the GOD.

Drawn from the Prophet *Daniel.* 11. S. *Hierom.* upon *Daniel. Polyenus. Appian.*

I Reſolved to preſent unto you in this Hiſtory *Antiochus* the God, who made a God of himſelf, a man as much perplexed as unhappy in his aims; to oppoſe him againſt *Ptolomaus Philadelphus*, who was free & generous; to the end theſe Princes, as contrary in qualities, as different in their ſucceſſes, may make you the more ſenſibly ſee the truth of this excellent Maxim. When a great fortune and a prompt will meet together, they produce excellent effects of liberality. This *Ptolomey* of whom we ſpeak, had one by nature, the other from love. For he was naturally diſpoſed to magnificence, & the greatneſs of his condition ſeconded his purpoſes. The revenue he received from *Ægypt*, might then amount to fourteen thouſand eight hundred talents, which were the matter of his bounty, but the form reſted in his heart. He thought nothing to be his, but what he could give, and was willing gold ſhould be drawn from his treaſures, to relieve mens neceſſities, as water out of the ſtreams of his *Nilus*. To know how to give well, is a great ſcience. It belongs not to all (ſaid *Socrates*) to manage the Graces well. There are ſome who give ſo ill, and to ſuch as merit ſo little, that the Graces being Virgins by condition, are made proſtitutes through the ſottiſhneſs of their uſage. But this Prince was as wiſe in choice of perſons, as liberal to diſtribute favours. He willingly did good to thoſe who made profeſſion of true piety, & loved learning, wel knowing it was to ſow ſeeds in a land not ungrateful. It is obſerved in all times that Princes & men of quality who have disobliged the Religious and learned, have had ill ſucceſs in their affairs, and given their reputation as a prey to poſterity. That is it which loſt the miſerable *Antiochus*, ſurnamed the Illuſtrious: for though his father had ſhewed him an example to oblige the *Hebrews*, who then ſtood moſt eminent in Religion and divine knowledges, he unhappily engaged himſelf to torment them, and by this means heaped after his life a thouſand diſturbances, and darkned his name in an eternal Hiſtory.

Magnificence of *Ptolomey.*

Socrat. apud Stobæum. Τὰς χάριτας καλῶς διδόναι, πολλοῖς, πόρρω τῆς ἀναξίας ἀποστῆναι.

It is very dangerous to disoblige pious and learned men.

Much otherwiſe *Ptolomey* favoured the people of God with all ſorts of courteſie. For not ſatisfied to have granted liberty to more then a hundred thouſand *Jews*, who were in his Territories, even to the redeeming ſlaves at his own charge from Maſters who poſſeſſed them, he beſtowed moſt coſtly gifts on the Temple of *Jeruſalem*. From thence diſtending his benefits to men of learning, he furniſh'd that incomparable Library, wherin in the end were numbred ſeven hundred thouſand books, & having given the charge of it to *Demetrius Phalerius*, he cauſed to be brought thither, as we find in ſo many hiſtories, the books of the law, with the ſeventy two Interpreters, who tranſlated them into *Greek*, to be a ſingular ornament of his library. All this paſſed over with ceremonies, magnificencies & the wonders which ſo many Authors recount, the King wept for joy, ſuch affection he bare to things divine, in compariſon of

Joſeph. l. 12. c. 1. Library of *Ptolomey.*

which

which he no more esteemed gold, then dirt. By which means he gained the affection of all men, causing himself to be beloved and adored by the whole world.

Manners of Antiochus.

But *Antiochus the God* being as the Antipodes, opposite in manners to him, esteeming himself as a Divinity, thought upon nothing but to satisfie his ambition, augment his revenues, and seek his own ends, to the prejudice of equity, & all the most holy amities. Which was the cause, that undertaking a wicked design of invading the Kingdom of *Egypt*, he set a huge Army on foot against *Ptolomaus Philadelphus*, of whom we speak, without any pretext, but the satisfaction of an enraged condition which possessed him. *Ptolomey*, who for the love of books abandoned not the sollicitude of war, had put his Kingdom into such order, that he was able to bring into the field two hundred thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse, besides he had two thousand carriages for the war, four hundred Elephants, an hundred and fifty tall ships. So that *Antiochus* coming with all the strength of *Asia* to surprize him, found one ready to talk with him: for the *Egyptian* without any incommodity to himself, tired and supplanted all his endeavours, which were grounded more upon passion, then good discretion. This man loth to return with so much shame, being unable to get a Kingdom, sought to win a wife. He passionately courted *Berenice*, daughter of *Ptolomey*, whether he were in love with her, or whether he would make use of this marriage, to give some colour to peace, which could not be concluded without leaving on his face the marks of his temerity. *Ptolomey*, a Prince very peaceful, readily inclined to the resolution of matching his daughter with him, that he might quit his Territories of him, but it was understood he had been already married to *Laodice*, by whom he had children, which seemed to make this matter meerly impossible. Notwithstanding this unhappy Prince, who betrayed God and men without reflecting on any thing in his designs but proper interest, sware deeply to give assurance, that he kept not *Laodice* in the quality of a wife and Queen, but of a Concubine, whom he would dismiss so soon as the love of a lawful wife should possess his heart. They who desire, are ordinarily credulous. It was wished peace might be purchased for the wearisomness of war, and this Princess must be sacrificed as a victim without consideration, that as faith and treachery upon one side were incompatible in the person of *Antiochus*, so on the other, *Laodice* a Princess much like her husband, would not suffer another to lodge in her bed.

War against Ptolomey.

It was ended by a marriage.

Notwithstanding, the marriage is concluded, *Berenice* is conducted to *Damietta* by her own father, who gave huge treasures with her in marriage, she is put into the hands of this false husband, who carried her to *Babylon*, the capitol City of his Kingdom. This beautiful Queen, who had all attractive graces on her cheek, and the *caduceum* of *Mercury* in her hands, by reason of the peace she made between two puissant Nations, was received with much applause. Besides there went along with her a great number of mules laden with gold, silver, and all the most splendid riches of *Egypt*. For the father, who was so liberal towards strangers, had made spare of nothing to his daughter. The solemnity of marriage was performed with extraordinary pomp, there was nothing but games, theaters, publick joys; Heaven smiled, and the earth assisted in these hymeneal rites. There was none but *Laodice*, who being repudiated, looked on these triumphs with an owl-like eye, and a countenance surcharged with the vapours of her envy, which hastened to raise a tempest.

Berenice daughter of Ptolomey entreth into Babylon.

Laodice repudiated.

She failed not to flie out in the beginning, and to speak whatsoever a desperate jealousie could suggest to her, to embroil affairs, & stir up the Kingdom: but finding her self not throughly seconded, she covered her discontent under silence, and the fury of her revenge, under an apparance of sweetnes, supposing craft might afford that which force had bereaved her of.

Beholding her self far distant from Court, and put into a condition wherein she could not disturb any thing, she with a malicious prudence dissembled all that which lay on her heart, feigning to have no other pretence upon the Kings marriage, but that she onely desired to gain from him some solace, to sweeten the change of her fortune.

Forthwith she wrote a letter to King *Antiochus*, very cunningly excusing her self of all had passed, and shewing:

Her cunning.

That if she at the beginning spake a little too boldly touching the alteration he had made in his Kingdom, it was a folly pardonable, since it onely proceeded from the love she bare him. That the disfavour she suffered by being deprived of a God, seemed at first so harsh unto her, that she could find no means to digest it: But that time had shewed her some part of her duty, and her evil fortune daily taught her the humility, she could never learn in Empire. That she acknowledged it was not for her to controul his affections, but observe them; and rather to entertain admiration for her who hath the honour to enjoy his love, then envy it. That she now hath no care to think on Thrones and Scepters, but that the sovereign happiness, wherein she desires to breath out the remainder of her miserable life, is to approach near his person, more dear then all the world, and to behold with an eie more innocent then she had done, the prosperity of his affairs.

Antiochus was very well satisfied with Queen *Berenice*, and already had by her a fair son, who was as the seal of marriage: yet touched at the beginning with some compassion to see *Laodice* so humbled, he gave her leave to come nearer him, which *Berenice* all made of goodness, and over-credulous, never sought to hinder.

She returned with shews of humility, pretext of amity, and admirable conformity. *Antiochus* saw her, and readily entertained her with discourse & witty merriments, thinking her unable to re-enkindle his affection: but she stil had a commanding beauty accompanied with a wily wit, and a voluble tongue of power to win love, which the other very easily laid hold of, though he ever managed it to his own ends.

The Chronicle of *Alexandria* hath a remarkable passage, telling, that *Perseus* looking on the head of *Meduſa* which he had cut off, took in poyson from it, whereof he became blind. We must not too much trust these beauties and loves, which after a long course of sway seem dead, when they but disappear. Flames sometimes break out of wrinkles and ashes, to inflame hearts they had heretofore possessed.

Antiochus quickly felt the sting of this *Gorgon*, whose insolence he thought he had vanquished. For having formerly surprized him by slight dalliances, she renewed her battery, and by force of her continual conversation, began to possess him as much as heretofore. *Berenice* retained nothing in all this great pomp of her fortune, but countenances and shews; whilst the other became Mistris of his heart, and had so bewitched the soul of this God, as to make him become a beast. The wicked woman staied not there, but infinitely desirous to place her son *Seleucus* in the throne of the *Antiochusses*, and fearing the mutable condition of this unfortunate lover, prevented his inconstancy, and gave him, (as saith S. *Hierom*) not the Nectar of Gods, but the poison appointed for offenders, to send him speedily unto the other world. Presently after she caused her son to be proclaimed King by the subtle practise of two powerfull Favourites, who assisted her

in this affair, and at the same time laid hold of the little son of *Berenice*, and gave him unto two murderers, to butcher him.

Behold whither the mischief of a woman, abandoned by God, reason and all humanity, goeth, when incensed love and blind ambition have let loose the rains to disorder. The poor Queen extreamly overtaken by this disloyalty, came forth in publick with her great sorrow, conjuring all the world with tears & sighs, able to rent rocks asunder. *To take pity of a poor stranger, their lawful Queen, & who had never sought any thing but their good: whilest some not content to poison the King her husband, had murdered the little innocent, who was lawful heir to the Crown, would for full accomplishment of cruelty, serve them for mother so: Then shewing her bosom, added, She was ready to receive them in the bloody sword, which had cut off the life of her most precious child, in an age so tender and lamentable, if the people thought it might be for the Kingdoms good; but what could it benefit them to see a deplorable Queen torn in pieces before their eyes, who had no other crime, but her integrity towards them?*

The people were so moved with this discourse, that they caused *Berenice* to save her self in the best fortress of the City, and instantly demanded their young Prince might be brought forth. The murderers (as *Polyenus* affirmeth) already misdoubting the peoples fury, had prepared a supposititious child, who marvelously well resembled the young Prince, & presently producing him cloathed in his garments they for some time appeased the sedition. The wicked *Laodice*, seeing her business succeeded not to her mind, feigned much to desire a reconciliation with *Berenice*, and by practise of the ministers of her fury, found means to get some companies to steal into the Cittadel, whither she was retired, who cut the centinels in pieces, and killing all the Queens officers, came to her chamber to murder her. It was a pittiful spectacle to behold the poor maids, who were about her person; for standing in defence above the strength of their sex, they pulled the weapons out of the souldiers hands, running up and down amidst swords and partisans, like Lyoness, until many all bloudy fell at the feet of their good Mistris, leaving an eternal monument of their valour and fidelity. The poor *Berenice* was amongst the dead, unworthily massacred on the bodies of her servants. Three maids survived this assassinate, who bathing the Queens body with their tears, and humbly kissing all her wounds, cloathed her again with Royal garments, and laid her on the bed, invoking Heaven and its powers to their aid. The people flocking with the bruit of this great murder, environed the Castle, and put the murderers to flight, who durst not then boast to have committed this execrable assassinate.

The Queens maids on the other side carried themselves very discreetly among such extream dolours: for as yet forbearing to publish *Berenice's* death, for fear of giving advantage to *Laodice's* plots, they shewed themselves at a window, and told the people their Mistris had been wounded by the cunning practises of *Laodice*, but that (thanks be to God) the wound was not mortal, she onely stood in need of some little rest, and good attendance, to take breath and be cured, to the end she might acknowledge their good services. *Polyenus* saith, that the business being drawn at length, & the people desirous to see the Queen, the maids put a counterfeit into the bed, dressed up for the purpose, and framed some words, feigning a low & mournful accent of their Mistris. This cunning held the subjects in obedience, and the enemies in fear, whilest a Courtier dispatched to *Ptolomey* the son of *Philadelphus*, advertised him of all had passed. He failed not to hasten speedily to *Babylon* with a potent army, where he surprized the Conspiratours, affrighted with the image of their crime. *Callinicus* fled, and was afterward slain by a fall from his horse. The wicked *Laodice* was taken & led to punishment, where the people understanding the death of *Berenice*, and the dreadful exorbitances of this wretched woman, meant to have torn her in pieces, loading her memory and ashes with maledictions. The Kingdom was for a time reduced under the obedience of the King of *Ægypt*, who carrying away infinite riches, & establishing Governours in Provinces, returned to his own country. One may see by this history, that men of interest desirous to swallow all by ways unlawful, loose their fortunes, honours, and lives, leaving their souls to the pains of hell, & their memory to the execration of posterity.

XI. MAXIM.

OF CRAFT.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the life of curious wits is not governed but by fiction, and that the deceiver still finds such as will be deceived.

Dissimulation. CRAFT, one of the prime Maxims of an ill Court, is now adays become the lesson of all Ages, each sex, and condition; and it seems to many, that to prosper well in subtleties, is the flower of wisdom, and utmost period of felicity. All are not fit for arms, learning picks out wits with too much advice, arts are painful, and require in those who profess them some ability, which is not produced but by time and much industry.

But in the mystery of counterfeiting, dissembling and guile, every one perswadeth himself he therein can quickly acquire some skil, & be able to triumph over simple silence; and if he must labour in it, to strike the best strokes by the help of the tongue.

From thence it cometh to pass, that children are framed to this exercise almost from their cradle. Women, yea, they who make account to refine in devotion, keep now adays shops of counterfeiting: the great-ones think it is their trade; the mean, who are as their shadows, take the same course. The world becomes a Theater of fictions, where truth hath much ado to be known, so many false visages are put upon it. To speak truly, one would say the earth had changed its nature, and were now become a Sea, where

Dissimulation reigneth every where.

THE HOLY COURT.

That Sincerity is the Queen of virtues, and that the deceiver is taken in the snare he prepareth.

where the ſimple, like poor creeping worms, are abandoned to the malice of the moſt ſubtle. It was a worthy ſpeech of the Prophet, who ſaid to God, *Alaſs, Lord! have you then made ſo many mortals, like filly fiſhes, and wretched worms, which have no government? Deceit hath ſowed its ſubtleties every where, it hath every where ſpred nets and ſnares, and never ceaſeth to drive, take, and entrap: and it ſeems would catch the whole World with its hook. It rejoyceth at its own crime, as if it were a virtue, and maketh ſacrifices with the inſtruments of miſchief. It judgeth of happineſs by the multitude of preys, and acknowledgeth no other God, but its own good fortune.*

Habac. 1. 14. *Facies homines quaſi piſces maris, & quaſi reptiles.*

2. Now as for you, who are perſwaded in this Maxim, that to proſper in converſation with men and affairs of the world, neceſſarily the foxe's skin muſt be put on, ſimplicity being too ſottiſh and diſarmed to bear any ſway in humane life. I pray at leiſure conſider ſome reaſons which I intend to preſent, and rather weigh them in the ballance of judgment then of Paſſion. Firſt know, that in the inſtant you reſolve to be crafty, to be a lier, a deceiver, you proclaim war againſt a great Divinity, which will follow you ſtep by ſtep all your life time, which will diſcover you when you ſhall not know it, even to the bottom of your thoughts, which will overthrow all your pernicious intentions, and hold the ſword of God's vengeance over your head, even to the gates of hell.

1. Reaſon againſt counterfeiting. The blemiſh of truth.

This puiſſant adverſary againſt whom you undertake reſiſtance, if you as yet know it not, is truth, the moſt ancient and admirable of all virtues, which hath ever been, and which ſhal never end; nay, could you make your thoughts penetrate into an abyſs of time, and could you flie through ten millions of Ages, there ſhould you find truth. But if you ſay, it was not before Heaven and earth, and that in pronouncing this word, you had ſome reaſon (which cannot be) at the leaſt denying verity, and ſpeaking truth, yet muſt you find truth; ſo neceſſary is its being. It runs through time (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) not being under the laws of time; it paſſeth through all, and ſhifteth not place; it is hidden in night, not obſcured by night, it is in the ſhadow, not ſhut up in ſhadows; it is not ſubject to ſenſe, ſince it ſwayeth over underſtandings. It is always near us, nay, let us rather ſay, It is within us, or we live in it; and although it do not occupy place, it poſſeſſeth all place in its Empire. It exteriourly giveth notice, it appeareth inwardly, it turneth all into the better, and is not changed by any into worſe. Of it, unleſs belied, one cannot think ill; and without it, unleſs by flattery of ſelf preſumption, we cannot enough diſcern. What then ſhall we ſay more, ſince God himſelf is Truth, verity of Eſſence, verity of Reaſon, verity of Speech, as Theologie teacheth us. All virtues are truely for him; but he is not called by their names, as he is by the title of truth. (a) It is the apple of his eye, his heart, his ſolace, his delight, his power, his wiſdom, his throne, and dignity. All what God is, is nothing but verity. It penetrateth all virtues, as fire and light do all the parts of the world. There is not any thing ſo victorious or triumphant in all greatneſs; for it never ceaſed ſince the beginning of the world to cruſh heads which rebel againſt light. It hath untwiſted ſo many webs, ſcattered ſo many wiles, overthrown ſo many lies, brought to nothing ſo many ſects, deſtroyed ſo many humane powers, trampled under foot ſo many dragons. And you who pretend to be the cunning and refined ſpirits of the time, renounce it; you take up arms againſt it, and are not afraid of it; you think to avoid it, but it will avoid you, and the firſt of your afflictions ſhall be to looſe ſight of it. O my God, what a bold enterprize is it to draw a ſtrong adverſary upon us, and to provoke thy juſtice, when we may enjoy thy Clemency!

The power of truth.

Auguſt. l. 2. de libert. arb. Non peragitur tempore, non migrat locis, nec noctis interciditur, nec umbra includitur, nec ſenſibus corporis ſubjacet: omnibus proximus, omnibus ſempiterna, &c.

(a) *Ego ſum via, veritas, & vita.* Joan. 14. 10.

Remember you the ſon of *Cyrus*, who cloſely attempted on *Ethiopia* with his arms, and prepared to make war againſt it? but the King thereof to ſlay him, was pleaſed to ſend him his bow, and cauſed to be ſaid unto him, *Ad hunc venis*, that is, you come againſt the Maſter of this bow. He was ſo amazed at the ſight of this armory, that he ſurceaſed from the temerity of his counſels, to provide for the ſafety of his perſon. Now had you ſeen the arms of truth, which from ſo many Ages have quailed ſo many monſters, and gained ſo many victories, you would fear conteſt with ſuch a Princeſs. She wil never forſake you, if you renounce untruth; and if you do it not on earth, you wil be enforced to do it in hell. *Hippocrates* gave the eyes of a ſtar to truth, but ſhould he have ſeen her face more uncovered, he had ſaid it was a Sun, which illuminateth by its light, animateth the beſt ſpirits by its vivacity, as it diſſipateth the miſts of lies by virtue.

A notable act of a King of Æthiopia. *Herod. l. 3.*

Hippoc. ep. 10.

3. Beſides, not content with this, when you in this manner undertake diſcourſes of ſilk, and promiſes of wind, to reveal a ſecret, to lay ſnares for the ſimplicity of a man, to ſatisfie your paſſion, or ſerve your ends, you commit another crime moſt pernicious to humane ſociety; for you ſeek by theſe ſleights to ruin all belief and fidelity. The ancients made ſo much account of human faith, which is conſtancy and ſtedfaſtneſs of words conſonant to the heart, and performance of promiſes; that the *Romans* placed it in their Capitol, cloſe by the ſide of their prime Divinity, and one of their Poets durſt ſay, Faith was before *Jupiter* himſelf, and that without it the world would not be, and that it was a Divinity which had a Temple in the hearts of men, the moſt purified and beſt worthy of God. If with one ſingle glance of an eye, you might ſee the world as a huge Theater, you therein ſhould behold Empires, arms, laws, Cities, Provinces, ſciences, arts, riches, infinite magnificencies, you would be enforced to ſay, the baſis which ſupporteth all this great majeſty of Commonwealths, is fidelity, without which, Cities would rather reſemble Cyclopean Caverns, then temples of peace and juſtice. But if you deſtroy it, not by improvidence or frailty, but by the form of a ſetled life, and by example cauſe others to imitate you, is it not to overthrow all that which is beſt eſtabliſhed, and to profane whatſoever is moſt holy?

2. Reaſon. Diſſimulation ruineth humane faith.

Excellency of fidelity. *Cato Cenſorius. Silius. Ante Jovem genitum eſt tantum in pectore Numen.*

4. You perhaps will ſay, publick virtues little concern you, ſo you may advance your particular intereſts. I wil not tell you, this anſwer better becomes the mouth of a *Tartar*, then a Chriſtian; but I dare wel aſſure you, theſe ways of craft and deceit, which ſo much pleaſe you, are moſt prejudicial to your honour, and moſt fatal for your ruin. For firſt of all, ſay you be a man of quality, you are not ſo unnatural, but you have ſome ſenſe of honor. Now reſt aſſured, nothing ſo much vilifieth you as to be reputed a crafty man, who carrieth labyrinths in his heart, & ſnares in his tongue. *Dion Chryſoſtomus* judiciouſly obſerved, that nature gave ſubtlety as an inheritance to creatures, the moſt feeble and abject, as to Apes, Foxes, Cats, & ſpiders: but the moſt generous, as Eagles and Lyons, know not what ſlights and wiles mean. We muſt likewiſe affirm, all the moſt eminent and divine ſpirits are very naturally inclined to ſincerity: and that it onely belongs to inferiour ſouls, and ſuch as diſtruſt their own ability to amuſe themſelves in

3. Reaſon. Craft ſhameful to the authour of it.

Debaſement.

search of inventions and tricks, to involve those, who treat with them by the way of sincere freedom

See you not, mirrours render forms when they are leaded? and think you natively to represent the draughts of verity, unless your soul be solid and stable, supported by its proper weight, on constancy & magnanimity? *Seneca* noted, that women the most destitute of strength are most inclined to fraud and doubleness of heart; (what I speak, nothing concerneth the prudent and generous, who know how to correct infirmities of sex by virtue) but our daily experience teacheth us, that there are of them very crafty, and such as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue distilling honey, often hide the heart of a panther, all spotted over with subtlety, as the skin of this beast with diversity of mirrours. Their throat is more slippery then oyl, (said the *Wiseman*) but in the end you find effects more bitter then worm-wood; and more penetrating then a two edged sword. What sense is there that a Noble man, who would in all things seem more then a man, should take upon him the vices of women, and inclinations onely fit for silly creatures?

Subtle women. *Seneca* in Octavia. *Pallor mistrixit dolin sed vim negavit.*

Nevissima illius amara quasi absinthium, & acuta quasi gladius biceps. Prov. 5 4.

It is a strange thing to see what the light of nature dictated to the souls of infidels, so alienating them from all manner of deceit, that they made scruple to treat with their enemies by way of dissimulation. We learn in *Titus Livius*, that one called *Philippus*, giving an account to the Senate, what he had negotiated in the Court of the *Macedonian* King, declaring particularly the course he took to entertain *Perseus* under pretext of peace, and to feed him with fair words; the old Senatours stood up, and aloud protested much to disavow such proceedings as matters opposite to *Roman* generosity. Violence (said that great Captain *Brasidas*) though it seem unjust, is always more excusable in a man of authority then craft, which secretly contriveth some black business under colour of amity. What could there be more odious in nature, then a man, who to deceive the world, might have the art to change faces every hour, and seem sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes gray, another while grizly, sometimes hairy, another while beardless; in such sort, as to be meerly unknown to those who should treat with him? Now what deceivers cannot do on their faces, they act in their souls through a strange profanation of Gods Image, they take upon them a thousand countenances, and a thousand impostures, to train a poor victim into the snare. They flatter, they promise, they swear, they protest, they call Heaven and earth to witness; you would take all their words for eternal truths: but if you speak to them an hour after, and that it be time to pull off the mask, they with a brazen brow will deny all they said, they will mock at all they promised, and disavow all they have done, with the same lips which before contrived it. What Behemoth, what Leviathan was ever beheld so prodigious in nature?

Sincerity preserved in the light of nature. *Tit. Liv.* l. 2 Decad. 5.

Thucid.

Hatred and horrour of doubleness

Phot. Bibliot p. 47.

I know *Ctesias* among the great rarities of the *Indies*, makes mention of a Martichore, a beast which hath the face of a man, and the body of a Lion, who counterfeiteth the sound of flutes to charme passengers, and then entrappeth and kills them with the tail of a scorpion all bristled with pricks, and which is more, makes the same serve for bowe, arrows, and quiver. Needs must this be terrible; but to see it before our face, is to have one beast for an enemy, which may by prudence be avoided, which may by force be vanquished, and with weapons mastered: but in a faithless man, you discover under a smiling brow, a thousand plagues, a thousand Centaurs, a thousand Geryons, infinite many Charibdes, and Syrens, who lay snares for you, who undo you, who ruin you, who strangle when they seem to embrace you. Can you then admire, if among the six abominations of the heart of man, deceit be one of the first. Laws have not severity enough, arms terrour, nor scaffolds punishments, to chastise, affright, torment a man with a double tongue and heart, who persecuteth truth, killeth faith, poisoneth friendship, and many times plotteth effects of death even in a banquet, the solace of life.

Lingua mendacem, cor machinans cogitationes pestilentes. Prov. 6

5. All this is to no purpose will some *Polyphemus* say, so that one prosper in the world, either by treason or craft; little heed must be given to the judgements of certain men, who are only able to bark at our fortune, not to hinder our felicity. Here now is the knot of the business, wherein we must consider, that besides that the ways of treachery are laborious and shameful, they always carry along with them the confusion, misery, and ruin of those who embrace them. Who diggeth a pit (saith the *Wiseman*) shall fall into it, and the stone shall return back on his head who threw it. The reputation of honesty is so necessary in the manage of affairs, that such as soil integrity of manners, sought to retain the bark, to cherish a renown amongst men, swolen up with smoak and imposture. A deceiver fears nothing so much as to be discovered, and to lay open the face of designs which he closely worketh for the ruin of others. Judge now how hard a matter it is, to practise at this present in the world with such proceedings in an Age most vigilant, and where little children are almost grown wise. What a trouble is it to hide your jugling in a Court, where are so many *Argus* eyes, who perpetually watch upon all actions. If one be surprized before the act, he must expect to be flouted even by foot-boys, & used like one who cannot hit upon it to be wicked although this trade be very easie, and who having sold his conscience to devils, knows not how to evict payment, unless he plead it in hell. But if a man some one time come to the point of what he projected, which he can hardly keep from breaking through the ears of others, (they who are deceived, seldom wanting eloquence either in themselves or their own ashes, were they dead, to decry treachery;) yet must he heareafter for one trick of craft, loose reputation & credit, two pillars of discretion. All the world will avoid you as a rock or a monster; what ever you do, you have but one heart and one tongue, to invent and tell lies: but you shall raise a thousand against you by it: For all those who know you practise this trade, and that you make it your endeavour to deceive, will bend all their sinews and strength, to entrap you in the same snares you laid for other; in such sort, that you shall become a prey aimed at (if it were possible) by all the world.

4. Reason. Craft pernicious.

Qui fodit foveam, incidet in eam & qui volvit lapidem, revolvetur ad eum. Prov. 26. 27

Troubles and miseries of dissimulation

Where have we ever seen a deceiver to prosper in all his enterprizes to the very end? You may as well number the waves of the sea, and leaves of trees, as recount the lamentable and tragical events of all these common cheaters, who never had the power to avoid God's vengeance. The pernicious *Machiavel*, who taught the art to deceive, produceth the example of an infamous Prince, whose impostures succeeded so ill, that by mistaking, he drank the poison prepared by himself for another in a banquet, & ended his detestable life. Is not this man abandoned by religion, wit and reason, to seek to perswade treachery with so weak examples? If he will work this way, let us oppose both against him, and the like the experience of passed Ages, to set (as it is said) the Sun in full splendour before their eyes.

Dreadful events of deceivers.

THE

The eleventh EXAMPLE upon the eleventh MAXIM.

Of Craft.

VIce many times hath a ſhop near unto Virtue (as ſaid *Origen*) and deceives Merchants under colour of ſelling good commodities. Craft readily counterfeiteth wiſdom, and ſome there are alſo, who make the wiſe to paſs for ſubtle. But there is ſo much difference between them as between glaſs and diamond. Craft is a falſe prudence, which maketh uſe of ſubtleties againſt right and juſtice; but true wiſdom, though it be ſubtle, is never craftie: For it pretends nothing at all againſt equity and good conſcience.

The witty conceit of *Theodora. Zonaras in Theophilo.*

If you deſire to know wary wiſdom, and to diſtinguiſh it from craft, look upon what the Empreſs *Theodora* did, one of the worthieſt women of her Age. She was married to the Emperour *Theophilus*, an Heretick, and a capital enemy to the honour of Images, which he forbad to be kept, or eſteemed, upon pain of death. Notwithſtanding this pious Princeſs, who maintained Religion in the Empire what ſhe might, and ſweetned with much wiſdom the wilde humours of her husband, ſpared not to have in private, pictures and holy Images, affording them ſingular veneration. It happened one day, that *Dender* the Emperour's fool, who played this part at Court, rather through natural blockiſhneſs, then diſſimulation, came (as he was roaming up and down) into the Empreſſe's chamber, and found her reverencing thoſe Images. He failed not in dinner-while to give the Emperour notice of it, at which time he uſed to entertain him with a thouſand merriments, ſaying aloud, He found *Manna* (ſo he called the Empreſs) with her babies, and that ſhe was ſuddenly ſurprized with it. *Theophilus* preſently doubted it was Images his wife honoured, and at the riſing from the Table, he ſought her out all foaming with anger, and asked, where thoſe puppits were ſhe adored in the preſence of *Dender*? Truly we muſt confeſs, devout women have ſometimes a marvellous dexterity to excuſe a buſineſs; for ſhe ſuddenly hit upon a handſom evaſion, which freed her from the importunity of her husband. For in ſtead of ſeeming troubled and overtaken, ſhe ſmiled very ſweetly, having therein an excellent grace: Behold Sir (ſaith ſhe) verily one of the prettieſt knacks happened in your Court of a long time. This fool *Dender*, who ſtill doth ſomewhat worthy his name, came into my chamber, as I ſtood before my looking-glaſs with my women, and confuſedly ſaw our faces repreſented in the glaſs, he thought they were images, ſo ſubtle witted is he. Is not this an excellent jeſt? Then cauſing the fool to be taken by the arm, they ſet him before the looking glaſs, ſaying: how now *Dender*, *are not theſe thy babies?* The Emperour was ſo ſurprized with the witty conceit of a diſcreet Princeſs, that he believed ſhe had reaſon, and all the matter was inſtantly turned into laughter.

Stratagem of *Chares.* Polyenus. l. 2.

I term not this example a piece of craft, but a prudence, as the ſtratagem of a Captain called *Chares*, who enjoyning his ſouldiers ſome labour upon his fortifications, and ſeeing they undertook it coldly, becauſe they feared to marre their garments, which were handſome enough, he preſently commanded every one ſhould unclothe, and take the apparel of his fellow. That done, and all the ſouldiers being perſwaded their caſſocks would not be ſpared by thoſe who put them on, they wrought in good earneſt, and very quickly performed the task impoſed upon them.

This ought to be ſtiled with the name of wiſdom, rather then any other title. But if we obſerve what paſſeth in the world, we ſhall find there are two ſorts of crafts. Some are politick addreſſes and ſubtleties, which proceed not fully to injuſtice; but which notwithſtanding aim at intereſt, at reputation and glory, by ways not ſincere.

Bacc. de aſſutia. Craft of the world.

So there are men who reſemble thoſe houſes, which have goodly gates, and moſt magnificent ſtair caſes, but never a fair chamber: they have ſome ſweetneſſe of ſpirit, ſome readineſſe and prattle, which is never wanting, but no depth nor capacity, yet will ſeeme able among company: which is the cauſe, that not daring to examine or ſolidly debate a point of doctrine, or a buſineſs, they preſently fly to the concluſion, and find handſom evaſions. Others have admirable tricks to ſeem wiſe, by making uſe of another mans labour, and like droans eating the honey which the Bees gathered. Other, in handling affairs, and ſeeking to get diſpatches, amuze and dazle with variety of diſcourſe, ſuch as they negotiate with, to the end to entrap them. Other, to croſs a buſineſſe, cauſe it to be propoſed in the beginning by a man, who underſtands nothing thereof, of purpoſe to give ſome ill impreſſion of it. Other, break off a diſcourſe they began upon ſome matter, to draw on the more appetite. Others, make a ſhew to have nothing leſſe in their thoughts, then what they moſt deſire, and let their main texts creep in the manner of a gloſs. Other, have tales and hiſtories in ſtore, wherein they can enfold in covert terms, what they will not openly affirm. Other in things important, cauſe the foord to be ſounded by men of leſſe note, and many (as it is ſaid) pull the cheſtnuts out of the fire with the cats foot.

Theſe are ſleight merchandizes taken from the ſhop of worldly policy, which proceed not ſo far as to great injuſtice. But there are black and hideous ſubtleties, which tend to the ſubverſion of humane ſociety, and deſerve to be abhorred by all living men.

Such were thoſe of *Tryphon*, (of whom it is ſpoken in the Book of *Macchabees*) which were moſt fatal to the people of God. This wicked man, being the Tutour of young *Antiochus*, ſhewed himſelfe in the beginning very zealous in all which concerned the good of his ſervice, and having a deſign to ſubdue *Syria*, he would firſt have ſurprized the *Macchabees*, who were then very eminent in arms. But when he ſaw *Jonathas* come towards him with an Army of fourty thouſand men, the fox played his ordinary pranks, he received him with a pleaſing countenance, and overwhelmed him with heaps of courteſies. He told him he deſired to live with him as a faithful brother, and that he accounted it too heavy a charge, to keep ſo great an Army on foot in full peace, which could not but be prejudicial to the repoſe of the people. That he might walk confidently every where how he pleaſed, without any other armour, then the amity of King *Antiochus*, which was an aſſured buckler for all thoſe who would make trial of his protection. This crafty companion not content with meer complements, carried *Jonathas* into all the places of his charge, with ſuch honour and reſpect, that he cauſed him to be attended as himſelf, making ſhew, that whereſoever he ſet foot, there roſes and lillies ſprang. Never doth any man take with a ſnare, untill he have ſome bayt ſuitable to the appetite of him who catcheth at it. *Jonathas* a little loved honour, and his ſenſes were dazled with the luſtre of pomps, and charmed with the ſweetneſſes of converſation in this ſubtle fellow. He believed, he truſted, his whole

1 Macch. 12.

Army

Army was cashier'd by the perswasion of a man who wished him not wel. He only kept a thousand men with him to be as a guard, and entred with *Tryphon* into the City of *Ptolemais*, where he presently saw himself arrested, and his souldiers cut in pieces. The Impostour desirous to extend his plot further, wrot to *Simon* brother of *Jonathas*, that he should not be troubled at what was past, and that his brother was onely detained for some money due to the King, which being satisfied, he should have liberty, onely let him send him a hundred talents of silver, with the two sons of *Jonathas* in hostage, to bring the business to the period he desired. The poor *Simon* who doubted the plot, had more wisdom to know him, then force to avoid him. For, fearing lest the people might murmur if he accepted not the ways of accomodation proposed, he sent the money and children, whereof the one was despoiled, the other massacred with their father, by the command of the treacherous *Tryphon*. This factious and cruel man pursued his plot to the usurpation of the Diadem, and dispatch of his pupil. But in the end after a reign of two years. Heaven, elements, and men conspiring against him, he was knocked down like a ravenous beast, and buried in ruins and publick desolations.

I would willingly know, to whom hath treachery ever been fortunate? Was it to *Saul*, who after he had so many times promised *David* the safety of his person, yet not ceasing to persecute him was reduced to such necessity of affairs, that he slew himself with his own hands, leaving finally his spoils to him whom he meant to beguile? Was it to the unhappy
2 Reg. 12. *Ammon*, who using treachery to draw his sister *Thamar* into his chamber and dishonour her, was afterward murdered at the table by his brother *Absalom*? Was it to *Joab*, who moistned with his bloud the Altar whereunto he fled, after he had slain *Amasa*, in saluting him? Was it to *Amasis* King of *Ægypt*
Herod. l. 2. who lost both Kingdom and life, for having foisted in another daughter then his own, whom he feigned to give in marriage to *Cambyses* King of *Persia*?

Impostours surprized.

So many Impostours there have been, who in all times sought to usurp Scepters and Crowns by admirable inventions: were they not all shamefully ruined in rashness of their enterprizes? *Smerdes* the Magician who had possessed the Kingdom of *Persia* by tricks & incomparable sleights, was he not torn in pieces as a victim by *Darius*, and other princes? The false *Alexander*, who rebelled under *Demetrius Soter*, after some success, was he not vanquished under *Nicanor*, and slain in *Arabia*? *Archelaus*, who called himself the son of great *Mithridates*, overcome by *Gabinius*? *Andiscus* a man of no worth who falsely boasting himself to be descended from *Perseus* King of *Macedonia*, and durst confront the
Val. l. 9. c. 16. Num. l. 1. *Romans* arms, was he not subdued by *Metellus*? *Ariarathres*, who affected the Kingdom of *Cappadocia* by the same ways, sent to punishment by *Cæsar*? The false *Alexius* who durst aspire to the Empire of *Constantinople*, slain by a Priest with his own sword, under the reign of *Isaacus Angelus*?

False Alexander discovered.

Josephus relateth, that pursuing the same ways, there was a young Jew who had been bred at *Sidon*, with the freed-man of a *Roman* Citizen, who having some resemblance of *Alexander* the son of *Herod*, whom the father had cruelly put to death, feigned he was the same *Alexander*, saying, Those to whom *Herod* had recommended this so barbarous an execution, conceived such horrour at it, that they resolved to save him, yet to secure their own lives upon the command imposed, they promised to conceal him till after the death of his father; which was done, he remaining unknown in the City of *Sidon*: But that he was now returned as from the gates of death to demand his right, as being the indubitate and lawful heir of the Kingdom. This Impostour had gained a subtle fellow, a servant of *Herod*'s household, who taught him all the particulars of the Court, the better to colour his counterfeiting. He led the Bear through all the City with good success, and great applause of the people, who embraced this false *Alexander*, as a man returned back from the other world. For besides that the Jews were credulous enough in any thing which flattered them, they were ever much inclined to the race of poor *Mariamne*, whose son this man counterfeited to be: under this pretext he was very welcome into all the Cities where there were any Jews, and the poor Nation freely impoverished themselves, to afford some reasonable support to this imaginary King.

When he saw himself strong in credit and coyn, he was so confident as to go to *Rome*, to question the Crown against *Herod*'s other sons; there wanted not those, whereof some countenancing him by credulity, others through the desire they had of alteration, bare him to the throne. He failed not to present himself before *Augustus Cæsar*, the God of fortune and distributer of Crowns, shewing he had been condemned to death by his own father through false rumours, but was delivered by the goodness of the God he adored, and the merciful hands of the ministers of execution, who durst not attempt on his person; beseeching him to pity a fortune so wretched, and a poor King, who threw himself at his feet, as before the sanctuary of justice and mercy. Every one seemed already to favour him: But *Augustus*, a Monarch very penetrating, perceived this man tasted not of a Prince, for taking him by the hand, he found his skin rough, as having heretofore exercised servile labours. Hereupon the Emperour drew him aside, saying: Content thy self to have hitherto abused all the world; but know thou art now before *Augustus*, to whom thou must no more tell a ly, then unto God. I will pardon thee on condition thou discover the truth of this matter; but if thou lyest in any one point, thou art utterly lost. This man was so amazed with the lustre of such majesty, that prostrating himself at his feet, he began to confess all the imposture. *Augustus* perceived by the narratiō, he was none of the most daring in impostures, and said: Friend, I give thee thy life, on condition thou ransom it in my Galleys, thou hast a strong body, and canst well labour, the Scepter would have been too ful of trouble; I will have thee take an Oar in hand, and live hereafter an honest man, without deceiving any.

As for the Doctour, who had been Tutour to this counterfeit *Alexander*, the Emperour observing him to be of a spirit more crafty, and accustomed to evil practises, caused him speedily to be put to death. One might make a huge Volum of such Impostours, as have been entrapped in their tricks; but satisfie your self with experience of Ages, and if you dare believe me, take in all your affairs a manner of proceeding noble, free, sincere, and true, throughly perswading your self, what the Wise-man said, That he who goes forward with simplicity, walketh most confidently.

XII. MAXIM.

of REVENGE.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is good to reign over men like a Lyon, and take revenge, not permitting freſh favours to aboliſh the memory of old grievances.

THE HOLY COURT.

That mildneſs and pardon is the beſt revenge.

THis maxim of the prophane Court more properly proceeds from the throat of Tygers and Lyons, then the lips of men: but being harſh in execution, it is ever direful in its effects. The experience of *Tiberius*'s, *Caligula*'s, *Nero*'s, *Domitian*'s, *Herod*'s, and ſo many other, who have purſued this with events ſo tragical, and lives ſo monſtrous, are fit leſſons to convince a heart, which yet retaineth ſome humanity.

How this maxim oppoſeth common ſenſe.

All power imployed onely to hurt is ever pernicious, and having made havock, it reſembleth the ruins of buildings, which overwhelm not any, but ſuch as they oppreſs by falling on them. Man is a creature more tender then any other, and muſt be handled with much reſpect: nor is there any blood ſo baſe, which ought not to be ſpared, as much as juſtice and reaſon may permit.

Notable verities.

The moſt part of men in theſe miſeries and weakneſſes of nature, ſeldom hit upon innocency, but by paſſing through many errours. He who cannot tolerate ſome one, baniſheth all virtue. He muſt neceſſarily excuſe many things within himſelf, who pardons nothing in another. If he think himſelf a God, his nature ought to be mercy, and if a man, the experience of his own faults ſhould render him more favourable to the like in another.

It is a ſtrange folly to think greatly to proſper by rigour. For all done through fear being forced, cannot be of long laſting, unleſs the courſe of humanity fail. The ſavage beaſt is then much to be dreaded, when he ſees the knife on one ſide, and rails on the other. There is no ſtrength ſo feeble, which becomes not fierce upon the defenſive, within the limits of neceſſity. A man who menaceth every one with blows of a cudgel, ſword, or fire, ſhould remember he is not a *Briareus* with an hundred hands, and hath but one life. Now becoming cruel and inexorable, he makes himſelf an enemy of all mankind, which hath ſo many hands, and ſo many lives. Such an one thinks he is well accompanied in revenge, who ſhall find himſelf all alone in peril.

The ſcope of the diſcourſe.

Then let us here ſay, there is nothing ſo Sovereign for the government of men, as the love of a neighbour, clemency, and pardon, and that the character of an excellent nature is to forgive all other, ſo much as reaſon may permit, & to pardon nothing in himſelf.

Excellency of love.

Love is the firſt law of nature, and laſt accompliſhment of our felicity. Love from all eternity burneth in the boſom of the living God: & if he breath with his Word, as he doth with a reſpiration ſubſtantial, he breaths nought but love. He reſpiteth this love by neceſſity within himſelf, he inſpireth it by grace out of himſelf, and laſtly draws all to himſelf by love. The worthy S. *Dionyſius* in the book of Divine attributes, diſtinguiſheth three ſorts of love, one is called circular, the other love in a right line, & the third oblique. Circular love properly is that which carrieth the ſoul with full flight into the boſom of God, and there holds it, as in a ſweet circle of raviſhing contemplations, which tranſport it from perfection to perfection, never finding end or beginning in the Divinity. Love in a right line is that which tends directly to creatures, by ways not onely lawful and laudable, loving them for God, of God, and in God, but ways likewiſe eaſie, and yielding to natural inclinations. Oblike love is that, which holdeth of both the other, and which imitating the Angels of *Jacobs* ladder, climbs to God by creatures, and deſcends to creatures by the love of God. But behold a love of enemies commanded by God, which ſeemeth not comprized in this diviſion, ſo much it ſeeketh out ways alienated and inacceſſible to nature, yet I intend to ſhew, it may be found in the third part of this liſt, and that it is a love, which by the love of God deſcendeth unto the love of man, to love him according to God: A love which I maintain to be poſſible, glorious, and neceſſary in three proofs that ſhall make three heads of this diſcourſe.

Diviſion of love. χύκλικος, εὐθύς, ἑλικοειδής. S. *Dionyſ.*

Three proofs of this diſcourſe.

1. To deny the poſſibility of the love of enemies, is to bely the Goſpel and reaſon; the Goſpel which commandeth it, reaſon which fortifieth the juſtice of the commandment. The words ſpoken by our Saviour, *Love your enemies*, is not a counſel but a commandment: ſo explicateth the Council of *Carthage* the fourth, chap. 93. the Council of *Agde* Can. 22. and all holy Fathers, who lent the light of their ſtile to the firſt light in the Goſpel. Now to ſay God commandeth a thing impoſſible, is to make a tyranny of the Divinity, and to make a God like to the cruel Duke of *Muſcovia* named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his ſubjects a tribute of ſweat, and of nightingales in the midſt of winter.

First reaſon poſſibility of the love of enemies. *Diligite inimicos veſtros.*

2. Reaſon dictateth to us this commandment is not onely of Divine right, but of nature; ſo far is it from being contrary to nature, that to ſpeak naturally, we judge that ſhould be done to our neighbour, we would have done to our ſelves: and we deſire to be beloved by all the world, yea, by thoſe whom we have offended; we then neceſſarily conclude, we are bound to love thoſe who have done us ſome injury. Beſides, we wel ſee that to ſeek revenge by proper authority is to deſtroy the right of nature, & to make of a civil life, the life of a *Cyclop*, which were to have no other reaſon then ſtrength, nor limit but the ſword.

Right of nature.

Some will ſay it were good, could love as eaſily be put on as a ſhirt; but if we have much ado to love things indifferent, how can we affect bad and offenſive? Love ever purſueth good as the ſhadow the body, and God who made both love and nature, will not that it ſettle it ſelf unleſs there be ſome attractive or appearance of good, which inviteth it to love. Now what is lovely in an enemy, in whoſe perſon all is odious, yea, the very name? Behold how carnal Philoſophy with ſtrong paſſions, and weak reaſons, ſtrikes at the eternal Word; as if in the worſt man in the world, there could not ever be found ſomething which may be an object of reaſonable love. We are not commanded to affect him

Anſwer to an objection.

with

with a love of tenderneſs, but of reaſon. It is not ſaid, you muſt love him as vicious, you muſt endear him as injurious or wicked, for that were to force nature; but we are commanded to love him as a man, to love him as a Chriſtian, to love him as the work of God, and as a creature capable of life eternal: All things in the world (ſaid an Ancient) have two handles, and two faces. Take a good hold-faſt, look on the good countenance, and you ſhall find that eaſie, which you thought impoſſible.

Omne animal diligit ſimile ſibi, ſic & omnis homo proximum ſibi. Eccl. 13. 19

Let us alſo paſs with Divinity to a reaſon more eminent, and ſay, it is not a thing againſt nature to love above nature, by the commandment of him who made nature. it is asked, whether a creature can naturally love God more then it ſelf, ſince all that nature loveth, it loves as a thing united to it ſelf, according to the ſaying of Philoſophers: and all well conſidered, the moſt learned Divines anſwer, that the ſoul of man remaining within the liſts of natural reaſon, ſhould love the Creatour, more then its own life becauſe naturally the wil wel rectified, hath a ſtrong inclination to its end, which is the Sovereign Good, and the underſtanding neceſſarily judgeth the ſubſiſtence of eſſence increate & independent, w^ch^ ought rather to be preſerved then that of eſſence create. And if that be done by ways of nature, how may one ſay it is againſt nature to love an enemy, when there is the commandment and honour of God in it?

Amicabilia ad alterum ſumuntur ex amicabilibus ad ſe. Ariſt. Ethic l. 4. c. 8. *D. Tho.* 2. 2. q. 26.

Nay, it is ſo much otherwiſe, that I will add a reaſon, which perhaps may ſeem ſtrange, but it is undoubted true. I ſay, it is much more hard to love ones ſelf well, then an enemy. For I beſeech you, why was it that the Son of God ſo much ſpake, laboured, wept and bled, if not to teach how we ſhould aptly love our ſelves? And wherefore were ſo many Saints fifty yea threeſcore years at ſchool in deſarts, but to learn this hard leſſon? And who hath ever thought any thing more difficult to be repreſſed then ſelf-love, which powerful in fury, and impotent within it ſelf, forgetful of God, & ſtill mindful of its own intereſts, ever gluttonous and ſtill hungry, ſwalloweth like a gulph, ſweepeth along like a torrent, beateth down like thunder, and in the end is buried in the ruins it made?

A remarkable conſideration.

Self-love very hard to be repreſſed.

If well to love ones ſelf, this monſter, be neceſſarily to be tamed; who ſees not there is much difficulty therein, & that on the other ſide there is nothing to be done but to love the gift of God in man; which cannot be ill but in your imagination? Why create we ſo many impediments in the love of an enemy, & find none in the love of our ſelves? Were it not natural, why in the law of nature did *Cato* ſmilingly wipe away tough phlegme; which an enemy ſpit in his face when he pleaded a cauſe? Why was *Socrates* content having received a blow on the cheek from an inſolent man, to ſet over his head a ſcroul uſed on ancient tables, *Lycus faciebat*? Why did *Auguſtus* in an abſolute ſovereign power of revenge, tolerate with ſo much curteſy a certain writer named *Timagenes*, who perpetually barked againſt him? Traytours that we are to nature, ſo to cover our neglect and weakneſs with the pretext of nature.

Effects of the love of enemies in the Law of nature. *Senec.* l. 2. de ira c. 33

3. Let us yet add more force to truth, and more ſcope to our pen. Let us enter into the ſecond point of this diſcourſe, which teacheth us the greatneſs and glory of a man, who knows how patiently to ſuffer an injury. The maxims of the world ceaſe not to perſecute us, & ſay: *That by tolerating a firſt affront a ſecond is provoked; that mildneſs & manſuetude ſerve as matter of mirth to inſolency; and that a man never ſo much undervalueth himſelf, as by publiſhing his little courage in the revenge of an affront.* Behold goodly propoſitions, which ſo oft have drawn bloud out of the veins of *France* in theſe deteſtable duels, nouriſhing afterward covert hatred & everlaſting averſions. O ignorant that we are of Gods greatneſs, and ever unfaithful to his word! We fear by pardoning, to be contemned; when the only reaſon which God uſeth in the Goſpel to perſwade us unto pardon, is the excellency and glory derived from this action: for he ſaith. *It is the means to become the children of God, Who cauſeth his Sun to ſhine upon the good and the bad, Who lets his ſhowrs fal as wel on the offenders, as the innocent.*

Second point of proofs drawn from the glory of pardon.

Vt ſitis filii Patris veſtri qui in cœlis eſt, & qui ſolem ſuum facit oriri ſuper malos & bonos, & pluit ſuper juſtos & injuſtos. Mat. 5. Iſaiah. 40.

What beauty, what luſtre, what ſplendour to enter into the number of the children of God What elevation to be tranſported with full flight into conformities with the Omnipotent! The Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith, God meaſureth the waters with his fiſt, and poize h the heavens in the palm of his hand; to ſignifie he goeth with a ſhut hand to puniſhments, ſignified by the waters; but proceeds with the whole extent of his goodneſs to reward, repreſented by the heavens. The rain-bow which God hath taken for the ſymbole of his reconciliation with man, environeth the throne of his Majeſty in the Apocalips; and it is a bow without arrows (ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) to inſtruct us, this divine Majeſty is ſweet and peaceful. So in the Prophet *Ezechiel*, after the deſcription of this terrible cloud, which ſerves as a chariot for the God of Hoaſts, you read theſe words: (*a*) *And upward a face ſmiling with light*; where *Theodotion* (as ſaith S. *Hierom*) hath tranſlated: (*b*) *The weſt hath the higheſt place with the Creatour*, meaning, the mildneſs of weſtern winds, and coolneſs from ſcorchings, is in the pavillion of glory, where this Sovereign Monarch inhabiteth. O wonder! God, who is a Sovereign Majeſty, Sovereign greatneſs, and Sovereign Juſtice, ſhewed himſelf in al times ſo patient to ſuffer men, who are the worſt of all evils, that he had rather we doubted his Divinity, then make any queſtion of his mildneſs: he had rather that by ſo patiently tolerating ſuch infidels & ſinners, the lips of blaſphemers ſhould receive encouragement to ſay *there is no God*, then by taking revenge on every ſin in the heat of crime; it ſhould be truely ſaid there is a God, but he is ever armed with lightnings, & inacceſſible to the miſeries of men, as thoſe mountains, which all flaming caſt out their entrails. O Prodigy! God maketh it ſo great a matter to pardon an injury, that he rather permitteth his eſſence to be touched, then his clemency; his title of God to be taken away, then the glory of pardon: Shall we then place greatneſs in revenge.

Ambroſ. 16. de arca & Noe 17. Arcus conſtitutus at caveas ſagittas magis terrore vult quam ferire. (*a*) *Et ſpecies quaſi aſpectus ſpeculorum in ſapientia Dei.* *Sapient. 7. 26.* *Nunquid Deus.* *Tertul. de pat. c. 2.*

How many Pyrates are there, to whom God daily openeth ſeas? How many Idolaters, for who he cauſeth ſtars to give light, fountains to ſtream, corn to grow, harveſts to become yellow, and vines to ripen? How many ungrateful children, who take benefits from him as hogs do acorns, by grumbling againſt the tree which gave them, and never caſting an eye to heaven? God not withſtanding ſuffereth them, and confounds their ingratitude by continually conferring favours, in an abſolute power of revenge.

What anſwer we to that? Shall we make it our glory to do like the ſilly mouſe, which bites that which pincheth her; or rather imitate the perfections of God, who never appears ſo great as in pardoning great injuries? What may we hope in revenge, but to enter into the community of a brutiſh life? That is it bears do, tygers, ſerpents, and ſo many other creatures, which imploy their teeth, horns, poyſon, & all the arms they have from nature, to purſue revenge: Yet many times they meaſure it by the neceſsity of their defence: but to pardon an ungrateful man and an enemy, is to go out of our elements, and the baſe

droſs

droſs of earth, to enter into a ſphere of glory and light, ranked in the number of ſovereign beauties, to be an aſſociate with ſo many noble and illuſtrious ſouls, who have in all ages placed their glory on actions of mildneſs and patience.

Let us, I pray you, enter into it with a firm footing and a bright forehead. There ſhall we ſee *Moſes* at the feet of the Tabernacle to pray, and almoſt binde up the hands of God, to ſtay the courſe of his revenge againſt thoſe, who perſecuted him even to the Tabernacle. There ſhall we ſee an *Aaron* in the majeſty of his Prieſtly habit, bearing all the world, with the incenſory & ſacrifice in hand, to appeaſe the anger of God againſt his perſecutors, when heaven was all on fire over their heads, and the earth became a guſph under their feet to ſwallow them. There ſhall we ſee a *David* bear honourable wounds, which the envenomed tongue of *Shimei* had thrown on his reputation, and to mount to the Throne of *Saul* by the ſteps of patience witneſſed in ſuffering *Saul*. There ſhall we ſee all the Martyrs laden with torments, opening as many mouths as they had wounds to beg pardon for thoſe who perſecuted them, and in the midſt of all the Martyrs, *Jeſus*, the great and faithful witneſs quickning by effuſion of his blood, even thoſe who ſhed his. There finally ſhall we ſee *Conſtantine* laughing at his ſtatues they ſtoned; a *Theodoſius* pardoning ſuch as dragged his; an *Andronicus*, who at the taking of a City embraced in ſight of all the world him, who moſt eagerly had oppoſed him with all manner of outrage.

Goodly company of courteous.

Let us now judge which is moſt glorious, either to enter by pardoning into the moſt noble and generous ſociety, or in ſeeking revenge, to become of the number of certain wranglers, ruffians, men of the damned crew; and laſtly, creatures the moſt bruitiſh in the world, wholly inclined to revenge.

Third point of reaſons, drawn from neceſſity.

4. Let us conclude finally with the third reaſon, and withal ſay, that to pardon injuries is not ſomuch an election of virtue, as a neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince God will not we hope remiſſion of our ſins, but on condition we baniſh the reſentment of injuries. Neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince prayer & ſacrifice, are eſſential parts of our ſalvation, cannot ſubſiſt without the pardon of our neighbor. And purſuing this precept, we have a tradition from the *Hebrews* which ſaith, He who being intreated to pardon, after warning given before competent witneſſes, if he ſhewed himſelf inexorable, was ſurnamed as with a title of infamy, the *Sinner*, and held as one excommunicate, as a rotten member, and cut off from the ſociety of the faithful. I likewiſe ſay, neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince according to S. *Auguſtin*, without this virtue, all devotion is but hypocriſy, all religion blaſphemy & all faith infidelity.

Dimitte nobis ſicut dimittimus. Vade prius, reconciliare fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offer munus tuum.

Auguſt ſuper Joan. homil. 10. Quid prodeſt quia credis & blaſphemas? Adoras illum in capite, blaſphemas in corpore, &c.

To what purpoſe is it (ſaith the Prelate) *to believe and blaſpheme, to adore God in his head, and blaſpheme him in his members? God loveth his body which is his Church: if you diſſever your ſelf from his body, he will not for all that forſake his own members. Hear you not the head which ſpeaketh to you from heaven, ſaying: O Man, it is in vain thou honoureſt me, hating thy neighbour? If any one, whileſt he is giving thee low obeyſance with his head, tread on thy foot, thou wouldſt in midſt of all his complement cry out, Sir, you hurt me.*

The horrour and confuſion of revenge.

What is there either more powerful or perſwaſive, then theſe reaſons? Yet notwithſtanding among ſo many lightnings & thunders which incompaſs us on every ſide, there are to be found infinite many black ſouls in the world, which practiſe hatred, ſome in ſecret, ſome in publick, & make vaunts to eternize their revenge in the everlaſtingneſs of their puniſhments. What a horrour is it to ſee a man, who beſought and intreated with all earneſtneſs to pardon a brother, who hath offended him, anſwereth with diſdain, furious & intolerable, he will never agree nor hold correſpondence with him, no more then with a *Turk* or *Moor*? Ah *Barbarian*! ſhut up that mouth, unhappy creature, and never open it, at leaſt never open it before the wounds of Chriſt which bleed againſt thee. Thou wilt embrace no other friendſhip with thy brother, but ſuch as may be found between *Turks* & *Moors*. Lyar that thou art, ſeek yet out words more outrageous to expreſs the gall of thy paſſion: For, if thou knoweſt it not, *Turks* and *Moors* retain the amities and ſenſe of man, whereof thou art deſpoiled. *Turks* even in the general deſolatiõ of *Moors*, entertained them into their Countries, and afforded them helps, which thou haſt denied thy fleſh and blood. If that ſeem worthy of thee take a turbant, and become a *Turk*; but when thou haſt put it on, yet ſhalt thou find laws which will oblige thee to love a man. The *Turks* have their *Behiram*, a feaſt, wherin they pardon all injuries; & wilt thou turn *Turk* to retain an injury? Out of God's Church, out of the ſociety of men, out of nature, bloody monſter as thou art. Where wilt thou any longer find place in the world, when thou once haſt pulled down the Altars of clemency?

That alſo which is ſpoken in choler and haſty precipitation, might ſeem pardonable in repentance, were it not there are ſome, who in cold blood foſter ſuits, and immortal pertinacities, and which is worſt, many times in publick ſhewing a fair face, in ſecret they tranſfix the heart of a poor man, like unto witches, they rip up the bowels of wife and children, to ſatisfy a revenge. Barbarous man! Eat, rather eat the miſerable heart, then pierce it perpetually with thy infernal Bodkins. I would in the reſt be ſilent, if there were not women, who being infirm in all things, get diabolical ſtrength for revenge. What may we ſay of a creature of this ſex, who being very ſlightly offended by another of the ſame ſex, whileſt ſhe, adviſed by her Confeſſour, diſpoſed her ſelf to all duties of ſatisfaction, the other looked on her with a *Gorgons* eye, and foaming with anger, ſpiteſully reviled her with bloody words; ſo that nothing now remained but to take her by the hair, and drag her on the floor: which violence reproved by other, ſhe repeated the burthen of the Ballad, That ſhe wiſhed her not ill, but would never ſee her again. Inhumane and furious creature, a *Magara*, not a woman, what mouth will you hereafter bring to the Altars, which you ſeem to honour? Have you any other then that by you polluted with this poiſonous choler? What heart remains in you for God? Is there any part of it not ſteeped in gall? What expect you at the hour of death, and in the inſtant of your ſouls ſeparation, but that God repeat unto you your own words: I wiſh thee no ill, I will not put thee upon the wheel nor the rack, I have neither raſors nor flames to torment thee; but thou never ſhalt ſee my face? Wilt thou then cheriſh quarrels, maintain ſides, ſpread rumours either true or falſe, ſecretly undermine the fortune of men, and make thy ſelf as inexorable to reconciliation, as thou art inflexible to reaſon? Lord have mercy on us, a cruel Angel will be ſent againſt thee, an ill ſuit commenced, a ruinous buſineſs, a tedious ſickneſs, a loſs of goods, a confuſion of underſtanding, and then ſhalt thou ſee, whether fire being in the four corners of thy houſe, thou ſtill retaineſt the itch of revenge.

Semper juxta quam manus, Angelus autem crudelis mittitur contra eam. Proverb. 6

But, you generous ſouls, march on by union to the chief of unities, and think the only revenge, is well to be revenged on your ſelf. If as I have ſhewed, pardon be poſſible, glorious, and neceſſary, why ſoment

we our curiosities to inflame our feavers? Let us take away these silly humane respects, this slender pride, which often broodeth under silken devotions, and which is the cause, that God is daily beheld and adored upon both the knees, by those who will not see nor speak to any that have committed some slight indiscretion, whilst feigning to honour God the Master with lips, the servāt within the heart is strangl'd.

Goodly considerations to pacifie the mind.

Say (O Christian) say to thy self: Am I more powerful in my small family then God in the universe? He daily endureth so many injuries, not threatning mortals with his thunders; what am I, who have ears so tender? Many have forgiven their deaths, and I cannot pardon a cold countenance, a silly word, a slender negligence. Is it a child, is it a young man hath offended? Age excuseth him; is it a woman Sex, a stranger? Liberty; a friend? Familiarity. He hath offended, he hath displeased thee once, and how many other times hath he done thee good offices? But this is not the first time, so much the better shall we bear, what we already have suffered. Custom of injuries is a good Mistriss of patience. He is a friend, he did what he would not; if an enemy, he hath done according to the world, what he ought. If he were wise, he hath not done it without reason; if simple, he deserves compassion. Whoever bit a Dog because he was bitten by a Dog? Or who ever entred into a combat of kicking with a Mule? If he did it in anger, let us give him leisure to come to himself, and he will correct himself without our trouble to give assistance. If it be a superiour or man of eminent quality, let us suffer that which God hath set over us; if a person of base condition, why by striving against him, shall we make him our equal? What pleasure hath a woman whose hands are so delicate, to seek to foul them with crushing flies and caterpillers? Let us reflect on the carriage of humane things, we are all faulty, and live among errours. There is no wise man whom some indiscretions escape not. We shall never live content, if we learn not to excuse in another what our selves are. Are we not ashamed to exercise in a life so short, eternal enmities? Behold death comes to separate us, although we forcibly hold one another by the throat: let us give a little truce to our reason, light to our understanding, and rest to our ashes. JESUS *in his last words recommended forgiveness to us, moistned with his tears, and blood: Go we about to tear his Testament, that we afterward may pull his Images in pieces? The blood of Just* Abel *still bubbleth on the earth, and is unrevenged; shall we then seek to revenge it? O my God, we utterly renounce it with all our hearts, and are ready to seal peace with our blood, that by thy blood thou maist sign our mercy.*

Vide Senec. de Ira. 1.

The twelfth EXAMPLE upon the twelfth MAXIM.

of Reconciliation.

CONSTANTIA.

THere is nothing more certain then that he, who seeks revenge, shal find the God of revenge. It followeth those who pursue it, and when they think to exercise it on others, they feel it falling on their own heads. It is only proper to base and infamous spirits to endeavour to glut themselves with bloud, and to delight in the miseries of mortals, but souls the most noble, are ever beautified with the rays of clemency.

Zonar. Theophilus a bloody Emperour.

Theophilus, one of the most bloudy Emperours that ever ware the diadem, an enemy both of heaven and earth, of Saints and men, as he had lived on gall, would end in bloud. He felt his soul on his lips flying from him, and saw death near at hand, which he could not escape. It was time, he should now yield up life to others, when it appeared he could no more take it from them: But this wicked man, holding at that time *Theophobus*, one of his prime Captains imprisoned in his own Palace, upon certain jealousies conceived he was too able a man and well worthy of Empire, commanded a little before his death, to have his head cut off; and causing it to be brought to his bed side, he took it by the hair, held it a long time in his hands, so much was he pleased with this massacre; then seriously beholding it, he cried out: *It is true, I shal no longer be* Theophilus, *nor art thou any more* Theophobus. And many times repeating these words, he yielded up his damned ghost like a ravenous wolf, which passed from bloud to infernal flames, although certain revelations spake of his deliverance. Behold how having taken in his youth evil habits of cruelty and revenge, he persevered in them to his death, being besides most unfortunate and infamous in all his enterprises.

But contrariwise it is observed, all great ones disposed to clemency, have been very glorious & most happy before God & men. I could here rehearse very many, yet pursuing our design, I rest contented with relation of a notable pardon given by a Queen to a Prince, on a Friday in memory of our Saviors Passion.

It cannot be said, but so much the greater & more outrageous injuries are, so much the more difficult is their pardon, especially when one hath full power of revenge in his hands. Now the injury whereof we speak, was the death of poor *Conradinus*, which well considered in all its circumstances, rendereth this clemency whereof I intend to speak, much more admirable. Know then this Prince, son of the Emperour *Conradus*, went into *Italy* with a huge army to defend the inheritance of his Ancestours pretending it to be unjustly usurp'd by the wily practises of *Charls* of *Anjou*: He stood at that time in the midst of his armies, sparkling like a star, full of fire & courage, when Pope *Clement* the fourth seeing him pass along with so much nobility, said: *Alas, what goodly victims are led to the Altar!* His valour in the tenderness of his age, was as yet more innocent, then wary; and he had to do with a Captain, whom warlike experience had made more subtle in this profession.

Conradinus.

Charls being ready to give him battle, resolved it was best to weary out this yong vigour, & to afford him the bait of some succes in appearance, the more easily to draw him into his snare. He gave the leading of one part of his army to a Captain of his call'd *Alardus*, commanding him to bear al the royal ensigns, as if he had been *Charls* of *Anjou's* person. *Conradinus* thinking he had nothing to do but to conquer what he saw before his eys, for decision of the difference, advanc'd his troups, which falling like a tempest upon the enemies, quickly dispatched *Alardus*, who was slain in the battel, as some histories record, carrying from all this ostent of regality, a fatal glory into a tomb.

He gave battle to Charles of Anjou.

This yong *Mars*, supposing the war ended by the death of his adversary, presently proclaim'd victory, at which time *Charls* of *Anjou*, who lay hidden in a trench with the activest troups, as yet very fresh, came suddenly upon him. He did all that for his defence, which a brave spirit might in an evil fortune. But his army being cut in pieces, he was enforced to save himself, after the loss of 12000. dead in the place

His calamity caused him to change the habit of a King, to that of a horse-keeper for his greater security, so much he feared to be known by those, who would decide the dint of war by his bloud. He embarked with his cousin *Frederick* of *Austria*, to pass unto *Pisa*, committing himself in this disguised habit to a Pilot, who much importuned him for his hire. He had not then about him either bread or mony, so that he was constrained to pull off a ring, and leave it in pledge to the Pilot to assure the debt. He seeing these young men of a graceful garb, and considering this jewel was not a wealth suitable to their habit, doubted some trick, and gave notice to the Governour, a crafty man, who complying with the times, laid hold of the Princes, and put them into the hands of the Conquerour.

His taking.

Charls

His sentence and death.

Charls of *Anjou* much fearing this young Lion, forgat all generosity to serve his own turn, and did a most base act, detested by all understandings that have any humanity: which is, that having kept *Conradinus* a whole year in a straight prison, he assembled certain wicked Lawyers to decide the cause of one of the noblest spirits at that time under Heaven, who to second the passion of their Master, rendered the laws criminal, and served themselves with written right, to kill a Prince contrary to the law of nature, judging him worthy of death, in that (said they) he disturbed the peace of the Church, and aspired to Empire. A scaffold was prepared in a publick place, all hanged with red, where *Conradinus* is brought with other Lords. A Protonotary cloathed after the ancient fashion, mounteth into a chair set there for the purpose, and aloud pronounceth the wicked sentence. After which *Conradinus* raising himself, and casting an eye full of fervour and flames on the Judge, said: *Base and cruel slave as thou art, to open thy mouth to condemn thy Sovereign.*

It was a lamentable thing to see this great Prince on a scaffold, in so tender years, wise as an *Apollo*, beautiful as an *Amazon*, and valiant as an *Achilles*, to leave his head under the sword of an Executioner, in the place where he hoped to crown it. He called heaven and earth to bear witness of *Charls* his cruelty, who unseen beheld this goodly spectacle from an high turret. He complained that his goods being taken from him, they robbed him of his life as a thief, that the blossom of his age was cut off by the hand of a hang-man, taking away his head to bereave him of the Crown, lastly throwing down his glove, demanded an account of this inhumanity. Then seeing his cousin *Frederick's* head to fall before him, he took it, kissed it, and laid it to his bosom, asking pardon of it, as if he had been the cause of his disaster, in having been the companion of his valour. This great heart wanting tears to deplore it self, wept over a friend, and finishing his sorrows with his life, stretched out his neck to the Minister of justice. Behold how *Charls*, who had been treated with all humanity in the prisons of *Saracens*, used a Christian Prince: so true it proves, that ambition seemeth to blot out the character of Christianity, to put in the place of it something worse then the Turbant.

This death lamented through all the world, yea, which maketh Theaters still mourn, sensibly struck the heart of Queen *Constantia* his Aunt, wife of *Peter* of *Arragon*: She bewailed the poor Prince with tears which could never be dried up, as one whom she dearly loved, and then again representing to her self so many virtues and delights, drowned in such generous bloud, and so unworthily shed, her heart dissolved into sorrow. But as she was drenched in tears, so her husband thundred in arms to revenge his death.

Collenutius histor. Neapol. l. 5. c. 4. & 5. The son of *Charls* of *Anjou* taken.

He rigged out a fleet of ships, the charge whereof he recommended to *Roger de Loria*, to assail *Charls* the second, Prince of *Salerno*, the only son of *Charls* of *Anjou*, who commanded in the absence of his father. The admiral of the *Arragonian* failed not to encounter him, and fought so furiously with him, that having sunck many of his ships, he took him prisoner, and brought him into *Sicily*, where Queen *Constantia* was, expecting the event of this battle. She failed not to cause the heads of many Gentlemen to be cut off in revenge of *Conradinus*, so to moisten his ashes with the bloud of his enemies. *Charls* the Kings onely son was set apart with nine principal Lords of the Army, and left to the discretion of *Constantia*. Her wound was still all bloudy, and the greatest of the Kingdom counselled her speedily to put to death the son of her capital enemy, yea, the people mutined for this execution: which was the cause; the Queen having taken order for his arraignment, and he thereupon condemned to death, she on a Friday morning sent him word, it was now time to dispose himself for his last hour. The Prince, nephew to S. *Lewis*, and who had some sense of his uncle's piety, very courageously received these tidings, saying,

That besides other courtesies he had received from the Queen in Prison, she did him a singular favour to appoint the day of his death on a Friday, and that it was good reason he should dye culpable on the day, whereon Christ died innocent.

This speech was related to Queen *Constantia*, who was therewith much moved, and having some space bethought her self, she replyed:

An excellent passage of clemency.

Tell Prince Charls, *if he take contentment to suffer death on a Friday, I will likewise find out mine own satisfaction to forgive him on the same day, that* Jesus *signed the pardon of his Executioners with his proper bloud. God forbid I shed the bloud of a man, on the day my Master poured out his for me. Although time surprize me in the dolour of my wounds, I will not rest upon the bitterness of revenge. I freely pardon him, and it shall not be my fault, that he is not at this instant in full liberty.*

This magnanimous heart caused the execution to be staied, yet fearing if she left him to himself, the people might tear him in pieces, she sent him to the King her husband, entreating by all which was most pretious unto him, to save his life, and send him back to his Father. *Peter* of *Arragon*, who sought his own accommodation in so good a prize, freed him from danger of death, yet enlarged him suddenly. For his deliverance must come from a hand wholly celestial.

Sylvester Pruere writes, that lying long imprisoned in the City of *Barcelon*, the day of S. *Mary Magdalen* approaching, who was his great Patroness, he disposed himself to a singular devotion, fasting, confessing his sins, communicating, begging of her with tears to deliver him from this captivity. Heaven was not deaf to his prayers. Behold on the day of the feast he perceived a Lady full of Majesty, who commanded him to follow her, at which words, he felt as it were a diffusion of extraordinary joy spread over his heart. He followed her step by step, as a man rapt, and seeing all the gates flie open before her without resistance, and finding himself so cheerful, that his body seemed to have put on the nature of a spirit, he well perceived Heaven wrought wonders for him. The Lady looking on him after she had gone some part of the way, asked him where he thought he was; to which he replied, that he imagined himself to be yet in the Territory of *Barcelon*. *Charls* you are deceived (*said she*) you are in the County of *Provence*, a league from *Narbon*, and thereupon she vanished. *Charls* not at all doubting the miracle, nor the protection of S. *Mary Magdalen*, prostrated himself on the earth, adoring the power of God in his Saints, caused a fair Church to be built to this most blessed woman, and a Cross to be erected in the place where she left him, which was called the Cross of the place: Thus was God pleased to ratifie by so great miracles, the pardon *Constantia* had given to Prince *Charls*.

I will shut up this discourse with a passage of so rare a clemency of a Monarch, offended in the honour of a daughter of his, by a mean vassal, as it seems could never have fallen but into the heart of a *Charlemaign*.

Curio l. 2. rerum Christologicarum.

It is to this purpose recounted, that one *Eginardus*, who was Secretary to the Prince, having placed his affections much higher then his condition admitted, made love to one of his daughters, which was in

mine opinion natural, who seeing this man of a brave spirit, and a grace suitable, thought not him too low for her, whom merit had so eminently raised above his birth. Shee affected him, and gave him too free access to her person, so far as to suffer him to have recourse unto her, to laugh, and sport in her Chamber on evenings, which ought to have been kept as a sanctuary, wherein relicks are preserved. It happened upon a Winters night, these two amorous hearts, having inwardly so much fire, that they scarcely could think upon the cold, *Eginardus* (ever hastening his approaches, and being very negligent in his returns) had somewhat too much slackned his departure. The snow mean while raised a Rampart, which troubled them both when he thought to go out. Time pressed him to leave her, and heaven had stopped up the way of his passage. It was not tolerable for him to go forward. *Eginardus* feared to be known by his feet, and the Lady thought it not any matter at all to see the prints of such steps about her door. They being much perplexed; love, which taketh the diadem of majesty from Queens, so soon as they submit to its tyranny, made her to do an act for a Lover, which had she done for a poor man, it would have been the means to place her among the great Saints of her time. She took this Gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the Court to his chamber, he never setting foot to the ground, that so the next day no impression might be seen of his footing. It is true which a holy Father saith, That if Hell lay on the shoulders of love, love would finde courage enough to bear it. But it hath more facility to undertake, then prudence to hide it self; the eye of God not permitting these follies should either be concealed or unpunished. *Charlemaign*, who had not so much affection in store for women, that he spent not some nights in study, watched this night, and hearing a noise, opened the window, and perceived this pretty prank, at which he could not tell whether he were best to be angry, or to laugh.

Goodness and indulgence of *Charlemaigne.*

The next day in a great Assembly of Lords, and in the presence of his daughter and *Eginardus*, he proposed the matter past, in covert terms, asking what punishment might a servant seem worthy of, who made use of a King's daughter as of a Mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of Winter, through night, snow, and all sharpness of the season. Every one gave hereupon his opinion, and there was not any who condemned not this insolent man to death. The Princess and Secretary changed colour, thinking nothing remained for them, but to be flayed alive. But the Emperour looking on his Secretary with a smooth brow, said: *Eginardus*, hadst thou loved the Princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come freely to her father, who should dispose of her liberty, and not play these pranks, which have made thee worthy of death, were not my clemency much greater then the respect thou hast borne to my person. I now at this present give thee two lives, the one in preserving thine, the other in delivering her to thee, in whom thy soul more survives, then in the body it animateth. Take thy fair Portress in marriage, and both of you learn to fear God, and to play the good husbands. These lovers thought they were in an instant drawn out of the depth of Hell to ascend to Heaven, and all the Court stood infinitely in admiration of this judgment. It appears by the narration, what was the milde temper of *Charlemaign* in this point, and that he followed the counsel of S. *Ambrose*, who advised a Father named *Sisinnius* to receive his son with a wife he had taken for love. For receiving them both (said he) you will make them better; rejecting them, render them worse. The goodness of these great hearts for all that, justifieth not the errours of youth, which grievously offendeth, when it undertaketh resolutions in this kinde, not consulting with those to whom it oweth life.

Epist. l. 8. ep. 64. *Si bonam duxit, acquisivit tibi gratiam: Si erravit, accipiendo meliores facies, refutando deteriores.*

XIII. MAXIM.

Of the Epicurean life.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the flesh must be daintily used, and all possible contentment given to the minde.

EXperience teacheth us, there is in the World a sect of reformed *Epicures*, who do not openly profess the bruitishness of those infamous spirits, which are drenched in gourmandize and lust, but take Maxims more refined, that have (as they say) no other aim but to make a man truly contented. For which purpose they promise themselves to drive all objects from their mindes, which may bring the least disgust, and to afford the body all pleasures which may preserve it in a flourishing health, accompanied with grace, vigour, and vivacity of senses.

The Philosophy of *Epicurus* swayeth in the world.

Here may the judicious observe, that such was the doctrine of ancient *Epicurus*. For although many make a monster of him, all drowned in ordure and prodigious pleasure, yet it is very easie to prove, that he never went about to countenance those bruitish ones, who through exorbitance of lust, ruine all the contentments of the minde and body: But he wholly inclined to finde out all the pleasures of nature, and to banish any impediments which might make impression on the soul or body. For which cause I think *Theodoret* mistook him, when he made him so gluttonous, as to contend with *Jupiter* about a sop, and that *Nicetas*, who represented him so licourish after honied Tarts, well understood him not: For *Tertullian*, S. *Hierom*, *Laertius*, and *Seneca*, who better noted his doctrine, assure us he was a very sober man, and speaketh not in his writings but of pulse and fruits; not for the honour he bear to the virtue of temperance, but for that it seemed he found himself better disposed in this frugality, then in superfluities, the tormenters of health. Yet notwithstanding he is ever greatly reprehensible, in that he so deifieth the contentments of Nature, and this kinde of life free from bodily pain and mindes unquiet; that he makes a Sovereign God of it, honouring and adoring it as a Divinity.

Theodor. l. 5. Therap. Nicet. 2. Thesaur. c. 1. Tertul. apol. c. 38. Hieron. 2. in Jovin. Laertius. lib 10. Senec. l de vita beata.

THE HOLY COURT.

That life without crosses, and flesh void of mortification, is the Sepulcher of a living man.

From

From this principle he derived concluſions, which led to a life wholly repleniſhed with eaſeful idleneſs, much prejudicial to civil ſociety. For he would not have a wiſe man intermeddle in ſtate-affairs, nor undertake deſigns for the good of Common-wealths, for fear of troubling the repoſe of his mind, & gave a moſt infamous advice, to taſt the pleaſures of marriage, without taking care for the education of children, becauſe it was painful: whereupon *Arianus* in *Epictetus* reproacheth him, that his father and mother would have ſmothered him in the cradle, had they known ſuch peſtilent words ſhould come from his lips.

Arian l. 4. c. 10.

He now-adays is waited on by many, who take other ways then he did, to arrive at the practiſe of his Maxims. For they uſe their bodies to ſuch effeminacy, that they ſeem ſingle in their kind, and feed their minds what they can with tender thoughts free from any care or affair, which may divert contentment, ſo that they ſuffer themſelves with all endeavour to be diſſolved in an eaſie truantly life, wholly to enjoy themſelves.

1. Reaſon againſt this Maxim of riot. *Occaſatio magna creata eſt omnibus hominibus, & jugum grave ſuper filios Adam. Eccl. 40.* Iſle of amber. felicity of *Epicurus*. *Garcias.*

2. Now you, who incline to this Sect, by ill habits taken in the great ſervice you daily do your bodies, I beſeech you conſider how far it is alienated both from reaſon and Chriſtianity. Firſt, ſee you not that to imagine here on earth a life without pain, is to frame Chymera's in your mind; ſince the world is a ſoil as natural for thorns, as barren of violets. All the ſons of *Adam* (ſaith the Scripture) have trouble enough to carry their yoke. Where find you this perpetual quiet of mind, this freedom from bodily diſturbances which you figure in your thoughts? It is in my opinion not unlike the little Iſland of ambergrece, whereof *Garcias* ſpeaketh, which was perceived by certain merchants, who ſayled along on the Ocean. But they much labouring to take it, in ſuch proportion as they advanced towards it, it recoiled back, and when they thought to touch it, it was loſt in the waves. I dare affirm you purſue an Iſland more imaginary then that, running with full ſpeed after the falſe pleaſures of *Epicurus*. It is a fantaſie that mocketh you, and which amuzeth you on the ſurges of this life, to make you periſh, ſeeing according to *Clemens Alexandrinus*, ſenſuality is the ſhipwrack of ſpiritual life.

Clemens Alex. Pædag. l. 3. c. 7.

A man muſt not be born of a mother to eſcape worldly moleſtations, ſince the Scripture, which cannot lie teacheth us, travel is as natural for the children of women as flight for birds. How could there be pleaſures of body without pain, ſince pleaſures would never be pleaſures if they had not been preceded by ſome incommodities? It is a witty reaſon of the Philoſopher *Simplicius*, which was well conſidered by S. *Bernard*, (*a*) Take away hunger (ſaith he) & there is no pleaſure in viands, take away thirſt, and the moſt chryſtal fountains would be unto you but as mariſhes. Hot things muſt be had to ſeek for coolneſs, and cold to be delighted with heat. If you take away evil and neceſſity, you take away the moſt active ſpur which ſenſuality hath over nature.

Homo naſcitur ad laborem, ut avis ad volatum. Job. 57. Reaſon of *Simplicius*. (*a*) S. *Bern.* tract. de gratia, & lib. arbitrio. *Tolle famem, & famem non curabis; Tolle ſitim & limpidiſſimum fontem quaſi paludem reſpicies; umbram non quærit niſi aſtuans; ſolem non curat, niſi algens.*

The world which is ſo old, the earth ſo fertile, experience ſo knowing, and hiſtories ſo curious, could not this day produce one ſole man abſolutely happy and content. The great Genius of nature *Pliny*, who ſearched into all the corners of the world to meet with a man, ſuch as *Epicurus* framed in his idæa, aſſureth us, that after a very long enquiry, he found but one, a Muſician named (*b*) *Xenophilus*, who was ſaid to have arrived to the age of an hundred and five years, free from diſquiet or ſickneſs. This is a *Rodomontado* of *Greece*, which went about to make him brave it on paper. But might we have penetrated into his heart, and taken all the parts of his life aſunder, I am perſwaded we might preſently find ſomewhat, for which he ſhould be baniſhed out of the imaginary Palace of felicity. I can as ſoon believe *Xenophilus* came into the world free from original ſin, as imagine he went out of it exempt from any dolour. It were as eaſie to ſail proſperouſly amidſt the tempeſts of the Ocean, having no other veſſel but a tortoyſe ſhel, as to live in the world without ſuffering. We are condemned to it before we are born, and our tears teach us this decree before we iſſue from our mothers womb.

(*b*) Plin. l. 7. c. 50. One ſole man happy.

What remaineth (ſaies S. *Bernard*) *to finiſh the deſcription of man, and to make him a true picture of calamity, ſince he entreth into the world by the gate of ſin, with a body frail, a mind barren, weakneſs of mortal Members, and ſtupidity of heart being given him as a portion of his birth, and a neceſſity of his condition?* The miſerable *Epicurus*, who was the firſt Authour of this lazy life, and who ſought by ſpeculation and practiſe into all he could imagine, bending all his thoughts and actions to this purpoſe, found he ſatisfaction in this ſearch? Hiſtories tell us, this great father of the happy had a ſtone in his bladder, which infinitely pained him: & this being a time, that knew not the operations now in uſe to deliver mortals from theſe vexations, he carried his affliction to the grave, dying with enraged dolour. Upon this you ſhal obſerve, that it ſeems God, nature, elements, and men, conſpire to torment one, who ſeeks with over-much curioſity and too ſeriouſly, the contentments of his body, and the eaſe of his mind.

Bern. l. 2. de conſid. c. 9. *Quid enim calamitatis vacat naſcenti in peccato? fragili corpore, mente ſterili, cui infirmitas corporis fatuitas cordis, cumulatur traduce ſortis, mortis additione.* The whole world an enemy of curioſity.

3. But, that I may here produce a ſecond reaſon, although you were permitted to pleaſe your ſenſuality throughout the whole latitude of your deſires, & the capacity thereof, what ſhould you elſe do, but ſerve a miſerable body & tie your ſelf all your lifetime to the preſervation of a fool and ſick man? *If you live according to the fleſh, you ſhall dy*, ſaid the Apoſtle to the *Romans*. All great ſpirits, who have a feeling of their extraction, the beauty and nobility of their ſouls, take not the neceſſities of life but with ſome ſhame and ſorrow. They regard the fleſh as the priſon of a ſpirit immortal, and think to flatter it, is to ſtrangle the better part of themſelves, which reſteth in the underſtanding. The Philoſopher *Plotinus*, who was renown'd as the worlds Oracle, could not endure to have his picture taken, ſaying, he had trouble enough to ſuffer a wretched body, without multiplying the figures thereof by the help of painting, and you imagine it is a virtue of the times to adore it, and afford it ſubmiſſions which paſs to the utmoſt period of ſervitude. How much the more we profit in the liberty of God's children, ſo much the more we proceed in diſengagement from ſenſe, and enter as into the ſanctuary of ſouls, there to conſult on truths, and underſtand reaſons, which vindicate us from the dregs of the world, to give us paſſage into the ſociety of Angels.

2. Reaſon. *Rom. 6.* Great ſpirits enemies of the fleſh. *Plotin.* Poorphyry upon his life.

It is a ſtrange matter, that the ſubtle Divine *Scotus* thinks, that to underſtand and know objects by ſenſible repreſentations, paſſing through the gate of ſenſe, and ſtriking our imagination, is a puniſhment from original ſin. He finds it is a harſh ſubjection, to make application to the body, to derive colours, odours, and ſounds from it, which notwithſtanding ſeemeth as innocent as the purchaſe of bees, who ſuck hony out of flowers: and ſhal we think there can be any felicity to plunge our judgment into all the voluptuous pleaſures of fleſh?

Diſcourſe of *Scotus*, concerning ſenſe. *Scotus locis diſquiſit. & indicatis.*

Know we not, it many times doth to the ſoul, as the

Heron

An observation of *Camerarius* concerning the heron.

heron to the faulcon? He endeavoureth to flie about him, and to wet his wings with his excrements, to make his flight heavy, and render his purpose unprofitable. Alas, how many times feel we the vigour of our reason enervated by the assaults of concupiscence, which contracteth the like advantage from its ordures, for the enthralment of the spirit! And why would we second its violence by our weakness.

Instance upon the weakness and misery in service of the body.

I moreover demand of you, what can you hope from so punctually observing your body? You are not a *Geryon* with three heads and three throats: There needs but a little to fill you. For though your concupiscence be infinite, yet are your senses finite, and many times pleasure overwhelms them before they afford themselves the leisure of tasting them. If you resolve so curiously to attend the search of pleasures, you should desire the spirit of a horse, to enjoy them with the more vigour and liberty. But what sense is there to have the soul of a man, and seek to be glutted with the mire of the earth: as if one would feed a Phœnix with carrion, on which ravens live? when you have done all you can to make your self happy by diversity of worldly pleasures, beasts will ever have more then you. For their sensitive souls much sooner meet the heighth of nature; and as their pleasures are free from shame, so they drag not sorrow after them. They are not gnawn with cares by desiring things needless, they take what the elements afford them, and what the industry of man manures for them, and know not what it is to find poisonous maladies in the most ardent pleasures sensuality may imagine. But admit you were resolved to become a beast with the disciples of *Epicurus*, yet ought you not for all that, according to your own limits, surpass the bruitishness of beasts. And I pray tell me, where is the beast which hath never so little generosity, would not think it self most miserable, if it were condemned to eat and drink perpetually, and grow lazy in an idle life? They frame themselves very willingly to the exercises nature appointed them for the service of man; and a man thinks it a great Phylosophy to consecrate all the parts of his body to sensuality, no whit considering, he is made for the contemplation of things Divine, for the love and fruition of the first cause.

Avicenna lib. de prima Philosoph. c. 1. apud *Javellan.* Notable saying of *Avicen.*

Avicenna, an excellent wit, by the unhappiness of his birth ranked in the sect of *Mahomet*, coming to consider this false Prophet had placed the beatitude of the other life in the injoying sensual pleasures, was so ashamed of it, that he shrunk from his Prophet, that he might not betray his reason. The law (saith he) which *Mahomet* gave us, considered beatitude and misery within the limits of the body: but there are promises, and hopes of other blessings much more excellent, and which cannot be conceived but by the force of a most purified understanding. Which is the cause, wise Divines ever set their love on the blessings of spirit, without any account taken of those of sense, in comparison of the felicity we one day pretend to have in the union of our immortal spirit with the first Verity. What can our worldlings answer to this *Arabian*? Should they not blush with shame, to see a man bred in the school of *Epicurus*, gone out of it to teach us the Maxim of Christianity?

Felicitas ejus conjunctio cum prima Veritate.

3. Reason. tyranny of pleasure.

4. Finally, to conclude this discourse with a third reason, although the service of the body were possible, and not shamefull to you, do you not well see it is tyrannical, and that *Epicurus* himself, wholly bent to pleasure, cut off all he could from nature for this onely cause, which made him think over-much care of the body was extreamly opposite to felicity?

Opinion of *Platonists.*

The *Platonists* said, our souls were of an extraction wholly celestial, and sent from Heaven to serve God on earth, in imitation of the service, Angels do to him in Heaven, but that many of those poor souls forgetting their original, instead of going directly to the Temple of virtue, stood amuzed in the house of a Magician, which was the flesh, that enchanted them with his charms, and had cast them into fetters, where they were enforced to suffer a painfull bondage, from whence there were but two passages, wisdom, or death. To this *Synesius* made allusion in his Hymns, complaining, his soul from a servant of God was become a slave of matter, which had bewitched it by wily practises. And verily who can sufficiently expresse the servitude a soul suffers, fast linked to flesh, and which onely endeavours to dandle it, hoping by this means to give true contentment to the mind? First, pleasures are not exposed now-adays to all the world as the water of a river: such an one there is, who hath sold himself for the life of a hog, who will never have his fill of hogs draft, as S. *Peter Chrysologus* said of the prodigal child. Men covetous of bodily riches would willingly make themselves horns and claws of iron, to speak with the wise *Plato*, of purpose to take and defend, the one his wealth, the other his loathsome pleasures. Many times iron gates must be broken to purchase a fruition, which draweth along with it a thousand disturbances. Behold how a man who is excessively enamoured of his own health, becomes suppliant and servile to his body. He fears his proper dyet, all kind of airs are dreadfull to him; nor can he take but with distrust, those very comforts which afford him life. He makes of his stomach a soyl of drugs; he perpetually consulteth with his Physicians; he tells his infirmities to all the world, he seeks out extraordinary cures, as he often hath imaginary diseases; he lives in an afflicting equality, and would many times rather transgress Gods ten commandments, then fail in one of *Hypocrates*'s aphorisms. I leave you to think, what death were not much sweeter, then health so religiously preserved.

Πλεα μαμμαρις ἱπποδων τιχναις. Synes. hym. 3.

Miser qui i porcum esurit, & defecit in fagi-nam. Chrysol. serm. de prodigo. *Plato.* 9. de Rep.

Inordinate love of health.

Slavery of women. *Cultus magna cura, magna virtutis incuria.* Cato Censorius.

See now on the other side a worldly woman, who feeleth her beauty (that short tyrany) already in the wain, & yet would cherish it in the opinion of men, who, heretofore adored it; or of such likewise, who may be taken in the same snare. What doth not this silly creature to make her self to be esteemed fair? What time wasteth she not to seem slender, to wash, paint, to divide the white, well to mingle the red, to powder her hair, to make her self-eyebrows, to preserve the whiteness of her teeth, to set a vermillion tincture on her lips, little patches like flies on her cheeks, choose stuffs, and think of new fashions. What torture inflicteth she not on her body with those iron stayes and whalebones? How many turns maketh she dayly before a looking-glasse? What perplexities of mind, what apprehensions, least her defects may appear? And what discontent, when after such torments so miserably ended, she sees her self despised by men, before she becomes the food of worms? What Captain of a Galley was ever so cruel to fettered slaves, as vanity and love of the body are to the soul? Pursue the track of all other pleasures, and you shall find them painful and dolorous; and in the end you will be enforced to say, there is no worse bondage then that which is afforded to wretched flesh. The Prophet *Esay* speaking of punishments due to sinners and worldlings, saith, they are written on box, whereupon we may say with S. *Hierom*, it is to shew the lasting of it, since characters graven on such kind of wood, cannot so easily

Scribe ei super buxum. Isai 30. 8. Observation upon Esay. Flower of box.

eſily be taken off. But I here conſider a ſecret, which teacheth me box bears no fruit, only ſatisfied to produce a flower, which otherwiſe making a goodly ſhew, killeth Bees that ſuck it. The Prophet in this figure preſented to us a lively image of pleaſure, which ſurprizeth the eys by a vain illuſion, whilſt it conveyeth poyſon into the heart. Reſt then aſſured, you ſhall never meet with ſolid contentment of minde, but by the ways the Saviour of the world ſhewed us on earth, to tranſfer us to Heaven. The juſt are here below, as little Halcyons on the trembling of waters, or Nightingales on thorns. They finde their joys amongſt holy tears, and their delights in auſterities of life. There is nothing ſo Sovereign, as early to accuſtom to depend little on your body, and quickly to forſake a thouſand things by election, which you ſhall be enforced to abandon of neceſſity. When a manner of virtuous life is choſen, and which hath ſome auſterity in it; cuſtom makes it ſweet, grace fortifieth it, perſeverance nouriſheth it, and glory crowns it. How many worldlings daily putrifie in a miſerable condition, who have from their tender age yielded all ſubmiſſion to their fleſh, and how many delicate bodies in Monaſteries have we ſeen, which the whole world condemned to the beir from their entring into Religion, to go out of hair-cloath, aſhes, and faſts, as a Phœnix from her Tomb? A life without croſſes is a dead Sea, which breedeth nought but ſtench and ſterility: but auſterity is like the *Ægyptian* thorn, which had an excellent grace in Crowns. We are called to Chriſtianity, to bear a God crucified on our fleſh, and, as it were, impreſſed with the Character of Divine Love, Let us carefully preſerve our ſelves from proſtituting members to ſenſuality, made to be the Temple of the living God, and the ornament of Paradiſe. Holy *Job* was in ſtate ſo lamentable, that thoſe who beheld him could ſcarcely tell, whether it were a man reduced into a dunghil, or a dunghil into the ſhape of a man. Notwithſtanding in the midſt of theſe ſmarting dolours which over-ran all his body, and the afflictions which aſſailed his minde, he received ſo unſpeakable comforts from God, that himſelf confeſſeth to have nothing ſo ſtrange in his own perſon, as his proper torments. Behold the reaſon why he exalted himſelf on his dunghil, as upon a throne of virtue, he adorned himſelf with his wounds as with a royal purple, he took the Scepter in hand over all effeminacies of body, and pronounced Oracles unto vs, which to all Ages ſhew, that there is neither evil nor affliction wherein God maketh not his miracles of our pains, and his glory of our rewards.

Life of the Juſt.

Glorificate, & portate Deum in corpore veſtro.

Mirabiliter me Crucias. Job. 10.

The thirteenth EXAMPLE upon the thirteenth *MALUM.*

The miſerable event of Luſt.

AMMON the Son of *DAVID.*

IT is not one of the leaſt miſeries of the greateſt of all evils, I mean ſin, that the ill example which often accompanieth it, doth likewiſe ſurvive it. It is, to ſay truly, a moſt bitter fruit of this direful tree, or rather a Cien, which it in growing produceth, and which being fed from its ſap, ſtands upright after the fall of it. Nor is it ſtrange, that when once the mercy of God (only able for this great work) hath ſtifled the monſter ſin in the ſoul of parents, yet fails it not (though wholly dead) to infect their families, and poyſon their poſterity with the ſtench of its ordure.

David that great Prince, that King according to God's heart, had loſt the affections and ſweet indulgencies of it, by an adultery and an homicide. He afterward weepeth, he humbly prayeth, he loudly cries, and God, who is willing to be moved, turneth his eys from his crimes, and that he may no more hereafter ſee them, applies the Sponge to cleanſe them: yet behold long after *Ammon*, one of his children, who caſteth an eye on theſe bad leſſons, and though blotted out, fails not to read them, and to learn thence the ſcience of his own ruine. This unhappy Prince ſcorns to reflect on the milde temper, the penance and zeal of his father, to look on his exorbitancies. He cannot ſee this Sun but in eclipſe, and not ſeeking to make choice among ſo many eminent virtues, which had made him happy, he will not follow his ſteps but in a path, where needs he muſt meet with ill adventures.

Although the holy Scripture ſpeaketh not of the wicked deportments of this Prince until his inceſt, yet there is a great probability he began not at the end, nor mounted this tower of confuſion by the top: but rather arrived thither by the degrees of a life irregular, effeminate, and freed from the care of the ſoul, wholly to reſign himſelf to the ſervice of the body and its concupiſcence. But inſomuch as loathing, which always waits very near upon the moſt exquiſite pleaſures, is wont every moment to put the levity of ſinners upon new objects, & in that, beſides the pride of thoſe who hate thee (O God ſupremely amiable) perpetually mounteth, until their giddineſs precipitate them into the abyſs. Behold here our wicked one, our *Epicure*, before there was an *Epicure* in the world, who rejecteth mean crimes, diſtaſteth common pleaſures, and projecteth an inceſt with his own ſiſter, not conſidering how unreaſonable it is to ſacrifice the honour of the royal houſe, the tranquillity of his father, his ſoul and ſalvation to the diſtemper of his fancy.

Ammon plotteth inceſt with his ſiſter.

He turneth his eys from heaven, and from the God of heaven, whoſe wonders his father had ſo often ſung unto him: he is wholly for paſſion which predominateth over him, nor entertains any other cogitations but to ſatisfie it. Already this feaver, which takes away his ſenſe, hath inflamed his blood, leaving him nought in his veins, but the fire of Hell, which more and more increaſeth. The contagion of this unſound ſoul ſpreads over the body. Behold (ſaith the Hiſtory) he falls ſick for the love of his ſiſter, who hath nothing at all in her, which can diſpleaſe him but her chaſtity; becauſe that ſets before him the great difficulties of his enterprize. He hath a friend, & this proves his main unhappineſs, a worldly wiſe one, a flattering friend, a companion of his riots; but ſuch amities which deſerve not the name, reſemble falſe fires, which ſeeming all inflamed, are nothing elſe but ſmoak very eaſily diſſipated, & whoſe bright ſplendour only ſerves to lead into precipices.

Joadab counſelleth *Ammon* to inceſt with his ſiſter *Thamar.*

This was *Joadab*, one of *David*'s Nephews, who having ſearched into the change both of his countenance and humour; quickly underſtood the reaſon of it from his lips, ſo that too eaſily complying with his paſſion, he laſtly gave him this counſel: Lye (ſaith he) on your bed, counterfeit ſickneſs, the King doubtleſs will viſit you, you ſhall beg of him that your ſiſter *Thamar* may come to you to prepare your diet, and he without doubt will aſſent to it.

Cruel friend, nay rather ſoothing enemy, what doſt thou? Thou well knoweſt that thus flexibly to ſerve the paſſion of this violent ſpirit, thou ſubjecteſt him to the extremity of all unhappines. Thou ſtrangleſt this Prince whilſt thou flattereſt him, and in lieu of good offices,

offices, giveſt him a hand to lead him down into ruin. Were it not better to uſe fire and ſteel for the cure of this mad man, then to comply with his malady to render it incurable? Were it not better with a bitter, but charitable correction, to purge his bad humours, then to pour into him a pleaſing poiſon?

There is nothing more faithfully or more readily executed, then an ill advice; quickly our amoriſt is in his bed, he entreateth *Thamar* of the King, who came to viſit him; where behold the father, too good for ſo bad a ſon, grants what he demandeth. The poor virgin likewiſe obeyeth the commands of her father, and the ſuggeſtions of her own heart, which had but too much tenderneſs towards ſo execrable a brother. She runs like an innocent victim to the kniſe, which muſt cut her throat, ſhe follows the bait not doubting the hook, and goeth fearleſs into a place, where ſhe muſt looſe all. This diſſembling ſick man at firſt refuſeth the broths ſhe had prepared to procure him an appetite, but having given command all ſhould depart out of the chamber, deſires his ſiſter to bring them in: ſhe who nothing doubted the practiſe, readily goes in, offers them to him, but the enraged creature ſeizeth on her, and requires to lie with her.

Ammon diſſembleth ſickneſs.

Thamar's advice.

The poor Princeſs ſurprized in this attempt, ſeeks to temper him with ſweet words. *Alas, dear brother* (ſaith ſhe) *commit not ſuch a violence upon me, remember with your ſelf this abomination is without example in* Iſrael. *Baniſh ſuch thoughts from you, and take heed you enterprize not an act, which will among the wiſeſt be eſteemed an unſpeakable folly. Whither ſhall I go after ſuch a ſhame, or what will you do, when you have purchaſed ſo ill reputation? By all means ſpeak to the King, he is a good father, he perhaps will freely afford you that, which you by violence would take.* The enraged monſter will not ſo much as underſtand her, he forceth her, he finds himſelf to be the ſtronger, and makes uſe of this advantage for the ſatisfaction of a paſſion, nay rather of a fury, which even the moſt part of bruit beaſts abhor.

It is a ſtrange thing, how thoſe who ſeek their contentment in the contempt of God and his ordinances, make an ill reckoning. They meet with wormwood even in honey: their fingers are pricked whilſt they gather roſes, the odour of which ſo ſoon paineth them, and in a word they ſee, that loathing concludeth, what was begun by diſturbances and impatience. This inconſtant ſpirit promiſed himſelf pleaſures without anxiety or period, but behold him foiled in the firſt fruition. This infinite love finds its end in the beginning, or rather its change into averſion and hatred.

Ammon deſpiſeth his diſhonoured ſiſter.

Behold he preſently deſpiſeth his ſiſter, yea, exceſſively; mark the Scripture: The hatred was much greater, then was ever the affection. He commands her to be gone, and ſhe exaggerating the ſecond offence committed by him, his ſo unworthy uſage of her after ſuch an outrage, he willeth one of his ſervants to drive her out, and ſhut the door after her. Who can deſcribe the griefs and agonies of this afflicted creature, defamed by her brother, and thruſt by a groom out of a houſe, whereinto ſhe came not but to do him ſervice? She caſt aſhes on her head, rent her garments, lifts her hands over her head, goes away weeping and lamenting like one diſtract, to ſeek out her brother *Abſalom*, to give him an account of her dolours, and to ask revenge.

Abſalom cloſe in his revenge.

This Prince (one of the moſt prudent and politick of his time) at the firſt diſſembleth his reſentment; to make it ſeaſonably appear, he endeavoureth to ſweeten the acerbity of his ſoul by fair words, adviſeth her to be ſilent, ſheweth when all is done he is her brother, and that ſhe ſhould not take ſuch an injury to the heart. Needs muſt the ſmoake of pleaſure, turn the courſe of things into flames, and a momentary contentment tranſmit ſorrow and ſadneſſe over to poſterity.

Behold *Thamar* lives in her brothers houſe, quite diſconſolate, King *David* is enraged, nor can be appeaſed, and *Abſalom* hides under the aſhes of his diſſimulation a fire not to be quenched, but with the bloud of this caitiff.

Two years paſſed, and he ſpake neither well nor ill of this act, that he might not by his ſpeech betray the deſire he had to avenge it. In the end, at the time of his ſheep ſhearing in *Balhazor*, he took occaſion to invite all the Kings children to his houſe. He invited the King likewiſe, but he making excuſe to charge him with ſo great a train, he entreats that at the leaſt his brother *Ammon* might be his gueſt. He ſhrinks not back, not upon the firſt denial, he enforceth by the eagerneſs of importunity, where behold the miſerable man goes with his brothers, not knowing he muſt be the victim of a Sacrifice, prepared by the Juſtice of heaven, which hath ever undertaken the revenge of violated chaſtity. See in the midſt of a banquet, when *Ammon* had taken in a little wine, and was full of jollity, *Abſalom* cries out, kill; and his ſervants following the direction he had given them, fell upon him, ſtruck him, and left him dead in the place. The other brothers affrighted, roſe from the table, got on horſe-back, and came to *Sion*, where they ſatisfied the King, who thought his whole family had been maſſacred. They at their entrance cried out aloud, they wept with their father, who gave to the deſolation of his houſe what remaind of tears, after thoſe torrents which had heretofore dropped from his eyes, and where his ſins had happily made ſhip-wrack.

Ammon ſlain.

The murderer eſcapeth and forſakes the Kingdom, and *David* languiſheth with ſorrow for his abſence, being unable to endure that one death alone ſhould bereave him of two of his children. Laſtly he comforted himſelf in it, and admired the judgments of God upon his houſe, who permitted that two of his ſons were partakers in his crimes, and had ſurmounted his adultery and homicide, with an inceſt and a fratricide.

XIV. MAXIM.
Of TRIBULATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That one muſt be evil to be happy, ſince the Juſt are moſt afflicted.

THE HOLY COURT.

That all is happy for the Juſt, yea, even tribulation.

IT is a wonderfull thing how the Prophane Court dares propoſe this maxim, refuted by the experience of all Ages, obſervations of all hiſtories, underſtandings of all people, and common voice of nature.

Camerarius in his Problem, wherein he purſueth the

the tracts of ordinarily life, without search into other considerations more Divine, makes a question, why those who are addicted to Religion, are always most happy. And on the contrary, from whence it is, that the wicked are most unfortunate: affirming it to be observed throughout all Histories. Now this Authour, who plainly sheweth in this Treatise he is none of the most Religious, gently toucheth some reasons, saying among other things, there is some power which pleased to depress the wicked, because ordinarily they are of a spirit fierce and insolent, as if impiety alone were not sufficient for their infelicity. The punishments of the wicked are so frequent in histories both divine and humane, that in so great an Ocean of examples, which may take up more then fifty Ages; scarcely can we produce one sole notable felicity, which felt not some great mishap. That we many times may have cause to make use of S. *Augustine*'s, and S. *Encherius*'s argument, who say, that although God punish not a crime in this life, he doth it to assure us there is a great Tribunal, and a puissant Justice in the other world. It were a thing superfluous at this time to oppose this Maxim by effects which are so evident, and whereof I think I have produced sufficient observations in preceding Tomes: I had rather here imploy reason, and shew all to be happy to the just; yea, tribulation.

That the Providence of GOD excellently appeareth in the afflictions of the Just.

MEn curious in their censures, and distrustful in their actions, have never ceased in all times to argue with Divine Providence about the afflictions of the Just; but I with the assistance of heaven intend at this present to prove the Eternal Wisdom maketh it self visibly appear by the same things, wherwith many think to overthrow it. Now I make it good by four reasons: the first whereof shall shew, worldly blessings cannot be great but by the experience of evils. Secondly, that tribulation is the nursing-mother of all virtues. Thirdly, that there is no spectacle more glorious among the works of God, then an Innocent afflicted for Justice, and patient in affliction. Fourthly, that it is a proof of beatitude.

Ἀκεῖσθαι τὸ χαλεπὸν γιγνώσκειν τὸ χαλὸν γίγνεται σαφές.

We then deliver in the beginning of this discourse, a notable Maxim drawn out of *Æneas Gaza*, an ancient Authour, inserted in the Bibliotheck of the Fathers: Never do we sufficiently know the sweetness of good, without the trial of evil. *Joseph* mounted upon the triumphant Chariot of *Pharaoh* by prisons and setters: *David* to the throne of *Saul* by many persecutions. And their great prosperities were much more sweet unto them, because they were for-gone by sharp afflictions. We see the same in Nature, where the Sun is more resplendent after its eclipse, the Sea more calm after a tempest, and the air much brighter after a shower, which made a great Statesman say: *Storms and tempests contribute to the clearness of the heavens, and the smoothness of the sea. The condition of mortals hath this proper, that adversities grow out of prosperities, and prosperities from adversities. God hideth from us the seeds both of the one and the other; and many times the causes of blessings and evils are covered under one and the same appearance.*

Mavis Cœlique temperiem, turbines tempestatesque commendant: habet has vices conditio mortalium, ut adversa secundis, & adversis secunda nascantur. Occultat utrumque; semina dens, & plerumque bonorum & malorum eadem sub

One may here object, that if we must always have evil to tast good, we might infer the Angels were not sufficiently happy, because they arrived at beatitude without passing through tribulations; these being the Flower-de-luces of God's garden, which neither wrought nor took pains to be cloathed with the robe of glory; we might conclude God himself had some defect in his felicity, since he always hath a most accomplished beatitude, with exclusion of all manner of evil. I answer to that, there is very much difference between the condition of things eternal and temporal. Angels entred almost as soon into felicity, as into being, because they were placed in the upper region of the world, where miseries cannot approach, and who having besides a singular knowledge of God's favour, stood not in need to be aided by the counterpoize of adversities. But as for us, we are dot only born in a soil, which is as fertile in calamities, as forrests in birds, and rivers in fish: but besides, we are extreme ignorant of God's grace, when we long enjoy prosperity; which is the cause that adversity, though necessarily tied to our condition, maketh us notably open our eys to know the felicities which follow it, and to understand from what source they proceed. As for that which concerneth the Divinity, it cannot, to speak properly, endure any thing contrary by reason of the condition of its essence, which is fully replenished with all sorts of beatitude. *God* (said *Philon*) *is incommunicable to tribulations, he is always vigorous, ever free from dolour or pain, perpetually in action, without weariness, still plunged in a sea of most pure delights, as being the height, end, and aim of felicity.*

diversâ specie latent. Plin. in Panegyr. Trajan.

Thereupon unable to suffer (as he is God) and yet willing to undergo some special part in the great sacrifice of patience, which began with the world, he took a body, and in that body drank the cup of the passion, shewing evidently to all mortals, that tribulations by their darkness avail to the brightest rays of glory, which S. *Augustine* spake in very expres terms.

The only Son born of the substance of the Father, and equal to the Father in Divine Essence: the Word, by which all things were created, had nothing to suffer as God, and is cloathed with our flesh to participate in our punishments.

Unicus ille de Patris substantia Natus, aqualis Patri in forma Dei, Verbum quo facta sunt omnia, non habebat ubi flagellaretur, ad hoc autem carne indutus est, ut sine flagello non esset. August. *Quia eras acceptus Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te.* Tob. 12. 13. Reg. 4. 2. 9. S. Aug. l. 2. de mirab. Scrip. *Obsecro ut fiat in me duplex spiritus tuus.*

2. The second reason which visibly sheweth the secret of Divine Providence in the tribulation of the Just, is, that God being the Sovereign Sanctity, was necessarily to procure and plant it in the souls of his Elect, by all the most effectual ways which his wisdom hath ordained. Now there is not any shorter way to virtue, then a well managed affliction, and therefore it was necessary to maintain adversity in the world, as the Nurse of great and generous actions of Christianity. *It was necessary* (saith the Scripture) *to try thee by tribulation, because thou wast acceptable to God.*

It is a matter almost impossible to preserve a great virtue in perpetual prosperity; one must be more then a man, and to have a double spirit: which is excellently well observed by S. *Augustine*, upon the words of *Elizeus*; *I intreat your spirit may be doubled in me. Elizeus* (saith he) begged the spirit of *Elias* might be doubled in him, because he was to live in the favour of Court and worldly prosperities, where the way is more slippery, and dangers most frequent. His Master *Elias* had passed his life in many persecutions, wherefore a singular spirit was sufficient for his direction, adversity being not so difficultly born as prosperity. But insomuch as eminent fortunes are subject to deep drunkenesses, & supine forgetfulnes of God, the Prophet saith by an instinct of the Divinity; *Let your spirit be doubled in me.*

Fiat in me duplex spiritus. Boet. de consol. l. 2. pros. 8.

Prosperity under the shew of felicity deceiveth us; tribulation is ever true: the one flatters us, the other instructeth us; the one tieth up our senses & reason, the other unbinds them: the one is windy, empty, giddy, ignorant; the other sober, reserved, and prudent: the one withdraweth us from real good by the allurements of vanity, the other reduceth us by a

wholsome way into the duty from whence we wandered. S. *Bernard* saith excellently: Prosperity is in weak and inconsiderate souls, as fire to wax, and the sun's rays to snow. *David* was very wise, and *Solomon* much more, yet both charmed by the great success of affairs lost understanding, the one at least in part, the other wholly. We must affirm, there is need of a strong spirit to subsist in adversity, without change of reason or constancy: but it is much more hard to tast very pleasing prosperities, & not be deceived. This is the cause why wise providence, ever to keep virtue in breath, ceaseth not to exercise it in this honourable list of great souls; and we behold, that following these proceedings, it thence deriveth great advantages and many beauties. The Scripture noteth that *Job* (a) returning into the luster of his former state, gave titles to his three daughters, much observed: for he called one by the name of *Day*, the other *Cassia*, or as some Interpreters say *Amber*, & the third *Amalthea's Horn*, so the Septuagint trãslate it. We must not think so holy a man would herein do any slight thing, or not to some purpose. But if we believe Holy Fathers upon it, he meant by these three names to signifie the three conditions of fortune. The first, (which was before his great adversities) is compared to the day rejoycing us with the natural sweetness of its serenity. The second, which was that of his calamity, to amber because it is properly in tribulation, where virtue diffuseth her good odours; it resembleth aromatick spices, which more shew their virtue when they are pounded & brought into powder in a mortar; or incense, which never lets it so much appear what it is, as when it is cast on coals: so that this motto of the Wiseman may be attributed to it, (b) *A resplendent fire, and incense burning in the fire.* In the end issuing forth of tedious tribulations, and having been hardned and fortified under storms, it openeth its bosom, and unfoldeth admirable fruits, which fitly make it to be called the *Horn of abundance.* Whereof we say with S. *Ambrose* (c) there is a certain beatitude in dolours, which virtue full of sweetness and delight represseth, from whence it acquireth palms, and inestimable riches, as well for satisfaction of its conscience, as the condition of glory.

3. For we affirm for a third reason, that God hath not a more glorious spectacle on earth; then a just man afflicted and patient. Is it not that which God himself meant in the book of *Job*, where the Prince of darkness, telling he had gone round about the world, he said not to him: Hast thou seen the Monarchies and Empires, which bow under my Scepter, and circumvolve under my laws? Hast thou seen Palaces of Kings and Princes, whose turrets penetrate the clouds? Hast thou seen armies all enclosed with swords, making the earth tremble under the clashing of their arms? Hast thou beheld the theaters, beauties and triumph of greatness? Hast thou considered all the wealth which nature reserveth for me in magazins? He sayes nothing of all that. What then? (d) Hast thou looked on my servant *Job*, who hath not his like on earth? And what maketh him more admirable, then that which *Cassianus* (e) mentioneth? A man was seen abounding in all sorts of blessings, become very poor having not so much as wherewith to cover his nakedness, fallen from a most perfect health into a prodigious malady, which disfigured his whole body, and having lost so many goodly farms, reduced to the extremity of being the inhabitant of a wretched dunghil: But he out-braving his miseries, and shewing himself to be nothing curious, took a rough stone to wipe his wounds, and putting his hand far into the bottõ of his ulcers, drew thence the corruption and worms, which made him honourable by the lights of his patience. Have we not cause to cry out with *Tertullian*: (f) *Oh what a trophey hath God erected in this holy man! Oh, what a standard hath he advanced in the sight of all his enemies?* I dare freely pronounce it, there is not any approacheth more near to God, then a man laden with afflictions, and become invincible in the arms of patience. And I ask of you what made *Toby* to be called the *Good God* (g) but this admirable virtue? I say although many have been honoured with marks of the Divinity, by reason of their favours and benignities towards men, (there being nothing which so charmeth people as the profusion of benefits) yet interest was the cause great men were flattered with such titles above their deserts; whereas quite otherwise, praise rendered to patience is much more sincere, as being expressed by a certain veneration afforded to a virtue absolutely heroick: which makes me conclude, that men ravished with the sight of this notable patience which shined in *Toby*, when having done wel, evil was retributed, surnamed him the *Good God*, not for any other reason but his admirable constancy, having this maxim wel engraven in their hearts, that God hath not on earth a more perfect Image of his greatness, then a patient man. S. *Denis* (h) likewise plainly calleth patience the imitation of the Divinity, and addeth, *Moses* was honoured with the rays of Divine vison for his singular mansuetude.

4. Lastly, I say tribulation confirmeth us in the faith of future things, as being a manifest proof of beatitude. For reasoning, though never so little by the light of nature, we judge if there be any justice in men, it is in God as in its source, with an incomparable eminency; and therefore we cannot imagine a Divinity without the inheritance of goodness and equity, which perpetually accompany it. Now when we see innocent men continually afflicted, who go out of this life by bloudy and horrible ways, many times oppressed by the tyranny of men, and having none to revenge their ashes, we necessarily conclude, there is in the other life another justice, and another tribunal, where causes must be decided in a last Court of judicature. We say with S. *Paul*: (i) *The expectation of the creature looketh for the revelation of Gods children: For every creature is subject to nothing, not of his own liking, but by the ordinance of him, who hath subjected him with hope of rising again: For creatures shal be delivered from the servitude of all corruption into the liberty of the children of God.* That was it, which comforted all the Martyrs in hideous torments, when their sou's were torn out of their bodies with incomparable violence. For although mortal members yielded to the sword of persecution, yet they beheld, though with an eye drenched in bloud and tears, the bright glory which waited on them, and saw as in a mirrour the throns of those prodigious sufferings disposed all into Crowns. There S. *Stephen*, saw his stones changed into as many rubies to serve for matter of veneration to piety, and an example of courage for all posterity. There S. *Laurence* looked on his flames turned into roses and delights. There S. *Felicitas*, the mother of glories and triumphs, beheld seven sons, who received her with palms in their hands into the beautiful pavillions of heaven, where all torments made an end to give beginning to infinite comforts. That is it which animated all the just in so great a heap of tribulations, and which made them speak these words of *Tertullian*: (k) *God is payable enough, in that he is the Arbiter and Feeffee, of your patience. If you commit an injury to him, he is the Avenger*

(a) Job 42. Mercerus in Job

(b) *Quasi ignis refulgens, & thus ardens in igne.* Eccles. 50. 10.

(c) *Est ergo beatitudo in doloribus, quos plena suavitatis virtus comprimit & exercet, ipsa sibi domesticis opibus abundans vel ad conscientiam vel ad gloriam.* Ambros. offic. l. 2. c. 4.

(d) *Nunquid considerasti servum meum Job, quod non sit ei similis in terra?* Job. 2.

(e) *Ex locupletè paupertimus, nudus ex divite, ex valido tabidus, ex inclyto & glorioso ignobilis, sterquilinii fastus habitator, & velut quidam corporis sui saevissimus carnifex, testa radebat saniem & membrorum glebas, vermesque à profundis vulneribus manibus detrahebat.* Cassia. Collat. de nece Sanctorum.

(f) *Quale in illo viro feretrum, Deus de diabolo extruxit quale vexillum de inimico sua gloria extulit?* Tertul. de Pat. c. 15.

(g) Ὁ ἐγγὺς κύριος πᾶσι μάρτυρ. Clem. Alex. Pædag. 2.

(h) Θεοπρεπὴς μιμησις τὴν ἀξίαν ἀπεργάζεται. S. Dion. Ep. 8.

(i) *Expectatio creaturæ revelationem filiorum Dei expectat: vanitati enim creatura subjecta est, non volens, sed propter eum qui subjecit eam in spe: quia & ipsa creatura liberabitur à servitute corruptionis in libertatem gloriæ filiorum Dei.* Rom. 8.

(k) *Satis idoneus patientia sequester Deus; si injuriam*

Quando hoc incautis non fuit ad disciplinam, quod ignis ad ceram, quod solis radius ad nivem vel glaciem? Sapiens David, sapiens Solomon, sed blandientibus nimis secundis rebus, alter de parte, alter ex toto defuit Magnus qui incidens in adversa non excidit vel parum à sapientia, ne minor cui præsens felicitas si arrisit, non irrisit.

depositaris penes eum, ultor est; si damnum, restitutor est; si dolorem, medicus est; si mortem resuscitator est; quantum patientiæ licet ut Deum habeat debitorem! Tertull. de pat. 15.

Avenger of it; if a loss of goods, he is the restorer; if a pain or malady, he is the Physician; since it makes God himself the debtor, who by the condition of his independent nature, being not accountable to any, doth notwithstanding particularly bind himself to patience.

Let us conclude with four excellent instructions to be observed in adversity, which are expressed in the book of *Job*; (1) for it is said: *He rent his garments, and having cut off his hair, and prostrated himself on the earth, adored and said: Naked I came out of my mothers womb, and naked I return into earth.*

(1) Job. 1. *Tunc surrexit, & scidit vestimenta sua, & tonsa capite corruens in terram, adoravit, & dixit: Nudus egressus sum, &c.*

Note, that rising up he rent his garments, to shew he courageously discharged himself of all exteriour blessings, which are riches & possessions, signified by garments. He cut his hair, which was a sign he put the whole body into the hands of God, to dispose of it at his pleasure. For as those Ancients sacrificing a victim first pulled off the hair & threw it into the fire, to testifie the whole body was already ordained to sacrifice; so such as for ceremony gave their hair to temples, protested they were dedicated to the service of the Divinity, to whom the vow was made. In the third instance, he prostrated himself on the earth, acknowledging his beginning by a most holy humility. And for conclusion, he prayed & adored with much reverence. Behold all you should practise in tribulation, well expressed in this mirrour of patience.

First, are you afflicted with loss of goods, either by some unexpected chance, or by some tyranny and injustice? Abate not your courage, but considering the nullity of all earthly blessings, and the greatness of eternal riches, say: My God, although I have endeavoured hitherto to preserve the wealth thou gavest me, as an instrument of many good deeds; yet if thou hast ordained in the sacred counsel of thy providence, that I must be deprived of them for my much greater spiritual avail, I from this time renounce them with all my heart, & am ready to be despoiled, even to the last nakedness, the more perfectly to enter into the imitation of thy poverty. Say with S. *Lewis* Arch-bishop of Tholouse: *Jesus is all my riches, and with him I am content in the want of all other wealth. All plenty, which is not God, is mere penurie to me.*

Divitiæ meæ Christus, desint cætera. Omnis copia quæ Deus meus non est, mihi inopia est.

If you be tormented with bodily pain, by maladies, by death of allies, say: My God, to whom belongs this afflicted body? Is it not to thee? Is not this one of thy members? It now endureth some pain, since thou hast so appointed, and it complains and groaneth under the scourge: where are so many precepts of patience? where is the love of suffering? where conformity to the cross? S. *Olalla*, a Virgin about thirteen or fourteen years of age, as she was martyred, and her body torn with iron hooks, beheld her members all bloudy, and said: O my God, what a brave thing is it to read these characters, where I see thy tropheys and monuments imprinted with iron on my body, and written in my bloud A creature so tender, so delicate, shall she shew such courage in the midst of torments, such transfixing pains, and cannot I resolve to suffer a little evil with some manner of patience? If it be the death of an ally, behold that body, not in the state it now appears, but in the bright lustre of glory, wherewith you shall behold it in the day of the Resurrection, wipeing away your tears, say what *Ruricius* did: *Let them bewail the dead, who cannot have any hope of Resurrection. Let the dead lament their dead friends, whom they account dead for ever.*

Quam juvat hos apices legere, qui ma Christe trophæa notant. Prudent.

Fleant mortuos qui spem resurrectionis habere non possunt. Fleant mortui mortuos suos, quos in perpetuum existimant interisse.

In the third place arm your self with profound humility, and looking on the earth from whence your body came, say: My God, it is against my pride thy rod is lifted up in this tribulation. Shall such a creature as I, drawn out of the dust become proud against thy commandments, and so often shake off the yoke of thy Law? I now acknowledge from the bottom of my soul the abjectness of my nothing and protest with all resentments of heart my dependence on thee. The little hearb, called *trefoyl*, foldeth up the three leaves it beareth, when thunder roareth, thereby willing to tell us, it will not lift a creast, nor raise a bristle against Heaven. Lightning also, which teareth huge trees asunder, never falls upon it. My God, I hear thy hand murmuring over my head in this great affliction, and I involve me within my self, and behold the element whereinto I must be reduced, to do the homage my mortality oweth thee. Exercise not the power of thy thunders against a worm of the earth, against a reed which serves for a sport to the wind. Lastly, take courage what you may, in the accidents that happen, and by the imitation of our Saviour, retire into the bosom of prayer, which is a sovereign means to calm all storms. *Jesus* prayed in his agony, and the more his sadness encreased, the more he multiplied his prayers. Say in imitation of him: *My God, why are my persecutours so encreased? Many rise up against me. Many say to my soul, there is no salvation for it in God. But Lord, thou art my Protectour and my glory, thou art he who wilt make me exalt my head above all mine enemies.*

Factus in agonia prolixius orabat. Domine, quid multiplicati sunt qui tribulant me. Multi insurgunt adversum me, multi dicunt animæ meæ, non est salus ipsi in Deo ejus. Tu autem Domine susceptor meus, &c.

The fourteenth EXAMPLE upon the fourteenth MAXIM.

Of Constancy in Tribulation.

ELEONORA.

WE are able to endure more then we think. For there are none but slight evils, which cause us readily to deplore, and which raise a great noise, like to those brooks that purl among pibbles; whilest great-ones pass through a generous soul, as huge Rivers which drive their waves along with a peacefull majesty.

This manifestly appeareth in the death of *Sosa* and *Eleonora*, related by *Maffæus* in the 16 th. book of his history of the *Indies*. This *Sosa* was by Nation a *Portingal*, a man of quality, pious, rich, liberal, and valiant; married to one of the most virtuous women in the whole Kingdom. They having been already some good time in the *Indies*, and inflamed with the desire of seeing their dear Country again, embarked at *Cochin*, with their children very yong, some gentlemen and officers, and with about 600 men. The beginning of their navigation was very prosperous; but being arived at *Capo de buena speranza*, they ther found the despair of their return. A westerly wind beat them back with all violence; clouds gathered, thunders roared, Heaven it self seemed to break into fire over their heads, and under foot they saw nothing but abysses and images of death. If they would anchor, the Ocean tosseth them, if return to the *Indian* coast, contrary winds blow to stay their passage. Their sails are torn, Mast crack'd, Rudder broken, their ship shaken with surges, begining to leak, industry of men fruitless, and all let loose to the sway of tempests. To conclude their unhappiness, another Southern wind violently thrust them into the port, where they met with ship wrack. They must avoid this counter-buff, if they would not be buried in the waves. They cast anchor to stay the ship, and leaped into cock-boats, to recover shore with the more safety. *Sosa* first of all saved himself, his wife and children, carried with him his gold, silver and jewels; so much as so imminent danger would permit. The

Maffæus hist. Indicat. l. 16.

boats after a return or two, were ſcattered, the cable unto which the Anchor of their Ship was faſtned, brake, the ſides leaked, the keel opened, every man ſought to ſave himſelf; many were drowned, other ſtrugled with the Ocean, golden coffers, painted cabinets, and the goodly riches of the *Indies* ſwom with men half-dead, toſſed by the waves amongſt fardels and packs, and loſing life, loſt not (as yet) the ſight of that which made them live. Some became black with the buffets they received, others bedewed the Sea with their blood, yet all deſired to reach the haven; ſo much, deſire of life poſſeſſeth us. Scarcely got they thither, but they ſaw their Veſſel ſink down to the bottom, leaving them not any hope of return. The dead bodies of their companions, with the doleful baggage utterly ſpoiled with Sea-water, were caſt up at their feet. On what ſide ſoever they reflect, nothing is ſeen but calamity. Here the dead which begged burial, there the living all drenched in water, laden with wounds, overwhelmed with toil, worn with hunger, to arrive in a ſavage Country, where having nothing almoſt to hope, they have all to fear.

All that poor *Soſa* could do, was to kindle fire, and draw out ſome tainted victuals, wherewith to take refection; his heart was ſeized with apprehenſion of this diſaſter, in which he ſaw all he eſteemed moſt precious, involved; notwithſtanding clearing his brow he comforted this afflicted company, and ſaid:

It was not time to think upon their loſſes, but to give God thanks he had ſaved their lives. That they were not ſo ignorant of the ſea, as not to know full well, when one makes account to embark thereon, he muſt expect hunger, thirſt, loſſes, ſhip-wracks, and all the miſeries of mankind. And therefore when they happen, they muſt be regarded as things already foreſeen, and profit made of evils for expiation of ſins. As for the reſt, being ſo deſtitute of all things in a ſtrange Country, there was no better riches then mutual correſpondence, which would preſerve the whol body adhering together, as diſcord infallibly ruineth divided members. He added (fetching a deep ſigh) *They might behold their poor Lady with their tender infants, in the extremity of peril, and that although both Sex and Age required they ſhould be ſomewhat aſſiſted, he would neither ſpare himſelf nor his, for the common ſafety.*

All anſwered with tears in their eys, he might confidently lead them where he pleaſed, and that they had no further hopes of their lives, but in the obedience they reſolved to yield to his commands. Having then remained 13 days in this miſerable Port, barricadoed with huge ſtones & coffers, left as remainders of their ſhip-wrack, to defend them by night from thieves and wilde beaſts, they put themſelves in the way to bend towards the *Eaſt*, directly to a great river which the *Portingals* had heretofore named the *Holy Ghoſt*. *Soſa* went foremoſt with his wife, who ſhewed a maſculine courage in a tender conſtitution: ſhe had her little children by her ſides, whom turn by turn every one carried. *Andrew de Vaſe* the Pilot, was in the ſame rank, bearing the ſtandard of the Croſs, attended alſo by about fourſcore *Portingals*, and an hundred ſervants who bear Arms. Then followed Marriners, poor creatures, and other inferiour people, who were not yet cured.

The good ſervants moved with compaſſion of *Eleonora*, whom they beheld walking on foot, framed her a kind of Litter, & ſought all they might to comfort her; but that laſted not long. Needs in the end muſt the poor Lady travel through places, where nothing was to be ſeen but wild beaſts, and Cafres more inhumane then beaſts, over rocks inacceſſible, mountains which raiſed their heads above the clouds, vallys not to be looked down into without horrour, torrents ſwoln with ſhowers, mariſhes cloyed with mud, and which was moſt irkſom, they muſt go at random through ways of which every one was ignorant, nor could any direct them; ſo that they made an hundred leagues of thirty. Their little ſtore of victual failing, they eat firſt pieces of rotten whales, & other garbages of the Sea, then wild fruits, leaves; and laſtly, ſpared not the carkaſes of beaſts, which they found in the deſart. From that they fell into a great ſcarcity of water, and if they would have any ſomething tolerable, they muſt ſeek it among Moors and Tigers, and buy it at eight crowns the pinte. There were many, who overwhelmed with theſe hideous diſaſters, left the ſpoil of their bodies to cruel *Æthiopians*, to birds and beaſts, bidding a ſad adieu to their companions, with the laſt words they deſired to be delivered to their friends & kindred. But the fears and preſent calamities of every one, made them to forget the dead with their requeſts. The unfortunate *Soſa* oppreſſed with ſorrow, conſidering ſo many miſhaps redoubled one upon another, and beholding his wife, who to comfort him, ſhewed her ſelf indefatigable both in mind & body, ſhe carrying her children in her turn, and incouraging all the reſt, it moſt ſenſibly wounded his heart to ſee a Lady ſo tenderly bred, endure with ſuch conſtancy the utmoſt of worldly miſeries.

At laſt, after four months travel, they came to the river of the H. Ghoſt ere they were aware, where a petty King commanded, who very courteouſly received them, partly moved with the ſight of ſo great a calamity, & partly alſo deſiring by this opportunity to make uſe of the *Portingal's* favour, wherof he ſtood in need for his affairs. He let them underſtand, as wel as he could, his deſire of their ſtay with him in expectation of the commodity of re-imbarquing. Otherwiſe, ſhould they hazard themſelves to proceed forward on their way in this miſerable equipage, they would be in danger to be robbed by a neigbour-Prince, one of the greateſt thieves in the Country.

The more this *Barbarian* King ſhewed himſelf courteous, ſo much the more *Soſa* grew ſuſpicious of his proceedings, and ſiniſterly judged, that ſuch ſweetneſs in man unknown, was but the cover of an evil purpoſe. He thanked him for his favour, and very earneſtly beſought him to accommodate them with Boats to paſs the River, which the other unwillingly did, ſeeing the peril whereinto they haſtned to fall. They went, there remaining not above ſixſcore of five or ſix hundred men, and having been five days on the River, they landed at adventure, rather conſtrained by night, then invited by the commodiouſneſs of place. The next day they deſcried a Squadron of about two hundred *Æthiopians*, who came towards them, which made them prepare for defence; but troubled at their Arms, they ſhewing themſelves peaceful enough, the other by geſture and ſigns diſcovered their infinite miſeries. Theſe people wholly practiſed in tricks of deceit, and who would make benefit of this occaſion, let them with much ado underſtand, they might paſs along to the King's Palace, where they ſhould be very well entertained, which they attempted; but approaching to the City in arms, the King of theſe *Barbarians* timerous and wicked, forbade them entrance, and confined them to a little wood, where they remained certain days, paſſing the time in a poor traffick of knives and trifles, which they bartered for bread. But this treacherous Prince, who meant to catch them in the ſnare, ſeeing they had ſome commodities, ſent word to *Soſa*, he muſt excuſe him that he denied entrance into the City, and that two cauſes had put him from it: The firſt whereof was the dearth of victual among his people, & the other, the fear his ſubjects had of the *Portingal's* arms, they never, as yet, being accuſtomed thereto. But if they would deliver their

their weapons, they ſhould be received into his city, and his people conſign'd to the next towns, to be wel entertained. This condition ſeemed ſomewhat harſh, but neceſſity digeſted all. They agreed with one conſent to ſatisfie the King, *Eleonora* only excepted, who never would conſent to betray their defences in a place where they had ſo much need of them. Behold them diſarmed and ſeperated, ſome diſperſed into ſeveral villages here and there: *Soſa* with his wife, his children, and about twenty other brought to the regal City. Scarcely was he arrived, but all his company were robbed, beaten with baſtonado's, & uſed that very night like dogs; whileſt himſelf had little better entertainment: For this Prince of ſavages took all his gold and jewels from him, and drave him away as a Pyrate, leaving him only life and his poor garments. As they went out of this calamity, deploring their miſery; behold another troup of Caffres, armed with javelins, who ſet upon them, and let them know, they muſt leave their apparel if they meant not to forſake their skins. They were ſo confounded, they neither had ſtrength nor courage to defend themſelves: behold the cauſe why they yielded what was demanded, as ſheep their fleece. There was none but *Eleonora*, who preferring death before nakedneſs, ſtood a long time diſputing about a poor ſmock with theſe ſavages: but in the end, violence bereaved her of that, which modeſty fought by all means to keep.

The chaſt and honourable Lady, ſeeing her ſelf naked in the ſight of her domeſticks, who caſt down their eyes at the indignity of ſuch a ſpectacle, preſently buried her ſelf in ſand up to the middle, covering the reſt of her body with her diſhevel'd hair, and every moment having theſe words in her mouth, *Where is my husband?* Then turning towards the Pilot, and ſome of her Officers there preſent, ſhe ſaid to them with a ſetled countenance: *My good friends, you have hitherto afforded to my husband your Captain, and to me your Miſtreſs, all the duty may be expected from your fidelity: It is time you leave this body, which hath already paid to the earth the moiety of its tribute. Go think upon ſaving your lives, and pray for my poor ſoul; But if any one of you return to our native Country, he may recount to thoſe who ſhal pleaſe to remember the unfortunate* Eleonora, *to what my ſins have reduced me.* Having ſpoken theſe words, ſhe ſtood immoveable in a deep ſilence ſome ſpace of time, then lifting her eyes to Heaven, added: *My God, behold the ſtate wherein I came from my mothers womb, and the condition whereunto I muſt quickly return on earth, one part of me being already as among the dead. My God, I kiſs and adore the rods of thy juſtice, which ſo roughly, though juſtly, have chaſtiſed me. Take between thy arms the ſoul of my moſt honoured husband, if he be dead. Take the ſouls of my poor children, which are by my ſides. Take mine, now on my lips, and which I yield to thee, as to my Lord and Father. There is no place far diſtant from thee, nor any ſuccour impoſſible to thy power.*

As ſhe ſpake this, *Soſa* her husband came having eſcap'd out of the hands of theſe thieves who had robbed him, and finding his wife in this ſtate, he ſtood by her, not able to utter a word. The Lady likewiſe ſpake only with her eys, which ſhe ſweetly fix'd upon him, to give comfort in the violence of the inſupportable afflictions. But he feeling his heart wholly drenched in bitterneſs, haſtned into a wood of purpoſe to meet with ſome prey, at leaſt to feed his little children, which were as yet by their mothers ſide. Thence he ere long returned, and found one of them already dead, to which with his own hands he gave burial, immediately after he went again into the foreſt, to hunt as he had accuſtomed, finding no other comfort. His heart was perpetually in *Eleonora's*, where he ſurvived more then in his own body, and coming to behold her once again for his laſt, he perceived ſhe was already deceaſed, with his other child, who died near her; there being only left two poor maids, who bewailed their Lady, and made the wilderneſs reſound with their ſad complaints. He commanded them to retire a little aſide, then taking *Eleonora* by the hand, he kiſſed it, ſtanding a long time with his lips fixed unto it, and nothing to be heard but ſome broken ſighs. That done, with the help of the maids, he buried her near his two children, without any complaint or utterance of one word. In a ſhort ſpace after, he returned into the thickeſt of the forreſt, where it was thought he was devoured. So joyning his ſoul at leaſt to hers, who had tied her heart to his in death, with examples of her conſtancy.

The third Part of MAXIMS.
OF THE
HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGN.

HAving in this Second Part deduced the principal Maxims which concern the direction of this preſent Life, we enter into the other, there to behold the power of death over mortal things, and the immortality of our ſouls in the general diſſolution of bodies. We conſider them in the ſeveral ways they take in their paſſage, and then ſee them re-united to their bodies, as in the Reſurrection. It is under thy eyes, Eternal Wiſdome, and by thy favour we enter into theſe great labyrinths of thy Eternities, therein hoping thy direction, as we intend thy glory.

The THIRD PART, Touching the State of the other World.

XV. MAXIM.
Of DEATH

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is to no purpoſe to think upon death ſo far off, and that it alwayes cometh ſoon enough without thinking on it.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the beſt employment of life is to be well prepared for death, and that good thoughts of death, are the ſeeds of immortality.

1. IT is a ſtrange thing that men, being all made out of one and the ſame maſs, are ſo different in beliefs, in reaſons, in cuſtoms, and actions, as the *Proteus* in Poetical Fables. Our manners daily teach us a truth, which ſays: *There is not any thing ſo mutable upon earth, as the heart of man.* Diverſity of men.

Yet we ſee in the world many honourable perſonages, and good men who travel apace to this triumphant

phant City of God, this *Heavenly Jerusalem*, looking on the blessings of the other life with an eye purified by the rays of faith, and expecting them with a hope, for which all Heaven is in bloom. But there are an infinite number of black souls marked with the stamp of *Cain*, who consider all is said of the state of the other world, as if it were some imaginary Island, feigned to be in the Ocean to amuze credulous spirits, and fill them partly with pleasing dreams, partly with irksom visions.

Opinion concerning the other life.

If these people could find some apparent proofs, they would easily perswade themselves there were no death; but their senses convinced of the contrary from experience of all Ages, they believe that which they dare not think on, and commonly dye after so bruitish a fashion, that a man may say, they had converted the lights of an immortall spirit wholly into flesh.

But you, generous souls, whom at this present I intend to guid through the hopes and terrours of the other life, observe this first step you must make, to enter into a new world with constancy, not unworthy a soul sensible of its immortality.

Life and death, the two poles of the world.

2. Life and death are two poles, on the which all creatures rowl: life, is the first act moveable and continual, of the living thing; death, the cessation of the same act. And as there are three notable actions in things animated, the one whereof tendeth to nourishment and increase, the other to sense, the third to understanding; so there are three sorts of lives, the vegetative, the sensitive, and the intellectual: the vegetative in plants, sensitive in beasts, the intellectual, which only appertaineth to God, Angels, & men. The intellectual life is divided into two other, which are the life of grace and glory. In Heaven (the place of things eternal) reign those great and divine lives which never die, and which are in a perpetual vigour, being applied to the first source of lives, which is God. But in the more inferiour rank of the world are dying lives, of which we dayly see the begining, progress, and end. Here properly is the dominion of death, and our only mystery is to dye well. Some do it of necessity, others every day anticipate it by virtue. Now it is my desire here to shew you; That death in the state wherin the world is at this present, is a singular invention of Divine Providence, whether we consider the generality of men, whether we look on the vicious, or fix our thoughts on the just.

Divers kinds of life.

Providence of God concerning the sentence of death, in the generality of men.

3. Some complain of death, but you would see much other complaints, if in such a life as we live, there were no death. You would see men worn with years and cares, daily to charge altars with vows and prayers, men insupportable to all the world, irksom to life, inexpugnable to death, men old as the earth, incessantly calling upon the hour of death, and almost eating one another with despair. God hath herein (saith *Plato*) well provided; for seeing the soul was to be shut up in the body as in a prison, he hath at least made it chains mortal.

Plato in Timæo. *Pater misericors illis mortalia vincula faciebat.*

What makes you so much desire life? *I find* (saith the worldling) *it is a pleasure to behold the light, the stars, elements, and seasons.* There wil be a much more delight to see them one day under your feet, then there is now to behold them over your head? Are there now so many years you have been upon the earth, and have you not yet sufficiently looked upon the elements? There were certain people among the Pagans, who by laws forbade a man of 50 years to make use of the Physitian, saying, It discovered too much love of life; and yet with Christians you may find at the age of fourscore, who will not endure a word of the other world, as if they had not yet one days leisure to look into it. *But I must still perform the actions of life.* Have you not done them enough? See you not that to live long, is to be long in the entertainment of travel and misery, which extend their power over our heads, according as the web of our life lengtheneth? Do you not consider we are in this life as fish in the sea, perpetually in fear of nets or hooks? Will you not say, we live here in the midst of misery and envy, as between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and that to decline once perishing, we dayly make ship-wrack? Notwithstanding we are pleased with life, as if man were not so much a mortal creature, as an immortal misery.

Ambr. l. 2. de Abel & Cain. *Non advertis senectutem hanc arumnarum esse veteranam, processionisque ætatis miseriarum crescere stipendia, Scyllæ quondam usu circumsonari nos quotidianis naufragiis?*

Do you not know life was given by God to *Cain*, the most wicked man on earth, for a punishment of his crime, and will it rest with you as a title of reward? There is a great cause to desire life. Were there no other miseries (which are but too frequent) this anxiety and turmoil of relapsing actions would tyre us. What is life but cloathing and uncloathing, rising and down-lying, drinking, eating, sleeping, gaming, scoffing, negotiating, buying, selling, masonry, carpentry, quarrelling, cozening, rowling in a labyrinth of actions, which perpetually turn and return, filling and emptying the tub of the *Danaïdes*, and to be continually tyed to a body, as to the tending of an infant, a fool, or a sick man? *That is not it which withdraweth me*, (say you) *But I must see the world, and live with the living.* Had you been all your life time shut up in a prison, and not seen the world but through a little grate, you had seen enough of it. What behold you in the streets but men, houses, horses, mules, coaches, and people, who tumble up and down like fishes in the sea, who have many times no other trade, but to devour one another, and besides, some pedling trifles hanged out in stals? When I have seen all this but for half an hour, I say: O God, how little is the world? Is it for this we deceive, we swear, and make a divorce between God and us!

Revolution troublesome.

Baseness in the world.

But admit we were not interessed in this action, must we not rest on the law of God, who maketh life and ordaineth death, by the juridical power of his wisdom, ever to be adored by our wills, though little penetrable to understanding? Will you I pronounce an excellent saying of *Tertullian*: The world is the belly of Nature, and men are in it as children in the mothers womb: the birth of men are the world's child-bearings, death its lying in, and deliveries. Would you not die, to hinder the world from bringing forth, and unburdening it self by the way the Sovereign Master hath appointed it? We have seen Tyrants of all sorts, some invented exquisite torments and tryals, others forbad eating and drinking, some to weep, some caused children to be taken from the teat, to strangle them and cut their throats, as *Pharaoh* & *Herod*. But never was there any amongst them, who forbad women with child to be delivered. The world hath for a long space been big with you, and would not you have it to be delivered at the time God's counsels have ordained? Were it a handsom thing think you to see an infant presently to have teeth and articulate speech, and yet (if it might be) would stay in the mothers womb, using no other reason but that there is warm being.

Uterus natura. An excellent conceit drawn from the words of *Tertullian*.

Judg now, and take the even ballance; if the world be the belly of nature, if this good mother bare us the time Gods providence appointed, if she now seek her delivery, that we may be born in the land of the living, in a quite other climate, another life, another light, are not we very simple to withstand it, as little infants who cry when they issue out of bloud and ordure,

ordure, at the sight of day-light, yet would not return thither from whence they came.

Providence in the death of the vicious. *Boet. l. 4. de consol. Cum supplicio caret, ineft illis aliquid alterius mali, ipsa impunitas.*

4. Behold the Providence of God in that which concerneth death in the generality of all men. Let us see in this second point the like providence towards the wicked, the vicious, rich, and proud Great-ones, who spit against heav̄. We must first establish a most undoubted maxim, that there is nothing so unhappy as impunity of men abandoned to vice, which is the cause the paternal providence of God arresteth them by the means of death, dictating unto them an excellent lesson of their equality with other men.

S. Euchor. in paraene.

Mortals circumvolve in life and death, as Heaven on the pole artick and antartick, from east to west; the same day which lengthneth our life in the morning, shortneth it in the evening, and all Ages walk thatway, not any one being permitted to return back again. Our fore-fathers passed on, we pass, and our posterity follows us in the like course; you may say, they are waves of the sea, where one wave drives another, and in the end, all come to break against a rock. What a rock is death? There are above five thousand years, that it never ceaseth to crush the heads of so many mortals, and yet we know it not.

Masius in *Iosuah.* Notable action of *Noah.*

I remember to this purpose a notable tradition of the *Hebrews*, related by *Masius* upon *Josuah*, to wit, that *Noah* in the universal deluge which opened the flood-gates of Heaven, to shake the columns of the world, and bury the earth in waters, in stead of gold, silver, and all sort of treasure, carried the bones of *Adam* into the Ark, and distributing them among his sons, said: Take children, behold the most precious inheritance your father can leave you: you shal share lands and seas, as God shal appoint; but suffer not your selves to be intangled in these vanities, which are more brittle then glass, more light then smoak, and much swifter then the winds. My children, all glideth away here below, and there is nothing which eternally subsisteth. Time it self which made us, devours and consumeth us. Learn this lesson from these dumb Doctours, the relicks of your grand-father, which will serve you for a refuge in your adversities, a bridle in your prosperities, and a mirrour at all times.

Moreover, I affirm death serves for a perfect lesson of justice to the wicked, which they were never willing throughly to understand; for it putteth into equality all that, which hazard, passion, and iniquity had so ill divided into so many objects.

Birth maketh men equal, since they receive nought else from their mothers womb, but ignorance, sin, debility, and nakedness; but after they come out of the hands of the Midwife, some are put into purple and gold, others into rags and russets: some enter upon huge patrimonies, where they stand in mony up to the throat, and practise almost nothing else throughout their whole life, but to get by rapine with one hand, and profusely spend with the other. Some live basely and miserably necessitous. A brave spirit, able to govern a large Common-wealth, is set to cart by the condition of his poverty. Another becomes a servant to a coxcomb, who hath not the hundreth part of his capacity.

It is the great Comedy of the world, played in sundry fashions, for most secret reasons known to Divine Providence; would you have it last to eternity? See you not Comedians having played Kings and beggars on the stage, return to their own habit, unless they day and night desire to persist in the same sport? And what disproportion is there, if after every one have played his part in the world, according to the measure of time prescribed him by Providence, he resume his own habit?

I also add, it is a kind of happiness for the wicked to dy quickly, because it is unfit to act that long, which is very ill done. And since they so desperately use life, it is expedient, not being good, it be short, that shortness of time may render the malice of it less hurtful. If examples of their like who soon dy, make them apprehensive of the same way, and how seasonably to appear for death, it is a singular blessing for them. But if persisting in contempt, they be punished, it is God's goodness his justice be understood, and that it commandeth even in hell.

5. But if at this present you reflect on the death of the Just, which you should desire; I say, God's Providence there brightly appeareth in three principal things, which are, cessation from travels and worldly miseries, the sweet tranquility of departure, and fruition of crowns and rewards promised.

the sweetness of the death of the just. *Iob. 3. Qui expectant mortem, quasi effodientes thesaurum* Tert. de pallio. *Homo pellitus orbi, quasi metallo datur.*

First, you must imagine what holy *Job* said, That this life is to the just as a myne, wherein poor slaves are made to labour, that they may hit upon the veins of gold and silver. And *Tertullian* had the like conceit, when he said, *The first man was clothed with skins by the hand of God, to teach him he entred into the world as a slave into a myne.* Now as these hirelings, who cease not to turn up the earth with sweat on their brows, tears in their eys, and sighs in their hearts, no sooner have they met with the hoped vein, but they rejoyce and embrace one another, for the contentment they take to see their travels crowned with some good event: So after such combates, such rough temptations, so many calumnies, so many litigious wranglings, such persecutions, such vexations and toils which chosen souls have undergone in the thraldom of this body, when the day come wherein they by a most happy death, meet the veins of the inexhaustible treasure, whereof they are to take possession, they conceive most inexplicable comfort. Then is the time they hear these words of hony: *Go confidently faithful souls, go out of these bodies, go out with alacrity, go out in ful peace and safety: the Eternal Mountains, to wit, the Heavens, and all the goodly company of Angels, and most blessed spirits which inhabit them, will receive you with hymns of triumph: Go confidently on, behold God, who is ready to wipe away your tears with his own fingers. There shal be no more death, no more tears, no more clamours, no more sorrows, behold a state wholly new, what repose, what cessation of arms, what peace!*

Isaiah 32. *In latina egrediamini, & in pace deducemini: montes & colles cantabunt coram vobis laudem* Apoc. 21. *Absterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum, & mors ultra non erit, neque luctus, neque clamor, neque dolor erit ultra: quia prima abierunt, ecce nova facio omnia.* Acta *Clement.*

Do you not sometimes represent unto your self these poor Christians (of whom it is spoken in the acts of S. *Clement*) men of good place banished for the faith, who laboured in the quarreys of *Chersonesus*, with a most extream want of water, and great inconveniencies, when God, willing to comfort their travels, caused on the top of a moutain a lamb marvelously white to appear, who struck with his foot, & instantly made fountains of lively water to distil? What comfort, what refreshment for the drowsie multitude! But what is it in comparison, whē a brave and faithful Christian, who hath passed this life in noble and glorious actions, great toyls and patience, beholds the lamb of God Omnipotent, which calleth him to the eternal fources of life? What a spectacle to see S. *Lewis* dy, after he had twice with a huge army passed so many seas, tempests, monsters, arms, and battels for the glory of his Master? What a spectacle to see S. *Paul* the Hermit dy, after he had laboured an hundred years under the habit of Religion.

Psal. 35. *Quoniam apud te fons vitæ, & in lumine tuo videbimus lucem.*

The second condition of this death, is great tranquility; for there is nothing at that time in all the world able to afflict, or by acts unresigned to shake a soul

soul firmly united to its God. *But what say you: Just men if they be rich, do they not bear in this last agony some affections to their riches and possessions?*

Nay, so far is it otherwise, that they with alacrity go out of all worldly wealth as a little bird from a silver Cage, to soar in the fields at the first breath of the spring-tide. I pray tell me, that I may pronounce before you an excellent conceit of S. *Clement* the *Roman*, in the third of his Recognitions: If a little Chicken were shut up in an Egg, the shell whereof were gilded, and set out with curious and delicate paintings, and had reason, and choice given it, either to remain in this pretious prison, or enjoy day-light with all other living creatures under Heavens vault; think you it would abide in a golden shell, to the prejudice of its liberty? And imagine with your self, what are all the brave fortunes which have so much lustre in the world? they are gilded shells, no way comparable to the liberty of God's children. A good rich man dieth as *Abraham*, who says in *Origen*: *My God, if I have been wealthy, it was for the poor; I went out of my house, to become a house for those who stood in need of it, and am perswaded, that thou hast made me a Steward of thy goods, to distribute them, and not to brood them, as the Hen her Eggs.*

Clemens Rom. Recognit.

Dives fui sed pauperi; extorris patria damus nescius, ipse omnium fui domus & patria: scient me non incubatorem, sed dispensatorem divina largitatis.

But if the Just man dye poor, he is by so much the better pleased to forsake wretched lodgings of straw and mortar, to go into an eternal Palace. *But doth it not trouble him to leave a wife, children, and allies?* He leaves all that under the royal mantle of the eternal Providence, and firmly believes, that he who hath care of the flowers of the field, Birds, Bees and Ants, will not forsake reasonable creatures, so they rest in their duty: But if they must suffer in this world, he will make of their tribulations, ladders and footstools of their glory.

What shall we say of the body? Doth not the soul ill to leave it? The body is to the soul, as the shadow of the earth in the Eclipse of the Moon. See you not how this bright star, which illuminateth our nights, seemeth to be unwillingly captived in the dark, but sparkleth to get aloft, and free it self from earthly impresions So the faithful soul readily untwineth it self from the body, well knowing it hath a much better house in the inheritance of God, which is not a manufacture of men, but a monument of the hands of the great Work-man. Represent unto your self *Job* on the dunghil, a great anatomy of bones covered with a bloody skin, a body which falleth in pieces, and a soul on the lips, ready to issue forth as a lessee from a ruinous dwelling. Think you he is troubled to leave his body? Nay, rather he dieth as a Phœnix on the mountain of the Sun, in the odours of his heroick virtues.

2 Cor. 5. *Scimus quoniam si terrestris domus nostra hujus habitationis dissolvatur, quod ædificationem ex Deo habemus domum non manufactam, sed æternam in cœlis.*

Job 29. 18. *In nidulo meo moriar, & sicut Phœnix multiplicabo dies.*

But that which maketh this death more sweet and honourable then any thing, is the hope of beatitude, wherof I will speak in the nineteenth Maxim. Note, that worldlings dye here, some like unto Swallows, others as Spiders; the evil rich, pass away as Swallows, who leave no memory of them, but a neast of mortar and straw; for such are all the fair riches of the earth. The ambitious perish as Spiders, who present wretched threds, and some little flies in them; such are also the snares, pursuits, and businesses of the world. But the Just forsake us like the silk-worm. For this little creature had it understanding, would be well pleased issuing forth of her prison, to become a Butter-fly, to see the goodly Halls of great men, Churches & Altars to smile under her works. What a contentment to the conscience of a just man in death, to consider the Churches adorned, Altars covered, poor fed, sins resisted, virtues crowned, like so many pieces of tapistry, by the work of his hands! Hath he not cause to say: *I entred into the list, I valiantly fought, I have well ended my race, there remains nothing more for me, but to wear the Crown of Justice, which God keeps for me as a pledge.*

1 Tim. 4. *Bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi, in reliquo reposita est mihi corona justitiæ*

6. I yet come again to thee (worldly man) who so much feareſt this last hour. Learn from this discourse to fortifie thy self against these vain apprehensions of death, which have more disturbance for thee, then the Sea surges. Is it not a goodly thing to see thee tremble at thy entrance into so beaten a path, wherein so many millions have passed along before thee, and the most timorous of the earth have finished their course as well as the rest, without any contradiction? All that which seemeth most uneasie in this passage, is much sweetned by two considerations; the first whereof is, That God made it so common, that there is no living creature exempt; and the other, That to dispose us to a great death, we every night finde in our sleep a little death.

Exhortation to such nice people as fear death.

Wilt thou then still doubt to set thy foot-steps firmly in the paths which the world's Saviour, with his holy Mother, imprinted with their tracks? After thou hast slept so many years, and so long passed through the petty miseries of death, shalt thou never come to the great? Sickness and miseries of the world will one day perhaps make thee desire that, which thou now most feareſt. Were it not better to do by election, what must be suffered by necessity? Hast thou so little profited in the world, that thou hast not yet some friend, some only dear beloved, who passed into the other life? Needs must thou have very little affection in store for him, if thou feareſt the day, which should draw thee near to his company.

What is it maketh all these apprehensions arise in thy mind? Is it so ill with thee to forsake a world so treacherous, so miserable, so corrupt? If thou hast been therin perpetually happy, which is very rare, courageously set a seal upon thy felicity, and be not weary of thy good hap, which may easily be changed into a great misfortune. Many have lived too long by one year, others by one day, which made them see what they feared more then death. But if thou be afflicted & persecuted in this life, why art thou not ashamed when God calleth thee, to go out faintly, frō a place where thou canst not stay without calamity?

Deploreſt thou thy gold, silver, costly attire, houses and riches? Thou goest into a Country where thou no longer shalt need any of that. They were remedies given thee for the necessities of life, now that thy wounds shall be cured, wouldst thou still wear the plaisters? Bewaileſt thou loss of friends? There are some who expect thee above, which are better then the worldly, more wise, more assured, and who will never afford thee ought but comfort.

Thou perhaps laments the habit of body, & pangs of this passage. It is not death then which makes thee wax pale, but life thou so dearly lovedst. It hath been told thee in the last agonies of death, the body feeleth great disturbances, that it turns here and there, that one rubs the bed-cloaths with his hands, hath convulsions, shuts fast the teeth, choaketh words, hath a trembling lower lip, pale visage, sharp nose, troubled memory, speech fumbling, cold sweat, the white of the eye sunck, and the aspect totally changed.

What need we fear all that which perhaps will never happen to us? How many are there who dye very sweetly, and almost not thinking of it? You would say, they are not there, when it happens. *Cæsar* the Prætour died putting on his shoes; *Lucius Lepidius* striking with his foot against a gate, the *Rhodian* Ambassador having made an Oration before the Senate

of

Embaſſadour, having made an Oration before the Senate of *Rome*, *Anacreon* drinking. *Torquatus* eating a cake, Cardinal *Colonna* taſting figs, *Xeuxis* the Painter laughing at the Picture of an old woman he was to finiſh, and laſtly *Auguſtus* the Monarch, performing a complement. But if ſomething muſt be endured, think you the hand of God is ſtretched out to torment you above your force, or ſhortened to comfort you? He will give you a winter according to your wool (as it is ſaid) ſufferings according to the ſtrength of your body, & a crown for your patience.

You fear nothing (ſay you) of all that I mention, but you dread Judgment: Who can better order that then your ſelf? Had you been the moſt deſperate ſinner in the world, if you take a ſtrong reſolution to make hereafter an exact and effectual converſion, the arms of God are open to receive you. He wil provide for your paſſage, doubt it not, as he took care for your birth. He wil accompany you with his Angels, he will hold you under the veil of his face, under the ſhadow of his protection, and if he muſt purge you by juſtice, he will crown you by his mercy.

The fifteenth EXAMPLE upon the fifteenth MAXIM.

The manner of dying well, drawn from the Model of our LADIE.

ONe of the moſt important myſteries in the world, is to die well. It is never done but once, and if one fail to perform it well, he is loſt without recovery. It is the laſt lineament of the table of our life, the laſt blaze of the torch extinguiſhed, the laſt luſtre of the ſetting Sun, the end of the race which gives a period to the courſe, the great ſeal which ſigneth all our actions. One may in death correct all the defects of an ill life, and all the virtues of a good are defaced, and polluted by an evil death. The art of dying wel being of ſo great conſequence, it ſeems God permitted the death of his Mother, to teach us what ours ought to be. The death of the Virgin *Mary*, is the death of a Phenix,, which hath three conditions, *reſolution*, *diſengagement*, and *union*.

1. Quality of good death, is the indifferency of time and manner.

I begin with reſolution of conformity to the will of God, which is the firſt quality ſhould be had to die well. That is to hold life in your hands, as a loan borrowed from Heaven, ever ready to reſtore it at the leaſt ſummons you ſhall have from the will of God. It is not perfection not to care for life through impatience, nor to have an ear not deaf to death, through faintneſs of courage. This reſignation was moſt excellent, and very admirable in our Lady, for two reaſons. Firſt, the great knowledge ſhe had of beatitude. Secondly, the ineffable love ſhe bare to her Son. For I leave you to think, if our deſires follow the firſt rays of our knowledges, and if we be ſo much the more earneſt after a good, as we are the better informed of its merit, what impatience muſt our Lady needs have of life, ſince ſhe received a ſcience of beatitude, ſtrong, powerful, and reſplendent above all other creatures, God giving her leave to ſee in Calvarie the abyſs of his glories, in the depth of his dolours.

Patience of our Lady to endure life.

It is no wonder we ſo very eaſily affect life, ſeeing we are as the little children of a King, bred in the houſe of a ſhepherd, as the gloſs upon *Daniel* retorteth touching the education of *Nebuchadnezzar*. We know not what a ſcepter, Kingdom, or crown is, in this great meanneſs of a life, baſe and terreſtrial. But had we talked onely one quarter of an hour with a bleſſed ſoul, and diſcourſed of the ſtate of the other life, our hearts would wholly diſſolve into deſires. Which makes me ſay, It was an act of a moſt heroical reſolution in the bleſſed Virgin, in thoſe great knowledges ſhe had of Paradiſe, to have continued ſo many years in this life, and if you conſider the moſt ardent love ſhe bare her Son, who was the adamant of all loves, you ſhall find the holy Virgin, who had borne all the glory of Paradiſe in her womb, more merited in this reſignation ſhe made, to ſee her ſelf ſeparated the ſpace of thirty years, both from Paradiſe & her ſon, then all the Martyrs did in reſigning themſelves to deaths ſtrange, bloody, and hideous.

Martyrdom of love.

There is nothing comparable to the martyrdom of love. It is an exhalation in a cloud. It is a fire in a myne, a torrent ſhut up in ditches, a night of ſeparation, laſteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its deſires. Now this holy Mother to be thirty years upon the croſs of love without repining, without complaint or diſturbance, peaceably expecting the ſtroke of her hour, what virtue, and how far are we from it.

Worldly irreſolutions of death. *Toet. Carm. 1. Eheu cur dura miſtroi aveite ris aare. Et flentes oculos claudere ſava negas?*

So now adays throughout the world you ſee nothing but mourners, who are loth to live, or faint-hearted that would never die. Some crie out: *Come to me, (O ſluggiſh death) thou haſt forgotten me, what do I here? I am but a living death, & an unprofitable burden to the earth? Ah (death) haſt thou ears of braſs and diamond for me alone? Canſt thou not ſhut up mine eyes, which I daily drown in my tears?* Much otherwiſe, when we ſee one die young, freſh, flouriſhing, in honour, wealth, health, proſperity, we crie out upon death as if it were cruel and malicious. *To take* (ſaith one) *this young betrothed, this poor maid, this husband intended, this excellent man, who ſo well played the* Rhodomont: *to lay hold of one ſo neceſſary for the publick, in the flower of his age! Why took it not away this cripple, this beggar, who hath not wherewith to live? Why took it not away this other, who daily dies yet cannot die once?* O our manners! O dainty conceits! O fit language! were it not ſome little humane reſpect, we would take Gods Providence by the throat.

Whom do we contend with al? The indifferency we daily ſee in the death of men, where as ſoon the young is taken as the old, the happy as the miſerable, the Emperor as the porter, is one of the greateſt ſigns of Gods Providence to be admired. Why then complain we that God maketh us to leave life when he pleaſeth? It is not a puniſhment, but a wholſom doctrine, by which we learn the power of the Divine Wiſdom. Firſt, when we entred into life, our advice was not required whether we would be born in ſuch or ſuch an Age, ſuch a day, ſuch a year, ſuch an hour; ſo when we muſt be gone from hence, there is no reaſon to ask our counſel. Let us onely yield up this laſt loan, and not murmur againſt the father of the family. Let us not ſay, *this man ſhould go before, and this after*. Who knows them better then God? You complain this miſerable creature lives ſo long, how know you whether he accompliſh the years of his purgatory? How know you whether God ſuffers him to become a ſpectacle unto you of his patience? Why gnaſh you your teeth for anger, that this man rich, that man fortunate, and that other ſo qualified, is taken hence in his flouriſhing youth? How know you the miſadventures and ſhipwracks which attended him, had he ſtill continued in the world? You ſay, he was neceſſary? why, God will ſhew there is not any thing neceſſary in the world but himſelf.

Uno avulſo non deficit alter aureus.

Poor eyes of a bat, which ſee nothing but darkneſs, you would give eyes to *Argus*, and light to the Sun. If you deſire to take part in the prudence of the juſt, handle the matter ſo, that for the firſt ſign of a good death, you be ever indifferent to live or die, accor-

Instinct of the *Onocratalus.* Constancy of faith. *Tertul. Idol. c. 2 Mos inter scopulos verificata spiritu Dei fides, navigat tuta si casa, secura si attonita. Caterum inevitabile excussis profundum, inexplicabile impactis naufragium, irrespirabile devoratis hypocrisium.*

ding to our Ladies example. Daily expect death, stand perpetually on your guard. Do as the brave bird the Grecians call *Onocratalus*, which is so well practised to expect the Hawk to grapple with her, that even when she shuts up her eyes, she sleepeth with her beak exalted, as if she would contend with her adversary. Know we are continually among rocks and dangers, that there needs but one hour to get all, or loose all, that the day of Judgement comes with the pace of a thief, and that we must be ready to receive it, and resolute to combat with death, to gain immortality. Hold this concluding sentence of *Tertullian*, as an Oracle: Amongst the rocks and shelves of this sea, called life, Christian faith passeth on, breaking the waves, filling the sails with Gods spirit ever assured, yet ever distrustful, and perpetually fearless, yet still careful of the future. As for the rest it sees under its feet an abyss not to be passed by swimming, & inexplicable shipwrack for those who are drenched, a gulph which suffocates all such, as it once swalloweth.

Second quality of good death. *Philo l. 3. de vita Mosis in fine.* Notable speech of *Philo* of *Moses* his state ὅλος νῦς ἦλθεν ἄγγελος.

The second quality of a good death, is the ready and constant adieu given to the world, as did the Blessed Virgin, who was so disengaged from it towards death, that she touched not earth at all, but with the soles of her feet.

Philo saith, God gave *Moses* leave to live very long, perpetually in glorious actions, in contemplations, in lights, so that his body was worn, wasted, & almost wholly vapoured out into the substance of his spirit. By a much stronger reason may one say the like of the Mother of God. For it is certain her life was nothing else but a divorce from the world. But as Physitians observe, that the breath of storks is purified and made sweet in the proportion as they increase in age, in such sort, that becoming old, they yield forth most odoriferous exhalations: So the life of this holy Mother, which was ever hanging about the heart of her Son, ever in the contemplation of the great mysteries of our salvation, perpetually in the furnace of love, wholly transformed it self into her well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great vessel of wine as incense wasted into flames. O what sweetness of breath! what odour of virtues in her old age! Her body seemed to be exhaled, and to vapour out all in soul; the soul, which is the knot of life, and which possesseth in us the most inferiour part of spirituality, dissolved wholly into spirit, which is in the middle, & the spirit melted entirely into the understanding, which hath the highest rank in the soul, and which bears the image of the most holy Trinity. Her memory in a silent repose was freed from all remembrances of the world, her will resided in languishing fervours, and her understanding was wholly engulphed in great abysses of lights; there was not one small thred of imagination, which tied her to earth.

Harph. c. 49. libri de myst c. Theol.

Cant. 1. 6. Quæ est ista quæ ascendit per desertum sicut virgula fumi, ex aromatibus myrrha & thuris & universi pulveris pigmentarii.

O what an adieu to the world! It is very well declared in the Canticles by these words: *Who is it that ascendeth through the desart, like a thin vapour composed of odours, myrrhe, incense, and all the most curious perfumes.*

Which saith in a word, the holy Virgin was wholly spiritualized, wholly vapour, all perfume, all spirit, and had (as it were) nothing of body, massiness, or earth.

The three ties of the world. *Genes. 12 Egredere de terra tua, de cognatione tua, & de domo patris tui.*

O how many unreasonably fail in this second condition! When death comes to sound his trumpet in our ears, and saith to us: *Let us go, thou must dislodg from thy lands and inheritances, never to return again, from thy kindred, from the house thy father gave thee, to wit, thy body*, how harsh that is to ill mortified spirit, and which hold of the world by roots as deep as hell, and as big as arms. *Go out of thy land.* O how hard is this first step, to go out of the land, to forsake the land, not at all to pretend to the land, to the gold to the silver, to those jewels, that inheritance, to all that glorious glitter of fortune? See the first torment of worldly spirits. Such there have been, who seeing themselves in the last approches of inevitable death, have swallowed their gold like pills; other to eternize themselves on earth, have caused formidable sepulchers to be built, wherein they put all their wealth, as the *Ægyptian* King *Cheopes*, who prostituted even his own daughter, to raise unto himself a Pyramid for burial, so enormous, that it seemed the earth was too weak to bear it, and Heaven too low to be freed from its importunity. Besides, he caused to be engraven upon it, that the manufactures alone of this sepulcher, had cost six millions of gold in coleworts and turneps. Others caused to be buried with them dogs, horses, slaves, apparel, dishes to serve them in the other world.

Desperate desire of worldly goods. *Joannes Nider.*

Yea, it is not long ago, since there was found in *Rome* a coffin of marble eight foot long, and in it a robe embroidered with Gold-smiths work, which yielded six and thirty pounds of gold, besides fourty rings, a cluster of emeralds, a little mouse made of an other precious stone, and amongst all these precious magnificencies, two leg-bones of a dead corps, known by the inscription of the tomb, to be the bones of the Empereſs *Mary*, daughter of *Stilicon*, and wife of the Emperour *Honorius*, who died before consummation of marriage. About twelve hundred years were passed, after she was buried with all these goodly toys, which (no doubt) gave much ease to her soul. My God, how are we tied to earth! Tell me not the like is not done now adays, for it is worse, since they were buried after death with their riches, and you (O mortals) alive as you are, build your sepulchers thereon. We see men, who having already one foot in the grave, if you speak to them of the affairs of their consciences, all the spirit yet remaining, is perhaps for two or three hours besieged by an infinite number of thoughts of worldly wealth. Death crieth out aloud in their ears, saying: *Go from thy land*, and you pull it to you as with iron hooks.

Annot 544 Belforest. Goodly monument of the Empereſs *Mary.*

After that cometh kindred, allies, table-friends, friends for game, buffons, amorists, and all the delights of former companies. Some weep, others make shew of tears, the rest under a veil of sorrow make bones-fires in their hearts, they seem all to appear about the bed, and to sing this sad song of S. *Augustine*: *Alas, do you leave us, and shall we hereafter meet no more together? Farewel pleasing amities. Adieu feasts, adieu sports, adieu loves. This nor that will any longer be permitted from this moment for ever.* Behold another very slippery and dangerous step, notwithstanding you must leave it: Death hastneth and sayes: *Go from thy kindred.*

Aug. Conf 6. 11. Dimittis ne nos in æternum? Et a momento isto non licebit hoc & illud ultra in æternum?

In the last, the body and flesh is presented, which seems to say: Ah my soul, whither goest thou? My dear hostess, whither goest thou? Thou hast hitherto so tenderly pampered me, so pompously clothed me, so wantonly cherished me. I was thy Idol, thy Paradise, thy little Goddess, and where will you put me? into a grave with serpents and worms? what shall I do there, & what will become of me: Behold a hard task, principally for such of both sexes, as have dearly loved their bodies, like the Dutchess of *Venice*, of whom Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* speaketh, who was plunged into sensuality with so much profusion, that she could not endure to lodge but in chambers full of delicious perfumes of the East, she would

Damian. opuse. in a tit. ad Blanca. c. 11. The prodigality of a Venetian Lady, and her punishment.

would not wash her self, but in the dew of Heaven, which must be preserved for her with much skill. Her garments were so pompous, that nothing remained but to seek for new stuffs in Heaven, for she had exhausted the treasures of earth. Her viands so dainty, that all the mouths of Kings tasted none so exquisite, nor would she touch her meat, but with golden forks and precious stones. God, to punish this cursed superfluity, cast her on a bed, and assailed her with a malady so hideous, so stinking and frightfull, that all her neerest kin were enforced to abandon her, none staying about her, but a poor old woman already throughly accustomed to stench and death, yet could not this proud creature part with her infamous body but with sorrow. She was of those souls that *Plato* calleth *Phylosomates*, which tie themselves to flesh as much as they can, and after death would gladly still walk round about their flesh, to find a passage into it again.

The way how to be well provided for death.

Know you what is to be done to die well? Cut off in good time, the three chains which straightly bind foolish and sensual souls. For the first passage that concerneth earthly goods, seasonably dispose of your temporal. Entangle not your hands for so short a time as you are to live in great affairs, perilous, and uncertain, which will perplex you all your life, and throw you down to death. Do not like evil travellers, who stay to reckon and contend with their hostess, when it is already fair day-light, and that the guid wrangles and sweareth at them. Digest your little business, that you may leave no trouble in your family after death. Make a Will clear and perspicuous, which draweth not suits after it. Preserve your self carefully from imitating that wicked man, who caused all his gold and silver to be melted into one mass to set his heirs together by the ears, who killed one another, sprinkling the apple of discord and the object of their avarice, with their blood. Say to your self, I brought nothing into the world, nor will carry any thing away, no not the desire of it. Behold one part of my goods, which must be restored to such and such, these are true debts that must necessarily be discharged. Behold another for pious legacies. Another for alms to persons needy and indigent, another for my servants male and female, & my poor friends who have faithfully served me. They have wasted their bodies & lives, to contribute all they might to my wil, there is no reason I should forget them. Nay, I desire my enemies have some part in my will. As for my children and heirs, the main shal go to them, they wil be rich enough, if they be virtuous enough. Behold how the temporal should be disposed.

And for so much as concerneth kindred, give the benediction of God to your children, and all your family; leave worthy examples of contempt of the world, of humility, of patience, of charity: procure a full reconciliation with your enemies, entertain your friends with sage discourses, which may shew you gladly accept Gods visitations, that you die full of resolutions to prepare them a place, and that you expect from their charity, prayers and satisfactions for your negligence and remisness. If needs some small tribute must be paid to nature in two or three drops of tears, it is tolerable. But take away these whyning countenances, these petty furies, these mercenary weepers, who weep, not knowing why, nor for what they mourn.

As for that which toucheth the state of your body, it would be a goodly thing for you to bewail it, after you have had so many troubles in it. Go out of it like a Tenant from a ruinous house, go from it as from a prison of earth and mortar: Go out of it as on the sea from a rotten leaky ship, to leap on the shore, and care not much what will become of it after death, so it be on holy land. Souls well mortified speak not of flesh, considering the state of sin, but with horrour. Yea, we find in the bequests of one of the sons of S. *Lewis*, Count of *Alencon*, these words: *I will the Tomb that shall cover my stinking flesh, exceed not the charge of fifty livres, and that which encloseth my evil heart pass not thirty livres.* Behold how the son of one of the greatest Kings in the world speaketh of his body, & would you idolatrize yours?

Modesty of a son of S. *Lewis*.

Lastly, for the third condition of a good death, it must have union with God, whereof our Lady giveth us a perfect example. For it being well verified by Theology, that there are three unions supernatural, and as it were wholly ineffable, the first whereof is the sacred knot of the most holy Trinity, which tieth three persons in one same Essence, the second, is the tie of the Word with humane nature, which subsisteth by the hypostasis of the same Word, and the third, the intimate conjunction of a Son-God with a Mother-Virgin; I affirm, the Virgin being a pure creature cannot equal either the union of the Trinity, or the hypostatical union, yet notwithstanding hath the highest place of all created unions; as she who was united to God when she lived in the world, in the most sublime and sacred manner, the spirits of the most exalted Seraphins might imagine, which was most divinely expressed by S. *Bernard*: *She entred into a deep abyss of divine wisdom, so that she was united to light inaccessible, so much as a creature might be permitted, not arriving to the personal union of God.*

The third quality of a good death.

Profundissimam divinæ sapientiæ penetravit abyssum, & quantum sine personali unione creatura conditio patitur, lucis illi inaccessibili videatur immersa. D. Bernard. serm. in signum magnum.

But saying this, I not onely speak of the union she had in quality of the Mother of God, being one same flesh, and one same substance with her Son, but of the union of contemplation, devotion, and submission to the will of God, which alone was the center of her felicity, as witnesseth S. *Augustine*: *My Mother whom you call happy, hath all her happiness, not so much because the Word was made man in her, as for that she kept the word of God, who made her, and who afterward allied himself to humane nature in her womb*; as he would say, Our Lady was more happy to have conceived God in her heart, and continually kept spiritual union with him, then to have once brought him forth according to flesh.

Mater mea quam appellatis fœlicem, inde fœlix, quia verbum Dei custodit, non quia in illa Verbum caro factum est, &c. Aug. tract. 10. in Joan.

We cannot arrive at this sublime union of the Mother of God, but howsoever at least in the last period of thy life, having bid adieu to the world, and drawn the curtain between thee and creatures, endeavour to be united as perfectly as is possible, to thy Creatour. First by good and perfect confession of the principal actions of all thy life, Secondly by a most religious participation of thy *viaticum* in presence of thy friends, in a manner the most sober, well ordered, and edificative, thou maist. In the third place seasonably receiving extream unction, thy self answering if it be possible, to the prayers of the Church, and causing to be read in the approaches of this last combat some part of the passion. Lastly, by the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition.

I approve not the manner of some, who make studied remonstrances to dying men, as if they were in a pulpit, nor of those who blow incessantly in their ears unseasonable words, & make as much noise with the tongue, as heretofore Pagans with their kettles in the eclipse of the Moon. We must let those good souls depart without any disturbance in the shades of death. S. *Augustine* would die in great silence, desiring not to be troubled with lamentations nor visits, for ten days together, where having hanged some versi-

cles of Psalms about his bed be fixed his dying eyes upon them with a sweetness most peaceful, and so gave up the ghost. It is good to say:

Credo Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam. Marc. 9. *Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit, &c.* Job. 9. *Si ambulavero in medio umbra mortis non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es.* Psal. 22. *Quid mihi in cœlo, &c.* Psal. 72.

My God I believe, assist my incredulity. I know my Redeemer is living, and that I shall see him in the same flesh which I at this present disarray. Though I must walk into the shades of death, I will fear nothing, because (Oh my God) thou art with me. What have I to desire in heaven, and what would I of thee on earth? My flesh and my heart are entranced in thee, O the God of my heart, and my portion for all eternity. Wherefore art thou so sad (O my soul) and why dost thou trouble me? Turn now to thy rest, because God hath afforded the mercie. *Quare tristis es anima mea, &c.* Psal. 41.

Behold how the Virgin, our Lady died; behold how Saint *Lewis* died, behold how Saint *Paula* departed, of whom Saint *Hierom* (*a*) said: The holy Lady rendring up her life, put her finger on her mouth, as desirous to imprint the sign of the Cross upon it turning the gasps of death, and last breath of the soul, into the praises of God, whom she so faithfully had served.

(*a*) *Hier. ep. 27. ad Eustoc.* *Digitum ad os tenens, crucis signum pingebat in labiis. Anima ejus rumpere gestiens, ipsum stridorem quo mortalis vita finitur in laudes converteba.*

XVI. MAXIM

Of the Immortality of the SOUL.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Little care is to be had of the Soul after death, so all be well with it in this life.

1 A Man who doubteth and questions the immortality of the Soul, sheweth in the very beginning that he almost hath no soul and that retaining nought but the substance of it to suffer, he hath lost the lights and goodness which might crown it. Never enter these thoughts into any man without making a tomb of flesh for his reason, whilest he so flattering his body, forgets all the excellencies of his soul.

We must here follow the counsel of ancient Sages, when a Libertine will impugn a verity known by the only light of nature, it is not needful to answer his absurdities, but to lead him directly into the stal, and to shut him up with beasts, speaking unto him the sentence which the Prophet *Daniel* pronounced against *Nebuchadnezzar*: *Thou shalt hereafter be banished from the company of men, and thy abode shall be with beasts and savage creatures.*

Sentence against the wicked. *Ejicient te ab hominibus, & cum bestiis feriisque erit habitatio tua.*

All speak, and all dispute for the Maxim of the *Holy Court*, and although we ought to have full obligation to faith, which manifestly hath set this truth before us, thereunto affixing all the order of our life, and the principal felicity we hope for, yet are we not a little enlightned with so many excellent conceits which learning furnisheth us withal upon it, and which I will endeavour to abbreviate, comprehending much in few words.

2. I will then say for your comfort, that it hath happened that an Heretick lost both of understandng and conscience having opposed the belief of Purgatory (heresy being a beaten path to infidelity) came to this point of folly, as throughly to perswade himself that death ended all things, and that these endeavours of prayers and ceremonies which we afford to the memory of the deceased, were given to shadows.

The belief of the immortality of the soul invincible. He did all a wicked man might to tear himself from himself, and bely that which God made him: but it was impossible for him as you shall see in considering the three chambers of justice wherein he was condemned. First, he entred into the Court before the tribunal of Nature, & thought he saw a huge troup of all the learned men of the earth, and all Nations of the universe, who came to fall upon him as a mighty cloud, armed with fire and lightning.

Condemnation of impiety in the tribunal of nature. *Quod apud multos commune invenitur, non est erratum sed traditum. Tertul.*

My God (said he) what is this? The great *Tertullian* said, and it is true, that verities which fall in-

THE HOLY COURT.

That we have an immortal Soul, capable of happiness or unhappiness eternal.

to the general understandings of all men, as acknowledged, avowed, and confessed by all sorts of nations, ought to be believed as by a decree of Nature. The example thereof is evident. For all men in the world believe, that the whole is greater then a part, that the superiour number exceedeth the inferiour. That the father and mother should be honoured, as the Authours of life: That one must not do to another what he would not be done unto himself. And because every one understands & averreth this by the light of nature, he would be thought a beast or a mad man who should contradict it. Now from whence proceedeth it, that the belief of the souls immortality, holds the same place with these general Maxims, although it be otherwise much transcendent above our sense? If I regard the course of time and revolution of Ages, from the beginning of the world, one cannot assign any one wherein this faith hath not been published by words or actions, correspondent to the life of the other world. And if some depraved spirits have doubted it, they were gain-said by publick voice, by laws, ceremonies, customs, protestations of Common-wealths, of Empires and Kingdoms where they took beginning. If I look upon all the Nations of the earth so far distant in climates, so divided in commerce, so different in dispositions, so contrary in opinions, they all agree in this ray of the light of nature, that there is a life of separated souls, that there are punishments and rewards at the going out of the body.

Tertul. de testimonio animæ:

It is the belief of *Hebrews*, *Chaldeans*, *Persians*, *Medes*, *Babylonians* *Ægyptians* *Arabians*, *Ethiopians*, *Scythians*, *Grecians*, ancient *Gauls*, *Romans*, & that which is most admirable, after one hath roamed over *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, let him enter into the new worlds which nature hath divided from us by so mighty a mass of Seas, shelves, rocks, and monsters, he findeth the faith of the souls immortality began there, so soon as men. It is observed to have been so publick with the ancient, that they carried the marks thereof on their garments, and inscribed it on their tombs.

Men of the best quality of *Rome*, had little croissants on their shoes (saith *Castor*) to signifie their souls came from Heaven, and were to return to Heaven after the death of the body, and therefore there was not any thing in them which ought not to be celestial. The like also is found of tombs, where open

Plutar. problem. 71.

Camerar.

gates

gates were engraven on them, to shew that after death all was not shut up from the soul, but that it had passages into eternity.

All the most eminent Philosophers, following the bright splendour of natural light, although distant by the course of Ages, parted into sects, divided into so many different Maxims, agreed in this; as *Mercury Trismegistus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenocrates*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, *Maximus Tyriensis*, *Jamblicus*, *Themistius*, *Epictetus* and *Cicero*, as may be seen in so many excellent Treatises, which I might mention at large were they well enough known. But if sometimes doubtful passages occurre in *Aristotle* and *Seneca* hereupon, were it not much better to judge them by so many perspicuous and illustrious sentences, which they have upon the life of the other world, then to censure them by some words insensibly escaped in discourse? In which, if some thing repugnant to our doctrine may be discovered, it is to be understood of the sensitive and vegetative soul, not the reasonable and intelligent, which these Authours ever set aside, as being celestial and divine.

Enu. l. 7. c. 10. *Nec vult improbus animam immortalem esse, ne ad conspectum Judicis adjudicatus veniat. Maluit enim extingui penitus, quam ad supplicia reservari.*

3. Never (saith *Plotinus*) was there a man of good understanding amongst so many Writers, who strove not for the immortality of the soul. But if any one among them hath impugned it, even in the darkness of Gentilism, it hath been observed, there ever was some disorder and impurity in his life, which made him controvert his opinion, to divert the apprehension of punishments due to his crimes. That was it, which *Minutius Felix* said: *I well know many pressed with a conscience guilty of crimes, rather desire to be nothing after their death, then to be perswaded of it, for they wish rather wholly to perish, then to be reserved for their punishment.*

He should make an annotation, not a discourse, who would here alledg all the authorities of the ancients, which are very ordinary. I satisfie my self with a most excellent passage of wise *Quintilian*, who in the case of an inchanted sepulcher, comprized all the doctrine of Gentiles upon this Article, when he said:

Animam inde venire, unde rerum omnium authorem, parentem, spiritum ducimus, nec interire, nec solvi, nec ullo mortalitatis affici fato; sed quoties humani corporis carcerem effregerit, & exonerata membris mortalibus, levi se igne lustraverit, petere sedem inter astra (a) *Plato* 1. de Legib. σύμβολα πατρῷα. *Vinos* λευκή.

Our Soul came from the same place from whence proceeded the Eternal Spirit, Authour, and Father of all things, to wit, the true God, and that this soul could neither be corrupted, die, nay, nor feel the least touch of mortality common to corruptible things. But at the passage out of the prison of body, it was purged by fire, and after this purgation it ascended to Heaven, there to live happie. Which is to be understood of good souls: for polluted and impious, are delivered to eternal torments, by the consent of the wisest Gentiles.

Behold a man, who in few words heaped together the belief of more then fourty Ages which preceded him, touching the immortality of the soul, Paradise, Purgatory, hell, and that within the limits of the light of nature. (a) *Plato* saith the same:

That our soul wears the liveries of the eternal Father which make it incorruptible.

Algazel in the book of nature:

That our soul being separated from the body, shall subsist with the first intelligence.

Maximus Tyriensis:

That that which we call death, Was the beginning of immortality.

Dionysius the Geographer forgat not in the worlds description, the *white Island*, whereinto it was held the souls of Heroes were carried.

Lawyers were not ignorant of it, for when there is any speech of legacies to be distributed on the birth-day of the Testatour, they avouch them to be legacies which must be given in perpetuity, every year on the birth-day, by reason, *that by death we enter into another nativity*, which is that of glory. To the very same, the law of sepulchers hath relation, which saith: *We know, and our faith is not in vain, that souls discharged from bodies, have understanding, and that the spirit which is celestial, returneth to its original.*

Marcel. in l. cum quidam. l. 23. de annuis legatis. Theodosius, & valent. Novella de sepulchris tit. 5. Scimus nec vana fides est, solutas membris animas habere sensum, & in originem suam spiritum redire cælestem. Tertul. de testim. animæ. Sentence of God upon the immortality of the soul. Ambros. in Symmachus. Cœli mysterium docuit nos Deus ipse, qui condidit. Cui magis de Deo, quam Deo credam?

From whence comes this consent so great, so universal, so authentical, in a thing so sublime, so alienated from sense, so eminent, but from the spirit of God? Let us say with *Tertullian* in the book of the souls testimony: *From whence proceeds it, that those who will neither see nor hear Christians, have the language of Christians? I much suspect the consent of words in so great a disagreement of conversation.*

4. I am condemned in this first Court of justice, (said the Libertine.) But let us go along to the Tribunal of supernatural light, and see what the divine Wisdom will affirm: Let us follow the counsel of S. *Ambrose*: *He who made heaven, teacheth us the mysteries of heaven, whom shal I believe touching the verities of God, but God himself?* And verily, behold the advice God giveth us, to resolve us in doubtful cases, which is, to follow some great and powerfull authority, that may draw our spirits with a strong hand out of so many labyrinths. Without it (saith S. *Augustine*) there would neither be world, rest, light, wisdom, nor religion. And if a decisive authority must be chosen, where shal we find one more certain then that of a Man-God, whose words were prophesies, life sanctity, actions miracles, who by way secret and incomprehensible, advanced the Cross on Capitols, and gave a new face to the whole world?

Now without speaking at this time of the Pentateuc, where the Word with his own mouth drew reasons for the immortality of the soul, against the *Sadduces*, I might alledge the book of *Kings*, where the soul of a little infant returneth into its body, at the words of *Elias*. I could produce the true soul of *Samuel*, which returneth from Limbo and speaks to King *Saul*, as the Wise man rendereth this apparition undoubted, which I will shew. I might mention the book of *Tobias*, which distinguisheth two places for souls in the other world, one of darknes, & the other of lights. But let us hear *Ecclesiastes*, since Infidels will make an arrow of it against us, where, after the propositions of the wicked rehearsed in this book to be refuted (which must be well observed) the Wise-man decideth and concludes, *That the body returneth into the earth from whence it came, and the spirit to God who gave it.* Let us hear Wisdom where it is written:

Cui veritas comperta sine Deo? cui Deus cognitus sine Christo? 1 Reg. 17. Revertatur anima pueri ejus in viscera ejus. Eccles. 26. 23. Exaltavit vocem ejus de terra in prophetia. Tob. 4. 21. Eccles. 12. 7.

That the soules of the Just are in the hands of God, and shall not be touched with the torment of death. Sap. 3. 1.

Let us hear the Prophet *Daniel*, who saith: Daniel. 12. 3.

The true Sages shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and that such as instruct many to justice, shall be as stars for ever.

Lastly, let us hear our Saviour, who speaketh to us clearly and intelligibly in the blood of all Martyrs:

Fear not those who kill the body, and cannot kill the soul. Mat. 10. 28.

Here will we hold this doctrine of the immortality from his own mouth, more then from any other reason: he caused us to make it an Article of faith, he establisheth upon it all our beatitude, why should we then argue and trie new conclusions, after the decision of Gods Word?

5. I knew well (said the wicked man) this second Court would condemn me, but I am not yet satisfied. After nature and faith, I appeal to reason, I will enter into the bottom of my self, to know some news of my self. What a madness is it to appeal from the decrees of God, to reason? And yet was this wretch condemned likewise by this tribunal. For

Proofs drawn out of reason.

asking

asking his ſoul, whither wilt thou go? What will become of thee after the death of thy body? Wilt thou not accompany it in death as thou didſt during life? I dy (replyeth the ſoul) It is as impoſſible the light of the Sun become night, and fire ice, as the ſoul of man, which is the ſource of life and underſtanding, ſhould be ſubject to death.

S. Thom l. 2 contra Gentes c. 79.

For from whence ſhould this death and corruption proceed? If thou haſt never ſo little reaſon, thou wel ſeeſt what the great S. *Thomas*, and all the Sages of the world ſaid: A thing cannot dy and be corrupted but by one of three ways, either by action of its contrary; ſo heat, cold, moyſture & drougth corrupt our bodies by mutual counterbuffs and continual combats: or by the want of ſubject which ſerves as a baſis or foundation to it; ſo the eye dyeth, when its organ is corrupted: or by defect of the aſſiſtance of the cauſe which hath influence into it; ſo the light faileth in the air when the Sun retireth. In which of theſe three kinds wouldſt thou corrupt me? Should it be by the action of the contrary. I am not ſubject to bodily impreſsions, but to thoſe only of the mind, which are rather to perfect then corrupt me. I am not compoſed of elements, I am not hot, cold, moiſt, nor dry, I admit no contrariety. But when I (a) comprehend in my underſtanding, white, black, water, fire, life and death, I accord all contraries. Death (ſaith (b) *Lucretius*) is only made for the things which have a collection of parts, and I am moſt ſimple.

Subſtantia intellectualis patitur tantum intelligibiliter. qui motus potius eſt perfectivus quam corruptivus. S. Thom. l. 2. contra Gentes c. 55.

(a) *Anima parvo continetur corpore, continetque res maximas* Æneſius Platonicus

(b) Lucr. l. 1. *Mors cœtum diſſipat ollis.*

Wilt thou ruin me by defect of the body? I am of a nature different from body. It was ſometime without me, & I ſhall be a long time without it, for I depend not on it, but by accident and chance. I take ſomewhat of it as an hoſteſs in this life, but I govern it as a miſtriſs for eternity. I make uſe of the organs of ſenſes, but I correct ſenſes, and when they tell me the Sun is but a foot broad, I prove to them by lively reaſons it is much greater then the globe of the earth If I borrow fantaſies from imagination, I make truths of them: and in matter of underſtanding, willing and judging, which is my proper profeſsion. I have properly nothing to do with bodies, as the Philoſopher *Ariſtotle* hath well obſerved, ſaying, I could not be before body, but I might remain after the death of body, and be ſeparated from it, as things eternal from corruptible, becauſe I have an action diſentangled from body, wch is contemplation. All that which is idle periſheth in nature: but I have no death becauſe not idle. I make it my profeſsion to underſtand, to will, and to love, which I now exerciſe in a body, but which doth not abſolutely depend on body. I make uſe of my ſenſes, as of my windows: when they ſhall be no more, and that the panes of my priſon ſhall be broken, I ſhall not for all that looſe ſight but ſhall ſee the more eaſily. Behold you not how even at this preſent, I never am more knowing, then when I ſink into the bottom of my ſelf, and ſeparate my ſelf from commerce of ſenſe. For I am a Miſtriſs (ſaid S. *Auguſtine*) who ſee better by my own eyes, then by thoſe of my ſervant. Wouldſt thou deſtroy me by the want of an influent cauſe? Needs muſt God fail, if I ſhould be ſo defective on that part, ſince God having created a thing, never reduceth the ſame to nothing. Material creatures are corrupted by changing themſelves into another nature, and return into elements, but I who have no matter, ſubſiſt by neceſsity, abſolutely entire, and wholly incorruptible, without ſuffering theſe changes.

Ariſt. l. 2. de anima l. 2. text. 1.

Radix intellectualitatis eſt immaterialitas

Ask likewiſe thy underſtanding, and it will repeat the philoſophical Axiom: The workman is known by the work; by the operation of every thing its nature is diſcovered: from whence enſueth, that if the manner which thy ſoul uſeth in its functions & operations be wholly ſpiritual, we may truely ſay, it is al ſpirit, all indiviſible and wholly incorruptible. Now where is it, that it worketh not with a tenderneſs and admirable ſpirituality? Firſt, in the ſeparations it maketh of univerſal natures, in numbers, relations, proportions, orders, correſpondencies, harmonies, in things eternal and divine. Secondly, in judgements, diſcourſes, diſputations, compariſons, applications, which it maketh on every thing. Thirdly, in the conſiderations and reflections it hath on it ſelf, yea, over all its actions, almoſt *in infinitum*. If it did not work ſpiritually, how could it harbour in the memory, ſo many ſeas, rivers, mountains, valleys, cities and caſtles? How could it put ſo many places into one place, not holding any place? If it operated not ſpiritually and indiviſibly, how could it be whole in each of its actions? The body, becauſe it is body and quantitative, and diviſible, what it doth with one part, it doth not neceſſarily with another, what it toucheth with the hand, it doth not neceſſarily touch with the foot; but the ſoul is all in its action. If the ſoul underſtand, all the ſoul underſtandeth. If the ſoul will, all the ſoul willeth. If the ſoul ſuffer, all the ſoul ſuffereth. For it is an indiviſible. That was it, which S. *Auguſtine* judiciouſly ſpake: *The ſoul is all in each of its motions.*

Avicenna apud Carpreol. *Modus operandi ſequitur modum eſſendi.* The operations of the ſoul are admirable.

Auguſt. l. de ſpiritu & anima c. 19.

Mortal things can do nothing immortal. But our ſoul, to teach us its immortality, doth wounderful works, which fear not the ſythe of time, the wheel of inconſtancy, nor power of death; it out-lives ſtones, mettals, *Ægyptian* Pyramids, and the worlds ſeven wonders. It is a ſtrange thing to ſee a humane ſpirit, which taketh away the veil from nature, and looketh into the bottom, and penetrateth into the very marrow. It entreth into theſe great labyrinths of eſſences, it defineth, divideth, diſtinguiſheth, ſevereth, it appropriateth, maketh marvelous diſſections, mounteth above the tracks of the Sun and time, ſcoreth out the courſe of the Heavens, the periods of the Stars. It deciphereth eclipſes to an inſtant, and foregoeth by underſtanding thoſe great celeſtial bodies, whoſe motions are more ſwift then wind or thunder Frō thence it expatiateth into the air, there to hear the winds blow, rain pour down, tēpeſts roar, lightnings flaſh, rain-bows and crowns ariſe. It deſcendeth into the deep caverns of the earth, there to meditate on the mettals. It floateth on the ſea, it reckoneth the veins of the abyſs, it keeps a regiſter of ſo many birds and fiſhes, ſo many terreſtrial creatures, ſo many worms and ſerpents, ſo many hearbs and plants. All this great frame of nature paſſeth through its conſideration, from the cedars of *Libanus*, to the hyſſop. It createth ſciences, inventeth arts, it findeth out an infinite number of devices. It governeth the great bodies of Kingdoms aad Common-wealths with paſſages of incomparable prudence. Arms and laws, cures of maladies, commerce, navigations, induſtries of mechanicks, and finally, a million of rarities are produced from the ſources of the wit of man who cannot yet underſtand his own worth.

Anima in quolibet ſuique ſuis membris tota eſt Manilius l. 4. Aſtron. *Iam nuſquam natura latet, pervidimus omnem.*

Beſides, what is more ſpiritual, more independent on matter, then the action of the will, then free-will, which beareth the beginning of its motion and elevation within it ſelf, not borrowing it from any? What is more divine, then to ſee a heart more capable then abyſſes, which cannot be ſatiated with all the things in the world? The plant is contented with a little dew; the horſe with a few oats and hay, becauſe animal and vegetative nature is limited to certain ſmal quantities. But the immaterial

ſoul

ſoul, as it is in ſome ſort infinite, bendeth to infinity.

(a) *Omnibus fere ingenita eſt fama poſt mortem cupido. Et unde anima affectaret aliquid quod velit poſt mortem, ſi nihil de poſtero ſciret.* Tertul. de teſtim. animæ.

(a) It ſpeaketh of Heaven as of its manſion, and of God, as of the object of its felicity. It deſireth to live ever, it taketh incomparable care for poſterity, it intereſſeth it ſelf in the future, which it would never do, were it not its hereditary poſſeſſion.

Sleep, which tameth Lions, cannot overcome it. It learns its immortality even in the image of death; there it is where it inceſſantly worketh, travelleth by ſea and land, negotiateth, converſeth, ſporteth, rejoyceth, ſuffereth, hunteth after a thouſand objects both good and bad, and knoweth (ſays *Euſebius*) that having no end in its motion, it hath none in its life.

And to conclude in a word, what is there more admirable for the proof of our immortality, then this *ſyndereſis*, this conſcience, which is in the body, contrary to the body, and a perpetual enemy of ſenſual nature, which pleadeth, which queſtioneth, which ſtrikes us with remorſe upon the remembrance of ſin? What is there leſs corporal then a ſoul, which can ſee its body burned, fleſh pulled off with pincers, and members torn piece-meal one after another, to maintain and preſerve a belief, which it judgeth to be true, as did the Martyrs. Never ſhould we behold ſuch a combat between the ſoul and body, were they not two pieces, quite different, the one whereof is ſublime, ſpiritual, immortal, the other low, frail, and mortal?

We likewiſe daily ſee how the ſoul wholly retired within it ſelf (as it happeneth in apprehenſive ſpeculations and raptures) is more ſtrong and knowing then ever, being touched by ſome ray from commerce with Intelligencies, to which it hath ſo much relation. We find by experience, that upon the declining age when the body ſhrinketh, it hath much more vigour in counſels and judgments, which giveth us aſſurance it cannot any way participate of the corruption of the fleſh. Who will conſider the effects of the ſoul in three principal things, which are, Intelligence, Sanctity, and Courage, ſhall find all therein is divine. And if the wicked, ſmothering theſe gifts of God, will put themſelves willingly into the rank of brute beaſts, do they not wel deſerve the place of devils?

Eam decreſcente corpore augeri maxime videmus. Æneſius. *Illa ſine hoc vivit melius, hoc ſine illa nec pejus.* Claudius Marcus l. 2. de ſtatu animæ c. 3. Manifeſt conviction.

6. Finally, we ſay we have a ſoul immortal, becauſe God both can and will make it ſuch. He can, for he is Omnipotent, and it is not a harder matter for him to preſerve ſouls he created, then to derive them from nothing: He will, becauſe he engageth his Eternal word to give us this aſſurance; yea, he will, becauſe it is manifeſted to us by the light of nature. One cannot believe a God, unleſs he believe him juſt: and it is impoſſible to think him juſt, without the belief of an immortal ſoul, as S. *Clement* reaſoneth after his Maſter, the great S. *Peter*. For what a ſtupidity is it to imagine this father of ſpirits, who accommodated the moſt ſilly creatures with all the conveniencies of nature, hath neglected man ſo far, as to afford him a moſt lively knowledge, and a moſt ardent thirſt of immortality, which principally appeareth in the moſt holy and worthy ſouls, to hold a heart in torment, never affording it any means to be ſatisfied, ſince in all nature, he never grants any inclination to any creature whatſoever, but that he provideth for its accompliſhment?

Clemens. 3 Recogn.

But which is more, into what mind of a *Tartarian* can this imagination fall, that a ſovereign Cauſe moſt intelligent, very good, and Omnipotent, ſhould be pleaſed to burn virtue here with a ſlow fire, to tear it among thorns, to tie it on wheels, afterward to equal the ſoul of the moſt virtuous man of the earth, with that of murderers, *Sardanapaluſes* and *Cyclops*: Never ſhould theſe baſe thoughts take poſſeſſion of the heart of man, if he had not vilified his reaſon with great ſins, and drowned his ſoul in the confuſion of body?

Put theſe prophane ſpirits a little upon the proof of their opinion, & let them conſider the reaſons of *Plinie*, of *Lucretius*, of *Panecus*, & *Soranus*; they are not men who ſpeak, but hogs that grunt. They tell you, the ſoul is not ſeen at its paſſage out of the body as if the corporal eye were made to ſee a ſoul ſpiritual. Doth one ſee the air, the winds, odours, and the ſphere of fire, which our ſoul incomparably ſurpaſſeth in ſubtlety? They ask, what doth this ſoul ſeparated, where is its ſight, its hearing, pleaſure, taſt, touching, and what good can it have without the help of ſenſe? Spirits dulled with matter, which never gave themſelves leiſure to find out the curious operations of the ſoul in the underſtanding and love whereupon it lives of its own wealth. They curiouſly enquire where ſo many ſouls may abide, as if hell were not big enough to contain all the Athieſts.

Plin. l. 7 c. 55. *Ubi cogitatio illi? Quomodo viſus, auditus? aut quod ſine his vanum? Quæ deinde fides? Quæ malum iſta dementia iterari vitam morte?*

Laſtly they add, it is to tyrannize over a ſoul, to make it ſurvive after death. Who ſees not it is the fear they have of God's judgment, cauſeth them to ſpeak in this manner? And are not they well worthy of all unhappineſs, ſince they ſo readily become the enemies of an eternal happineſs?

Let us cut off the ſtream of ſo many other reaſons, and ſay at this preſent, This ſhould teach us to treat with the dead, by way of much reſpect, and moſt tender charity, as with the living. It ſhould teach us to uſe our ſoul as an eternal ſubſtance.

The care to be had of the ſoul.

What would it avail us to gain all the world, and looſe that which God deigned to redeem by his death? Let us forſake all theſe inferiour and frivolous thoughts, which nail us to the earth, and ſo baſely faſten us to the inordinate care for our bodies. Let us manure our ſoul, let us trim it up as a plot fit to receive impreſſions of the divinity. Let us prepare it for the great day of God, which muſt make the ſeparation of a part ſo divine from theſe mortal members. Let all that die, which may yield to death. Let the contexture of humours and elements diſſolve, as weak works of nature.

But let us regard this victorious ſpirit, which hath eſcaped the chains of time, and laws of death. Let us contemn the remainders of an age, already ſo much tainted by corruption. Let us enter into this univerſality of times, and into the poſſeſſion of eternity. This day, which we apprehend as the laſt of our life, is the firſt of our felicities. It is the birth of another eternal day, which muſt draw away the curtain, and diſcover to us the ſecrets of nature It is the day, that muſt produce us to theſe great and divine lights, which we behold with the eye of faith in this vale of tears and miſeries. It is the day, which muſt put us between the arms of the father, after the courſe of a profuſe life, turmoyled with ſuch ſtorms and ſo many diſturbances.

Dies iſta quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis eſt. Sen. ep. 102.

Let us daily diſpoſe us to this paſſage, as to the entrance into our happineſs. Let us not betray its honor. Let us not wither up its glory. Let us not deface the character which God hath given it. We are at this preſent in the world, as in the belly of nature: little infants deſtitute of air and light, which look towards, and contemplate the bleſſed ſouls. What a pleaſure is it to go out of a dungeon ſo dark, a priſon ſo ſtreight, from ſuch ordures and miſeries, to enter into thoſe ſpacious Temples of eternal ſplendours, where our being never ſhall have end, our knowledge admit ignorance, nor love ſuffer change.

The

The sixteenth EXAMPLE, upon the sixteenth MAXIM.

Of the return of Souls.

GOd, who boundeth Heaven, and limiteth earth, ordaineth also its place to each creature, suitable to the nature and qualities thereof. The body after death is committed to the earth from whence it came, and the soul goes to the place appointed it, according to its merit or demerit. And as it is not lawful for the dead body to forsake the tomb to converse with the living: so the soul is not permitted to go out of the lists Gods justice ordained for it, to entermeddle in worldly affairs. Notwithstanding as the divine power often causeth the resurrection of the dead for the confirmation of our faith, so it appointeth sometimes the return of souls for proof of their immortality.

I would not any wise in this point favour all the shallow imaginations, which entitle sottish apprehensions of the mind with the name of visions, but it is undoubted, there is no Country in the world, nor time throughout Ages, which hath not afforded some great example of apparition of spirits, by known witnesses, and the judgements of most eminent personages. S *Augustine* holds, it is a doctrine grounded on Scripture, experience, and reason, which cannot be gain-said, without some note of impudence, (although he much deny, that all the dreams we have of the dead, are ever their souls which return again.) Such was the belief of the Apostles in Saint *Luke*, it not being corrected by our Saviour, who was the rule of their faith. Such the truth of the apparition of the soul of *Moses* upon Mount *Thabor*. I insist not now upon proof, but example, contenting my self to produce one or two out of a great multitude recounted by Authours.

Mini quo. que ad vivos aliquos ex mortuis Scriptura testatur. De cura pro mortuis c. 15. &c. c. 19. Luc. 14. Math. 17.

Apparition of the soul of Samuel. 1 Reg. 28.

As for the first, I hold the apparition of the soul of *Samuel* is most formal in Scripture, for any one who will consider the whole progress of the narration. The History telleth us, that King *Saul*, after the death of *Samuel*, was upon the point of giving battel to the *Philistines*, and that having first addressed himself to God by ordinary means, to learn the way he should observe therein, seeing he had no answer either by dream, or the lively voice of Prophets, he did what infidels, and men desperate do, who seek to get that from the devil, they cannot obtain of God. He commanded his servants to seek him out a sorceress, although himself had banished them by his Edicts out of his Kingdom. The servants ever ready to observe their Masters in ill offices when their own interest concurreth, found a famous Magician, whom the *Hebrews* affirm to have been a woman of good place, but out of a detestable curiosity had put her self into this profession. *Saul* to cover his purpose, and not to amaze her, went thither by night in a disguised habit, only accompanied with two gentlemen; where having saluted her, he demanded the exercise of her profession. But she being crafty, and careful to keep her self from surprizes, answered: Sir, go you about to undo me and your self also? Know you not the Edicts of King *Saul*? *Saul* replied, he knew all had passed but she might confidently proceed, assuring her of his warranty; and whereas she proposed punishments to her self, she should meet with rewards. But she still doubting, and sticking on distrust, usual in all mischiefs, he engaged his word with great oaths, protesting no ill should befal her for any thing might pass at that time between them. Thereupon resolved to give him satisfaction, she asked if it were not his desire to speak to the soul of a dead man, as also whose it was.

It was very ordinary with these Negromancers, to raise illusions and fantasms, instead of true spirits of the dead. S. *Apollonius* made *Achilles* to be seen, appearing on his tomb as a giant of twelve cubits high; so *Santaberemus* shewed to the Emperour *Basilius* the soul of his son *Constantine*; so *Jamblicus* made to appear in certain baths of *Syria* two figures of little children like *Cupids*. All this (to speak properly) had nothing real in it; and it is no wonder, if those who thought *Samuel* had been raised by a sorceress, believed it was a specter. But he who well will weigh the phrase of Scripture, and consider, that this spirit of *Samuel* suddenly appeared before the sorceress had used her ordinary spells, plainly shewing, he came meerly by the commandment of God, and not by the charms of the Magician, will easily change opinion.

Philostr. in Apoll. Zonaras, Eunapius Sardianus.

Verily the Sorceress was much astonished, seeing the dead came contrary to the manner of other, and cried out aloud as one distracted: *Sir, you have deceived me, you are Saul*, much doubting, it was to him *Samuel* came. The miserable King, who endeavoured by all means to assure her; fear not saith he, I will keep my promise, what have you seen? She answered: DEOS VIDI ASCENDENTES DE TERRA; as who should say, according to the *Hebrews* phrase, she had seen a venerable person like an Angel, or a God, raised out of the earth. In what shape? replies the King: It is a venerable old man, saith she, covered with the mantle of a Prophet. Then *Saul* with much reverence prostrated on the ground, and made a low obeysance to *Samuel*, who spake to him, and said: QUARE ME INQUIETASTI, UT SUSCITARER? *Why hast thou disquieted me, to make me return into the world?* Necessity hath constrained me, answereth *Saul*, I am plunged in a perplexity of affairs, and cannot get any answer from heaven. *O man abandoned by God, why doest thou ask of me that, which I have foretold shall happen? Thy army shall be defeated by the* Philistins, *and thou with thy children shalt be to morrow with me*, that is to say among the dead as I am now: which so fell out. Now the Scripture upon this praiseth *Samuel* to have prophetized after death: if it were not the true *Samuel* but a specter, who see not it were to tell a ly, and to applaud the work of the divel?

Eccl. 46.

But to the end you may see this belief was held by Nations, as by a decree of nature, *Josephus* in the seventeenth book of his *Judaical* antiquities relateth the apparition of the spirit of *Alexander*, son of the great *Herod* and *Mariamne*, who was seen to his wife *Glapphyra*, when she re-married again to the King of *Mauritania*, to reproach her ingratitude & forgetfulness of her first husband, which having amply deduced in the first Tome of the holy Court, in the tenth edition upon an Instruction directed to widdows, I forbear here to repeat it.

Philostratus, in the eight book of the life of *Apollonius*, maketh likewise mention of a young man much troubled in mind concerning the state of souls in the other life, and saith, *Apollonius* appeared unto him, assuring him the soul was immortal, and he need not to be troubled at all, since it was rather the work of the Divine providence, then of it.

Ἀνὴρ ἐν ψυχῶν χρήμασι σὺν, ἀλλὰ προνοίᾳ.

I willingly pass over many other examples, to tell you that *Phlegon* a good Authour, who flourished about an hundred years after the Nativity of our Saviour, and was not of our Religion, to favour our opinions (although honourably cited by *Origen*, *Eusebius*, and S. *Hierom*) writeth a strange History, witnessed by the testimony of a whole City, wherein he then governed. He saith, that at *Trayls* a City in *Phrygia*, there was a young Maid named *Philenion*, daughter of *Democrates* and *Charilon*, who as her story well declareth, was an amorous piece, became Court-like, loved bravery, delighted in too free conversation, and followed the foolish pleasures of the world, true Gardens of *Adonis*, which in the beginning make shew of silly flowers, and in conclusion afford nought but thorns.

παρ' ἡμῶν.

God, who followeth the voluptuous by the track, even into the shades of death, sent her a sickness, which having cropped the flower of her beauty, left her almost nothing but a living carkass, to deliver her over as a prey to death. The miserable Maid suffered the boiling fervours of the feaver through all her body, not losing the flames of love, which she cherished in her heart. She burnt with two fires, not being able either to quench the one or other, and having but a little breath of life left on her lips, she gave to love what already was wholly acquired to death, sighing after a young Gentleman then absent, and not daring fully to manifest her passion.

In the end, death took away the spoils of her life, with her pretences. The father and mother bewailed her with inconsolable tears, furnishing out very honourable Obsequies. And whereas she most ardently affected her dressings and little Cabinet, they buried with her all whatsoever she held most pretious. Six months were now past since her burial, when the Gentleman she loved, named *Machates*, arriving at *Trayls*, came to lodge in the house of his friend her father. The spirit of the Maid, which was of the condition of those whom *Plato* called body-lovers, retaining still the affections with which she went out of her body, appeared one evening to this *Machates* with words of affection, imbraces, & dalliances, which plainly discovered it was a damned spirit, and an instrument of the Devil, that tormented the one to burthen the other. The young man at the first was much affrighted with these proceedings; notwithstanding becoming tractable by little and little, he soon made this spectre very familiar. It happened during this time, that an old servant sent by her Mistris, to see what their guest did, found *Philenion* sitting near unto him with the same countenance, and the same garments she wear in her life-time; whereat much amazed, she ran to the father and the mother to tell them their daughter was alive. They sharply reprehended her for a distracted and wicked woman, as going about again to open their wound which still bled. The servant justified her self, and answered, she had not lost her wits, nor spake ought but truth. Hereupon she so enkindled the curiosity of her Mistris, that she secretly conveyed her self by night into the chamber, yet perceived nothing at all able to resolve her.

The next day being vehemently excited with the curiosity of knowing what to believe of this apparition, she threw her self at the feet of *Machates*, and conjured him to tell her the name of the young Maid who conversed with him. The Gentleman in the beginning was much surprized, and sought evasions to divert her, but in conclusion either through compassion of the mother, whom he saw in the posture of a suppliant, or by vanity of his passion, which easily unloosed his tongue, he confessed he was married to *Philenion*, that it was a business accomplished by the will of the gods, wherein nothing must be altered: and speaking this, he drew forth a little casket, wherein he shewed her a gold Ring her daughter had given him, with a piece of linnen she wear about her neck, protesting she was his wife: so much was he seduced by the subtle practises of the evil spirit.

The Mother having acknowledged the tokens of the deceased, fell down with astonishment, and coming again to her self, she a thousand times kissed, one while the Ring, another while the linnen, moistning them with her tears, and moving the whole family to sorrow, which ran to see this spectacle. Then again embracing *Machates*, she signified it would be an infinite favour from heaven to have him for a son-in-law, but that she intreated as a courtesie one comfort he could not deny an afflicted mother, which was, once again to see her daughter, whom she accounted dead.

The other promised to give her all satisfaction, and as *Philenion* came secretly according to custom to converse with him, he closely sent his Lackie to the mother, who advertised her husband of it, and both of them came into *Machates* his chamber, where they surprized their daughter, at which they were so rapt; that being not able to utter a word, they cast themselves upon her neck, straightly embracing, and with tears bedewed her, which fell from their eys. But the daughter with a sad and dejected countenance fetching a deep sigh out of her breast: *Alas* (saith she) *loving father and mother, your curiosity will cost you dear, for you will lament the second time.* Thereupon she fell down dead, leaving a horrible stink in the chamber, which filled the whole house with terrour, groans, and out-cries, in such sort, that the neighbours came in upon the noise, and consequently the whole City ran thither to behold the corps.

The magistrates wondring at an accident so frightful, deputed some Citizens neerest of kin to open the tomb, where the body of *Philenion* could not be found, but a Cup and a Ring she had received from this Gentleman. The carrion lying in the father's chamber, was by decree of the Senate thrown on the dunghil, the City purged; and as for *Machates*, he was so over-whelmed with shame and confusion, that he slew himself with his own hands. Behold what an Authour recounteth, only illuminated by the light of nature, who wrote this history after he had been a spectatour of it, of purpose to send a man immediately to the Emperour *Hadrian* to make a recital thereof unto him, as he saith in a letter he directed to a friend of his. I might have many things to say upon all circumstances, which are not repugnant to that, which Ecclesiastical Authours relate concerning other apparitions of the damned. But I will not exceed the laws of Historians, and it is enough for me here to let you see the belief of the Ancients, and the punishment of God upon souls resigned to sin.

XVII. MAXIM.

of PURGATORY.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That death is the remedy of all evils, and that the ſoul ſeparated from the body hath no more to ſuffer.

Geneſ. 2. HAve you well conſidered in *Geneſis* an Angel of fire, who with a flaming ſword keepeth the gate of terreſtrial Paradiſe, placed as an uſher of the entrance into the delicious hall, which prepared by God to entertain the firſt man of the world, after it had been the theater of his glory, became the ſcaffold of his puniſhments? *Procopius* obſerveth, that poor *Adam* at the time of his baniſhment was placed juſt over againſt this Cherubin, and that this centinel of the God of hoſts no ſooner lifted up his curtel-ax, but he made a terrour and icy horrour creep into his bones and in that proportion the ſparkles flew from the ſword of juſtice, fears and affrightments invaded the heart of this offender, who being a murderer of his race before he was a progenitour, had brought forth a thouſand deaths by the ſole bite of an apple. Alas, if the miſerable *Adam* was ſo aſtoniſhed at the ſteel of the Cherubin, which dazled his eies, what ought our repreſentments to be, what our apprehenſions, when we think on the flames of Purgatory, enkindled by the breath of the love and wrath of God? So many ſouls lie their now plunged, having heretofore converſed amongſt us in mortal abode, and we muſt there perhaps long time remain to burn, and wear off ſo many ordures, as our ſoul contracted in worldly affections, if we make account to decline the eternity of torments.

Purgatory compared to the Cherubins fiery ſword.

I am amazed when I reflect on the remiſneſs of Catholicks, as wel in the proviſion for their own ſafety, as the comfort of their brethrens ſouls. And when I have well weighed the courſe and progreſs of this great neglect, I find it have two ſources. The firſt is called *infidelity*, the ſecond *ſtupidity*, which I reſolve to convince in two paſſages of this diſcourſe.

It is true, that after this direful hereſie, blown by the breath of the infernal ſerpent, hath for this laſt Age oppoſed the verities of our faith, beſides the loſt ſouls it daily takes away in the torrent of corruption, it hath diſtilled into the minds of Catholicks faintneſs and infidelities, which now adays turmoil irreſolute wits upon many articles, and namely, that which is now our preſent object. *Purgatory*, will ſome Libertine ſay amidſt the fumes of wine and good cheer, *is not ſo hot as folk talk. Who ever came back to tell us news of it? God is merciful, think you he takes delight to burn his children, and to cut off the price of his Sons paſſion who ſatisfied for our ſins?* Young ſouls hear this, and ſuck in poiſon by the ear, which choaks their belief, and killeth the exerciſe of good works. What ſhal I ſay againſt theſe infidelities, and floating opinions of feeble Catholicks? It is not my purpoſe to caſt my ſelf upon a ſubtle controverſie, which doth nothing but hale truth hither and thither. I wil looſe no time to touch at many paſſages. I only to the matter expreſs two reaſons drawn from two lights, that of nature, and the other of faith,

THE HOLY COURT.

That the ſoul, which hath not in this world ſatisfied Gods juſtice, muſt paſs in the other life through Purgatory.

Ne dogmata de Purgatorio pro ſana eccleſia doctrina nobis obtrudant Pontificii, cavendum eſt.

which are able to evict confeſſion of truth from a man who hath never ſo little ſhame or brain.

Purgatory proved by the light of nature.

2. It is a ſtrange thing to ſee the great conſent of all Ages, which agree in a pretenſion of purgations of the ſoul, ſo ſtrong and powerful, that thoſe lights of nature ſpeak as underſtandingly, as if they were written with the rays of the Sun. All the Gentiles, who lived out of the law, knew not how to gainſay this doctrine. For they were ſenſible of the noble extraction of their ſoul, and knew it was defiled by the body and by ſenſual works. Behold the cauſe why they tied themſelves to feeble elements to purifie it; one while waſhing themſelves in the ſtreams of fountains, another while paſſing through flames, and ſometimes ſeeking other ways to cleanſe themſelves from pollutions of the fleſh. But it was a pitiful thing they found prophanation even in ſacrifice. They were not content to purge themſelves in this life, but extend it to the ſouls of the dead, conſtantly believing they ſtood in need of remedies, to free themſelves from bodily ſtains.

The opinion of the Ancients concerning the purgation of ſouls.

Theophilus Patriark of *Antioch*, in the book he directed to one nam'd *Antiochus*, ſaith, the Gentiles took out of the Scripture all they wrote of puniſhments in the other life. And S. *Auguſtine* obſerveth, that having this idea, that all ſtains of the ſoul proceeded from the earth, they imploied the other three elements to purge them, as he proveth by texts of the Ancients. *Syneſius* likewiſe thought there remain'd certain viſible ſpots in the ſoul, which made it appear they were the crimes wherewith it was contaminated in the body, which notwithſtanding agrees not very well with the truth we hold of the ſpirituality of the ſame ſoul. And I find he ſpake in this text more like a Platoniſt then a Chriſtian. The *Hebrews*, the *Ægyptians*, *Grecians* and *Romans* all contended for praiers for the dead and the truth of Purgatory. The *Hebrews* three times in the year celebrated the feaſt of the dead, and their Prieſt mounting up into a chair made expreſly & ceremoniouſly four-ſquare to repreſent the City of the bleſſed according to S. *John*, rehearſed aloud, and audibly the names of the dead, to recommend them to the praiers of ſuch as were preſent; praiers ſo familiar amongſt them, that they wrote them upon tombs inſtead of Epitaphs, in theſe terms: SIT ANIMA EIUS COLLIGATA IN FASCICULO VIVENTIUM, *let his ſoul be bound up in the poſie of the living*: As one would ſay, all the ſouls of Saints were as an odoriferous poſie, whereof every elect conſtituted a flower. What is this but to make ſtones ſpeak againſt impiety?

Auguſt. 21. de Civitate Dei. c. 13.

Syneſius epiſt. ad Joan. Τοῦτ' ἔστιν ὧν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐσχηκὸς λαμπρόν.

Morus de Miſſa.

An excellent obſervation upon the belief of Purgatory among the Hebrews, Apoc. 21. 16. *Civitas in quadro poſita eſt.*

Notable purgation of Ægyptians.

What ſhal I ſay of the *Ægyptians*, that were ſo impreſſed with the opinion that ſouls muſt be purg'd in the other life, in ſo much as they had been drenched in voluptuous pleaſures of the fleſh, that in the funerals of the dead having opened the body, they took the heart out of the breaſt, and put it into a little

Τὸν νεκρὸν ἀναπτύσσοντες ἐξείλκυσαν τὴν ἦλιον.

Plutarch in convivio ſeptem Sapientum.

little casket, then on the bank of *Nilus*, where ordinarily tombs were erected, a herald holding the casket, and ſhewing it to the eys of heaven, proteſted before all there preſent, the deceaſed now in queſtion had lived piouſly, and according to the laws of his Anceſtours; that if he had offended through bodily pleaſures, they wiſhed his ſoul might be as well cleanſed, as they went about to purge the ſtomach, the inſtrument of the luſts of the living, thereupon they threw it into *Nilus*. Behold theſe poor *Pagans*, how they were moved with a touch from God, (which cannot lie) who ſays unto them, the dead muſt be purged, but as for the reſt they know not how?

Shall I ſpeak of the *Grecians*? And know we not that *Plato* the prime man of their Nation in his *Phædon*, ſpake ſo perſpicuouſly for Purgatory, that he ſeemed to have been bred in the Chriſtian Scholes? I will conclude with the *Romans*. And can we be ignorant how in the beginning of the Church under the Emperour *Domitian*, when as yet ſome Apoſtles lived, *Quintilian* a moſt renowned Oratour, making an Oration in the City of *Rome*, in a certain pleading concerning a Sepulcher which had been inchanted by magick, proteſted in terms, moſt expreſs the truth of Purgatory, ſaying; *The ſoul being purged by fire, went to take place in heaven:* as we ſhewed alſo in the 16 Maxim. if you alſo require authorities of Pagans who have ſeen what Chriſtians practiſed: add to all this, that *Julius* a very ancient Authour, ſpeaking of the death of a Lady named *Podon*, obſerved in plain terms, that her husband who was one of the moſt ancient Chriſtians, made offerings for her, which he called ἄφεσις ψυχῆς ξύνα, *Gifts for ranſom of the ſoul*, anſwerable to what *Tertullian* writeth, that it was the cuſtom of the ancient Church to pray for the ſouls of the dead, yea, and to make annual offerings for them.

Quintil. Declam 10.

Julius Florileg. l. 3.

Tertul. in exhort. ad caſtitat. *Jam repetit apud Deum pro cujus ſpiritu poſtulet, pro quâ oblationes annuas reddat.*

We muſt no longer ſay for evaſion, it is *Plato*, it is *Quintilian* who ſpeaketh, but confeſs with *Ariſtotle*, when we ſee an univerſal agreement in a propoſition, it is not one man ſpeaks, but the mouth of heaven which uttereth this verity. When S. *James* telleth us, God muſt be feared, and proves it by example of the Devils themſelves, he ſaith not, we muſt fear God, becauſe the Devils do ſo, but if any deſpiſe him, he is therein worſe then Devils. Likewiſe when the holy Fathers produce an example of *Pagans*, it is not to inſtruct us by the *Pagans*, but to ſhew, that to waver in the belief of things they generally held by the ſentence of Nature, is to be worſe then a *Pagan*.

Dæmones credunt, & contremiſcunt.

Second proof drawn from the light of faith. *Unde hæc, quia ita facienda ſunt, diſputare, inſolentiſſima inſania eſt.*

3. I ſay for the ſecond argument, that ſo often as a truth is proved to Catholicks by the univerſal conſent of the Church, and of all Ages: if any one chance to make doubt of it, it is an evident ſign, either that he hath a giddy ſpirit, or is malicious in Religion. This propoſition is grounded upon the Axiom of S. *Auguſtine*, who in his Epiſtle written to *Januarius*, aſſureth us, that when we find the tracts of a cuſtom generally obſerved throughout the whole Church, it is evident that it cometh from the Apoſtles, or thoſe, to whom God hath given full authority in the Church, and that to go about to be-lye, or queſtion it, is to paſs from folly to inſolency.

Now ſo it is, the truth of Purgatory is eſtabliſhed by the opinion, practiſe, ſentence, and deciſions of all the Church, in ſuch ſort, that there is not any verity of our faith more fortified. How is that? Begin with our *France*. Behold the Council of *Chalons* upon *Saone* for prayers for the dead, and the truth of Purgatory. Go into *Spain*, behold that of *Braga*: into *Germany*, behold that of *Wormes*; into *Italy*, behold the ſixth Council held at *Rome* under Pope *Symmachus*: into *Greece*, behold a number of Synods collected by *Martius*: into *Africk*, behold the third of *Carthage*. Laſtly behold the three Oecumenical of *Lateran*, *Florence*, and *Trent*, which ſay the ſame. Doth not this ſuffice to eſtabliſh a truth in the wit of a man, who hath never ſo little underſtanding:

Our adverſaries, who ſtill bark againſt this verity, as dogs at the Moon's brightneſs, when they have ſaid, *Jeſus* made purgation of ſins, and that it was ſaid to the good thief; *thou ſhalt to day be with me in Paradiſe*, or produced ſome other frivolous objections, have ſhewed all their ability.

I leave you a little to ponder the goodly conſequences; *Jeſus purged ſins there is then no Purgatory?* Should not we have cauſe to ſay in the ſame faſhion, *Jeſus* prayed for remiſſion of our ſins, then we no longer ſtand in need of prayer, or penance: and in vain is that S. *Luke* ſaith, *That* Jeſus *muſt ſuffer, and that penance was preached in his name.* As the prayers of our Saviour deſtroy not our prayers, ſo his ſatisfaction overthroweth not ours. He prayed that we might pray; he ſatisfied, to give ſtrength and merit to our ſatisfaction, which would be dead and unprofitable, were they not quickned by his blood. *To what purpoſe is it to ſay, the good thief went directly to Paradiſe, without feeling purgatory?* As if we ſhould ſay, it was neceſſary for all the world to paſs that way. Make your ſelf a great Saint, and you ſhall have nothing to do with it. Purge all your ſins by a love ſo fervent, that the purifying flames may not find any thing to cleanſe. He who hath paied, ows nothing, and who hath ſatisfied in this world, ſhall find unreſtrained freedom in the other.

Luc. 24. 47.

But think you, in a life which contracteth ſo many ſtains, a ſoul may be raiſed in an inſtant above the celeſtial orbs to the ſight of God, before it have paſſed by thoſe purgations, which the Divine Juſtice ordaineth to every one according to his demerits? Endeavour is uſed to deafen your ears with piety, wranglings, and unprofitable diſputations, to make you believe Purgatory is an invention of intereſſed Prieſts: it ſeems this doctrine came into the world but within theſe two days. But read the Scripture and ſee the Fathers who interpreted it, you ſhall find proofs to fall upon you like a cloud for confirmation of this verity.

When S. *Paul* in the firſt of the *Corinthians* third Chapter ſaid, that the day of God, to wit, the day of judgment, be it general or particular, ſhall be manifeſted by fire, which ſhal put every one's works upon trial; and that he who upon the foundations of *Jeſus* ſhal build with wood, ſtraw, or hay, to wit, with vain and ſleight works *ſhall be ſaved as by fire*, he clearly declared the doctrine of purgatory, unleſs you be more illuminated then S. *Baſil* and S. *Ambroſe*, who have judged it ſo: for the firſt ſaith, *he threatneth the ſoul, not with diſtruction, but purgation.* And the other plainly expreſſeth, *he ſpeaks of the pains of fire, which God hath appointed to purifie ſouls.* And it is a poor reſiſtance to object, he ſaid, *as by fire*, and not by fire; for it is a manner of expreſſion in Scripture, which nothing diminiſheth the reality of things, otherwiſe we ſhould ſay, when S. *John* wrot in the firſt Chapter of his Goſpel, *That men ſaw* Jeſus *as the only Son of God*, that he were only a figure of it, not a truth. And when S. *Paul* to the *Philippians* ſecond Chapter witneſſeth, *he was found as a man*, we might infer he were not man. See you not how theſe ſilly curioſities of words directly invade the truth? When S. *Matthew* in the 12 Chapter makes mention of *one ſin which ſhall never be remitted, either in this world, or in the other.* S. *Bernard* in his threeſcore and ſixth Homily upon

Baſil in Iſa. c. 1. *Non exterminium minatur, ſed purgationem immit.*

Ambroſ. *Hic oſtendit pœnas ignis paſſurum.*

the Canticles mainly insisteth upon this passage, and takes it as an infallible proof of our doctrine. When the Evangelist himself toucheth the discourse of *the prisoner, which shall be put into a place from whence he shall not come, until he have paid the last penny*; S. *Cyprian* sayes plainly: *It is one thing to be a long time purged for sins by the torment of fire, another by the purgation, which is made by the passion of Jesus Christ.* When in the same Author it is spoken of divers punishments of choller handled in the fifth Chapter, S. *Augustine* in the first book of the sermon made on the mountain, interpreteth all that of punishments in the other life. When in the fourth Chapter of *Tobie*, it is written of bread to be put upon the graves of the dead, S. *Chrysostom*, Homily thirty two upon S. *Matthew* referreth this passage to the custom of the ancient *Church*, which called both the Priests and the poor purposely to pray for the dead. When mention is made in the fourth of Kings, of a solemn fast made for *Saul*, *Bede* makes no question but it was for the quiet of his soul: for S *Paul* sheweth in the first to the *Corinthians* fifteenth Chapter, that it was the custom to mortifie and macerate ones self for the dead, and the second of *Macchabees* saith, it is a holy and a wholesome thing to pray for them. Who knew more, and who saw more in all this then the great S. *Augustine*, who on the thirty seventh Psalm hath these words: *My God, make me such in my life, that I may not need the fire of Purgatory after my death.* Hath the *Roman* Church hired all these so ancient Fathers to write such texts in its behalf? Is it not a shame that a brainless Libertine with the eyes of a bat should mock at all these lights?

Cyprian. l. 4. ep. 2.

Aug. in Psal. 37. Talem me reddas, cui emendatorio igne non sit opus.

The manner of Purgatory.

4. Doubtless will some say, these reasons are forcible; but I understand not where this Purgatory is, and how souls are there tormented. To that I answer, the Church which walketh reservedly in its ordinances, ever grounded on the word of God, onely obligeth us to hold as an article of faith, a third place for the purgation of souls, which is neither Paradise nor hel. As for circumstances of the place and manner of sensible torments, it hath decreed nothing thereof as an article of our belief. School Divines ordinarily set purgatory in a subterranean place, which is very probable. It may also be, that souls may be purged in the air, in the sphere of fire, and in divers parts of the elementary world, according to the opinion of S. *Gregory Nyssen*, S. *Chrysostom*, and S. *Gregory* the great. It dependeth on the prerogative of Gods power, and the ministry of Angels.

Nyss. de anima & resurrectione. *Chrysost.* homil. de Beatorum præmiis. *Beda* l. 3. hist. Angl. 29.

As for punishments, it is most certain the first consisteth in suspension from the sight of God a matter very dolorous to a soul, which being out of the body, and far absented from its source, is as would the globe of the earth be, were it out of its place, or like unto fire shut up in the bowels of mount *Ætna*. It naturally desireth to rejoyn it self to God, and the least retardation it feels from such felicity is most sensible unto it. It mourneth to be deprived from an infinite comfort, when the thirst is most ardent, and to see it self bereaved by its own fault; yea, such an one as might easily have been avoided. The second is the pain of sense which is exercised by fire (the great executioner of Gods justice) and sometimes also by other ways, known to his providence, as S. *Bonaventure* and holy *Bede* teach us. If you say you cannot comprehend how a material thing worketh on a spiritual: I ask of you again, this soul which is in your body, is it of any other kind then those in purgatory? And yet see you not how it dayly suffereth in the body? See you not how all the dolours of mortal flesh rebound back again by an amorous sympathy, and a counter-buff wholly necessary, to the bottom of our soul? And yet you ask how it can suffer? Is it not true, our soul containeth in it the root of understanding and all sensible knowledge, framed and accomplished by the help of the bodies organs? Is it not true, that being in the body it understandeth and feeleth with dependence on the body. But separated, doth it loose this root of understanding and knowledge? Verily no: For it then understandeth with independence on the body. To speak also according to the opinion of some, it may feel out of the body not onely by a knowledge naked and intellectual, but experimental in some sort, not unlike the understanding exercised in the body. *But there is no more corporal organ, which is as the chariot of feeling.* What importeth it? God by his power cannot he supply the organ of body, and necessitate the soul immediately to feel the sharpness of fire, as if it were still in the body? And which is more, some Divines think there would be no inconvenience to say, the soul were revested by God with a body of air, as in a sheath, wherewith it should have the same sympathy it had before with the body it informed: and this body being incorruptibly burnt, as that of the damned, should cause a painfull quality to arise to torment it: which I notwithstanding think not so probable. But I rather believe, the fire not being contrary of its nature to the spirit, might for all that be chosen and appointed by the singular disposition of providence to be unto the soul an afflicting sign, in that it representeth to it in its flames the anger of an offended God, as it shall be said in the subsequent Maxim.

Corink. de purgatorio. p. 529.

Alas! O Christians, God grant we may be ignorant of this eternal and temporal fire, & may rather be purged in this life, then expect it in the other.

Against the dulness of those who understand it not.

5. When I come to the 2d. point of this discourse, I cannot wonder enough at our stupidity and lethargy: we believe purgatory and bely our belief by our works. What may we hope in the other life, living so negligently and remissly? God is mercifull: Behold our ordinary saying. But see we not in Scriptures the hand of God armed with fiery tempests over the infamous Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the bodies which sacrificed themselves in the flames of prodigious luxurie, roasted and broyled under the breath of the anger of the Omnipotent? See we not a whole world buried in the waters of a deluge, waves of the Ocean rushing, as in a City sacked, on the heads of offenders, the sea becoming altogether the executioner and tomb of sinners? See we not those beautifull Angels so beloved of God, and so worthy of favour, which also came most resplendent out of his hands, lost by one thought of pride, scorched and precipitated into dungeons of eternal flames?

Mixt, sed veris modis. August.

Think we to be more to God, then those cities replenished with an infinite number of souls, then a whole world, then legions of Angels? Let us not flatter our selves by a presumptuous confidence of a mercy, not due to negligence so faint and dissolute.

The truth is, no uncleanness entreth into Paradise: The truth is, the eyes of the supream Judge cannot endure poilution. For if there be any, it must infallibly be taken off with the file of justice. The torment of Purgatory is executed with sharp and transfixing pains, since that imperious element, which raiseth so many terrours in our world, hath there the place of an officer. The continuance thereof is long, by certain revelations that some souls have been there many years: its perseverance and activity dreadful, since the soul is immortal, and incorruptible to its torments. This made

made the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all Saints. And when the great man *Job*, all compoſed of innocency and ſanctity, thought on this juſtice of God, he conceived himſelf to be as a little fiſh crouched in the water, that heareth all the ſtorms rouling over its head. S. *Auguſtine* grown hoary in a thouſand valorous battels for defence of the Church, apprehendeth purgatory; and the elect ſouls, who build all in gold and ſilver, and pretious ſtones, fear the trial of fire, and we with our edifices of ſtubble, ſtraw, and hay, walk with exalted creſts, as if we had all the aſſurances of our ſalvation.

Job. 11. *Semper enim quaſi tumentes ſuper me ſtudius tuus Deum, & pondus ejus ferre non potui.*

Quis poterit baiulare de talis cum igne devorante?

Where are we, if this torch of juſtice awaken us not? Perhaps we have made a bargain with this fire, and theſe puniſhments, or that we are torment-proof not to feel them. Is there any man who hath learned to abide among burning coals? We are ſo tender, ſo nice, ſo impatient, ſo the lovers of our ſelves, that one ounce weigheth a pound with us. O worldlings! who ſhal weep over you, ſince you know not how to bewail your ſelves? Your bodies are dainty both by nature and education, yea, your ſouls much more: you cannot endure the ſtinging of a Bee; the very ſight of a *Surgeons* lancet affrights you, and yet you daily entangle your ſelves in a thouſand vanities, a thouſand courtſhips, and a thouſand worldly loves, which defile your ſoul, and muſt at a dear rate be diſcharged in the other world. We know the Chriſtians of the *Indies* newly converted, when they felt ſome temptations contrary to the law of God, ran to their chimny hearths, and thruſt their hands into the flames, ſaying: *Sin ſoul, if thou canſt abide fire; if not go no further.* Do the like, touch if not in effect, at leaſt by conſideration, the devouring flames of God's juſtice. And if they ſeem ſtrange unto you, engage not your ſelf in them by your ſenſualities.

Rigour of the living againſt the ſouls in Purgatory.

6. From the ſlight apprehenſion we have of purgatory proceedeth another ſtupidity very unreaſonable, which is, that we are very little careful of the ſouls of the dead, a matter very worthy of blame for two principal reaſons. The firſt is, that the providence of God which diſpoſeth all with ſo great ſweetneſs, hath as it were tied the ſalvation of theſe good ſouls to the fervour of our prayers, and would have us to be as mediatours and interceſſours of their felicity, which is verily one of the greateſt titles of honour we can receive. It is a note of Divinity to have power to oblige men, ſaith an Ancient, and there is no ſhorter way to eternal glory. Now God gives us the means to oblige, not mortals, but immortal ſouls, and to oblige them in a cauſe ſo great and eminent, that if all the treaſures and lives of the world were diſſolved into one maſs, they could not reach to the leaſt degree of the felicity you may procure to theſe faithful ſouls.

Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *Deus eſt mortali benefacere mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

By obliging them to this kind you gain eternal friends, who will entertain no thoughts, but ſuch as may tend to render you the like, and to bear you into the boſom of beatitude, & yet this being moſt eaſie for you (as a matter which conſiſteth in ſome prayers, alms-deeds, and good works) you neglect it: Is not this a prodigious careleſneſs?

Matth. 12. 11. *Quis erit ex vobis homo, qui habeat ovem unam, & ſi ceciderit hac ſabbatho in foveam, nonne tenebit & levabit eam?*

The ſecond reaſon is, that by ſuch negligence we betray our ſoul, which enclineth, out of a natural propenſion, to the ſweetneſs and mercy we exerciſe even towards beaſts. It is the argument which the Son of God made uſe of: If a horſe, an Ox, a ſheep fall into a ditch, there is neither feſtival nor ſabbath withholds; every one who is able, ſtretcheth out a hand and draws it forth: And behold here not a beaſt, but a ſoul created to the image of God, irradiated with the moſt excellent lineaments of his beauty, which is, to live with Angels eternally, fallen into a ditch, fallen into a boyling furnace, who is afflicted, tormented, imploreth the help of all the world, and whileſt we ſlacken to ſuccour it, hath theſe mournful words of *Jeremy*:

Hier. rhren. De exceſſo miſit ignem in oſſibus meis, & eruditi me, &c. Vigilavit jugum iniquitatum mearum, &c.

Alas! God the juſt avenger of crimes committed againſt his divine Majeſty, hath poured fire into my bones to chaſtiſe me. Behold me in the nets of juſtice, behold me now deſolate, penſive, and diſconſolate both night and day. All afflicteth me in this ſaid abode, but nothing is ſo irkſom, as the burden of mine iniquities and ingratitudes. It is a yoke which ſurchargeth my neck like lead, and puls me down into the torments, from whence I cannot go without your charities. O you, my dear kindred, friends, and allies, who paſs through the Church-yard made the depoſitary of my bones, conſider and ſee with the eyes of faith, whether there be any dolour comparable to mine: ſince God hath cut me off on the day of his indignation, with a ſtrong and inevitable arm. O ingrateful and diſloyal ſon, it is the ſoul of the father which ſpeaketh unto thee in this manner, and ſays unto thee: Son, I have paſſed my life as the ſpider, ſtill ſpinning, ever ſeeking after worldly wealth, perpetually exhauſting my proper ſubſtance to enrich thee, I lived on gall and cares that thou mighteſt ſwim in roſe-water; I travelled over lands and ſeas, to build a ſilver bridge for thy fortune, to ſet thee on the flower-de-luces and employments of a Kingdom, where is thy retribution?

O vos omnes qui tranſitis per viam, attendite & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus. Quantam vindemiavit me, ut locutus eſt Dominus in die furoris ſui.

My ſon, I complain not, my eye being ſhut, my body was troubleſom to thee in thy houſe, and thou couldeſt not endure it; it was a dung-hill muſt be yielded up to the earth: but I complain, that thou being wel informed thy father had an immortal ſoul, which thou mighteſt comfort by thy good works, thou trayterouſly employedſt the mony, wherof the poor have too much been fruſtrated, to eſtabliſh thy vanities, and fatten thee in pleaſures. Where is thy liberality? Where are thy alms toward miſerable creatures, who dy in affliction in the ſtreets? Obſerve juſtice, and take example by my diſaſters.

Husband, it is thy wife ſo beloved, that ſpeaks to thee, ſaying: Ah my deareſt friends, where is the faith plighted in the face of the Church? Where are the faithful loves which ſhould have no limit but eternity? Death no ſooner abſented me from thy eys, but forgetfulneſs drew me out of thy heart. I complain not thou liveſt happy and fortunate in thy new affections, for I am in a condition wherein I can neither envy nor malice any; but I complain, that not only after my death, the children, which are pledges of our love, were diſtaſtful to thee, but thou haſt wholly loſt the memory of one who was ſo precious to thee, and whom thou as a Chriſtian oughteſt to love beyond a tomb. Open yet once unto her the bowels of thy charity, and comfort by thy alms and good works, a ſoul which muſt expect that help from thee, or ſome other.

The ſeventeenth EXAMPLE upon the ſeventeenth MAXIM.

Apparition of Souls in Purgatory.

HIſtories tell us, the apparition of ſouls in Purgatory are ſo frequent, that he who would keep an account, may as ſoon number the ſtars in the ſky, or leaves on the trees. But as it is not fit to be too credulous in all may be ſaid thereupon, ſo a man muſt be very impudent to deny all is ſpoken of it, and to oppoſe as well the authority of ſo many great perſonages, as the memory of all Ages.

He

He who believes nothing above nature, will not believe a God of nature. How many extraordinary things are there, the experience wherof teacheth us the effects, and of which God hideth the reasons from us? The Philosopher *Democritus* disputing with the Sages of his time concerning the secret power of nature, held commonly in his hand, the stone called *cathocita*, which insensibly sticketh to such as touch it, and they being unable to give a reason of it, he inferred there were many secrets which are rather to humble our spirits, then to satisfie our curiosity. Who can tell why the Theamede, which is a kind of Adamant, draweth iron on one side, and repelleth it on the other? Why do the forked branches of the nut-tree, turn towards mines of gold and silver? Why do bees often die in the hives, after the death of the Master of the family, unless they be elsewhere transported? Why doth a dead body cast forth bloud in the presence of the murderer? Why do certain fountains in the current of their waters, and in their colour, carry presages of seasons, as that of *Blomnza*, which waxeth red when the Country is menaced with war? Why have so many noble families certain signs, which never fail to happen when some one of the family is to die? The commerce of the living with spirits of the dead, is a matter very extraordinary, but not impossible to the *Father of spirits*, who holdeth total nature between his hands.

Solinus Polyhistor.

Jul. Scal. Aforta. Cameras.

Dimarus. Petrus Albinus.

Peter of *Clugny*, surnamed the Venerable, and esteemed in his time as the oracle of *France*, was a man who proceeded in these affairs with much consideration, not countenancing any thing either frivolous or light. Behold the cause, wherefore I willingly make use of his authority. He telleth, that in a village of *Spain* named the *Star*, there was a man of quality called *Peter* of *Engelbert*, much esteemed in the world for his excellent parts and abundant riches.

Notwithstanding, the spirit of God have made him understand the vanity of all humane things: being now far stepped into years, he went into a Monastery of the Order of *Clugny*, there the more piously to pass the remnant of his daies, as it is said, the best incense cometh from old trees. He often spake amongst the holy Fryers of a vision which he saw, when he as yet was in the world, and which he acknowledged to be no small motive to work his conversion. This bruit came to the ears of Venerable *Peter*, who was his General, and who for the affairs of his Order, was then gone into *Spain*. Behold the cause why he, never admitting any discourses to be entertained, if they were not well verified, took the pains to go into a little Monastery of *Nazare*, where *Engelbert* was, and to question him upon it in the presence of the *Bishops* of *Oleron* and *Osma*, conjuring him in the virtue of holy obedience, to tell him punctually the truth touching the vision he had seen, whilest he led a secular life. This man being very grave, and very circumspect in all he said, spake the words which the Authour of the history hath couched in his proper terms:

In the time that *Alphonsus* the younger, heir of the great *Alphonsus*, warred in *Castile* against certain factious disunited from his obedience, he made an Edict, that every family in his Kingdom should be bound to furnish him with a souldier: which was the cause that for obedience to the Kings commands, I sent into his army one of my household-servants, named *Sancius*. The wars being ended, and the troups discharged, he returned to my house, where having some time sojourned, he was seized by a sickness, which in few days took him away into the other world. We performed the obsequies usually observed towards the dead, and four months were already past, we hearing nought at all of the state of his soul, when behold upon a winters night being in my bed, throughly awake, I perceived a man, who stirring up the ashes of my hearth, opened the burning coals, which made him the more easily to be seen. Although I found my self much terrified with the sight of this ghost, God gave me courage to ask him who he was, and for what purpose he came thither to lay my hearth abroad. But he in a very low voice answered: *Master, fear nothing, I am your poor servant* Sancius: *I go into* Castile *in the company of many souldiers to expiate my sins in the same place where I committed them.*

I stoutly replied, If the commandment of God call you thither, to what purpose come you hither? Sir, saith he, take it not amiss, for it is not without the Divine permission. I am in a state not desperate, and wherein I may be helped by you, if you bear any good will towards me. Hereupon I required what his necessity was, and what succour he expected from me. You know Master, said he, that a little before my death, you sent me into a place where ordinarily men are not sanctified. Liberty, ill example, youth, and temerity, all conspire against the soul of a poor souldier, who hath no government. I committed many outrages during the late war, robbing and pillaging even to the goods of the Church, for which I am at this present grievously tormented. But, good Master, if you loved me alive as one of yours, forget me not after death. I ask no part of your great riches, but onely your prayers, and some alms for my sake, which will much assist to mitigate my pains. My Mistris oweth me about eight [illegible] upon a reckoning between her and me, let her bestow it, not for my body, which hath no need of it, but the comfort of my soul, which expecteth it from your charities.

I know not how I found my self emboldened by these speeches, but I had more desire to entertain it, then fear of the apparition. I demanded whether it could tell me news of one of my country-men, named *Peter Dejaca*, who died a while since. To which he made answer, I need not trouble my self with it, for he was already in the number of the blessed, since the great alms he gave in the last famine, had purchased heaven for him. From thence I fell upon another question, and was curious to know what had happened to a certain Judge, whom I very well knew, and who lately passed into the other life. To which he replied: Sir, speak not of that miserable man, for hell possesseth him through the corruption of justice which he by damnable practice exercised, having an honour and soul saleable to the prejudice of his conscience. My curiosity carried me higher, to enquire what became of King *Alphonsus* the great, at which time I heard another voice that came from a window behind me, saying very distinctly: It is not of *Sancius* you must demand that, because he as yet can say nothing to the state of that Prince, but I may have more experience thereof, then he; I deceasing five years ago, and being present in an accident which gave me some light of it. I was much surprised, unexpectedly hearing this other voice, and turning saw by the help of the Moons brightness which reflected into my chamber, a man leaning on my window, whom I entreated to tell me where then King *Alphonsus* was. Whereto he replied, he well knew, that passing out of this life, he had been much tormented, and that the prayers of good religious men much helped him: but he could not at this present

preſent ſay in what ſtate he was. Having ſpoken thus much, he turned toward *Sancius*, ſitting near the fire, and ſaid, Let us go, it is time we depart. At which *Sancius* making no other anſwer, ſpeedily roſe up, and redoubled his complaints with a lamentable voice, ſaying: Sir, I entreat you once again remember me, and that my Miſtriſs perform the requeſt I made you.

The next day *Engelbert* underſtood from his wife what the ſpirit told him, and with all obſervation diſpoſed himſelf ſpeedily and charitably, to ſatisfie all was required. What may we inſer upon this, but S. *Auguſtine's* concluſion which he left in a book of care for the dead, fifteenth Chapter?

Holy Scriptures witneſs, that the dead are ſometimes ſent to living men, as on the contrary, S. Paul amongſt the living was lifted up to heaven. As we ordinarily know not what becomes of the perſons of the dead, ſo we muſt confeſſe, the dead know not all is done in the world at the time it is done, but they afterwards learn it from thoſe, who paſs out of this life into the other, and converſe with them. Yet they underſtand not all ſorts of affairs, but thoſe which may be told them, and ſuch as are permitted to remain in their memories, that recount them to ſouls who muſt know them. Angels who are preſent to actions here beneath, may alſo diſcover to the dead what the Sovereign Arbiter, to whom all things are ſubjected, ſhall appoint to come to the knowledge of the one or other.

XVIII. MAXIM.

Of Eternal unhappineſſe.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we cannot be miſerable when we are no more.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the wicked being no more for this preſent life, are everlaſting for the pains of the damned.

Belief of a judgment moſt general.

THat there is an inevitable judgment of God for the damned, fire, darkneſs, eternal priſons, (O Libertine and prophane ſoul) is not a propoſition needs to be proved by many reaſons and arguments. It is the ſubject of all books, the diſcourſe of all tongues, the confeſſion of all people, the great voice of nature, which forgetfulneſs cannot obliterate, impiety extinguiſh, nor an evil conſcience take away. The *Hebrews*, *Grecians*, *Latins*, *Chaldeans*, *Perſians*, *Arabians*, *Abyſſines*, *Affricans*, *Indians*, and not ſpeaking of others, all Nations moſt remote from our region, moſt ſavage in manners, moſt ſtrange in cuſtoms have believed, proclaimed, proteſted, do believe, proclaim, and proteſt this through all Ages; and although different in condition, all notwithſtanding agree in the faith of a living God, who knoweth, ſeeth, judgeth of the good and bad deeds of this life, ordaineth rewards for virtue, and puniſhments for vice.

Natura pleraque ſuggerunt quaſi de publico ſenſu. Tertul. de anima.

The order of God.

It is the order of God, who governeth the world with two hands, which are juſtice and mercy. If you take away one of them, you maim him. It is the condition of humane and Divine things, where contraries are ever counter-ballanced by contraries, ſay Philoſophers. If there be a Paradiſe for virtues, there muſt be a hell for crimes. No leſs doth hell contribute to publiſh Gods omnipotency, then Paradiſe. As heaven is furniſhed with ſtars, hell ſhall be with the damned, and the juſtice of the Sovereign will no leſs appear in the condemnation of the culpable, then in the defence of innocents. I knew not what made Doctour *Toſtatus* ſay, that *Plato* placed hell in the ſphere of *Mars*, ſince he very well mentions it in the concave of abyſſes in his *Phœdon*. *Triſmegiſtus* in *Pimander* omitted not to ſpeak of avenging flames due to impiety. The *Stoicks* treat among their ſecrets of the general fiering of the world, as witneſſeth *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *ſtromata*. And other Philoſophers according to *Tertullian* ſpeak of ſecret fire, which muſt ſerve as an inſtrument of Gods vengeance. The moſt ſtupid have ſeen it, the moſt inſolent have frown'd at it, and the moſt forlorn are aſtoniſhed with it.

Notable ſpeech of S. Thomas, S Thom. opuſc 61. *Non eſt infernus pejor cœlo. Sicut cœlum ſyderibus, ſic infernus damnatis ornabitur.*

The opinion of Philoſophers. Φλέγες πανσωτικοί. *Triſmegiſt. in Pimandro. Clem. Alexſtrom. 5.*

And verily it is a hideous thing to behold onely on paper, what the Author of the cardinal works of *Jeſus Chriſt* writeth: *To burn in flames which waſt not, nor ſhall ever be conſumed, to be ſcorched through the whole body with remedileſs fires, to be broiled alive in his own greaſe, and broiled with ſtains of his impurities not to be taken off. To ſee nothing but pits of fire, and flaming furnaces without eaſe, relaxation, remedy, change, or diminution of ſentence.*

Inconſumptibilibus flammis corpus allambentibus ardere in propria adipe frixas libidines bullire, &c.

How the fire of hell burneth.

Notwithſtanding (O Libertine) thou doſt ask, *how this material fire burneth ſpiritual ſouls?* It is one of the moſt unfortunate ſciences not to underſtand hell, but by proper experience, to diſpute the activity of a fire as true as the mouth of God, and unfaithfully deny on earth, what muſt everlaſtingly be learned under earth. Algazel *the* Arabian *and* Avicen *ſaid, a damned ſoul ſuffers no other pain but the object of its eternal perdition. Algazel* and *Avicen*: behold two goodly Authors to oppoſe the wiſdom of the eternal word. I am of opinion, we learn from devils how to believe in God, and derive our Theology from the lips of the wicked, and our belief from infidelity, as if one ſhould proſtitute a Veſtal to a loſt man. Alas wretched ſpirit! how worthy art thou of compaſſion, when not ſatisfied to play the *Epicure* in thy manners, thou wilt divide thy Libertiniſm with Philoſophy. If this diſcourſe, which ought to be dedicated to holy horrour of Gods judgments, did permit farther queſtion, one might ſhew with the great Biſhop of *Paris*, that a damned ſoul kept in a priſon of fire, retains all the ſame ſenſes, as if it were with the body in the middeſt of flames, ſince we feel in this life, ſuch vivacity only, from the imagination, that it in us produceth the ſame effects which the preſence of objects doth. And this Doctor witneſſeth he hath ſeen and known men, who needed no other purgation but the ſight of a medecine. But if the ſole idea do thus, what will the real impreſſion of fire work upon a ſoul, which raiſed by the Divine power above its ordinary force, leaves a form and a character, as if a hot iron were ſtamped on the fleſh. We might deduce with S. *Thomas*, *Turrecremata*, *Cajetan*, *Iſolam*, & *Ocham*, all the exquiſite dolours of a ſoul, that feeleth it ſelf impriſoned as in a cage of fire, and ſtormeth, ſeeing it ſelf not only deprived

Guilielm. Pariſ. de univerſo.

prived of sweet liberty, but tormented by an imperious element, destined by God for its punishment by extraordinary ways, by a supplyment of the antipathy of senses, and which shamefully wrack it, as if a person of eminent quality were insolently abused by some slave come from the *Moores* or *Arabia*.

See S. August. 21 City of God. S. Gregory in the 4. of his Dialogues. S. Thomas contra Gentes l. 4. c. 90. Suar. part. 3. and the R. P. Theophilus Raynand in his natural Theology, where this question is excellently handled.

We should likewise set before you with other Divines the quality of a prodigious deformity, caused by fire raised above its condition, which extreamly afflicteth an immortal spirit, then especially, when it understands the excellent gifts wherewith God had endowed it, the favours and glories it might pretend to in this most blessed eternity. One might say with many other modern Doctours, that the soul being the root of sensitive qualities, is no less tormented by objects dissenting from sense, then as if sense were present, and hath a spiritual sense, by the help of which, it trieth and feeleth the fire with an experimental knowledg, wholly like the action of sense. All these opinions might be argued with many instances and reasons, but it being not according to the scope of this design, I say in one word with S. *Gregory* the Great: *There is made in the soul, from a visible fire, a heat and an invisible pain.* It is true, the soul separated from the body hath not a natural antipathy and disagreement from fire, but what this imperious element cannot have, remaining within the limits of nature, it obtaineth by a particular ordinance and disposition of God, who chooseth and expressly deputeth it to serve him, as an instrument and a sign in this action, and to be as an eternal messenger of his anger against a damned soul. Now as the Sovereign Judg of the world gave life to *Cain* for a punishment, so (according to S. *Ambrose*,) he engraved by the same means a disastrous mark on his person, which continually set before the eys of this fratricide the image of his crime, and the Divine justice, in such manner, that oftentimes turmoiled during life in the miseries and confusions of his brutish spirit, so soon as he represented to himself this sign, he acknowledg'd the decree of God, who prolonged his life to lengthen his calamities: So this Divine hand, Omnipotent in its effects, imprinteth fire on a damned soul, as the true token of his justice, the character of his anger, the centinel and executioner of his eternal will, who beareth the face of an incensed God with all his decrees in his own flames, who presseth and lieth heavy on this miserable thing separated from the sight of God, and resigned through an eternal malediction to the life of devils.

Foundation of the eternity of the pains of the damned.

2. Thou must here understand, O Reader, this truth touching the eternity of the pains of the damned, confirmed by expres texts of holy Scripture, and the decision of the universal Church, and by all Ages, is grounded upon the justice of God, ever to be adored by our wils, although impenetrable to the weakness of our understanding: and for confirmation hereof, I think we should not omit the reasons of S. *Gregory*, S. *Bernard* and S. *Thomas*, before we produce that, which to me seems the most formal; for although they are not all necessary in their conclusions, yet they fail not to furnish us with much light, and to give matter of true piety, which is the butt whereat we aim in this discourse. You (O sinner) demand, why is a deadly sin strucken and punished with an eternal pain? I answer you first with S. *Gregory* the Great, that if an eternal malice be proved in sin, justice by all reasonable ways requireth the chastizement of it to be eternal: for an eternity of crimes must be counterballanced with an eternity of miseries. Now sin in some sort is eternal, and in some manner extends beyond our life, which alone is capable of merit or demerit. For tell me, those stones and kernels of pomegranates, & apple-trees, and all other trees created in the first week of the world, were they temporary or eternal? Temporary you will say, for they fell before the tree. And yet behold they propagate to our time, and live in as many trees as there are of their kind on earth, for these five thousand years, or thereabouts. The like is it with the actions you do at this present: For they seem to pass in a moment, yet are they so many seeds of eternity. Reader, understand well what I say, behold here a secret, wherewith daily to acquire a rich treasure of merits: make me all your virtues as eternal by the sincerity of your intentions, as they in effect are such in their consequence. When you do a good work, be it praier, alms, or other act of charity, do it stoutly, in such manner and disposition, that were you eternal on earth, you would eternally renounce evil, and embrace good. So do all the Just, and so do they eternize all good and laudable actions. But sinners, who pass out of this life in mortal sin, are so framed, that might you enter into their hearts, you there should find such marks of malice, such characters of sin imprinted, as with a hot iron, that they wish to live eternally, to sin everlastingly. Their life is mortal, but the affections they have towards sin are immortal, for which cause Gods justice requires they never be without torment, who would never live without sin.

Vellent sine fine vivere, ut posint sine fine peccare. Discretus autem judex corda pensat & affectus, non facta.

And say not to me, behold that miserable sinner seized on by the Divine Justice in the heat of his crime, it is not likely he would still persist in his enormous transgression, the boiling of his passion would vapour away, and his spirit be restored to the calm, and reason to its thron. Nay much otherwise, a sinner, who dieth in sin hath the root of affections, which is the heart, so envenomed, that all the sprouts are nought but abomination. And although he were to live an hundred thousand year, should not some servile fear stop the torrent of his corruption, he would spend them in these exorbitances.

Ad magnam justitiam judicantis pertinet, ut nunquam careant supplicio, qui in hac vita nunquam carere voluit peccato.

1. Reason of S. Gregory. *Non transeunt opera nostra ut videantur, sed temporalia quaque velut aeternitatis semina jacuntur.*

3. The second reason is drawn from S. *Thomas*, who saith, the nature of mortal sin is a privation of spiritual life, as death is a privation of corporal. Behold a tree which was heretofore thick spread with boughs and flourishing, is now parched and dry, without force, and life. Let it be in this state, so will it remain still, never returning to its first vigour. Behold a man likewise, who hath killed charity in his heart which is the root of spiritual life, by some most grievous sin, to dy in this state. It is the impossibility of impossibilities, that in the other world not capable of merit or demerit, he may change himself. Death ever reigns there where is trespas, and trespas still reigning there, deserves to be punished without intermission. It is alwaies chastised and never expiated, saith S. *Bernard*.

2. Reason. S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 87.

Semper puniri potest, nunquam potest expiari. S. Bernard. de consid. l. 5.

An excellent conceit of Tisius Mirandula.

And that you may well understand this, represent unto your self an excellent conceit of one of the greatest wits which ever flourished, *Picus Mirandula*, in the book he composed of the dignity of man. We are in the world as in the shop of a Sculptour, who laboureth on Statues of Mettal. Behold the burning Furnace, behold the Mettal all boiling, behold many Moulds ready at hand. Say you unto him, Sir, make us some curious piece worthy of you, make us a generous Lion, make an Eagle, make a triumphant King, it is now in your power. But if the Workman through malice or incivility should say, I will make nothing of it, I am about to make of all this melted Mettal vessels of ignominy, and so he doth, had not

Tui ipsius quasi arbitrarius honorarius que plastes & fictor, quam malueris tibi formam effinge, poteris in inferiora quæ sunt bruta degenerare, poteris in superiora quæ sunt divina ex animi tui sententia regenerari. Picus Mirandul. de dignitate hom. h.

you,

you cause to say unto him, what hast thou done; all is marr'd, there is no time given for you to repent it, the mettal is cast. I say the like after this great man: Behold us in this world, as in the house of a Plummer or Graver; our understanding is the Enginier, who laboureth upon the search of a thousand inventions: our will is the Mistriss, who keeps the mettal still boiling, and the mettal is our life, and our soul indeterminate. God saith unto us, up friend, be courageous, thou may'st make thy self a little God, perfectly framed to my likeness: Behold, take the mould, cast it confidently. I will make nothing of it, saith the sinner, I am about to make a hog, an owl, a serpent, a hideous monster; and behold in effect all so made at the hour of death. The mettal is cast, repentance is unprofitable, since Hell vomiteth up good desires, and affordeth no felicities: thou hast made a monster, and thou shalt remain a monster whilest thou art in this estate, which is immovable, fire likewise shall be annexed to thee to gnaw thee, which is the worm in the rotten wood.

3. Reason drawn from the right of God, and from the nature of sin.

Add for a third instance, that God who is wholly infinite, hath right in him to oblige us to the keeping of the law, under an infinite penalty, considering the greatness of his perfection and benefits. The continuance of the pain is not measured by the lasting of actions. A man is hanged, who still so remaineth, for a theft done in a moment. If this be done daily for the reparation of the honour and goods of another man who is offended, although he be a captive and a miserable creature, what shall we think of offences committed against the Divinity? Must we not confess, that sin of its own nature, and by the only consideration of its proper malice, deserveth infinite punishment, since it hath mischief in it, respectively infinite? And as it needed the Incarnation, death, and passion of a Word infinite to wash it on earth, so it must have an eternal punishment to expiate it under earth. What can you find strange in this proceeding?

Punire non est malum sed fieri pœna dignum. Peccatum non potest residere ad perpetuum nisi in inferno. Dionys. c. 4. de divin. nom.

I say, it is not Hell that should put these quaking and icy fear into our bones: it is not pain should be strange unto us, but sin; it is not an evil to be punished, but to be worthy of punishment. You complain sin is lodged in Hell, where would you place it? In Heaven? Is it a fit thing, I pray you, to carry dirt into a King's Palace? The heavens according to *Job* are stronger then iron or brass; and yet you see these celestial bodies able to carry all the glory of God, cannot bear one single sinner, so heavy, so insupportable he is. So soon as the rebellious Angels conceived a sin of pride, heaven cried out murther, and could not indure them: behold them fall from the Palace of glory more thick then flakes of snow, or hail on a Winters day. Where would you lodge this mortal sin? On the earth? See you not in the book of *Numbers*, how after the rebellion of *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, this earth, which is the foundation and basis of the Universe, changed its nature, shook with frightful tremblings, and opened its wide and gaping bosom to swallow these disastrous creatures? Where shall we lodge this sin? On the waters? Behold the waters could not indure one sole disobedience of *Jonas*? All the air is on fire, all the winds in blusters, all the Sea in rage and fury, whilest it is under the weight of this poor sinner. He must be cast into the belly of a Whale, although unable to digest, she vomited him up. God himself, God Omnipotent, in whose hands all this great world is but a drop of dew, complains he cannot indure sin. Where shall we place it then but in the pit of Hell?

Sollicitasimi quasi æra fusi sunt. Job 37.

The grievousness of sin.

Numb. 16.

Laboravi sustinens. Job 1.

But if at least this pain had some end. And see you not, sin hath neither end nor limits in its Eternity? Alas! he who would understand this, who would open his eys to behold what I am about to say, and what I conceal, had rather put himself into the arms of Hell being in innocency, then among imaginary felicities in crime and sin. If you know it not, O Christians, it is an infinite evil, because it striketh at the head of an infinite Divinity, and it is an horrible thing to think on, for that as much as is possible, it annihilateth God & the whole fountain of Essences, felicities, and mercies. Do you not consider a transgression increaseth according as the person interessed is of great and eminent quality? It is one thing to offend a peasant, another thing a Merchant, another thing a Judge, another a King. But he who offends all Kings and all judges of the earth, or should thrust a knife into the throat of a million of men, would he not seem very criminal? Nay, where all the greatness, grace, and majesty of a hundred thousand worlds poured and quintessenced in one body, what would it be in comparison of God, but one grain of sand? And then to invade God, in his will to infringe and annual the Divinity; O abyss of confusion! To say unto God Omnipotent, all good, and all holy, You will give me a law, and I will play the unbridled Colt, I will take it of my self, I will admit no Law-maker: you created me for your self, and I will live for my self, and be the soverein good of my self: you created a world for my use, and I will people it with monsters, which shall be my sins. You redeemed and reconciled me by the blood of your Son, and I will contemn and trample it under foot. I should not presume to use these words, had not S. *Paul* prevented me. You will be a Judge to chastise me, and I make as much account of all your thunder-strokes, as of broken rushes. To despise God as a Law-maker, as a Creatour, as a Father, as a Redeemer, as a Judge, as God, as all, and then say, God did you wrong in making a Hell!

Ducant in bonis dies suos, & in punctô ad infernâ descendunt. Job 21. 13.

Enormity of a sinner.

Irritam quis faciens legem Mosis sine ulla miseratione moritur, quanto magis putatis deteriora mereri supplicia, qui Filium Dei conculcaverit, & sanguinem Testamenti polluerit duxerit. Hb 10.

5 Behold there his justice purged, now see its effect in the quality and condition of pains of the damned. What is Hell? It is called *Silence*, to shew we cannot speak of it but by silence. All is said of Hell, is less then Hell. The holy history of *Ægyptian* Anchorites written by *Palladius*, recounteth an accident very prodigious happened to the great *Macharius*, which is, that one day this admirable man, commonly called the God of Monks (for his speech was an oracle, & his life a perpetual miracle) this excellent man, I say, travelling through the hideous and savage Desarts of *Ægypt*, always fixed and bent both with ey & heart upon the contemplation of a future life, met with the head of a dead man by the way, and ere he was aware, set a Palmers staff which he had in his hand upright upon it, & behold at the same instant (as it happened in other occasions) he heard to come from the head of this dead man, a sad and frightful voice, able to have astonished the most courageous. But the holy Saint, being wholly made for these apparitions of spirits, and armed to the proof against all illusions of Satan, stood still and asked, *Whose art thou?* It answered, I am the head of one damned. He replied, *What threw the head-long into this wretched misery?* Two things, said the dead; Misbelief, and Vice. Then being demanded concerning the torments he endured. He replied; *The soul makes hell, the soul suffers hell, and the soul cannot well comprehend what hell is. What have you on the earth, more odious then horrible darkness? and not to speak of our coals, nor of any of the rest of our greatest calamities, behold our greatest ease.* The unhappy spirit cutting off his words, held his peace, and the holy

Quality and condition of the pains of the damned.

Strange narration of *Palladius*.

man lifting the head up from the ground, took it in his hand, then deeply ſighing with ſobs of lively and penetrating grief, he ſaid: O what eaſe! O what eaſe! what eternal darkneſs! blind world, proſtituted world, deſperate world, oh wouldeſt thou know, Wouldſt thou know! but thine unhappineſs hath put a ſcarf before thine eys.

I would here conclude this diſcourſe, and ſubſtitute in my place this bleſſed old man, the eye and honour of theſe deſarts, holding this dead mans head between his hands: I would intreat him to ask of it again, what have availed the damned their honours, reputation, riches, riots, pleaſures, delights; thoſe wretched lime-twigs, which entangled the wings of the ſoul, and plunged it into an abyſs of infelicities, I would intreat it to tell us what a monſter mortal ſin is, ſince to puniſh it ſuch dreadful dungeons muſt be built, ſuch racks and tortures. It would tell this with a voice of thunder accompanied with flouds of tears, and you would be appalled, tremble, and weep at it with all the juſt, who never think of hell but with terrour and tears.

Definition of hell. *Arcani ignis ſubterranei ad pœnam theſaurus: abſtruſa in viſceribus terræ profunditas, &c.* Tertul. de anima.

O brutiſh and ſenſual men, who live in a continual contempt of Gods anger! Ask the great *Tertullian* what hell is? And he will anſwer, hell is a treaſury of fire, enkindled by the breath of God for puniſhment of the damned: hell is an ugly and deep ſink, and a ſewer, wherein all the ordures of Ages are thrown. Ask of *Hugo* of S. *Victor* (*a*) what hell is, and he will reply a bottom without bottom, which ſhutteth the gate againſt all hopes, and opens it to all deſpairs. Ask of S. *John* (*b*) what hell is, and he will tell you aloud and plainly, hell is the great lake of Gods anger: It is a great pool of fire and brimſtone perpetually inflamed with ſtrong and vigorous breaths of the Omnipotent. And what do the damned there? (*c*) They burn and ſmoak. On what live they? On the gall of dragons. What air breath they? That of burning coals. What ſtars and lights have they? The fire of their torments. What nights? Of palpable darkneſs. What beds? The couches of aſpicks and and baſilisks. What language ſpeak they? Blaſphemies. What order have they amongſt them? Confuſion. What hope? Deſpair. What patience? Rage. O hell, O hell! Avant, O gnawing worm, avant O living death, avant death which never dies, avant life which daily, not dying, dies.

(*a*) *Profundum ſine fundo, ubi nulla ſpes boni, & nulla deſperatio mali.* Hugo Victor. l. de anima.

(*b*) *Lacus ira Dei magni ſi agnus ignis.* Apoc. 14. & 20.

(*c*) Life of the damned. *Horreo vermem mordacem & mortem vivacem: horreo meidere in manum mortui viventis, & vita morientis.* Guilielm. Patis. de univ. p. 1. c. 15. *Locus pura felicitatis nihil habet quod non addat felicitati: locus pura miſeria nihil habet quod non addat calamitati.*

I ſpeak not here of the pain of ſenſe, exerciſed by this pittileſs element, which worketh upon ſouls as I have ſhewed you in the beginning of this diſcourſe. I let paſs this world of puniſhments figured by vultures, gibbets, tortures, ſnakes, burning pincers, and all the inſtruments of terrours, I only ſpeak of the pain which tormenteth the damned by privation from the ſight of God. Imagine within your ſelf a ſublime conceit of the great Prelate of *France*, *William* of *Paris*, who in a Treatiſe he made of the univerſe, pertinently ſheweth, that as Paradiſe is the houſe of all felicity, ſo hell muſt be the receptacle of all miſery and calamity. Now the bleſſed, beſides beauty of the glory of their bodies, the contentment to enjoy ſo excellent and triumphant company, have a happineſs totally infinite in the ſight of God, which is the period of their eſſential felicity: So likewiſe in the ſame meaſure the damned ſhal have ſome object ſad and mournful, incomparably dolorous, and according to its nature infinite, which collecteth as into one ſum all their calamities. And what is this object? Some will imagine it is the aſpect of the great lake of fire, and horrid legions of devils. That truly is horrible, but that is not yet the top of their ſupream miſery. What is it then? I do aſſure my ſelf you will at firſt be aſtoniſhed with what I ſhall ſay, and will hold it as a paradox, but it is undoubted. The darkneſs of hell is apprehended as a moſt intollerable evil, and that with juſt cauſe. Notwithſtanding I affirm the greateſt torment of the damned, & heigth of their notable calamities, is light. I ſay light of ſcience and knowledge. To underſtand this, you muſt obſerve a paſſage of the Prophet *Ezechiel* in the firſt Chapter, where he deſcribeth the majeſty of the God of hoſts, who prepareth to chaſtiſe the wicked: he repreſenteth him unto us like a hideous chryſtal mirrour, that is to ſay, God planteth an idea of himſelf in the ſoul of a damned creature, as of a mirrour of Chryſtal, and a terrible light, in which, and through which, it beholdeth moſt clearly and evidently the good it hath loſt by forſaking God, and the evil incurred by drenching it ſelf into the ſad habitation of the reprobate. It ſeeth how in looſing God, it hath loſt a good, delicious, fruitful, infinite, everlaſting, incomprehenſible; a good, for which it was created, and formed by the hands of God; a good, which is meerly and abſolutely loſt by its infidelity, ingratitude, wickedneſs, perverſe obſtinacy in ſin; a good, which it might have repaired in a moment of the time it heretofore had: and behold it now irrecoverably for ever loſt. Moreover it ſees and feeleth by a diſaſtrous experience, the evil whereunto it is fixed by pertinacity. And that which is alſo more terrible, is, that as God is repleniſhed with a ful and moſt plentiful felicity, becauſe he hath all his contentments aſſembled together, ſo the damned ſoul, by a moſt lively and piercing apprehenſion of the eternity of its pains, beholdeth the evils it muſt endure beyond a hundred millions of years, and hath them all as preſent in thought. From theſe two lights and two knowledges in the damned ſoul, ſpring as it were two ſnakes, faſtned both to the one, and other ſide of its heart, which inceſſantly and unconſumably ſuck all the juice and marrow of its ſubſtance. The holy man *Boetius* (the eye of the *Roman* Senate and ornament of the Church) lets us underſtand what the puniſhment of the damned is, when he ſaith, there needeth neither wheels, tortures, nor gibbets to puniſh the wicked. He who might only ſhew them the beauty of virtue in the form of a lightning-flaſh, and ſay unto them, behold wretched creatures, behold what you have loſt by your folly, the ſorrow they would conceive for their loſs would be ſo ſenſible, that no keen razour, devouring flames, gnawing vultures might put them to a more exquiſite torment.

The ſouls of the damned tormented by their lights. *Aſpectus Chryſtalli terribilis.*

Quid dem mum ſolidis me actibus impretor, &c.

Now I leave you to think, if the wicked in this life for one ſole idea of virtue, which paſſeth in a moment ſhould conceive ſuch a remorſe, what may a damned ſoul that ſees in this hideous chryſtal, not for a moment, but through all moments of eternity, the infinite good it hath loſt, the infinite unhappineſs wherein it for ever ſees it ſelf involved. Then is it, yea perpetually gnawn, torn, and tumbled into a huge torrent of inexplicable dolours, which cauſe it to break into furies and unprofitable frenzies.

O Palace of God, ſaith it, which I have loſt! O ugly dens of dragons, whereinto I am head-long thrown! O brightneſs of Paradiſe, which ſhalt be nothing to me! O hideous darkneſs, which ſhalt eternally be my inheritance! O goodly and triumphant company of elect ſouls, with whom I ſhould eternally have lived, had not my wretchedneſs ſealed up mine eyes! O infernal countenances of enraged devils, which ſhal hereafter be my objects and perpetual companions! O torrent of delights which poureſt thy ſelf upon thoſe bleſſed ſpirits, how have I

turned

turned thee into a lake filled with pitch, ſulphur, and ſcorching flames, enkindled with the breath of the Omnipotents anger! O couch of King *Solomon*, how have I given thee away for a bed of coals! O God, O God, whom I have loſt, and whom I cannot looſe! I have loſt him in the quality of a Sovereign Good, yet have him perpetually preſent as the object and cauſe of my pains. O eternity! It is then true, that ten millions of years hence my evils ſhall but begin. Curſed athieſm and infidelity of the world, thou wouldeſt rather feel theſe torments then believe them. Wert thou not mad? Cruel ambition, thou haſt given me the ſtroke of death. Diſaſtrous riches, you have forged gyves, which now fetter me. Loves, (petty vipers of inhumane hearts) you ceaſed not to breath and enkindle ſparks, which made theſe fires for me. Wicked companies, charming companies, traiterous companies, you were the chains of my ruin. O why was not the womb of my Mother, that ſerved for the firſt bed of my conception, the Sepulcher of my birth! O why the ſtars, which predominated at my coming into the world, in lieu of their benign aſpects, threw they not darts of poyſon againſt me? Why did not the earth ſwallow me in my Cradle? Muſt I live one ſole moment, to live an enemy of God eternally? O God, what an abyſs is thy judgement! Let us draw, let us draw aſide the curtain of ſilence, thy ſpirit can no longer endure me, nor my pen maintain the conceptions of my heart..

6. It ſeems enough is ſaid to ſhew the horrour of mortal ſin, which alone is the cauſe and procurer of hell. Think ſeriouſly on all I have ſaid, and all I have omitted, and if you deſire to eſchew the unhappineſs of a reaſonable creature, which I have expreſſed, obſerve I pray perpetually and inviolably theſe things, which I would, if I might, inſcribe on your hearts in unremoveable characters. The firſt is, that you muſt diligently ſeek to fore-arm your ſelves againſt a certain liberty of heart, which neither feareth ſin, hell, nor evils of the other life; liberty of heart, which ſwayeth now adays throughout the world, of which Sathan makes uſe to blunt the darts of heaven, and all the incitements to the fear of God, as being the true way of athieſm, and an undoubted note of damnation. But contrariwiſe frame unto your ſelf a conſcience termed timorous, a conſcience filially and lovingly fearfull, which layeth hold without ſcruple and diſturbance, even of the leaſt offences and imperfections. Fear is the mother of ſafety, and the means not to fear hell at all, is to fear it always. In the ſecond place you muſt effectually apprehend frequent relapſe into mortal ſins, which is the ſecond note of reprobation. For when a creature ſuddenly returneth into enormous ſins, and playeth as between Paradiſe and hell, it is a ſign he harboureth in this evil heart a plain contempt of God, and an eternal root of ſin, the ſprout whereof is an everlaſting puniſhment. In the third place you muſt ſtill live in the ſtate wherin you would die, and often to call your ſoul to an account of your actions. Ah my ſoul! If you were at this preſent inſtant to diſlodge out of this world, are you in a ſtate to be preſented before the inevitable throne of the Sovereign Judge? Have you not ſome touch of mortal ſin? Is there not ſome reſtitution to make? ſome ſatisfaction not accompliſhed? Reſts there not in your heart ſome blemiſh of evil company, and worldly love, which ſlackeneth your purpoſes? Let us break, let us break theſe chains: there is neither pleaſure, mony, nor honour can hold. You muſt ſeek ſalvation and ſay: O God of mercy; O moſt mild Saviour, I embrace thy Altars, and implore thy clemency, deliver my poor ſoul from the ſnares of Sathan, and eternal death at the great day, when heaven and earth ſhall flie before thy Juſtice. I am neither greater then *David*, nor more holy then S. *Paul*, not to think of hell. All my members quake, and bloud waxeth cold in my veins, when I reflect on it. O *Jeſus*, O love of eternal mountains, deliver not a ſoul over to this infernal beaſt, which will have no lips, but to praiſe and confeſs thee, eyes, but to behold thee, feet, but to run after thy commandments, nor hands, but eternally to ſerve thee.

Nemo ſapius opprimitur, quàm qui nihil timet: frequentiſſimum calamitatis inimicum, ſecuritas. Velleius.

The eighteenth EXAMPLE, upon the eighteenth MAXIM.

Of Judgment, and of the pains of Hell.

ALl affairs of the world end in one great affair of the other life, which is that of the judgment God will give upon our ſoul, at its paſſage out of the body. A heart, which hath no apprehenſion thereof, unleſs it hath ſome extraordinary revelation of its glory, is faithleſs or ſtupid to extremity.

The ſimple idea's of this day make the moſt confident to quake: not ſo much as pictures but have given matter of fear, and if ſome ſparks of knowledge touching that, which paſſeth at the tribunal of God, come unto us, it ever produceth good effects in ſouls, which had ſome diſpoſition to piety.

Curopalates relateth, that whileſt *Theodora* poſſeſſed the Empire of *Conſtantinople* with her ſon, who was yet in minority, one named *Methodius*, an excellent Painter, an *Italian* by Nation, and religious by profeſſion, went to the Court of the *Bulgarian* King named *Bogoris*, where he was entertain'd with much favour. This Prince was yet a Pagan, and though trial had been made to convert him to faith, it ſucceeded not, becauſe his mind employed on pleaſures and worldly affairs, gave very little acceſs to reaſon. He was exceſſively pleaſed with hunting, and as ſome delight in pictures to behold what they love, ſo he appointed *Methodius* to paint an excellent piece of hunting in a Palace, which he newly had built, and not to forget to pencil forth ſome hideous monſters, and frightfull ſhapes. Curopalates Scilizza.

The Painter, ſeeing he had a fair occaſion to take his opportunity for the converſion of this infidel, inſtead of painting an hunting piece for him, made an exquiſite table of the day of judgment. There upon one part was to be ſeen heaven in mourning, on the other the earth on fire, the Sea in bloud, the throne of God hanging in the clouds, environed with infinite ſtore of legions of Angels, with countleſs numbers of men raiſed again, fearfully expecting the decree of their happineſs, or lateſt miſery. Below were the devils in divers ſhapes of hideous monſters, all ready to execute ſtrange puniſhments upon ſouls abandoned to their fury. The abyſs of Hell was open, and threw forth many flames with vapours, able to cover heaven, and infect the earth. This draught being in hand, the Painter ſtill held the King in expectation, ſaying, he wrought an excellent picture for him, and which perhaps might be the laſt maſter-piece of his hand.

In the end the day aſſigned being come, he drew aſide the curtain, and ſhewed his work. It is ſaid the King at firſt ſtood ſome while penſive, not being able to wonder enough at this ſight. Then turning towards *Methodius*, what is this? ſaid he. The religious man took occaſion thereupon to tell him of the judgments of God, of puniſhments and rewards in the other life, wherewith he was ſo moved, that in a

ſhort time he yielded himſelf to God by a happy converſion.

If draughts and colours have this effect, what do not viſions, and undoubted revelations, which were communicated to many Saints concerning affairs of the other life? Every one knows the wiſdom and authority of S. *Boniface* the Martyr, who converted *Germany*, ſent thither by *Gregory* the ſecond, and who flouriſhed about nine hundred years ago. This great Apoſtle of the Northern parts left goodly writings to poſterity, being moſt learned, and we have to this day ſome Epiſtles of his taken out of good Libraries.

S. Boniface. ep. 21. In the one and twentieth of his letters written to *Aldeburgus*, he makes mention of a man who was raiſed again to life in his time, the miracle much known, and verified before all the world: for to prove he proceeded very far into knowledges of the other life, he adverti ſed many men of note of moſt ſecret ſins, never opened to any living man, and exhorted them for God's ſake to true penance. He likewiſe foretold the death of *Ceelredus* King of *Mercia*, who reigned with much tyranny and rapine, whereof he received the reward.

This great Prelate S. *Boniface*, then in *Germany*, ſought to inform himſelf particularly of this wonder, and afterward couched in the fore-mentioned Epiſtle, the diſcourſe he had with this late raiſed man. How he asked many queſtions concerning events happened to him in this ſo dangerous paſſage: he tels the ſtory and relates it with tears in his eys.

Alas! how much other are our knowledges at the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, then they are in this preſent life. We here only ſee through two little holes, which are our two eys, the bark of objects, a very little diſtance: but the inſtant of death diſcovers unto us much other truths. Repreſent unto your ſelf, ſaid he, a blind man, who never ſaw any thing, if ſome one come and take away the film, giving him ſight, he would then behold things ſpoken of in a much other manner then he imagined. The like happened to me; for my ſoul leaving my body about midnight, I inſtantly ſaw the whole world with the extenſion of its lands and ſeas that water it, as if it had been abbreviated in a table, although to ſay truth, it was not the univerſe which was abridged, but the ſight of the ſpirit dilated by diſengagement from the body.

The world was all encompaſſed with fire, which ſeemed to me of an exceſſive greatneſs, and ready to ſwallow all the elements, if its impetuous courſe had not been ſtaied by the meaſures of God's hand. At the ſame time I perceived our Saviour in the quality of a Judge, invironed with an infinite number of Angels, indued with marvellous brightneſs and excellent beauty. On the other ſide Devils in dreadful ſhapes, which I cannot now well deſcribe, ſince my ſoul is returned to my body. At the ſame inſtant, ſouls newly unlooſened from bodies, came from all parts in ſo prodigious numbers, that I could never believe there had been ſo many creatures in the world. Then was a rigorous Examen made of crimes committed in the life paſt: and I ſaw very few ſouls who had holily lived, whileſt they were as yet in this mortal fleſh, to fly unto Heaven with Palms and Crowns. Others were reſerved to be purged, as gold in the Furnace, and to follow the ſteps of thoſe happy Warriours who had gone before them.

As for thoſe who went from this life out of the ſtate of grace, and were in mortal ſin, it was a horrible thing to ſee the tyranny with which the Devils uſed them. For I perceived, in places under the earth, pits which vomited fire and flames, on the brinks whereof I ſaw thoſe ſouls in ſuch manner, as we ſhall ſee ſome fatal birds, who bewailed and lamented their diſaſters with dreadful complaints, able to rent rocks and marbles aſunder. Then they were thrown into precipices of fire, bidding a long adieu to all pleaſures, without hope ever to behold the face of God, nor pleaſing light of the Sun, or to have fruition of any other reflection but the flames of their torments.

I who ſaw theſe ſtrange paſſages, leave you to think with what terrour I expected the laſt ſentence of my Judge. The evil ſpirits began to accuſe me with all violence: you would have ſaid, they had reckoned all the ſteps of my life, ſo rigorouſly they muſtred up all the ſlighteſt actions. But nothing at that time was ſo inſupportable to me as mine own conſcience. For the ſins which I heretofore imagined to be light, were preſented unto me in ſpirit as horrid phantaſms, which ſeemed to reproach me with mine ingratitude towards God, and to ſay: *I am the pleaſure thou haſt obeyed, I am the ambition whoſe ſlave thou waſt, I am the avariee which was the aim of all thy actions. Behold ſo many ſins which are thy children. Thou begatſt them: thou ſo much didſt love them, as to prefer them before thy Saviour.* It is an admirable thing that I likewiſe ſaw the ſpecter of a man whom I had heretofore wounded, though yet alive. He ſeemed to be preſent at this Judgment, and to require of me an account of his blood.

All theſe horrours had already ingulphed me into an inconſolable ſadneſs, expecting nought at all but the ſtroke of thunder and ſentence of my Judge, at which time my good Angel diſpoſed himſelf to produce ſome good works I had heretofore done.

One cannot ſay nor believe the comfort a ſoul then feels in the remembrance of virtues it exerciſed in the body. Happy a thouſand fold the hands which ſow alms on earth, to reap them in heaven. It ſeemed to me I ſaw ſo many ſtars of a favourable influence, when I beheld this little good I had done with God's grace.

Laſtly, ſentence was pronounced, that for inſtruction of many, I ſhould again return into life.

I muſt confeſs unto you, that among ſo many troubles of mind, ſo many fears and frights which I ſuffered before the deciſion of my affairs (except Devils and Hell) nothing ſo much ſtruck me with horrour as to ſee my body, for which a burial was prepared. Is it poſſible (ſaid I to my ſelf) that to ſerve this carrion I ſo often have forſaken my God! Is it poſſible that to fatten this dunghil, I deſpiſed my ſoul! That I ſo adored my priſon and fetters, as to ballance them with the Croſs and Nails of my Saviour *Jeſus*! for this cauſe I had ſome repugnance to re-enter into this body, which ſeemed to me a little Hell. But my ſoul coming back into it, I remained the ſpace of ſeven days quite ſtupid, and ſo laſtly ſtrove with my ſelf till blood guſhed from mine eys, as not having tears ſufficient to bemoan my ſins. Behold me ready to declare and witneſs to all mortals by an authentick example the words of the *Wiſeman*, who ſaith; MEMORARE NOVISSIMA TUA, ET IN ÆTERNUM NON PECCABIS: REMEMBER ALL VVILL PASS AT THE LAST HOUR, AND THOU SHALT NEVER OFFEND. Eccleſ. 7.

I beſeech the Reader who peruſeth theſe lines to put the affairs of his conſcience in order, and if he love any thing in the world, to love it for life eternal.

XIX. MAX-

XIX. MAXIM.

Of Sovereign Happineſs.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

It is a ſimplicity to forſake certain pleaſures for an uncertain beatitude.

Opinion concerning beatitude.

WE live here among the groans of creatures, every one well underſtands he is not in his right ſituation, and all the world turns from one ſide to another, like a ſick man in a bed, and if any one ly ſtill, it is rather through the impotency of motion, then the happineſs of repoſe. Our ſoul well knows, it is the daughter of a good houſe, that there is another place which expecteth it, another life which inviteth it: It ſeeth ſome glimmers of felicity in the maſs of this body, but hath much ado to follow them, ſo many illuſions deceive it upon one ſide, and ſo many obſtacles oppoſe it on the other.

Diſturbances of life. *Auguſt. l. 2. de Trinit. c. 12.* *Amor magis ſimilitur eum prodit indigentia.*

The great flood and ebb of perpetual diſturbances, ſhew us we are made for ſome great matter, ſince among ſo many objects, there is none which either fully or long contenteth us. We underſtand our happineſs by the continual change of our miſeries, and our ſtrong appetite by diſtaſt of all things. Love, which according to *Plato* is the ſon of indigence, never is ſo ill as with its own mother, from whom it learns nothing but its poverty, which addeth a ſharp ſpur to direct it to riches.

Naz. *de invectivus vitæ* The divers wayes of humane life, according to S. *Gregory*. That the choice of conditions of life is hazardous.

When I read S. *Gregory Nazianzen*, in the great work he compiled of ſundry courſes of life, it ſeems to me I behold a man in the entrance of a labyrinth, much diſtracted, who will and will not, who deſires, waxeth drouthy, is intranced, and become pale, yea, in the height of his delights. It ſeems to me nature leadeth him through all the corners of her Kingdom, and ſaies unto him: O man, what wouldeſt thou do to become happy? Behold, I conduct thee through all the parts of my juriſdiction, of purpoſe to afford thee felicity, which thou ſeekeſt. Wilt thou then marry? fie no, ſaith he, for there is too much hazard in the adventure: ſingle life? It is painful: would you have children? they cloy with too much care: barrenneſs? it hath no ſupport: riches? they are treacherous to their Maſter, and many have been in danger to looſe life for having too much wherewith to live: charges and honours? they coſt overmuch, and are indeed dead trees, whereinto Oſtriches fly as well as Eagles: would you have favour? it is a ſquib which cracks in the air, and leaves nothing behind it but burnt paper and ſmoak: but if the Courts of Great-ones afford good fruit, there is ſtore many times of evil birds, which devour it. Thou wouldeſt then live in ſubjection (ſaith nature) ſince thou canſt not command? He replieth, he could not obey. I will make thee poor, ſaith ſhe, to teach thee humility: you were as good, quoth he, to put me on the wheel. Thou ſhalt have beauty; it is the ſnare of luſt: youth, it is the bubbling of time: ſtrength, it ſhal be inferiour to bulls: nobility, it is too full of liberty: eloquence, it is too vain: skil in pleading, it is nought but wrangling. Wouldeſt thou wear a ſword by thy ſide? it is to live either an homicide, or to become a victime of death: retire into ſome

THE HOLY COURT.

That the glory of Paradiſe is moſt certain to good men.

wilderneſs? it is to languiſh. Will you have title? it is to become captive: traffick? it hath too much hazard and pains: travel? it hath too much toil: ſail on the ſea? there are too many ſtorms: ſtay on the land? it is repleat with miſeries: learn ſome trade? all is full of craft, and I find none good: manure the earth? I am not able: live idlely? that is to rot alive.

Obruuntur humilitate depreſſa, quantò celſa faſtigio. S. Eucherius. Miſeries of this preſent life.

One knoweth not on what ſide to turn him in the world; poor ſtates are overwhelmed under their miſeries, great totter, born down with the weight of their own greatneſs. We find by experience, that we here lead a painful, bitter, and corruptible life, which is fruitful in miſeries, knowing in all whereof it ſhould be ignorant, and many times impotent but to do ill. A life over which elements predominate, which heats burn, cold congeals, humours ſwell, maladies torment, the very air and viands wherewith it lives ceaſe not to corrupt. A life which loves tyrannize, hopes flatter, cares devour, anxieties oppreſs, joys make profuſely diſſolute. A life which ignorance blindfolds, fleſh tempteth, the world deceives, ſin poiſoneth, the devil beguiles, inconſtancy turmoileth, time takes away, and death deſpoileth.

Neceſſary conſequence.

Now what ſpirit is ſo brutiſh and unnatural, which conſidering upon one ſide how God accommodateth all creatures, even the leaſt flies, to the full latitude of that felicity their nature admitteth, and on the other ſide ſeeing this great abyſs of miſeries, wherein we role in this life, doth not judge that God, who in his nature is moſt wiſe and benign, hath not ſo given the King of creatures over as prey to injuries and calamities, as not to have reſerved a life of ſpirits for him, ſince he is ſpirit, to pleaſe him by an intellectual felicity.

Bonum omnes conjectant maximè vero principaliſſimum. *Ariſtot.* Politic. lib. 1. cap. 1.

2. The Sages of Gentiliſm have looked this verity in the face by the ſole ray of natural light. For if we conſult with *Alpharabius* the *Arabian*, he will tell us, that the Sovereign felicity of man conſiſteth in a perfect diſpoſe of the functions of his ſoul, as wel thoſe which concern the underſtanding, as ſuch as depend on the will. If we ask of the Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, what wiped his eyes ſo many times drenched in his tears? He will tell you, that it was the contemplation of a good not imaginable, which ſouls expected in the other life. If we deſire to underſtand the apprehenſions of *Metrodorus*, we ſhal learn the ſoul muſt aſcend until it behold time in its ſource, and the infinity of the firſt Being. If we covet to hear *Plato* upon it, doth not he diſcourſe in his *Phædon*, that the ſoul recollected within it ſelf, mounteth to the Divinity, whoſe image it carrieth, and that in the fruition thereof, it ſatisfieth all deſires? Is it not likewiſe the doctrine of *Triſmegiſtus* in his *Pymander*? Doth not he teach us, the ſoul after death of the body returns to its nature, as a troubled water which

Opinion of the wiſe. *Summum hominis bonum eſt perfectio per ſe intellectiva.*

Aſcende, donec facies lum & rerum videas infinitatem. Plato in Phædone. Mercur. Triſmeg. Pymander. cap. 1.

which purifieth when it is ſetled. And doth not *Plotinus* triumph on this ſubject in publiſhing, that bleſſed ſouls at their paſſage out of bodies to the firſt beauty, which hath power to make all its ſpectators fair and amiable? There it is, (ſaith he) we ſhall live for ever in the palace of verity, which is the mother-nurſe, nouriſhment, and eſſence of our ſoul. There it is, that all is all, and where each part becometh a whole. There it is, where happineſs is indefatigable, and plenitude never gives a loathing to him who poſſeſſeth it. And who knoweth not the raptures of *Seneca*, when in the hundred and ſecond Epiſtle he ſpeaks of the ſoul, which goeth out of the body, as from a wretched veſſel, to enter into theſe vaſt Temples of Intelligences and lights, deriving its nouriſhment and increaſe from the ſame place, whence it took its beginning? May we not ſay, this truth ſo loudly profeſſed by men, who lived in a belief different from ours, is a publick voice of humane nature, touched by the ray of its felicity?

Plotinus Ennead. 1. l. 6. & Ennead. 5. l. 8.

Senec. ep. 102.

Divines teach us our appetite is finite in its eſſence, infinite in its productions. It is a miracle to ſee a heart ſo little, big with ſo many deſires, and perpetually to go like a wheel inflamed with its ardours, or rather a fire which makes a prey of its own way, and is nouriſhed with proper hunger. It is a cloud (ſaith S. *Gregory*) ſwoln with vapours, toſſed with winds, ſcattered by heat. It daily makes abortion of a thouſand productions, and when it thinks to have all, embraceth nothing.

Infinity of our appetites.

Nubes ad alta levatur, denſata venio in pellitur ut currat, calore diſſolvitur ut evaneſcat, &c. Greg. in Job. l. 8. c. 10.

The wiſe man ſpeaking of death, ſaith, it is that *which ſhall break the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel upon the ciſtern.* Some explicate this literally of the veins and brain. But I had rather at this preſent ſay, this pitcher is the heart of man, which ceaſeth not to go to the water of the *Samaritan*, whereof our Saviour ſpake, when he ſaid, *He who ſhall drink of this water, ſhall ever be thirſty.* It is a water which never quenched thirſt, and which ſometimes ſerves for an incentive to inſatiate deſires. And the pitcher ſo many times fruitleſly filled with this water, the heart ſo often drenched in theſe frail and momentary pleaſures, ſhall ſplit againſt the rock of death, remaining ſtill at the fountain of concupiſcence.

Eccl. 12. 7. A notable ænigma of a wiſe man.

Omnis qui biberit ex aqua hac, ſitiet iterum. Joan. 4.

Nay I will tell you, the heart is a wheel over the ciſtern of life, which ceaſeth not to draw up buckets filled with wind; one while running after one object, another time after another, not finding contentment, and at the laſt day the wheel ſhall be broken over the ciſtern, when man, if not warie, ſhall be ſurprized in the labyrinth of his deſigns, and confuſion of his hopes.

Providence of God in the limits of our appetites.

3. Now conſider the wiſdom of God, who having given us an infinite appetite, would not limit it but by himſelf: he would be our good, and being unable to be the end of himſelf, (becauſe he hath no end) he will be ours, to make us in ſome ſort infinite. He will not we put our felicities in commands and honours, becauſe they often reſemble the Idol *Moloch*, which was outwardly of gold, inwardly mortar; and becauſe honour is rather in him who honoureth, then in the honoured. He will not we ground our ſelves upon riches; for either they be gems which are the ſcum of elements; or metals which are the harbours of ruſt, and enkindlers of avarice; or garments the food of moths; or houſes, which are mountains compoſed of the bones of the earth; or fruits, beaſts, and ſo many other productions of nature, which cannot make us happy, ſeeing they, beſides their frailty, are of a ſervile nature, being made for the ſervice of men, and not for their glory. He will not we place our happineſs on pleaſures, becauſe all bleſſings of ſenſe do not beyond ſenſe, and for that their condition is either to ſtarve men by their barrenneſs, or ſtrangle them with their ſuperfluities. The beſt part of our ſelves being the ſpirit, he will repleniſh us with himſelf, who is the chief of ſpirits. It is he (ſaid the Prophet *Eſay*) who is the Crown of true glory, and the poſie of all comforts: the Crown, becauſe his felicity is wholly circular, and fully repleniſhed as the circle without any defect, the poſie, inſomuch as in his ſole eſſence he comprehendeth all the good of creatures, which are as petty flowers of this goodly garden.

God will repleniſh us with himſelf.

Greatneſs of God. Iſa. 28. 5. *Corona gloria & ſertum exultationis.*

It is neceſſary (ſaith *Tertullian*) that all greatneſs and beauties be extracted into one alone, which is the firſt greatneſs and prime beauty. He loves as charity, he knows as verity, he ſits as equity, he ruleth as majeſty, he governeth as chief, he defends as ſafety, he operateth as virtue, he revealeth as light, he aſſiſteth as piety, he doth all in all things, and ſuch as he is, he giveth himſelf unto us. I demand of you, whether he deſerveth not to be eternally diſpleaſed, who cannot content himſelf with God?

In unum neceſſe eſt ſummitas magnitudinis eliquatur. Tertul. l. 1. *adverſus* Marcion. c. 3. Bernard. l. 3. de conſider. c. 5.

Nay, that which here maketh his communication the more perfect and admirable, is, that Divines obſerve there be two felicities in heaven: The one of object, the other formal. That of object, is the good by which we become happy, and formal, is the poſſeſſion of the ſame good. Felicity of object is that, which looketh towards God without any reflection upon us; formal felicity is that, which reſpecteth our proper good. We might ſee God as a diſtant mirrour, which were not ours, and which had not the power to make us lovely. We might love him with a love of good will, by the ſole conſideration of his perfections. We might rejoyce at his good, without relation to our own benefit: But the goodneſs of God would not only make us happy with the felicity of our object, but by formal beatitude. He will not we behold him with a lazie and barren eye, but with a viſion, which rendreth us like to himſelf.

S. Thom. 2. 2. q. 3.

Similes ei erimus quoniam videbimus eum ſicuti eſt. Joan. 1. 3.

He will not we love him only with a love of good will, but with a love of ardent deſire, as our good and repoſe. He will not we rejoyce onely becauſe he is God, but for that he is our God, our ſcope, and contentment.

4. The point of this beatitude conſiſteth in a perfect union of our ſoul with God, who is the fountain of ſpirits, the object of all regular loves, and the circle of felicity. So long as we are in the world (ſaith the Apoſtle) we are as pilgrims in a forraign Nation, ſeparated from the ſweetneſs of our deareſt Country, and lovely viſion of the ſovereign cauſe. We are (ſaith *Syneſius*) as little veins of water wandered from their fountains, which deſire nothing but to be re-united to their ſource: ſhould you afford them veſſels of amber or chryſtal to contain them, they are never ſo well as in their origin. We have a ſtrong inclination that diſpoſeth us to know, love, and admire this ſovereign Being, which makes the world bring forth his great idea's with more eaſe, then the Sun could produce a ray.

The eſſential point of beatitude is union with God. Ἐκδημεῖν. Syneſius hymn. πατρὶ με δόξῃ ὄφρα ἴδω ἕον ἐξεχύθην.

Now here we muſt obſerve, there are many ſorts of union: The one of dependence, which cauſeth the creature to depend on the Creatour, as light on his ſtar, and heat on the fire, which produced it: The other of preſence and moſt inward penetration, by which God penetrateth all creatures by his admirable infuſions, by reaſon of his immenſity and ſubtlety: The third of grace, by which we are ſanctified, and in a ſort made participant of Divine nature:

Diverſity of unions.

ture: The fourth of glory, properly that, which accompliſheth what grace had begun, and ſetteth a ſeal upon the plenitude of all our felicities. This being ſo divided, it is evident, that the union whereof we here ſpeak, is the glorified and ineffable union, which diſpoſeth the reaſonable creature to the higheſt point of the commerce it may have with the Divinity.

It is very hard to explicate how that is in our ſoul, becauſe of the weakneſs of our ſpirits, which are now ſo tied to fleſh. Some Divines refuted by Chancellour *Gerſon*, and among others, Doctour *Almaricus*, and *Henricus*, took this in a very high ſtrain, when they imagined that God comming to fall as a lightning-flaſh upon the ſoul of a bleſſed one, filled it with his preſence, force, and love, and ſo poſſeſſed it, that he wholly converted it into himſelf, in ſuch manner, that from created Being, it paſſed to increated Being, returning to Idœa's of God, and into the eſtate it had before the World's creation.

Anima perdit eſſe ſuum, & accipit eſſe divinum.

This opinion hath been rejected, and condemned as a Chymæra; for God will not beautifie us by ruining and deſtroying us, but he will our felicity be ſo wholly of him, that it be notwithſtanding wholly to us; and there is no appearance our ſoul, which is immortal and incorruptible, ſhould be annihilated by the approach of God, from whom it muſt derive its being and conſervation.

Union of glory, what it is.

5. We muſt then conceive this much otherwiſe, and believe the union of glory, that makes our beatitude, conſiſteth in the viſion, love, and joy of God, which is the fruition, termed by S. *Thomas* the ineffable kiſſes. Imagine you ſee a needle, which in preſence of a Diamond runs not to the Adamant, as being tied and fettered by the force of this obſtacle, but if you take away the Diamond which captived it, it goes ſtoutly and impetuouſly to its Adamant, which ſetteth it in the place of its repoſe by ordinary charms. I find ſomething like in the ſtate wherein we are: our poor ſpirit naturally tendeth to God, as to the firſt cauſe, and can take no contentment but in union with him; yet is it here arreſted by the poize of body, by the bait of concupiſcence, and tye of ſenſe: but ſo ſoon as theſe obſtacles are taken away, and that it feeleth the vigorous infuſions of this light of glory, which giveth it wings to raiſe it ſelf to the Sovereign good above all the ways of nature, it ſoareth as a feathered Arrow unto the Butt of its deſires: it ſinks and plungeth it ſelf into the boſom of God, and there abideth contented with three acts, which eſſentially compoſe its beatitude. The firſt is viſion, the root of this ſo Sovereign happineſs, which cauſeth us to ſee with the eys of a moſt purified underſtanding, through the rays of the light of glory, the great God face to face, with all the immenſity of his eſſence, the length of his eternity, the height of his majeſty, the extent of all his excellencies, and with the ſecundity of his eternal emanations, the productions of total nature, and ſecrets of higheſt myſteries. We ſhall ſee him (ſaith S. *John*) as he is, and thereupon S. *Auguſtine* addeth, we ſhall neceſſarily derive a reſemblance of God, becauſe knowledge here principally rendreth him who knoweth, like to the thing known.

The three acts of beatitude.

1 *Joan.* 3. *Auguſt.* l. 9 de Tria. c. 10. *Omnis ſecundum ſpiritum notitia ſimilis eſt rei quam novit.*

Of this viſion neceſſarily is formed a great fire of love divinized, when God like to a burning mirrour oppoſed to a glorified ſoul, repleniſheth it with his ardours, ever by us to be adored. And from this love proceedeth that exceſſive joy, which is called the joy of God. Viſion cauſeth in us an expreſſion of God; love an inclination delicately violent to the preſence of this Sovereign good: joy a profound repoſe, which ſeems to ſpread over our hearts a great river of peace, benedictions, and felicities. Then this beatified ſoul not being able to be what God is by nature, in ſome ſort becometh ſuch by favour. So that S. *Gregory* durſt boldly ſay, our ſoul makes it ſelf a little God, which eternally triumphs in the boſom of the great God. It is properly then, when man by an amorous conſumption wholly diſſolves into his beginning, and not loſing what he is, becometh one ſame ſpirit with him, not by nature, but by apprehenſion and affection. He not only will what God willeth, but he cannot will any thing but what God will. He takes part in all his intereſt, all his greatneſs, and all his joys, being ſo divinely incorporated into the family and boſom of this Father of eſſences. He rejoyceth at the beatitude of all the elect, as of his own; he is rapt with admiration, ſometimes at the beauty of the place, ſometimes at the delicious correſpondence of that great company, ſometimes at the unchangable continuance of his moſt bleſſed eternity, ſometimes at the garments of glory his body muſt put on, and he every where beholdeth ſources of comfort to ſpring, which can never dry.

Θεὸς ἐν θεῷ γενόμενος. Naz. hymn.

Three great effects of beatitude.

6. From this favour, beſides ſo many other wonders, I ſee three excellent effects ſucceed. The firſt is, impeccability. The ſecond, verity of our knowledges, which ſhall admit no errour. The third, tranquility of our love, which ſhall not know what wound, or interruption is. And firſt conſider what a good it is to be impeccable, ſince we not only ſhall be without ſin, but out of all danger of ſinning. All that which here afflicteth the moſt purified ſouls, is not to be expoſed to ſo many miſeries & perſecutions, for they know good men are here on earth like Flower-deluces, begotten by their own tears, and that in the ſame manner they are produced to beatitude by their proper afflictions: but it is to ſee themſelves in a ſtate of power to loſe the grace of God, and to be able to be ſeparated from the firſt of lives, by an action of death. That is it which made *Job*, being on the dunghil like to the dunghil it ſelf, as on the throne of patience, to deplore his condition, and ſay; *Why haſt thou made me, ſeeing I am contrary to thy Divine Majeſty? That is it which renders me inſupportable to my ſelf.*

The great happineſs to be impeccable.

Plin. 21. 5. *Lilium lachryma ſua ſeritur.*

Quare me poſuiſti contrarium tibi, & ſum mihimet-ipſi gravis?

Now there ſhall be in beatitude an impotency of ſin, becauſe in full ſight of Sovereign good it will be impoſſible to propend to the leaſt evil, or leaſt diſorder, without which there can be no ſin.

Excellency of beatifick ſcience.

Moreover, as our knowledges are here wretched and ſtarven, there is not a man ſo knowing in the world, who for one drop of knowledge hath not a tun of ignorance, and who in the little he knoweth, hath not ever many errours, which ſtick to ſcience as the worm to the tree, or the moth to the cloath. Now there above, the ray of increated light, which ſhal appear in ful luſtre, wil diſſipate all the weakneſs of underſtanding, all inconſiderations, all faults, and ſhal fil us with a moſt reſplendent verity. So that our ſoul ſhal be like that *Ægyptian* Pyramid, which perpendicularly reflected on by the Sun, caſt no ſhadow.

In lumine tuo videlimus lumen.

Beauty of beatifick love compared to the weakneſs of worldly love.

Laſtly, we ſee our love is ill guided in this wayfaring life, it ſticks upon ſo many frivolous objects, which are fooliſh fires, that often lead it into precipices. It is taken by the eys with bleſſings which have nothing more certain in them then their loſs, bleſſings which we ever ſhal leave by death, if they forſake not us by misfortune. Being ſurprized it tumbleth therein, and perpetually bendeth to all which feedeth its dolours and drives away content. All it leaſt can do,

is that thing it moſt deſires, all it ſeeks, is many times the good it eſchewed: It looſeth labour to run after a flitting phantaſm, and if it ſtay, it is not but through deſpair not to overtake all which kils it. But if it come to poſſeſs what it loves, it is inſtantly turmoiled with its happineſs, and not having need to labour any more in deſires, it grows mouldy in proper fruition. It is willing to be reſiſted, to enkindle its flame, and reſiſtance thruſts it into rage, as poſſeſſion into diſtaſt. That is it which maketh me ſay, the earth being made for us, we are not made for the earth, and that we ſhould ſeek the place where love ſuffers neither offence nor interruption. I ſay offence; for it hath an object which contents all the world, and offendeth none. I ſay interruption, for if we ceaſe to love in Paradiſe, it muſt proceed from God, or from our ſelves: If it be by the commandment of God, we ceaſe to love, we ſhall ceaſe in loving, and in ceaſing we ſhall inceſſantly love, ſince we ſhall ceaſe through love. This ceſſation cannot come from us, for we ſhall love without obſtacle, and of neceſſity that Sovereign good, which for its infinities will not be beloved but in *infinitum*.

O what pleaſure, to have but one pleaſure, and what joy to derive all joys from their ſource! Why ſay we not with S. *Auguſtine*: O fountain of life, O vein of living waters, when ſhall I come to thy delights, and eternal ſweetneſs! I here on earth ſigh after thy beauties (O holy *Hieruſalem*) in a land ſcorched with fervours of ſenſuality. O when will it be, that I ſhall come before the face of my God! Think you I ſhall ſee that fortunate day, that day of comfort and triumphs, that day which God hath made, and which takes its eaſtern riſe from his eys? O bright day, which hath no evening, nor knows what the ſetting Sun is! When do you think I ſhall hear that word, enter into the joys of thy Maſter; enter into a joy inacceſſible to ſorrow, wherein is al good, with an eternal baniſhment of all evil? There it is, where youth waxed not old, where life hath no limits, where beauty decays not, where love knoweth not what it is to be cold, nor health to impair.

O dear City! with weeping eyes we behold thee afar off, we thy poor exiles, but yet thy children, redeemed with his bloud, who makes thee happy by his aſpects. Stretch out thy arms unto us, O mild Saviour, caſt an eye on us from the haven in theſe ſtorms of life, and give us leave to walk in ſo undoubted paths, that we may come to the place where thou liveſt and reigneſt for ever.

The nineteenth EXAMPLE upon the nineteenth MAXIM.

Of the pleaſures of Beatitude.

THE joys of Paradiſe are without example, and as they are here above our experience, ſo they paſs beyond our Imagination. Yet well may we conceive, raiſed bodies ſhall have ſome manner of contentment, in the perfect uſe of their ſenſes and beauty of objects, which ſhall ſatiate them with everlaſting delights.

When after a long winter, which covered us in darkneſs, and buried us in ſnow, we behold a new world ariſe under the benign favour of the ſpring, and conſequently the golden days of ſummer, we feel our heart dilate, ſeaſonably taking in ſome antepaſt of the repoſe of the bleſſed. What ſweetneſs is it to enjoy delights in a body ſound, and a ſpirit well purified? What contentment to behold thoſe goodly Palaces, where is ſeen an admirable conſort of art and nature, ſo many Hals ſo well furniſhed within, ſuch rich hangings, ſuch moſt exquiſite pictures, ſuch marbles, ſuch gildings; and without mountains which make a natural Theater, tapiſtred without art to ſurpaſs all Workmanſhip, forreſts, which ſeem born with the world, hedges, and knots curiouſly cut, alleys and mazes, where both eys and feet are loſt, rivers which creep along with ſilver purlings about gardens enameled with moſt fragrant flowers, cavernes repleniſhed with a ſacred horrour, grots and fountains which gently gliding contend with the warble of birds: and ſo many other ſpectacles, which at firſt ſight aſtoniſh ſpirits and never ſatiate. All this is but a little atome, I do not ſay of the eſſential pleaſure of the bleſſed which is ineffable, but of the ſole content of the ſenſes of a glorious body, which may in ſome ſort be expreſſed.

S. *John* to accommodate himſelf to the weakneſs of our underſtanding, hath made a deſcription of it in the Apocalyps, where he depainteth this goodly City of the bleſſed with ſingular curioſity. It is a pretty thing to conſider how *Lucian*, an excellent wit, though a bad man, intruding into our myſteries hath ſet out in his idea's to the imitation of it the life of the fortunate Iſland, wherein he ſayes all he can to repreſent unto us unſpeakable delights: but it is ſo far from what we would but cannot ſay, as Heaven from earth. Apoc. 21. & 22.

"When you approach (*ſaith he*) to this place you diſcover the walls, extended in length, all built with emeralds, the luſtre whereof is extremely reſplendent and pleaſing. The gates are of a precious and odoriferous wood, which caſteth forth at the entrance moſt delicious favours. When you paſs in, you behold a pavement of all Ivory, and houſes all of gold, ſet out with coſtly workmanſhips. The Temples there are made of huge Berils, precious ſtones, of the colour of the ſea, and altars of Amethiſt. The whole City is environed with a goodly river which ſtreameth all in balm, 300. cubits broad, and as deep as is neceſſary to bathe in. There are on either ſide ſtoves which are great houſes of glaſs, wherin are exquiſite baths: They never burn any other wood in them but cynnamon, and in ſtead of water, a certain dew is preſerved, ſovereign for bodily health. Lucian l. 2. verar. hiſt.

It is a pleaſant thing to ſee the inhabitants of this fortunate City, for you would ſay, their bodies are no bodies, but naked ſouls, ſeen by the help of ſome thin veil. Yet they ſtand upright, and ſit, walk, ſee hearken, talk and anſwer, but have nothing groſs or terreſtrial in them, as we. Their garments are of purple colour, and of a ſilk as tranſparent as ſpiders webs. No man complaineth there either of poverty, maladies, paſſions of the mind, or miſeries of the world: no man waxeth old, and all ſuch as have the favour to enter into it, remain there incorruptible. They never have either winter or night, but a temperate ſeaſon, & day which ſeems to go on with a perpetual morning. There is no asking, whether ther be orchards, gardens, flowers or fruits: for never were the like pleaſures ſeen. Their vines bare twelve times a year, and ſome fruit-trees to thirteen. Their corn is very fair, and hath on the top of the ear, little loaves of bread, ready made, very taſtfull.

I told in the City three hundred threeſcore and five fountains with chryſtalline water, as many with hony, five hundred with ſweet water, ſeven rivers of milk, and eight of moſt exquiſite wine. They make many feaſts out of the City, in a beautiful meadow, properly called *Elyſium*, wholy repleniſh'd with the choiceſt beauties of nature, and all round about it is crowned

crowned with a great wood which plentifully affordeth ſhadow. They ſit upon couches all compoſed of flowers, which never wither, and when they are at table, the winds take care to bring them all the moſt precious viands, except wine, whereof they have no need; for there are trees of Chryſtal which bear fruits made as glaſſes, and ſuch cups as we uſe, and ſo often as they gather them, they find them filled with a pleaſant liquour.

Mean while Nightingales, Linnets, Gold-finches and Buntings flie over their heads, and having wantonly thrown flowers on the table, which they had gathered in the next meadows, make them admirable muſick. The clouds alſo ſwoln with vapours, drawn from thoſe fragrant fountains, afford a little dew for them to bathe in and recreate themſelves. Laſtly, that which is very commendable among them, is, they have two fountains, one of joy, the other of laughter, which being once taſted, they become impenetrable to all ſorrow.

Behold all a curious wit may do, to deſcribe a life truly contented. We know there is nothing of all this in Paradiſe, but we are not likewiſe ignorant there is more then all this, and that whoſoever might have the favour onely one hour to be with the ſun and ſtars, ſhould there find ſo brave ſights, that all theſe dalliances of wit ſo gaily ſet out by this man, would ſeem to him no better then the ſlight verdure of cottage land-skips, hanged out of the windows, in compariſon of the tuilleries.

The bleſſed ſhall have the pleaſure of eyes in the aſpect of the humanity of our Saviour, of the moſt holy Virgin, of ſo many bodies more luſtrous then the ſun, of ſo many beauties which ſhall never ceaſe to be beauties. The recreation of ears in the mottets and canticles of triumph, which ſhall be ſung to the praiſe of the ever to be adored Trinity. The contentment of ſmel in the good odour which ſhal proceed from glorified fleſh. The exerciſe of taſt, not in wine or viands, but in a ſubtle humour wherewith the palate ſhall be perpetually moiſtned, by reaſon of the noble temperature of body. The ſatisfaction of touch in converſation with celeſtial bodies. All this may in ſome ſort be conceived by the figure we have here preſented. But the joy of God, and the eſſential beatitude, whereof I ſpeak in the diſcourſe, cannot fal under our ſenſe. Yet we may imagine the ſenſe of joy a man hath, who unexpectedly goeth out of a tedious and painful impriſonment, or he who prevails in a great and deſperate ſuit, or who enjoys a love infinitely affected, and ſees himſelf tied by chaſt marriage to a wife a thouſand times deſired; or who is raiſed to ſome great office and eminent dignity, which may advance him to ſome high eſteem, and bring him ſtore of wealth; or who ſuddenly, and after many years, meeteth a dear friend whom he thought long ſince dead: The ſoul ſometimes is ſo ſeized with joy, that the body is no longer able to bear it, and remains overwhelmed, as it were, under roſes.

We know what happened to the good old man *Diagoras*, ſo famous in hiſtories, which tell us, that in an aſſembly of Olympike games (the Theater of all *Greece*) he having ſeen three of his ſons publickly crowned by the Magiſtrate, took at firſt great comfort therein, which multiplied in his heart, as light by the break of day. But ſo ſoon as theſe three young men came near to embrace him, and had all joyntly put their Crowns on his head, the good man ſheading tears for joy, ſaid: Gell. l. 2.

Children, I am not to flie to heaven, yet have concluded all my joys on earth, ſeeing you to day all three together crowned in the boſom of glory, and the full accompliſhment of my wiſhes. It is time to die, ſince life can adde nothing to my happineſs.

And ſaying theſe or the like words, he was ſo intranced with the conſideration of good fortune, that he died in the place.

An honourable Lady of the Iſland of *Naxos*, named *Polycrite*, was touched with the like paſſion which took away her life, not bereaving her of glory. For the hiſtory ſaith, her City being beſieged by the *Eythreens*, & menaced with all the calamities might be expected from a ſiege, ſhe was intreated by the prime men thereof, to undertake an Embaſſage for the pacifying of troubles, which ſhe willingly did, and being one of the moſt beautifull women of her time, and a very good Oratreſs, ſhe had ſo much power upon the Prince *Diognetes*, the general in this ſiege, that ſhe diſpoſed his heart to what ſhe pleaſed. In ſuch ſort, that going forth in the fear and confuſion of all the people, ſhe returned with peace and aſſurance of quiet, which made them all to come out to receive her at the City gates with loud acclamations, ſome throwing flowers, other Crowns, and all rendring thanks to her as their Sovereign Preſervereſs. She apprehended ſo much joy therewith, that in the very inſtant, ſhe expired in her honours, at the City gate, and in ſtead of being carried to the throne, was brought to her tomb with the infinite ſorrow of all her countrey. I leave you to think; if humane comforts have ſuch force, what will the great joy of God be for theſe unheard-of ſpectacles, theſe continual triumphs and inexhauſtible ſources. Muſt we not ſay, we ſhould there every moment leave our ſouls in the height of pleaſure, were not the happineſs of it conjoyned to immortality? Plutarch. de clar. mulieribus.

XX. MAXIM.

Of RESURRECTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we muſt not deny our bodies the benefit of time, ſince they muſt periſh.

THE HOLY COURT.

That we muſt uſe our bodies as the Temples of God, ſince they muſt riſe again.

The reſurrection proved more then any other myſtery.

WE may truly ſay, there is not any myſtery in all our faith, which God hath pleaſed to teach and prove unto us more effectually, then the reſurrection. For, it being ſufficiently averred, that our ſalvation conſiſteth in the knowledge of three principal Articles, which are, that of the Trinity, of the incarnation with its extenſion made to the Sacrament of the Altar, and of the Reſurrection, although they be all of like neceſſity, yet it ſeems God diſpoſing himſelf more to our ends then his own, hath more abundantly explained himſelf in this laſt myſtery, which moſt concerneth our peculiar profit. It is very true, that for the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the

Sacrament of the Altar, he was contented to give us some figures of them in old Testament, not fully shewing the effects: but for the Resurrection, he was pleased to establish it even before his coming into the world, really and actually, by raising many dead by the merits of *Elias* and *Elizeus*, as we learn in the History of Kings. It is well enough known, that having afforded to the Ancients very obscure knowledges of the Trinity, and Incarnation; for the Resurrection alone he made the law of nature, the *Mosaical*, the order of the world, the form of Common-wealths, and the Evangelical law to speak so intelligibly, that he could speak nothing more perspicuously.

Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit, & in novissimo die de terra resurrecturus sum, &c. Job. 19.

In the law of nature I understand the chief Secretary of the world, *Job*, who crieth out on the dunghil *I know my Redeemer liveth, and that at the last day of the world I must rise again from the earth, and shall see God in mine own flesh; that I shall see my self in person, and that my eyes shall behold him, and no other; this hope I keep as a pledg in my bosom.* A man who lived about three thousand years ago before al books all Doctours, & all schools, to speak in so clear terms so presing, so peremptory, is it not a prodigy?

Ecce ego aperiam tumulos vestros, & educam vos de sepulchris vestris. Ezech 37. Matth. 2. Matth. 22. D. Tho. art. 1. ad 2. supplem. q. 75.

In the *Mosaical* law, besides formal passages in the prophet Ezechiel: *I will open your tombs, and will take you from your sepulchers*; besides the generous confession of the *Macchabees*, we have in the *Pentateuch* a passage alledged for proof of the resurrection by the Son of God himself, which for this purpose ought to be held, as an argument necessary and invincible. It is so many times said, *The God of Abraham, Isaac*, and *Jacob*: Now he is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and therefore needs must these Patriarchs be living, not only in the immortality of their souls, for the soul makes not a man entire, but to future Resurrection..

Tertul. l. de Resur. c. 12 and 13. *Greg. Mag.* 14. mor. c. 10. *Cyril.* Catech. 18. *Macar.* hom. 5. de Resur. Nil. Ora. 2. de Pasca. *Theod* serm de Provid.

In the order of the world, we have the new birth of stars, days, seasons, planets, of birds, who make a perpetual image of the resurrection in the world, on which the holy Fathers enlarge with much eloquence. In the form of Common-wealths and policy of the universe, we observe the great care all Nations, the most barbarous, have had of the burial of bodies, not to have been but through an instinct and estimation of the resurrection. Which the chief men in Gentilism have publickly and notably professed. And although they had very weak knowledge of other mysteries of our faith, and spake of it with much obscurity. in the point of Resurrection, they unfolded themselves most distinctly and expresly.

Mercurius Trismegistus; in the first chapter of *Pimander* assureth us of the Resurrection of bodies, as a thing infallible. The great *Athenagoras* sheweth, it was the doctrine of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, the two first lights of *Philosophy*. And verily we have also the writings of *Plato*, which witness, the wicked shall be judged, and condemned to hell in body and soul; a passage alledged by S. *Justine* in the tenth of his Common-wealth, and which is more, this singular man to win us to this belief, hath couched a very notable axiom in his *Phædon*, where he saith, that all, which is living in the world, comes from something dead. *Democritus*, who was (as *Hippocrates* affirmeth) one of the wisest men in the world, wished the bodie of the dead should be honourably used in respect of resurrection, which *Pliny* could not dissemble. *Phocyllides* said the same in verses, written, as with the rays of the Sun. Nay, if we would consult with the tombs of the dead, we shall find, there hath not been any but some wicked and irregular spirits, who have renounced the blesings of the other life, as by publick profession, causing it to be engraven on their tombs. So did *Sardanapalus* the most infamous of men, whose epitaph *Aristotle* having read, said, It was more fit for a hog, then a King.

Vixi & ultra vitam nihil credidi.

So did that wretched woman of *Bresse*, whose monument is yet to be seen in antiquities, causing to be set over her ashes: *That after the death of her husband she had been neither Widdow nor wife: and that her house served only for a snare to loves, Otherwise that during life she never believed any thing but life.* So did one *Julia*, who caused also to be inscribed over her bones: *That she had lived 27 years without committing any sin, but by resigning her self to death.*

Nihil unquam peccavit, wisi quod mortua est. Brisson. formul.

But on the contrary, you observe some of the Gentiles, who professed the happines of the soul in the other life, and the resurrection even on their tombs. We at this day read in *Rome* the Epitaph of *Lucius* and *Flavius*, two friends, who witnessed, *They would have but one grave on earth, since their souls make but one in Heaven.* And that of *Aulus Egnatius* who maketh mention, *That all his life-time he learned nothing, but to live and dy, from whence he now deriveth the joys of beatitude.* And that of *Felicianus*, who having led a solitary life, saith, *He did so to rise again with the more facility, being freed from trouble at the day of Judgement.* Where the Interpreters under this word *Trouble*, understand his wife. What voice of nature is this? What touch of God? What impresion of verity?

In cœlo spiritus suus adest.

Ut in die censorio sins impedimento facilius resurgam. Brisson.

In the Evangelical law, besides the passages of S. *Matthew* 22. of S. *John* 5. of S. *Paul* 1. to the *Corinthians* 15. the Saviour of the world remained fourty days upon earth after his Resurrection, that he might be seen, reviewed, touched, handled, and manifested to more then five hundred people assembled together, as writeth S. *Paul* in the fore-alledged place, of purpose most deeply to ingraft the mystery of Resurrection in the hearts of the faithful.

2. And as for that which concerneth reason, this belief was acknowledged to be so plausible and conform to humane understanding, that never hath there been any who doubted it, were it not some hereticks, furious, infamous and devillish, as the *Gnosticks Carpocratians, Priscillianists, Bardesanites, Albigenses*, & such like enemies of God and nature, or *Epicures* and Libertines who finding themselves guilty of many crimes have rather desired not to be perswaded of the end of souls and bodies, to bury their punishments with their life. For which cause they framed gross and sensual reasons touching this truth, unworthily blaspheming that which their carnal spirit could not comprehend.

Reason of possibility.

What impossibility should there be in resurrection to an omnipotent hand? We must necessarily say it comes either from matter or form, the final or efficient cause. It cannot come from matter since our bodies being consumed by death the first matter stil remaineth, and after a thing is once created, never is it meerly reduced into nothing. Shall it be said that God who made thee of nothing cannot make thee again of the remanders of matter, and that he hath less power over dust then over nothing?

τὸν δὲ ζῶντα ἐκ τεθνεώτος, Plato in Phædon. Tim. l. 7. c. 55.

The Philosopher *Heraclitus* saith, birth is a river, which never dries up, because nature is in the world as a workman in his shop, who with soft clay makes and unmakes what he list. Think we the God of nature cannot have the like power over our flesh, that nature hath over the worlds?

Proceeds the impediment from form? It cannot, since the soul, which is the form of body, remaineth incorruptible, and hath a very strong inclinati-

tion

Levin. l. 2. de mirac. c. 52.

tion to its re-union. Proceeds it from the end? No, since Resurrection is so the end of man, that without it he cannot obtain beatitude for which he is created, perfect felicity being not onely the good of the soul, but of the whole man.

Wonders of nature.

Will then impediment arise from the efficient cause? And is it not an indignity to deny to the Sovereign power of God the restauration of a body he made, being we daily see so many wonders in nature whereof we can yield no reason?

Why doth a liquor extracted from hearbs by a certain distillation never corrupt? Why is water seven times purged, not subject to corruption? Why doth amber draw a straw along, which other metals repel? Why do the lees of wine powred to the root of vines make them fruitful? How with so base ingredients are so goodly and admirable glasses made? Why do men by the help of a fornace and a limbeck, daily make of dead and putrified things so wonderous essences? What prostitution of understanding, to think that the great Architect, having made our bodies to pass through this great fornace of the world, and through all the searces his divine providence ordaineth, cannot render them more beautiful and resplendent then ever? What should hinder him? Length of time? There is no prescription for him? Multitude of men? That no more troubles him then millions of waves do the Ocean, since all Nations before him are but one drop of dew.

The condition of glorious bodies.

COnsider, I pray, the state of glorified bodies, and observe, that there commonly are four things irksome to a mortal body; sorrow, weight, weakness, and deformity. These four scourges of our mortality shall cease in the Resurrection, being banished by gifts quite contrary to their defects. We may truly say, among the miseries of body, there is not almost any comparable to pains and maladies, which are in number so divers, in their continuance so tedious, in their impressions so sharp, that it is not without reason an Ancient said, health was the chief of Divinities, and an incomparable blessing. For what is a soul, inforced perpetually to inhabit a sickly body, but a Queen in a tottering & ruinous house, but a bird of Paradise in an evil cage, and an Intelligence tied to attend on a sick man? As the body very sound serves the soul for a house of pleasure, so that which is continually crazy, is a perpetual prison.

Now observe, that against the encounters of all sorts of pains and maladies, God communicateth to glorified bodies the chief gift, which is impassibility, wherewith they shall be exempt, not onely from death, but from hunger, thirst, infirmities, and all the diseases of this frail and momentary life. O God, what a favour is the banishment from so many stones, gravels, gouts, nephreticks, collicks, sciaticks, from so many pains of teeth, head, heart, so many plagues, and sundry symptoms of maladies, which afflict a humane body.

Apoc. 21. *Absterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum*, &c. Isai 49. *Non esurient, neque sitient, neque percutiet eos æstus.*

This good, if maturely weighed, will be thought very great, by such as have some experience of the incommodities of this life. Add also thereunto a singular Theological reason, that this gift shall not be in us by a simple privation, as the non-essence which the *Epicureans* imagined, but by a flourishing quality communicated by God to our bodies, and which shal have the force to exclude all whatsoever is contrary and painful, onely admitting the sweet impressions of light, colours, melodies, odours, and other things pleasing to sence. Note I say, quality, for I am not ignorant, Divines dispute concerning

Scot. in 4. distinct. 49. q. 13.

the true cause of the impassibility of a glorified body, and that some place it in a virtue and external protection which God will give them to stay the effect of hurtfull causes. In such wise, that according to the opinion of those Doctours, glorious bodies shall be impassible as were the three Children in the fornace of *Babylon*, not that their bodies were impenetrable to fire, but because God hindred the action of flames on their bodies. But I had rather say with S. *Thomas*, it is done by a quality internal and adherent to the bodies of the blessed. Because this manner, besides that it is sweet, easie, and suitable to the magnificence of God, is more noble, more natural, and nearer approaching to the condition of celestial bodies.

Durand. d. 15. 44 q. 4. num. 13.

1. part. q 97. art. 1. and 5. q. 82. art. 1.

Against the second incommodity of mortal body, which is terrestrial weight, we shall have subtility, a gift much to be desired, and which also opposeth the beastlines and stupidity, that insensibly cause aversion in reasonable and intellectual nature. We cannot be ignorant, that many Divines place this subtility of glorious bodies in a vertue they shall have, to penetrate the most massy objects, not bruising or breaking them, like a spirit; and that it were an errour either to say it were impossible to the divine power, or was not done by our Saviour when he came out of his mothers womb, or when he entred into the chamber. Notwithstanding, I think this penetration of bodies should be judged as extraordinary to a blessed body, without having any necessary dependence of its condition. But I had rather believe with S *Thomas*, Doctor *Durandus*, and the *Roman* Catechism, that this gift of subtility, whereof question is here made, consisteth in a great vigour of sence, proceeding from a perfect disposition of organs, and a tenderness of spirits, and besides in an entire subjection and admirable pliantness of the body to the soul, and of appetites to reason; a matter which I esteem more then the penetration of *Semiramis*'s wals.

Damascen. l. 4. de fide. c. ultim. and *Ambros.* l. 10. in Luc. cap. ultimo.

Durand. in 4. d. 44. q. 5. D. *Thom.* in 4. l. 4. q. 2 art. 2. and 5. q. 33. 2. a.

The third blemish of our bodies, which is weakness and infirmity, shall be excluded by the grace, force, and agility, which will bring to pass that the blessed may go from one place to another, not by a simple ability and equality of the motion of steps and going forward, but an impetuousness, as would be that of an eagle, who should fall upon her prey, or of an arrow shot by a strong hand, according to S. *Augustines* opinion. Doctor *Scotus* thinks this agility will proceed from the force of th e soul, with substraction of weight, which shall at that time be taken away from the body in this state of immortality. Others think, this weight shall onely be suspended and interdicted in its effect, not for ever, but for the space the blessed shall desire, who besides this admirable lightness, shall have great and sprightly forces.

Aug. l. 22. de Civit. c. ultim. *Vis volet spiritus, ibi protinus erit & corpus* Isaiah 40. *Qui sperant in Domino mutabunt fortitudinem.*

Lastly, the fourth accident of this mortal and corruptible state, is deformity, which hath sometimes been so troublesom to many souls little courageous, & greatly faithless, that there have been such found in Pagan antiquity, who voluntarily deprived themselves of life, to be delivered from the shame and grief they conceived to be born in a body notably deformed.

Of beauty.

Beauty, although it be often decried, since it began to serve for a bait, and to be an instrument to sin, yet it must be confessed, when it contracteth good alliance with the spirit and virtue, namely, that of chastity, it hath qualities so lovely, & excellencies so noble, that without arms or guards it exerciseth power even over the hearts of Monarchs. *Zeno* said, grace of body was a *Voice of flower, and a flower of voice*; voice of flower, because it draweth amity to it, as the flower of a garden, not crying out nor tormenting

Φωνὴ ἄνθους, Καὶ ἄνθος φωνῆς.

it self, a flower of voice, because it is one of the most flowery eloquences among the attractives of nature. Earthly sovereignties often employ the whole extent of their power, to make themselves beloved, yet never attain it, but this as the rays of the sun, not breaking either gate or window, gets entrance for it self in humane heart, and not alledging any other reason, nor affording patience of resolution, transporteth a soul, which lives more in that it loveth, then in that it animateth. And yet what is temporal beauty but a transitory charm, an illusion of senses, a voluntary imposture, a slave of pleasure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a dyal on which we never look, but whilest the sun shines on it? What is humane beauty but a dunghil covered with snow, a glass painted with false colours, a prey pursued by many dogs, a dangerous Hostess in a frail house, a sugered fruit in a feast which some dare not touch for respect, and others gormandize through sensuality? Go, trust so fading a good: Go, betake you to so unhappy a snare: Go, ty your contentments to so slippery a knot. What else will happen unto you but to court a fantasie, which loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions?

If beauties must be loved, let us love them in the state wherein they shall never cease to be beauties: let us love them in the glory of their resurrection, where they shall be placed as Qs. in their thrones.

Durand. in 4. de 44. q. 3 The beauty of glorified bodies (saith *Durandus* the Divine) consisteth in three things. First, in a pure and resplendent colour, conjoyned to a most perfect and distinct proportion of all members, without the least blemish or defect, able to give the least aversion. Secondly, in a singular smoothness, as would be that of a mirrour, receiving the Sun beams directly. Thirdly, in an interiour light, which, as other Doctours with a general consent do add, will diffuse it self over the body with an incomparable lustre, if it happen not that the blessed to manifest themselves to feeble and mortal eyes stay the course of the rays of glory, as did our Saviour in the conference he had with the two pilgrims of *Emaus*.

Daniel 12. Qui docti fuerint, fulgebunt tanquam splendor firmamenti &c. Mat. 13. Fulgebunt justi sicut sol in regno Patris eorum.

O Beauties which never tarnish! O lights which know not what it is to be eclipsed! O house of God! O Temple of peace! When will the great day come, which shall devest us from all we have mortal, to put us into the bosom of immortality? But we must confess, that among all the considerations may be ad upon this subject, we have not any more pleasant or effectual, then the triumphant Resurrection of our Saviour, which is the root and hope of ours. If we desire to sweeten the acerbities of life, and to repleniish our hearts with the antepast of our immortality, let us make a perpetual Pasch in our souls, and reflect on our *Jesus*, our Phenix, who goeth out of his sepulcher on the day of his triumphs.

That the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, *is the foundation of ours, and we must behold his sweetness and glories as the sources of our eternity*

Nature delighteth in contrarieties. Discordant accords of the world. NAture, which is an expression of Divine understanding, is never so great and admirable as in contrarieties, & it seems she takes delight to derive the goodliest harmonies of the world from certain disagreeing accords. We admire contrary motions in the heavens, which compose an eternal peace: In the air, a bird which takes life from death, & the beauty of her plumage from a tomb of ashes: On earth, bees bred in the throat of a dead Lion, that find life in a savour able to kill them: In the sea, a fish named the *holy fish*, which as histories say, taking its original in the Kingdom of tempests, fails not to create a calm by its presence: And among fountains, we cannot sufficiently wonder at the water of *Dodone*, into wch a torch falling, is put out, and coming forth is lighted. *Jesus*, authour of nature, beareth all these miracles in his own person, to make a miracle in our hearts, and to draw them out of the dust and darkness from which he freed our bodies. He is the great heaven, which by motions of his life holily contrary, unanimously divers, and harmoniously disagreeing, hath made the accords of the Church militant and triumphant. He is the Bird of the East, whereof *Isaiah* speaketh, which glorifieth his tomb, and quickneth his death, to slay ours. He is the Bee of the celestial Father, which from all Eternity having his hive in the heart of his Father, soareth into the region of death, to sit upon dying flowers which took away his life, and put him into the throat of a lioness, of a death which devouring all, is devoured it self, as saith the Apostle: and from this gulf which yielded nothing, issueth a life to be the seed of all lives. It is the Divine fish of the *Sybills*, sacred by so many titles, to consecrate all intelligent nature, which after the rage of so turbulent a passion, makes a great calm in the world, which he establisheth by his fall, quickeneth by his death, washeth by his bloud, and glorifieth by his torments. He is the torch which entred dead into the river of *Cocytus*, whereof holy *Job* speaketh, and came out lighted and all environed with flames of a triumphant glory.

Æl. l. 12. de animal. *S. Isid. de fonte Egypti and Solinus.* *Miracles of the person of Jesus.* *Isa. 46 11.* *1 Cor. 15.* *Job 21. 33.*

Let us then say that God, who by his providence and by a singular predestination, governeth the state of intellectual creatures in all perfect height and accomplishment of beatitude, hath so tied glory to merit, and merit to glory, that he would not glorify the Angels, without giving them some moment of a wayfaring life & some exercise of meritorious actions, to obtain the crown and consummation of felicity. And consequently to the same purpose, it is very true the most holy humanity of the worlds Saviour from the first instant of his beginning, was inseparably united to the Divinity, but not to be the lights and actual splendours which were incessantly to spring from this ineffable union of the Word to the flesh. The Father ordained, and the son for our love received and freely accepted a suspension of the light of glory, for the space of three & thirty years. And although he had the foundation and root in himself the exercise of it was staid, and proposed to him in the end of his race, as the recompence of his painful life, and unspeakable dolours of his death.

Jesus entreth into his glory by his merit. *Suspension of actual glory in the body of our Saviour.*

He naturally desired the glory of his body, as our soul sticking in flesh and bloud, vehemently covets a full liberty of its intellectual functions; and behold here in this mystery, his desire is accomplished, and this humanity darkened by the space of a long night of life, hidden and buried in the obscurity of an ignominious death, cometh from it as the Sun out of a cloud, and makes a transfusion of himself into the bosom of ineffable lights, which issue from the Sanctuary of the most holy Trinity. In such sort, that it is a second birth of the most sacred humanity, which being born to the communication of divine subsistence, is here born to glory.

5. Now observe, if you please, that as the lightning flash, which appeared in the face of the Angel, messenger of the resurrection, hath three properties; the first is, that it is a subtle part of inflamed elements, the second, that it is endowed with a splendour and sparkling, which dazleth humane eyes, the third, that it goes from one pole to another with an extream

Three proprieties of splendour in the resurrection of our Saviour.

Flos delectationum, amœnitas deliciarum & veri amoris initium August. Homil. in exurg. Mariæ.

extream vivacity, and a shril sound; So three things are observable in the glory, which our Saviour entertained in his Resurrection: first, that this body taken from the clay of *Adam* and matter of elements, became in an instant wholly invested in sweet and honourable flames of divinity; secondly, that he appeared with an admirable beauty, which made, that S. *Augustine* gave him this title: *The flower of pleasures, and the most purified pleasure of all delights, the root of holy loves*; the third, consisteth in the lustre of this great name, which went from the East to the West, from the South to the North, filling the world with his wonders.

A Remarkable Psalm.

Psalmus David quando ei terra restituta est. Alii, quando fundata est terra. Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus est, &c.

It seems, this was divinely propheſied in the 29. Psalm, which beareth a title very remarkable. It is a Psalm sung by *David* to the *Messias*, on the day when *his land was restored to him*, to wit, his body was rejoyned to his soul in the possession of glory, and therefore he saith according to the paraphrase: *It is verily on this day our Saviour beginneth an eternal Empire, and a supream Monarchy in his militant and triumphant Church: It is on this day he cloathed himself with a body, endowed with a flourishing beauty, with beauty he took an invincible force which hath penetrated even into hell*, as divinely saith (a) *Eusebius Emissenus*. The eternal nights of hell have been visited by the rays of God, plants and clamours ceased, direfull chains fell off, executioners were amazed, and the whole habitation condemned to eternal pains, shook under the feet of this admirable Conquerour. The Prophet pursueth (b) *The seat of glory*, (O Saviour) *was prepared for thee from all eternity, and thereinto thou makest a victorious triumphant entry, after so great an inundation of sufferings. All the waves of persecutions have roared over thy head, and have buried thee in the acerbities of death. How much the more this sea of passions immeasurably swelled, so much the more thou appearedst resplendent in the supream eminency of thy glory and triumphs.*

Emiss. hom. 1. in diem Pal. chr.

(a) *Æterna nox tuæ rorans, Christo descendente resplenduit, filiis stridor ille lugenium, & catenarum discrepita ceciderunt vincula damnatorum*, &c.

(b) *Parata sedes tua*, &c. *Elevaverunt flumina*, &c. *Mirabiles elationes maris.*

6. (c) Transfer your consideration from thence to the effect of our Saviours glorification, which consisteth in repose and stability, represented by the Angel, which appeared at the resurrection, sitting on a solid stone. This verily is the great day, which we may call the mystical Sabbath, and the eternal repose of *Jesus*. It is said in the mystery of the creation, (d) that God rested on the seventh day, and casting his eye on all these great works, which he drew out of nothing, he thereupon took satisfaction in his spirit, and impressed them all as with the seal of his approbation. To speak according to our understanding, it was an incomparable comfort to the heart of the Sovereign Creatour, to behold in six days so goodly a world, where before that time reigned an huge imaginary *vacuum*, accompanied with a sad horrour of darkness: and to consider how a Nothing in the hands of a great work-man was a mighty thing, having been as the ground of the greatness, and beauty of the universe.

(c) The sweetness of the repose of Jesus and all the elect in the state of the resurrection.

(d) *Complevitque Deus die septimo opus suum quod fecerat, & requievit die septimo ab universo opere quod patrarat, & benedixit diei septimo, & sanctificavit illum.* Genes. 2. 1.

The relation of the resurrection to the creation.

What contentment to see a heaven distended as a Pavillion over all creatures, which already circumvolved with so much impetuousness, and besides to see it enameled with so great a number of stars in the peaceable silence of the night, and in the day to see it enlightned with a sun, which is the visible Image of God invisible, the eye of the world, the light of nature, the treasury of heat, light, & influences, that animate, illustrate, and quicken all the parts of this great work. To see a Moon to serve for a sun by night, so constant in her inconstancy, so regular in her increasing & waynings, so measured in all her course, so effectual and fruitful in the impressions she maketh on nature. To see days and nights return into our hemisphere at a time prefixed, to agree as brothers & sisters, to afford time one to another, & to yield it, one in winter, another in summer, with so much integrity, that all therein goes in compass. To see the order of seasons, a delicious spring-tide strewed all over with flourishing beauties, a summer with harvests, an Autumn with its fruits, and a winter, which is as the depository of nature, dies to live again with the first rays of renovation. To see the Sea so spacious in its extents, so fertile in its productions, so concluded in its limits; to see the flood and ebb of the Ocean, the tomb of curiosity, the impetuous stream of rivers, the eternal veins of fountains, the height of mountains, the depth of valleys, the winding of hillocks, the wideness of fields: To see so prodigious a quantity of trees, herbs, flowers, so curious in beauty, so wholsom in their utility, & so divers in their multiplicity: To see so many speckled birds flying in the air, which they fill with their natural musick, so many fishes to swim in the chrystal of waters, so strange a variety of beasts, armed some with horns, some with teeth, some with spurs, other with saws, many with paws: And lastly man, who contracteth in himselfe all the draughts and works of the divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole world in his perfections, and beareth the most animated character of the living God. Is it not true that God, casting his eye on this, had a certain delight therein, as the Master of a family, when he sees a house, which he had long time designed to be raised in one night entirely perfect, throughly furnished, and in all kinds accommodated with whatsoever concerns necessity and beauty?

The joys of the heart of Jesus in the first instant of the resurrection.

Here raise your thoughts above all that is mortal and momentary: Imagine with your self the ineffable joy of the heart of *Jesus*, and the profound repose of his spirit, when at the first instant of his resurrection he represented unto himself not creatures, elements, plants, and a corruptible world, but a world of wisdom, understanding, love, beauty, force, and felicity. A Church which was to take birth from his blood, life from his death, and spirit from the most subtle spirits of his heart. He then saw this Church as a great Temple divided into two parts, whereof one made the Quire, another the body; In the Quire he beheld an infinite number of Angels, who chanted a song of triumph in honour of his victories. He saw in his idea the number of the elect, who should accompany the magnificent legions of Intelligences. He saw about him those sacred first-fruits of immortals, whom he very lately had taken out of Limbo, and himself he beheld in the front of so many clean and purified souls, rejoycing to busie the earth in the memory of his triumphs, and to make heaven happy by his sweet aspects.

The goodly world he beheld in his Idea's at the day of his resurrection.

He beheld himself as in a picture in that manner wherein S. *John* presenteth him in his Apocalyps, all laden with crowns, clad in a white garment imbroidred with precious drops of his blood, which gave him a lustre a thousand times more honourable, then that of diamonds and rubies; and after him an infinite number of celestial Courtiers who waited on the triumph of his resurrection. He heard acclamations which gave him the title of True and Faithful, voices of trumpets, of water, and thunder, which ceased not to resound Alleluja. O what a source of joy did then over-flow the breast of God, that treasury of chast delights.

Ecce equus albus, & qui sedebat super eum vocabatur fidelis & verax. In capite ejus diademata multa, vestitus erat veste aspersa sanguine, &c. Apoc. 19.

From the Quire he cast his eyes on the body of his great Temple, and saw in magnificent idea's all the state of the Church militant, which is compared to the body of it, to wit to a ship, because it is still

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in the waves of this tempestuous sea. He beheld it with an eye of love & compassion, seeing by his example it increased by its losses, rose in its ruines, and was glorified by persecutions: and considered this little handful of Christians, which multiplying, Age after Age, peopled *Asia*, *Europe*, & *Africa*, and spred through the world known and unknown, taking for habitation the same limsts the Sun hath in his course: he perceived Nations drenched in the darkness of ignorance, which having no more of man then shape, were transformed at the first light of the Gospel into a life wholy celestial: prophane Temples thrown down on their Gods, Idols broken in a thousand pieces, dens of theeves, full of horrour, bloud & darkness, purified by his doctrine, & the very instruments of his dolours honoured and advanced on the top of Capitols. He beheld Churches erected on al sides to his honour, Monarks and Queens who laid their Crowns and diadems at his feet, with praises, sacrifices, and eternal feasts.

On the other side he represented to himself so many Doctours, knowing as Oracles, & pure as Angels, who were to be the trumpets of his glory: so many innocent Virgins who should with an immortal character inscribe on their bodies the resemblance of his own most sacred purity: so many confessours who hasten to engrave on the most hideous rocks of the desart, the omnipotency of his name; the imitation of his fasts, watchings, abstinencies; the image of his defying conversation. And lastly more then eleven millions of Martyrs who defyed all torments, affronted executioners, braved death, and scored out with their bloud the holy pathes of their glory.

Cruciate, damnate, atterite, patientia nostra probatio iniquitas vestra, crudelitas illecebra est secta: plures efficimur quoties metimur a vobis: sanguis Martyrum semen est Christianorum. Tertul. Apol. 50. Kingdom of Jesus.

7. I leave you to ponder that which never can enough be thought on, the repose and comfort of the soul of *Jesus*, when he beheld in his idea's the great Kingdom which was to be brought forth in his bloud & established in his resurrection. And moreover that his Kingdom should be an eternal Empire, never admitting end, death, nor darkness. Humane wisdom being desirous to be established in Empires by vice, policy, & tyranny, found every-where sceptters of glass, crowns of vapours, and thrones of ice, which are broken, scattered, and dissolved into nothing under the progress of time and eye of the divine providence: But the Empire of *Jesus*, which taketh its beginning on earth & beareth its conquests into heaven, hath recommended his scepter to the bosom of eternity.

O what a torrent of pleasures flowed over the fair soul of our Saviour in these considerations. Painters naturally love their own workmanships, learned men their writings, Law-makers their politick Institutions, military men their victories and tropheys. All men in the world have a sensible joy to see their designs brought to perfection. *Solomon* even melted with comfort in consideration of the accomplishment of the Temple of *Hierusalem*. *Justinian* could not behold but with much transportation of joy the Church of S. *Sophy* he had built. *Constantine* had most pleasing dreams concerning the City of *Constantinople*, which was as his creature. And what is all this but Chymera's in comparison of the great work of the Church, performed by the resurrection of the worlds Saviour. Have not we cause to say. It is to thee, O *Jesus*, it is to thee, the joys of the holy Spirit do appertain: Joys pure, celestial, divine, distilled from the heart of God, who is the heart of eternal amities. Enter into repose after so great a tumult of wars and battels. It is time (saith the Spirit of God) thou rest thy Ark under the pavillion of the eternal Majesty, after so many travels and effusion both of sweat and bloud.

Luc. 10. 21. In ipsa hora exultavit Jesus spiritu sancto & ingredere in requiem tu & arca sanctificationis tuæ. Amodo jam dicit spiritus ut requiescant à laboribus suis. Apoc. 14. 13.

8. Let us more and more settle our selves in this noble belief, which charmeth al anxieties of this life, sweetneth all rigours, purifieth all intentions, animateth all virtues, and crowneth all merits. Courage (O Christians!) an immortality, a resurrection, an eternal life, a life of God, is gained for thee by the pains, sweats, and bloud of *Jesus*; and he now inviteth thee into the society and communion of this glory. What resolution wilt thou take (O man of mud and mortar? why dost thou still bow down to the earth, the back whereof thou hast bristled with so many thorns by thy sins? It is not now said unto thee: *Thou art dust, and shalt return into dust*; but thou art put in mind of immortality. The tombes of *Alexanders* and *Cesars*, all sprinckled over with lies and gildings, bear a HERE LYETH, but the glorious sepulcher of our Saviour, HE IS NOT HERE.

The comfort and fruit we should derive from the Resurrection to the imitation of our Saviour.

Pulvis es, & in pulverem reverteris.

Surrexit, non est his.

9. O Christian, thou becomest the child of a good house, if thou canst understand thy nobility. How magnificent, how happy art thou to enter into a glory, which is common unto thee with God? Thy country is no longer on earth; forsake, forsake the love of these sleight cottages, these poor ant-hils, which enthral so many spirits devested of those divine seeds which bud under generous breasts. Behold the great globe all repleniſhed with stars and lights, which incloseth within its extent all lands and seas; the great house of God where are so many brave Intelligences, part of which are busie in the praises of the Omnipotent, others circumvolve stars, remaining infatigably disposed to their imployments. This is the Palace which God hath conquered for thee. A goodly and flouriſhing company laden with Crowns stretch out arms to thee, thou still hast thine eye upon the petty trifles of this terrestrial abode thereon to settle thy affections. Enter, enter (O faithful soul) into the foulds and circuits of eternity, all years are for thee, all Ages are open to thee, all the greatness of heaven (if thou wilt be loyal to thy Master) is in thine own hand.

Si consurrexistis cum Christo, quæ sursum sunt sapite, non quæ super terram.

O when will that goodly day come, which shall restore thee thy body to render it to God, thy body no longer a mass of frail, ponderous and perishable earth, but an immortal, agile, and incorruptible body, priviledged with favours and gilded with bright splendours of the body of *Jesus*. Raise thy self, faithful soul, in the sufferings and travels of this life, yeild not to temptations and persecutions, which will snatch out of thy hand so advantageous a crown. All the pomp of this world, all this life, yea all which here pleaseth and distracteth hearts, is but a poor preludium of the great act of inexplicable contentment which passeth in eternity.

O man, thou hast heretofore been a little infant in thy mothers womb amongst bloud and ordure, involved in thin skins, swadled in clouts and swathbands which nature gave thee, thou wast held in thē to prepare thee for this world, for this life, where thou now breatheſt air with all liberty; know this world is a second womb in comparison of heaven. Thou art yet in prison, in obscurity, in fetters, till the coming of the great day, wherein God shall give thee a new body, a glorious body, a spiritual body.

With these hopes the mother of the young *Machabees* saw the members of her children hewed and cut in pieces under the bloudy sword of persecution. With this hope holy Anchorets filled the desarts with

with their tears, walked on scorching sands, trampled dragons under foot, stifled the concupiscences of flesh in snows and thorns; with this hope Martyrs sacrificed themselves in as many torments as they had members. They preached on crosses, sang in flames, triumphed on wheels, and to merit this glory, thou wilt not resolve to forsake that company, which hath robbed thee of thy heart, and dishonoured the character of thy profession. Thou wilt not resolve to suffer a little injury, a slight persecution. Thou wilt not accomplish thy vows, discharge thy obligations, put thy self into some course of a regular piety. And what may we think of thee (O soul, so many times ungrateful and disloyal) if Heaven open in rewards cannot yet dilate thy heart to his love, who readily offers them?

The twentieth EXAMPLE upon the twentieth MAXIM

Divers observations upon the length of life, and desire of the state of Resurrection.

IT is not my purpose to enlarge hereupon narration of many Resurrections, whereof we have sundry notable examples both in the old and new Testament, and in the lives of Saints, in which kind, there is not an Age which doth not furnish us with store. I only rest upon some observations, which evidently shew the passionate desires humane nature hath to the most blessed state proposed us in the Resurrection.

August. lib. de Civitate Dei. c. 11. Omne corpus fugiendum ex Platonicis. 2. Cor. 5. 4. Qui sumus in hoc tabernaculo, ingemiscimus gravati, eo quod nolumus expoliari, sed supervestiri, ut absorbeatur quod mortale est a vita.

The *Platonists* said, The presence of felicity was the absence of body, and that we must fly from it as from a prison, to enter into the liberty of beatitude. But the Apostle hath much better said, *That we groan in this tabernacle, and are in great pain, not that we desire to be despoiled, but to be better cloathed, that all which is mortal in us, may be as swallowed up by life.* Verily we have a tender love of our bodies, and even those who do most torment them, do it for no other purpose but to place them one day in ease We live not without thinking on this Resurrection and immortality, the fruition whereof we shall never find but in Heaven. God hath given us this desire, to teach us we are created for it; but he doth not afford us the performance of it here, to tell us we must seek for it else where. We desire to live long and commodiously; shortness of life taketh away the one, and continual sicknesses bereaves us of the other. So many men have sought for their Resurrection here on earth, and have found nought but their destruction. Our body in the declining of age, is not like Vestal fires, to be everlastingly repaired. All in it is lost, all is dissolved, but if any thing therein be reestablished, it is not to the proportion of its primitive vigour. Spirits, without which we cannot live, cease not to alter our life, and the very air we breath, drieth, and devoureth us.

2 Pet. 3. 5. Unus dies apud Dominum sicut mille anni, & mille anni, sicut dies unus.

There have been men in the world, who have in this life made boast of great age, as if they had already some scantling of the condition of Resurrection, but they have been very rare, & to speak truly, they have continued long in a happiness, whereof we find an end. It is a remarkable thing, that the eldest of all the Patriarchs in Genesis, who was *Methusalem*, arrived not to the time which S. *Peter* calleth a day of God. *A thousand years* (saith the great Apostle) *are before God but one day*: And not any one of the first men of the world, with his so many years, mounted to the thousand year of his age. Yea, it is a thing very well to be observed, that in the account the Scripture maketh of the years of Patriarchs, the age of women is not considered. And *Baronius* findeth the Bible never reckoned the days and years of women, but of *Sara*, *Judith*, and *Anne* the daughter of *Phanuel*, to teach us our lives are short, since those of *Eve*, the mother of the living, and of so many other mothers from whom men issued, entred not into the line of account in Gods Chronicle. We know not how long the first woman of the world lived, but we understand she returned into dust, and that we must tread the like path.

Phlegon. de rebus mirab. c. 17

Greece, the mother of fables, sought to use posterity as they do children: it hath pleased it self to scare us with strange tales of huge bodies and long lives, but we have more difficulty to believe them, then it facility to invent them. *Phlegon* a rare Authour sayes; he read in *Apollonius* the Gramarian, that the *Athenians* desirous to fortifie the *long Island*, which was near to their City, laying the foundation of their fortresses, found a sepulcher one hundred cubits long with this Epitaph, which said: Macrosiris *is here interred in the long Island, after he had lived five thousand years compleat.* These are impostures and *Rhodomontadoes*, which seek to brave Ages, and cannot affront worms, nor be defended from corruption.

All about us is sufficient to give us lesson of the shortness of our life. The corn, on which we live, dies every year to the root. The Vine feels as many deaths as winters, and although it renew every year, it cannot attain to the reasonable age of some drunkards: Fifty or threescore years make up its age as also of Apple-trees, Pear-trees, Plumb-trees, Chery-trees, and other such like, wherof eating the fruits, we should think the wood which bears them, liveth no longer then we. Tame creatures, which are perpetually among us, live but a while. The age of a horse ends at twenty years. It is a great chance if a dog arrive to that number. The ox will be well contented with sixteen, sheep with ten, cats are between ten and six, pigeons, and so many flying fowl live not long for we daily eat them soon enough; as if all this should say unto us: *What do we so long in the world, since all things that must serve our use last so little.* Gold & silver continue long, but last very little in our hands, & though one keep them as well as he can, they keep not ever one Master. If there be creatures which live much longer, they fly from us, as Harts, Crows, and Swans: you might say, they are ashamed to participate in our frailty.

Great-ones of the earth have in all times done what they could, with a purpose to prolong their days, so naturally are we desirous of the state of Resurrection, but they have many times bridged them, seeking to lengthen them. *Garcias* telleth us, that a King of *Zeilam* having learned the adamant had the virtue to preserve life, would neither eat nor drink, but in a dish w^ch he caused to be made of adamant, through a strange giddiness of spirit, but he failed not to find death in these imaginary vessels of immortality. We make a great matter of it to see men very old; they are beheld with admiration: But if some desire to come to their age, there is not any would have the miseries and troubles of it. This *Phlegon*, of whom we now speak, who had been one of the most curious Authours of his Age, made a book of long liv'd men wherein he confesseth he hath exactly looked into the Registers of the *Roman* Empire, there to find old men and women of an hundred years, and scarcely could he meet with a sufficient number of them to fil up a whole leaf of paper. But if he would take the number of such as died before fifty, which the

Ancients

Varro. in historia vitæ & mortis.

Ancients called *the exterminating death*, he had filled many huge volumes. *Pompey* took pleasure at the dedication of his Theater, to see a Comedianes act, named *Galeria Capiola*, who reckoned ninety nine years since her first entrance into a Theater. It was a goodly play of life in a woman, who danced on the brink of her grave: But how many such like have there been? people go into the tomb as drops of water into the sea, not thinking on it. Nay, do but observe al which is Sovereign, and you will find among all the Emperours, wch were through so many ages, there is not one to be found, who attained to the age of an hundred years; and four alone arrived to four-score, or much thereabouts. *Gordian* the elder came to this point, but scarcely had he tasted of Empire, but was overwhelmed with a violent death. *Valerian* at the age of seventy six years was taken by *Sapor* King of *Persia*, and lived seven years in a shameful captivity, his enemy making use of his back as a foot-stool, when he would mount on horse-back. He was at first much greater in the estimation of men then he deserved, and every one would have thought him worthy of Empire, had he not been Emperour. *Anastasius*, a man of little worth and less courage, who had more superstition then religion, arrived to the age of four-score and eight years, when he was blasted with lightning from heaven. *Justinian* reckoned four score & three, which made him wax white in a vehement desire of glory, although being somewhat contemptible in his person, he was fortunate in Captains. They speak of a King called *Arganthon*, who heretofore reigned in *Spain* the space of four-score years, and lived an hundred and fourty: But this is rather in fables then authentical histories. Of so many Popes as have been since S. *Peter*, not any one hath possessed the See twenty five years, & scarcely find you four or five four-score years of age. *John* the two & twentieth, an unquiet and treasure-heaping spirit, was about ninety years, when death took off his triple Crown. So many had *Gregory* the twelfth, who was created before the schism, but his papacy was as short, as his life was long. *Paul* the third attained to one above four-score, and was otherwise a man as peaceable of spirit as prudent in counsel. *Paul* the fourth, severe, imperious, and eloquent, came to four-score and three. *Gregory* the 13 lived as many; a Prelate wise, courteous, prudent, liberal, who lived too little a while for the Churches good, for which he could not end but too soon. If we speak of the blessed S. *John*, S. *Luke*, S. *Polycarp*, S. *Denys*, S. *Paul* the Hermit, S. *Anthony*, S. *Romuald*, and so many other religious men, they lived long: And it seems there are many things in religion, wch further long life, as contemplation of things divine, joys not sensual, noble hopes, wholesome fears, sweet sadness, repose, sobriety, and regularity in the order of all actions. But all this is little in comparison of the divine state wherein bodies shall not only never end but live eternally, impassible as Angels, subtle as rays of light, quick as thought, and bright as stars.

Conclusion of the MAXIMS, by an advice against Libertinism, where all men are exhorted to zeal of true Religion, and the love of things eternal.

Of the obscurity and persecution of TRUTH.

INcredulity is an immortal disease, which hath reigned from the beginning of the world, and which will never end but with the worlds dissolution. Dreams and lies are many times believed, because they insinuate themselves into the heart by charms; but truth, which will never bely her self, hath much ado to make her self understood, and if she be once known, she is beloved when she smiles, and feared when she frowneth.

Four things much unknown.

There are four things have ever been much unknown in the world, time, wind, terrestrial Paradise, and truth. Time is a marvellous creature, which perpetually passeth over our heads, which numbreth all our steps, which measureth all our actions, which inseparably runs along with our life, & we have much business to know it as well in its nature as progressiō It is a very strange thing that there are such as promise themselves to reckon up the years of the world as of an old man of three-score, and yet we know by the experience of so many ages, it is a great labyrinth wherein we still begin, never to end

Adrianus Junius.

It was for this cause the Ancients placed the figures of *Trytons* on high Towers with tails crookedly winding, to represent unto us the intrication of the foulds and compasses of time. And for this also in the Prophet *Esai*, the Seraphins covered the face and feet of God with their wings, to teach us (saith S. *Hierom*) that we are very ignorant in things done before the world, and in those which shal happen to the end of it.

Isa. 6. Hieron. in Isa. *Non est vestrum nosse tempora & momenta quæ Pater posuit in sua potestate.* Actor. 1.

If we on the other side consider the wind, we cannot but sufficiently understand the commodities and discommodities of it, which have made the wise to doubt, whether it were expedient there should be winds in nature, because if their influences be good in some things, their furies are extreamly dreadful in other. We see how upon one part the wind drench huge vessels laden with men and riches, on other, they tear up trees, they ruin and overthrow houses: We likewise find, they favourably carry the clouds to impart showers to all the world, they purg the air, they cause a good temperature in the elements, they are the occasion of commerce and navigations, to make the riches of the world common. We cannot be ignorant of their effects. But as for their causes some cōmix atoms, other attribute the production of it to the Sun which rarifieth the air, other to vapours & exhalations: Other say they are the sneezng of this vast creature called the world: others, think the element of the air is moved of it self. And indeed we can say nothing more certainly of it, then what the Prophet did, *That God produceth the Winds out of his treasures.*

Senec. nat. q. l. 5.

Qui producis ventos de thesauris suis. Psal. 134. 7.

As for terrestrial Paradise, it is a question among Divines never to be ended, & which ministreth perpetual business to all Interpreters upon Genesis. *Elias Thesbites* durst boldly say, that not only the garden of pleasure was still in being, but that doubtlessly many went thither, and the passage into it lay open to them, but that charmed with the beauties and contentments of this place they never returned. Which may be refuted with as much ease as it was invented. *Origen* and *Philo* following their allegories made a mystical Paradise and true idea's of *Plato*, wherein they were imitated by *Psellus*, who saith that *Chaldean* Paradise, so calleth he it, was nothing else but a Quire of celestial virtues, which environed the heavenly Father, and beauties of fire issuing from fountains of the first workman.

Elias Thesbites in Verbo. Ἐμπύριος Κύκλος ἀϊδίων δημιουργικῶν πηγῶν.

Some place it in *Indy*, others in *Mesopotamia*, where there would be much ado wel to accord these four

Rivers

Rivers, but that recourſe is had to the violence of the deluge. We muſt confeſs that there are many things unknown, wherein God will exerciſe our faith, but not ſatisfie our curioſity. But nothing through all Ages hath been ſo hidden and unknown, as truth. The Philoſopher *Heraclitus* ſaid, That its Altar was in a cloudy cavern, all covered with ſhades and darkneſs, wherinto ſeldom any came. And verily we ſee, that ſince ſciences were invented, for the ſpace of ſo many Ages, we have beheld nothing but wranglings and wars among Philoſophers, who ſeeking to make diſſection of the great body of this Univerſe, have all mutually contended for the defence of truth, as they ſay: but many defending it, have ſo ill handled it, that they almoſt have diſ-membred it, and for a ſolid body, have in the end retained nought in their hands but a fantaſm. It only appertaineth to God to produce it, and to make it known to mortals, which he out of his infinite goodneſs hath at ſundry times done. But men blinded, like unto Giants, have ever perſecuted poor truth out of a certain ſpirit of incredulity and contradiction, the plague and poyſon of wiſdom. After the Eternal Wiſdom took lips of fleſh, to reveal the ſecrets of Heaven unto us, four Squadrons have furiouſly aſſaulted it. The one of *Jews*, the other of *Gentiles*, the third of *Mahumetans*, the fourth of *Hereticks*. And now adays after Hereticks, we muſt add a fifth thereto, which is that of Libertines.

Non credent mihi, neque audient vocem meam.

The Definition of Libertiniſm, the Deſcription, Diviſion, and divers effects of Libertines.

2. Libertiniſm is nothing elſe but a falſe liberty of belief and manners, which will have no other dependence, but on peculiar fancy and paſſion. It is verily a ſtrange monſter, whereof it ſeems *Job* made deſcription under the figure of *Behemoth*, as much to ſay, as a creature compoſed of all ſorts of beaſts, of which it beareth the name. Libertiniſm likewiſe is a ſin framed out of all manner of ſins, whoſe effects it hath, to poſſeſs the miſeries. *Behemoth* (ſaith he) *eateth hay as an Oxe*: and the Libertine from the table of Angels, is brought back to the ſtall of beaſts, having no other care but to ſtuff his guts with corruptible meats, having deſpiſed the immortal Manna. The one hath his ſtrength in his reins the parts dedicated to luſt, and the other is only vigorous for impurity. The one hath bones of braſs, and the other a heart of copper. The one makes ſhew of ſome griſtles framed of iron, the other of ſome falſe moral virtues, really nothing but iniquity. Mountains bear graſs to feed the one, and the tables of great men plenty to entertain the other. The one ſleepeth in moiſt places under the ſhadow of Reeds, and the other in Victual-houſes and idleneſs. The one threatneth to ſwallow *Jordan*, the river of the holy Land; and Libertiniſm will annihilate the moſt ſincere part of Chriſtianity.

Iob 40.

We may ſay of all theſe impious, what S. *Cyprian* did of Devils: *Theſe are impure and wandering ſpirits, which plunged in ſenſuality, and having loſt the happineſs of Heaven, through the contagion of earth, forlorn and corrupt, ceaſe not to ruine and corrupt.*

Spiritus inſinceri & vagi non deſinunt perditi perdere, & depravati errorem pravitatis infundere. Cyprian. l. de Idol. vanit.

Now obſerve they are not equal in malice or quality: but when I ſomewhat nearer conſider their ſtate, I find they are divided into ſix orders.

Diviſion.

The firſt comprehendeth many ſpirits, who are not of the worſt, being ſomewhat reaſonably grounded upon the principal points of Religion; but as much as they fail in all concerneth ſubmiſſion of ſpirit, ſo much are they enamoured of their own wit, and become laviſh of tongue.

This often proceedeth either from birth, education, too free converſation, ſome paſſion, or from opinion of proper ability, which is the cauſe they cut and mangle many things very confidently, concerning the honour of the Church, and œconomy of Religion. One while they ſtrike at the Pope's authority, another while they deſperately throw themſelves upon the multiplication of Religious Orders, ſometimes they cenſure all Eccleſiaſtical perſons, ſparing none: mean while they ſee not the ſubverſion of Religion, always began by the contempt of Prieſts. Sometimes they ſcoff at Confeſſions and frequent Communions, another time argue againſt the doctrine of Purgatory, then they ſlight indulgences, contemn Saints, Images, and Reliques, ſometimes declaim againſt other Ceremonies and Cuſtoms of the Church. They ordinarily ſay, *Jeſus Chriſt* ſufficeth them, and that beſides the bleſſed Sacrament, there is no need to take pains in other devotions.

Nay, that which more provokes and ſtrengthneth them in their beliefs, is, what they obſerve in others, who not inſiſting in the more perfect ways of the univerſal Church, create devotions to themſelves, which much incline to ſuperſtition; for neglecting the great and eſſential Maxims of our faith, they adhere to ſilly inventions of their own ſpirit: and you would almoſt ſay, the Father, the Holy Ghoſt, and the Word of God it ſelf, were nothing with them in compariſon of particular devotions of ſome Saints, or ſome ſlight obſervances, which they practiſe according to their own fancy. But if one happen to reprove them upon it, they are uncivilly offended therewith, and think ſuch as ſpeak with reaſon, are not within the compaſs of the upright judgment of faith. I affirm theſe kind of proceedings are not according to the order of the Church, the which honoureth all Saints, yea, and the bleſſed Virgin, in a degree infinitely beneath the Divine Majeſty, nor doth it honour them, but to honour God in them and by them.

But if ſome abuſe myſteries, muſt we therefore overthrow Altars? If ſome popular ſpirits ill inſtructed grow ſuperſtitious, muſt one therefore become a Libertine? Muſt innocency be forſaken the more to hate the guilty? It is a pittiful thing to ſee good ſpirits, who make profeſſion of Catholick Religion, and have in ſome things good apprehenſions of piety, to take ſuch liberty of words to themſelves, that we know not what to make of them. Ought they not to conſider, that a popular errour is one thing, and a poſition of the Church, another? If ſome particulars introduce exorbitant devotions, let them reject, blame, and condemn them. We neither undertake to defend nor juſtifie them. But when we ſpeak of the invocation of Saints, of their Reliques, Canonizations, Indulgences, of the authority of our Holy Father, of the Inſtitution of Religious Orders, and ſo many ſuch like, which are authorized by general Councils, and by the belief of all antiquity, doth not a good judgment ſee, that to go about to oppoſe theſe Maxims, is to do that which S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh, To ſuffer one's ſelf to run into a folly, which haſteneth to the height of inſolency? He, who admitteth a leak in a Ship drowns it, who divideth Religion hath none at all, who reſolves to believe this, and reject that, believes nothing. All that which cometh from one ſame authority, ought to be believed with like equality. Our faith is not grounded upon natural judgment, upon wit, and diſcourſe, but on the ſubmiſion we ow to God and the Church, which is

the Interpreteſs of his counſels. He who abideth therein, abides in true wiſdom, who goeth out of it, ſhal find nothing but an Ocean of diſturbances, and the ſhipwrack of his faith.

The ſecond order of Libertines is of Neuters, wavering and diſtruſtful, who are almoſt upon the indifferency of Religions, and hold their faith as a hawk without leaſhes: It quickly flies away and leaveth them, to repleniſh more feiled brains and more capable ſouls. In this number you have many ſqueazy ſtomachs, who affect to be Maſters in matter of Religion, and are extreme greedy of all ſorts of innovations. And if there be ſome bold ſpirit, who with ſenſual reaſon cenſureth the myſteries of our Religion, that man is according to their taſt a brave fellow, and his books deſerve to be bound up in gold and purple. The Bible is not wiſe enough for them, their ſpirit of rebellion findeth faults and contradictions therein. They are in ſearch of hidden myſteries, as were the *Argonauts*, who went out to win the golden fleece: And could they lay hold on *Mahomets* Alcoran, they will not ſpare to read it, the more to confound themſelves in the labyrinth of their errours. After they have run all over, ſounded all, quoted all, they find themſelves empty, and have nothing ſo aſſured as incertainty, nothing ſo undoubted as the loſs of their faith, which they have almoſt wholly transformed into a curſed Neutrality, the head-long deſcent of a horrible precipice.

The third order comprehendeth idle loyterers, & people of the throat and kitchin, who bear in their enſign for deviſe, that which is ſaid to have been inſcribed on *Sardanapalus* his tomb: *Drink, eat, fill thy ſelf in the ordures of fleſh, and think thou haſt nothing but that which thou affordeſt to thy ſenſuality.* They all ſay with *Epicurus*, As for my ſelf, I cannot underſtand any felicity, unleſs it be in palates, in lips, in ears, in the belly, and all that which is common to us with beaſts. Theſe kind of men have not ſo much to do as other, they are not ſollicitous concerning the ſecrets of nature, curious books, myſtical Cabals, the Goſpel, not *Turkiſh* Alcoran: they have found their God in themſelves, and indeed will acknowledge no other but the belly. Their continual employment is to furniſh out tables for it, which are its Altars, and to offer unto it diſhes and ſauces in ſacrifice.

ἔτι τοῦτο, ἀφροδισιάζειν, τὰ ἄλλα οὐδέν.

The fourth region containeth the malign, covert, and narrow obſervers, who yet ſtill retain ſome fear of the ſmoke of the faggot: behold the cauſe, why they dare not declare themſelves in open manner. They enter into the fold as wolves cloathed in a ſheeps skin, and tell the ſheep they are much affected to their conſervation, but that the dogs muſt be taken away, which do nothing but deafen their ears with barking both day and night. Theſe are ſuch as ſow propoſitions with a double meaning, and have ever a back-ſhop to hide themſelves in; ſuch as ſay, Catholick religion is good, if it were purged from ſo many ſuperſtitions, ſuch as deceive young men under colour of doctrine, and when they have hit upon a curious ſpirit, whom they eſteem retentive of a ſecret recommended, they draw the curtain aſide, and reveal the myſteries of iniquity to him. They are ſuch as make diſguiſes and differences, which no man imagined, and make truth combat againſt Atheiſm with ſo feeble arms, that it were much better defended, to be left to its own nakedneſs; ſuch as have a ſtorehouſe of evil books, more impure then the ſtable of *Augaus*, out of which they derive all their profanations, cloying the ears of the ſimple with a thouſand objections, ever made in the name of a third perſon, who never dreamt of them: Laſtly, ſuch as ſilently build the *Babylon* of execrable confuſions.

The fifth rank comprehendeth all thoſe, who have ſold their ſouls to ambition, and particular intereſt, and have nothing of religion, but ſeeming and ceremonies. They are ſuch as would make no ſcruple to ſet a foot upon the throat of their beſt friends, to raiſe their own fortune higher: Such as live fattened up with the Altar, being many times enemies of the Altar: Such as lift their children aloft with an arm of ſilver, through all the ways of injuſtice, above the heads of men, and make the Church a prey to their ambition: Such as are preſent at Divine Service with poſtures of a puppet-player: Such as go to Gods word as to a Comedy, to ſee and to be ſeen, more for *Adonis* then *Jeſus*; and who in concluſion turn all piety into ſcoffs, retaining nothing of it, but a fantaſm to ſerve their own ends. The ſixth manner is of ſuch as are utterly impudent in words, and Libertines in actions, of whom the great S. *Jude* made a lively deſcription: Certain men are crept in among us, reprobate and impious ſpirits, who apply all talents of grace and nature to luſt, and to deny him that made them, to wit, our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, Maſter and ſole Monarch of the whole world. Then he addeth, they are ſuch as defile their fleſh, and revolt againſt lawful powers, ſuch as blaſpheme the Divine Majeſty. They are gluttonous, cruel, and arrogant, who only think to ſatiate themſelves by others hunger; clouds without water, toſſed with turbulent winds; autumn-trees, barren trees, trees twice dead, trees rooted out of the territory of the Church. They are waves of an enraged ſea, which ſoam nothing but confuſions; wandering Comets, to which God reſerveth a tempeſt of darkneſs.

Ut intercierunt quidam homines, &c. Et hi carnem quidem maculant, dominationem autem ſpernunt, majeſtatem autem blaſphemant. Hi ſunt in epulis ſuis maculæ, &c.

The Cauſes of Libertiniſm well obſerved by the Apoſtle. S. Jude.

3. NOte that this great Apoſtle doth here touch four ſources of infidelity, which are in this very conſiderable. The chief and original of this corruption, is a brutiſh luſt, which with much infamy overfloweth as well in pleaſures of the throat as ſenſuality, which he was willing to expreſs by theſe words, when he ſaid: *The impious not only act impurities, but are the impurities themſelves.* For the Libertines are true *Borborites*, (ſo were certain hereticks called) as one would ſay, bemired, becauſe they naturally delighted in uncleanneſs; they are diſſolute people, who have no other God but their belly, good cheer, and unbridled luſt; from whence it cometh, that underſtandings clouded with bodily pleaſures, thicken, and become wholly unable for things divine. *The people heretofore beloved, is puffed up with fat, hath kicked againſt, and forſaken its Creatour*, ſaid *Moſes*.

Jud. Epiſt. Job. 20.

Hi ſunt in epulis ſuis maculæ.

Incraſſatus eſt dilectus & recalcitravit, dereliquit Deum factorem ſuum. Deut. 31.

Tertullian very wel termeth gourmandize the palſie of the underſtanding: for as a body is deprived of ſenſe and motion by the corporal palſie, which obſtructeth the nerves, ſo the ſpirit oppreſſed by ſenſuality, is wholly darkned, without any feeling of Religion, or any motion to works which concern ſalvation. *To live in fat, is to ſhut up the gate of wiſdom. There is a palſie of corporal pleaſures, which waſteth the ſpirit, and a ptiſick which preſerves it.*

Opimitas ſapientiam impedit, exilitas expedit, para vivamentem prodigit, piſis ſervat. Tertul. de anima. c. 20

Nay *Oecumenius* diſcovereth ſomewhat more myſterious unto us, when interpreting the word *macula* according to the Greek σπιλάδες, he ſaith, They are certain rocks hidden under the waves, which ſurprize Saylours, and cauſe hideous ſhipwracks. This very well agreeth to Libertines, and one may call them, according to another tranſlation, *rough rocks, hollow ſtones*,

Confragoſa in mari ſaxa, cavernoſas rupes, & ſcopulos.

ſtones, and ſhelves, which are the cauſes of ſo many falls. They are in feaſts as gulphs in the Ocean, and overtake ere aware, ſpirits already poſſeſſed with the vapours of wine and meats, at which time they are moſt open to ſottiſh mirth. Ah how many young men deceived by theſe impoſtures, after they have made ſhip-wrack of reaſon in a tavern, have thereunto added the ſhip-wrack of their faith! *He was led as an Oxe to the ſlaughter, or as a ſkipping Lamb, not foreſeeing his captivity, before the mortal arrow had transfixed his entrails*, ſaith the *wiſe man*.

Bos ductus ad victimam, agnus laſcivions & ignorans quòd ad vincula ſtultus trahatur, donec transfigat ſagitta guttur ejus. Prov. 7. 23.

The ſecond cauſe of infidelity, is a certain barrenneſſe of wit, of judgment, diſcretion, of Chriſtian virtues, and namely of humility, of good works, and worthy employments, and conſequently a ſwelling of preſumption, of imaginary ability, of vanity, of idleneſſe, which is much ſupported by wicked nature, effeminate education, too free converſation, acceſs of evil company, which render a man abſolutely barren. A matter excellently well ſignified by theſe words: *They are clouds without water*, ſuch kind of trees as we ſee in *Judea*, unfurniſhed of fruits in Autumn, and deſpoiled of leaves; twice dead that is to ſay, quite rotten. Faith will be manured by the exerciſes of piety, by preſence at Divine Service, by keeping of faſts, by alms, and frequentation of Sacraments: Now theſe wicked ones, employed in ſenſual pleaſures and evil company, forſake all the Characters of their Chriſtianity, which maketh them by little and litle fall into a great forgetfulneſs of God, into diſdainfull pride, inſupportable neglects, and into the maledictions uttered by our Saviours lips againſt the unfruitfull tree. Of theſe is underſtood the decree of Heaven: *Earth, earth, earth, hearken to the Word of God. Our Lord hath aid, Write down this man as a man barren, who ſhall never proſper during his life.*

Nubes ſine aqua.

Jer. 22. 29 Terra terra terra audi ſermonem Domini. Hæc dicit Dominus: Scribe virum iſtum ſterilem, virum qui in diebus ſuis non proſperabitur. Finitus ſeri maris deſipientes confuſiones ſuas.

The third ſource is a tumult of enraged paſſions, *which are waves of the ſea, that vomit up their confuſions*; for theſe kind of ſpirits are in perpetual diſturbances, nor hath the ſea ſo many waves, as they anxieties, pride puffeth them, ambition precipiteth them, hatred gnaweth them, delights conquer them, choller burneth them, fury tranſporteth them, hardneſſe of heart makes them untractable, and impudence inſupportable. And being unable to reſtrain their paſſions within themſelves, they throw them abroad as the the froth of waves, and ſcum of confuſions. That is it which S. *Ambroſe* ſaid, interpreting a paſſage of Jeremie: *Then is it thy ignominy, thy adultery, thy neighing, and ſtrangeneſs of thy fornication ſhall be ſeen to all the world on the mountains.*

Tunc videbitur ignominia tua, & adulterium, & hinnitus, & alienatio fornicationis tuæ ſuper a colles. Ambr. l. de Abra.

Laſtly, the fourth root which rendreth their evil very deſperate, is a perpetual inconſtancy, excellently compared in the paſſage of the Apoſtle to flying fires, formed in the air from exhalations of the earth. This ſort of men perhaps may have qualities, which may give them ſome luſtre according to the world, and make them appear as ſtars in the firmament of worldly honour, cauſing ſome to reflect on them with admiration of their wit, their eloquence, and behaviour. But they are (to ſpeak properly) ſtars of earth and ſmoke, like unto that S. *John* calleth the ſtar of worm-wood, which being not of the ſtars, enchaſed by the hand of God in celeſtial globes, but flying flames enkindled by ſome groſſe exhalations, proceeding perhaps from a dunghill, fall back again on earth from whence they came. If they ſometimes take certain ſemblances of virtue and penance, they have no ſolidity in their good purpoſes: If they be touched and raiſed by ſome good inſpiration, they are not conſtant, but having ſowed certain rays of hope, fall back again into their myre, and falling throw plague and poiſon among company.

Apoc. 8.

Cùmque volantia ſydera duxit.

Adde alſo to this diſcourſe of the Apoſtle, two eſſential cauſes of our evils. One whereof is, that the diſorder and impurity of manners being very ordinary among young men, who are children of the rich beſt qualified; parents, inſtead of repreſſing of exorbitancy, by the cutting off of exceſs and ſuperfluity, which is the nurſe of impiety, take no other care, but to put them into abundance over head and ears, and thruſt them into dignities, in the weakneſſe of ability, and greateſt ſtrength of paſſions. From thence proceedeth they behold one another like little Gods, and having ſhaken off the yoke of obedience to men, free themſelves what they may, from the commands of the ſupreme Maſter, having no other guide but temerity, nor other law but the liberty of doing all. Blaſphemies, which in the mouths of mean ones, would be eſteemed monſters, paſſe from their lips for braveries, and ſuch as come to adore their fortune, are conſtrained for worldly reſpect, to offer incenſe to their vices. Herein it is, parents make themſelves guilty of high treaſon to the Divine Majeſty, having ſo ill employed their travels and watchings, as day and night to have amaſſed riches, which ſerve for ſinews to impiety, and ſcandal to the publick.

The other cauſe, which much fomenteth blaſphemies & irreverencies againſt Religion, is, that as ears are ſupple to hear them, ſo laws are greatly unprovided to puniſh them. Every man is pleaſed to revenge his particular injuries, and to reſerve unto God the revenge of his own. Prophane ſpeeches, which heretofore made the faithfull tear their garments, ſuch horrour they had to hear them, being now at this time uttered with ſome witty jeſts, flatter ſpirits, and being unable to gain the approbation of truth, they take it from the courteſies of men. It is to be feared, God permitteth this for vengeance of ſome ſin, and wholly withdraws faith from theſe forlorn ſpirits, to place it among ſouls more purified.

Of the ignorance and Nullity of Libertiniſm.

4. I Find not any thing more intolerable, then to ſee impiety flatter it ſelf with the pretext of ability, learning, and goodneſs of wit, ſince it is ever accompanied by two evil conditions, ignorance and brutiſhneſs. What light of underſtanding can there be in a Libertine, who makes profeſſion to ſpit againſt the ſource of light? *God* (ſaith the Scripture) *is the Lord of ſciences, and on him depends the good order of all our thoughts.* How much the more commerce one hath with the eſſence Divine, ſo much the more ſplendour he enjoyeth, as the Ancient Philoſophers do aſſure us. We reſemble thoſe ſtatues, which ſpake in that proportion as the beams of the Sun reflected into their mouthes. We cannot ſo much as open our lips to ſpeak worthily of God, unleſſe God, who made them, unlooſe them for his greater glory.

Ignorance and bruitiſhneſs of Libertines.

Reg. t. 2. Unumquodque tantum habet de luce, quantum retinet eſſe divini. In memor. ter. difficil.

I much eſteem the ſentence of S. *Diadocus*, who ſaith, There is nothing more miſerable or more ignorant, then a ſpirit which will ſpeak of God out of God, that is to ſay, who being out of the limits of faith and innocency, dares undertake to touch ſo high a point, as that of divinity. Now we know by experience, the wicked are alienated both in thoughts and manners from this ſovereign ſanctity, and therefore we may undoubtedly reſolve, they are moſt uncapable of ſciences, and eſpecially thoſe which are divine, being ſworn enemies of the God of ſciences.

Diadoc de perfect. ſpirit c. 7. Nihil egentius cæmente quàm de Deo extra Deum philoſophatur.

A notable ſaying of *Avicen.* *Immaterialitas radix ſpiritualitatis.* Avicen. apud Capreol.

Moreover if that be true which *Avicen* the Philoſopher ſaid, that immateriality is the root of ſpirituality; and that by how much the more a thing is diſcharged of matter, ſo much the more it is capable of intelligence, what reaſonable diſcourſe of man can one derive from a ſpirit w^ch^ is perpetually clouded with vapours of luſt? *Heraclitus* in the ſecrets of his doctrine, required a dry ſoul to render it capable of the moſt purified meditations of Philoſophy: and can we thing a ſpirit which hath made a priſon of its body by pampering the fleſh with all poſſible tenderneſs, will declare us the myſteries of hidden ſciences? Is it not to go about to gather grapes from thorns, figs from buſhes, and golden grains out of ſtraw? And ſay, there were ſome appearance of ſobriety and modeſty: know we not, pride is a formal obſtacle to the purity of great and noble ſciences, becauſe it inſtantly blind-ſoldeth men with the preſumption of their ability? Are we ignorant many would have become greatly knowing, had they not thought they were abſolutely perfect? Now who is more haughty or more arrogant, then a Libertine, who, if peradventure he have ſome ſmattering of letters, is ſo puffed up with the opinion of his capacity, that he ſeems to himſelf to have ſlept in *Sybilla's* Cave, to pronounce Oracles, and judge all other men conſiſt of ſuperſtitions, and ideots.

Great wits modeſt.

Great wits who have raviſhed the world with admiration, reſemble thoſe rivers, which glide along with a peaceful majeſty, not troubling any body with their waves. But theſe petty ſhufflers murmure like unto brooks, and vex the whole world with their tattle. If it happen they arrive to ſome perfection in humane ſciences (which is very ſeldom) they cannot command their ſpirit, which admits no other path then precipices. So that in the ſame things, wherein they take themſelves to be wiſer then other, they commit errours, and make moſt ſhameful lapſes.

Arrogancy of Libertiniſm.

It is truly the diſgrace and tomb of humane judgment, to ſee the barbarous cenſure, which reigneth among thoſe who pretend acuteneſs; for they think ſo many worthy men, who have penetrated into the abyſs of the moſt ſublime ſciences are ignorant of the *Latine* tongue: nay, if S. *Auguſtine* and S. *Thomas* might return into the world, they would be entertained in theſe quaint Academies as Grooms. But if there be ſome one can make an ode, a ſonnet, a letter can play the gentile witty-one in company, and utter blaſphemies with philoſophy and affectation, he is the god of Learning, and the Monarch of Eloquence. But let a capable man ſound theſe curious fellows, good God! what empty chambers in theſe great brain-pans? What darkneſs, and what confuſions! It is ſoon found they underſtand not one ſole principle of true ſcience, and that all their learning is like a houſe, that hath gilded gates & chambers peſtered with Spiders. Think then what a ſhame it is when men of quality, who affect the reputation of being judicious, proſtitute their wits to theſe gods of ſtraw and dung, and for the tuneable cadence of a rime, loſe all harmonies of faith and conſcience.

Their ignorance.

All Hereticks who make boaſt to aſſail the Church for ſo many Ages, have likewiſe made a ſhew to bring with them into this combat, ſome recommendable qualities. Some came with points of Logick, other with knowledge of things natural, other with eloquence; ſome vaunted profoundneſs in Scriptures, the reſt to be verſed in the reading of Councils and holy Fathers. They who have had no excellent thing in them, have brought an auſtere countenance, and ſemblance of mortal virtues. But ſuch kind of men have nothing but ignorance with brutiſhneſs, but ſcoffing ſycophancy, but language, and the wind of infamous words. How can it then become them to talk of the Bible, and to argue upon holy Scripture, and the myſteries of our Religion? Shut up your ears againſt theſe Queſtions, if you be unable to ſtop their mouths.

Tertul. adverſ. Marc. c. 2. *Cenſores divinitatis dicentes: ſic non debuit Deus, & ſic magis debuit, &c.*

Is it handſom, think you, to ſee a wretched and infamous fellow to make himſelf the cenſurer of Divinity and correctour of Scripture? God ſhould have done this and that, in ſuch and ſuch a faſhion, (ſay they:) as if any one knew what is in God, but the ſpirit of God himſelf, who is never ſo great, as when he appeareth little to humane underſtanding.

Tertul. de preſcript. contra hæreſ. l. 1.

There is but one word (ſaith *Tertullian*) to determine all diſputations with ſuch kind of men: do but ask them whether they be Chriſtians, whether they renounce their Baptiſm and Chriſtianity. If ſo, let them wear the Turbant, or go into the Country of god-makers and Gentiles. But if they make profeſſion of one ſame Chriſt, and one ſame Religion with us, why do they belye their profeſſion, by the impudence of their unbridled ſpeeches.

S. Zeno ſerm. de fide. *Non eſt fides ubi quæritur fides.* Tertul. *Nobis curioſitate opus non eſt poſt Chriſtum, nec inquiſitione poſt Evangelium.*

Faith (ſaith S. *Zeno*) is not Faith when it is ſought. We ſtand not in need of curioſity after *Jeſus Chriſt*, nor to ſearch for the Goſpel, ſaid S. *Cyprian's* great Maſter. Should an Angel from Heaven ſpeak unto us, we are to change nothing in our belief. We have betaken us to the ſide of truth, we have a law which the Word declared unto us, which ten millions of Martyrs have ſigned with their blood, which the beſt part of mankind profeſſeth, the wiſeſt heads of the world have illuſtrated by the light of their writings. To whom would we abandon it? To a caytive ſpirit, which hath nothing great in it but ſin, nothing ſpecious but illuſion, nothing undoubted but the loſs of ſalvation.

Effects of Libertiniſm, *and puniſhment of the Impious.*

5. THe neglect of God, is the root of all wickedneſs, nor can there be any thing entire in a ſoul deſpoiled of the fear of God. Impiety cauſeth moſt pernicious effects in States. Firſt, for that it maketh havock of all good manners, leaving not one ſpark of virtue. Secondly, in that it draweth on the inevitable vengeance of God upon Kingdoms and Common-wealths, which ſuffer this monſter to ſtrengthen it ſelf to their prejudice.

The Table of *Philo.* of the manners of Libertines.

Philo in the Book he made, that no ſalary of an unchaſt woman ſhould be received in the Sanctuary, very wiſely concluded, when he ſhewed, that he who is a Libertine and voluptuous, having no other aim in the world, but the contentments of nature, is unavoidably engaged to all manner of vice: *He becomes* (ſaith he) *bold, deceitful, irregular, unſociable, troubleſom, cholerick, opinionative, diſobedient, malicious, unjuſt, ungrateful, ignorant, treacherous, giddy, inconſtant, ſcornful, diſhoneſt, cruel, infamous, arrogant, inſatiable, wiſe in his own judgment, lives for himſelf, and is unwilling to pleaſe any but himſelf; one while profuſe, preſently covetous, a calumniatour, an impoſtour, inſenſible, rebellious, guileful, pernicious, froward, unmannerly, uncivil, a great talker, loud, vaunter, inſolent, diſdainful, proud, quarrelſom, bitter, ſeditious, refractory, effeminate, and above all, a great lover of himſelf.*

Nay, he goes further upon the like Epithets very judiciouſly, and ſheweth us the ſeeds of all evils ſpring from this curſed liberty.

Now I leave you to judge, if according to the ſaying of *Machiavel* himſelf, the means quickly to ruin an Eſtate, be to fill it with evil manners: who ſees

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not that Libertiniſm, drawing along with it all this great train of vices, of corruptions, tendeth directly unto the utter deſolation of Empires? But beſide, there have been obſerved in all Ages hideous puniſhments from God, cauſed by impiety over Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Common-wealths, which have bred theſe diſorders.

And that you may be the better ſatisfied upon this point, I have at this time only two conſiderations to preſent unto you, drawn from two models. In the firſt you ſhal ſee God's juſtice exerciſed before the Incarnation, upon the ſins of infidelity and irreverence towards ſacred things. In the ſecond, you ſhal behold the rough chaſtiſements of thoſe, who after the Incarnation, lifted themſelves up againſt the worlds Saviour. When God was pleaſed to correct the infamous *Balaam*, who was a Patriarch of atheiſts and wicked ones, he commanded not an Angel to ſpeak unto him, becauſe he was a Doctour, much unſuitable to a carnal ſpirit, but he raiſed a ſhe-aſs to inſtruct him, in ſo much as he was become worſe then a beaſt. It is likewiſe loſs of time to deal with Libertines by proofs derived from Schools, or from the invention of ſciences. Men as brutiſh as themſelves muſt be made to ſpeak to them, who will put them in mind of the way they have held, and the ſalary they have received of their impieties. Firſt, I eſtabliſh this Maxim for ſuch, either who are not yet hardned, or are too yielding and conſenting to evil company, that there are not any ſins which God hath ſo ſuddenly, and more exemplary puniſhed, then ſuch as were committed againſt Religion. The Prophet *Ezechiel*, a captive in *Babylon* under King *Nebuchadnezzar*, diſcovered amongſt tempeſts and flames, that marvellous chariot, which hath ſerved for matter of queſtion to all curious digladiation for the learned, and admiration for all Ages. I ſay, the great S. *Juſtine* Martyr, touched the ſenſe very near, when he ſaid, that in four figures, whereof the one was of an ox, the other of a man, the third of an Eagle, the fourth of a Lion, God ſignified the divers chaſtiſements he would exerciſe upon King *Nebuchadnezzar*, in that from a reaſonable man he ſhould become brutiſh, eating graſs as an ox, and that his hair ſhould grow as the ſhag of a Lion, and his body be hoary like the feathers of an Eagle, worn with old age. I add alſo to his conceit, that God by theſe repreſentations of four living creatures, ſeemed to ſay to him: O *Nebuchadnezzar*, whileſt thou didſt ſin only againſt men, I came with the ſlow pace of an ox, to puniſh thy offences, I ſuffered thee with much ſweetneſs, as a man: but when thou greweſt proud, impious, atheiſtical, and tottering in the knowledg of the Divinity, I fell upon thy crowned head as the Eagle upon her prey, reducing thee to a brutiſh life; and if thou goeſt forward, I will pull thee in pieces, as if thou hadſt paſſed through the teeth of a Lion.

S. *Juſtin.* in Epiſt. ad Orthodox. q. 44.

An obſervation upon the chariot of *Ezechiel.*

This makes me ſay, that God toleratеth ſins for ſome time, which are of their own nature very enormous; but as for impieties, either he ſpeedily chaſtiſeth them in the heat of crime, or reſerveth them to unſpeakable avengements. See you not in the Hiſtory of Kings, how he tolerated *David* defiled with murder and adultery, nine whole months without taking notice of his fault: But ſo ſoon as *Ozias* took the incenſory to do an act of ſacriledg and impiety, behold him inſtantly ſtrucken with leproſie in the moſt eminent part of his body. Why ſo? Becauſe other ſins are many times committed through infirmity, incitement, or frailty; but this which ſtrikes at Gods juriſdiction, proceeds from an adviſed and deliberate malice. Behold the cauſe wherefore God maketh arrows of all wood, and vengeance of all creatures, to puniſh it according to its demerit. Add alſo hereunto a very remarkable proof, which is, that the Sovereign Judg, though oftentimes ſending his Prophets to ſtay the crimes of adultery, of oppreſſion, of injuſtice, and other like, ſuffered them to paſs on in an ordinary way; yet when he diſpatched meſſengers to confound idolatry and impiety, which was raiſed in *Bethel* by *Jeroboam*, he made them fly like Eagles and impetuous ſtorms. This is verified in *Jeroboam* King of *Iſrael*, who began to offer incenſe to Idols, when a Prophet came out of *Jeruſalem*, and arrived (as the Interpreters obſerve) in *Bethel* before the incenſing was finiſhed, which happened in a very ſhort time. If one ask how this man of God, in leſs then the ſpace of a ſacrifice, performed about ſix leagues, (for it was as far diſtant from *Bethel* to *Jeruſalem*) it is anſwered, God bare him on the wings of winds, becauſe he went of purpoſe to deſtroy atheiſm and impiety, which was hatched among the *Iſraelites*. And verily being come before this ſacrilegious Altar, he cried out aloud to *Jeroboam's* face: O Altar, Altar, liſten, for much better is it to ſpeak to theſe ſtones, then to an Atheiſt: God hath ſaid, and it ſhal happen; an infant ſhal be born of the houſe of *David*, called *Joſias*, who ſhal ſacrifice the Prieſts, which now incenſe to Idols, on their own Altars, and there ſhal he turn their bones into duſt. Which was afterward performed.

Obſervation upon the chaſtiſement of impiety.

3. Reg. 13.

Altare, Altare, hæc dicit Dominus, &c.

I now demand, if the celeſtial Father proceeded with ſuch rigour againſt thoſe, who altered ſome ceremony of the antient Law, that he was not contented to fall ſpeedily upon them, more ſwift then eagles and tempeſts, but cauſed bones of the dead to be taken out of ſepulchers, whereunto the right of nature had confined them, to burn and conſume them on the Altar, which they had prophaned: what will become of theſe, who ſince the venerable myſtery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, run into horrible ſins of infidelity, and trample under foot the blood of the Teſtament? Perhaps you yet conceive not ſufficiently the greatneſs of this crime, but I will make it appear unto you by a powerful reaſon. S. *Denys* the *Areopagite* ſaith, that Being is the moſt intimate, moſt neceſſary, moſt univerſal, & moſt perfect of all things, becauſe it containeth in eminency all perfections, which are not but participation of Being. And if this eſſence be ſtrongly rooted in all creatures, ſo that there is none but God who can annihilate it, what ſhal we ſay of the eſſence of the Sovereign Creatour, which originally containeth all eſſences, God to ſpeak properly, being nothing but his own eſſence? There is no doubt, but it is an excellency wholly incomprehenſible. Now we muſt neceſſarily infer, that by how much the more a thing is excellent, ſo much the more the crimes which aſſail it, are puniſhable. Behold the cauſe why one cannot almoſt find pains ſuitable to Atheiſm and impiety, which reſiſt the eſſence of God.

Dionyſ. c. 1. de divin. nominib.

The horrible puniſhments of the wicked for the ſin of Impiety.

MOreover affirm, if in a time when the Divinity was not yet fully publiſhed, it notwithſtanding inflicted fearful puniſhments, both on the living and dead, who had before-time offended, what will become of it after the publication of the Goſpel and the coming of the Word Incarnate, who maketh ſpeak unto us, for the confirmation of his law and word, the blood of ſo many millions of Martyrs, who died for defence of the truth, who hath opened to us on earth ſo many mouths of Apoſtles, Evangeliſts,

2. Par. 26. 18.

geliſts, Doctours, ſingular in wiſdom and ſanctity, as there are ſtars in heaven; who likewiſe gave ſpeech to ſtones and marbles of thoſe ancient Churches, to inſtruct us in our Religion? *The ſtone ſhall cry out in the midſt of walls*, ſaith the Prophet *Habacuc*.

Habac. 2. 11. *Lapis de pariete clamabit.*

Nay, I demand, which is the more tolerable, either to deſpiſe *Joſeph* in the fetters of bondage, or to offer him an affront on *Pharaoh's* royal chariot? Every man of judgment will tell me there is no compariſon, and that he who yeilded not honour to *Joſeph* being a captive, ſeemed not worthy puniſhment: but to deny him honour, when *Pharaoh* having placed him in a chariot of glory, cauſed to be proclaimed by a Herald of arms, *Abrec, Abrec, Let all the world bow the knee before* Joſeph, was a crime of treaſon. We then infer, if the *Jews* for having neglected *Jeſus Chriſt* in bonds, in opprobries, in torments, and the pains of the Croſs, were chaſtiſed with hideous puniſhments to all poſterity, what may we expect for ſuch as revile heaven, and diſhonour *Jeſus Chriſt* in the chariot of his triumph, after they had ſeen and manifeſtly known, as by ways more then humane, that he put all the glory, power, wiſdom and ſanctity of the whole univerſe under his feet, and having now alſo after ſixteen hundred years and more, through all the parts of the habitable world, both Altars and Sacrifices, where he hath received ſervices and homages of ſo many Myters, Scepters, and Crowns, from wiſe and holy men, that it would eaſier to number the ſands of the Sea, then to keep an account of them? But if you ſtill doubt the puniſhment of the *Jews* for the ſin of impiety, do but read Hiſtories both divine and humane, to be therein ſufficiently informed.

The *Jews* were heretofore the choſen people, and are become the reprobate. God for them drove back the waves of the red Sea, and ſuffered them to walk dry-foot between two waters, as between two chryſtal vaults, and afterward, why did he drown them ſo many times in rivers of their bloud, with ſo horrible ſlaughters, that in the whole ſiege of *Jeruſalem* under *Titus* and *Veſpaſian*, were reckoned according to *Joſephus* his calculation, eleven hundred thouſand dead? God opened to them the ſides of rocks to quench their thirſt, and afterward, why dried he up the dugs of women, who ſaw their little ones die between their arms, they unable to give them one drop of milk? God for them made Manna and clouds of Quails to ſhowr, and why afterward did he ſo afflict them with ſuch cruel and enraged a famine, that the hands of mercifull mothers flew and roaſted on coals their own proper children, and eat them to ſatisfie their hunger? God carried them through deſarts as upon eagles wings, and wherefore afterward did he abandon them to eagles and vultures, which ſo many times made carrion of the bodies of his children? God had given them a land ſo fat and fruitful, that it ſtreamed altogether milk and honey, and wherefore afterward had it entrails of iron, denying food to the living, yea, burial to the dead? God gave them ſtrength as a devouring fire, before which all Nations were but as ſtraw, and why afterwards became it the ſhuttle-cock of the arms of Infidels? God gave them liberty for an inheritance, and why afterward obtained they not ſo much as an honourable ſervitude? Why at the ſiege of *Jeruſalem* among ſo many thouſand priſoners, did they ſo much diſdain to make uſe of a *Jew*, that there being never a Croſs to crucifie them, they were reſerved for beaſts to devour them, rather then derive any ſervice from them? God gave them knowledge, and wherefore afterwards became they blockiſh, idle, and ſtupid in all learning? God ordained for them the aſſiſtance and protection of Angels, and why afterward forſook they their Temple, crying out aloud: *Let us depart, let us depart from hence*? God deſtined to them Royalty and Empire over neighbouring Nations, and why afterward had they not one inch of land at their own diſpoſe, and eſpecially of land, where formerly *Jeruſalem* was built, unleſs they purchaſed it with mony, onely to enjoy it one hour or two in the year, and weep over it, and bedew it with the water of their eyes, after they had ſo often moiſtened it with their bloud? God eſtabliſhed Prieſt-hood to them, and afterwards what became of *Jeruſalem* the holy? What became of *Solomon's* Temple, the miracle of the world? Where is the Propitiatory? the Table of Propoſition-bread? the Rational, which was before the peoples oracle? Where is the majeſty of High-prieſts, the comelineſs of Prelates, the perpetuity of Sacrifices? From whence comes it, that it is above fifteen hundred years ago, ſince this miſerable Nation goes wandering through the Regions of the earth, as abandoned into an eternal exile without Prieſts, without Temple, without Sacrifice, without Prince, King, or government? O eternal God, how haſt thou thrown down thy foot-ſtool! O God of juſtice, how haſt thou made deſolate thy royal Prieſthood! O God of vengeance, how haſt thou ſuffered thy Sanctuary to be prophaned! Who hath ever heard ſpeech of ſuch a puniſhment? Have there been adulteries, rapines, concuſſions, gluttonies, yea, and idolatries, which God hath not revenged in this manner? A captivity of threeſcore and ten years expiated all theſe ſins, but this after fifteen hundred years, to what ſin may we attribute it, but to the neglect of the eſſence of the Word Incarnate? After the time that the Son of God ſhut his eys ſteeped in tears and bloud over the miſerable *Jeruſalem*, he never hath opened them to afford them mercy. A Lord ſo ſweet, ſo mild, ſo clement, as that he raiſed thieves almoſt from bloud and robbery in an inſtant to thrones of glory, for having acknowledged and confeſſed his name, ſo roughly to chaſtiſe the neglect of his authority, for the ſpace of ſo many Ages; what meaneth this, but to prove the oppoſing of the divine Eſſence of God, is a crime of all, the moſt hideous and unſpeakable?

Vide *Joſephum*, & *Hegeſippum* & *Threnos.*

Run over the Hiſtories of antiquity as long as you pleaſe, revolve in your memory all the experiences, which your Age may afford, and if you ſee the impious come to a good end, ſay, There is no cauſe of fear. *Cain*, their Patriarch, baniſhed from the ſight of God, lived long like a melancholy ſpirit among forreſts, with a perpetual affrightment, until *Lamech* took away his life: The *Cainiſts* were all drenched in the waters of the deluge: *Pharaoh* drowned in the red ſea: *Nebuchadnezzar* turned into a beaſt: *Holofernes* ſlain in his bed by the hand of a woman: *Senacherib* loſt one hundred fourſcore and five thouſand men for a blaſphemy: *Antiochus* ſtrucken with a horrible maladie: Birds did eat the tongue of *Nicanor*, and his hand was hanged up over againſt the Temple: *Heliodorus* was viſibly chaſtiſed by Angels: *Herodes Agrippa* borne from the Theater to the bed of death: The Preſident *Saturnius* ſtrucken blind: *Herminius* eaten by worms in his Pretourſhip: *Leo* the fourth, all covered over with botches and carbuncles: *Bamba* crowned with a diadem of pitch after his eyes were pulled out: *Julian* the Apoſtate ſtrucken with a dart from heaven: *Michael* the Emperour, who had in his traiq a heap of young ſcoffers, that in ſcorn counterfeited the Ceremonies of the Church,

Tragical events of the wicked.

was

was torn in pieces as a victim, by his own servants: *Olympius* strucken with thunder in a bath. And if we observe times more near: *Rogero* dragged to a lay-stall: *Vanin* burnt at *Tholouse*: *Alsan Calefat* divided between fire and water, and slain by his own hand.

Great eye of God, which art ever open upon the sins of the earth, who can steal himself from thy lightning-flashes? Great hand of God, who thundrest and lightnest perpetually over rebellious heads, who is able to resist thy justice?

Advice to Youth, and such as too easily give way to impiety.

O Unfortunate youth, who having received the first tincture of good instruction, after thou wert with so much care and honour by those to whom thou owedst thy birth, betrayest the tears of thy Parents, the travels of thy teachers, and the whole hopes of the publick! How canst thou embarque thy self amongst these treacherous and ignominious associates? How canst thou walk among so many shelves and precipices, not so much as once opening thy eys, to behold the abyss thou hast under thy feet? So many heads crushed in pieces under the Divine vengeance, are as broken Masts and shivers of a shipwrack, advanced on the promontory of rocks, to give notice of the deplorable events they have found, whose example thou still pursuest, yet thou lookest on them with arms across, and dalliest in danger like a wanton victim, which leaps and skips between the Axe and the knife.

God is my witness, I write these lines with a spirit of compasion for so many who dissolutely abuse the gifts of Heaven, and if any one happen upon the reading of this, I beseech him by the love of his salvation, not to despise a pen, which tendereth so sincere affection for the good of his soul.

A man who hath never so little reason, should he not argue within himself, and say, Verily the harmonious consent of so many Ages, which have upheld and reverenced a Religion innocent, pure, and holy, it is not a matter of sport. The horrible punishments of such as sought to dis-engage themselves from the homage due to the Divinity of *Jesus Christ*, are no fables, since we still behold the foot-steps of their ruines. The lights and reflections of the Divinity, which beset me on every side, are speaking tongues, the consent of so many Ages and holy personages yet alive on the earth, are no small testimony. These kind of men, who seek to sow dangerous Maxims in our minds, are creatures of little authority, evil manners, and of a conversation either insolent, or covert. They are neither Apostles nor Prophets: It is not credible, truth should so long be hidden, to be discovered to them amidst their abomination. They have neither sanctity, miracles, nor reason: they are not rich but in libertinous words and blasphemies. All they can promise me, is nothing else but a slight contentment of nature in this life, yet cannot they give it me: For amidst these unlawful pleasures, I feel my conscience much disturbed and perplexed with remorse: If I feared God, I should find this fear would banish all other affrightments from my heart. Now have I that, both of men and laws, yea, even of beast. It seemeth at every accident which happeneth to me, each creature becomes a sword and an arrow of God to punish my evil thoughts and inordinate actions: if that be not true, which these men promise (as they make no clear proof of what they say) behold me then convinced of the most horrible crime which hath ever been; behold me the object of all the execrations that have faln on their heads, who bent themselves against God: Behold me fettered in eternal and inexplicable pains, which I shall escape neither alive, nor dead. Every understanding man always inclineth to the surest way: I see, that following the opinion my Ancestours had in matter of Religion, there can happen no other evil unto me, but to be an honest man, to repleniish my heart with good desires, my thoughts with pleasing hopes, my hands with works of justice, and to wast my self like a Torch of Aromatick wood in a life, satisfied with it self, and laudable to posterity: whereas going along with these, I walk on thorns and ice in the depth of night, not knowing who pursues me behind. Avaunt novelties, avaunt cursed impieties, farwel infamous atheisms, adieu execrable liberty; you shall never be ought with me. O youth, if thou didst well tast these words, what repose, what contentment, what glory shouldst thou acquire? O unhappy youth, which adherest to these impious and licentious companies, what wilt thou say, when time shall have taken from thee the scarff which now veileth thine eys, and that thou shalt see the chastisement of God, which shall follow thee in all thy undertakings, misery by thy sides, torments and pains before thee, and peoples execration over thy head? But you meek ones, and you men to halves, who endure with soft and flexible ears, unworthy blasphemies against God, under the shadow of wit and pleasant entertainment, if you have yet any vein of Christianity in all your body, ought it not to bownd and leap against these criminals, who in the heat of wind and banquets, flout in your presences at the truth of a Religion, which your Ancestours left you with so much sweat, such virtues, and so many good examples? If you, who be men of quality and authority, persecute even to the gates of Hell, such as once have offended you; when you do negligently suffer them to dishonour him, who hath imprinted the ray of majesty with his finger on your faces, do you not render your selves guilty of all the crimes committed through your coldness and neglects? God hath preserved since so many Ages, doth, and will preserve this Kingdom by the piety of our great King, by the zeal of his Clergy, by the prudence of his Council and good Officers, and by the devotion of people, which are as sincere in *France*, as in any place of the world, enlightned with the rays of faith. But it is for impiety that Crowns are broken, that Scepters fly in pieces, and Empires have in all times passed from Nation to Nation. *It is I* (saith the great God) *who make Counsellours fools, and Judges stupid, I who change the golden girdle of Kings into a cord, I who throw confusion on the brow of Priests, I who supplant the greatest, when they seek to overthrow true piety.*

Against toleration.

Addunt Consiliarios in stultum finem.

The Edict of *Darius* a Pagan King, which he made in favour of the *Hebrews* Temple, hath astonishing words, when he saith: *What man soever shall be so hardy, as to change and alter my Commandment for the building of the Temple of God, let a Gibbet be erected for him of the same wood, of which his house is built, let it be raised in the street, let him be affixed thereunto, and his house confiscated.* This teacheth you, it is a great unhappiness to build your house at the expence of God's houses: Rafters and Beams of such Edifices, have many times served for instruments of punishment to such as raised them. The favours of great men, fortunes of ice, inexhaustible riches, reputation, friends, companions, factours, lackeys, buffons, all have forsaken them as butter-flies, which escape the hand of a child:

Omnis homo qui hanc mutaverit jussionem, tollatur lignum de domo ejus & erigatur, & configatur in eo, & domus ejus publicetur. Esdras.

child: they are faln through the ſin of impiety, which hath made an eclipſe of their fortune and life in the brighteſt luſtre of their greatneſs.

That the Remedy of our evil conſiſteth in the zeal of our Faith.

6. THe Remedy of evils which turmoyl us, is wholly in our own hands, and the cure of our wounds dependeth on our own wils. Good examples and ſtrong laws may do all, on ſpirits which have not yet totally renounced their own good, nor is there any one ſo deſperate, who is not taken either by the hands of virtue, wholly made of adamant, or feareth not to fall into the chains of juſtice. Let Eccleſiaſticks, whom God hath entruſted with his bloud, his word, and his Sacraments, begin firſt of all to dart rays of ſanctity in the firmament of honour, where God hath placed them: Let ſecular men in dignities and eminent fortunes, affect zeal in Religion: Let ſuch as are ſtept far into age, bear the torch before youth: Let women endeavour to eſtabliſh piety, which is the ornament of their ſex: Let children be well bred, and trained within the laws of modeſty: Let the doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt* be ſealed with the ſeal of good manners: there is no Libertine, but will be daunted at the ſight of a life led according to the laws of Chriſtianity: For it is a mirrour, which killeth baſilisks by reverberation of their proper poiſon. But if blaſphemers continue ſtill ſo impudent, as to vomit forth unclean and injurious words againſt the Religion we profeſs, have not laws, which are in the power of the Sovereign Princes on earth and of their Miniſters of State, iron hands able to ſtay their moſt daring impudencies?

To the great-ones of all Chriſtendom.

I call you hither, O holy Prelates, O Monarchs, Princes and Potentates, who are in the world as the great intelligences, who make the Heavens move, and who by diverſity of your aſpects, cauſe calms and ſtorms in this inferiour region wherein we live: I pray tell me, where do you think, hath glory which you naturally love, placed its throne and ſtate, if not in the boſom of true piety? By what degrees are thoſe immortal ſpirits of your Anceſtours mounted up to the joys and delights of God, having repleniſhed the earth with the veneration of their memory, if it were not by making the honour of the Sovereign Maſter march in the front of all their deſigns, and thinking nought their own, but what was acquired for God?

Apoc. 10. Remember, you are not altogether like the Angel of the Apocalyps, which beareth the Sun, and Rainbow, and all the garniſhments of glory on feet of braſs: you enjoy dignities and ſupereminencies that draw the great ones into admiration, aſtoniſh inferiours, attract people, evict honour and wonder from all the world: But conſider (if ſo you pleaſe) that all this is onely ſupported on feet of clay and mortar. Time changeth you, cares conſume you, maladies aſſail you, death takes and deſpoileth you. They who adored you in thrones, may one day trample on you in ſepulchers.

Alas! if it happen you carry all your own intereſts with violence of paſſion to the height of your pretenſions, and that you hold Religion and the glory of *Jeſus* in a perpetual contempt, what will your ſoul one day anſwer, when it leaves the body, unto the thundering voice of a living God, ſaying to you, as he did to *Cyrus*, in Iſaiah, *Aſſimilavi te, & non cognoviſti me*: I called thee by thy name, I created thee like unto my ſelf, I made thee a little God on earth, and thou haſt forgotten me. I ſo many times marched before thy ſtandards, many times have I humbled the moſt glorious of the earth for thee. I brake brazen gates, pulled down iron bars to afford thee hidden treaſures, and the wealth of Ages, which nature for thee preſerved in her boſom. The Sun ſeemed not to ſhine in the world, but to enlighten thy greatneſs, the ſeas ſurged for thee, and for thee the earth was wholly bent to honour and obedience.

Iſaiah 45.

Admirer of thy ſelf, and ignorant of Gods works, thou haſt ſo ill husbanded my goods, that thou haſt changed them all into evils; I gave thee rays and thou haſt made arrows of them to ſhoot againſt me. Did I ſeat thee on thrones, that there thy paſſions might ſway? Did I imprint on thy forehead the character of my greatneſs, that thou mighteſt authorize crimes? Thou hadſt a feeble pretext of Religion, and haſt neglected the effects: Thy intereſts reigned, and my honour ſuffered in thy houſe. At what aimed thy ambition ſo ſtrong of wing, and ſo weak of brain, which onely thought how to envy what was above, the more to oppreſs any thing below it? What did that burning avarice, that profuſe riot, that ſpirit of bloud and fleſh, employed in the advancement of thine own houſe, to the contempt of mine? For an inch of land, a wretched matter of profit, the fantaſie of an affront, jealouſie onely ſubſiſting in a body of ſmoake, all the elements muſt be troubled, men and ſwords drawn forth for revenge, and bloud of ſo many mortals ſhed: but for my Name, which is blaſphemed, it is ſufficient to wag the finger, to ſhew onely a cold countenance, a ſlight touch of that great authority, whilſt I was neglected, having done no other fault, but to have paid ingratitudes with benefits.

O you great-ones, who ſit at the ſtern of Churches and temporal Eſtates, how far will you become accountable to Gods juſtice, if you place not his honour in the firſt rank of all your intentions? Alas! Ought not you to entertain an ardent zeal towards the Religion which our Anceſtours conſigned unto us, with ſo many examples of piety, that Heaven hath not more ſtars, then we lights before our eyes? Can we well endure that the verities and maxims of God, which the Prophets foretold us, the Apoſtles pronounced, the Confeſſours profeſſed, the Martyrs defended in the piece-meal mangling of their bodies, amidſt combs and iron hooks, burning cauldrons, wheels armed with keen razours, ſhould now adays be the ſport of certain giddy ſpirits and the aim of prophane lips, who void of wit or ſhame, dare invade holy things? Is it not for this, O *France*, the beloved of God, and orient pearl of the world, thou haſt ſeen in thy boſom ſo many hoſtilities, ſuch contagions, famines, monſters, and devaſtations, that had not the arm of God ſupported thee, thou wouldſt have been long ſince drenched in irrecoverable confuſions? O you, who bear the ſword of juſtice, and have authority in your hands, will you not one day ſay: *All they who have the zeal of the law, and the piety of our Anceſtours, follow us courageouſly, for behold We are ready to revenge the quarrels of God, and to account his glory on earth, in the ſame degree the Angels hold it in Heaven.* This was the conceit of the valiant *Maccabee*, the Prince of Gods people, who having ſeen an Apoſtate of his Nation offer incenſe to an Idol, ſlew him with his own hand on the very ſame Altar, ſaying aloud: *He who hath the zeal of the law, let him follow me. Wo to me, ſince I am born to behold the deſolation of my people! Holy things are in the hands of ſtrangers:*

Omnis qui zelum habet legis, ſtatuens teſtamentum ſuum, exeat poſt me.

Va mihi quia natus ſum videre contritionem populi mei! Sancta in manus extraneorum facta ſunt, &c.

Nunc ergo filii, amulatores estote legis, & date animas vestras pro testamento Patrum. Moriamur in virtute propter fratres nostros, & non inferamus crimen gloriæ nostræ.

strangers: The Temple hath been handled as the most wicked man on earth; our mysteries, our beauties, our glories are desolated. To what purpose do I still lead a miserable life? Fathers of Families, will you not say to your children what he did to his: *Children, be ye emulatours of the law, and yield your souls up for the testimony of your Ancestours.* Children, will you not answer what the holy *Machabees* did, by the lips of their elder brother: *Let us dye in virtue for our brethren, and not defile our glory by any crime, which may be objected against us.*

Let War be proclaimed against Libertines and blasphemers, who will still persevere with deliberate malice in their impiety. Let these infernal mouths be stopped and condemned to an eternal silence. Let the Standard of the Cross be adored by all Nations, and the enemies of *Jesus* dissolved, as wax melted on the flames of burning coals, as smoak scattered in the air. Let a chast and sincere worship of God flourish every where, and sacrifices of praise mount to Heaven, to obtain benedictions on earth.

But you, SIR, who most near approach to the King's person, having given so many testimonies of your prudence, your courage and fidelity, seem to speak unto him with the same tongue, which holdeth ears enchained by the charms of your eloquence, and say, what *France* pronounceth:

An Apostrophe of *France* to the King.

7. *GReat King, for whom our Altars daily smoke in Sacrifices, and for whom our lips cease not to send forth thanksgivings of prosperity to Heaven. The monsters are not all as yet vanquished. Behold the last head of* Hydra, *which God hath reserved to this triumphant sword, which the Cross guideth, Valour animateth, Justice moderateth, and the Stars crown. Needs must impiety be crushed under those feet, which have already trampled on so many Dragons, and be fettered with an hundred iron chains, under the Altars we daily charge with our vows.*

When Libra, *the constellation of your birth, ariseth, the* Ram *falleth. It is not time (O Monarch of Flower-de-luces) that appearing on the throne of justice, with* Ballance *in hand, all sparkling with the rays of glory, which environ you after so many battels concluded by your victories, you humble the horns of this* Ram *of insolent impiety, which dars so confidently oppose, both by words and actions, the Religion which Crown you, the spirit which possesseth you, and the power which directeth you.*

Alas, Alas, SIR, To what purpose were it to have walked on the smoaking ruins of so many rebellious Cities? What would it avail to have thrown down in one Rochel, *so many surly Rocks with the help of so great, so faithful, and happy Counsel, and opening one gate there at your entrance, to have shut up a thousand against factious and civil wars? What contentment could your Majestie have by wiping away the sweats on the* Alps, *you had gotten on the Ocean, and to have gathered Palms perpetually verdant for you, as well in the frozen Ice of winter, as the scorching heats of Summer, if you must again behold at your return, that Religion you so often defended, trodden under the feet of impiety, wounded by slanderous tongues, outraged by blasphemie, and contaminated by insolent spirits, who know not God, but to dishonour him? It now at this time presenteth it self to you with sighs in the heart, and tears in the eys: It sheweth unto you the robe, which* Clodoræus, Charlemaigne, *and* S. Lewis, *your Predecessours, gave you with so much splendour, now torn in pieces with such violence; it imploreth your assistance, it expecteth your power, it breaths an air much the more sweet in the confidence conceived of your zeal and courage.*

I call to witness that great Angel, which hath led you by the hand to so many conquests and triumphs, making you dreadful to your Enemies, helpful to your Allies, awful to your Subjects, and amiable to all the World; it is not here where he will limit your actions, and fix the columns of your memory. We still hope quickly to see the day which shall dry up the tears of the poor, shall ease their burthens, shall sweeten their pains, shall power oyl on their soakes: And from whom should we expect all this, but from a Prince so pious, so benign? We promise our selves to see a Clergie, which shall speedily put itself into so good a way under your favour, entirely purified from the dregs of simony, ignorance, and the liberty of evil actions. Who can give us this happiness, but a King, who hath under his heart a Temple for true piety? We sigh for that great day, that day, which shall for ever wash away the stains of blood, impressed on the foreheads of French *Nobility, which shall dissipate disorders, shall stop the current of so many dissolutions; and what can assure us of it, but the certainty of your Edicts? we most earnestly desire to behold an absolute regularity in justice, and in all Officers, that a golden Age may shine again, which hath so often been vanished through the corruption of souls set at sale. And who should do it but a King, that from his most innocent years so much hath cherished the title of* Just, *that he for it contemned the name of a* Conquerour, *which his valour presented him, and of* Most Sacred, *which the veneration of his vertues afforded him. Impiety vanquished, beareth thee keys of all these hopes, nor shall we have any thing more to fear or desire, when that shall be throughly suppressed through out all the parts of the Kingdom.*

Dear delight of Heaven, is it not for this God drew you the last year from the gates of a Sepulcher, and restored you to life, to render us all to our selves? Alas! Great God, what a stroke of thunder was the news of this maladie! What a terrour to all Cities! What astonishment in all Orders! What a wound in the heart of the whole Kingdom! Your poor France *remember the 27. day of* September, *made sacred by your royal birth: It considered this nativity had don to your state, what the infusion of the soul into a body, and saw you almost taken hence at the same time that your Majestie entred. It beheld all that greatness, and those comforts ready to be shut up within your Tomb. The queens drench'd in their deep sorrow, could not speak but by their tears and sobs: Your good Officers dissolved in lamentations at the foot of your bed, which was become as the Altars of grief. All humane hopes were cut off by the violence of the maladie. Nothing was expected but the fatal blow, which all the world deplored, and which no man could divert.*

But who knoweth not, SIR, God permitted it to let us see your virtues by their bright reflection. The lustre of beautiful paintings must be suffered a little to mortify, before we can judg of them. We could not sufficiently know your Majestie in the bright splendours of fortune, and such good success of arms: Needs must we have a character from God of men afflicted, and a mark of the Cross of Jesus *to consummate so excellent qualities. And what heart was not then seized with admiration, when we saw a young King, so great, so flourishing, so awful, to look death in the face with a confident eie, to expect it with a stable foot, to receive it willingly with a spirit infinitely peaceful: afterward to be fortified by Sacraments of the Church, with most exemplar devotion, and having given the last adieus to his Subjects, to go out of the world and all glorious honours, as joyful as from a prison? But God withdrew this stroke, when life held but by a slender thread, and heard the many prayers, made throughout all* France: *He restored you to life at the same time he had given it you: He setled the pillars of this State, which then tottered over our heads: He raised our joys again, which were faded, and gave us that we would not loose to gain the whole world. It is, SIR, to tell you, you must perform all God required at your sacred hands, and so to profit in sanctity, that the earth may one day give you in reward of piety, the Altars you have raised to Heavin, by the valour of your arms.*

To the King of all Ages Immortal and Invisible, to GOD alone be given honour and glory, for ever and ever.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

THE AUTHOURS DESIGN.

OF the practice of Virtues I have already spoken in my Book of the HOLY-COURT. *This is a small Pattern thereof in every dayes action. It should employ your heart, rather then your eyes or hand. It is short to read, but if you practice it, you will in one day find years and ages of felicity.*

Indeed we have at this present many spiritual Books, which eccho one another. This Age is as fruitful in words, as barren in works; Inclining to speak much, to do nothing; evapourating the best part of wit, by pen or tongue.

Nevertheless, in matters of Devotion, it is apparent, that a man cannot say too much, that, which he can never do enough; and that in so great a pennry of worthy acts, we should not be sparing of good words.

I present you with this short Treatise: carry it in your hand, as the clock which a great Prince wore in a Ring: it striketh every hour of the day, and agreeth with Reason, as true Dials with the Sun. If you read it with attention, you will find it great in its littleness, rich in its poverty, and large in its brevity. Great Books make men sometimes more learned, seldome more innocent. This reduceth wisdom to practice, and prosperity to devotion. By often reading it, and doing what it directeth, you shall know what it is; for it hath no other character of its worth, then that of your virtues.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The First PART.

The first SECTION.

The Importance of well ordering every Action of the day.

A Wise Hermit (as *Pelagius* a Greek Authour relates) being demanded, if the way to perfection were very long, said: *That the Virtues accompany one another, and if a man would himself, he might in one day attain to a proportionable measure of Divinity.* Indeed our Virtues are all conjoyned in our Actions, our Actions in the Hours, the Hours in the Day, the Days in the Moneth, the Moneths in the Year, and the Years in the Ages. Every day is a little map of our life; and the way to be soon perfect, is to use much consideration and perfection in the performance of every days action. See here a draught thereof, the lineaments of which I have taken in part from one endued with much wisdom, religion and integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, which can suffer all things but his own praises.

The second SECTION.

At Waking.

THE Sun hath long since, for your benefit, chased away the shades of night, to delight you with the sight of the wonderful works of God, and your curtains are yet undrawn, to entertain you with a shadow of death. Arise out of bed, and consider, that this great star, which makes you begin the course of this day, must this day run about ten or twelve millions of leagues; and you, how many steps will you proceed towards virtue? This unwearied Harbinger is gone to take you up a lodging in the grave; Each minute is so much deducted from your life. Will you not follow the counsel of the Son of God, and *work while it is day?* A long night will shortly cover you with its wings, in which you will not have the power to work.

Suppose every day a day in Harvest, suppose it a Market day; suppose it a day, wherein you are to work in a golden Mine; suppose it a ring, which you are to engrave and enamel with your actions, to be at night presented on Gods Altar.

Set before you the excellent consideration of S. *Bernard*, *That your actions in passing, pass not away*; for every good work is a grain of seed for eternal life. Say with the famous Painter *Xeuxes*, *Æternitati pingo, I paint for eternity.*

Follow the counsel of *Thomas Aquinas*, Do every action in the name of Jesus Christ, desiring to have the approbation and good affections of all the Church, Militant and Triumphant. Do it as if the glory of God, the welfare of all the world, and your whole salvation depended on it, and as if that were to set the seal to all your works.

Contrive *over night* the good works you are to do the next day; on what points you are to meditate, what sin you are to vanquish, what virtue you are to practice, what business you are to do: that with a well-digested foresight, you may give birth to every thing in its own time. This is *Ariadnes* clew, which guides our actions in the great labyrinth of Time, without which all would go to confusion.

Be curious sometimes to know of what colour the dawning of the day is; prevent the light (as the *Wiseman* adviseth) to praise God. Take heed of imitating

ting that Epicurean ſwine, who boaſted, that he had grown old, without ſeeing the Sun either riſe or ſet. It is a good cuſtom to riſe betimes, but hardly perſwaded to Ladies, and thoſe *Antipodes* to Nature, who change the night into day, and the day into night. The famous *Apollonius* being very early at *Veſpaſian's* gate, & finding him ſtirring, from thence conjectured, that he was worthy to govern an Empire, and ſaid to his companion, Ἀνὴρ ἄρξει, *This man ſurely will be Emperour, he is ſo early.*

That unto which you are to diſpoſe the day, may be divided into four parts. *Devotion; Practice of Virtues, Buſineſs*, and *Recreation. Devotion* ſhould bear the light, and open the door to all our actions.

As ſoon as you *awake*, make an account you are to give the firſt fruits of your *reaſon*, your *ſenſe*, and *faculties*, to the Divine Majeſty. Let the *Memory* immediately call to mind, that the works of God muſt be done. Let the *Underſtanding* caſt an ejaculation upon its Creatour, like a flaſh of lightning. Let the *Will* inflame it ſelf with love of him. Let the *Heart* let flie the burning ſhafts of deſires and celeſtial affections. Let the *Mouth* & *Tongue* labour to pronounce ſome vocal prayer to the moſt bleſſed Trinity. Let the *Hands* lift themſelves up to Heaven. Let the *Arms* and *Feet* ſhake off the numbneſs of ſleep, as S. *Peter* did his chains at the voice of the Angel. This were a beginning as it were of ſacrificing our ſelves to God. They uſed to pluck the hair off the beaſt, and caſt it into the fire, before they ſacrificed it; ſo ſhould we take theſe little actions from our upriſing, as the beginning of our ſacrifice.

The third SECTION.

Five good actions to begin the day.

THat Action ſhould be as a preparative to another more long and ſerious devotion, which you ſhould perform in your Cloſet, as you come out of bed. If your attire be ſo curious, that it would require much time to dreſs you, it is a miſerable ſlavery: Stay not till that be done, to give God your tribute; but cloath your ſelf indifferently, ſo much as is neceſſary for decency and health: Then on bended knees do five things, *Adoration*, *Thankſgiving*, *Oblation*, *Contrition*, and *Petition*.

I will here ſhew you the way to frame theſe actions which you may read at times: and I will add examples and forms, taken partly out of Scripture, ſuch as are fit to be repeated daily.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Adoration.

The firſt Act of Devotion.

YOu are to obſerve, that *Praiſe* is one thing, *Honour* another, *Reverence* another, *Adoration* another. *Praiſe* conſiſts properly in words, *Honour* in outward ſigns, *Reverence* in inward reſpect, but *Adoration* (conſidered at large) comprehends all theſe acts with much eminence. For, *Adoration is an act of Religion, whereby we do homage to the ſovereignty of God with a lowly ſubmiſſion, which is not communicable to any creature.*

This act is formed and compoſed of four things, which are, as it were, its four Elements. The firſt is a ſtrong apprehenſion of the greatneſs and excellency of God. The ſecond, a conſideration of our own meanneſs, in compariſon of that great Majeſty. The third, a fervent act of the will, which at the thought hereof melts it ſelf into reſpect. And the fourth, an outward expreſſion both of the mouth and geſtures of the body, teſtifying the reſentment of our heart.

To diſcharge her ſelf in this act of *Adoration*, the ſoul firſt conceives God, great, dreadfull, majeſtick; ſhe conceives him as a ſea, infinite in eſſence, goodneſs, beatitude, comprehending within himſelf all Being, all Good, all Truth, and not onely comprehending, but anticipating it to all eternity with an incomparable eminence.

She beholds the whole univerſe in the immenſity of God, like a ſponge in the midſt of the Ocean, an atome in the air, and a little diamond ſet in the higheſt Heaven. She acknowledgeth God to be the Foundation of all things poſſible, the Super-eſſential being of all things that are and that are not, without whom nothing can ſubſiſt, neither actually nor potentially, and that he hath no hold which the underſtanding may take, to have knowledge of him. She repreſents God to her ſelf, as the beginning and end of all things, the Creatour, the Founder, the Baſis, the Support, the Place, the Continuation, the Bound, the Order, the Tie, the Concord, the Conſummation of all creatures; who hath within himſelf all the good of Angels, of men, and univerſal Nature; who hath all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treaſures, all pleaſures, all comforts, all delights, all joys, all Beatitudes, as *Leſſius* very well explains in his Treatiſe *of Infinitie*.

This ſoul unſatisfied, walks leiſurely into theſe fourteen depths of greatneſs, which are in God, that is, *Infinity*, *Immenſity*, *Immutability*, *Eternity*, *Omnipotence*, *Wiſdome*, *Perfection*, *Holineſs*, *Bounty*, *Dominion*, *Providence*, *Mercy*, *Juſtice*, *and the End to which all things tend.*

She conſiders every perfection, firſt abſolutely, then by compariſon and application, making return upon her ſelf, and comparing this *Infinity* of God with her *nothing*, this *Immenſity* with her *ſmalneſs*, this *Immutability* with her *inconſtancy*, this *Eternity* with the *ſhortneſs of this temporal life*, this *Omnipotence* with her *weakneſs*, this *Wiſdom* with her *ignorance*, this *Perfection* with her *defects*, this *Holineſs* with her *vice*, this *Bounty* with her *ingratitude*, this *Dominion* with her *poverty*, this *Providence* with her *ſtupidity*, this *Mercy* with her *obduratenеſs*, this *Juſtice* with her *iniquity*, this *End to which all things tend*, with the *neceſſary dependances which ariſe from her infirmities.*

Here ſhe is raviſhed in God, as a little piſmire in the Sun; and like *Ariſtotle*, who (as it is ſaid) being not able to comprehend the ebbe and flow of an arm of the Sea, threw himſelf into it: ſo the drowneth her in ſuch a multitude of wonders, not willing any longer to meaſure her love by the ell of her knowledge.

She is tranſported in this great labyrinth of miracles, otherwiſe then the Queen of *Sheba* at ſight of the Palace of *Solomon*: and cannot at the laſt but break forth into an outward act, and ſay: *my God, and my All, the God of my heart, my portion and my inheritance to all Eternity!*

The fifth SECTION.

Example of Adoration.

IN purſuit hereof you ſhal worſhip God, proſtrate on the earth, ſounding like a ſmall ſtring of that great Harp, the world: offering to the Creatour the whole Univerſe, as a picture to hang up at his Altar, and reſigning your ſelf totally to his will: *The Hymn of the 3 children in the fiery furnace*, ſuiteth very well with this Act, who call all creatures (as by a catalogue) to praiſe God: or elſe take that form,

which the Angels and Saints use in adoring this Sovereign Majesty.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Thou hast made Heaven and earth, with all the ornaments thereof. Thou hast compassed the Sea with bounds by thy Almighty word. Thou hast shut up the Deep, and sealed it by thy terrible and glorious Name. Thou makest the pillars of Heaven to tremble under thy feet. Thou strikest terrour into all creatures, by the insupportable brightness of thy Majestie. Thou art in the Temple of thy holy glory; Thou beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the Cherubims; I adore thee my God from the centre of my nothing, with all the creatures of the universe; making an entire resignation of all that I am, into thy hands, and desiring now and to all eternity, to depend on thy blessed will.

The sixth SECTION.

Of Thanksgiving.

The second Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act very necessary, considering the benefits that we receive continually from the hand of God: We should not be like the clouds which obscure the Sun that raised them; but let us rather imitate the Looking-glass, which returns the image so soon as the face is presented to it.

We must not let slip any benefit proceeding from this sovereign hand, without representing to our selves the lively image of it in our acknowledgment. And if the ancient *Hebrews* (as *Josephus* relateth) set marks & tokens, sometimes on their arms, sometimes at their gates, to publish to all the world the benefits that God hath conferred upon their families, is it not most fitting, that we endeavour to acknowledge in some manner the liberality of the Divine Majesty.

This Act consisteth in three things. First, In the *Memory*, which represents to the Understanding, the benefit received: and this *Understanding* considers the hand that gives them, and to whom, and how, and wherefore, and by what ways, and in what measure. Thereupon an affectionate acknowledgment is framed in the *will*, which not able to continue idle, spreads it self into outward acts, to witness the fervour of its affection.

To practise this well, it is requisite to make a Catalogue of the benefits of God; which are contained in three kinds of *Goodness* and *Mercy*.

The first is, that whereby he drew this great Universe, out of the *Chaos* and darkness of nothing to the light of being and life, for our sakes creating a world of such greatness, beauty, profit, measure, order, vicissitude, continuance; and preserving it, as it were, by the continual breathing of his spirit, affording to every thing its rank, form, propriety, appetite, inclination, situation, limits, and accomplishment. But above all, making man as a little miracle of Nature, with the adornments of so many pieces, so well set, to bear in his aspect the beams of his own Majesty.

The second bounty is, that whereby he hath decreed to raise in man all that is natural, to a supernatural estate.

The third, that whereby he hath raised the nature of man, being fallen into sin, into misery, into the shadow of death, to innocence, bliss, light, and eternal life.

This is the incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, which comprehends six other benefits; that is, the benefit of the doctrine and wisdom of Heaven conferred on us, the benefit of our Saviours good examples, the benefit of Redemption, the benefit of Adoption into the number of God's children; the benefit of the treasure of the merits of *Jesus Christ*, the benefit of the blessed Eucharist.

Besides those benefits, which are in the generality of Christianity, we are to represent in all humility often to our selves, the *particular* favours received from God, in our birth, nourishment, education, instruction; in gifts of soul and body; in means, and conveniences; in friends, allies, kindred; in vocation, estate, and profession of life; in continued protection; in deliverance out of so many dangers, in vicissitude of adversities and prosperity, in guidance through the degrees of age, wherein every one in his own particular, may acknowledge infinite passages of the Divine Providence.

All this pouring it self upon the soul, with consideration of the circumstances of each benefit, at last draws from the Will this act of acknowledgment, which maketh it to say with the Prophet *David*: *Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?* 2 Sam. 7. 18.

The seventh SECTION:

A pattern of Thanksgiving.

HEreupon you shal give thanks for all benefits in general, and particularly for those you have received at present, which at that time you are to set before you, that may season this action with some new relish. The Church furnisheth us with an excellent form of Thanksgiving to God in the Hymn *Te Deum*: or else say with the blessed spirits;

O God, power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and blessing, be unto thee for ever and ever.

O God, glory be to thee on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men: I bless thee, I worship thee, I give thanks to thee for thy great glory and thy benefits, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the father Almighty; and thou also O Lord Jesus Christ my Saviour, onely Son of the Heavenly Father; perfect God and perfect man; Thou that takest away the sins of the world, and sittest at the right hand of God the Father; And thou, O Holy Ghost, consubstantial with the Father and the Son, most blessed Trinity, receive my prayers in giving thanks.

The eighth SECTION.

Of Offering, or Oblation.

The third Act of Devotion.

RElegion and Sacrifice had their beginning in the world's infancy, and ever since have been linked together by an indissoluble tye. God, who giveth all, will have us give to him, meaning we should take out of his store, that which our Nothing cannot afford. Observe here a thing remarkable, That, as in the law of *Moses* there were three kinds of Sacrifice; that is, *Immolations*, *Libations*, and *Victims*. *Immolations*, which were made of the fruits of the earth: *Libations*, of liquors, as Oyl and Wine; *Victims*, of living creatures. So likewise God requires that we give him our *actions* for fruits, our *affections* for liquors, and our *selves* for victims. This is done by the act of *Oblation*, or *Offering*, which is a way of Sacrifice, by which we offer our selves and all that belongeth to us, at the Altar of the Divine Majesty.

To perform this act well we must have first, a pure apprehension of the power and dominion, which God hath over us. Secondly, an intimate knowledge of our own dependence upon him; considering, that we not only have received being, and all things annexed to being, from his goodness; but that we are also sustained perpetually by his hand, as a stone in the air: and that if he should let go never so little, we should be dissolved into that Nothing, out of which we are extracted. From thence will arise an act of Justice in the will, ready to give to God that which is his: and as the Holocaust (where the Host was

quite

quite consumed in honour to the Divine Majesty) was heretofore the noblest of all sacrifices; so will we imitate this excellent act of Religion, by consecrating not only our actions and affections, but all that we are, unto God; wishing to be dissolved and annihilated for his sake, if it migh be for the glory of his Divine Majesty. But if this annihilation cannot be real, we must at the least form it to our mind, in an extraordinary manner, acquiring to our selves (as much as is possible) twelve disengagements, wherein the perfection of the Holocaust consisteth.

The first, is a devesting our selves of all affection to temporal things, so that we no longer love any thing but for God, of God, and to God. The second, a disentangling from our own interest in all our actions. The third, an absolute mortifying of sensuality. The fourth, a separation from friendships sensual, natural, and acquired, that they have no longer hold on our heart, to the prejudice of virtue. The fifth, a banishing of worldly imaginations, in such a manner, that the meer representation of them, may beget aversion & horrour in us. The sixth, a discharge from worldly cares not necessary to salvatiō. The seventh, a deliverance from bitterness of heart & discontents which ordinarily arise from excessive love to creatures. The eighth, a valiant flight from all kind of vanity of spirit. The ninth, a contempt of sensible consolations, when God would have us to be weaned from them. The tenth, a renouncing of scruples of mind, and of our own fantasies, to follow the counsel and will of those that are superiour unto us. The eleventh, an insensibility of the troubles that happen in adversity. The twelfth, an entire mortification of judgment and will, that we follow all the inspirations of God, as true dyals the Sun.

He who hath proceeded therein thus far, maketh a true annihilation of himself, & an excellent oblation of all that he is: But if you cannot give the whole tree with such perfection, yet give at least the fruits; desiring in conclusion, to offer up all your faculties, senses, functions, words, works, and all that you are; remembring that saying of S. *Chrysostom*, *That it is the most wicked avarice, to defraud God of the oblation of our selves.* Offer to the Father your *memory* to *fill* it as a choice vessel with profitable things; to the Son your *understanding* to *enlighten* it with eternal truth; to the Holy Ghost your *will* to *enkindle* it with his holy flame; Say particularly to the Incarnate Word with the devout virgin *Gertrude*.

The ninth SECTION:

The manner of offering our selves to God

O My sweet Saviour, illuminate my intentions with thy light, and support my weakness by thy mercy: I recommend the small service which I shall do this day, to the unspeakable sweetness of thy heart; and set it from hence forward before thine eys, to direct, correct, and perfect it. I offer it and all that I am to thee, with my whole affection, both for my self and all the faithful; and I offer it unto thee, in the union of that most perfect intention which thou hadst, when thou prayedst upon earth to thy Father in Heaven.

The tenth SECTION.

Of Contrition.

The fourth Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act exceeding necessary in so dangerous an estate and so great frailty as we continually live in. *Theodoret* in his *Questions upon the Scripture*, saith, That there are three kinds of life, intimated by the three sorts of creatures mentioned in *Abraham's* sacrifice, *Gen.* 15. 9. There is a *Natural* life, represented by the four-footed beasts; a *Mourning* life, figured in the Turtle; a *pure* and *innocent* life, signified by the young Pigeon. Natural lives are very frequent in the world; Dove-like, very rare, but there is no Dove so pure, but always needs the mourning of the Turtle.

This is the reason why we should not pray almost at no time, without stirring up some acts of Contrition. Every one knows, contrition is a detestation of sin beyond all things most detestable, taking beginning from the love of God, and hope of his mercy, and ought always to be accompanied with a firm resolution of amendment. Its first foundation is the belief of a *living* God, of a God *clear-sighted*, of a God *dreadful in all his judgments*, from whence a servile fear of the pains due to sin is begot, even in the most stupid hearts. Thunder causeth Doves to fawn, and raiseth tempests and earthquakes in the soul. Then Hope ariseth above the horizon, scattering amorous beams, through the assured confidence we have to obtain pardon for our sins, by undergoing the yoke of Repentance. Then beginneth the love of God in the soul, to free and discharge it self of the dew of heaven. Oh blessed a thousand fold are they, that wash themselves with that *snow water* which holy *Job* mentioneth, *Job.* 9. 30. and cleanse themselves in the wholsom pool of repentance!

Stir up acts of *contrition* often for all sins in general, and especially for those defects and imperfections, whereunto you are most subject, with a firm purpose to oppose them strongly, and by Gods help to root them out. Say to that end, as followeth;

The eleventh SECTION.

A form of Contrition

FAther, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, having paid so great bounty with contempt, and so many benefits with ingratitude. I grieve not at the pains I suffer for my rebellion, but I grieve for having offended a God, who ought to be loved and honoured above all things. Where can I finde punishment enough to be avenged on my self, and tears enough to wash away my offences? Father, from hence forward, the face of sin shall be more hideous to me then hell: Make me as one of thy hired servants. My God, thou art our Father, and we are nothing, but earth and dust in comparison of Thee! Thou art our Maker, and we are all but clay in thy hands. My God, be not incensed against so weak, so wicked an object. My God, have not the sins of my life past in remembrance.

The twelfth SECTION.

Of Petition or Request.

The fifth Act of Devotion.

A Certain great Emperour coming into *Egypt*, to shew the zeal he had to the publick good, said to the Egyptians, *Draw from me as from your river* Nilus; but what can be drawn from a man, but hopes, which swell like bubbles of water till they burst. It is from God that we must draw, for he is a fountain which perpetually distilleth, who quenching the thirst of all the world, hath himself but one, which is (saith *Gregory Nazianzen*) *that all men should thirst his bounty.*

We must necessarily beg of God seeing our necessities constrain us and his bounty invites us, we must beg of him, according as he himself hath taught us in the *Lords Prayer*, which is the sum of all Divinity; we must ask in his Sons name, and with confidence to obtain. We must pray for the Church, for the Pastours, for our King, for publick necessities, for

our

our selves, for our neighbours: we must pray for spiritual and temporal blessings according to occasion, as far as is lawfull. For which purpose it is good to have a collection of prayers for all occasions, like a little Fort, furnished with all pieces of battery, to force even heaven it self, with a religious fortitude and a pious violence.

Desire of God every morning at least, *That* you may not offend him; *That* you may not want Grace, Light and Courage, to resist those sins wherunto you are most inclined; *That* you may practise those virtues that are most necessary for you: *That* you may be guided and governed this day by Gods providence, in all that concerns your soul, body, and outward things: *That* you may obtain new graces and assistance for the necessities of your neighbours, which you may then set before him. Say for your self and for all those that concern you, this form of prayer used by *Thomas Aquinas*.

The thirteenth SECTION.

A Form of Petition.

O God, give unto me, and to all those whom I commend in my prayers, an Understanding to know thee, an affectionate Devotion to seek thee; a Wisdom to finde thee; a Conversation to please thee; a Perseverance boldly to wait on thee; a Faith happily to embrace thee. My God, so order it, that I may be wounded with thy sufferings in repentance, that in this life, I may use thy blessings in grace, and enjoy in the other, thy eternal joys in the bosom of Glory. So be it.

The fourteenth SECTION.

Of the time proper for spiritual reading.

BElieve me, you shall do well at this time of the morning, when your mind is freest from earthly thoughts, to use some *spiritual reading*; sometimes of the precepts, sometimes of the lives of the Apostles and Saints, calling to mind that saying of *Isidore* in his Book of *Sentences*: *He that will live in the exercise of God's presence, must pray and read frequently.* When you pray, you speak to God; and when you read, God speaks to you; good sermons and good books are the sinews of virtue.

Observe you not how colours (as Philosophy teacheth) have a certain light, which in the night time is obscured and buried (as it were) in matter: But as soon as the Sun riseth, & displayeth his beams on so many beauties that languished in darkness, he awakes them, and makes them appear in their true lustre? So may we (truly) say, that we have all, some seeds of knowledge which would be quite choaked (as it were) with the vapours arising from our passions, did not the wisdom of God (which speaketh in the holy Scripture, and in good spiritual books) stir them up, and give them light and vigour to inflame the course of our actions to virtue. Always before you take a book in hand, invoke the Father of light to direct your reading. Read little if you have but little leisure, but with attention; and make a pause at some sentence, which all that day may come into your memory. You will find, that good books teach nothing but *truth*, command nothing but *virtue*, and promise nothing but *happinesse*.

The fifteenth SECTION.

An Abstract of the doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, to be used at the Communion.

JOhn 14. 6. *I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me.*

Mark 1. 15. *The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Matth. 11. 28. *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;*

29. *Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall finde rest unto your souls.*

30. *For my yoke is easie, and my burthen is light.*

Matth. 7. 12. *All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.*

John 15. 12. *This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*

13. *Greater love hath no man then this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.*

14. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*

Matth. 5. 44. *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*

45. *That you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: For he maketh his Sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

Luke 5. 35. *Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful.*

23. *Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and it shall be forgiven.*

30. *Give, and it shall be given unto you.*

Luke 12. 15. *Take heed and beware of covetousnesse: for a mans life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*

Matth. 7. 13. *Enter ye in at the strait-gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*

14. *Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that finde it.*

Matth. 10, 38. *He that taketh not his Cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.*

John 16. 33. *In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*

Matth. 28. 20. *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*

Matth. 26. 41. *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

Luke 12. 36. *Let your loyns be girded about, and your lights burning.*

37. *And ye your selves like unto men that wait for the Lord, when he will return from the wedding, that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.*

Luke 21. 34. *Take heed to your selves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfetting and drunkennesse and cares of this life.*

John 5. 28. *The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave, shall hear his voice.*

29. *And shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.*

The sixteenth SECTION.

What is to be done at the Celebration of the Sacrament.

AT the *Celebration of the Sacrament*, you shall endeauour to stir up in your self a great reverence of this incomparable Majesty, who cometh to fill the Sacrifice with his presence, and say:

O God, dispose me to offer unto Thee the merits of the life and passion of thy well-beloved Son. At this present I offer up to thee, in the union thereof, my understanding, my Will, my memory, my thoughts, my words, my works, my sufferings, and consolations, my good, my life, all that I have, and all that I can ever pretend unto.

Afterwards, at the *Preface* when the Priest inuiteth all to *lift up their hearts to God*, or when the Angelical Hymn, called by the Ancients *Trisagion*, is pronounced, may be said as followeth, being taken out of the Liturgies of S. *James* and S. *Chrysostom*.

TO thee the Creatour of all things visible and invisible: To thee the Treasurer of eternal blessings: To thee the Fountain of life and immortality. To thee the absolute Lord of the whole world, be given, as is due, all praise, honour and worship. Let the Sun, Moon, and Quires of Stars; the Aw, Earth, Sea, and all that is in the Celestial Elementary world, bless thee. Let thy Jerusalem, thy Church, from the first-born thereof already enrolled in Heaven, glorifie thee. Let the elect souls of Apostles, Martyrs, and Prophets; Let Angels, Arch-Angels, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers and Virtues. Let the dreadful Cherubims and Seraphins perpetually sing the the Hymn of thy triumphs. Holy,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and Earth are full of thy glory; Save us, O thou that dwellest in Heaven, the palace of thy Majesty.

O Lord Jesus, thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou clothedst thy self with flesh in the Virgins womb. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open unto us the Kingdom of Heaven. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father, and shalt judge both the quick and the dead. O Lord, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

As soon as you have received the Sacrament, say this prayer of S. *Bernard* in his *Meditations upon the Passion.*

O Heavenly Father; look down from thy Sanctuary; from the Throne of thy glory, upon the blessed sacrifice, which our High Priest Jesus, thy most innocent and sacred Son, doth offer unto thee for the sins of his Brethren. Pardon the multitude of our offences, and have compassion upon our miseries. Hearken to the voice of the blood of that immaculate Lamb, which crieth out to thee, and he himself standeth before thee at the right hand of thy Majestie, crowned with honour and glory. Behold, O Lord, the face of thy Messias, who hath been obedient to thee, even unto death; and put not his blessed wounds out of thy sight, nor the satisfaction he made for our sins, out of thy remembrance. O let every tongue praise and bless thee in commemoration of thy infinite goodness, who didst deliver thy onely Son over to death upon Earth, to make him our most prevalent Advocate in Heaven.

For Petition. Immediately after you have recited the Lords Prayer, say these words of the aforesaid Liturgie.

O God, be mindful of all Pastours and faithful people, dwelling in all parts of the habitable world, in the union of the Catholick Faith, and preserve them in thy holy peace.

O God, bless our most gracious King, and his whole Kingdom; hear the prayers which we offer up at thy Altar.

O God, remember all those that travel by sea or land, and are exposed to so many dreadful dangers. Remember the many poor prisoners, and Exiles who groan under the miseries of the world.

O God, remember the sick, and all such as are in any discomfort of mind: Remember the many poor souls oppresst with bitterness, who implore thy succour. Remember also the conversion of so many Hereticks, Infidels, and sinners, whom thou hast created after thine own image.

O God, remember our Friends and Benefactours: Accept this sacrifice for us sinners, and let us all feel the effects of thy Mercy; drive away scandal, war, and heresie; and grant us thy peace and love.

And at the end of the Communion;

O God, power down thy graces upon us; direct our steps in thy ways, strengthen us in thy fear, confirm us in thy love, and give us at last the inheritance of thy children.

It is very expedient also to have our devotions ordered for every day of the week.

The seventeenth SECTION.

Devotion ordered for the days of the Week.

WE may derive an excellent practise of *Devotion for every day of the Week*, from the Hymn of S. *Ambrose*, used by the Church. For therein we learn to give God thanks for every work of the Creation, and to make the greater world correspond with the lesser.

Sunday, which is the day wherin the *light* was created, *we should render thanks* to God, for having produced this *temporal light*, which is the smile of Heaven and joy of the world, spreading it like cloth of gold, over the face of the air and earth, & lighting it as a torch, by which we might behold his works. Then penetrating further, *we will give him thanks* for having afforded us his Son, called by the Fathers, *the Day-bringer*, to communicate unto us the great *light of faith*, which is (as saith S. *Bernard*) *a Copy of Eternity*; *we will humbly beseech him*, that this light may never be eclipsed in our understandings, but may replenish us every day more & more, with the knowledge of his blessed will. And for this purpose we must hear the word of God, & be present at *Divine Service*, with all fervour and purity. Take great heed that you stain not this day (which God hath set apart for himself) with any disorder, nor give the first fruits of the week to *Dagon* which you should offer up at the feet of the Ark of the Covenant.

Munday, which is the day wherein the *Firmament* was created, to separate the celestial waters from the inferiour and terrestrial; *we will represent unto our selves*, that God hath given us *Reason*, as a *Firmament* to separate divine cogitations from animal; and *we will pray unto him*, to mortifie anger and concupiscence in us, and to grant us absolute sway over all passions, which resist the eternal Law.

Tuesday, the day wherein the *waters* (which before covered the whole element of Earth) were ranked in their place, and the *earth* appeared, to become the dwelling, nurse, and grave of man; *we will figure unto our selves* the great work of the *justification* of the world, done by the Incarnate Word, who took away a great heap of *obstacles* (as well of ignorance as of sin) that covered the face of the whole world, and made a *Church*, which like a holy Land, appears laden with fruit and beauties, to raise us up in faith, & to bury us in the hope of the Resurrection, *We will beseech him*, to take away all *hinderances* to our soul; (so many ignorances, sins, imperfections, fears, sorrows, cares, which detain it as in an abyss,) and to replenish us with the *fruits* of justice.

Wednesday, wherein the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* were created; *we will propose unto our selves for object*, the *Beauty and Excellency* of the Church of God, adorned with the presence of the Saviour of the world as with a *Sun*, and with so many Saints, as with *Stars* of the Firmament; and *we will humbly beseech God* to embellish our soul with *light* and *virtue*, suitable to its condition. Especially, to give us the six qualities of the Sun, *Greatness*, *Beauty*, *Measure*, *Fervour*, *Readiness*, and *Fruitfulness*. *Greatness*, in the elevation of our mind above all created things, and in a capacity of heart, which can never be filled with any thing, but God: *Beauty*, in gifts of grace; *Measure*, to limit our passions; *Fervour*, in the exercise of charity; *Readiness*, in the obedience we ow to his Law: *Fruitfulness*, in bringing forth good works.

Thursday, the day wherein God (as S. *Ambrose* saith) drew the *birds* and *fishes* out of the waters, the *birds* to flie in the air, and the *fishes* to dwell in this lower Element. *We will imagine* the great *separation* which shall be made at the day of Gods judgment; when so vast a number of men, extracted from one and the same mass, some shal be raised on high to people Heaven, and enjoy the sight of God; others shal be made a prey to hel and everlasting torments. And in this great abyss and horrour of thought, *we will beseech God* to hold us in the number of his elect, and to be pleased to mark out our predestination, in our good and commendable actions.

Friday, wherein the other *creatures* were brought forth, and *man* created, who was then appointed to them for a King and Governour; *We will set before us* the greatness, excellency, and beauty of this *Man*, in the Talents which God hath given him, as well of grace, as of nature. How much it cost to make him, the hands of the Creatour being imployed in his production: *Hands* (saith S. *Basil*) *which were to him as a womb* but how much more it cost to make him anew, drawing forth so much labour, sweat, & bloud from the Son of God, *who annihilated himself for him, cherishing and fostering him* (saith *Thomas Aquinas* in his Treatise of *Beatitude*) *in such sort, that one not well instructed by faith, would say, Man were the god*

of

of God himself: Hereupon *we will beg*, that we may not frustrate the merit of the life of God, given to eternize ours, and we will practise some kind of mortification, *to bear God in our flesh* (as saith S. *Paul*) and to conform our selves to the sufferings of the King of the afflicted.

Saturday, which is the day wherein God *rested* from the Creation of the world; *we will meditate* upon the *rest*, the blessed enjoy in Heaven. There is no more poverty, no more sickness, no grief, no care, no calumny, no persecution, no heat, no cold, no night, no alteration, no confusion, no noise. The body *resteth* five or six foot under ground, freed from the relapsing imployments of a frail and dying life. It is in the grave, as in an impregnable Fortress, where it no longer fears debts, Serjeants, prisoners, nor fetters. And the soul, when it is glorified, leadeth the life of God himself: a vital life, an amiable life, an inexhaustible life, for which we must sigh and labour, and *beg it often of God, with the tears of our eys, and the groans of our heart*; as saith S. *Augustine*.

It is requisite, the same day, to make a review of the whole week, to examine the state of your soul, your passions, affections, intentions, aims, proceedings, and progressions.

And especially at the months end, to consider diligently what God would have of us, what we of him, and what course we take to please both him and our selves: what desire we have of perfection, what obstacles, what defects, what resistance, what means; and to manage all our endeavours under the protection of our great Captain *Jesus Christ*.

The eighteenth SECTION.

Devotion for the hours of the day.

THe Church likewise assigneth us *a practice of devotion for every hour of the day*, if we will apply it right. For as if she meant of a Christian Champion, to make a true Bird of the Sun, which saluteth that bright Star almost every hour, seeming to applaud by its songs, and the clapping of its wings. So she requireth, that in imitation thereof, we lose not God out of sight all the day long, but keep perpetual Centinel, to worship and pray to him.

At the break of day.

(Not to say any thing of our nightly exercise) The Church inviteth us, in the Hymn of S. *Ambrose*, to ask five things: the protection of God for all that day, peace, government of the sence, guard of the heart, and mortification of the flesh.

At the third

Hour, from the rising of the Sun; the hour wherein the *Holy Ghost* descended in the likeness of fiery tongues upon the Apostles; we pray to the *Holy Ghost* so to repleniſh our understandings, our wills, our senses, our hearts, our tongues, our mouths, with vigour and flame, that we may by our good example enkindle our neighbours.

At the sixth,

Which is noon; we look up to our son of Justice, to entreat of him four things; that is, alienation from the heat of concupiscence, mortification of anger, health of body, and peace of mind.

At the ninth.

Which is about three a clock, when the Sun is now declining towards the West, we cast our eie upon our great Star, and desire him (as he is the immovable Center, about which the world is turned; and holdeth the beginning and continuance of light, in his hand:) first, to grant us a happy evening: secondly, a constancy in virtue: thirdly, a good end.

At Evening.

When darkness draweth near, we beseech the Divine Majesty to gather unto him our hearts, oppressed with sin, and distracted by so great diversity of actions; to cleanse them, and to direct them in the way of Eternity: that when we shall be deprived of this *temporal light*, we may make a sweet retreat into the bosom of God, who is the Fountain of *Intellectual light*: and that having finished our life, as we have ended this present day, we may receive the prize of Beatitude.

At going to bed.

Now that darkness covereth the face of the earth, we will shelter our selves (like little birds) under God's wing, beseeching him to keep us (according to his accustomed goodness) in his protection; to drive away evil dreams, and the illusions of night from our sleep; hindering the crafty surprizals of our adversary, who goeth up and down like a roaring Lion, besetting the sheep-fold.

These devotions are grave, authentick, and sufficient, throughly to instruct a soul that will practise them.

The nineteenth SECTION.

Of Confession, a very necessary act of Devotion; and advice thereupon.

I Place *Confession* and *Communion*, amongst the weekly devotions; because for such as desire to lead a pure life, there is no excess, if at the weeks end, they acquit themselves of this duty. And although I have lately spoken enough, according to my scope, of the practise of these exercises, in Treatises upon this subject: and that to write more concerning them after so many books, were but to bring a drop of water to the river: yet am I obliged by the necessity of my design, to tell you in few words, that to make your *Confession* good, it ought to have the properties of a Looking-glass. *Solidity*, *lively representation*, and *clearness*.

Solidity; 1. In going to it with much consideration of your own misery, sins, and imperfections.

2. Much reverence towards the Majesty of God.

3. A reasonable examination of your conscience.

4. A dislike of your offences, more for God's sake, then out of any other consideration.

Lively representation: 1. In avoiding confessions made by rote, which have always one and the same tune: or such as are over dry, and not sufficiently explained: or such as are too historical, and full of superfluity.

2. In representing perspicuously the state of your soul, and succinctly discovering how you have behaved your self.

First, in those acts of devotion, which concern more particularly the *Divine Service*: accusing your self of impure intentions, negligences, irreverences, voluntary distractions, contempt of holy things, coldness in Faith, and evil thoughts.

Secondly, towards *your self*; in the direction both of your interiour and exteriour, namely, in sins of vanity, pride, sensuality, intemperance, curiosity, impurity, idleness, pusillanimity, anger, envy, jealousie, quarrels, aversion, impatience, murmuring, lies, detraction, injuries, swearing, breach of promise, impertinent and idle discourse, flattery, scoffing, and mockery.

Thirdly, towards *your neighbours*, as well superiours and equals, as inferiours; unfolding the defects that may have happened in the duties, which Charity or Justice oblige you to render to every one according to his degree.

Here examine every word, and you shall find matter for acculation.

Clear-

Clearneſs of Confeſſion, conſiſteth in explaining your ſelves in *ſimple*, *honeſt*, and *ſignificant* terms.

S *Bernard* in his book of the *Interiour houſe* (which is the Conſcience) hath compoſed a brief form of Confeſſion, making the penitent ſay thus:

Father, I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been diſquieted with anger, exaſperated with envy, puffed up with pride, and have thereupon fallen into an inconſtancy of mind, ſcoffings, ſlanders, and exceſſes of ſpeech.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been more ready to judge my ſuperiours, then to obey them: That being reprehended for my faults, I have murmured, and ſhewed my ſelf refractory in matters of duty.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have preferred my ſelf before my betters; vaunting and boaſting, with much vanity and preſumption, if all that belonged to me, and deſpiſing others with mockery and deriſion.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have neglected the duty of my own charge, and ambitiouſly aimed at others.

I have neither had reſpect to obedience, nor modeſty in my words, nor gravity in my carriage; but much ſelf-opinion in my intentions, hardneſs in my heart, and vain-glory in my words.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been a Hypocrite, ſtiff in hatred and averſion from my neighbour, biting in ſpeech; impatient of ſubjection, ambitious of honour, covetous of wealth, ſlothful in works of Charity and Devotion, in converſation unſociable, and many times uncivil.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been ready to ſpeak of the actions of others, rash in cenſuring, contentious in arguing, diſdainful in hearing, preſumptuous in informing others, diſſolute in laughter, exceſſive in pleaſures of taſt, and in gaming, coſtly in apparel, burthenſom to my friends, troubleſom to the peaceful, ungratefull to thoſe who have done me any good, harſh and imperious to ſuch as were under my charge.

I have boaſted to have done that which I did not, to have ſeen what I ſaw not, to have ſaid what I ſaid not, and on the contrary, have diſſembled and denied to have ſeen what I have ſeen, to have ſaid what I did ſay, and to have don what I did do.

I accuſe my ſelf of carnal thoughts, impure remembrances, diſhoneſt motions, which I have not ſoon enough reſiſted.

They who live more diſſolutely, ſhall find (as *Hamartolus*, a *Greek* Authour ſaith) that they have great accounts to caſt up, at the audit of concupiſcence: wherefore they may examine themſelves concerning kiſſes, touchings, ſoftneſs, pollutions, fornications, adulteries, abuſe of marriage, and other ſins called monſtrous: adding alſo impieties, ſorceries, divinations, falſe oaths, perjuries, blaſphemies, calumnies, contentions, diſobediences, injuſtices, oppreſsions, falſhoods, theſts, uſuries, ſacriledges, and the like.

You muſt not think that there can be made a Form of Confeſsion like a Boot fit for all legs: conſciences are as faces, every one hath its diverſity. What S. *Bernard* hath ſaid in general, may ſerve for a direction; yet muſt it be particularized with the circumſtances, expreſſing the intention, quality, manner, and continuance of the vice.

The twentieth SECTION.

An excellent Prayer of S. Auguſtine *for this exerciſe, taken out of a Manuſcript of Cardinal* Seripandus.

O God, behold the ſtains and wounds of my ſin, which I never can, nor will hide from the eys of thy Majeſtie: I feel the ſmart of them already, in remorſe of my conſcience, and other ſufferings ordained by thy providence for my correction; but all that I ſuffer, cannot equal my demerit. I onely wonder, that feeling the pain of ſin ſo often, I ſtill retain the malice and obſtinacy of it. My weakneſs boweth under the burthen; yet my iniquity remaineth immoveable. My life groaneth in languiſhments; yet is not reformed in its works. If thou deferre the puniſhment, I deferre my amendment; and if thou chaſtiſe me, I can no longer endure. Whileſt thou correcteſt, I confeſs my offence, but after thy viſitation I remember my ſorrows no more. As long as thou haſt the rod in hand to ſcourge me, I promiſe all; But if thou withdraw it, I performe nothing. If thou touch me, I crie out for mercy: and if thou pardon, I again provoke thee to ſtrike: O Lord God, I confeſs my miſeries, and implore thy clemency, without which there is no ſalvation for me. O God, give me what I aſk of thee, though without any merit of mine, ſince without any merit of mine thou haſt taken me out of nothing, to aſk it of thee.

The one and twentieth SECTION.

Of Communion, the chiefeſt of all acts of Devotion; with a brief Advice concerning the practice of it.

AS for *Receiving*, remember the ſix leaves of the Lilly, which it ought to have; I mean, *deſire* and *purity*, before you preſent your ſelf at it: *Humility* and *Charity* in preſenting your ſelf; *thankſgiving* and *newneſs of ſpirit*, after you have preſented your ſelf. And if you deſire to know the qualities, whereby you may diſcern a luke-warm Communion from a fervent. I ſay, that a good Communion ought to be *lightſom*, *ſavoury*, *nouriſhing*, and *effectual*. *Lightſom*, in illuminating you ever more and more with the light and truth of faith, which begets in you an eſteem of divine things, and a contempt of the worldly, fading, and temporal. *Savoury*, in making you to reliſh in will and ſenſe, what you know by the light of underſtanding. Yet if you have not this laſt, in a tender and ſenſible devotion, be not diſcomforted at it: for *ſenſible devotion will often happen to thoſe that have leaſt charity*; as *Richardus* obſerves upon the Canticles: *Affectuoſa dilectio interdum officit minus diligentem.* It is ſufficient that you have good habits of virtue in the upper Region of your ſoul. *Nouriſhing*, in keeping your ſelf in a good ſpiritual eſtate, in good reſentments of heavenly things, in good affections towards the ſervice of God, free from drineſs, leanneſs, and voluntary barrenneſs. *Effectual*, in applying your ſelf immediatly to the exerciſe of ſolid virtues, humility, patience, charity, and the works of mercy: for that is the moſt undoubted mark of a good Communion.

It is good to preſent your ſelf with ſincere intentions, pondered and fitted to occurrences; communicating (as *Bonaventure* obſerves) ſometimes for remiſſion of ſins, ſometimes for remedy of infirmities, ſometimes for deliverance out of ſome affliction, ſometimes to obtain a benefit, ſometimes for thankſgiving; ſometimes alſo for the help of our neighbour. And laſtly, to offer up a perfect praiſe to the moſt bleſſed Trinity, to commemorate the paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to grow daily in love toward him. To this end, before you communicate, you may ſay this prayer of *Thomas Aquinas*.

O Moſt ſweet JESUS, *My Lord and Maſter, O that the force of thy love, ſubtler then fire, and ſweeter then honey, would engulf my ſoul in an Abyſs, drawing it from all inordinate affections to things beneath Heaven; that I might die with love of thee, ſince out of love thou didſt vouchſafe to die on the Croſs for me!*

And after Communion, make theſe Petitions of S. *Auguſtine*.

O God, let me know thee; and let me alſo know my ſelf; Let the end of my deſires be ever where thou art: O God, let me bear no hatred, but to my ſelf; nor love, but to thee: and be thou the beginning, progreſs, and the end of all my actions. O God, let me humble my ſelf even to the deep, and exalt thee above the heavens; having my mind employed onely in thy praiſe. O God, let me die in my ſelf, and live in thy heart; and let me receive all that comes from thy providence, as gifts from Heaven. O God, let me perſecute my ſelf as an enemie, and follow thee as an onely friend. O God, let me have no aſſurance, but the fear of thy holy Name; nor confidence, but the diffidence of my ſelf. O God, when will the day come, when thou ſhalt take away the evil of the Temple, that I may behold thee face to face, to enjoy thee eternally?

THE SECOND PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The first SECTION.

Twelve fundamental Conſiderations of Virtue.

YOu muſt firmly believe, that the chiefeſt Devotion conſiſteth in practice of virtues, without which, there is neither ſolid piety, nor hope of ſalvation.

Paradiſe holds none but bleſſed ſouls, and hell the wretched; but the world, wherein we live, hath many kinds of merchants; ſome traffick with *Babylon*, others with *Sion*; ſome, through their ill trading and diſorderly carriage, go on inſenſibly to the laſt miſery, which is a baniſhment from the life of God, into an eternity of puniſhment: Others, go on in a ſtreight line, to the firſt and ſovereign happineſs, which is the viſion, fruition, and poſſeſſion of God, in an eternity of inexplicable joys. If you deſire to take this latter courſe, I would adviſe you, to ſet often before you theſe twelve Conſiderations, (which I have inſerted in my Book of the *Holy Court*) for in my opinion they are twelve great motives to all actions of virtue.

The firſt, is the nature and dignity of man, that is to ſay, the firſt and continual ſtudy of man ought to be man himſelf; to behold what he was, what he is, and what he ſhal be. What he was, nothing; what he is, a reaſonable creature; what he ſhal be, a gueſt either of Paradiſe, or of hell; of eternal happineſs, or of everlaſting miſery. What he is by *Nature*; a Maſterpiece, in which there are a thouſand ſeveral motions; a Body framed with admirable Architecture; a Soul endowed with underſtanding, Reaſon, Wit, Judgment, Will, Memory, Imagination, and Opinion: a Soul, which in an inſtant flieth from one Pole to the other; deſcends to the centre, and mounts up to the top of the world; which in one inſtant is in a thouſand ſeveral places; which fathoms the Univerſe, without touching it; which goes, gliſters, ſparkles, which ranſacks all the treaſures and magazines of Nature; which finds out all ſorts of inventions, which frameth Arts, which governeth States, which ordereth worlds. This ſoul in the mean time ſeeth her *paſſions* about her, like an infinite company of dogs, barking at her happineſs, and offering on every ſide to ſeize upon her with their teeth.

Love fools her, Ambition racks her, Covetouſneſs ruſts her, Luſt inflames her, Hope tickles her, Pleaſure melts her, Deſpair depreſſes her, Anger burns her, Hatred ſowers her, Envy gnaws her, Jealouſies prick her, Revenge exaſperates her, Cruelty hardens her, Fears freeze her, and Sorrow conſumes her.

This poor ſoul (ſhut up in the body, like a bird of Paradiſe in a cage) is quite amazed to ſee her ſelf aſſailed by all this mutinous multitude: and although ſhe holds in her hand the ſcepter of government, yet ſhe often ſuffers her ſelf to be deceived, raviſhed, and dragged into a miſerable ſlavery.

Conſider alſo what man is by *ſin*, vanity, weakneſs, inconſtancy, miſery, and curſe. What he is made by *Grace*; a child of light, an earthly Angel, ſon by adoption to the heavenly Father, brother and coheir with *Jeſus Chriſt*, a veſſel of election, the temple of the Holy Ghoſt. What he may be by *Glory*; an inhabitant of Heaven, beholding then thoſe ſtars under his feet, which are now over his head; feaſted with the ſight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, only, and original happineſs.

The ſecond, the benefits received from God, conſidered in general as thoſe of Creation, Converſation, Redemption, Vocation; & in particular, the gifts of the body, of the ſoul, of nature, of capacity, ability, induſtry, diſcretion, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good ſucceſs in buſineſs, & the like; which are given us from Heaven as inſtruments to work out our ſalvation. And ſometimes one of the greateſt benefits, is that, which few account a benefit, to have none of all thoſe helps which lead a preſumptuous, weak, and worldly ſoul to ruin; but on the contrary, their better wants in the eſteem of the world, beget in him an eſteem of heavenly things; Man (ſeeing what he was, what he is, & what he muſt be, whence he cometh, whither he goeth, and that union with God, his beginning, is his ſcope, mark, and aim;) if he follow the dictates of his reaſon, preſently reſolveth, that no ſinew nor vein he hath, but ſhal tend to this end, to ſubdue his paſſions, and to ſerve creatures no farther then he knows them available to attain to the Creatour. *Serva commiſſum, expecta promiſſum, cave prohibitum.* Every creature ſaith theſe three things to man: *O man, preſerve that which is committed to thee, expect that which is promiſed thee, and eſchew that which is forbidden thee.*

The third conſideration, is the Paſſion of the Son of God; an Abyſs of grief, reproaches, annihilations, love, mercy, wiſdom, humility, patience, charity; the book of books; the ſcience of ſciences, the ſecret of ſecrets; the ſhop where all good reſolutions are forg'd, where all virtues are refin'd, where all knots of holy obligations are tied; the ſchool of all Martyrs, Confeſſours, and Saints. Our weakneſs and faintneſs proceeds only from want of contemplating this infinite tablet. Who would once open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of ſuffering too much, of being thrown too low, too much deſpiſed, too much diſquieted, if he conſidered the life of God delivered over and reſigned for his ſake to ſo painful labour, ſo horrible confuſions, ſo inſupportable torments? *Nolo vivere ſine vulnere, cùm te video vulneratum: Oh my God! as long as I ſee thy wounds, I will never live without Wound*; ſaith *Bonaventure*.

The fourth: the examples of all the Saints who have followed the King in the high way of the Croſs. When we look upon the progreſs of Chriſtianity, and

and the ſucceſſion of ſo many Ages, wherſoever our conſideration ſetteth foot, it finds nothing but bloud of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, Prayers, Tears, Faſtings, Sack-cloth, Hair-cloth, Afflictions, Perſecutions of ſo many Saints, who have taken Heaven, as it were by violence: Some there have been, who having filled graves with their limbs (torn off with engines and ſwords of perſecution) yet remained alive to endure and ſuffer in their bodies, which had more wounds then parts: *Demorabantur in luce detenti, quorum membris pleni erant tumuli,* ſaith *Zeno.* Is it not a ſhame to have the ſame name, the ſame Baptiſm, the ſame Profeſſion, and to deſire ever to tread on Roſes? to be embarqued in this great ſhip of Chriſtianity, with ſo many brave ſpirits, and to go under hatches, to ſleep, like the out-caſts and ſcorns of humane Nature?

The fifth: the peace of a good conſcience, the inſeparable companion of honeſt men, which ſugereth all their tears, which ſweeteneth all their ſharpneſs, which melteth all their bitterneſs; a continual feaſt, a portable theater, a delicious torrent of unſpeakable content, which beginneth in this world, and is often felt in this life, even in chains, priſons, perſecutions; what then will it be, when conſummated in the other life? When the curtain of the great Tabernacle ſhall be withdrawn; when we ſhall ſee God face to face; in a body *impaſſible* as an Angel, *ſubtle* as a beam of light, *ſwift* as the wings of *thunder*, *bright* as the Sun; and when we ſhall dwell among ſo goodly and flouriſhing a company, in a palace of ineſtimable glory; where we ſhall enjoy no life but the life of God, the knowledge of God, the love of God, as long as God ſhall be God. *Neſcio quid erit, quod iſta vita non erit, ubi lucet quod non capiat locus, ubi ſonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non ſpargit flatus, ubi ſapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi hæret quod non divellit æternitas,* ſaid S. *Auguſtine. What will that life be, or rather, what will not that life be? Since all good, either is not at all, or is in ſuch a life: Light, which place cannot comprehend: Voices and muſick, which time cannot raviſh away: Odours, which are never diſſipated: a Feaſt, which is never conſumed: a Bleſſing, which Eternity beſtoweth, but Eternity ſhall never ſee at an end.*

The ſixth, is on the other ſide to conſider the ſtate of this preſent life; A true dream which hath onely the diſturbances, but never the reſt of ſleep; a childiſh ſport, a toil of burthenſom and ever-relapſing actions; where for one roſe we meet with a thouſand thorns; for an ounce of hony a tun of gall, for apparent good, real evil: The happieſt here may number their years, but not their cares; the paths here to the higheſt honours, are all of ice, and often bordered only by precipices. Its felicities are floating Iſlands, which always retire, when we but offer to touch them; they are the feaſt of *Heliogabalus*, where are many invitations, many ceremonies, many complements, many ſervices, and at the end of all this, we find a table and banquet of wax, which melts at the fire, whence we return more hungry then we came. It is the inchanted egg of *Oromazes*, in which that Impoſtour boaſted, that *he* had encloſed all the happineſs of the world: but broken, there was found nothing but wind. *Omnia hæc conſpectui noſtro inſidioſis coloribus lenocinantur: vis illa oculorum attributa lumini, non applicetur errori,* ſaith *Eucherius. All theſe proſperities flatter our ſenſes with an impoſture of falſe colours: why do we ſuffer thoſe eyes to be taken in the ſnares of errours, which are given us by Heaven to behold the light, and not to miniſter unto lying?* Beſides, another thing which ſhould put us into an infinite diſlike of this preſent life, is, that we live in a time as full of diſeaſes as old age of indiſpoſitions; we live in a world extremely corrupt, of which may be ſaid, it is a monſter, whoſe underſtanding is a pit of darkneſs; his reaſon, a ſhop of malice; his will, a hell, where thouſands of paſſions outrageouſly infeſt him; his eyes are two Conduit-pipes of fire, out of which flie ſparkles of corcupiſcence; his tongue, an inſtrument of curſing; his face, a painted hypocriſie; his body, a ſpunge full of filth; his hands, harpies talons, and to conclude, he owns no faith, but infidelity; no Lord, but his paſſion; no God, but his belly; what content can there be in living with ſuch a monſter?

The ſeventh: If there are any pleaſures in this life, they do nothing but overflow the heart ſlightly with a little ſuperficial delectation. Sadneſs dives into the bottom of my ſoul, and when it is there, you would think it hath leaden feet, never to go thence; but pleaſure doth only tickle us in the outſide of the skin, and then all thoſe ſweet waters run downwith haſte, to diſcharge themſelves into the ſea of bitterneſs. For this reaſon, Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid, when any proſperity preſented it ſelf before his eys, he durſt not touch it; he beheld pleaſure as a wandering bird, that would deceive him, and flie away as ſoon as he ſhould offer to lay hold of it.

The eighth: Pleaſures are begot in the ſenſe, and like abortives die in their birth: their deſires are full of diſquiet; their acceſs, of violent, forced and turbulent commotions: their ſatiety is ſeaſoned with ſhame and repentance; they paſs away as ſoon as they have wearied out the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, whoſe juice hath been preſſed out, as ſaith S. *Bernard* They ſtretch themſelves out at full length, to much purpoſe, when they muſt end with this life; and it is a great chance, if even during life, they prove not executioner to him that entertains them. *I ſee no greater pleaſure in this world, then the contempt of pleaſure: Nulla major voluptas, quàm voluptatis faſtidium,* ſaith *Tertullian.*

The ninth: He that conſumeth his time in pleaſures, when they ſlide away (like waters occaſioned by a ſtorm) findeth himſelf deſtitute and aſhamed, like a Pilgrim deſpoiled by a Thief: ſo many golden harveſts which time preſented to him, are paſſed away, and the ruſt of a heavy age furniſhed him with nothing but ſorrow for having done ill, and impotence to do well: what then remains, but to ſay with that miſerable King, who gave away his Scepter for a glaſs of water, *Alas! Muſt I for ſo ſhort a pleaſure, looſe ſo great a Kingdom?*

The tenth: Sin always carrieth ſorrow behind it, but not always true repentance: It is an extraordinary favour from God, to have time to bewail the offences of our life paſt, and to take that time by the foretop. Many are ſent into the other world without once thinking of their departure and ſome think of it at their death with many tears, but not one good act of repentance: they weep for the ſins which forſake them, and not for God whom they have loſt. True contrition is a hard work, how can he obtain it who hath ever falſified it? *Facilius inveni, qui innocentiam ſervarent, quàm qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent,* ſaith S. *Ambroſe.*

The eleventh: Death all this while is coming on a great pace, he waits for you at all hours, in all places, and yet you cannot wait for him ſo much as one minute, ſo diſpleaſing is this thought unto you: his ſentence is more clear and perſpicuous, then if it were written with the Suns beams, and yet cannot we read it; his trumpet ſoundeth perpetually, more audibly then thunder, and yet we hear it not.

No wonder, that *David*, *Psal.* 49. 4. calleth it (according to the *Hebrew*) *a Riddle*, every one beholds the Tablet, but few know the meaning: yet it is a granted truth, that we must bid a long farewel to all such things of life, as can extend no further then life it self; a granted truth, that we must inherit serpents and worms in a house of darkness: How excellent a lesson might be learned from hence! to know it once well, we must study it every day: Every where we see Watches and Clocks, some of gold, some of silver, others beset with pretious stones: they give us notice of all hours except that which must be our last? and since they cannot strike that hour, we must make it sound in our conscience. The very instant that you are reading this, a thousand and perhaps a thousand souls, loos'd from their bodies, are presented before God's Tribunal: what would you do, if you were now to bear them company? *Omnia ista contemnito quibus solutus corpore non indigebis*, said *Diodore*: *In a word, despise timely, whilest you are in the body, those things whereof you shall have no need, when you are out of the body.*

The twelfth: your soul shall go forth, and of all her followers in life, shall only be attended by good and evil. If she be surprized in sin, Hell shall be her share; Hell, the great Lake of God's wrath: Hell, the common-shore of all the filth of the world: Hell, the store-house of eternal fire: Hell, a bottomless depth, where there is no evil but must be expected, nor good that can be hoped.

These twelve considerations are very fit to be meditated upon monthly, at leisure.

The second SECTION.

Seven paths of Eternity, which lead the soul to great Virtues.

THese twelve Considerations well weighed, make us take a serious resolution to proceed directly to good, whereof, if you desire further demonstration, *Bonaventure* points us out seven fair paths, and seven great gates, which lead us in a strait line to this blessed Eternity: and I wish we had as much courage to follow them, as he grace to unfold them.

First, seeing the beginning of your virtue and felicity consisteth in the knowledge of God, and in the state of the next life, (of which we cannot, without some crime, be ignorant, and which we can never know, but with profit.) You must understand, that the first gate of Eternity, is, *To* have good and sincere intentions in the performance of eternal things. *To* take a strong resolution to work out your salvation, at what rate soever. *To* account all temporal things as wandering birds, which look upon us from a bough of some tree, make us a little chirping musick, and then fly away. *To* think, that to bear a vicious mind in a fair ornament of fortune, is to keep a leaden blade in an ivory sheath. *To* banish evil, hypocritical, impure, and mercenary intentions, throughout all the course of your life, and exercise of your charge. *To* go towards God. *To* do for God. *To* aim at the honour and glory of God above all things.

You are no little way on your journey, when you have gone this path. Thence you come to the second, which is, *the Meditation of eternal things*; wherein the Kingly Prophet exercised himself, like a stout Champion, when he said: *I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times*, Psal. 77. 5. This good intention which you take to advance to Eternity, will imprint daily in your thoughts an eternal God, an eternal Paradise, an everlasting Hel, an everlasting life: and as *Jacob*'s flocks, by looking upon the streaked rods, brought forth ring-streaked and spotted Cattel, so all you do, in contemplating this Eternity, will be coloured with eternity. And if any temporal pleasure, or opportunity to commit a sin, were offered, you would say as *Demosthenes* the Oratour, did of the beautiful *Lais*, when he was asked an excesiue sum of mony to behold her, *I will not buy repentance so dear*: I am not so ill a Merchant, as to sell the Eternal for the temporal.

Having passed through this gate, you will come to the third, which is the gate of *Light*, called *Contemplation of eternal things*. Here is it that we see the divine things, not only by form of argument and discourse, as if we cast up some account, but with the light of our illuminated understanding, as if we should behold with a glance of the eye, an excellent piece of some eminent Master, almost with an extasie of admiration. So *Tiburtius* saw a Paradise, when he walked upon burning coals. So all the Saints beheld Beatitude, when amidst so many afflictions they remained immovable, drowning the pain of their bodies, in the over-flowing content of the minds.

From this step we necessarily light upon the fourth gate, which is, *most fervent love of Eternal things*; *for as* (saith S. *Thomas Aquinas* very well) *the sight of temporal beauty begetteth temporal love, oftentimes filling the soul with fire and flame; so the contemplation of eternity, begetteth eternal love, which is an ardent affection towards God, and all that appertaineth to his glory*: as was that of S. *Mary Magdalen*, who saith in *Origen*; *That Heaven and the Angels are a burthen to her, and that she could live no longer, except she beheld him who made both Heaven and the Angels.* She had crossed Seas armed with monsters and tempests, without any fails, but those of her desires, to reach her Beloved: she had past through flames, and grappled a thousand times with Lances and Swords, to cast her self at his feet. The perfect love of God is a wonderful Alchimy, when we have attained it, it changeth iron to gold, ignominies to Crowns, and all sufferings to delights.

At the fifth gate, which is called *the Revelation of Eternal things*, God speaketh in the ear of the heart, and repleniſheth the soul with extraordinary light and knowledge, *darting even here upon it* (as saith *Gerson*) *some lightning flashes of Paradise*, as when a torch casteth some beams through the chinks of a door or window.

And as the knowledge of the understanding is nothing without the fervour of the wil, from this gate we go on to the sixth, called *the Tast of Experience*, by which we begin to relish the joys of Paradise in this life, and contentments which cannot be expressed. A hundred thousand tongues may discourse to you the sweetness of hony, but you can never have such knowledge of it, as by tast. So a world full of books may tell you wonders of the Science of God, but you can never understand it exactly, but by the tast of Experience. *True science* (as *Thomas Aquinas* saith upon the *Canticles*) *consisteth more in relish, then in knowledge: In sapore, non in sapere.* I had rather have the feeling which a simple soul hath with God, then all the definition of Philosophers.

Lastly, the seventh gate of Eternity, is called *The deifying*, or *divinized operation*, which S. *Dionysius* termeth θεοδῆ, is, when a soul worketh all its actions by eternal principles, in imitation of the Incarnate Word, and a perfect union with God. *Clemens Alexandrinus*

andrinus called him that hath arrived at this degree, Θεὸν ἐν σαρκὶ περιπολοῦντα, *a little Deity converſing in mortal fleſh*: and addeth; *That as all good Oratours endeavour to be like* Demoſthenes, *ſo our whole employment in this life muſt be to beget in our ſelves a reſemblance to God*; it is that wherein lies all our perfection.

The third SECTION.

Perfection, and wherein it conſiſteth.

NOw leſt this Doctrine (which is ſomething too ſublime) ſhould dazle your ſight, and not inflame your courage, I will lay before you a more familiar Divinity, which is, that there are two kinds of perfection; the one, of *Glory*; the other, of *Pilgrimage*. That of *Glory* is reſerved for the next life, that of *Pilgrimage* is our chiefeſt affair in this: It is divided ordinarily into perfection of *ſtate*, and perfection of *operation*; Perfection of *ſtate* is as that of Eccleſiaſtical degrees and Magiſtrates, who are obliged by the duty of their profeſſion, not only to the common virtues, but alſo to others more eminent. Perfection of *operation* is that, which conſiſteth in good habits. Never trouble your ſelf with the perfection of *ſtate*, but live contented with that condition wherein Gods Providence hath placed you, aſſuring your ſelf, that the beſt Philoſophy is to diſcharge your office well. It imports not upon what ſtuff you work, ſo you work well; for it is the manner, and not the matter which ſhall bear the prize. Great dignities are oftentimes great vizards, behind which lies no brain; and ſmall fortunes may with little noiſe do ſuch things, as are of no ſmall value with God.

Apply your ſelf earneſtly to the perfection of *operation*, which conſiſteth in guiding the Heart, Tongue, and hands in perfect charity. Addict your ſelf to the practiſe of good and ſolid virtues, which produce all wonders on earth, and receive all Crowns in Heaven.

The fourth SECTION.

Virtues, and their degrees.

IF you deſire to know their names, qualities, and degrees, I will tell you a wiſe ſaying of *Plato*: There are four kinds of *Virtues*; the firſt *Purgative*, the ſecond *Illuminative*, the third *Civil*, the fourth *Exemplary*. The *Purgative* ſerve to cleanſe our hearts of vices and imperfections, to which our depraved nature is ſubject. The *Illuminative* ſettle the ſoul in a calm, reſulting from the victory we have gained over paſſions. The *Civil* incline a man to the duty he oweth his neighbour, every one according to his degree, and to a good converſation amongſt men. The *Exemplary* are thoſe which make the furtheſt progreſs into perfection, and may be looked upon as models, whereof the beholders are to take copy.

So order it, that your virtues may arrive at ſuch a height, as that they may not only purg your heart, enlighten your ſoul, and diſpoſe you to good converſation, but may be as a light alſo to others to manifeſt you in them, by imitation of your good example.

I add here in few words, the definitions and acts of virtue, by which you may direct your practiſe.

Prudence.

Prudence (according to *Ariſtotle*) is a virtue, which ordereth and prepareth all things that concern the ordering of our life.

Richardus de Sancto Victore aſſigneth to it five parts, that is, *Judgment*, *Deliberation*, *Diſpoſition*, *Diſcretion*, and *Moderation*. *Judgment* diſcerneth the good from the bad; *Deliberation* teacheth how to do all things adviſedly; *Diſpoſition* ſheweth what order we muſt obſerve; *Diſcretion* inſtructeth how to give way ſometimes to occaſions, and yield to humain infirmities; not adhering obſtinately to our own opinions; *Moderation* holdeth the ſcales and meaſure of every affair.

The effects hereof (according to *Albertus Magnus*) are theſe; To proceed to the knowledg of God, by the knowledg of your ſelf; to ſee in every thing what is beſt, & to embrace that; to weigh the beginnings, proceedings, and events of affairs; to take care your thoughts go not out of God; your affections be not too much emploied upon creatures; your intentions be without mixture; your judgment diverted from evil, and applied to good; your words poliſhed, your actions meaſured, all the motions of your body well ordered: To avoid the four Rocks that moleſt all good affairs, which are Paſſion, Precipitation, Vanity, and Self-opinion; To keep ſecrets carefully, to know, to chooſe, to execute.

Devotion.

Devotion, is a readineſs of mind to thoſe things which concern the ſervice of God: the parts of it are, Adoration, Thanksgiving, Oblation, Repentance, prayer, Mortification, Union with God by contemplation, Frequentation of the Sacrament, Conformity of will to the Divine Providence, and the zeal of ſouls.

Humility.

Humility, (according to S. *Bernard*) is a virtue which maketh a man diſeſteem himſelf, out of a deep knowledg of himſelf; the chief points thereof are, to know our ſelves well, to prize our ſelves little, to flie humane applauſe, to preſerve our ſenſes free from itch of honour, to deſpiſe bravely all worldly things, to affect a retired life, to acknowledg and confeſs freely our faults, to hearken willingly to advice, to yield to others, to ſubmit your will and judgment to obedience, to ſhun ſplendour and pomp in ſuch things as concern our ſelves, to converſe freely with the poor.

Poverty.

Poverty, is the moderation of covetouſneſs, reſpecting temporal things, the parts whereof are, To cut off ſuperfluities, to have no inordinate care of worldly things, to bear the want of neceſſities patiently, to enter into an abſolute nakedneſs of ſpirit.

Obedience.

Obedience, according to *Bonaventure*, is a reaſonable ſacrifice of our own will; and according to *Climachus*, a life without curioſity, a voluntary death, a ſecure danger. The points thereof are, to perform what you are commanded readily, ſtoutly, humbly, indefatigably, though it be contrary to your own inclination; to make an entire reſignation of your own judgment, opinion and will; to be ſent imperiouſly upon hard and troubleſom emploiments, and to undergo them chearfully, without delay, excuſe, or reply; to be indifferent in all things; to covet nothing, nor refuſe any thing; to do nothing of your ſelf, nor to preſume; to have a greater inclination to ſuch things as are mean and laborious, then to ſuch as are more ſplendid, and leſs burdenſom.

Chaſtity.

Chaſtity, is an abſtinence from impure pleaſures: Its parts are, purity of mind and body, vigilant guard of the ſenſes, ſhunning of occaſions, honeſty of ſpeech, mortification of Curioſity, exact decency, care of our ſelf.

Modeſty.

Modeſty.

Modeſty, is a compoſure of your ſelf, conſiſting in government of the whole body, geſture, attire, play, recreation, but eſpecially of the tongue, which is to be reſtrained from detraction, contention, boaſting, diſcloſing of ſecrets, idleneſs, imprudence, importunity, irreverence, affected ſilence.

Abſtinence.

Abſtinence, is a virtue which moderates the concupiſcence that relateth to delectation of ſenſe: The parts thereof are, To have no rule but neceſſity in all which concerneth the pleaſures of the body, to fear the very leaſt ſtains of all thoſe things, which reaſon counteth diſhoneſt, and to preſerve your ſelf in a holy baſhfulneſs; to obſerve the Faſts commanded, and to add ſome out of private devotion; to put far from you all curioſity of diet, apparel, and ſenſual pleaſures.

Fortitude.

Fortitude, is a virtue which confirms us againſt the puſillanimity that may hinder good actions: It hath two arms, one to undertake, the other to ſuffer: *Ariſtotle* aſſigneth it four parts, that is, confidence, patience, love of labour, and valour.

Patience.

Patience, is an honeſt ſuffering of evils incident to nature: The points thereof are, To bear the loſs of goods, ſickneſs, ſorrows, injuries, and other accidents with courage; neither to complain, nor to groan, but diſcreetly to conceal your grief; to be afflicted in innocency for juſtice ſake, and ſometimes even by thoſe that are good, to covet and imbrace perſecutions, out of a generous deſire to be conformable to the patience of the Saviour of the world.

Juſtice.

Juſtice, is a virtue which giveth to every one that which is his due; and all the acts of it are included in this ſentence, *You muſt meaſure others by the ſame meaſure, wherwith you deſire to be meaſured your ſelf.*

Magnanimity.

Magnanimity, according to *Thomas Aquinas*, is a virtue which aimeth at great things, by the direct means of reaſon: The acts thereof are, To frame your ſelf to an honeſt confidence, by purity of heart and manners, to expoſe your ſelf reaſonably to difficult and dreadfull exploits for Gods honour; neither to be bewitched with proſperity, nor dejected at adverſity; not to yeild to oppoſition; not to make a ſtay at mean virtues; to deſpiſe complacence and threats for love of virtue; to have regard only to God, and for his ſake to diſeſteem all frail and periſhable things: to keep your ſelf from preſumption, which often ruins high ſpirits, under colour of Magnanimity.

Gratitude.

Gratitude, is the acknowledgment and recompence (as far as lies in our power) of benefits received. The acts thereof are, To preſerve the benefit in our memory, to profeſs and publiſh it, to return the like without any hope of requital.

Amity.

Amity, is a mutual good will, grounded upon virtue and community of goods: The acts thereof are, to chooſe friends by reaſon for virtues ſake, communicating of ſecrets, bearing with imperfections, conſent of wills, a life ſerviceable and officious, protections in adverſities, obſervance of honeſty in every thing, care of ſpiritual profit, accompanied with neceſſary advice, in all love and reſpect.

Simplicity.

Simplicity, is nothing but union of the outward man with the inward: The acts thereof are, to be free from all falſe colour, never to lie, never to diſſemble, or counterfeit, never to preſume, to ſhun equivocation and double ſpeech, to interpret all things to the beſt, to perform buſineſs ſincerely, to forgo multiplicity of employments and enterprizes.

Perſeverance.

Perſeverance, is a conſtancy in good works to the end, through an affection to purſue goodneſs and virtue. The acts thereof are, firmneſs in good, quietneſs in ſervices, offices, and ordinary imployments, conſtancy in good undertakings, flight from innovations, to walk with God, to fix your thoughts and deſires upon him; neither to give way to bitterneſs, nor to ſweetneſs, that may divert us from our good purpoſes.

Charity toward God and our neighbour.

Charity, the true Queen of virtues, conſiſteth in love of God and our Neighbour; the love of God appeareth much, in the zeal we have of his Glory; the acts thereof are, to embrace mean and painfull things, ſo they conduce to our Neighbours benefit; To offer the cares of your mind, and the prayers of your heart unto God for him; to make no exceptions againſt any in exerciſe of your charge; to make your virtues a pattern for others; to give what you have, and what you are, for the good of ſouls, and the glory of God; to bear incommodities and diſturbances, which happen in the execution of your duty, with patience: Not to be diſcouraged in ſucceſsleſſe labours; to pray fervently for the ſalvation of ſouls; to aſſiſt them to your power both in ſpiritual and temporal things, to root out vice, and to plant virtue and good manners in all who have dependence on you.

Charity in Converſation.

Charity in the ordinary courſe of life, conſiſteth in taking the opinions, words and actions of our equals in good part; to ſpeak ill of no man, to deſpiſe none, to honour every one according to his degree, to be affable to all, to be helpfull, to compaſſionate the afflicted, to ſhare in the good ſucceſs of the proſperous, to bear the hearts of others in your own breaſt; to glory in good deeds rather then ſpecious complements, to addict your ſelf diligently to works of mercy.

Degrees of Virtues.

Bonaventure deciphers unto us certain degrees of Virtue, very conſiderable for practiſe; his words are theſe:

It is a high degree in the virtue of *Religion*, continually to extirpate ſome imperfection, a higher then that, to encreaſe always in Faith; and higheſt of all, to be inſatiable for matter of good works, and to think you have never done any thing.

In the virtue of *Truth*, it is a high degree to be true in all your words; a higher, to defend *Truth* ſtoutly, and higheſt, to defend it to the prejudice of thoſe things which are deareſt to you in the world.

In the virtue of *Prudence*, it is a high degree to know God by his creatures; a higher, to know him by the Scriptures; but higheſt of all, to behold him with the eye of Faith.

It is a high degree to know your ſelf well; a higher, to govern your ſelf well, and be able to make good choice in all enterprizes; and the higheſt, to order readily the ſalvation of your ſoul.

In the virtue of *Humility*, it is a high degree to acknowledge your faults freely; a higher, to bow with the weight, like a tree laden with fruit: the higheſt, to ſeek out courageouſly humiliations and abaſements, thereby to conform your ſelf to our Saviours life.

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It is a high degree (according to the old Axiom) to despise the world: a higher, to despise no man: yet a higher, to despise our selves: but highest of all, to despise despisal. In these four words you have the full extent of Humility.

In *Poverty*, it is a high degree to forsake temporal goods: a higher, to forsake sensual amities: and highest to be divorced from your self.

In *Chastity*, restraint of the tongue, is a high degree: guard of all the senses, a higher: undefiledness of body, a higher then that: purity of heart, yet a higher: and banishment of pride and anger, which have some affinity with uncleanness, the highest.

In *Obedience*, it is a high degree to obey the Law of God: a higher, to subject your self to the commands of a man, for the honour you bear your Sovereign Lord: yet a higher, to submit your self, with an entire resignation of your opinion, judgment, affection, will; but highest of all, to obey in difficult matters, gladly, courageously, and constantly even to death.

In *Patience*, it is a high degree to suffer willingly, in your goods, in your friends, in your good name, in your person: a higher, to bear, being innocent, the exasperations of an enemy, or an ungrateful man: a higher yet, to suffer much and repine at nothing: but highest of all, to go to meet crosses and afflictions, and to embrace them as liveries of *Jesus Christ*.

In *Mercy*, it is a high degree, to give away temporal things: a higher, to forgive injuries: the highest, to oblige them who persecute us.

It is a high degree to pity all bodily afflictions: a higher, to be zealous for souls: and highest, to compassionate the torments of our Saviour, in remembring his Passion.

In the virtue of *Fortitude*, it is a high degree, to overcome the world: a higher, to subdue the flesh: the highest, to vanquish your self.

In *Temperance*, it is a high degree to moderate your eating, drinking, sleeping, watching, gaming, recreation, your tongue, words, and all gestures of your body: a higher to regulate your affections; and highest, to purifie throughly your thoughts and imaginations.

In *Justice*, it is a high degree to give unto your Neighbour that which belongeth to him: a higher, to exact an account of your self: and highest, to offer up to God all satisfaction, which is his due.

In the virtue of *Faith*, it is a high degree to be well instructed in all that you are to believe: a higher, to make profession of it in your good works: and highest, to ratifie (when there is necessity) with the loss of goods and life.

In the virtue of *Hope*, it is a high degree to have good apprehensions of Gods power: a higher, to repose all your affairs upon his holy providence: a higher then that, to pray to him and serve him incessantly, with fervour and purity: but highest of all, to trust in him, in our most desperate affairs.

Lastly, for the virtue of *Charity*, which is the accomplishment of all the other; you must know, there are three kinds of it: The first, the *beginning* Charity. The second, the *proficient*. The third, the *perfect*.

Beginning Charity, hath five degrees. 1. Dislike of offences past. 2. Good resolution of amendment. 3. Relish of Gods Word. 4. Readiness to good works. 5. Compassion of the ill, and joy at the prosperity of others.

Proficient Charity, hath five degrees more. 1. An extraordinary purity of Conscience, which is cleansed by very frequent examination. 2. Weakness of concupiscence. 3. Vigorous exercise of the faculties of the inward man. For, as good operations of the exteriour senses are signs of bodily health; so holy occupations of the understanding, memory, and will, are signs of a spiritual life. 4. Ready observance of Gods law. 5. Relishing knowledge of Heavenly Truth, and Maxims.

Perfect Charity reckoneth also five other degrees. 1. To love your enemies. 2. To receive contentedly, and to suffer all adversities courageously. 3. Not to have any worldly ends, but to measure all things by the fear of God. 4. To be dis-entangled from all love to creatures. 5. To resign your own life, to save your neighbours.

The fifth SECTION.

Of four Orders of those who aspire to Perfection.

NOw consider what virtues, and in what degree you would practise, for there are four sorts of those who aspire to perfection.

The first are very *innocent*, but little valiant in exercise of virtues. The second have besides innocency, *courage* enough to employ themselves in worldly actions, but they are very sparing towards God, and do measure their perfections by a certain Ell, which they will upon no terms exceed; like the oxe of *Susis*, that drew his usual number of buckets of water out of the Well very willingly, but could by no means be brought to go beyond his ordinary proportion. The third order is of the *Fervent*, who are innocent, courageous, and virtuous, without restriction, but they will not take charge of others, supposing they are troubled enough with their own bodies; wherein they may be often deceived. The fourth rank comprehends those, who having with much care profited themselves, do charitably refresh the necessities of their neighbour, when they are called to his aid; thinking, that to be good onely to ones self, is to be in some sort evil.

Observe what God requires of you, and emulate the most abundant graces. But if the multiplicity of these degrees of virtue perplex your mind, I will shew you a shorter and easier way to perfection.

The sixth SECTION.

A short way to perfection, used by the Ancients.

THE Ancients were accustomed to reduce all virtue to certain heads, and some addicted themselves with so much fervour and perfection, to the exercise of one single virtue, as possessing that in a supreme degree, by one link onely they drew insensibly the whole chain of great actions. One dedicated all his lifes study to government of the tongue, another to abstinence, another to meekness, another to obedience. So that at the death of a holy man named *Orus* (as *Pelagius* relates) it was found, he had never lied, never sworn, never slandered, never (but upon necessity) spoken. So *Phasius* (in *Cassian*) said upon his death-bed, that the Sun had never seen him take his refection; for he fasted every day until sun set. So *John* the Abbot professeth, that the Sun had never seen him angry, that he had never done his own will, nor ever had taught others any thing, which he had not first practised himself. To arrive at this, requires much fortitude of spirit. If you desire things more imitable, be assured you shall lead a good life, if you endeavour continually to practise these three words, *To abstain, To suffer, To go forward in well doing*, as S. *Luke* saith, in the Acts of the Apostles of the Son

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of God. *To abſtain.* 1. By refraining from all unlawful things, and ſomtimes even from lawful pleaſures, through virtue. 2. By mortifying concupiſcence, anger, deſire of eſteem and wealth. 3. By wel ordering your ſenſes, your will, your judgment, and obtaining always ſome victory over your ſelf, by the maſtery of your paſſions. *To ſuffer.* 1. By enduring the burthens of life with patience, eſteeming your ſelf happy to partake of our Saviours ſufferings, which are the nobleſt marks of your Chriſtianity. 2. By endeavouring to uſe a ſingular meekneſs in bearing with the oppreſſions and imperfections of others. 3. By undergoing (with advice) ſome bodily auſterities. 4. By keeping your foot firm in the good you have already begun. For (as old *Marcus* the Hermit ſaid) *The wolf and ſheep never couple together; nor did change and diſlike ever make up a good virtue. To go forward in well-doing.* By becoming ſerviceable and obliging to all the world, every one according to his degree: but above all, having a catalogue of the works of mercy, as well ſpiritual as temporal, continually before your eye; as a leſſon, wherein you muſt be ſeriouſly examined, either for life or death eternal. And for this purpoſe ſome Saints had theſe words (in ſtead of all books) in their Libraries.

Viſito, Poto, Cibo, Redimo, Tego, Colligo, Cendo, Conſule, Caſtiga, Solare, Remitte, Fer, Ora.

To	*Viſit,*	To	*Teach,*
	Quench thirſt,		*Counſel,*
	Feed,		*Correct,*
	Redeem,		*Comfort,*
	Cloath,		*Pardon,*
	Lodge,		*Suffer,*
	Bury.		*Pray,*

Man's beſt knowledge is how to oblige man; the time will come when death ſhall ſtrip us to the very bones, and leave us nothing but that, which we have given for God.

The ſeventh SECTION.

The way to become perfect.

TO this end you muſt keep a perpetual watch over your actions, and *be like a Seraphim, beſet all over with eys, and lights*, as *Beſſarion* ſaid: you ſhall perceive your progreſſion in virtue, when you begin, purged from greater ſins, to be fearful of the leaſt: when you feel your ſelf looſed from ardent deſires of intereſt and honour; when your tongue is reſtrained from ſlander and vanity, when your heart is more purified in its affections, and that you draw near to indifferency.

The means to make your ſelf thus perfect, is, firſt to be inflamed with a fervent deſire of perfection. Secondly, not to neglect the extirpation, even of the ſlighteſt imperfections. Thirdly, to have a good directour, who may be to you as the Angel *Raphael* was to young *Tobias*; and withal, to conſer very often with ſpiritual men, and to be warned by their good example. Fourthly, to make, as it were, a noſegay of flowers out of the lives of Saints, to take from it, odour and imitation. Fifthly, to become conſtant in good purpoſes, and to offer them up to God, as by the hands of our Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt*.

The eighth SECTION.

How we muſt govern our ſelves againſt Temptations, Tribulations, and Obſtacles occurring in the way of virtue.

FInally, ſeeing in the practice of virtue, we muſt ever be ready armed to over-throw the power of our adverſary, and to further our own affairs of ſalvation, call to mind theſe twelve Maxims, which I propoſe againſt ſuch obſtacles as may happen.

The way to reſiſt temptation, is, not to frame your ſelf to a ſpiritual inſenſibility, unmoved with any thing; that is hard to attain, ſo ſenſible is ſelf-love, and to have it, were to be ſtone, not man: it is not to expel one temptation by another, and to do one evil, to be delivered from another; for to take that courſe were to waſh your ſelf in ink. It is not, to hide your ſelf upon all occaſions, and never to do good, for fear of fighting with evil, but to reſiſt ſtoutly, as I ſhall ſhew you. The great Scholar *Joannes Picus Mirandula*, hath collected twelve remarkable *Maxims*, the practice whereof is exceeding profitable, when we addreſs our ſelves to ſpiritual combat againſt weakneſs.

The firſt Maxim; That you muſt be tempted on what ſide ſoever it happen: *In hoc poſiti ſumus.* It is our profeſſion, our trade and continual exerciſe. The Eagle complaineth not of her wings, neither the Nightingale of her voice, nor the Peacock of his train, becauſe theſe are natural to them; and it is as natural to a man to be tempted, as to a bird to fly, to ſing, to prune her feathers. If you deſert the courſe of ſpiritual life through fear of being tempted, and turn about to worldly delights, aſſure your ſelf you will be much more engaged; and which is worſe, without comfort, honour, or recompence: you forſake a croſs of paper, which if you knew well how to carry, would be no heavier burthen, then feathers to a bird: you forſake it, I ſay, to take up another which is hard, toilſom, and bloody, and will make you of one confraternity with the bad thief. *Sidonius Apollinaris* relateth, how a certain man named *Maximus*, arriving by unlawful and indirect means at the top of honour, was the very firſt day much wearied, and fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid thus; *Fœlicem*, te Damocle, *qui non longius uno prandio regni neceſſitatem toleraſti. O* Damocles, *how happy do I eſteem thee for having been a King but the ſpace of a dinner! I have been one a whole day, and can bear it no longer.*

The ſecond; Remember, that in the affairs of the world, we fight longeſt, we work hardeſt, and reap leaſt; the end of one labour is the beginning of another. In pains taking, the only hope is ever to take pains; and temporal labour doth many times pull after it eternal puniſhment.

The third; Is it not direct folly to believe there is a Paradiſe, an eternal life, and a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who, of the Croſs, made a Ladder to get up to his throne of glory, and yet to deſire to live here with folded arms? To ſee the maſter open the way to heaven through ſo many thorns, and the ſervant unwilling to tread on any thing but flowers? to ſee a freſh and tender limb, to a head worn away with ſufferings, like a brazen *Coloſſus* with feet of flax?

The fourth; Were there no other fruit in tribulation but conformity with *Jeſus Chriſt*, who is the Sovereign Wiſdom, yet were it a high recompence. A famous Captain ſaid to a Souldier dying with him; *Hadſt thou been obſcure all thy life, yet art thou not a little honoured to day, in dying with thy Maſter*: And who would not glory, to have the Son of God for his Leader, his Companion, his Spectatour, his Theater, his reward in all afflictions and tribulations? Who would not account it a great honour, to be crucified daily with him? to ſtretch his hands and arms upon the Croſs, by reſtraining them from violence, rapine, and ruine, whereunto we are carried away by the

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ſpirit of lying? to fetter his feet, by hindering them from running after the unbridled deſires of his heart? to embitter his tongue, by overcoming the pleaſures of the taſte? to annihilate himſelf, by deſpiſing honour after his example, who when he might have walked upon the wings of the *Cherubims*, would rather creep amongſt us like a little worm of the earth? what a glory were it, to ſay with S. *Paul*, *I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jeſus*, Gal. 6. 16.

The fifth. Not to put any truſt in human means, when you undertake to ſubdue a temptation; It is not a thing depending wholly upon us; God muſt go before, and we contribute our will; for if he watch not over us, to much purpoſe is it for us to keep centinel. None is ſo weak as he that thinks himſelf ſtrong. *Multa in homine bona ſunt, quæ non facit homo. Nulla verò facit homo bona quæ non Deus præſtet, ut faciat homo*, ſaith the Councel of *Orange*. *Many good things are done in man, which man doth not; But man doth not any good which God doth not.* He that thinks to reſiſt temptations without his aid, is like one that would go to the wars, and ſtumbles at his own threſhold. And therefore an effectual means in this combat, is, to inſiſt much on prayer, eſpecially at the firſt aſſault of a temptation.

The ſixth. When you have overcome a temptation, take heed of unbending and ſoftning your courage, as if you had no more enemies to encounter. As diſtruſt is the mother of ſafety, ſo ſecurity is the gate of danger. If the enemy goeth up and down continually like a roaring Lion, be you on the other ſide a watchful Lion in the centinels of the Lord of hoſts; and take for your word, *ſuper ſpeculam Domini ego ſto*; *I ſtand upon the watch-tower of the Lord.*

The ſeventh. Reſt not ſatisfied onely with not being beaten your ſelf, but beat your enemy: when Satan layes a ſnare to entrap you, make it an inſtrument of virtue; if he preſent a good work, which gliſters in the ſight of the world, thereby to tempt you to pride, do the work, and let alone the vanity; referring all to the greater honour of God.

The eighth. When you are in combat, fight chearfully, as if you were already aſſured of the victory. Turn away the eye of your conſideration from what you ſuffer, and keep it continually fixt upon the reward. One great misfortune, which cauſeth many to fall when they are tempted, is, that their mind is ſet and bent ſo wholly upon the pain, that no room in it is left to contemplate the reward which waits for them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, 39. looked upon their future Crowns, but one of them thought of nothing but his pain; all were victorious, except this wretch, who ſullying the glory of patience, came out of the pool, to die preſently after, in infidelity; Do you not think, the glorious mirrour, wherein he beheld all his ſufferings Crowned, was that which comforted our Saviour on the Croſs in that Abyſs of reproach and torment. This is the courſe you muſt take; to inſiſt little on the preſent, & to have a lively imagination of the future, bearing theſe words of S. *Paul* always in mind, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding & eternal weight of glory*, 2 *Cor.* 4. 17. Fight then valiantly, as if this were the laſt temptation which ſhould aſſail you; and perſwade your ſelf, that herein conſiſteth the evidence of your predeſtination. When you have overcome it, behave your ſelf like one always ready to re-enter the liſt, & to make one victory the ſtep to another.

The ninth. Though you are never ſo valiant, do not provoke danger; tempt not temptation, by thruſting your ſelf into occaſions, through preſumption of heart: he that loveth danger, ſhall inſtead of finding glory, mark out his grave in it.

The tenth. A Sovereign means to overcome temptation, is to diſcover the Mine betimes; to open your heart freely to your ſpiritual counſellour, to diſcloſe your thoughts, to know them well, to conſider their nature, and to ſeek what power they have upon your ſoul. It happens commonly, as *Epictetus* ſaith; *It is not the things themſelves, that trouble us, but our own fancies.* How many temptations might be vanquiſhed by ſlighting them, if we took but a little leiſure to laugh at them? We make elephants of flies; and of little pigmies, which pinch us by ſtealth, frame giants. We are like young children, who frighted with a vizard, hide their heads in their nurſes boſom, crying: but take off the vizard, and give it them in their hand, they will make ſport with it. How many things ſeem terrible and impoſſible, which we find ridiculous, and eaſie to be overcome, if we touch them never ſo little with our finger? In temptations of *puſillanimity*, it is good to conceive theſe counterfeit giants, as pigmies; but in thoſe of *concupiſcence*, we muſt not deſpiſe any thing, but rather lay hold of ſmall threads, as if they might grow to huge cables. In the one and the other, there is nothing like daſhing theſe children of Babylon againſt the ſtones; to withſtand beginnings, and not to ſuffer our enemies to fortifie themſelves to our diſadvantage. The eleventh. A ſtumbling block to many is, that they repreſent the ſweetneſs of ſin to the like in their imagination, and never conſider the pleaſure which follows victory over ſin. A man is no ſooner plunged in the puddle, but his aſhamed ſoul is immerſed in penſiveneſs, melancholly, and deſpair by a loathſom pleaſure, which paſſeth away like the dream of a dream, furniſhed with a huge heap of ſcorn, ſorrow, and confuſion. Whereas on the contrary, the ſoul which hath held out, remains contented, ſprightly, elevated, and fed with divine comforts, coming from Gods paradiſe. On this thought (which S. *Cyprian* highly commendeth) few reflect, which is the reaſon why the number of the reprobates is ſo great: And do you not yet think it very fitting, that one who hath fallen a thouſand times under temptation, ſhould once in his life taſte the ſweetneſs which is in victory over temptation, to rejoyce at it for ever? Many have been put by from ſteep and evident precipices, by pondering theſe words, *Well then, to covenant with ſin, what will be the event? To purchaſe repentance ſo dear? To give up the credit of ſo many years, a prey to one unhappy minute of pleaſure? Where is the Faith thou haſt promiſed to God? Let us at leaſt ſeek out ſome place where he is not: and where is he not? So many ſtars, ſo many intelligences, wherewith the world is repleniſhed, are ſo many eyes of God which behold thee: He himſelf ſeeth into thee, even to the bottom of thy conſcience, if thou wilt ſin, get leave of him; but how wilt thou beg it of him? & how obtain? Patience a While: This temptation is a cloud wch will paſs away. Thou art going to cõmit a ſin, whoſe pardon is very uncertain; but it is certain that when thou haſt done it, God himſelf cannot in all eternity make it not to have been done.*

The twelfth. Think not you are the leſs in Gods favour becauſe he ſuffers you to be tempted, though with diſhoneſt thoughts, which are extreamly odious to chaſt ſouls; why ſo? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, ſcorched with celeſtial heat, who ſet his foot upon the ſtars, (according to the opinion of S. *Ambroſe*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*) felt the ſtings of concupiſcence in a body that had been taken up to the third heaven; do you think, that becauſe you have

ſome good diſpoſitions to do well, you muſt be freed from the wars of nature, which preſerve your mind, being too indulgent to its ſelf always in humility?

To conclude, follow the counſel of *Caſſian*. conſider daily the paſſions which are bred in your heart as a fiſherman beholds the fiſhes ſwimming in the water, on purpoſe to catch them: Look on that wch is moſt predominant within you, from what root it ſpringeth, when it began, what progreſs it hath made, what rule it uſurpeth ordinarily over your ſoul, what effects it produceth, whether it be more ſpiritual or temporal, what things uſe to foment it, what remedies have you taken to divert it; provide counſel and means to root it out; proceed to this with courage and fervour, as to the acquiſition of an incomparable good.

The ninth SECTION.

Remedies againſt paſſions, and temptations proceeding from every vice.

FIrſt, to conſider, That paſion is a motion of the ſenſual appetite, ariſing from the imagination of good or ill, with ſome commotion of the body

2. That there are eleven paſions; ſix in the *concupiſcible* appetite, which are *Love, Hatred, Deſire, Loathing, Joy, Sadneſs*: five in the *iraſcible*, that is, *Hope, Deſpair, Confidence, Fear, and Anger*.

3. That there are two ways to overcome all paſſions; the firſt is a precaution of mind againſt the occaſions, and vain appearances of all worldly things. The ſecond, a ſerious diverſion to better things, as prayer, ſtudy, labour, and buſineſs; But above all, you muſt pray to God for the light and ſtrength of his holy grace, which infinitely tranſcends all humane remedies.

Againſt Gluttony.

1. REpreſent unto your ſelf the miſerable ſtate of a ſoul polluted and plunged in the fleſh. 2. The hardneſs of heart. 3. The dulneſs of underſtanding. 4. The infirmities of body. 5. The loſs of good. 6. The diſparagement of Reputation. 7. The horrour of the members of Jeſus Chriſt, to make members of an unclean creature. 8. The indignity to worſhip and ſerve the belly, as a brutiſh and vile God. 9. The great inundation of ſins flowing from this ſpring. 10. The puniſhments of God upon the voluptuous.

Againſt Sloth.

1. The ceaſeleſs travel of all creatures in the world, natural and civil. 2. The eaſineſs of good works, after grace given by Jeſus Chriſt. 3. The anxiety of a wavering and uncertain mind. 4. The ſhame and contempt. 5. The confuſion at the day of judgement. 6. The irreparable loſs of time.

Againſt Covetousneſs.

1. The diſquiet of a greedy mind. 2. The inſatiability of deſire. 3. The many wars and battels which we muſt run through, to ſatisfie one ſingle deſire. 4. The diſhonour of denial, inſupportable to a generous ſoul. 5. The dependance and ſervitude we muſt undergo, to comply with thoſe from whom we expect the accompliſhment of our wiſhes. 6. The eaſineſs of offending God, through exceſſive greedineſs of temporal things. 7. The tranſitory and fleeting pleaſure of thoſe things which we moſt ardently deſire. 8. That God many times allows us the fulfilling of our deſires, as a puniſhment for our faults.

Againſt Carnal love.

1. To conſider the barrenneſs of worldly loves, which are true gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. 2. To ſet a value on things, and not to be deceived with ſhows. 3. To guard your ſenſes, to ſhun accidents and occaſions of ſinning; and above all, to have a particular recourſe to God upon the firſt impreſſion of thoughts. 4. To pul your ſelf away by main force from preſented objects, and to direct your ſelf by ſerious deſigns, and good employments. 5. To ſet often before you the imperfection, the ingratitude, the levity, the inconſtancy, the perfidiouſneſs of thoſe creatures we moſt ſervilely affect.

Againſt Sadneſs.

THere is a *holy* ſadneſs: as when we are moved at our Saviours paſion, or for our own ſins: which is the gift of God, not a puniſhment.

There is one *furious*, which hath no ears, and is rather cured by miracle then precept.

There is another *natural*, ariſing from our diſpoſition: and another *vicious*, which is nouriſhed by ill habits, and neglect of our own ſalvation.

1. Againſt this laſt we muſt conſider, That our deſires and love, cauſe for the moſt part our ſadneſs: and that the true way to diminiſh the cares that conſume us, is, to ſweeten the ſharp and ardent Affection we bear to worldly things.

2. The little eſteem we have of God, is the cauſe that we are often troubled at frivolous things, whether they threaten or happen. He that would truly love this great God, wch deſerveth to poſſeſs all love of heaven & earth, ſhould not entertain fear or ſadneſs for any thing, but for the loſs of God; & no man can looſe him, but he that purpoſely forſakes him.

3. There is nothing beyond remedy, but the tears of the damned: A man who may perſiſt in the way to paradiſe, ſhould not place himſelf in the condition of a little hell: and he, who can hope for that great All, ought not to be ſad for any thing.

Againſt Envy.

1. THe way not to envy any thing, is to account nothing in this life great. 2. To covet onely the inheritance of the land of the living, which is never leſſened by the multitude or ſhares of the poſſeſſours. 3. To conſider ſeriouſly the motives which induce us to love our neighbour, as participation of the ſame nature.

The Third Part of the CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

BUSINESS, Of what importance.

THe third employment of the day is buſineſs; whether *Publick* or *Private*; the government of your *Family*, or diſcharge of ſome Office. Good Devotion is a good Employment, and nothing is more to be avoided then idleneſſe, which is the very ſource of ſin. *He that labours* (ſaid the old Hermit) *is tempted but by one devil; he that is idle is aſſaulted by*

by all. No man is too Noble to have an occupation; If iron had reason, it would chooſe rather to be uſed in labour, then to grow ruſty in a corner.

The ſecond SECTION.

Two Heads, to which all buſineſs is reduced.

IN Buſineſs we muſt conſider the *Subſtance*, and the *Form.* The *Subſtance*; for it is great wiſdom to make good choice herein, to take in hand good employments, and to leave the bad, the dangerous, and burthenſome, which do nothing but ſtop up the mind, and choke all feeling of devotion; eſpecially, when there is no obligation to undertake them. They are truly ſick even in health, who interpoſe out of curioſity, to know, to do, and ſolicite the buſineſs of others. *It is ſufficient* (ſaid the Emperour *Antonius*) *that every one in this life do that well which belongs to his calling.* The Sun doth not the office of the rain, nor the rain that of the Sun. Is it not abſolute madneſs of ſome in the world, whoſe onely employment is to attempt all things, but perform none?

As for the *Form*, in the exerciſe of charge, offices, and buſineſs, there is required *knowledge, conſcience, induſtry*, and *diligence. Knowledge*, 1. In learning that which is requiſite to be known for the diſcharge of your duty. 2. In informing your ſelf of that which of your ſelf you cannot apprehend. 3. In hearkning very willingly to advice, examining and weighing it with prudence, and governing your ſelf altogether by counſel. *Conſcience*, in performing every thing with good intention and great integrity, according to the Divine and Humane laws. *Induſtry*, in doing all diſcreetly and peaceably, with more fruit then noiſe: ſo that we expreſs no anxiety in buſineſs; like that Prince of whom it was ſaid, That he ſeemed always vacant in his moſt ſerious employments. *Diligence*, in ſpying out occaſions, & doing every thing in due time and place, without *diſorder, confuſion, paſſion, haſt, irreſolution, precipitation:* For theſe are the faults which commonly deſtroy good government. He that hath never ſo little wit & good inclination, ſhal ever find wherein to buſie himſelf, eſpecially in works of mercy, amongſt ſo many objects of the miſeries of his neighbour.

The third SECTION.

Of the government of a Family.

THat man hath no little buſineſs, who hath a Family to govern; a good Father who breedeth his Children well, that they may one day ſerve the Common-wealth, is employed in an important affair for the publick. A Mother, who bringeth up a little *Samuel* for the ſervice of the tabernacle, (as S. *Monica* did her ſon *Auguſtine*) obliged all poſterity. A Maſter and Miſtriſs, who keep their ſervants in good order, pleaſe both God and men. Four things very conſiderable are here required, *Choice Diſcretion, Example. Entertainment. Choice*, in conſidering the *Quantity, Quality, Capacity, Faithfulneſs*, of thoſe you take into your ſervice. For the *Quantity*, it is evident that it ought to be proportionable to your eſtate and revenues. It is a great folly to make oſtentation of many ſervants meerly through vanity. As *Herod* the ſophiſt did, according to the relation of *Philoſtratus*, who allowed his ſon 24. Pages, every one of them bearing the name of ſome letter in the Alphabet; for ſo blockiſh was the child, that he could not any way elſe learn the firſt rudiments. Stars which have leaſt circuit are neareſt the Pole; and men who are leaſt perplexed with buſineſs, are commonly neareſt to God. A great retinue is a mark of a great want. Were there ſuch a beaſt as the Hebrew fables have feigned, that muſt have the graſs of a thouſand mountains for his daily allowance, would you account him happier then a Nightingale, which is ſatisfied with a few ſeeds, or a Bee, which liveth on dew? The rich need many pounds, the poor a little bread; both are indigent, but the one not ſo much as the other, for his want is the leſſer. A great number of ſervants make not a man happy; for none is a greater Maſter, or better obeyed, then he that ſerves himſelf.

For *Quality*, take heed of reſembling witches, who care not to give the devil wages, ſo they may make uſe of his ſervice for their own ends: you muſt either take good ſervants, or make them ſuch; in the one, there is good luck, and in the other, for the moſt part, difficulty. For many are like the aſs of *Vincent Ferrarius*, that did more for a Carter, who ſwore by the devil, then for his Maſter who led him in the name of God; which the holy man ſeeing, turned him off, not able to endure ſuch brutiſhneſs in a beaſt; and can you think, that for the neceſſities of your buſineſs, it may be lawfull for you to maintain one, who hath neither God nor conſcience; that your children may at the very firſt be corrupted by his poiſonous converſation?

For *Capacity*, it is neceſſary, that beſides honeſty, there muſt be an ability to diſcharge his office: and though we ſay the ſaints are good at all things, yet God doth not ever give them either deſire or means to undergo all kinds of buſineſs. Our abilities are limited, as well as our minds; and every one hath his particular talent, which muſt be known by thoſe that will make uſe of him.

For *Faithfulneſs*, it is one of the qualities, which the Goſpel gives a good ſervant; you have reaſon to require it, and diſcreetly to make trial of it, not by ſuſpicions and jealouſies, which onely ſerve to provoke ſuch as have a diſpoſition to do well: A man is oftentimes made faithful, by being thought faithfull; and many through continual fear to be cozened, have taught others to cozen, *juſtifying their deceit by their own diſtruſt*, as the Roman Philoſopher ſaith: you muſt allow your officers, what command and freedom their charges require, not quarrelling with them every minute for trifles; notwithſtanding you muſt carefully reſerve the ſtate of your affairs for your own private knowledge: For it is an equal fault indifferently to truſt all, or to diſtruſt all.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Government in ſpiritual things.

WHen you have met with a good choice, the government is not hard: For S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, *nothing is ſo eaſie as to perſwade thoſe to good, who have a great deſire to put it in practice.* Govern your family proportionably as the good *Eleazar* did his, which *Binet* hath ſo lively deſigned. Firſt baniſh vice and ſcandal from your houſe; let wanton love and impurity never come near it, no more then the ſerpent to the flower of the vine; Let not ſurfetting, drunkenneſs, or exceſs, know ſo much as the gate; let neither unclean ſpeech nor blaſphemy be heard in it. For, as *Nebuchadnezzar* made the pages that attend on him learn his language, ſo the devil teacheth thoſe of his acquaintance, his Dialect.

Haveth exiled vice, accuſtom your Family to ſome devotion, cauſing them to hear diligently the word of God, eſpecially on Sundays and Holydays; inviting them to frequent the Sacrament according to their condition, aſſembling them as *Charles Borromeus* did, at evening or ſome time of the day, to ſay certain pray-

ers together, if convenience of place permit, and to see how they are instructed in the Articles of Faith.

Your example will do more then all your words: For the life of a Good Master and Mistriss is a perpetual monitour in a house. Those that seek to gain their good opinion, study to be like them, and in endeavouring to be beloved, become good. We live in an age, where we have more need of patterns then precepts, servants adhere to the pillars of a house, as Ivie to great trees; and in a word, to the commands of great-ones, all affections are of wax, they become so pliable.

It is fitting likewise that to preserve this opinion you be liberal, according to your means, in ordering your Family; honourable in such expences, as are requisite both for necessity and decorum. For we make use of nets, to take fishes, and of liberality, as a golden hook to take men.

Remember besides, in managing your business, more peculiarly to invoke Gods assistance; saying often unto him these words of *Solomon*. Wisd. 9. *O God, give me wisdom that sitteth by thy Throne; O send her out of thy holy Heavens, and from the Throne of thy glory, that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee*, to put it in execution.

Take heed of indiscreet precipitation in the beginning of an enterprise, of anxiety in the progression, & of despair in the conclusion. If your project have good issue, give the praise to God, & an example of modesty to your neighbour; but if business keep not time to your will, learn you to keep time to the Divine providence, which maketh all harmony in the world; you have power over your own designs, but not over their events; you are not to pray, that things may prove as you desire, but to desire them as they prove. Accustom your self not to be grieved at worldly accidents, no more then for an ill dream; For all things here below, pass away like a dream; & we do much, if in losing all, we retain that belief. But by long soothing our own wills, we have forsaken (as *Cassian* saith) the very shadow of patience.

The fifth SECTION.

Advice for such as are in office and government.

Bonaventure hath made an excellent Treatise, which he calleth *The wings of the Seraphin*; wherein he giveth very wise instructions to those that are in office and government; whereof in part I present you here with the quintessence and marrow desiring you to tast of it. He gives his *Seraphin* six wings. The first is *Zeal of Gods honour*; which you shall exercise in observing four things; that is,

1. Neither to do; or shew to those under you, the least shadow of evil or sin.

2. Nor to give way to it in any kind, notwithstanding allurements on one side, and importunities on the other.

3. Never to be pleased that an evil act be done, though without your knowledg; for that were to betray your own conscience.

4. To correct, and take away disorders, as much as possibly you can.

The second wing, which you must have is, *The spirit of compassion*, to help the sick, the aged, the weak, the faint-hearted, the afflicted; for these are poor Porcupines laden with prickles and acerbities, to whom you must be a Sanctuary and Rock of refuge: *Petra refugium Herinaceis.*

The third, *Patience* in the many labours and cares, as are (in a manner) inseparable from offices and governments. Patience, in ill succes of business, which doth not always answer our endeavous and wishes. Patience, in bearing with the ungrateful, who often throw stones at those that give them honey; like the *Atlantes*, who shot arrows at the Sun. Patience, in occasions of speech and dealing with such as easily take distast, and are galled with their own harness. It is a great virtue, to soften them with a peaceful, still, and charitable sweetness, as if we cast oyl into the raging sea. It was said long since, *He that can bear an injury is worthy an Empire.* His very silence will disarm the passionate man, & lay him prostrate at his feet, who seemed to thunder over his head.

The fourth wing is *Example*; which is observed in three things. 1. In putting in practise the good counsel and precepts which we give others. 2. In managing your dignity in such a way, as is neither harsh, imperious, nor arrogant; but mild, affable, and communicative. 3 In retaining withall a decent and moderate gravity, that the stamp which God sets on those he calleth to offices and commands, may not be debased.

The fifth and principal Wing, is called *Discretion*, without which all virtues become vices: For the honour of great actions, lies not so much in doing good, as in doing well.

This discretion consisteth in four things. To govern the good with good judgement; To correct the bad; To administer well the temporal affairs of your charge; To uphold & preserve your self amidst these encumbrances, like fresh water in the salt sea.

The ordering of good is maintained in three principal Acts. The first, to cause those under us to observe strictly such things as are necessary, and cannot be omitted without disorder or scandal. The second, To invite, and sweetly attract every one according to his condition, capacity and judgment, to works of most perfection; whereunto they have no formal obligation. The third, to dispose charges and burthens with a good Oeconomy, according to their inclinations and strength of mind, whom you are to govern.

For correction; Either they are sleight faults of well conditioned persons, which you are to correct, and such are to be handled very gently; or they are hidden vices of some evil conscience, which you neither must nor can make known; and there you must use much industry, patience, and wisdom to dislodge vice, and to draw the crooked serpent out of his cave *obstetricante manu*, as the Scripture speaketh, *Job* 26.23. Or they are known sins of desperate people, who offend without hope of amendment infecting a multitude; and here you must set your self with all your strength, to take away both the fault and the faulty.

For temporal affairs, manage them as we have already shewed, and take heed of entangling your mind in them, like a fish in a net, depriving your self of the liberty of Gods children, to serve the earth.

But above all, continually look into your self, as the first piece of your government. Let your conscience be pure, firm & peaceable, speaking and doing every thing with much consideration; and never despising the counsel of those who are able to advise you.

Lastly, your sixth wing is *Devotion*; which is divided into three kinds, the *common*, the *singular*, the *continual*. The *common* consisteth in performing exactly those duties of piety, which are within the bounds of your profession; and to do them by way of *imitation* of that celestial *Militia*, which is always employed in praising God, and by way of *edification* of those, to whom you ow this good example. *Singular*

gular devotion obligeth you to ſeek your principal refuge, in the tabernacle (following *Moſes* ſteps) for the neceſſities of your charge. *Continual* devotion ties you to a moſt fervent exerciſe of Gods preſence, which you teſtifie by a deſire to pleaſe him in all places, occaſions and actions, by dedicating all your works to him, before you begin them; and when you end them, always to ſet upon them the ſeal of thanks-giving due to his Divine Majeſty.

Engrave deeply in your heart this ſaying of S. *Bernard*, in his firſt book of *Conſideration*, Chap. 5. *Cum omnes te habeant, eſto etiam tu ex habentibus unus. Quid ſolus fraudaris munere tui? Uſquequò vadens ſpiritus, & non rediens? If you are one full of buſineſs, and that all the world ſhare in you; take a part as well as others in your ſelf, Deprive not your ſelf of a good ſo juſtly yours, and be not one of thoſe that are ever travelling, yet never return home.*

THE FOURTH PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

RECREATION, how neceſſary.

AS concerning Recreation uſed in company, at meals, in lawful games, in taking the air, in good converſation, it is neceſſary to divert the mind, and refreſh the ſtrength. *Caſſian* in his 24. *Collation* chap. 21. relates, how an Archer finding S. *John the Evangeliſt* playing with a Partridge, wondred that ſo renowned a man could paſs the time with ſo ſlight a recreation: The Saint looking towards the bow in his hand, asked him why he did not always carry it bent, who anſwering, it would ſpoil it; the Apoſtle replied, ſo it is with the mind of man, which muſt ſometimes be unbent, that it may ſhoot the better.

The ſecond SECTION.

Of the Pleaſures of the Taſte.

MArk, that our minds muſt onely be *unbent*, not *unſtrung*: Avoid thoſe exceſſes which make men now adays as gluttonous in the eye, as the belly. It is a ſtrange vanity to affect the repute of a good taſte; to ſet the whole mind to ſerve that part of the body, which hath leaſt of the mind, and to nouriſh an eſteem which is fed onely with the ſteam of the kitchin.

Treat not your belly as *Caligula* did his horſe, for he allow'd a Beaſt (for whom nature intended nothing but oats and hay) Princely delicacies and attendance. And you do the like, if you beſtow ſo much coſt and pains to feed your moſt ſenſual part, which the Divine Providence wills, ſhould be nouriſhed ſparingly. Great feaſts, which begin in vanity, and continue in riot, end always in folly, and often in repentance. Nothing is got by pleaſures in the Taſte, but a more crazy body, a more cloſe priſon of fleſh, and a more ſtinking ſepulchre. Unhappy are thoſe feaſts, which the hunger of the poor accuſeth before God. Above theſe ſixteen ages the tongue of the Rich Glutton hath burned in hell, all his tuns of delicious wine, not having left him ſo much as one drop to refreſh himſelf.

If you deſire to know what were the banquets of the Primitive Chriſtians, which ought to be models for ours) *Tertullian* gives you a diſcourſe thereon in his *Apology*; *Our feaſts* (ſaith he) *expreſs what they are, in their names. They are called* Ἀγάπαι (Charities) *becauſe they are inſtituted for relief of the poor: Our Table reſembleth an Altar, and our Supper a Sacrifice: We mind not the expence; to ſpend in the name of Piety, is gain. Our Table hath nothing ſavouring of baſeneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty; We feed by meaſure: we drink the rules of temperance; we ſatiate our ſelves as much as is neceſſary for thoſe, who muſt riſe at midnight, to offer up their prayers unto God; We ſpeak and converſe as in the preſence of God, our hands waſhed, and candles lighted, every one repeateth what he knoweth out of the holy Scriptures and his own invention to the praiſe of God. Prayer, as it began the banquet, concludes it: From the table we go unto the exerciſe of modeſty and decency: you would ſay, if you behold us, that we were not at ſupper, but at a lecture of holyneſs*

Alaſs! Conſer the feaſts of moſt Chriſtians with theſe, and you compare the table of the *Centaurs* to that of the Angels.

The third SECTION.

Of Gaming.

BE not over-violent likewiſe at thoſe games of chance, which have in them ſo much covetouſneſs, heat, and flame: Did a man commit no other ſin, but converſing the third part, or half of his life with Kings and knaves of cards, being invited to the converſation of Angels; yet were he guilty of no ſmall offence: But beſides, gaming was the invention of that devil *Zabulon*, as S. *Cyprian* obſerves, in a Treatiſe upon this ſubject. It is the altar of Fortune, deteſted by the Prophet; It is the ſhop of deceit, the ſchool of covetouſneſs, the apprentiſhip of blaſphemy, the academy of anger; where are begot mad amities, unpuniſhed thefts, pleaſing murthers, and whence nothing for the moſt part is brought away, but a tempeſt in the mind, gall in the heart, and air in the purſe: What excuſe at the laſt day can he have, who gameth with a ful hand, and detains (in the mean while) the wages of a ſervant, or the relief of ſome beggar that pineth and quaketh at his gate?

Pilat's Souldiers caſt lots on the garments of the Son of God, whileſt the blood diſtilled from his body; but they were executioners and infidels; who would not be ſtruck with horrour to ſee a Chriſtian, amidſt ſo many images of the Son of God, without regard either of time, of God, or of man, play away the blood of his family, whom he neglecteth, or of the poor, whom he deſpoileth? Away with theſe delights, which are bred (like the Salamander) in the tears of heaven.

Clemens

Clemens Alexandrinus in his *Padagogue*, sheweth plainly; that these games of cards, dice, and the like, were not allowed in the Primitive Church; for he teacheth us, that such pastimes are often as an ebullition of ungovern'd delights, and an indigestion of evil idleness.

If we must of necessity play in complacence to others, we ought at least to have a care, that it be for some good end; that it be with our equals; without pasion, little, moderate, & to the profit of the poor.

The fourth SECTION
Dancing

AS for *Dancing*, *Balls*, and *Mask*, it is true what the pious Bishop and excellent Authour hath said in his *Introduction*; *they resemble mushroms, the best which are worth nothing.* Luxury, vanity, foolish expence, masking, good chear, night, youth, love, liberty, are as dangerous counsellours of wisedom, as ill teachers of modesty: some may be sanctified in them by miracle, but every day more are lost in them, through weakness: since our force is weak, not miraculous, we ought, by flying from occasions, to seek that safety which we cannot find in our own strength.

The fable saith, that the butterfly asked the owl how she should deal with the fire, which had singed her wings; who counselled her, not to behold so much as its smoak. With what conscience can a faithful soul frequent those worldly recreations, which have stain'd her purity with so many blemishes? Must we stay stil we are burned, ere we retire from the flame? I wonder at those who would spiritualize dancing, and make it agree with frequent communion; such in effect, with the Emperour *Adrian*, Lay *Adonis* in the manger of *Jesus*. There must be so many circumstances, of the intention, time, place, persons, and manner, to season such pleasures, that it were easier to abstain from them, then to use them well.

The fifth SECTION.
Of wanton songs, and plays.

IF you speak of wanton *songs*, of reading il books, of unchast comedies and plays, your conscience (which is the School-mistris of the soul) will perhaps tell you more then you are willing to believe. Such recreations are fore-runners of disorder, instruments of sensuality, tinder to sin, and scandal to virtue; evil, at that time entreth into you, by every gate of the sence, and goeth out only at the gate of repentance, which is not always open to our indispositions. A young soul is surprized in these, as in a golden snare; to whom the description of sin, is invitation. For we live now in an age, where to know ill, and to do it, have scarce any *Medium* to sever them; and if at any time we are good, it is rather through ignorance of vice, then principles of virtue, saith *Salvian*.

The sixth SECTION.
Of walking, and running.

REcreations, the most innocent, are ever the most commendable; as those in the countrey, for exercise of the body; *for the Country life* (saith *Columella*) *is the cousin germant to wisdom.*

Setting aside the comfort of Churches, Justice, Learning, Arts and Traffick, what are great Cities but great prisons? Men live there, like birds in a cage, they crowd, defile one another, and by frequent and infectious conversation, the trouble of business, the importunity of visits, the foolish tyranny of complements steal from them half their life. In the Country, the heaven, air, earth and waters, (which Cities snatch from us) are restored with greatest liberty. There, all the creatures of God speak to us face to face, to tell us the wonders of the Creatour. The Christians of the primitive Church made hermitages of their farms, to sound a retreat from worldly business, and to prepare for their time of rest: but many now make gardens temples of *Baal-peor*, where no God is worshipped, but the belly, luxury, gaming, and uncleanness.

Many make walks and races, wherein none can run far without stumbling; for they resemble the list of *Atalanta* & *Hippomenes*, rather then the race wherein S. *Paul* exhorted Christians to run; there the senses flattered with a thousand delightful objects, many times put themselves in array; there the bloud is inflamed; the tongue untied; concupiscence enkindled there, licentiousness often rendeth the vail, which until then was over the face of modesty; and impudently becomes portress to love; These are the sacriledges, which dry up years, breed disorder amongst seasons, barrenness in the bowels of the earth and despair in our miseries.

The seventh SECTION.
The four conditions of recreation.

YOur recreation must have four especial things; *choice of persons, good intention, innocency, moderation.*

Choice of persons, in avoiding evil company as the most dangerous shelf of life; for the friendship of wicked men is like a bundle of thorns, tied together to burn and crackle in the fire. Your friendship must be virtuous, faithful, disinteressed, if you mean to have any fruits of it.

Good intention, as to cherish health and strength, that they may serve the soul; for a good man should seek good even in play and at meals; like the saint who rose in the night, and fed with a poor hungry brother, that he might not be ashamed of eating at a disorderly hour.

Innocency; for much consideration must be used therein, lest nature should dissolve into brutish life unworthy a generous heart. Behind, comes gluttony intemperate gaming, foolish jesting, and detraction in this age hard to be avoided.

The book most ordinary in companies of men, is man himself: Now very few take delight to discourse of the Old and New Testament; nay not so much as of the old *Roman* Councils, Ægyptian Pyramids, or ancient wars of *Cæsars*. Men study books of the time, talk of garbs, clothes, looks, conditions, business, customs, alliances; and though we have no intent to wrong any, yet is it very easie, in such variety of discourse to let fall many words of far less value then silence; it is an excellent quality to still good matter into company; either upon occasion, by question, consequence, narration or proposition, as the reverend *Jaquinot* observes in his *Address*.

Moderation. For as the wise man saith, *Prov.* 25. 16. We glut our selves with honey: so ought we to have a care, that recreations (made to refresh the mind) tend not by excess to dissoluteness. You must observe what the time, place, and persons require; and to pass the time, must not exceed your self by profuseness.

The eighth SECTION.

Of vicious converſation; and firſt of impertinent.

THe Hebrews ſay, *play, anger, the cup, and converſation, are the Windows of the ſoul; through which ſhe is many times ſeen more then ſhe would be*; he is wiſe, who makes uſe of meetings and company, as of a file to poliſh his mind, and to make it continually more apt for its functions.

Vicious converſation, may be reduced almoſt to three heads, that is, *impertinent, vain, evil. Impertinent*, as the clowniſh, fooliſh, troubleſome, which many have through want of diſcretion, faſhion and civility.

Theophraſtus, one of the quainteſt wits of antiquity, relateth ſome paſſages, which he ſaith he obſerved in his time, arguing a great weakneſs of judgment; ſome (ſaith he) lay hold on one that is going about buſineſs of concernment, to tell him ſomething (as they pretend) of great importance, which when told, is nothing but foolery. Others invite a traveller, newly come out of the countrey very weary, to walk up and down; others pull a man out of a ſhip ready to weigh anchor, to entertain him with follies on the ſhore; others come to bear witneſs, after the cauſe is judged, and bring with much ſweat, a Phyſitian to the dead: others pretend to know the way, and undertake to lead the reſt, but go wrong at the very firſt, and proteſt, they have forgot it. Others make rude inquiry into buſineſs, and ask a General of an Army, whether he goes, and what is his deſign. Some alſo there are (ſaith he) ſo ruſtick, that (not admitting any thing worth admiration in civil life) they ſtand ſtill to look upon an ox, as men in rapture; and in company, have no better behaviour, then to take their dog by the muzzle, and ſay, *what a fine dog this is, well he keeps the houſe!* Such converſation is able greatly to vilifie a man, and to take from him all eſtimation he can gain in his profeſſion.

The ninth SECTION.

Of vain converſation.

VAin converſation, is that of *talkers, flatterers, vain-glorious*, and the like; poor *Theophraſtus* (in my opinion) was much tormented with a *talker*; ſince he ſo well deſcribeth one, who, with much paſſion, praiſed his wife; told what he dreamed the laſt night; what he had to dinner; that he had a weakneſs of ſtomack: From thence taking flight, he diſcourſed of times; and aſſured him, the men of ours came not near the ancients in any thing: Then he told him, that corn was cheap: that there were many ſtrangers in the city: that if it would rain, the year would be fruitfull; that he had a field to be ploughed; that *Damippus* gave the greateſt wax light at an offering: that there were ſo many ſtairs in ſuch a building, and that he had counted them, with a thouſand of the like. *Such people* (adds the Author) *are more to be feared then a feaver. He that would live in quiet, muſt ſeldom keep them company. Horace* mentions one very like, who put him into a great ſweat, and when he ſaw he was ſo tired, that he knew not which way to turn himſelf. *I ſee Sir*, ſaith he, *that I am troubleſome, but there is no remedy: ſince I have met with you, I muſt needs wait on you; for (God be thanked) I have nothing elſe to do.*

Flatterers, are much more acceptable, though many times more dangerous, for they will tell you, that all the world caſt their eyes upon you: that you are much eſteemed; that the whole town talks of ſuch a fortunate action of yours: that you have an excellent wit, a handſom body, a good grace, winning behaviour: that every thing becomes you, and that it ſeems *Nature*, when ſhe had made you, broke her mold, becauſe ſhe never ſince framed the like: If you ſpeak, they bid ſilence to all the world: then extol your words as oracles: and if you jeſt at any, they burſt with laughter to pleaſe you; and deifie your imperfections: This is that which poyſons friendſhip, and blinds humane life.

The Vain-glorious, will for the moſt part entertain you with commendations of themſelves; and have a thouſand petty ſingularities in their carriage, their attire, their ſpeech, their houſes, their attendants, to ſhew, that they have ſomething more then others. The aforeſaid Authour ſaith, he hath obſerved ſome, that held it a great honour to have a Blackamore lackey, that they might be the more noted: and if they ſacrificed an ox, they nailed the horns at their gates, to give the world notice of their offering: and to conclude, they were ſo great ſelf-lovers, that they made Epitaphs, even upon their dogs, ſpecifying their age, qualities and conditions: Theſe are teſtimonies of a ſoul very frivolous, and deſtitute of all Humility.

The tenth SECTION.

Of evil Converſation.

EVil *Converſation*, is the worſt of all; as is that of the *Harſh*, who make themſelves unſociable in company: that of the *Opinionated*, who bear for their motto, *It is ſo*, and, *It is not ſo*: ever contradicting, even the cleareſt truths: that of the *Crafty* and *Deceitfull*, who endeavour to diſcover all the ſecrets of others, whileſt they diſguiſe themſelves with a maſk of diſſimulation and intricate ſpeech, feigning ignorance of what they know, knowledge of what they are ignorant, forgetfulneſs of promiſe, good will to thoſe they would circumvent, and many ſuch like. That of the *Proud*, who ſcorn and deſpiſe all but themſelves. That of the *Cholerick*, who are diſpleaſed upon every accident: That of *Scoffers. Buffons*, and *Slanderers*, who are obſcene, biting, and offenſive in all occaſions.

It were a long buſineſs to examine all theſe particularly: and I had freely unfolded them, in a Treatiſe of *Manners and Paſſion*, wherein I hoped to give the Reader ſatisfaction, but that the deſign of this little book diverted me. It were to ſmall purpoſe, to make ſo long a work of it; and it is always better to conclude well, then to enlarge ill.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Conditions of good Converſations.

I Tell you in brief, S. *Bernard*, *Thomas Aquinas* and other learned men are of opinion, that in Converſation we ought to be affable and pleaſing, yet not too familiar, nor inquiſitive into other mens buſineſs, not ſuſpicious, not light, not riotous, not diſcontented, not affected, not imperious, not croſs, not exceptious, not jeering, not fretfull, not trivial, not churliſh, not too ceremonious, not too talkative, not too ſoft and compliant, not cholerick, not too reſerved, not proud, not vain, all thoſe through vanity (which is onely rich in fooleries) diſcourſe perpetually of themſelves, as if they were deities. But we muſt govern our ſelves with great diſcretion and modeſty: we muſt play, but not debaſe

baſe our ſelves, laugh, but not to exceſs: take recreation, but not to effeminacy; be conſtant but not obſtinate; prudent, but not crafty; ſimple, but not ſtupid; concealing ill, furthering good, correcting our own faults by thoſe, we diſlike in others, always bringing home ſome fruit from this garden of Graces; and if acquainted with any ſecret fit to be concealed, we muſt make our breaſt its tomb.

You will find, there are ordinarily five qualities, which make converſation pleaſant; The firſt is, *an obliging way*, which ſweetly ſcattereth benefits, from which (in their due time and place) ſpring up recompences: This deſire of doing good to all the world, is a bait we muſt keep ever in the water; for by it men are taken more eaſily then fiſhes; And ſuch there have been, who by giving a glaſs of water opportunely, have obtained a Kingdom; as we ſee in the ſtory of *Thaumaſtus*, and King *Agrippa*.

The ſecond, *Affability*, joyned with a grace and ſweet behaviour, which hath a moſt powerful charm over ſouls naturally inclined to honeſty. To do good, and not to do it handſomely, is nothing. A benefit given with grudging, is a ſtony loaf, onely taken for neceſſity.

The third, a quick and wary *prudence*, to diſcern the diſpoſitions, capacities, manners, humours, affections, and aims of thoſe with whom we converſe; and to ſuit our carriage to every mans temper.

The fourth, *Humility*, without ſottiſhneſs or ſervile baſeneſs, which teacheth to yield to reaſon, and not to preſume upon our own ſtrength.

The fifth, (whereof we have already ſpoken) is a diſcreet *Patience*, to bear with men and buſineſs unmoved, ſo that you may keep your heart always in a good poſture, even in unexſpected, and thorny accidents. He that underſtands this myſtery well, deſerves to cōmand men, being here placed by virtue in a degree next the Angels.

A good rule for converſing well, is to propoſe unto your ſelf for pattern, one of a perfect converſation: So S. *Auguſtine* referred thoſe that deſired to profit in virtue, to the converſation of S. *Paulinus*. *Vade in Campaniam, diſce Paulinum.*

But the moſt effectual precept is, to think how the Incarnate Word would converſe, if he were in our room; by his example, we ſhall do as *Joſeph* in *Ægypt*, of whom the Scripture Pſal. 105. (according to the Hebrew phraſe) ſaith, *he tied the Princes of Pharaoh's Court about his heart.*

The reverend *Gontery*, a man of great Judgement, and no leſs virtue, hath written a little Treatiſe of *Converſation*, wherein he deſcendeth very far to particulars. He that will read it, ſhall find wiſe inſtructions in it.

The twelfth SECTION.

Concluſion of the Diary.

AT night before you go to bed, you are to make the examen of Conſcience (which is the little Conſiſtory of the ſoul, as *Philo* terms it) where having given thanks to God, and invoked his holy grace, you muſt recal your thoughts, your words, your actions, your faults, and neglects, to account, that you may ſee thegain, the loſs, & reckonings of that day; to further good, to correct evil; remitting the one to your own diſcretion, and the other to Gods mercy.

Eſteem this ſaying of S. *Bernard*, (in his book of the *Interiour houſe*,) as an oracle, that *one of the chiefeſt mirrours to behold God in, is a reaſonable ſoul, which finds it ſelf out.*

There we muſt ſeat the Conſcience in a Throne with a ſcepter in one hand; and all paſsions, and imperfections at her feet.

There ſhe muſt take the liberty to ſay to you, *Wicked ſervant, thou haſt loſt a day: what ſluggiſhneſs at thy riſing? what negligence in labour? how great words? how little works? Why this curious queſtioning? this raſh judgement? theſe wanderings eyes? theſe ſtraying thoughts? Should you have been angry for ſo ſlight a cauſe, upon ſuch an occaſion? ſhould you ſo freely have cenſured and murmured at the actions of another? ſhould you have taken your refection ſo ſenſually? and ſought your eaſe in, and by all things, ſo greedily? and ſo of the reſt.* If by the grace of God, you ſhall find ſome kind of virtues, yet muſt you well pick and ſift them (as the perfume, which was to be ſet before the Tabernacle) to preſent them before the face of God; and ſay in concluſion with all humility, as the devout *Southwell. Quod fui, Domine, ignoſce; quod ſum, corrige; quod ero, dirige. O Lord, forgive what I have been; correct what I am; direct, what I ſhall be.*

This done, ſay ſome vocal prayer, to ſhut the day up happily with ſome acts of contrition of faith, of hope, of ſupplication, for your ſelf & friends.

Say here

O Light of the Children of light! bright day which haſt no evening! The world is buried in the darkneſs of night, and this day quite finiſhed, wherein I ſee, as in a little Map, how my life ſhall end. O God, what benefits do I ſee in it on thy part; what ingratitudes on mine? Preſerve me in what is thine; and waſh away with the precious blood of thy Son, what is mine. Shelter me under the wings of thy protection, from ſo many ſhadows apparitions, and ſnares of the father of darkneſs; and grant, that though ſleep cloſe my eyes, yet my heart may never be ſhut to thy love.

Laſtly, fall aſleep upon ſome good thought that your night (as the Prophet ſaith) may be enlightned with the delights of God; and if you chance to have any interruption of ſleep, ſupply it with ejaculatory prayers, and elevations of heart; as the juſt did of old, called for this reaſon, *The crickets of the night.*

Thus ſhall you lead a life full of honour, quiet, and ſatisfaction to your ſelf, and ſhall make every day a ſtep to Eternity. The marks, which may amongſt others give you good hope of your predeſtination, are eleven principal.

1. Faith, lively, ſimple, and firm. 2. Purity of life, exempt ordinarily from grievous ſins. 3. Tribulation. 4. Clemency and mercy. 5. Poverty of ſpirit diſengaged from the earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity to your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the bleſſed Sacrament. 9. Affection to the word of God. 10 Reſignation of your own mind to the will of your Sovereign Lord. 11. Some remarkable act of virtue, which you have upon occaſion exerciſed.

You will find this Diary little in volume, but great in virtue, if reliſhing it well, you begin to put it in practiſe. It contains many things, worthy to be meditated at leiſure; for they are grave and wiſe precepts, choicely extracted out of the moral doctrin of the Fathers. Though they ſeem ſhort, they coſt not the leſs pains. Remember, that famous Artiſt *Myrmecides*, employed more time to make a Bee, then an unskilful workman to build a houſe.

EJACULATIONS FOR THE DIARY.

In the Morning.

MY voice ſhalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up, *Pſal.* 5. 3.

Thou ſhalt make thy face to ſhine upon me, and all the beaſts of the forreſt ſhall gather themſelves together, and lay them down in their dens, *Pſal.* 184. 22.

My days are like the days of an hireling. Until the day break, and the ſhadows fly away, *Job* 7. 1. *Cant.* 4. 6.

Beginning a good work.

In the volume of the book it is written of me. I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy Law is within my heart, *Pſal.* 40. 7. 8.

In good Inſpirations.

The Lord God hath opened my ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back, *Iſa.* 50. 5.

At Church.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles! O Lord of Hoſts, *Pſal.* 84. 5.

Before reading.

Speak, Lord, for thy ſervant heareth, 1 *Sam.* 3. 9.

Speaking.

My heart is inditing a good matter: I ſpeak of the things which I have made touching the King, *Pſal.* 45. 1.

Eating.

Thou openeſt thine hand, and ſatisfieſt the deſire of every living thing, *Pſal.* 145.

In Proſperity.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: If I prefer not thee above my chief joy, *Pſal.* 137. 6.

Adverſity.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive, 1 *Sam.* 2. 6. Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil? *Job* 2. 10. Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things, and to enter into his glory? *Luke* 24. 26.

Troubles.

Surely man walketh in a vain ſhew; ſurely they are diſquieted in vain, *Pſal.* 39. 6.

Calumnies.

If I pleaſed men, I ſhould not be the ſervant of Chriſt, *Gal.* 1. 10.

Praiſes.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, *Pſal.* 115. 1.

Againſt vain hope.

As a dream when one awaketh, ſo, O Lord, when thou awakeſt, thou ſhalt deſpiſe their image, *Pſal* 73. 20.

Pride.

Whoſoever exalteth himſelf ſhall be abaſed, *Luke* 14. 11.

Covetouſneſs.

It is more bleſſed to give, then to receive, *Acts* 20. 35.

Luxury.

Know ye not, that your bodies are the members of Chriſt? 1 *Cor.* 6. 15.

Envy.

He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death, 1 *John* 3. 14.

Gluttony.

The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, *Rom.* 14. 17.

Anger.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart *Matth.* 11. 29.

Sloath.

Curſed be he that doth the work of the Lord negligently, *Jer.* 48. 10.

Rules of Faith.

God cannot be known but by himſelf. What is to be underſtood of God, is to be learned by God, *Hilar. lib.* 5. *de Trin.*

God doth not call us to the bleſſed life by hard queſtions. In ſimplicity muſt we ſeek him, in piety profeſs him. *Idem lib.* 10.

Remove not the ancient bounds which thy Fathers have ſet, *Prov.* 22. 28.

Many are the reaſons which juſtly hold me in the boſom of the Catholick Church; Conſent of people and Nations: Authority, begun by miracles, nouriſhed by hope, encreaſed by charity, confirmed by antiquity. *Auguſt. lib. De utilitate credendi.*

To diſpute againſt that which the Univerſal Church doth maintenance, is inſolent madneſs, *Idem Epiſt.* 118.

Let us follow Univerſality, Antiquity, Conſent: Let us hold that which is believed every where, always, by all. *Vincentius Lyrinenſis De profanis vocum novitatibus.*

Acts of Faith.

Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief, *Marc.* 9. 24.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, *&c. Job* 19. 25.

Hope.

Though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, *Pſal,* 24. 4.

I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and honour him, *Pſal.* 90. 15.

Charity.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee. My fleſh and my heart faileth; but God is the ſtrength of my heart, and my portion for ever, *Pſalm* 73. 25, 26.

Feed me, O Lord thy Suppliant, with the continual influence of thy Divinity: This I requeſt, this I deſire; that vehement love may throughly pierce me, fill me, and change me into it ſelf *Bloſius.*

PRAYERS
for all Persons and occasions.

For the Church

WE beseech thee, O Lord, graciously to accept the prayers of thy Church, that she being delivered from all adversity and errour, may serve thee in safety and freedome, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For the King.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, that thy servant CHARLES by thy gracious appointment our King and Governour, may be enriched with all encrease of virtue, whereby he may be able to eschew evil, and to follow Thee, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For a Friend.

ALmighty and ever-living Lord God, have mercy upon thy servant *N.* and direct him by thy goodness into the way of eternal salvation; that through thy grace, he may desire those things which please thee, and with his whole endeavour perform the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Peace.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto us thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts may be set to obey thy Commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

In the time of Plague.

LEt thy anger cease, O Lord, and be appeased for the iniquity of thy people, as thou hast sworn by thy self. O holy God, holy and strong, holy and immortal, have mercy upon us.

For the Clergy.

ALmighty and everlasting God, who by thy Spirit dost sanctifie and govern the whole body of the Church, graciously hear our prayers for all those whom thou hast ordained, and called to the publick service of thy Sanctuary; that by the help of thy grace they may faithfully serve thee in their several degrees, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For a City.

COmpass this City, O Lord, with thy protection, and let thy holy Angels guard the walls thereof; O Lord, mercifully hear thy people.

For the sick.

O God the only refuge of our infirmities, by thy mighty power relieve thy sick servants, that they with thy gracious assistance, may be able to give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ.

For Grace.

LOrd, from whom all good things do come; grant us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding, may perform the same through our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the afflicted.

O Almighty God, the afflicted soul, the troubled spirit crieth unto thee: Hear O Lord, and have mercy; for thou art a merciful God.

For Friends.

I Beseech thee, O Lord, for all those to whom I am indebted for my birth, education, instruction, promotion; their necessities are known unto thee; thou art rich in all things; reward them for these benefit, with blessings both temporal and eternal.

For Enemies.

O God the lover & preserver of Peace and charity, give unto all our enemies thy true peace & love, and remission of sins: and mightily deliver us from their snares, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Travellers.

ASsist us mercifully, O Lord, in our supplications and praiers; and dispose the way of thy servants towards the attainment of everlasting salvation, that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by thy most gracious and ready help, through Christ our Lord.

For a Family.

ALmighty and everlasting God, send down thy holy Angel from heaven, to visit, protect and defend all that dwell in this house, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For the dying.

FAther of spirits and God of all flesh, receive the souls which thou hast redeemed with thy blood, returning unto thee.

For the Fruits of the Earth.

O God in whom we live, and move, and have our being, open thy treasure in the due season, and give a blessing to the works of thy hands.

For Women in travel.

O Lord, of thy goodness help thy servants, who are in pains of child-birth; that being delivered out of their present danger, they may glorifie thy holy name, blessed for ever.

Against Temptation.

ALmighty God, which dost see that we have no power of our selves to help our selves, keep thou us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities, which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts, which may assault and hurt the soul, through Jesus Christ.

For misbelievers and sinners.

ALmighty and everliving God, who desirest not the death of a sinner, mercifully look upon all that are deceived by the subtlety of Satan, that all evil prejudice laid aside, they may return to the unity of thy truth and love.

For Prisoners.

O God, who didst deliver S. *Peter* from his chains, and restoredst him to liberty, have pity upon thy servants in captivitie, release their bonds, and grant them freedom and safetie; for his merits who liveth and reigneth with thee and the holie Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

For temporal necessaries.

REplenish those, O Lord, we beseech thee, with temporal nourishment, whom thou hast refreshed with thy blessed Sacraments.

Against tempests.

DRive spiritual wickedness from thy house, O Lord, and preserve it from the malignitie of tempestuous weather.

A Prayer of Thomas Aquinas *before study.*

OUnspeakable Creatour, who out of the treasure of thy wisdom, hast ordained Hierarchies of Angels, and hast placed them above the highest heaven in a wonderful order, and disposed them sweetlie for all parts of the world; Thou, the true fountain, and incomprehensible principle of light and wisdom, vouchsafe to illuminate the darkness of my understanding with a beam of thy light; remove the darkness wherein I was born, sin and ignorance:

Thou

Thou who makeſt the tongues of infants eloquent, looſen my tongue, and pour forth the grace of thy ſpirit upon my lips; give me acuteneſs to apprehend, capacity to retain, ſubtlety to interpret, aptnes to learn, readineſs to ſpeak, direct my beginning, further my progreſſion, and perfect my concluſion.

THE PENITENT, OR, ENTERTAINMENTS for LENT:

And for the firſt day upon the Conſideration of Aſhes.

THon art Duſt, and to Duſt thou ſhalt return, Geneſ. 3.

1. It is an excellent way to begin Lent with the conſideration of Duſt, whereby Nature gives us beginning, and by the ſame, Death ſhall put an end to all our worldly vanities. There is no better way to abate and humble the proudeſt of all Creatures, then to repreſent his begining & his end. The middle part of our life (like a kind of *Protens*) takes upon it ſeveral ſhapes not underſtood by others; but the firſt and laſt part of it deceive no man; for they do both begin and end in Duſt. It is a ſtrange thing, that Man knowing well what he hath been, and what he muſt be, is not confounded in himſelf, by obſerving the pride of his own life, and the great diſorder of his paſsions. The end of all other creatures is leſs deformed then that of man: Plants in their death retain ſome pleaſing ſmell of their bodies: The little roſe buries it ſelf in her natural ſweetneſs, and carnation colour. Many Creatures at their death leave us their teeth, horns, feathers, skins, of which we make great uſe. Others after death are ſerved up in ſilver and golden diſhes, to feed the greateſt perſons of the world. Onely mans dead carcaſe is good for nothing but to feed worms: and yet he often retains the preſumptuous pride of a Giant, by the exorbitancy of his heart, and the cruel nature of a murderer, by the furious rage of his revenge. Surely that man muſt either be ſtupid by nature, or moſt wicked by his own election, who will not correct and amend himſelf, having ſtill before his eyes Aſhes for his Glaſs, and Death for his Miſtriſs.

2. This conſideration of Duſt is an excellent remedy to cure vices, and an aſſured Rampire againſt all temptations. S. *Paulinus* ſaith excellently well; That holy *Job* was free from all temptations, when he was placed upon the ſmoke and duſt of his humility. He that lies upon the ground can fall no lower; but may contemplate all above him, and meditate how to raiſe himſelf by the hand of God, which pulls down the proud, and exalts the humble. Is a man tempted with pride? The conſideration of Aſhes will humble him. Is he burned with wanton love, (which is a direct fire?) But fire cannot conſume Aſhes. Is he perſecuted with covetouſneſs? Aſhes do make the greateſt Leeches and Bloud-ſuckers caſt their Gorges. Every thing gives way to this unvalued thing, becauſe God is pleaſed to draw the inſtruments of his power out of the objects of our infirmities.

3. If we knew how to uſe rightly the meditation of death, we ſhould there find the ſtreams of life: All the world together, is of no eſtimation to him, that rightly knows the true value of a juſt mans death. It would be neceſſary, that they who are taken with the curioſity of Tulips, ſhould ſet in their Gardens a Plant called Napel, which carries a flower that moſt perfectly reſembles a Deaths head. And if the other Tulips do pleaſe their ſenſes, that will inſtruct their reaſon. Before our laſt death, we ſhould die many other deaths, by forſaking all thoſe creatures and affections which lead us to ſin. We ſhould reſemble thoſe creatures (ſacred to the Egyptians) called *Cynocephales*, which died piece-meal, and were buried long before their death: So ſhould we bury all our concupiſcences before we go to the grave, and ſtrive to live ſo, that when death comes, he ſhould find very little buſineſs with us.

Aſpiration.

O Father of all Eſſences, who giveſt beginning to all things, and art without end; This day I take Aſhes upon my head, thereby profeſſing (before thee) my being nothing; and to do thee homage for that which I am, and for that I ought to be by thy great bounties. Alas, O Lord, my poor ſoul is confounded to ſee ſo many ſparkles of pride and covetouſneſs, ariſe from this caitiff duſt which I am: ſo little do I yet learn how to live, and ſo late do I know how to die. O God, of my life and death, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, ſo to govern the firſt in me, and ſo to ſweeten the laſt for me, that if I live, I may live onely for thee; and if I muſt die, that I may enter into everlaſting bliſs, by dying in thy bleſſed love and favour.

The Goſpel for Aſhwedneſday.

S. *Matthew 6.*

Of Hypocritical Faſting.

WHen you faſt, be not as the hypocrites, ſad, for they diſfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to faſt. Amen, I ſay to you that they have received their reward. But thou when thou doeſt faſt, anoint thy head, and waſh thy face; that thou appear not to men to faſt, but to thy Father which is in ſecret: and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret, will repay thee.

Heap not up to your ſelves treaſures on the earth: where the ruſt and moth do corrupt, and where thieves dig through and ſteal. But heap up to your ſelves treaſures in heaven: where neither the ruſt nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not dig through nor ſteal. For where thy treaſure is, there is thy heart alſo.

Moralities.

1. THat man goes to Hell by the way of Paradiſe, who faſts and afflicts his body, to draw the praiſe of Men. Sorrow and vanity together, are not able to make one Chriſtian Act. He deſerves everlaſting hunger, who ſtarves himſelf, that

he may swell and burst with vain glory. He stands for a spectacle to others, being the murtherer of himself, and by sowing vanity, reaps nothing but wind. Our intentions must be wholly directed to God, and our examples for our neighbour. The Father of all virtues is not to be served with counterfeit devotions; such lies are abominations in his sight, and *Tertullian* saith, they are, as many adulteries.

2. It imports us much to begin Lent well, entering into those lists, in which so many holy souls have run their course with so great strictness, have been glorious before God, and honourable before men. The difficulty of it, is apprehended only by those who have their understandings obstructed by a violent affection to kitchin-stuff. It is no more burthensom to a courageous spirit, then feathers are to a bird. The chearfulness which a man brings to a good action in the beginning, does half the work. Let us wash our faces by confession: let us perfume our head (who is Jesus Christ) by alms-deeds. Fasting is a most delicious feast to the conscience, when it is accompanied with pureness and charity: but it breeds great thirst, when it is not nourished with devotion, and watered with mercy.

3. What great pain is taken to get treasure, what care to preserve it; what fear to lose it; and what sorrow when it is lost? Alas, is there need of so great covetousness in life, to encounter with such extreme nakedness in death? We have not the souls of Giants, nor the body of a Whale. If God will have me poor, must I endeavour to reverse the decrees of Heaven and earth, that I may become rich? To whom do we trust the safety of our treasures? To rust, to moths, and thieves: were it not better we should in our infirmities depend only on God Almighty, and comfort our poverty in him who is only rich, and so carry our souls to heaven, where Jesus on the day of his Ascention did place our Sovereign good. Only Serpents and covetous men desire to sleep among treasures, as Saint *Clement* saith. But the greatest riches of the world is poverty, free from Covetousness.

Aspiration.

I Seek thee (O invisible God) within the abyss of thy brightness, and I see thee through the veil of thy creatures. Wilt thou always be hidden from me? Shall I never see thy face, which with a glimpse of thy splendour canst make Paradise? I work in secret, but I know thou art able to reward me in the light. A man can lose nothing by serving thee, and yet nothing is valuable to thy service, for the pain it self is a sufficient recompence. Thou art the food of my fastings, and the cure of my infirmities. What have I to do with Moles, to dig the earth like them, and there to hide treasures? Is it not time to close the earth, when thou dost open heaven? and to carry my heart where thou art, since all my riches is in thee? Doth not he deserve to be everlastingly poor, who cannot be content with a God so rich as thou art?

The Gospel for the first Thursday in Lent, S. *Matthew* 18. of the Centurions words.

O Lord I am not worthy.

AND when he was entred into Capernaum, there came to him a Centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord my boy lieth at home sick of the palsie, and is sore tormented.

And Jesus saith to him, I will come and cure him.

And the Centurion making answer, said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof: but onely say the word, and my boy shall be heal d. For I also am a man subject to Authority, having under me souldiers: and I say to this, go, and he goeth: and to another, come; and he cometh: and to my servant, do this, and he doth it: And Jesus hearing this, marvelled, and said to them that followed him, Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel.

And I say to you, that many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, *and* Jacob *in the Kingdom of Heaven: but the children of the Kingdom shall be cast out into exteriour darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And* Jesus *said to the Centurion, Go, and as thou hast believed, be it done to thee. And the boy was healed in the same hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr whole Salvation consists in two principles; The one is, in our being sensible of God: and the other, in moving toward him. The first, proceeds from faith, the other, comes of charity and other virtues. O what a happy thing it is to follow the examples of this good Centurion, by having such elevated thoughts of the Divinity, and to know nothing of God, but what he is: To behold our heavenly Father within this great Family of the world, who effects all things by his single word: Creates by his power, governs by his counsel, and orders by his goodness this great universality of all things. The most insensible creatures have ears to hear him. Feavers and tempests are part of that running camp, which marcheth under his Standard. They advance and retire themselves under the shadow of his command: he only hath power to give measures to the Heaven, bounds to the Sea, to joyn the East and West together in an instant, and to be in all places where his pleasure is understood.

2. O, how goodly a thing it is to go unto him, like this great Captain. To go said I? Nay, rather to fly as he doth, by the two wings of Charity and Humility. His Charity made him have a tender care of his poor servant, and to esteem his health more dear, then great men do the rarest pieces in their Cabinets. He doth not trust his servants, but takes the charge upon himself: making himself (by the power of love) a servant to him, who by birth was made subject to his command. What can be said of so many Masters and Mistrisses now adays, who live always slaves to their passions? having no care at all of the salvation, health, or necessities of their servants, as if they were nothing else but the very scum of the world. They make great use of their labours and service, (which is just) but neglect their bodies, and kill their souls by the infection of their wicked examples. Mark the humility of this Souldier, who doth not think his house worthy to be enlightned by one sole glimpse of our blessed Saviour's presence. By the words of S. *Augustine* we may say, he made himself worthy by believing and declaring himself so unworthy: yea, worthy that our Saviour should enter, not only into his house, but into his very soul. And upon the matter he could not have spoken with such faith and humility, if he had not first inclosed (in his heart) him, whom he durst not receive into his house.

3. The Gentiles come near unto God, and the Jews go from him: to teach us, that ordinarily the most obliged persons are most ungrateful; and disesteem their benefactours for no other reason, but because they receive benefits daily from them. If you speak courteously to them, they answer churlishly; and in the same proportion wherein you are good, you make them wicked: therefore we must be careful that we be not so toward God. Many are distasted with devotion, as the *Israelites* were with Manna. All which is good, doth displease them, because

cauſe it is ordinary: And you ſhall find ſome, who (like naughty grounds) caſt up thorns where roſes are planted. But we have great reaſon to fear, that nothing but hell fire is capable to puniſh thoſe, who deſpiſe the graces of God, and eſteem that which comes from him as a thing of no value.

Aſpirations.

O Almighty Lord, who doeſt govern all things in the family of this world, and doeſt bind all inſenſible creatures (by the bare ſound of the voice) in a chain of everlaſting obedience: Muſt I only be ſtill rebellious againſt thy will? Feavers and Palſies have their ears for thee, and yet my unruly ſpirit is not obedient. Alas, alas, this family of my heart is ill governed; It hath violent paſſions; my thoughts are wandering, and my reaſon is ill obeyed. Shall it never be like the houſe of this good Centurion, where every thing went by meaſure, becauſe he meaſured himſelf by thy commandments? O Lord, I will come reſolutely by a profound humility, and an inward feeling of my ſelf, ſince I am ſo contemptible before thine eyes. I will come with Charity toward theſe of my houſehold, and toward all that ſhall need me. O God of my heart, I beſeech thee, let nothing from henceforth move in me, but only to advance my coming toward thee, who art the beginning of all motions, and the only repoſe of all things which move.

The Goſpel for the firſt Friday in Lent, S. *Matth.* 5. Wherein we are directed to pray for our Enemies.

YOu have heard that it was ſaid, thou ſhalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemie. But I ſay to you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that perſecute and abuſe you: that you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to riſe upon good and bad, and raineth upon juſt and unjuſt. For if you love them that love you, what reward ſhall you have? Do not alſo the Publicans this? And if you ſalute your brethren onely, what do you more? Do not alſo the heathen this? Be you perfect therefore, as alſo your heavenly Father is perfect.

Moralities.

1. A Man that loves nothing but according to his natural inclination, loves only like a beaſt or an infidel. The beſt ſort of love is that which is commanded by God, and is derived from judgment, conducted by reaſon, and perfected by Charity. Me thinks it ſhould be harder for a good Chriſtian to hate, then love his enemy. Hate makes him our equal, whereas love placeth us quite above him. By hating a mans enemy, he breaks the laws of God; he fights againſt the Incarnation of Chriſt, which was acted to unite all things in the bands of love: he gives the lie to the moſt bleſſed Euchariſt, whoſe nature is to make the hearts of all Chriſtians the ſame: he lives (like another *Cain* in the world) always diſquieted by ſeeking revenge, and it is a very death to him to hear another mans proſperity. Whereas to love an enemy, doth not bind us to love the injury he hath done us; for we muſt not conſider him as a malefactour, but as a man of our own nature, as he is the Image of God, and as he is a Chriſtian. God doth only command perfect things, not impoſſible. That which is very hard to fleſh and blood, become eaſie by the help of grace and reaſon. Our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, being the Father of all harmony, can, and doth reconcile all contrarieties at his will and pleaſure.

2. If revenge ſeem ſweet, the gaining of it is moſt bitter: But there is nothing in the world more profitable, then to pardon an enemy by imitation of our Saviour. For it is then that our conſcience can aſſure us to be the children of God, and inheritours of his glory. We muſt not fear to be deſpiſed for eſteeming virtue, for ſuch contempt can only proceed from thoſe, who know not the true value of that glory which belongs to the juſt. There is no better way to revenge, the leave it to God, who always doth his own buſineſs. When *David* wept for *Saul*, who was his enemy, his Clemency did inſenſibly make degrees, by which he mounted up to the throne of *Judah*. A good work which comes from the ſpirit of vanity, is like an emptied Mine, good for nothing. God, who is inviſible, would have our aſpects turned always towards him, & blind toward the world. Alms given by the ſound of a Trumpet, makes a great noiſe on earth, but reaps little fruit in Heaven. The flie of vanity is a miſchievous thing, which deſtroys all the perfumes of Charity. What need we any ſpectatours of our good works, every place is full where God is, and where he is not, there only is Solitude.

Aſpirations.

O God of all holy affections, when ſhall I love all which thou loveſt, and have in horrour all that diſpleaſeth thy divine Majeſty: If I cannot love in ſome perſon his defects and ſins, I will love in him thine Image, and in that will I acknowledg thy mercies. If he be a piece of broken glaſs, in that little piece there will ſhine ſome lines of a God-Creatour, and of a God-Redeemer. If thou haſt choſen him to exerciſe my patience, why ſhould I make him the object of my revenge, ſince he gives me trouble to gain me a Crown. He is a hammer to poliſh and make me bright, I will not hurt him, but reverence the arm that ſtrikes me. I reſign all vengeance into thy hands, ſince it is a Right reſerved for thy Almighty power. And certainly, the beſt revenge I can take, is to gratifie my enemy. Give unto me (O moſt merciful Prince) the grace to ſuffer, and let the ſacrifice of my ſufferings mount up to thy propitiatory Throne.

The Goſpel for the firſt Saturday in Lent, S *Matth.* 6.

Of the Apoſtles danger at Sea, and relief by our SAVIOUR.

AND when he had diſmiſſed them, he went into the mountain to pray, and when it was late, the boat was in the midſt of the Sea, and himſelf alone on the land. And ſeeing them labouring in rowing (for the wind was againſt them) and about the fourth watch of the night, he cometh to them, walking upon the Sea: and he would have paſſed by them. But they ſeeing him walking upon the Sea, thought it was a ghoſt, and cried out, for all ſaw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them; and ſaid to them, Have confidence, it is I, fear yee not. And he went up to them into the ſhip, and the wind ceaſed; and they were far more aſtonied within themſelves, for they underſtood not concerning the loaves, for their heart was blinded.

And when they had paſſed over, they came into the land of Geneſareth, and ſet to the ſhore. And when they were gone out of the boat, incontinent they knew him, and running through that whole Country, they began to carry about in couches, thoſe that were ill at eaſe, where they heard he was. And whitherſoever he entred into townes, or into villages, or cities, they laid the ſick in the ſtreets, and beſought him, that they might touch but the hem of his garment, and as many as touched him, were made whole.

Moralities.

1. WHat a painful thing it is to row, when *Jeſus* is not in the boat; all our travel is juſt nothing without Gods favour: A little blaſt of wind is worth more then an hundred ſtrokes of oars. What troubleſome buſineſſes there are: how many intricate families do labour much, and yet advance nothing, becauſe God withdraws himſelf from

from their iniquities; if he do not build, the workman destroyes what he is building. But all falls out right to those, that embark themselves with *Jesus*. They may pass to the Indies in a basket, when others shall miscarry in a good ship, well furnished.

2. But how comes it about, that the ship of the poor Apostles is beaten so furiously by the winds and tempests? There are many ships with silver beaks, with fine linnen sails, and silken tackles, upon which the sea seems to smile. Do the waters reserve their choller, only to vent it upon that ship which carries just persons? This is the course of mans life: The brave and happy men of this world enjoy their wishes, but their ship doth perish in the harbour, as it is sporting; whereas God by his infinite providence, gives tempests to his elect, that he may work a miraculous calm by his Almighty power. Dangers are witnesses of their floting, and Combats are causes of their merit. Never think any man happy in his wickedness, for he is just like a fish that playes with the bait, when the hook sticks fast in his throat. We must wait and attend for help from Heaven patiently (without being tired) even till the fourth, which is the last watch of the night. All which proceeds from the hand of God, comes ever in fit time, and that man is a great gainer by his patient attendance, who thereby gets nothing but perseverance.

3. They know *Jesus* very ill, that take him for a Phantome or an illusion, and cry out for fear of his presence, which should make them most rejoyce: so do those souls which are little acquainted with God, who live in blindness, and make much of their own darkness. Let us learn to discern God from the illusions of the world: The tempest ceaseth when he doth approach; & the quietness of our heart is a sure mark of his presence, which fills the soul with splendour, and makes it a delicious garden. He makes all good wheresoever he comes, and the steps which his feet leave, are the bounties of his heart. To touch the Hem of his Garment, cures all that are sick; to teach us, that the forms which cover the blessed Sacrament, are the fringes of his holy humanity, which cures our sins.

Aspiration.

O Lord, my soul is in night and darkness, and I feel that thou art far from me. What billows of disquiet rise within my heart; what idle thoughts which have been too much considered? Alas (most redoubted Lord and Father of mercy) canst thou behold from firm land this poor vessel, which labours so extreamly, being deprived of thy most amiable presence? I row strongly, but can advance nothing, except thou come into my soul. Come (O my adored Master) walk upon this tempestuous Sea of my heart; ascend into this poor vessel; say unto me, Take courage, It is I. Be not conceited that I will take thee for an illusion, for I know thee too well by thy powers and bounties, to be so mistaken. The least thought of my heart will quiet it self to adore thy steps. Thou shalt reign within me; thou shalt disperse my cares; thou shalt recover my decayed senses; thou shalt lighten my understanding; thou shalt inflame my will; thou shalt cure all my infirmities: And to conclude, thou onely shalt work in me, and I will be wholly thine.

The Gospel for the first Sunday in Lent, S. *Matthew* 4.

Of our SAVIOUR'S being tempted in the Desart.

THen Jesus was led of the Spirit into the Desart, to be tempted of the Devil, and when he had fasted fourty days and fourty nights, afterward he was hungry: And the Tempter approached, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread: Who answered and said, It is written, not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

Then the Devil took him up into the holy City, and set him upon the pinacle of the Temple, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thy self down, for it is written, That he will give his Angels charge of thee, and in their hands shall they hold thee up, lest perhaps thou knock thy foot against a stone. Jesus said to him again, It is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Again the Devil took him up into a very high mountain, and he shewed him all the Kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said to him, all these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus said to him, Avant Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him onely shalt thou serve. Then the Devil left him, and behold Angels came, and ministred to him.

Moralities.

1. JESUS suffered himself to be tempted (saith Saint *Augustine*) to the end he might serve for a Mediatour, for an example, and for a remedy to work our victory over all temptations. We must fight on his side: Our life is a continual warfare, and our dayes are Champions which enter into the lists. There is no greater temptation, then to have none at all; Sleeping water doth nourish poison. Motion is the worlds soul; fighting against temptations, is the soul of virtues, and glory doth spring and bud out of tribulations. Virtue hinders not temptation, but surmounts it. Jesus fasted (saith the ordinary glos) that he might be tempted, and is tempted because he did fast. He fasted forty days, and then was hungry; he did eat with his Disciples the space of forty days after his resurrection, without any more necessity of meat, then the Sun hath of the earth's vapours: to make us thereby know, that it onely appertained to him, to teach that great secret how to manage want and abundance, by which S. *Paul* was glorified.

2. The first victory over a Temptation, is, to know that which tempts us: Some temptations are gay and smiling at their beginning, as those of love and pleasure, which end in terrible and bitter storms: Others are troublesom and irksom: Others doubtfull and intricate: Others rapid and sudden, which seize upon their prey like an Eagle: Others are close and catching. These are the snares of Satan, who fomes like a Bore, roars like a Lion, and hisseth like a Serpent. We should always have an eye ready, to mark from whence the Temptation comes, whither it tends, what is the root of it, what the course, what the progress, and what power it may have over our spirit.

3. Solitude of heart, fasting, prayer, the word of God, are weapons of an excellent temper, which the word Incarnate teacheth us to use in this conflict. These things are to be used with discretion, by the counsel of a good director, to whom a man must declare all his most secret thoughts, and bear a breast of chrystal toward him, with a firm purpose to let him see all the inward motions of his heart. It is also good to note here, that our Lord would expressly be tempted in that Desart, which is between *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, where the Samaritane (mentioned in the Parable) did pour wine and oyl into the sores of the poor wounded man; to teach us, that by his combat, he came to cure the wounds of *Adam* and all his race, in the very place where they were received.

4. Sin is killed by flying the occasions of it. Absence, resistance, coldness, silence, labour, diversion, have overcome many assaults of the enemy. Sometimes a Spiders web is strong enough to preserve chastity,

ſtity, and at other times the thick walls of *Semiramis* are not ſufficient. God governs all; and a good will to concur with him, is a ſtrong aſſurance in all perils, and it will keep us untouch'd amidſt the flames of luſt.

5. Since it imports us ſo much to fight valiantly, let us bring the hearts of Lions. Where is our Chriſtianity, if we do not give teſtimony of it to God, both by our fidelity and courage? How many Martyrs have been roaſted and broiled, becauſe they would not ſpeak one ill word? What honour can you expect, by yielding at the firſt entrance, to a temptation? Look not upon the violence of it, but contemplate the Crown, which you ſhould gain by conquering it: think at your entrance how you will come off; and know for certain, that he who truly conſiders the conſequence of a wicked action, will never begin it.

6. Lent is the Spring-time for ſanctified reſolutions, it mortifies the body, that the ſpirit may triumph, it is a time of grace which tends to ſalvation and mercy. It imports extremely to commend all to God at the beginning, to ſanctifie this faſting, which is part of our devotion: we muſt abſtain from fleſh and be content with one meal at ſeaſonable hours, without making over-large collations; except age, infirmity, or weakneſs, labour, or neceſſity of other functions, ſhall diſpence with our diet: for thoſe who are unable to faſt, ſuffer more by their diſability, then others do by faſting. It is good to follow the counſel of *Athanaſius*, who adviſeth to eate late, and little, and at a table where there is but one ſort of meat. We muſt alſo faſt by abſtinence from vice. For to weaken our body, and yet nouriſh our naughty paſſions, is to faſt as the devils do, who eat nothing, and yet devour the world by the rage of their malice. Sobriety is a ſtream which waters all virtues. Our ſoul and body are as the ſcales of a ballance; if you pull down the one, you raiſe up the other: and if you tame your fleſh, it makes the ſpirit reign and govern.

Aſpirations.

O Moſt merciful Lord, Father, and Protectour of all my life, how great are the temptations and ſnares, whereunto I am ſubject, when I eat, drink, ſleep, when I do buſineſs, when I am both in converſation and ſolitude? Whither ſhall this poor ſoul go, which thou haſt thrown into a body ſo frail, in a world ſo corrupt, and amongſt the aſſaults of ſo many pernicious enemies? Open, O Lord, thine eys for my guidance, and compaſſionate my infirmities: without thee I can do nothing, and in thee I can do all that I ought. Give me, O Lord, a piercing eye, to ſee my danger, and the wings of an Eagle, to fly from it, or the heart of a Lion, to fight valiantly, that I may never be wanting in my duty and fidelity to thee. I ow all that I am, or have, to thy gracious favour, and I will hope for my ſalvation, not by any proportion of my own virtues (which are weak and ſlender) but by the boundleſs liberalities, which only do crown all our good works.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the firſt week of Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 25.

Of the Judgment-Day.

And when the Son of man ſhall come in his Majeſty, and all the Angels with him, then ſhall he ſit upon the ſeat of his Majeſty. And all Nations ſhall be gathered together before him, and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as the Paſtour ſeparateth the ſheep from the goats: And ſhall ſet the ſheep at his right hand, but the goats at his left.

Then ſhall the King ſay to them that ſhall be at his right hand, Come ye bleſſed of my Father, poſſeſs you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and you gave me to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me to drink: I was a ſtranger and you took me in: naked, and you covered me: ſick, and you viſited me: I was in priſon, and you came to me. Then ſhall the juſt anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, and fed thee: athirſt, and gave thee drink? And when did we ſee thee a ſtranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and covered thee? Or when did we ſee thee ſick, or in priſon, and came to thee? And the King anſwering, ſhall ſay to them, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it to one of theſe my leaſt brethren, you did it to me.

Then ſhall he ſay to them alſo that ſhall be at his left hand, Get you away from me you curſed into fire everlaſting, which was prepared for the Devil and his Angels. For I was an hungred, and you gave me not to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me not to drink: I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and you covered me not: ſick and in priſon, and you did not viſit me. Then they alſo ſhall anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, or athirſt, or a ſtranger, or naked, or ſick, or in priſon, and did not miniſter to thee? Then ſhall he anſwer them, ſaying, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it not to one of theſe leſſer, neither did you it to me. And theſe ſhall go into puniſhment everlaſting: but the juſt, into life everlaſting.

Moralities.

1. BEhold here a Goſpel of great terrour, where our ſpirit, like the Dove of *Noah*, is placed upon the great deluge of God's wrath, and knows not where to find footing. Every thing is moſt dreadful: But what can be more terrible then the certainty of Gods judgment, joyned with the great uncertainty of the hour of our death? It is an unchangeable decree, that we muſt all be preſented before the high Tribunal of the living God, to render a juſt account of all which our ſoul hath done, while it was joyned with our body, as we are taught by S. *Paul*. We muſt make an account of our time ſpent, of our thoughts, words, actions, of that we have done, and that we have omitted, of life, death, and of the blood of Jeſus Chriſt; and thereupon receive a judgment of everlaſting life, or death. All men know that this muſt certainly be done, but no man knows the hour or moment when it ſhall be. So many clocks ſtrike about us every day, and yet none can let us know the hour of our death.

2. O how great is the ſolitude of a ſoul in her ſeparation from ſo many great enticements of the world (wherein many men live) and in an inſtant to ſee nothing but the good or ill we have done on either ſide us, what an aſtoniſhment will it be for a man ſuddenly to ſee all the actions of his life (as upon a piece of Tapiſtry) ſpred before his eys; where his ſins will appear like ſo many thorns, ſo many ſerpents, ſo many venemous beaſts. Where wil then be that cozening vail of reputation, and reaſon of ſtate, which as yet cover ſo many wicked actions? The ſoul ſhall (in that day of God) be ſhewed naked to all the world, and her own eys will moſt vex her, by witneſſing ſo plainly what ſhe hath done.

3. O what a parting water is God's judgment, which in a moment ſhal ſeparate the mettals ſo different? O what a diviſion will then be made of ſome men which now live upon earth? Some ſhall be made clear and bright like the ſtars of Heaven, and others like coals burning in Hell. O what a dreadful change will it be to a damned ſoul at her ſeparation from this life, to live only in the company of Devils, in that piercing ſenſe of torments and eternal puniſhment? It is a very troubleſom thing, to be tied with ſilken ſtrings in a bed of Roſes, for the ſpace of eight days together. What may we think of a damned ſoul, which muſt dwell in a bed of flames, ſo long as there ſhall be a God.

4. Make uſe of the time given you to work your ſalvation, and live ſuch a life as may end with a happy

py death, and so obtain that favourable judgment, which shal say; Come, O thou soul blessed of God my Father, possess the kingdom which is prepared for thee from the beginning of the world. There is no better means to avoid the rigour of Gods judgments, then to fear them continually. Imitate the tree (mentioned in an Emblem) which being designed to make a ship, and finding it self wind-shaken as it grew upon the land, said, What will become of me in the sea? If we be already moved in this world, by the bare consideration of the punishment due to sin, think what it will be in that vast sea, and dreadful Abyss of Gods judgments.

Aspirations.

O King of dreasful Majesty, who dost justly damn and undeservedly save souls; save me, O Fountain of Mercie. Remember thy self (sweet Jesus) that I was the cause of that great journie which thou tookest from God to man; and do not destroy me in that dreadful day, which must decide the Question of my life or death for all eternitie. Take care of my last end, since thou art the cause of my beginning, and the onlie cause of all that I am. O Father of bounties, wouldest thou stop a mouth which desires so earnestlie to praise and confess thee everlastinglie? Alas (O eternal Sweetness) wouldest thou damn a soul which hath cost thee so much sweat and blood, giving it for ever to those cruel and accursed powers of darkness? Rather, O Lord, pierce my heart with such a fear of thy judgment, that I may always dread, and never feel them. If I forget, awake my memorie, if I flie from thee, recal me again: If I defer my amendment, stay for me; If I return, do not despise my soul, but open those arms of mercie, which thou didst spread upon the Cross, with such rigorous justice against thy self, for satisfaction of my sins

The Gospel upon Tuesday, the first week in Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 21.

Jesus drove the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple.

And when he was entred Jerusalem, *the whole City was moved, saying, who is this? And the people said, This is* Jesus *the Prophet, of Nazareth in Galilee. And* Jesus *entred into the Temple of God, and cast out all that sold and bought in the Temple, and the tables of the bankers, and the chairs of them that sold Pigeons he overthrew: and he said to them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of theeves. And there came to him the blinde and the lame in the Temple: and he healed them. And the chief Priests and Scribes seeing the marvellous things that he did, and the children crying in the Temple, and saying,* Hosanna *to the Son of* David: *they had indignation, and said to him, Heares thou what these say? And* Jesus *said to them, Very well; have you never read, that out of the mouthes of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise? And leaving them, he went forth out of the City into* Bethania, *and remained there.*

Moralities.

1. Jesus entring in *Jerusalem*, went streight to the Temple, as a good Son goes to his Fathers house; as a High-Priest to the Sanctuary; and as a sacrifice to the Altar. He doth verie livelie interest himself in the goods of his Heavenlie Father, and chaseth out every prophane thing out of that sacred place, to give thereby glorie to the living God, and to put all things in order. It is a wicked stain to Religion, when Ecclesiastical persons are vicious; and when Churches are prophaned. Saint *John Chrysostom* saith, That Priests are the heart of the Church, but when they are wicked, they turn all into sin. A decaying tree hath alwaies some ill qualitie about the root; so when any people are without discipline, the Pastours are without virtue. The want of reverence in Churches, begets the contempt of God, they cannot have Jesus in their hearts, when they give him affronts even in his own Temple.

2. His house (saith he) is a house of Praier, but your heart should be the Sanctuarie, and your lips the door. So long as you are without the exercise of Praier, you shal be like a Bee without a sting, which can make neither honie nor wax. Praier is the chiefest and most effectual means of that Angelical conversation, to which God calls us by the merits of his passion, and by the effects of his triumphant resurrection. It is the sacred business which man hath with God, and (to speak with S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) it is the art, to make our souls divine. Before all things you must put into an order, the number, the time, the place, the manner of your praiers; and be sure that you pay unto God this tribute, with respect, fervour, and perseverance. But if you desire to make a verie good praier, learn betimes to make a praier of all your life. Incense hath no smell without fire, and praier is of no force without charitie. A man must converse innocentlie and purelie with men, that desire to treat worthily with God.

3. Keep your person and your house clean from ill managing all holy things, and from those irreverences, which are sometimes committed in Churches. It is a happie thing for a man to be ignorant of the trade of buying and selling benefices, and to have no intercourse with the tribunals of iniquitie. Manie other sins are written in sand, and blown away with a small breath of Gods mercie; But the faults of so great impietie, are carved upon a corner of the Altar, with a graver of steel, or with a diamond point, as the Prophet saith. He deserves to be made eternallie culpable, who dries up the fountain, which should waste himself, or poisons the stream, which he himself must drink; or contaminates the Sacraments, which are given him to purifie his soul.

Aspirations.

Spirit of God, which by reason of thy eminent height, canst pray to no body, and yet by thy divine wisdom, makest all the world pray to thee; Give me the gift of praier, since it is the mother of wisdom, the seal of virginitie, the sanctuarie for our evils, and fountain of all our goods. Grant that I may adore thee in Spirit with reverence, stedfastness, and perseverance: and if it be thy divine pleasure that I pray unto thee as I ought; inspire into me (by thy virtue) such praiers as thou wilt hear by thy bountie.

The Gospel for Wednesday the first week of Lent, Saint *Matthew* 12.

The Pharisees demand a Sign of Jesus.

Then answered him certain of the Scribes and Pharisees, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee, who answered, and said to them.

The wicked and adulterous generation seeks a sign: and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas *the Prophet: For as* Jonas *was in the whales belly three days, and three nights: so shal the son of man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights. The men of* Nineveh *shall rise in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they did penance at the preaching of* Jonas, *and behold more then* Jonas *here. The Queen of the south shall rise in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; because she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of* Solomon, *and behold more then* Solomon *here. And when an unclean spirit shall go out of a man, he walketh through drie places, seeking rest and findeth not. Then he saith, I will return into my house whence I came out. And coming, he findeth it vacant, swept with besoms, and trimmed, then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked then himself, and they enter in, and dwell there; and the last of that man be*

made

made worse then the first. So shall it be also to this wicked generation.

As he was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him, and one said to him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without seeking thee. But he answering him that told him, said, who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And stretching forth his hand upon his Disciples, he said, Behold my mother and my brethren: for whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in Heaven, he is my brother, sister and mother.

Moralities.

IT is a very ill sign, when we desire signs to make us believe in God. The signs which we demand to fortifie our faith, are oft-times marks of our infidelity. There is not a more dangerous plague in the events of worldly affairs, then to deal with the Devil, or to cast Nativities. All these things fill men with more faults then knowledge. For divine Oracles have more need to be reverenced, then interpreted. He that will find God, must seek him with simplicity, and profess him with piety.

2. Some require a sign, and yet between Heaven and earth, all is full of signs. How many creatures soever they are, they are all steps and characters of the Divinity. What a happy thing it is to study what God is, by the volume of time, and by that great book of the world. There is not so small a flower of the Meadows, not so little a creature upon earth, which doth not tell us some news of him. He speaks in our ears by all creatures, which are so many Organ-pipes to convey his spirit and voice to us. But he hath no sign so great as the Word Incarnate, which carries all the types of his glory and power. About him only should be all our curiosity, our knowledg, our admiration, and our love, because in him we can be sure to find all our repose and consolation.

3. Are we not very miserable, since we know not our own good, but by the loss of it, which makes us esteem so little of those things we have in our hands? The Ninivites did hear old *Jonas* the Prophet. The Queen of *Sheba* came from far to hear the wisdom of *Solomon*. Jesus speaks to us usually from the Pulpits, from the Altars: in our conversations, in our affairs and recreations; and yet we do not sufficiently esteem his words nor inspirations. A surfeited spirit mislikes honey, and is distasted with Manna, raving after the rotten pots of *Egypt*. But it is the last and worst of all ills, to despise our own good. Too much confidence is mother of an approaching danger: a man must keep himself from relapses, which are worse then sins, wrath are the greatest evils of the world; he that loves danger, shall perish in it. The first sin brings with it one Devil but the second brings seven. There are some who vomit up their sins, as the Sea doth cockles, to swallow them again. Their life is nothing but an ebbing and flowing of sins, and their most innocent retreats, are a disposition to iniquity. For as boiled water doth sooneſt freeze, because the cold works upon it with the greater force: so those little fervours of Devotion, which an unfaithful soul feels in confessions, and receiving, (if it be not resolute quite to forsake wickedness) serve for nothing else but to provoke the wicked spirit, to make a new impression upon her. It is then we have most reason to fear God's justice, when we despise his mercy. We become neareſt of kin to him, when his Ordinances are followed by our manners, and our life by his precepts.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, the great sign of thy heavenly Father, who carriest all the marks of his glory, and all the characters of his powers. It is thou alone whom I seek, whom I esteem and honour: All that I see, all I understand, all that I feel, is nothing to me, if it do not carry thy name, and take colour from thy beauties, nor be animated by thy Spirit. Thy conversation hath no trouble, and thy presence no distast. O let me never lose by my negligence, what I possess by thy bounty. Keep me from relapses, keep me from the second gulf, and second hell of sin. He is too blind, that profits nothing by experience of his own wickedness, and by a full knowledge of thy bounties.

The Gospel for Thursday, the first week in Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 5.

Of the woman of *Canaan*.

AND Jesus went forth from thence, and retired into the quarters of Tyre *and* Sidon. *And behold a woman of* Canaan *came forth out of these coasts, and crying out, sayd to him, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, the Son of* David, *my Daughter is sore vexed of a Devil, who answered her not a word. And his Disciples came and besought him, saying, Dismiss her, because she crieth out after us: And he answering, said; I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of* Israel. *But she came and adored him, saying, Lord help me, who answering, said: It is not good to take the bread from Children, and to cast it to the dogs: but she said, Yea Lord, for the dogs also eat of the crums that fall from the tables of their masters. Then* Jesus *answering, said to her, O woman, great is thy faith, be it done to thee as thou wilt: and her daughter was made whole from that hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour *Jesus Christ*, after his great and wondrous descent from heaven to earth; from being infinite to be finite; from being God to be man; used many several means for salvation of the world. And behold entring upon the frontiers of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, he was pleased to conceal himself. But it is very hard to avoid the curiosity of a woman, who seeking his presence, was thereby certain to find the full point of her felicity. A very small beam of illumination reflecting upon her, carried her out of her Country, and a little spark of light brought her to find out the clear streams of truth. We must not be tired with seeking God, and when we have found him, his presence should not diminish, but encrease our desire to keep him still. We are to make entrance into our happiness, by taking fast hold of the first means offered for our salvation; and we must not refuse or lose a good fortune which knocks at our door.

2. Great is the power of a woman, when she applies her self to virtue: behold at one instant, how one of that Sex assails God and the Devil, prevailing with the one by submission, and conquering the other by command. And he which gave the wild Sea, arms to contain all the world, finds his own arms tied by the chains of a prayer, which himself did inspire. She draws unto her (by a pious violence) the God of all strength, such was the fervency of her prayer, such the wisdom of her answers, and such the faith of her words. As he passed away without speaking, she hath the boldness to call him to her: whilest he is silent, she prays, when he excuseth himself, she adores him; when he refuseth her suit, she draws him to her. To be short, she is stronger then the Patriarch *Jacob*, for when he did wrastle with the Angel, he returned lame from the conflict: but this woman, after she had been so powerful with God, returns strait to her house, there to see her victories, and possess her conquests.

3. Mark with what weapons she overcame the greatest of all Conquerours. Charity drew her from home to seek health for her daughter, because like a good mother she loved her not with a luxurious love, but in her affliction, feeling all her dolours, by

their paſſionate reflection upon her heart. Her faith was planted upon ſo firm a rock, that amongſt all the appearances of deſpair, her hope remained conſtant. Humility did effect, that the name of Dog was given her for a title of glory, ſhe making profit of injuries, and converting into honour the greateſt contempt of her perſon. Her words were low and humble, but her faith was wondrous high, ſince in a moment ſhe chaſed away the devil, ſaved her daughter, and changed the word Dog, into the name of a ſheep of Chriſts flock, as *Sedulius* writes. Perſeverance was the laſt of her virtues in the Combat, but it was the firſt which gained her Crown. If you will imitate her in theſe four virtues; Love, Faith, Humility, and Perſeverance: they are the principal materials of which the body of your perfection muſt be compounded.

Aſpirations.

O *Jeſus Chriſt*, Son of *David*, I remember well that thy foreſather did by his Harp chaſe away the devil from *Saul*. And wilt not thou who art the Father of all bleſſed harmonies, drive away from me ſo many little ſpirits, of Affections, of Appetites and Paſſions, which trouble and diſcompoſe my heart? This poor ſoul, which is the breath of thy mouth, & daughter of thine infinite bounties, is (like the Sun under a cloud) poſſeſſed with many wicked ſpirits, but it hath none worſe then that of ſelf love. Look upon me (O Lord) with thine eies of mercy, and ſend me not away with ſilence, ſince thou art the Word. Rather cal me Dog, ſo that I may be ſuffered to gather up the crums which fall from thy table: Whatſoever proceeds from thy mouth is ſacred, and muſt be taken by me as a relique. If thou ſay I ſhal obtain my deſire, I ſay I wil have no other then what thou inſpireſt, and I can be contented with nothing, but what ſhal be thy bleſſed will and pleaſure.

The Goſpel upon Friday, the firſt week in Lent, Saint *John* 5.

Of the Probatick Pond.

After th ſe things, there was a feſtival day of the Jews, *and* Jeſus *went up to* Jeruſalem: *and there is at* Jeruſalem *upon Probatica, a Pond, which in Hebrew is named* Bethſaida, *having five porches. In theſe lay a great multitude of ſick perſons, of blind, lame, withered, expecting the ſtirring of the water.*

And an Angel of our Lord deſcended at a certain time into the Pond; and the water was ſtirred. And he that had gone down firſt into the Pond, after the ſtirring of the water, was made whole, of whatſoever infirmity he was holden. And there was a certain man there, that had been eight and thirty years in his infirmity. Him, when Jeſus *had ſeen lying, and knew that he had now a long time, he ſaith to him, Wilt thou be made whole? The ſick man anſwered him, Lord, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the Pond: for whiles I come, another goeth down before me.* Jeſus *ſaith to him, Ariſe, take up thy bed, and walk. And forthwith he was made whole: and he took up his bed, and walked. And it was the Sabbath that day. The* Jews *therefore ſaid to him that was healed, it is the Sabbath, thou mayeſt not take up thy bed. He anſwered them, He that made me whole, he ſaid to me, take up thy bed, and walk. They asked him therefore, What is that man that ſaid to thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? But he that was made whole, knew not who it was. For* Jeſus *ſhunk aſide from the multitude ſtanding in the place. Afterward* Jeſus *findeth him in the Temple, and ſaid to him. Behold thou art made whole, ſin no more, leſt ſome worſe thing chance to thee. That man went his way, and told the* Jews *that it was* Jeſus *that made him whole.*

Moralities.

1. ALL the world is but one great Hoſpital wherein ſo many perſons languiſh, expecting the moving of the water, and the time of their good fortune. The Angels of earth which govern our fortunes, go not ſo faſt as our deſires. But *Jeſus*, who is the great Angel of Counſel, is alwaies ready to cure our maladies; to ſupport our weakneſs, and make perfect our virtues. We need only to follow his motions and inſpirations, to meet with everlaſting reſt. It is a lamentable thing, that ſome can patiently expect the barren favours of men twenty or thirty years together, and yet will not continue three daies in praier to ſeek the ineſtimable graces of God.

2. The firſt ſtep we muſt make toward our ſalvation, is to deſire it. That man is worthy to be eternally ſick, who fears nothing elſe but the loſs of his bodily health. Men generally do all what they can poſſibly, to cure their corporal infirmities; they abide a thouſand vexations (which are but too certain) to recover a health, which is moſt uncertain. And as for the paſſions of the mind, ſome love the Feavers of their own love, and their worldly ambition above their own life. They ſuck the head of a venomous aſpick, and are killed by the tongue of a viper. They will not part with that which kills them; and if you take from them the worm which makes them itch, or the executioner who doth indeed torment them, they believe you take away the chiefeſt of their felicity. Happy is that ſoul which holds nothing ſo dear in this world, but will forſake it willingly to find God, and will ſpare nothing, to gain Paradiſe.

3. There is nothing more common, nor ſo rare as man. The world is full of vicious and unprofitable men. But to find one very compleat in all good things, is to find a direct Phœnix. There are more buſineſſes without men, then men without buſineſſes. For how many charitable emploiments might many lazy and idle perſons find out? So many poor mens affairs continue at a ſtand: ſo many miſerable creatures languiſh: ſo many deſolate perſons long to find ſome man, who (with little trouble to himſelf) would take ſome ſmall care of their affairs, and make up ſome little piece of their fortunes. *Jeſus* is the man of God deſired of all Ages, to him we muſt apply our ſelves, ſince he is both life and truth. By him we may come to all happineſs, by him we may live in the fountains and ſtreams of life, and in him we may contemplate the chiefeſt of all truths.

Aſpirations.

WHat patience have I in committing ſins, and how impatient am I in my ſufferings for them? I am ever moſt ready to execute vice, and unwilling to abide the puniſhment. O good God, there are many years in which I have retained an inclination to this diſorder, to that ſin. My ſoul is bound, as it were, with iron chains in this unhappy bed: will there be no Angel to move the water for me? But art not thou the Lord and Prince of Angels? Then I muſt humbly beſeech thee (O bleſſed Saviour) do thou command, and by thy only word my affairs will go well, and receive a happy diſpatch; my body will become ſound, my ſoul innocent, my heart at reſt, and my life an eternal glory.

The Goſpel upon Saturday the firſt week in Lent, and the Sunday following, out of Saint *Matthew* 17.

Of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

And after ſix days, Jeſus *taketh unto him* Peter *and* James, *and* John *his brother, and bringeth them into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them. And his face did ſhine as the ſun: and his garments became white as ſnow. And behold there appeared to them,* Moſes *and* Elias *talking with him. And* Peter *anſwering, ſaid to* Jeſus, *Lord*

Lord, it is good for us to be here, if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, *and one for* Elias. *And as he was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them. And lo, a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him. And the Disciples hearing it, fell upon their face, and were sore afraid. And* Jesus *came and touched them: and he said to them, Arise, and fear not. And they lifting up their eys, saw no body but only* Jesus. *And as they descended from the Mount,* Jesus *commanded them, saying, Tell the vision to no body, till the Son of man be risen from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. THe words of the Prophet *Osee* are accomplished; the nets and toils planted upon mount *Tabor*, not to catch birds, but hearts. The mountain which before was a den for Tigers and Panthers (according to the story) is now beautified by our Saviour, and becomes a place full of sweetness and ravishments. *Jesus* appears transfigured in the high robes of his glory. The cloud made him a pavillion of gold, and the Sun made his face shine like it self. The heavenly Father doth acknowledge his Son as a true Prince of glory; *Moses* and *Elias* both appear in brightness, the one bearing the Tables of the Law, and the other carried in a burning Chariot (as *Origen* saith) which made the Apostles know him. For the Hebrews had certain figures of the most famous men of their Nation in Books. They both (as S. *Luke* saith) were seen in glory and majesty, which fell upon them by reflection of the beams which came from the body of *Jesus*, who is the true fountain of brightness. The Apostles lose themselves in the deliciousness of this great spectacle; and by seeing more then they ever did, desired to lose their eyes. O that the world is most contemptible to him, that knows how to value God as he ought. So many fine powders, so many pendents and favours of glass; so many Towers and Columns of dirt plaistred over with gold, are followed by a million of Idolaters. To conclude, so many worldly jewels are like the empty imaginations of a sick spirit, not enlightned by the beams of truth. Let us rely upon the word (saith S. *Augustine*) which remains for ever, while men passe like the water of a fountain, which hides it self in the Spring, shews it self in the stream, and loseth it self at last in the Sea. But God is always himself, there needs no Tabernacle made by the hands of man, to remain with him; for in Paradise, he is both the God and the Temple.

2. *Tabor* is yet but a small pattern, we must get all the piece; we must go to the Palace of Angels and brightness, where the Tabernacles are not made by the hands of men. There we shall see the face of the living God clearly and at full: There the beauties shall have no vails to hide them from us: Our Being shall naue no end: Our knowledges will not be subject to errour, nor our loves and affections to displeasure. O what a joy will it be to enjoy all, and desire nothing; to be a Magistrate without a successour, to be a King without an enemy, to be rich without covetousness, to negotiate without mony, and to be ever living without fear of death.

3. But who can get up to this mountain, except he of whom the Prophet speaks? who hath innocent hands and a clean heart, who hath not received his soul of God in vain, to bury it in worldly self. To follow *Jesus*, we must transform our selves into him, by hearing and following his doctrine, since God the Father proposeth him for the Teacher of mankind, and commands us to hearken unto him. We must follow his examples, since those are the Originals of all Virtues. The best trade we can practise in this world, is that of transfiguration: and we may do it by reducing our form to the form of our Lord, and walking upon earth like men in Heaven. Then will the Sun make us have shining faces, when purity shall accompany all our actions and intentions. Our cloaths shall be as white as snow, when we shall once become innocent in our conversations, we shall then be ravished like the Apostles, and after we have been at Mount *Tabor*, we shall be blind to the rest of the world, and see nothing but *Jesus*. It is moreover to be noted, that our Saviour did at that time entertain himself with discourse of his great future sufferings, and of his death; to teach us, that his Cross was the step by which he mounted up to beatitude.

Aspirations.

O Blessed Palace! O magnificent *Tabor*! which this day didst hold upon thee the Prince of glory; I love and admire thee, but I admire somewhat else above thee: It is the Heavenly Jerusalem, that triumphant company, that face of God, where all those beauties are, which shall never cease to be beauties. It is for that I live, for that I die, for that I languish with a holy impatience. O my Jesus, my most benign Lord, transform me then into thee, that I may thereby be transformed into God. If I have carried the earthly Image of *Adam*, why should I not also carry the form of *Jesus*? Catch me, O Lord, within those tissued nets, and golden toils of brightness, which thou didst plant upon this sacred mountain. It is there I would leave mine eyes, it is there I resolve to breath out my soul. I ask no Tabernacles to be there built for me; I have long since contemplated thy heart, (O Father of essences and all bounties) as the most faithfull abode of my eternity.

The Gospel upon Munday, the second week in Lent, Saint *John* 8.

Jesus said to the Jews, where I go, ye cannot come,

AGain therefore Jesus *said to them, I go, and you shall seek me, and shall die in your sin. Whither I go you cannot come. The* Jews *therefore said, Why, will he kill himself, because he saith, whither I go, you cannot come? And he said to them, You are from beneath, I am from above: you are of this world, I am not of this world. Therefore I say to you, That you shall die in your sins. For if you believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. They said therefore to him, Who art thou?* Jesus *said to them, The Beginning, who also speak to you: Many things I have to speak and judg of you: but he that sent me, is true: and what I have heard of him, these things I speak in the world. And they knew not that he said to them, that his Father was God.* Jesus *therefore said to them, when you shall have exalted the Son of man, then you shall know that I am he, and of my self I do nothing, but as the Father hath taught me, these things I speak: and he that sent me, is with me: and he hath not left me alone, because the things that please him, I do always.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greatest misfortunes of our life, is, that we never sufficiently know our own good, till we lose it. We flie from that we should seek: we seek that we should avoid, and never begin to bewail our losses, but when they are not to be recovered. Those Jews possessed an inestimable treasure, by the presence and conversation of the Son of God. But they set light by it, and so at last they lamented amongst eternal flames, what they would not see in so clear a light. Let us take heed of despising holy things, and avoid hardness of heart, which is a gulf of unavoidable mischiefs.

2. It is a strange thing that God is so near us, and yet we so far from him. That which hinders us from finding him is, because he is above, and we below.

We are too much for the world; too fast nailed to the earth; too much bound to our superfluous businesses and cares of this life: and too much subject to our own appetites. He must not be slave to his body, that pretends to receive good from God, who is a Spirit. He must not embarque himself deeply into worldly matters, who desires the society of Angels. He must pass from his sense to his reason, from reason to grace, from grace to glory. If you desire to find God, search for him as the three Kings did in the Manger, in his humility. Look for him as the blessed Virgin did, in the Temple, in his piety: Seek him as the *Maries* did, in his Sepulchre, by the meditation of death: but stay not there, save only to make a passage to life.

2. When you have lifted me up to the Cross, (saith our Saviour) you shall know that I am the true Son of God. And indeed it is a great wonder, that the infinite power of that Divinity, would manifest it self in the infirmity of the Cross. It was only for God to perform this great design, and ascend up to his throne of glory, by the basest disgraces of the world. The good thief saw no other title or sign of his Kingdom, but only his body covered over with blood, and oppressed with dolours. He learned by that book of the Cross, all the glory of Paradise: and he apprehended that none but God could endure with such patience, so great torments. If you will be children of God, you must make it appear by participation of his Cross, and by suffering tribulation. By that Sun, our Eagle tries his young ones; he who cannot abide that shining ray sprinkled with blood, shall never attain to beatitude. It is not comely to see a head crowned with thorns, sit in a rotten chair of delicacies.

Aspirations.

O Blessed Saviour, who dost lift up all the earth with three fingers of thy power, raise up a little this painful mass of my body, which weighs down it self so heavily. Give me the wings of an Eagle to flie after thee, for I am constantly resolved to follow thee, whithersoever thou goest: for though it should be within the shadow of death, what can I fear being in the arms of life? I am not of my self, nor of the world, which is so great a deceiver. Since I am thine by so many titles, (which bind me to adoration) I will be so in life, in death, in time, and for all Eternitie. I will take part of thy sufferings, since they are the scarffs of our Christian warfare. Tribulation is a most excellent engine; the more a man is kept under, the higher he mounts: He descends by perfect humility, that he may ascend to thee by the steps of glory.

The Gospel for Tuesday, the second week in Lent, Saint *Matthew* 23.

Jesus said, The Pharisees sit in *Moses* chair, believe therefore what they say.

THen Jesus spake to the multitudes, and to his Disciples, saying, Upon the chair of Moses *have sitten the Scribes and Pharisees. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, observe ye, and do ye: but according to their works do ye not for they say and do not: for they binde heavy burthens and importable, and put them upon mens shoulders, but with a finger of their own they will not move them. But they do all their works for to be seen of men, for they make broad their Phylacteries, and enlarge their Fringes. And they love the first places at Suppers, and the first chairs in the Synagogues, and salutations in the market-place, and to be called of men, Rabbi: But be not you called Rabbi; for one is your Master, and all you are brethren. And call none father to your self upon earth, for one is your Father, he that is in Heaven; neither be ye called Masters, for one is your Master, Christ: he that is the greater of you, shall be your servitour. And he that exalteth himself shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a very dangerous errour, to think that our Saviour in this Gospel, had a purpose to introduce an Anarchy, and to make all men equal. He sheweth in many places, that he would have Kings, Princes, Magistrates, Fathers, and Doctours. But he would not have men to come to honours by a vain ambition, nor others to honour them, but only as they have dependency upon the power of God Almighty. Let every soul (saith the Apostle) be subject to higher Powers, for there is no power, but it cometh from God. He gives us Superiours, not for us to judge, but to obey them. If a man cannot approve their manners, he must at least reverence the character of their authority. They should be good Christians for themselves, but they are Superiours for us. He that resisteth their power, doth resist God, who ordained them. And all the great evils happening by heresies and rebellions, proceed from no other fountain, but from contempt of powers established by the decree of heaven. A man may pretend zeal, but there is no better sacrifice then that of obedience. If great persons abuse their offices, God will find it out; and as their dignities are great, so their punishment shall be answerable.

2. One of the greatest disorders of this life is, that we go for the most part outwardly, to please the world, and are little careful of a good inward application of our selves to please God. In stead of taking the way of God's image (from whence we all come) we are content to have virtues only by imagination, and vices in their true essence. *Nembroth* professed himself a servant of the true God, and yet adored the fire in secret. Jesus hath many worshippers in words, but few in truth. Some stand upon formalities, others upon disguised habits, others amuse themselves about ceremonies, others go as upon certain springs, to make themselves counted wise. Most men would seem what they are not, and much troubled to be seen what they are. All their time doth pass in fashions and countenances; but death and God's judgments take off all those masks.

3. To say, that we have seen a man exteriourly devout and spiritual (except he be so inwardly) is to say, we have seen a house without a foundation, a tree without a root, a vessel move upon the Sea without a bottom, and an excellent clock without a spring. For the same which the foundation is to a house, the root to a tree, the bottom to a ship, and the spring to a clock, the same is a man's interiour life to all virtue. What is a man the better, who resembles window-cushions, which are covered with velvet, and stuft with hay: or to be like the Picture of *Diana*, in *Homer's* Iland, which wept to some, and laught to others. A little spark of a good conscience is better then all the lights of the world. Why do we crucifie our selves with so many dissimulations, so many ceremonies, so many enforcements upon our natures, to serve and please men only to get smoak? He that sows wind (saith the Prophet) shall reap a storm. Let us live to our selves in the purity of a good conscience, and of a perfect humility, if we desire to live for ever with God. Those shadows of false devotion proceed from the leaves of that fig-tree, wherewith *Adam* and *Eve* covered their nakedness: do not we know that hypocrisy is the same thing to virtue, which painting is to faces? and that it is the very moth which devours sanctity, and will at the day of judgment make all those appear naked, which to the world seem well apparelled.

Aspiration.

Aſpiration.

O God of all truth, wherefore are there ſo many fictions, and counterfeit behaviours? Muſt we alwaies live to pleaſe the eies of others, and run after the ſhadow of vanity, which leaves nothing but illuſion within our eies, and corruption in our manners. I will live unto thee (O fountain of lives) within whom all creatures have life. I will retire my ſelf into my own heart, and negotiate with it by the ſecret feeling of a good conſcience, that I may treat with thee. What need I the eies of men, if I have the eies of God? They alone are ſufficient to do me good, ſince by their aſpect they give happineſs to all the Saints. I will ſeek for thee (O my beloved Lord) from the break of day, till the dead time of the night. All places are ſolitarie where thou art not, and where thou art, there only is the fullneſs of all pleaſures.

The Goſpel for Wedneſday, the ſecond week in *Lent*, S. *Matth* 20.

The Requeſt of the Wife of *Zebedee*, for her ſons *James* and *John*.

And Jeſus going up to Jeruſalem, took the twelve Diſciples ſecretly, and ſaid to them, Behold we go up to Jeruſalem, and the Son of man ſhal be delivered to the chief Prieſts, and to the Scribes, and they ſhal condemn him to death, and ſhal deliver him to the Gentiles, to be mocked, and ſcourged, and crucified, and the third day he ſhal riſe again.

Then came to him the mother of the Sons of Zebedee, *with her ſons, adoring and deſiring ſomething of him: who ſaid to her, What Wilt thou? She ſaith to him, Say that theſe my two ſons may ſit one at thy right hand, and one at thy left hand in thy Kingdom. And Jeſus anſwering, ſaid, You know not what you deſire. Can ye drink of the cup that I ſhal drink of? They ſay to him, We can. He ſaith to them, My cup indeed you ſhal drink of: but to ſit at my right hand and left, is not mine to give to you, but to whom it is prepared of my Father.*

Moralities.

1. WHat a ſhort life have we, and yet ſuch large and vaſt ambitions? We fear everie thing like mortal men, and yet deſire all, as if we ſhould be immortal upon earth. It is a ſtrang thing to obſerve how the deſire of honour ſlides even amongſt the moſt refined devotions. Some one is counted an Angel of Heaven amongſt men, who hath not forſaken his pretence upon earth. Ambition ſleeps in the boſoms of perſons conſecrated for the Altars. It overthrows ſome whom luxurie could not ſtir; and moves thoſe whom avarice could not touch. We deſire all to be known, and to ſeem what we are not: but this ſeeming is that which doth bewitch us. All paſſions grow old and weaker by age; only the deſire of worldly riches and honours, is a ſhirt which we never put off, till we come to the grave. Why do we ſo extreamly torment our poor life, by running after this ſhadow of honour, which we cannot follow without trouble, nor poſſeſs without fear, nor loſe without ſorrow? Is it not a ſtrange folly, that men love ſuch vanities, till the very laſt inſtant of their own ruins, and fear nothing, ſo they may tumble into precipices of gold and ſilver?

2. What great pains you take for theſe children, as if they did not more belong to God then you: you caſt day and night where to place them, when the Providence of God (which is the great Harbinger of the world) hath already markt their lodgings. One is ſetled in a good Religious courſe, another in the grave, another perhaps ſhal have more then is neceſſary to make him a good man. *Eve* imagined that her ſon *Cain* (having all the world) would have become ſome great god, when ambition made him a devil incarnate. You ſhal rarely make your children great Saints, by getting them great honours. You deſire they ſhould poſſeſs all that which overthrows them; and pretending to make a building with one hand, you deſtroy it with the other. By all your earneſt wiſhes, and all your laborious endeavours (for advancement of your children) you effect nothing, but thereby give them enticements to pleaſure, and weapons for iniquity.

3. Whereupon ſhould we build our ambitions, if not upon the bloud of the holy Lamb? At the foot of the Croſs we behold a God covered with bloud, crowned with thorns and reproaches, who warns us to be humble; and at the ſame time we eagerly purſue worldly glory and ambition: We reſemble that unhappy daughter of *Miltiades*, who did proſtitute her ſelf under her fathers Tropheys. By our unmeaſurable hunting after honours, amongſt the ignominies of Jeſus Chriſt, we abandon our ſelves to diſhonour, and make no other uſe of the Croſs, but only to be a witneſs of our infidelity.

Aſpirations.

AVoid, be gone you importunate cares of worldly goods and honours! you little tyrants, which burn the bloud within our veins, and fill the moſt innocent pleaſures of our life, with bitter ſorrows, what have I more to do with you? My children ſhal be what God will. They ſhal be but too rich, when they have virtue for their portion, and but too high, when they ſhal ſee a true contempt of the world under their feet. God forbid that I ſhould go about any worldly thron upon the holy Lambs bloud, or that I ſhould talk of honours, when there is mention made of the holy Croſs. O Jeſus, thou father of all true glories, thou ſhalt from henceforth be my only crown. All greatneſs where thou art not, ſhal to me be only baſeneſs, I will mount up to thee by the ſtairs of humility, ſince by thoſe thou cameſt down to me. I will kiſs the paths of Mount *Calvary*, which thou haſt ſprinkled with thy precious bloud, and eſteem the Croſs above all worldly things, ſince thou haſt conſecrated it by thy cruel pains; and brought us forth upon that dolorous bed, to the day of thy eternity.

The Goſpel upon Thurſday, the ſecond week in Lent, out of Saint *Luke* 16.

Of the rich Glutton, and poor *Lazarus*.

THere was a certain rich man, and he was clothed with purple and ſilk, and he fared every day magnificently. And there was a certain beggar called Lazarus, *that lay at his gate full of ſores, deſiring to be filled of the crums that fell from the rich mans table, but the dogs alſo came, and licked his ſores. And it came to paſs that the beggar died, and was carried of the Angel into* Abraham's *boſom. And the rich man alſo died, and he was buried in hell, and lifting up his eys, when he was in torments, he ſaw* Abraham *afar off, and* Lazarus *in his boſom. And he crying, ſaid, Father* Abraham, *have mercy on me, and ſend* Lazarus, *that he may dip the tip of his finger into water, for to cool my tongue, becauſe I am tormented in this flame. And* Abraham, *ſaid to him, Son, remember that thou didſt receive good things in thy life time, and* Lazarus, *likewiſe evil: but now he is comforted, and thou tormented. And And beſides all theſe things, between us and you there is fixed a great Chaos: that they which will paſs from hence to you, may not, neither go from thence hither. And he ſaid, Then father, I beſeech thee that thou wouldſt ſend him unto my fathers houſe, for I have five brethren, for to teſtifie unto hem, leſt they alſo come into this place of torments. And* Abraham *ſaid to them, They have* Moſes *and the prophets: let them hear them. But he ſaid, No, father* Abraham, *but if ſome man ſhall go from the dead to them, they will do penance. And he ſaid to him, If they hear not* Moſes *and the Prophets, neither if one ſhall riſe again from the dead, will they believe.*

Morall.

Moralities.

1. A Rich man and a poor meet in this world, the one loaden with treasures, the other with ulcers. They both meet in the other world, the one in a gulf of fire, the other in Abyss of delights: Their ends are as different, as their lives were contrary: to teach us, that he which shall consider rightly, the end of all worldly sins and vanities, will have in horrour the desire of them, And as there is nothing, for which goodly poor men may not hope, so is there nothing, which wicked rich men should not fear. He that is proud of riches, is proud of his burdens and chains, but if he unload them upon the poor, he will be eased of his pain, and secured in his way.

2. The life of man is a marvellous Comedy wherein the greatest part of our actions are plaid under a curtain, which the Divine Providence draws over them, to cover us. It concealed poor *Lazarus*, and kept him in obscurity, like the fish, which we never see till it be dead. But *Jesus* draws the curtain, and makes himself the historian of this good poor man, shewing us the state of his soul, of his body, of his life and death. He makes him appear in *Abraham's* bosom, as within the temple of rest and happiness, and makes him known to the rich man, as to the treasurer of hells riches. Are we not unworthy the name which we carry, when we despise the poor, and hate poverty, as the greatest misery? since the Son of God having once consecrated it upon the throne of his manger, made it serve for his spouse during life, and his bride-maid at the time of his death.

3. This rich glutton dreamed, and at the end of his dream found himself buried in hell. All those pomps of his life, were scattered in an instant, as so many nocturnal illusions, and his heart filled with eternal grief and torment. His first misery is a sudden, unexpected, and hideous change, from a huge sea of delicacies, into an insufferable gulf of fire: where he doth acknowledge, that one of the greatest vexations in misery, is to have been happy. Another disaster which afflicts him, is to see *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* bosom; to teach us, that the damned are tormented by Paradise, even to the very lowest part of hell; and that the most grievous of their torments, is, they can never forget their loss of God. So saith *Theophylact*, that *Adam* was placed over against the terrestrial Paradise, from whence he was banished, that in his very punishment, he might see the happiness he had lost by his foul fault. Now you must add to the rest of his sufferings, the great Chaos which (like a diamond wall) is between hell and Paradise, together with the privation of all comfort; those losses without remedy; that wheel of eternity; where death lasteth for ever, and the end begins again without ceasing, and the torments can never fail or diminish.

4. Do good with those goods which God hath given you, and suffer them not to make you wicked; but employ your riches by the hands of virtue: If gold be a child of the Sun, why do you hide him from his father? God chose the bosom of rich *Abraham*, to be the Paradise of poor *Lazarus*. So may you make the needy feel happiness by your bounty; your riches shall raise you up, when they are trodden under feet. The Prophet saith, you must sow in the field of Alms, if you desire to reap in the mouth of Mercy.

Aspirations.

O God of Justice, I tremble at the terrour of thy judgments. Great fortunes of the world (full of honour and riches) are fair trees, oft-times the more ready for the axe: Their weight makes them apt to fal, and prove the more unhappy fuel for eternal flames. O Jesus, father of the poor, and King of the rich, I most humbly beseech thee, never give my heart in prey to covetousness, which (by loading me with land) may make me forget Heaven. I know that death must consume me to the very bones, and I shal then possess nothing, but what I have given for thee. Must I then live in this world (like a Griffin) to hoard up much gold, and silver whereof I shall never have use, and still be vexed with care how to preserve it? O most mercifull Lord, suffer me not to be taught by hell fire, that which I may have neglected to learn out of thy Gospel. I most heartily renounce all luxury and pomp of the world, and this carnal life, which would always busie it self about my body. If thou be pleased to make me rich, I will be so for the poor; and if thou make me poor, I will make my self rich in thee, who art the true riches of all thine elect.

The Gospel upon Friday, the second week in Lent, Saint *Matthew* 21.

Of the Master of a Vineyard, whose son was killed by his Farmers.

ANother Parable hear ye: A man there was, an housholder, who planted a Vineyard, and made an hedge round about it, and digged in it a press, and builded a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went forth into a strange Country. And when the time of fruits drew nigh, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, to receive the fruits thereof. And the husbandmen apprehending his servants, one they beat, another they they killed, and another they stoned. Again, he sent other servants, more then the former; and they did to them likewise. And last of all, he sent to them his Son, saying, They will reverence my Son. But the husbandmen seeing the Son, said within themselves, This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and we shall have his inheritance. And apprehending him, they cast him forth out of the Vineyard, and killed him. When therefore the Lord of the Vineyard shall come, what will he do to those husbandmen! They say to him, The naughty men he will bring to naught: and his Vineyard he will let out to other husbandmen, that shall render him the fruit of their seasons.

Jesus saith to them, Have you never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is made into the head of the corner? By our Lord was this done, and it is marvellous in our eys. Therefore I say to you, That the Kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and shall be given to a Nation, yielding the fruits thereof. And he that falleth upon this stone, shall be broken: and on whom it falleth, it shall all to bruise him. And when the chief Priests and Pharisees had heard his Parables, they knew that he spake of them. And seeking to lay hands upon him, they feared the multitudes: because they held him as a Prophet.

Moralities.

WE have reason to fear all that is in us, yea, even the gifts of God: All his favours are so many chains; if they bind us not to do our duty, they will bind us to the punishment due for that neglect. Our soul is given us by God, as a thing borrowed from Heaven, we must not be too prodigal of it. We must dig up ill roots, as we do in land cultivated: The time will come, that we must render up the fruits; and shall we then present thorns? Examine every day how you profit, and what you do: draw every day a line, but draw it toward eternity. What can you hide from God who knows all? What can you repay to God who gives all? and how can you requite *Jesus* who hath given himself?

2. How many messengers doth God send to our hearts without intermission, and how many inspirations which we reject? So many Sermons which we do not observe, & so many examples which we neglect. Jesus comes in person by the Sacrament of the Altar, and we drive him from us, to crucify him, when

when we place the Devil and mortal ſin in his room. What other thing can we expect for reward of all theſe violences, but a moſt fearful deſtruction, if ye do not prevent the ſword of juſtice, by walking in the paths of mercy? Our vanities, which at firſt are like ſmall threads, by the contempt of God's grace come to be great cables of ſin. He that defers his repentance, is in danger to loſe it, and will be kept out of the Ark, with the croaking Raven, ſince he hath neglected the mourning of the ſorrowful Dove.

3. It is a moſt horrible thing, to ſee a ſoul left to it ſelf, after it hath ſo many times forſaken the inſpirations of God. It becomes a deſolate Vineyard, without incloſure. The wild Boar enters into it, and all unclean and ravenous creatures do there ſport and leap without controle. God hangs clouds over it, but will let no drop of water fall upon it. The Sun never looks upon it with a loving eye: all there is barren, venomous, and near to Hell. Therefore above all things we muſt fear to be forſaken of God. Mercy provoked, changes it ſelf into ſevere Juſtice. All creatures will ſerve (as God's inſtruments) to puniſh a fugitive ſoul, which flies from him by her ingratitude, when he draws her to him by the ſweetneſs of his benefits.

Aſpirations.

ALaſs, O great Father of the world's family, I am confounded to ſee thy Vineyard ſo ill ordered, made ſo barren, and ſpoiled. My paſſions dominier like wild beaſts, and devours the fruits due to thy bounty. I am heartily ſorry I have ſo little eſteemed thy graces, and to have preferred all that, which makes me contemptible before thee. I do this day renounce all the abuſes of my ſoul. I will grow and proſper under thy bleſſings: I will flouriſh under thy aſpect, and fructifie under thy protection. Command only thy graces and ſweet dews of Heaven (which are as paps of thy favours) to rain upon me, and water this rotten trunk of my heart. Speak to that eye of love that beautiful eye of Jeſus, that it will ſhine upon me but once with that ray, which doth make ſouls happy for ever.

The Goſpel upon Saturday, the ſecond week in *Lent*, S *Luke* 15.

Of the prodigal Child.

AND he ſaid, A certain man had two ſons; and the younger of them ſaid to his father; Father, give me the portion of ſubſtance that belongeth to me; and he divided unto them the ſubſtance. And not many days after, the youngeſt ſon gathering all his things together, went from home into a far Country, and there he waſted his ſubſtance, living riotouſly. And after he had ſpent all, there fell a ſore famine in that Country, and he began to be in need: and he went and cleaved to one of the Citizens of that Country, and he ſent him into his Farm to feed Swine. And he would fain have filled his belly of the huſks that the Swine did eat, and no body gave unto him. And returning to himſelf, he ſaid; How many of my father's hirelings have abundance of bread, and I here periſh for famine? I will ariſe, and will go to my father, and ſay unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy ſon, make me as one of thy hirelings. And riſing up, he came to his father, and when he was yet far off, his father ſaw him, and was moved with mercy, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kiſſed him. And his ſon ſaid to him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy ſon. And the father ſaid to his ſervants, Quickly bring forth the firſt ſtole, and do it on him, and put a Ring upon his hand, and Shoes upon his feet, and bring the fatted Calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry, becauſe this my ſon was dead, and is revived, was loſt, and is found. And they began to make merry. But his elder ſon was in the field, and when he came and drew nigh to the houſe, he heard muſick and dancing. And he called one of the ſervants, and asked what theſe things ſhould be? And he ſaid to him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted Calf, becauſe he hath received him ſafe. But he had indignation, and would not go in. His father therefore going forth, began to deſire him. But he anſwering, ſaid to his father, Behold, ſo many years do I ſerve thee, and I never tranſgreſſed thy commandment, and thou didſt never give me a Kid to make merry with my friends. But after that thy ſon, this, that hath devoured his ſubſtance with whores, is come, thou haſt killed for him the fatted Calf. But he ſaid to him, Son, thou art always with me, and all my things are thine. But it behoved us to make merry and be glad, becauſe this thy brother was dead, and is revived; was loſt, and is found.

Moralities.

1. THis parable is a true table, expreſſing the excurſions of a prodigal ſoul, and her return to the mercy of God, by the way of repentance. Note, that the firſt ſtep which ſhe trode toward her own deſtruction (as *Cain* did) was her departing from God, not by changing of place, but of heart. It departed from the chiefeſt light, which made it fall into an eclipſe of reaſon, and ſo into profound darkneſs. She diverted her ſelf from the greateſt bounty, which made her incline toward all wickedneſs, (being ſtraied from her Sovereign being) which made her become juſt nothing.

2. She continued in ſin, as in a Country which was juſt nothing, where ſhe was vexed on all ſides with diſquiet, with cares, with fears and diſcontents. All ſins toſs their followers, as the ball is toſſed at Baloon. Vanity ſends them to pride: pride to violence: violence to avarice: avarice to ambition: ambition to pomp and riot: pomp to gluttony: gluttony to luxury: luxury to idleneſs: idleneſs to contempt and poverty: and that poverty brings them to all worldly miſery. For all miſchiefs follow a wicked ſoul, which departing from God, thinks to find a better condition.

3. Affliction opens the eys of man, and makes him come to himſelf, that he may the better return to God. There is no journey ſo far, as when a man departs from himſelf, not by place but my manners. A Sea of licentiouſneſs interpoſeth it ſelf between his ſoul and innocence, to divorce her from the way of goodneſs. But God's grace is a burning wind, which dries it up; and having brought man to himſelf, takes him by the hand, and leads him even to God.

4. O what a happy thing it is, to conſider the effects of God's mercy in the entertainment of the good father, to his prodigal ſon. The one had loſt all which he had of a good ſon: but the other had not loſt what belonged to a good father. The ſon had yet ſaid nothing, when fatherly affection pleaded for him in the heart of his father, who felt the dolours of a ſpiritual labour, and his entrails were moved to give a ſecond birth to his ſon. Though he were old, yet he went the pace of a young man. Charity gives him wings to fly to the embracements of his loſt child. He is moſt joyful of that comes with him, even of his very poverty. This without doubt, ſhould give us a marvellous confidence in Gods mercy, when we ſeek it with hearty repentance. It is a Sea of bounty, which waſheth away all that is amiſs. Since he hath changed the name of maſter, into that of father, he will rather command by love, then reign by a predominant power. No man ought to deſpair of pardon, except he, who can be as fully wicked, as God is good: none is ſo merciful as God, none is ſo good a father as he: for when you may have loſt your part of all his virtues, you can never (while you live) loſe the poſſibility of his mercy. He will receive you between his arms without any other reaſon, but your return by repentance.

5. The ſame Parable is alſo a true glaſs, ſhewing the

the life of thoſe young unthrifts, who think they are born onely for ſport, for their bellies, and for pleaſure. They imagine their Fathers keep for them the golden mines of Peru, and their life being without government, their expences are without meaſure. Some of them run through the world, they wander into all places, but never enter into conſideration of themſelves. They return from forrain parts loaden with debts, and bring home nothing but ſome new fantaſtical faſhions, cringes, and corantoes. There are many of them in whom pride and miſery continue inſeparable, after they have loſt their mony and their brains. Their Fathers are cauſes of their faults, by gathering ſo much wealth for thoſe, who know not how to uſe it. Yet if they have the true repentance of the prodigal child, he muſt not deny them pardon: But mercy muſt not be had of thoſe who ask it by ſtrong hand, or ſeek it by a counterfeit ſorrow.

Aſpirations.

IT is an accurſed wandring to travel into the country of nothing, where pleaſure drops down as water from a ſtorm; the miſerable conſequences whereof have leaden feet, which never remove from the heart. Good God what a country is that, where the earth is made of quick-ſilver, which ſteals it ſelf from under our feet, when we think to tread upon it. What a country is that, where if a man gather one bud of roſes, he muſt be forced to eat a thouſand thorns, and be companion with the moſt naſty, filthy beaſts in their ſtinking ordures, and be glad to eat of their loathſom draffe for want of other meat. Alas, I have ſurfeited, and ſuch a miſery as this, is neceſſary to make me remember the happineſſe which I poſſeſſed in thy houſe: O merciſull Father, behold my prodigal ſoul which returns to thee and will have no other advocate but thy goodneſs; which as yet pleads for me within thy heart. I have conſumed all which I had, but I could not conſume thy mercy. For that is as an Abyſs which ſurpaſſeth that of my ſins and miſeries. Receive me as a mercenary ſervant, if I may not obtain the name of a ſon. Why ſhouldeſt not thou receive that which is thine, ſince the wicked ſpirits have taken that which was not theirs? Either ſhew me mercy, or elſe ſhew me a heart more fatherly then thine, and if neither earth nor heaven can find the like, to whom wouldſt thou have me go but to thy ſelf, who doeſt not yet ceaſe to call me?

The Goſpel upon the third Sunday in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 11.

Jeſus caſt out the Devil which was dumb.

AND *he was caſting out a devil, and that was dumb. And when he had caſt out the devil, the dumb ſpake, and the multudes marvelled. And certain of them ſaid, in Belzebub the Prince of Devils he caſteth out Devils. And others tempting, asked him a ſign from Heaven. But he ſeeing their cogitations, ſaid to them: Every Kingdom divided againſt it ſelf, ſhall be made deſolate, and houſe upon houſe ſhall fall. And if Satan alſo be divided againſt himſelf, how ſhall his Kingdom ſtand? becauſe you ſay, that in Belzebub I do caſt out Devils. And if I in Belzebub caſt out Devils; your children, in whom do they caſt out? Therefore they ſhall be your judges. But if I in the finger of God do caſt out Devils, ſurely the Kingdom of God is come upon you. When the ſtrong armed keepeth his court, thoſe things are in peace that he poſſeſſeth; but if a ſtronger then he come upon him, and overcome him, he will take away his whole armour, wherein he truſted, and will diſtribute his ſpoils. He that is not with me, is againſt me; and he that gathereth not with me, ſcattereth. When the unclean ſpirit ſhall depart out of a man, he wandreth through places without water, ſeeking reſt; and not finding, he ſaith, I will return into my houſe whence I departed. And when he is come, he findeth it ſwept with a beſom, and trimmed. Then he goeth and taketh ſeven other ſpirits worſe then himſelf, and entring in, they dwell there. And the laſt of that man be made worſe then the firſt.*

And it came to paſſe, when he ſaid theſe things, a certain woman lifting up her voice out of the multitude, ſaid to him, Bleſſed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou didſt ſuck. But he ſaid, yea, rather, bleſſed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Moralities.

1. THE Almond-tree is the firſt which begins to flouriſh, and it is often firſt nipt with froſt. The tongue is the firſt thing which moves in a mans body, and is ſooneſt caught with the ſnares of Satan. That man deſerves to be ſpeechleſſe all his life, who never ſpeaks a word better then ſilence.

2. Jeſus, the eternal word of God, came upon earth to reform the words of man: his life was a lightning, and his word a thunder, which was powerfull in effect, but always meaſured within his bounds. He did fight againſt ill tongues in his life, and conquered them all in his death. The gall and vinegar which he took to expiate the ſins of this unhappy tongue, do ſhew how great the evil was, ſince it did need ſo ſharp a remedy. He hath cured by ſuffering his dolours, what it deſerved by our committing ſins. Other vices are determined by one act, the tongue goes to all: it is a ſervant to all malicious actions, and is generally confederate with the heart in all crimes.

3. We have juſt ſo much Religion as we have government of our tongues: A little thing ſerves to tame wild beaſts, and a ſmall ſtern will ſerve to govern a ſhip? Why then cannot a man rule ſo ſmall a part of his body? It is not ſufficient to avoid lying, perjuries, quarrels, injuries, ſlanders and blaſphemies, ſuch as the Scribes and Phariſees did vomit out in this Goſpel againſt the purity of the Son of God: We muſt alſo repreſs idle talk, and other frivolous and unprofitable diſcourſes. There are ſome perſons who have their hearts ſo looſe, that they cannot keep them within their breſts, but they will quickly ſwim upon their lips, without thinking what they ſay, and ſo make a ſhift to wound their ſouls.

4. I mitate a holy Father called *Siſus*, who prayed God thirty years together every day to deliver him from his tongue, as from a capitall enemy. You ſhall never be very chaſte of your body, except you do very well bridle your tongue. For looſneſſe of the fleſh proceeds ſometimes from liberty of the tongue: Remember your ſelf that your heart ſhould go like a clock, with all the juſt and equal motions of his ſprings; and that your tongue is the finger, which ſhews how all the hours of the day paſſe. When the heart goes of one ſide, and the tongue of another, it is a ſure deſolation of your ſpirits Kingdom. If Jeſus ſet it once at peace and quiet, you muſt be very careful to keep it ſo; and be very fearfull of relapſes. For the multiplying of long continued ſins, brings at laſt hell it ſelf upon a mans ſhoulders.

Aſpirations.

O Word incarnate, to whom all juſt tongues ſpeak, and after whom all hearts do thirſt and languiſh; chaſe from us all prating devils, and alſo thoſe which are dumb: the firſt provoke and looſe the tongue to ſpeak wickedly, and the other bind it when it ſhould confeſſe the truth. O peace-making *Solomon*, appeaſe the diviſions of my heart, and unite all my powers to the love of thy ſervice. Deſtroy in me all the marks of Satans Empire, and plant

there

there thy Tropheys and Standards, that my ſpirit be never like thoſe devils which ſeek for reſt, but ſhall never find it. Make me preſerve inviolable the houſe of my conſcience, which thou haſt cleanſed by repentance, and cloathed with thy graces: that I may have perſeverance to the end without relapſes, and ſo obtain happineſs without more need of repentance

The Goſpel upon Munday, the third week in Lent, Saint *Luke* 4.

Jeſus is required to do Miracles in his own Countrey.

AND he ſaid to them Certes, you will ſay to me this ſimilitude, Phyſitian cure thy ſelf: as great things as we have heard done in Cappernaum, do alſo here in thy Countrey. And he ſaid, Amen, I ſay to you, that no Prophet is accepted in his own Countrey. In truth I ſay to you, there were many widows in the days of Elias in Iſrael, when the heaven was ſhut three years and ſix months, when there was a great famine made in the whole earth; and to none of them was Elias ſent, but into Sarepta of Sidon, to a widow woman. And there were many Lepers in Iſrael under Elizeus the Prophet, and none of them made clean but Naaman the Syrian. And all in the Synagogue were filled with anger, hearing theſe things. And they roſe, and caſt him out of the City: and they brought him to the edge of the hill whereupon their City was built, that they might throw him down head long. But he paſſing through the midſt of them, went his way.

Moralities.

1. THe malignity of mans nature undervalueth all that which it hath in hand, and little eſteems many neceſſary things, becauſe they are common. The Sun is not counted rare, becauſe it ſhines every day, and the elements are held contemptible, ſince they are common to the poor as wel as the rich. Jeſus was deſpiſed in his own Countrey, becauſe he was there known to all the world, and the diſdain of that ungrateful Nation cloſed the hands of his great bounty. Is it not a great unhappineſs to be weary and tired with often communicating? to be wicked becauſe God is good? and to ſhut up our ſelves cloſe, when he would impart himſelf to us? Men make little account of great benefits and ſpiritual helps, for that they have them preſent. They muſt loſe thoſe favours to know them well, and ſeek outrageouſly without effect, what they have kickt away with contempt, becauſe it was eaſily poſſeſt.

2. The choices and elections of God are not to be comprehended within our thoughts, but they ſhould be adored by our hearts. He is Maſter of his own favours, and doth what he will in the Kingdoms of Nature, Grace, and Glory. He makes veſſels of Potters earth, of gold and ſilver. He makes Holy-dayes and working-days (ſaith the Wiſeman) his liberalities are as free to him, as his thoughts. We muſt not examine the reaſon why he doth elevate ſome, and abaſe others. Our eye muſt not be wicked, becauſe his heart is good. Let us content our ſelves that he loves the humble, and to know that the loweſt place of all, is moſt ſecure. No man is made reprobate without juſtice, no man is ſaved without mercy. God creates men to repair in many, that which he hath made; and alſo to puniſh in the perſons of many, that which he hath not made.

3. Jeſus doth not cure his brethren; and yet cures ſtrangers; to ſhew, that his powers are not tied to any nation, but his own will. So likewiſe the graces of God are not to be meaſured according to the nature of him who receives them, but by the pure bounty of him who gives them. The humility of ſome doth call him, when the preſumption of others doth eſtrange him. The weak grounds of a dying law, did no good to the Jews, who diſdained the grace of Jeſus Chriſt, And that diſdain deprived them of their adoption, of the glory of the New Teſtament, of all the promiſes, and of all Magiſtracy. They loſt all, becauſe they would keep their own wills. Let us learn by the grace of God to deſire earneſtly that good, which we would obtain effectually. Perſons diſtaſted and ſurfetted, cannot advance much in a ſpiritual life. And he that ſeeks after perfection coldly, ſhall never find it.

Aſpirations.

THy beauties (moſt ſweet Jeſus) are without ſtain, thy goodneſs without reproach, and thy converſation without importunity. God forbid I ſhould be of the number of thoſe ſouls which are diſtaſted with Manna, and languiſh after the onions of Egypt. The more I taſte thee, the more I incline to do thee honour. Familiarity with an infinite thing, begets no contempt but onely from thoſe whom thou doeſt deſpiſe for their own faults. O what high ſecrets are thy favours. O what Abyſſes are thy graces. We may wiſh and run: But except thou cooperate, nothing is done. If thou ceaſe to work, all is undone. I put all my happineſs into thy hands: It is thou alone which knoweſt how to chuſe what we moſt need by thy Sovereign wiſdom, and thou giveſt it by thy extream bounty.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday, the third week in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 18.

If thy brother offend thee, tell him of it alone.

BUT if thy Brother ſhall offend againſt thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone: if he ſhall hear thee, thou ſhalt gain thy brother, and if he will not hear thee, joyn with thee beſides, one or two, that in the mouth of two or three witneſſes every word may ſtand. And if he will not hear them, tell the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the Heathen and the Publican. Amen, I ſay to you, whatſoever ye ſhall bind upon earth, ſhall be bound alſo in heaven: and whatſoever ye ſhall looſe upon earth, ſhall be looſed alſo in heaven. Again I ſay to you, that if two of you ſhall conſent upon earth, concerning every thing whatſoever they aſk, it ſhall be done to them of my Father which is in heaven: for where there be two or three gathered in my name, there am I in the midſt of them.

Then came Peter unto him, and ſaid, Lord, how often ſhall my brother offend againſt me and I forgive him? until ſeven times? Jeſus ſaid to him, I ſay not to thee until ſeven times but until ſeventy times ſeven times.

Moralities.

1. THe heavens are happy that they go always in one meaſure, and in ſo great a revolution of ages do not make one falſe ſtep; but man is naturally ſubject to fail: He is full of imperfections, and if he have any virtues, he carries them like duſt againſt the wind, or ſnow againſt the ſun. This is the reaſon which teaches him that he needs good advice.

2. It is ſomewhat hard to give right correction, but much harder to receive it profitably. Some are ſo very fair ſpoken, that they praiſe all which they ſee; and becauſe they will find nothing amiſs, they are ordinarily good to no body. They ſhew to thoſe whom they flatter, their virtues in great, and their faults in little; they will ſay to thoſe who are plunged in great diſorders, they have no other fault, but that they are not ſufficiently careful of their own health. Others do correct with ſuch ſharpneſs and violence, that they wound their own hearts to cure other mens, and ſeem to have a greater minde to pleaſe their own paſſions, then to amend thoſe whom they would inſtruct. Correction ſhould be accompanied with ſweetneſs, but it muſt carry withall a little vigour to make a right temper, and to keep a mean between ſoftneſs and auſterity. Jeſus in the Prophet *Iſaiah* is called both a rod and a flower: to ſhew us (according to *Origen*) that he carries ſe-

verity mingled with ſweetneſs; to uſe either of them according to the diverſity of perſons.

3. It is not a very eaſie thing to receive brotherly cortection patiently, we are ſo far in love with being well thought of. And after we have loſt the tree of life, (which is virtue it ſelf) we would keep the bark of it, which is onely reputation. All ſhadows proceed from thoſe bodies upon which ſomewhat ſhines; honour is the child of a known virtue: and many, when they cannot get one lawfull, are willing to have a Baſtard. This is the cauſe, why ſo many reſemble thoſe ſerpents, which requite them with poiſon, who ſing to them pleaſant ſongs. Whatſoever is ſpoken to inſtruct them, makes them paſſionate, and dart out angry ſpeeches againſt thoſe, who ſpeak to them mild and gentle words of truth, and tending to their ſalvation. Reſt aſſured, you can never get perfection, except you count it a glory to learn, and diſcover your own imperfections.

4. There is nothing of more force then the prayers of juſt men: which are animated by the ſame ſpirit, and cemented together with perfect concord. They are moſt powerful both in heaven and earth. When they deſire what God will, they are always heard; if not according to the wiſhes of their own nature, yet according to the greater profits of his grace. He is always happy, who hath that which he would; becauſe he knows how to wiſh what is fitting, and finds means to obtain what he deſires by reaſon of his abſtinence from coveting that which cannot be had.

5. We muſt not offer to limit our goodneſs; but as it comes from an infinite God, we ſhould make it as near, being infinite, as we can. He gives the lie to virtues, who will reduce them to a certain number. We muſt never be weary of well doing, but imitate the nature of celeſtial things, which never make any end but to begin again.

Aſpiration.

O God, what ſpots are in my ſoul, and how little do I look into my own imperfections? Wilt thou never ſhew me to my ſelf, (for ſome good time) that I may cure my ſelf by horrour of ſeeing what I am, ſince I do ſo often wound my ſelf, by being too indulgent to my own naughty affections. It is a great offence to break the glaſs which repreſenteth me to my ſelf by brotherly correction, & to think, I ſhall commit no more ſins when no body will take liberty to reprove me. I will humble my ſelf to the very duſt, and mount up to thy glory by contempt of my own baſeneſs: Alaſs, muſt my ſoul be always ſo far in love with it ſelf, that it cannot ſuffer the remonſtrance of a friend? how will it then endure the tooth of an enemy? what can ſhe love being ſo partial to her ſelf, if ſhe do not love moſt ugly darkneſs, O my redoubted Maſter, I fear thine eyes which ſee thoſe obſcurities, which the fooliſh world takes to be brightneſs. If I cannot be always innocent, make me at leaſt acknowledg my ſelf faulty, that I may know my ſelf as I am, to the end thou mayeſt know me for an object capable of thy mercy.

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the third week in Lent, S. *Matthew* 15.

The Phariſees asked Jeſus, Why do thy Diſciples contradict ancient Traditions

Then came to him from Jeruſalem, Scribes, and Phariſees ſaying, Why do thy Diſciples tranſgreſs the tradition of the ancients? For they waſh not their hands when they eat bread. But he anſwering, ſaid to them, Why do you alſo tranſgreſs the commandment of God for your tradition? For God ſaid, Honour Father and Mother: and he that ſhall curſe father or mother, dying let him dy. But you ſay, Whoſoever ſhall ſay to father or mother, The gift whatſoever proceedeth from me, ſhall profit thee, and ſhall not honour his father or his mother: and you have made fruſtrate the Commandment of God for your own tradition. Hypocrites, well hath Eſaiah propheſied of you, ſaying, This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. And in vain do they worſhip me, teaching doctrins and commandments of men.

And having called together the multitudes unto him, he ſaid to them, Hear ye and underſtand, Not that which entreth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, that defileth a man. Then came his Diſciples and ſaid to him, Doſt thou know, that the Phariſees when they heard this word, were ſcandalized? But he anſwering, ſaid, All planting which my heavenly Father hath not planted, ſhall be rooted up. Let them alone; blind they are, guides of the blind: and if the blind be guide to the blind, both fall into the ditch. And Peter anſwering, ſaid to him, Expound us this Parable But he ſaid, Are you alſo as yet without underſtanding? Do you not underſtand, that all that entreth into the mouth, goeth into the belly, and is caſt forth into the privy? But the things that proceed out of the mouth, come forth from the heart, and thoſe things defile a man. For from the heart come forth evil cogitations, murders, adulteries, fornications, theefts, falſe teſtimonies, blaſphemy: Theſe are the things that defile: but to eat with unwaſhen hands, doth not defile a man.

Moralities.

1. THe ſpirit of man is wretched, and makes it ſelfe buſineſs by being diſquieted with petty little things: and tormenting it ſelf with formalities, whiles it lives in a deep neglect of all that, which is moſt eſſential to her ſalvation. The Phariſees did place their perfections in waſhing themſelves every hour of the day in bearing writs of the Law upon their foreheads, and thorns upon their heels, but made no ſcruple to take away the honour due to fathers and mothers from their children: to make ſpoil of the world by a ravenous avarice (which took upon it the appearance of piety) and to give up innocent blood under the ſhew of juſtice. The world doth now furniſh it ſelf with ſuch like devotions. Some make it a ſin to look upon a fair flower with delight: to eat with a good appetite: to drink cool wine in hot weather: to burn a paper, upon which the name of Jeſus is written: to tread upon two ſtraws that lie a croſs. But to ſet money to uſury, to remember injuries for ever, to keep a poor workmans wages, to oppreſs the weak, to accuſe the innocent, to ſpoil miſerable perſons: Theſe are the little ſins which paſs for virtues in this world. Aſſure your ſelf that ſuch proceedings are abominable before God; and there can be no better devotion in the world, then to have a true and right feeling of God, and to live in honeſty, not ſophiſticated; but ſuch as is produced out of the pure lights of nature. The conſcience of hypocrites is a ſpiders web, whereof no garment can ever be made. Hypocriſie is a very ſubtil fault, and a ſecret poiſon, which kils other virtues with their own ſwords.

2. Jeſus is our great maſter, who hath abridged ſix hundred and thirteen Precepts of the old Teſtament within the Law of love. Do but love (ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*) and do what you will: but then your love muſt go to the right fountain, which is, the heart of God. It is in him you muſt cheriſh and honour your neareſt friends; and for him alſo you are bound to love even your greateſt enemies. Be not afraid to ſhew him your heart ſtark naked, that he may pierce it with his arrows; for the wounds of ſuch an archer are much more precious then rubies. You ſhall gain all by loving him; and death it ſelf, which comes from this love, is the gate of life. If you love him truly, you will have the three conditions

tions of love, which are, to serve him, to imitate him, and to suffer for him. You must serve him with all fidelity in your prayers, and all your actions: you must imitate him (what possibly you can) in all the passages of his life; And you must hold it for a glory to participate (with a valiant patience) all the fruits of his Cross.

Aspirations.

O Great God, who judgest all hearts, and doest penetrate the most secret retirements of our consciences, drive away from me all counterfeit Pharisaical devotions, which are nothing but shews, and cannot subsist but by false apparencies. O my God, my Jesus, make me keep the Law of thy love, and nothing else. It is a yoke which brings with it more honour then burden; It is a yoke which hath wings, but no heavines: Make me serve thee, (O my Master) since thou beholdest the services of all the Angels under thy feet: Make me imitate thee, (O my Redeemer) since thou art the original of all perfections: make me suffer for thee, (O King of the afflicted) and that I may not know what it is to suffer, by knowing what it is to love.

The Gospel upon Thursday the third week in Lent, S. *Luke* 4.

Jesus cured the Feaver of *Simon's* Mother in Law.

AND Jesus rising up out of the Synagogue, entred into Simon's house, and Simon's wives mother was holden with a great Feaver, and they besought him for her. And standing over her, he commanded the Feaver, and it left her: And incontinent rising, she ministred to them. And when the Sun was down, all that had diseased of sundry maladies, brought them to him: But he imposing hands upon every one, cured them. And Devils went out from many, crying and saying, that thou art the Son of God. And rebuking them, he suffered them not to speak that they knew he was Christ. And when it was day, going forth, he went into a desart place, and the multitudes sought him, and came even unto him: and they held him, that he should not depart from them. To whom he said, That to other Cities also must I Evangelize the Kingdom of God: because therefore I was sent. And he was preaching in the Synagogues of Galilee.

Moralities.

1. A Soul within a sick body, is a Princess that dwels in a ruinous house: Health is the best of all temporal goods; without which, all honours are as the beams of an eclipsed sun: Riches are unpleasing, and all pleasures are languishing. All joy of the heart subsists naturally in the health of the body. But yet it is true, that the most healthfull persons are not always the most holy. What profit is there in that health, which serves for a provocation to sin, for an enticement to worldly pleasure, and a gate to death? The best souls are never better nor stronger, then when their bodies are sick: their diseases are too hard for their mortal bodies, but their courage is invincible. It is a great knowledge to understand our own infirmities. Prosperity keeps us from the view of them, but adversity shews them to us. We should hardly know what death is, if so many diseases did not teach us every day that we are mortal. *Semiramis* the proudest of all Queens had made a law, whereby she was to be adored in stead of all the gods, but being humbled by a great sickness, she acknowledged her selfe to be but a woman.

2. All the Apostles pray for this holy woman which was sick, but she her self asked nothing, nor did complain of any thing. She leaves all to God, who is onely Master of life and death. She knew that he which gives his benefits with such bounty, hath the wisdom to chuse those which are most fit for us: How do we know, whether we desiring to be delivered from a sickness, do not ask of God to take away a gift which is very necessary to our salvation? That malady or affliction which makes us distaste worldly pleasures, gives us a disposition to taste the joys of heaven.

3. How many sick persons in the heat of a Feaver promise much; and when they are wel again, perform nothing. That body which carried all the marks of death in the face, is no sooner grown strong by health (which rejoyceth the heart, and fils the veins with blood) but it becomes a slave to sin. The gifts of God (being abused) serve for nothing but to make it wicked; and so the soul is killed by recovery of the flesh. But this pious woman, is no sooner on foot, but she serves the Authour of life, and employes all those limbs, (which Jesus cured of the Feaver) to prepare some provisions to refresh him. He that will not use the treasures of heaven with acknowledgment, deserveth never to keep them. When a man is recovered from a great sickness, as his body is renewed by health: so on the other side, he should renew his spirit by virtue. The body, (saith S. *Maximus*) is the bed of the soul, where it sleeps too easily in continual health, and forgets it self in many things. But a good round sickness doth not onely move, but turn over this bed, which maketh the soul awake, to think on her salvation, and make a total conversion.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, all Feavers and Devils flie before the beams of thy redoubted face. Must nothing but the heat of thy passions always resist thy powers and bounties? To what maladies and indispositions am I subject? I have more diseases in my soul then limbs in my body. My weakness bends under thy scourges, and yet my sins continue stil unmoveable. Stay, (O benign Lord) stay thy selfe near me. Cast upon my dull and heavy eyes, one beam from those thine eyes, which make all storms clear, and all disasters happy. Command that my weakness leave me, and that I may arise to perform my services due to thy greatness, as I will for ever owe my salvation to thine infinite power and bounty.

The Gospel upon Friday the third week in Lent, Saint *John* 4.

Of the Samaritan woman at JACOB's Well, near *Sichar*.

HE cometh therefore into a City of Samaria, which is called Sichar, beside the Mannour that Jacob gave to Joseph his Son. And there was there the fountain of Jacob. Jesus therefore wearied of his journey, sate so upon the fountain. It was about the sixth hour,

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water, Jesus saith to her, Give me to drink: for his Disciples were gone into the City to buy meats: therefore that Samaritan woman saith to him, How dost thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, which am a Samaritan woman? for the Jews do not communicate with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said to her, If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou perhaps wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith to him, Sir, neither hast thou wherein to draw, and the well is deep; whence hast thou the living water? Art thou greater then our Father Jacob who gave us the Well, and himself drank of it, and his children and his Cattel. Jesus answered, and said to her, Every one that drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst for ever: but the water, that I will give him, shall become unto him a fountain of water springing up unto life everlasting. The woman saith to him, Lord, give me

this water, that I may not thirſt, nor come hither to draw.

Jeſus ſaid to her, Go call thy husband, and come hither. The Woman anſwered and ſaid, I have no husband. Jeſus ſaith to her, Thou haſt ſaid well that I have no husband: for thou haſt had five husbands, and he whom thou now haſt, is not thy husband. This thou haſt ſaid truly.

The Woman ſaith to him, Lord, I perceive that thou art a Prophet. Our Fathers adored in this Mountain, and you ſay, that Jeruſalem is the place where men muſt adore. Jeſus ſaith to her, Woman believe me, that the hour ſhall come, when you ſhall neither in this Mountain, nor in Jeruſalem, adore the Father. You adore that you know not: we adore that we know; for ſalvation is of the Jews: but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers ſhall adore the Father in ſpirit and verity. For the Father alſo ſeeketh ſuch to adore him. God is a ſpirit, and they that adore him, muſt adore in ſpirit and verity. The Woman ſaith to him, I know that Meſſias cometh, (which is called Chriſt) therefore when he cometh, he will ſhew us all things. Jeſus ſaith to her, I am he that ſpeake with thee.

And incontinent his Diſciples came: and they marvelled that he talked with a woman. No man for all that ſaid, What ſeek'ſt thou, or why talkeſt thou with her? The Woman therefore left her water pot, and ſhe went into the City, and ſaith to thoſe men, Come and ſee a man that hath told me all things whatſoever I have done: Is not he Chriſt? They went forth therefore out of the City, and came to him.

In the mean time the Diſciples deſired him, ſaying, Rabbi, eat. But he ſaid to them, I have meat to eat which you know not. The Diſciples therefore ſaid one to another, hath any man brought him for to eat? Jeſus ſaith to them, My meat is to do the will of him that ſent me, to perfect his work. Do not you ſay, that yet there are four months, and harveſt cometh? Behold I ſay to you, lift up your eyes, and ſee the Countries, that they are white already to harveſt: and he that reapeth, receiveth hire, and gathereth fruit unto life everlaſting, that both he that ſoweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoyce together. For in this is the ſaying true, that it is one man that ſoweth, and it is another that reapeth. I have ſent you to reap that for which you laboured not: others have laboured, and you have entred into their labours.

And of that City many believed in him of the Samaritans, for the word of the Woman giving teſtimony, that he told me all things whatſoever I have done. Therefore when the Samaritans were come to him, they deſired him that he would tarry there. And he tarried there two days. And many more believed for his own word: and they ſaid to the Woman, That now, not for thy ſaying do we believe: for our ſelves have heard, and do know, that this is the Saviour of the World indeed.

Moralities.

1. THe God of all power is weary, the main ſea deſires a drop of ſalt water: the King of Angels becomes a ſuppliant for a little part of all that, which is his own. This Goſpel ſhews us clearly the love of God toward humane nature, and the infinite zeal which he hath to the ſalvation of ſouls. Is it not a thing, which ſhould load us with confuſion, to ſee, that he who is filled with all felicities hath only one thirſt, which is, that we ſhould thirſt after him? and that we ſhould make chief account of that living water, which he carrieth within his breaſt, which indeed properly is grace, the onely way to glory.

2. Behold the difference between *Jacobs* Well and the Well of Jeſus; between contentments of the world, and the pleaſures of God. The Well of *Jacob* is common to men and beaſts; to ſhew unto us, that a man which glorifieth himſelf of his ſenſual delights, makes a Trophey of his own baſeneſs, and a Triumph of his fault. It is juſt as if *Nebuchadnezzar* forſaking his Crown and throne (to transform himſelf into a beaſt) ſhould brag, that he had gotten a handſom ſtable, and very good hay. But the fountain of Jeſus holds in it the water of graces, a wholeſom water, pure and Chriſtalline, which brings us to the ſociety of Angels. The water of *Jacob*, though it be but a water for beaſts, yet it is hard to obtain: There are many which run mad after riches, honours and contentments of this world, and can never come to poſſeſs them: They live in a mill, and gain nothing out of it, but the noiſe and duſt. They turn round about upon the wheel of diſquiet, and never reſt. But if good fortune ſometime caſt them a bone, there are a hundred dogs which ſtrive to catch it. All their life is nothing but expectation, and their end onely deſpair. Whereas the Well of Jeſus is open to all the world; he ſeeketh, he asketh, he calleth, he giveth *gratis*, he requireth nothing of us but our ſelves, and would have us for no other reaſon but onely to make us happy. The Well of *Jacob* begetteth thirſt, but doth not quench it. Do not you conſider that the Samaritan woman left her pot there, and did not drink? After ſo many fantaſms and illuſions, which do amuſe worldlings, they muſt part from the world with great thirſt. But the fountains of our Saviour free us from the deſire of all creatures, and do eſtabliſh within mans ſpirit, an object of which the heart can never loſe the delight. O happy Samaritan! (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) which left her pot empty, that ſhe might return full of Jeſus Chriſt. She did no wrong to her fellow Citizens, for if ſhe brought no water to the Town, yet ſhe made the fountain it ſelf come thither.

3. Is it not a ſhameful thing that God ſhould ſeek us amongſt the heats of his love and ſufferings, deſireth nothing but us, is contented with the poſſeſſion of our heart, and yet we cannot be content with him? Shall not we forſake all the diſorders of a ſenſual life which hinder the effect of Gods grace? Shall not we forſake and leave behind us our pitcher, bidding farewel to all thoſe occaſions which lead us to ſin, to avoid that fire whereof we have reaſon to fear the ſmoke?

Aſpirations.

O (Unexhauſtible fountain of all beauties) that my ſoul hath been long alienated from thee! I have ſo many times run after the ſalt waters of worldly pleaſures and contentments which have not ceaſed to kindle a wicked thirſt within my veins, in ſuch a violent proportion, that I could not quench it. But now (O ſweet Saviour) my ſoul (being weary and diſtaſted with all the fading delights of this tranſitory world) doth languiſh inceſſantly after thee. Whether the break of day begin to gild the mountains with his brightneſs, whether the Sun be advanced high in his courſe, or whether the night do caſt a dark vail over all mortal things. I ſeek and deſire thy entertainments, which are the only ſweet Idea's of my ſoul. I plunge my ſelf within the contemplation of thy greatneſs, I adore thy powers. The firſt, which torments me (by loving thee) is ſo precious, that I would not loſe it to drink Nectar; and I can never quench it, but in the ſtreams of thoſe delights and pleaſures, which proceed from the throne of the holy Lamb.

The Goſpel upon Saturday the third week in Lent, S. *John* the 8.

Of the woman found in adultery.

AND Jeſus went into the Mount Olivet, and early in the morning again he came into the Temple, and the people came to him, and ſitting he taught them.

And the Scribes and Phariſees bring a Woman taken in adultery, and they did ſet her in the midſt, and ſaid to him, Maſter, this woman was even now taken in adultery. And

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in the law Moſes commanded to ſtone ſuch. What ſayeſt thou therefore? and this they ſaid tempting him, that they might accuſe him. But Jeſus bowing himſelf down, with his finger wrote in the earth. When they therefore continued asking him he lifted up himſelf, and ſaid to them, He that is without ſin of you, let him firſt throw the ſtone at her. And again bowing himſelf, he wrote in the earth. And they hearing, went out one by one, beginning at the Seniours, and Jeſus alone remained, and the woman ſtanding in the midſt. And Jeſus lifting up himſelf, ſaid to her, Woman, where are they that accuſed thee? Hath no man condemned thee? who ſaid, No man, Lord. And Jeſus ſaid, Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now ſin no more.

Moralities.

1. MEn naturally love better to cenſure the life of another, then to examine their own. The Ravens accuſe Doves, and he ſits often upon a Tribunal to condemn vice, who doth lodge it in his heart. Many reſemble the Cocks which crow againſt a Baſilisk, and yet bear the ſeed of it in their entrails. Reaſon would alwayes, that we begin to reform others, by the cenſure of our own life. No word can carry ſuch life and vigour with it, as that which is followed by action. To talk all and do nothing, is to build with one hand, and deſtroy with the other. The land of the living ſhall never be for thoſe, who have their tongues longer then their arms.

2. To what purpoſe is it to ſpeak good words, and yet lead an ill life? A man can neither hide himſelf from God nor himſelf: his conſcience is a thouſand witneſſes. Thoſe, who were ready to lift up their hands to ſtone the adulterous woman, were diverted, and departed with confuſion, ſeeing their ſins written in the duſt, with certain figures to expreſs them. If we could always behold our own life before our eyes (as a piece of Tapiſtry) we ſhould there ſee ſo many Serpents amongſt flowers, that we would have more horrour of our own ſins, then will to cenſure thoſe who are like our ſelves.

3. God ſhews mercy, but would not ſuffer his mildneſs to be abuſed, ſin muſt not print its ſteps upon his clemency. It is a falſe repentance for a man to act that which himſelf hath condemned: and after ſo many relapſes, to take but one fall into everlaſting pain. The ordinary Gloſs obſerves, that our Saviour bended down, when he wrote upon the earth; to ſhew, that the remembrance of our ſins lay heavy upon him: But when he began to pardon, he aroſe up; to teach us, what joy and comfort he takes in the Kingdom of his mercy.

Aſpirations.

O Sovereign Judge, who ſitteſt upon a Tribunal ſeat, borne up with truth and power; make me rather judge mine own life, then cenſure the lives of others. Muſt I be full of eyes without, and blind within? ſhew me my ſtains, and give me water to waſh them out. Alaſs! I am altogether but one ſtain, and thou art all purity. My ſoul is aſhamed to ſee it ſelf ſo dark before thy light, and ſo ſmutted over, before thine immortal whiteneſs. Do not write me upon the ground, as a child of earth; write me in heaven, ſince I am the portion which thou haſt purchaſed with thy precious blood: Blot out my ſins, which are but too deeply graven upon my hands; and pardon, by thine infinite mercy, what thou mayeſt condemn by juſtice.

The Goſpel upon Sunday the fourth week in Lent, S. *John* 6.

Of the five Fiſhes, and two Barly loaves.

AFter theſe things Jeſus went beyond the Sea of Galilee, which is of Tiberias; and a great multitude followed him, becauſe they ſaw the ſigns which he did upon thoſe that were ſick. Jeſus therefore went up into the mountain, and there he ſate with his Diſciples. And the Paſcha was at hand, the feſtival day of the Jews. When Jeſus therefore had lifted up his eyes, and ſaw that a very great multitude cometh to him, he ſaith to Philip, whence ſhall we buy bread, that theſe may eat? and this he ſaid, tempting him, for himſelf knew what he would do. Philip anſwered him, two hundred peny-worth of bread is not ſufficient for them, that every man may take a little piece. One of his Diſciples, Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, ſaith to him, There is a Boy here, that hath five Barly loaves, and two Fiſhes, but what are theſe among ſo many? Jeſus therefore ſaith, Make the men ſit down. And there was much graſs in the place. The men therefore ſate down, in number about five thouſand. Jeſus therefore took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, he diſtributed to them that ſate. In like manner alſo of the Fiſhes, as much as they would. And after they were filled, he ſaid to his Diſciples, Gather the fragments that are remaining, leſt they be loſt. They gathered therefore, and filled twelve baskets with fragments of the five Barly loaves which remained to them that had eaten. Thoſe men therefore when they had ſeen what a ſign Jeſus had done, ſaid, That this is the Prophet indeed that is to come into the world. Jeſus therefore when he knew that they would come to take him, and make him a King, he fled again into the mountain himſelf alone.

Moralities.

1. WHat a happy thing it is to ſerve God, whoſe converſation is ſo worthy all love! See how he carried himſelf toward this poor multitude, which followed him with ſuch zeal and conſtancy. It ſeems they were his children, that he carried them all upon his ſhoulders, that he had their names, their Countries, their qualities, and the conditions of their ſmall fortunes graven in his heart. He is ſo tender over them, he ſo afflicts himſelf about them, as a Shepherd over his poor flock. He inſtructs them, he ſpeaks to them of heavenly things, he heals their maladies, he comforts their ſadneſs, he lifts his eyes up to heaven for them; and for them he opens his divine hands (the treaſures of Heaven) and nouriſhes them by a miracle, as they had wholly reſigned themſelves to him with ſuch abſolute confidence. O how are we cheriſhed by heaven, ſince God doth bind himſelf to help us! And we ſhould be unfaithfull not to truſt him, who makes nature it ſelf ſo faithful to us. It is here much to be obſerved, that God doth no miracles for his own profit, he doth not change ſtones into bread in the deſart to nouriſh himſelf after that long faſt which he did there make: but for his faithful ſervants he alters the courſe of nature; and being auſtere to himſelf, he becomes indulgent to us; to teach us, that we ſhould deſpoil our ſelves of ſelf-love, which ties us to our own fleſh, and makes us ſo negligent to our neighbour.

2. What precious thing is to be gotten by following the world, that we ſhould forſake Jeſus in the Deſart, and run after vaine hopes at Court, and great mens houſes, where we pretend to make ſome fortune? How many injuries muſt a man diſſemble? How many affronts muſt he ſwallow? How many deadly ſweats muſt he endure, to obtain ſome reaſonable condition? How many times muſt he ſacrifice his children, engage his own conſcience, and offer violences to others, to advance the affairs of great men? And after many years ſervice, if any foreair'd or ruinous buſineſs committed to his charge (in the purſuit whereof he muſt walk upon thorns) ſhall chance to miſcarry, all the fault muſt be laid upon a good officer; and if he prove unlucky, he ſhall ever be made culpable, and in the turning of a hand, all his good ſervices forgotten and loſt: and for a final recompence, he muſt be loaden with infinite diſgraces. It is quite contrary in the ſervice of God: for he encourages our virtues, he ſupplies our defects, governs our ſpiritual, and yet neglects not our temporal occaſions.

caſions. He that cloaths the flowers of the Meadows more gorgeouſly then Monarchs, who lodges ſo many little Fiſhes in golden and azure ſhels, he, who doth but open his hand and repleniſhes all nature with bleſſings, if we be faithful in keeping his Commandments, will never forſake us at our need. But yet we find all the difficulties of the world to put our truſt in him, we vilifie our cares of eternity: and by ſeeking after worldly things whereby to live, we torment our ſelves, & in the end loſe our own lives. A man that muſt dy, needs very few worldly things; a very little Cabbin will ſuffice nature, but whole Kingdoms will not ſatisfie covetouſneſs.

3. Jeſus flies from Scepters, and runs to the Croſs; he would have no worldly Kingdoms, becauſe their Thrones are made of Ice, & their Crowns of Glaſs. He valued the Kingdom of God above all things, that he might make us partakers of his precious conqueſt, and infinite rich prize. But now it ſeems that heaven is not a ſufficient Kingdom for us; men run after land, & itch after the ambition of fading greatneſs: and ſometimes all their life paſſeth away in great ſins, and as great troubles, to get a poor title of three letters upon their Tomb. Alaſs! do we know better then God, in what honour conſiſts, that we muſt ſeek after that which he did avoid, and not imitate that which he followed?

Let us follow God, and believe that where he is, there can be no deſart or ſolitude for us. They ſhall never taſte the delights of virtue that feed upon the joys of vanity. All worldly pleaſures are Comets, made fat with the ſmokes and vapours of the earth; and inſtead of giving light and brightneſs, they bring forth murders and contagions: but the following of God is always ſweet, and he which ſuffers thereby, changes his very tears into nouriſhment.

Aſpiration.

O My God! Shall I always run after that which flies from me, and never follow Jeſus who follows me by incomparable paths, and loves me even while I am ungrateful. I will no more run after the ſhadows of worldly honour, I will no more have my own will, which both is, and hath proved ſo unfaithful. I will put my ſelf into the happy courſe of Gods diſpoſition, for all which ſhall happen unto me, either in time or eternity; his careful eye watches over me, it is for me that his hands have treaſures, and the very Deſarts poſſeſs abundance. O crucified love, the moſt pure of all beauties, it is for thee that ſo many generous Champions have peopled the Deſarts, and paſſed the ſtreams of bitterneſs and ſorrow, bearing their croſſes after thee; and thereupon have felt the ſweetneſs of thy viſits among their cruel rigours. God forbid, that I ſhould give the ly to ſo great and ſo generous a company. I go to thee and will follow thee amongſt the deſarts; I run not after bread, I run after thy divine perſon, I will make much of thy wounds, I honour thy torments, I will conform my ſelf to thee, that I may find joy amongſt thy dolours, and liſe it ſelf amongſt thine infinite ſufferings.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *John* 2.

Of the whipping buyers and ſellers out of the Temple.

AND the Paſche of the Jews was at hand, and Jeſus went up to Jeruſalem, and he found in the Temple them that ſold Oxen, and Sheep, and Doves, and the Bankers ſitting. And when he had made, as it were, a whip of little cords, he caſt them all out of the Temple, the ſheep alſo and the oxen, and the mony of the Bankers he powred out, and the tables he overthrew. And to them that ſold Doves, he ſaid, Take away theſe things hence, and make not the houſe of my Father, a houſe of merchandiſe. And his Diſciples remembred that it is written, The zeal of thy houſe hath eaten me. The Jews therefore anſwered, and ſaid to him, What ſign doeſt thou ſhew us, that thou doeſt theſe things? Jeſus anſwered and ſaid to them, Diſſolve this Temple, and in three I will raiſe it. The Jews therefore ſaid, in fourty and ſix years was this Temple built, and wilt thou raiſe it in three days? But he ſpake of the Temple of his body. Therefore when he was riſen again from the dead, his Diſciples remembred that he ſaid this, and they believed the Scripture, and the word that Jeſus did ſay. And when he was at Jeruſalem in the Paſche upon the feſtival day, many believed in his name, ſeeing his ſigns which he did. But Jeſus did not commit himſelf unto them, for that he knew all, and becauſe it was not needful for him that any ſhould give teſtimony of man: for he knew what was in man.

Moralities.

1. PIety is a ſilver chain hanged up aloft, wch ties heaven and earth, ſpiritual and temporal, God and man together. Devotion is a virtue derived to us from the Father of all light, who gives us thereby means to hold a traffick or commerce with Angels. All which is here below, ſinks by its proper weight, and leans downward toward natural corruptiō: Our ſpirit though it be immortal, would follow the weight of our bodies, if it were not indued with the knowledge of God which works the ſame effect in it, as the Adamant doth with iron: for it pierceth and gives it life, together with a ſecret and powerful ſpirit, from which all great actions take their beginning: You ſhall never do any great act, if the honour of God, and the reverence of ſacred things ſhall not accompany all your pretences. For if you ground your piety upon any temporal reſpects, you reſemble that people, which believes the higheſt mountains do ſupport the skies.

2. There are no ſins which God doth puniſh more rigorouſly, nor ſpeedily, then thoſe which are committed againſt devotion and piety: He doth not here take up the ſcourge againſt naughty Judges, uſurers and unchaſte perſons, becauſe the Church is to find remedy againſt all faults which happen in the life of man. But if a man commit a ſin againſt Gods Altar, the remedy grows deſperate. King *Ozias* felt a leproſie riſe upon his face at the inſtant when he made the fume riſe from the cenſer, which he uſurped frō the high Prieſts. *Ely* the chief Prieſt was buried in the ruins of his own houſe, for the ſacriledge of his children, without any conſideration of thoſe long ſervices, which he had performed at the Tabernacle. Keep your ſelf from ſimonies, from irreverence in Churches, and from abuſing Sacraments. He can have no excuſe, which makes his Judge a witneſs.

3. Jeſus was violently moved by the zeal which he bare to the houſe of his heavenly Father. But many wicked rich men limit their zeal onely to their own families. They build great Palaces upon the peoples blood, and they nothing care though all the world be in a ſtorm, ſo long as they (and what belongs to them) be well covered. But there is a revenging God who doth inſenſibly dry up the roots of proud Nations, and throws diſgrace and infamy upon the faces of thoſe, who neglect the glories of Gods Altars to advance their own. He who builds without God, doth demoliſh, and whoſoever thinks to make any great encreaſe without him, ſhall find nothing but ſterility.

Aſpiration.

O Moſt pure Spirit of Jeſus, which waſt conſummate by zeal toward the houſe of God, wilt thou never burn my heart with thoſe adored flames, wherewith thou inſpireſt chaſte hearts? Why do we take ſo much care of our houſes (which

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are built upon quick-silver, and roll up and down upon the inconstancies of humane fortunes) while we have no love nor zeal towards Gods Church, which is the Palace which we should choose here upon earth, to be as the Image of heaven above? I wil adore thy Altars (all my life) with a profound humility. But I wil first make an Altar of mine own heart, where I will offer sacrifice; to which I doubt not but thou wilt put fire with thine owne hand.

The Gospel upon Tuesday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *John*. 7.

The Jews marvel at the learning of Jesus who was never taught.

And when the festivity was now half done, Jesus went up into the Temple and taught. And the Jews marvelled, saying, how doth this man know letters, whereas he hath not learned? Jesus answered them, and said my doctrine is not mine but his that sent me. If any man will do the will of him, he shall understand of the doctrine, whither it be of God, or I speak of my self; he that speaketh of himself, seeketh his own glory, but he that seeketh the glory of him that sent him, he is true, and injustice in him there is not. Did not Moses give you the Law, and none of you doth the Law? Why seek you to kill me? The multitude answered and said; thou hast a Devil; who seeketh to kill thee? Jesus answered and said to them, One work I have done, and you do all marvel, Therefore Moses gave you circumcision, not that it is of Moses, but of the Fathers, and in the Sabbath ye circumcise a man. If a man receive circumcision in the Sabbath, that the law of Moses be not broken; are you angry at me because I have healed a man wholly in the Sabbath? Judge not according to the face, judge just judgement.

Certain therefore of Jerusalem said, Is not this he whom they seek to kill: And behold, he speaks openly, and they say nothing to him. Have the Princes known indeed that this is Christ? But this man we know, whence he is. But when Christ cometh no man knoweth whence he is. Jesus therefore cried in the Temple, teaching and saying, Both me you do know, and whence I am you know, and of my self I am not come. But he is true that sent me, whom you know not. I know him, because I am of him, and he sent me. They sought therefore to apprehend him, and no man laid hands upon him, because his hour was not yet come. But of the multitude many believed in him.

Moralities.

1. IT appears by this Gospel that Jesus was judged according to apparencies, not according to truth. It is one of the greatest confusions which is deeply rooted in the life of man, that every thing is full of painting, and in stead of taking it off with a spunge, we foment it, and make our illusions voluntary. The Prophet *Isaiah* adviseth us to use our judgement, as men do leaven to season bread. All the objects presented to our imaginations, which we esteem, are fading, if we do not add some heavenly vigour to help our judgment.

2. To judge according to apparences is a great want both of judgment and courage. The first makes us prefer vanity before truth; the second gives that to silk and golden cloaths, which is properly due to virtue: We adore painted coals, and certain dark fumes covered outwardly with snow; But if we did know how many great miseries, and what beastly ordure is hidden under cloth of Gold, silk, and scarlet, we would complain of our eyes for being so far without reason. It is a kind of Apostacy and rebellion against Gods providence, to judge without calling God to be a president in our counsel; or to take in hand any humane inventions without the assistance of his Spirit.

3. God is pleased to lodge pearls within cockles; and bestows his treasures of wisdom and virtue, many times upon persons, who have the most unfashionable outsides, to countercheck humane wisdom, He makes his orators of those who are speechless; and numbers of frogs and flies to overthrow mighty armies. He makes Kings out of shepherds, and serves himself of things which are not, as if they were. The most pleasing Sacrifice which he receives upon earth, is from the humble; and when we despise those, we divert the honours of God. We offer Sacrifice to the worlds opinion, like the Sages of Egypt; who did light candles and burn incense to Crocodiles. The Jews lost their faith to follow apparences: and there is no shorter way to Apostacy, then to adore the world and neglect God.

4. An ill opinion make folks many times pass a rash judgment: They mount into Gods chair to judge the hearts of men: The chast doves are used like Ravens, and Ravens like Swans. Opinion puts false spectacles upon our eyes, which make faults seem virtues, and virtues crimes. Yet nevertheless we should think that virtuous persons will not conceive an ill suspicion of their neighbour without a very sure ground: Saint *John Climacus* saith, fire is no more contrary to water, then rash judgment is to the state of repentance. It is a certain sign, that we do not see our own sins, when we seek curiously after the least defects of our neighbour. If we would but once enter into our selves, we should be so busie to lament our own lives, that we should not have time to censure those of others.

Aspirations.

O Judge most redoubtable, who dost plant thy Throne within the heart of man, who judgest the greatest Monarchs, without leaving them power to appeal; Thy judgments are secret and impenetrable: That which shines to our eyes like a Diamond, is like a contemptible worm in thy ballance. That which we value as a Star thou judgest to be a coal. We have just so much greatness, virtue, and happiness, as we have by entrance into thy heart. And he whom thou esteemest, needs not the judgment of mortal man. No innocent is justified, nor guilty person condemned without thee, and therefore I will from henceforth judge onely according to thee. I will lay down all my affections, and take thine, so far as I shall be able; and I will account nothing great, but what shall be so in thy esteem.

The Gospel upon Wednesday the fourth week in Lent, Saint *John* 9.

Of the blind man cured by clay and spittle.

And Jesus passing by, saw a blind man from his nativity: and his Disciples asked him, Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind, Jesus answered, Neither this man sinned; nor his parents; but that the works of God may be manifested in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had said these things, he spit on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes, and said to him, Go, wash in the Pool of Siloe, which is interpreted, sent. He went therefore and washed, and he came seeing.

Therefore the neighbours, and they which had seen him before, that he was a beggar, said, Is not this he that sate and begged? Others said, that this is he. But others no, not so, but he is like him. But he said I am he. They said therefore to him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered, that man that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said to me, Go to the Pool of Siloe and wash: and I went and washed, and I saw. And they said to him, Where is he? He saith, I know not. They bring him that had been blind to the Pharisees; and it was the Sabbath when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes.

Again

Again therefore the Pharisees asked him, how he saw. But he said to them, he put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and I see. Certain therefore of the Pharisees said; This man is not of God, that keepeth not the Sabbath. But others said, How can a man that is a sinner do these signs? And there was a schism among them. They say therefore to the blind again. Thou, what sayest thou of him that opened thine eyes? And he said, that he is a Prophet. The Jews therefore did not believe of him, that he had been blind, and saw, until they called the Parents of him that saw, and asked them saying; Is this your son, whom you say that he was born blind? how then doth he now see? His parents answered them, and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but how he now seeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not, ask himself, he is of age, let himself speak of himself. These things his parents said, because they feared the Jews. For the Jews had now conspired, that if any man should confess him to be Christ, he should be put out of the Synagogue. Therefore did his parents say, that he is of age, ask himself. They therefore again called the man that had been blind, and said to him, Give glory to God, we know that this man is a sinner.

He therefore said to them, Whether he be a sinner, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. They said therefore to him, What did he to thee? How did he open thine eyes? He answered them; I have now told you, and you have heard, why will you hear it again? will you also become his Disciples? They reviled him therefore, and said, be thou his Disciple; but we are the Disciples of Moses: we know that to Moses God did speak: but this man we know not whence he is. The man answered and said to them, For in this it is marvellous, that you know not whence he is and he hath opened mine eyes. And we know, that sinners God doth not hear. But if a man be a server of God, and do the will of him, him he heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard, that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind; and unless this man were of God, he could not do any thing. They answered and said to him, Thou wast wholly born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they did cast him forth.

Jesus heard that they had cast him forth, and when he had found him, he said to him, Dost thou believe in the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him? And Jesus said to him, Both thou hast seen him, and he that talketh with thee, he it is. But he said, I believe Lord: and falling down, he adored him.

Moralities.

1. JEsus the Father of all brightness (who walked accompanied with his twelve Apostles, as the Sun doth with the hours of the day) gives eyes to a blind man, and doth it by clay and spittle: to teach us, that none hath power to do works above nature, but he that was the Authour of it. On the other side, a blind man becomes a King over persons of the clearest sight; and being restored to light, he renders again the same, to the first fountain from whence it came. He makes himself an Advocate to plead for the chiefest truth, and of a poor beggar becomes a confessour; and after he had deplored his misery at the Temple gate, teacheth all mankind the estate of its own felicities. We should (in imitation of him) love the light by adoring the fountain of it, and behave our selves as witnesses, and defenders of the truth.

2. God is a light, and by his light draws all unto him: he makes a break of day by his grace in this life, which becomes afterward a perfect day for all eternity. But many lose themselves in this world, some for want of light, some by a false light, and some by having too much light.

3. Those lose themselves for want of light, who are not at all instructed in the faith and maxims of Christian Religion; and those in stead of approaching near the light, love their own darkness. They hate the light of their salvation, as the shadow of death: and think, that if you give them eyes to see their blindness, you take away their life. If they seem Christians, they yet have nothing but the name and the appearance, the book of Jesus is shut from them, or if they make a shew to read, they may name the letters, but never can produce one right good word.

4. Others destroy themselves by false lights, who being wedded to their own opinions, and adoring the Chimera's of their spirit, think themselves full of knowledge, just and happy; that the sun riseth onely for them, and that all the rest of the world is in darkness; they conceive they have the fairest stars for conductours; but at the end of their career, they find (too late) that this pretended light was but an *Ignis fatuus*, which led them to a precipice of eternal flames. It is the worst of all follies to be wise in our own eye-sight, and the worst of all temptations is, for a man to be a devil to himself.

5. Those ruin themselves with too much light, who have all Gods law by heart, but never have any heart to that law. They know the Scriptures, all learning and sciences: they understand every thing but themselves: they can find spots in the Sun; they can give new names to the stars; they perswade themselves, that God is all that they apprehend: But after all this heap of knowledg, they are found to be like the Sages of *Pharaoh*: and can produce nothing but blood and frogs: They embroil & trouble the world; they stain their own lives, and at their deaths leave nothing to continue but the memory of their sins. It would be more expedient for them (rather then have such light) to carry fire, wherewith to be burning in the love of God, and not to swel and burst with that kind of knowledge. All learning which is not joyned with a good life, is like a picture in the air, which hath no table to make it subsist. It is not sufficient to be elevated in spirit (like the Prophets) except a man do enter into some perfect imitation of their virtues.

Aspirations.

O Fountain of all brightness, before whom right can have no vail, who seest the day spring out of thy bosom, to spread it self over all nature, will thou have no pity upon my blindness? will there be no medicine for my eyes, which have so often grown dull and heavy with earthly humours. O Lord, I want light, being always so blind to my own sins. So many years are past, wherein I have dwelt with my self, and yet know not what I am. Self-love maketh me sometimes apprehend imaginary virtues in great, and see all my crimes in little. I too often believe my own judgment, and adore my own opinions as gods, and goddesses, and if thou send me any light, I make so ill use of it, that I dazle my self, even in the brightness of thy day; making little or no profit of that which would be so much to my advantage, if I were so happy as to know it. But henceforth I will have no eyes but for thee: I will onely contemplate thee, (O life of all beauties) and draw all the powers of my soul into my eyes, that I may the better apprehend the mystery of thy bounties. O cast upon me one beam of thy grace so powerfull, that it may never forsake me till I may see the day of thy glory.

The Gospel upon Thursday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *Luke* the 7.

Of the widows Son raised from death to life at Naim by our SAVIOUR.

AND it came to pass afterward he went into a City that is called Naim, and there went with him his Disciples, and a very great multitude: And when he came nigh to the gate of the City, behold a dead man was carried forth, the onely Son of his mother: and she was a widow and a great multitude of the City with her; whom when our Lord had seen, being moved with mercy upon her, he said to her, Weep not. And he came near, and touched the Coffin: And they that carried it, stood still: and he said: Young man, I say to thee, Arise. And he that was dead sate up, and began to speak. And he gave

him

him to his mother: and fear took them all; and they magnified God, saying, That a great Prophet is risen among us: and that God hath visited his people. And this saying went forth into all Jewry of him, and into all the Country about.

Moralities.

JEsus met at the Gates of *Naim*, (which is interpreted the Town of Beauties) a young man carried to burial; to shew us, that neither beauty nor youth, are freed from the laws of death. We fear death, and there is almost nothing more immortal: here below every thing dies, but death it self. We see him always in the Gospels, we touch him every day by our experiences, and yet neither the Gospels make us sufficiently faithful, nor our experiences well advised.

2. If we behold death by his natural face, he seems a little strange to us, because we have not seen him well acted. We lay upon him sythes, bows, and arrows, we put upon him ugly antick faces, we compass him round about with terrours and illusions, of all which he never so much as thought. It is a profound sleep, in which nature lets it self fail insensibly, when she is tired with the disquiets of this life. It is a cessation of all those services which the soul renders to the flesh. it is an execution of God's will, and a decree common to all the world. To be disquieted and drawn by the ears, to pay a debt which so many millions of men (of all conditions) have paid before us, is to do as a frog that would swim against a sharp stream of a forcible torrent. We have been, as it were dead, to so many ages which went before us: we die piece-meal every day: we assay death so often in our sleep; discreet men expect him, fools despise him, and the most disdainful persons must entertain him. Shall we not know and endeavour to do that one thing well, which being once well performed, will give us life for ever? Methinks it is rather a gift of God to die soon, then to stay late amongst the occasions of sin.

3. It is not death, but a wicked life we have cause to fear. That only, lies heavy, and both troubles us, and keeps us from understanding and tasting the sweets of death. He that can die to so many little dead and dying things (which makes us die every day by our unwillingness to forsake them) shall find that death is nothing to him. But we would fain (in death) carry the world with us upon our shoulders to the grave, and that is a thing we cannot do. We would avoid the judgment of a just God, and that is a thing which we should not so much as think. Let us clear our accounts before we die, let us take order for our soul by repentance, and a moderate care of our bodies burial: let us order our goods by a good and charitable testament, with a secret direction for the poor, for our children and kindred, to be executed by fit persons. Let us put our selves into the protection of the Divine Providence, with a most perfect confidence: and how can we then fear death, being in the arms of life?

Aspirations.

O Jesus, fountain of all lives, in whose bosom all things are living: Jesus, the fruit of the dead, who hast destroyed the Kingdom of death; why should we fear a path, which thou hast so terrified with thy steps, honoured with thy blood, and sanctified by thy conquests? Shall we never die to so many dying things? All is dead here for us, and we have no life, if we do not seek it from thy heart. What should I care for death, though he come with all those grim, hideous, and antick faces, which men put upon him; for when I see him through thy wounds, thy blood, and thy venerable death, I find he hath no sting at all. If I shall walk in the shadow of death, and a thousand terrours shall conspire against me on every side, to disturb my quiet, I will fear nothing, being placed in the arms of thy providence. O my sweet Master, do but once touch the winding-sheet of my body, which holds down my soul so often within the sleep of death and sin. Command me to arise and speak, and then the light of thy morning shall never set, my discourses shall be always of thy praises, and my life shall be only a contemplation of thy beautiful countenance.

The Gospel upon Friday the fourth week in Lent, S. *John*. 11.

Of the raising of *Lazarus* from death.

AND there was a certain sick man, Lazarus of Bethania, of the Town of Mary and Martha her sister. (And Mary was she that anointed our Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick) his sisters therefore sent to him, saying, Lord, behold he whom thou lovest, is sick. And Jesus hearing, said to them, This sickness is not to death, but for the glory of God, that the Son may be glorified by it. And Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary, and Lazarus. As he heard therefore that he was sick, then he tarried in the same place two days: Then after this he saith to his Disciples, Let us go into Jewry again. The Disciples say to him, Rabbi, now the Jews sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve houres of the day? If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the Light of this world: but if he walk in the night, he stumbleth, because the light is not in him. These things he said: and after this he saith to them, Lazarus our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may raise him from sleep. His Disciples therefore said, Lord, if he sleep he shall be safe. But Jesus spake of his death, and they thought that he spoke of the sleeping of sleep. Then therefore Jesus said to them plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sake, that you may believe, because I was not there; but let us go to him. Thomas therefore who is called Didymus, said to his condisciples, Let us also go to dy with him. Jesus therefore came, and found him now having been four days in the grave. And Bethania was nigh to Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs. And many of the Jews were come to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother. Martha therefore, when she heard that Jesus was come, went to meet him: but Mary sate at home. Martha therefore said to Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But now also I know, that what thing soever thou shalt ask of God, God will give thee. Jesus saith to her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith to him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection in the last day. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he were dead, shall live. And every one that liveth, and believeth in me, shall not dy for ever. Believest thou this? She said to him, Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ the Son of God, that art come into this World.

Moralities.

1 OUr Saviour Jesus makes here a strong assault upon death, to cure our infirmities at the cost of his dearest friends: He suffered *Lazarus*, whom he loved tenderly, to fall into a violent sickness; to teach us, that the bodies of God's favourites are not free from infirmities; and that, to make men Saints, they must not enjoy too much health. A soul is never more worthy to be a house for God, then when she raiseth up the greatness of her courage, the body being cast down with sickness. A soul which suffers, is a sacred thing. All the world did touch our Saviour before his passion, the throng of people pressed upon him; but after his death he would not be touched by S. *Mary Magdalen*, because he was consecrated by his dolours.

2. The good sisters dispatch a messenger, not to a strange God, as they do who seek for health by remedies, which are a thousand times worse then the disease: But they addressed themselves to the living God, the God of life and death, to drive away death. And to recover life, they were content only to shew the wound to the faithful friendship of the Physician, without prescribing

bing any remedies: for that is better left to his providence, then committed to our passion.

3. He defers his cure to raise from death. The delay of Gods Favours, is not always a refusal, but sometimes a double liberality. The vows of good men are paid with usury: It was expedient that *Lazarus* should die, that he might triumph over death, in the triumph of Jesus Christ. It is here that we should always raise high our thoughts, by considering our glory in the state of resurrection; he would have us believe it, not only as it is a lesson of Nature imprinted above the skies, upon the plants or elements of the world, and as a doctrine which many ancient Philosophers had by the light of nature; but also as a belief, which is fast joyned to the faith we have in the Divine Providence, which keeps our bodies in trust under its seal within the bosom of the earth; so that no prescription of time can make laws to restrain his power, having passed his word, and raised up *Lazarus*, who was but as one grain of seed in respect of all posterity.

4. Jesus wept over *Lazarus*, thereby to weep over us all. Our evils were lamentable, and could never sufficiently be deplored, without opening a fountain of tears within heaven, and within the eies of the Son of God. This is justly the River which comes from that place of all pleasure to water Paradise. How could those heavenly tears come from any other, then the place of all delight, since they issued from a brain, and from eyes which were united to the divinity? And how should they not water Paradise, since for so many Ages they have flowed over the Church for producing the fruits of justice. The balm of Egypt could not grow without water of that Well, which was commonly called the Fountain of Jesus: because the blessed Virgin had there washed the Cloaths of her dear Son: And we have no Odour of virtue, nor good conversation, (which is not directly barren) except it be indued with the merit of our Saviours tears.

Aspirations.

O Eies of my Saviour, from whence the Sun receives his clearest light: fair eies which only deserve eternal joyes and delights. Why should you this day be moistned with tears? Thou dost give me (O only love of my heart) the bloud of thy soul, before thou shedst that of thy body. There are so many things to make me weep, and I feel them so little; that if thy tears do not weep for me, I shal always be miserable. Water then (O my sweet Master) the barrenness of my soul from the fountain of blessing, which I have opened within thine eies and heart: I have opened it by my sins, and let it, I beseech thee, bless me by thine infinite mercies.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 8.

Upon our Saviours words, I am the light of the world.

AGain therefore Jesus spake to them, saying I am the light of the world, he that followeth me, walketh not in darkness, but shal have the light of life. The Pharisees therefore said to him, Thou giveſt testimony of thy self, thy testimony is not true. Jesus answered and said to them, although I do give testimony of my self, my testimony is true; because I know whence I came, and whither I go: but you know not whence I came, or whither I go. You judge according to the flesh, I do not judge any man. And If I do judge, my judgment is true, because I am not alone, but I and he that sent me, the Father. And in your law it is written, that the testimony of two men is true. I am he that give testimony of my self: and he that sent me, the Father, giveth testimony of me. They said therefore to him, Where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Neither me do you know, nor my Father: if you did know me, perhaps you might know my Father also, these words Jesus spake in the Treasury teaching in the Temple, and no man apprehended him, because his hour was not yet come.

Moralities.

1. THere is in the blessed Trinity a communicating light, to which nothing is communicated: another light which is communicative and communicated: and a third light which is communicated, but not communicating. The first is the heavenly Father, who gives but takes nothing. The second is that of the Son, who takes from his Father and gives to the Holy Ghost all that can be given; The third is the Holy Ghost, which receives equally from the Father and the Son and doth produce nothing in the Trinity. But Jesus illuminating from all eternity, this state (for ever to be adored) did vouchsafe to descend into the country of our darkness, to scatter it by his brightness. It is he that hath thrown down the Crocodiles and Bats from Prophane Altars; who hath broken so many idols; who hath overthrown so many Temples of the adulterers and murdering gods, to plant the honours of his heavenly Father. He hath invested the world during so many ages, with the shining of his face. He doth not cease to give light, nor to kindle in our hearts many inspirations, which are like so many stars to conduct us to the fountain of all our happiness. You are very blind if you do not see this, and much more miserable if you despise it.

2. It is most dangerous to do as the Jews did, to speak every day to the light, and yet love their own darkness. Screech-owls find holes and nights to keep themselves from day, which they cannot abide. But he that flies from the face of God, where can he find darkness enough to hide himself? When he shal be within the gulf of sin, his own conscience will light up a thousand torches to see his punishments. It is the worst of all mischiefs, to pay for the contempt of the fountain of light by suffering eternal darkness.

3. Let us behold the conversation of Jesus Christ as a sea mark, flickt all over with lights: his life gives Testimony of his Sanctity: his miracles publish his power; his law declares his infinite wisdom, his Sanctity gives us an example to imitate, his power gives the strength of Authority, to make him the more readily obeyed; and from his wisdom, faith is given us to regulate and govern our belief.

Aspirations.

O My Lord Jesus, the spirit of all beauties, and the most visible of all lights, what do the eies of my soul, if they be not always busied in the contemplation of thy brightness. When I find thou art departed from me, me thinks I am buried within my self, and that my soul is nothing else, but a sepulchre of terrours, phantasms and deaths; But when thou returnest by thy visits and consolations, I am chearfully revived, and my heart leaps in thy presence, as a child rejoyceth at sight of his dear nurse. O Light of lights, which dost illuminate man coming into this world, I will contemplate thee at the sun rising above all creatures. I will follow thee with mine eies all the day long, and I will not leave thee at sun-setting, for there is nothing can be in value near like thee. It belongs only to thee, (O Sun of my Soul) to arise at all hours, and to give light at Mid-night, as well as at Noon-day.

The

The Goſpel upon Paſſion Sunday, Saint *John* the 8.

Upon theſe words, Who can accuſe me of ſin?

WHich of you ſhall argue me of ſin? If I ſay the verity, why do you not believe me? He that is of God, heareth the words of God: therefore you hear not, becauſe you are not of God. The Jews therefore anſwered, and ſaid to him, Do not we ſay well that thou art a Samaritan, and haſt a Devil? Jeſus anſwered, I have no Devil: but I do honour my Father, and you have diſhonoured me. But I ſeek not mine own glory. There is that ſeeketh and judgeth. Amen, Amen, I ſay to you, if any man keep my word, he ſhall not ſee death for ever. The Jews therefore ſaid, now we have known that thou haſt a Devil; Abraham is dead, and the Prophets, and thou ſayeſt, if any man keep my word, he ſhall not taſte death for ever. Why, art thou greater then our Father Abraham who is dead? And the Prophets are dead. Whom doeſt thou make thy ſelf? Jeſus anſwered, if I do glorify my ſelf, my glory is nothing. It is my Father that glorifieth me, whom you ſay that he is your God, and you have not known him, but I know him. And if I ſhall ſay that I know him not, I ſhall be like to you, a liar: but I do know him, and do keep his word. Abraham your father rejoyced that he might ſee my day, and he ſaw and was glad. The Jews therefore ſaid to him, Thou haſt not yet fifty years, and haſt thou ſeen Abraham? Jeſus ſaid to them, Amen, Amen, I ſay to you, before that Abraham was made, I am. They took ſtones therefore to caſt at him. But Jeſus hid himſelf, and went out of the Temple.

Moralities.

1. THe Saviour of the world being reſolved to ſuffer death as the Prieſt of his own ſacrifice, and ſacrifice of his prieſthood, ſhews that it is an effect of his mercy, and not a ſuffering for any fault. He doth advance the ſtandard of the Croſs (which was the puniſhment of guilty perſons) but he brought with him innocency, which is the mark of Saints: he honours it with his dolours, and ſanctifies it with his bloud, to glorifie it in the eſtimation of all the juſt. He is without ſpot, and capable to take all ſtains, by his infinite ſanctity: and yet he ſuffered as a ſinner, to blot out all our ſins; It is in this ſuffering he would have us all imitate him. He doth not require us to make a heaven, nor ſtars, nor to enlarge the ſea, or to make the earth firm, but to make our ſelves holy as he is holy (according to our capacity.) And this we may gain by his favour, which he hath by his own nature. No man is worthy to ſuffer with Jeſus, who doth not purifie himſelf by the ſufferings of Jeſus. If we ſuffer in ſin, we carry the Croſs of the bad thief. We muſt carry the Croſſe of Jeſus, and conſecrate our tribulations by our own virtues.

2. It is ſaid that the venomous ſerpent called a Baſilisk (which kills both men and beaſts by his peſtilent breath) kills himſelf when he looks upon a looking-glaſs, by the very reflection of his own poiſon. The Jews do here the very ſame; They come about this great mirrour of ſanctity, which carried all the glory of the living God; he caſts his beams upon them, but envy, the mother of murder (which kills it ſelf onely by the rayes of golden arrows) makes them dart out venomous words to diſhonour him: yet his incomparable virtue kills them, without loſing any of his own brightneſs; to teach us, that the beauty of innocency, is the beſt buckler againſt all ſlanders. Though it ſeem to be tarniſhed for a time, yet her brightneſs will thereby become more lively: for it is a ſtar which the blackeſt vail of night cannot darken.

3. *Abraham* did rejoyce at this day of God 2000. years before it was manifeſted to the world: All the Patriarchs did long after it; and did anticipate their felicities by the purity of their thoughts. This bleſſed Day hath been reſerved for us, and yet many of us deſpiſe it. We ſo much love the day of man, that by the force of too much love to it, we forget the love of God. We ſhould, and muſt contemn thoſe periſhing dayes of worldly honours and pleaſures, which are covered with eternal night, that we may partake the eternity of that beautifull day, which ſhall never have any evening.

Aſpirations.

O God of purity, in whoſe preſence the Angels (raviſhed with admiration) do cover their faces with their wings, and have no ſweeter extaſies, then the admiration of thy beauty: The ſtars are not pure enough before thy redoubted Majeſty. The Sun beholds thee as the true Authour of his light. Thou onely canſt purifie all humane kind, by a ſanctity which ſpreads it ſelf over all Ages. Alas, I am confounded to ſee my ſinfull ſoul ſo often dyed black with ſo many ſtains, and beaſtly ordures, before thoſe moſt pure beams of thy glory. Waſh, O waſh again out all that which diſpleaſeth thee. Regenerate in my heart a Spirit, that ſhall be worthy thy ſelf. How ſhall I follow thee to Mount *Calvarie*, if I be purſued with ſo many ill habits, which I have often deteſted before thine eyes? How can I go in company with the firſt and greateſt of all Saints, drawing after me ſo many ſins? The increaſe of my offences would multiply thy croſſes: I will therefore do my beſt to drown all my imperfections within thy bloud. I will procure light to my nights (by that bright and beautifull day which *Abraham* ſaw) from that glorious day which took beginning from thy Croſs. I will no more care for the day of man, that I may the better apply my ſelf to the day of God.

The Goſpel upon Munday the fifth week in Lent, Saint *John* 7.

Jeſus ſaid to the Phariſees, You ſhall ſeek and not find me: and he that is thirſty, let him come to me.

AND the Princes and Phariſees ſent Miniſters to apprehend him. Jeſus *therefore ſaid to them: Yet a little time, and I will be with you, and I go to him that ſent me: you ſeek me, and ſhall not find, and where I am ye cannot come. The Jews therefore ſaid among themſelves, whether will this man go, that we ſhall not find him? Will he go into the diſperſion of the Gentile, and teach the Gentiles: what is this ſaying, that he hath ſaid? You ſhall ſeek me, and ſhall not find: and where I am, you cannot come.*

And in the laſt, the great day of the feſtivity, Jeſus *ſtood and cried, ſaying, If any man thirſt, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the Scripture ſaith, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water. (And this he ſaid of the Spirit) that they ſhould receive, which believed in him.*

Moralities.

1. TAke for your comfort this excellent word of our Saviour: he that is thirſty and deſires in this world to thirſt after God, let him come unto me, and he ſhall quench his thirſt at the chiefeſt fountain. S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, We are all here, as *David* was in the deſart of Idumea: our life is a perpetual alteration, which will never be ſettled while we live. If we be weary, we deſire reſt, and if we reſt over-long, our bed becomes troubleſom, though it ſhould be all of roſes. Then again, we thirſt to be in action and buſineſs, which alſo in a ſhort time tires us, and puts us into another alteration; and that carries us again to a deſire to do nothing. All our life goeth like *Penelopes* web: what one hour effects, the next deſtroys. We do ſufficiently perceive that we are not well in this world: It is a large bed, but very troubleſom, wherein every man ſtirs and tumbles himſelf up and down, but no man can here attain to his perfect happineſs.

2. This shews us plainly that we are made for God, & that we should thirst after divine things, if we desire true contentment. There is no default in him, because all that can be desired, is there; and yet there is no superfluity, because there can be nothing beyond him. There only we abound without necessity, we are assured without fear, and glorious without change. And it is there only where we find all our satisfactions perfectly accomplished. For to speak truth, contentment consisteth in four principal things, which are; to have a contenting object; to have a heart capable to apprehend it; to feel a strong inclination to it, and to enter into an absolute full possession of it. Now God hath provided for all this by his infinite bounty. He will not have us affect any other object of pleasure but his own. He is God, and therefore can have nothing but God for his satisfaction, and intends graciously that we shall have the same. He will have us thirst after him, and quench our thirst within himself: and to this, our soul is singularly disposed; for as God is a spirit, so is our soul only spiritual. We have so strong an inclination to love God, that even our vices themselves (without thinking what they do) love somewhat of God. For if pride affect greatnes, there can be nothing so great, as the Monarch of it. If luxury, love pleasure, God containeth all pure delights in his bosom: and this which I say, may be verified of all sins whatsoever. If the presence of a right object, and the enjoying be wanting, we have nothing so present as God. S. *Paul* saith, We are all within him, within him we live, and within him we have the fountain of all our motions: we see him through all his creatures, until he take off the veil, and so let us see him, and taste of his Glory.

3. A true and perfect way to make us thirst after God, is to forsake the burning thirst which we have after bodily and worldly goods. Our soul and flesh go in the several scales of a ballance, the rising of one, pulls down the other. It is a having two wives, for us to think we can place all our delights in God, and withal enjoy all worldly contentments. A man must have a conscience free from earthly matters, to receive the infusion of grace: we must pass by *Calvary*, before we come to *Tabor*; and first taste gall with *Jesus*, before we can taste that honeycomb, which he took after his resurrection.

Aspirations.

O God, true God of my salvation, My heart which feeleth it self moved with an affectionate zeal, thinks always upon thee, and in thinking, finds an earnest thirst after thy beauties, which heats my veins. My soul is all consumed, and I find that my flesh it self insensibly followeth the violence of my spirit. I am here, as within the Desarts of *Africa*, in a barren world, the drought whereof makes it a direct habitation for Dragons. O my God, I am tormented with this flame, and yet I cherish it more then my self. Will there be no good *Lazarus* found to dip the end of his finger within the fountain of the highest Heaven, a little to allay the burning of my thirst? Do not tell me (O my dear Spouse) that there is a great Chaos between thee and me. Thou hast already passed it in coming to me by thy bounty; and wilt not thou lift me up then by thy mercy?

The Gospel upon Tuesday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Jesus went not into *Jewry*, because the Jews had a purpose to take away his life.

After these things Jesus *walked into* Galilee; *for he would not walk into* Jewry, *because the Jews sought to kill him. And the festival day of the Jews Scenopegia was at hand. And his brethren said to him, Pass from hence, and go into* Jewry, *that thy Disciples also may see thy works which thou dost. For no man doth any thing in secret, and seeketh himself to be in publick; if thou do these things, manifest thy self to the world. for neither did his brethren believe in him;* Jesus *therefore saith to them, My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready. The world cannot hate you, but me it hateth, because I give testimony of it, that the works thereof are evil. Go you up to this festival day, I go not up to this festival day; because my time is not yet accomplished.*

When he had said these things, himself tarried in Galilee: *But after his brethren were gone up, then he also went up to the festival day, not openly, but as it were in secret. The Jews therefore sought him in the festival day, and said, where is he? And there was much murmuring in the multitude, of him. For certain said, that he is good. And others said, No, but he seduceth the multitudes: yet no man spake openly of him for fear of the Jews.*

Moralities.

1. Jesus hides himself in this Gospel, (as the Sun within a cloud) to shew himself at his own time: to teach us, that all the secrets of our life consisteth in well concealing, and well discovering our selves. He did conceal the life which he took from nature, when he might have been born a perfect man, as well as *Adam*, and yet did he hide himself in the hay of a base stable. He concealeth his life of grace, dissembling under silence, so many great and divine virtues, as if he had lockt up the stars under lock and key, as holy *Job* saith. He keeps secret his life of Glory, retaining for thirty three years the light of his soul, which should without intermission have glorified and cast a divine brightnes upon his body. But when he concealed himself, the stars discovered him at his birth, the Sun at his death; all the Elements did then confess him, & all creatures gave testimony of his Divinity.

2. We should be well known of God, if we did not so curiously enquire into the knowledge of the world. Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifest divers men to the world, who should otherwise be buried in obscurity and darkness. It maketh some appear by the luxurious access of their apparel, as so many sale creatures, whose heads (being high and costly drest up) go to the market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of this world: others by honours and dignities: others by the spirit of industry; and others by the deeds of arms and policy. Every one sets out himself to be seen and esteemed in the world. It seemeth that life is made for nothing but to be shewed, and that we should always live, for that which makes us die. We are a kind of walking spirits, which return late to our lodgings: but yet nevertheless, giving our selves so continually to the world, me-thinks we should at least stay with our selves every day one short hour. It is said, that the Pellican hides her Eggs, and that they must be stollen from her, to make them disclose. But vanity is an egg, which all the world hatcheth under her wings, and none are willing to forsake it.

3. It it be needful to shew your self to the world, be the known by your virtues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the seeds of eternity, and of all fair actions. You must be known by your alms and bounty, which are the steps which God left imprinted

printed in this world. If you muſt riſe to honours and dignities, take them as inſtruments of holineſs: and be not powerful, but to be more obliged to do good by ſo being.

Aſpirations.

O God, which didſt conceal thy ſelf; how comes it about, that I deſire ſo much to be ſeen, and make my ſelf known to the world? What can I diſcover, if I ſhew that which I am, but only ſin, vanity, miſery, and inconſtancy, which make the four elements of my life? To what ſerves this itch of ſeeing, but only to receive into our eies the ſeeds of curioſity? Why do we covet to be ſo much ſeen, but to expoſe our ſelves to vanity, and to carry a Torch in a blaſt of wind? Alaſs (O merciful Lord) I have very long lived for my ſelf, and for the eies of the world, when ſhal I begin to live for thee? Shal I never ſee thoſe happy moments of my life, which will receive light only from the day of thy face? Let me (O moſt beloved of my heart) be blind to all the world, ſo that I may have eies for thee. If the condition of my eſtate muſt needs ſhew me to the world, let it be to give it part of thy light, without receiving any part of that darkneſs which covereth it. Let me be in the world to do good, but let me dwell in thee, as within the Fountain of all goodneſs,

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 10.

The Jews ſaid, If thou be the Meſſias tell us plainly.

AND the Dedication was in Jeruſalem, *and it was in winter: And* Jeſus *walked in the Temple in* Solomons *Porch. The Jews therefore compaſſid him round about, and ſaid to him, How long doſt thou hold our ſoul in ſuſpence? if thou be Chriſt, tell us openly.* Jeſus *anſwered them, I ſpeak to you, and you believe not. The works that I do in the name of my Father, they give teſtimony of me. But you do not believe, becauſe you are not of my ſheep. My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them life everlaſting, and they ſhal not periſh for ever, and no man ſhal pluck them out of my hand. My Father, that which he hath given me, is greater then all, and no man can pluck them out of the hand of my Father. I and the Father are one.*

The Jews took up ſtones to ſtone him: Jeſus *anſwered them, Many good works I have ſhewed you from my Father, for which of theſe works do you ſtone me? The Jews anſwered him, for a good work we ſtone thee not, but for blaſphemy, and becauſe thou, being a man, makeſt thy ſelf God.* Jeſus *anſwered them: Is it not written in your Law, that I ſaid, You are Gods? If h called them Gods, to whom the word of God was made, and the Scripture cannot be broken: whom the Father hath ſanctified, and ſent into the world, ſay you, That thou blaſpemeſt, becauſe I ſaid, I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, and if you will not believe me, believe the works, that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father.*

Moralities.

1. THE Wolfs encompaſs the good ſhepheard, counterfeiting Lambs, to draw truth out of his mouth, which they would perſecute. They reſembled a certain plant, which carrieth the name and ſhape of a Lamb, but hath a contrary ſubſtance, and different qualities; for it is ravenous as a wolf, and devours all the herbs which grow about it. So are there many who do inſinuate themſelves into the friendſhip of good men, by fair (but counterfeit) reſpects, to the end that afterward they may be made the object of their cruelty. Thoſe men look after the Meſſias in the Porch of *Solomon*, as *Herod* ſought after him in the Manger, not to adore, but to kill him. Their mouth carries hony, when their heart hatcheth poiſon: but nothing is unknown to God, from whom hell it ſelf hath not darkneſs enough to hide it ſelf.

2. Jeſus knows his flock, and his flock reciprocally knows him, and in that conſiſts all our happineſs, to know God, and to be known of him. The chiefeſt of all wiſdom, is to know him, and to be known by him, and to be written in the Book of life, which is the laſt and chiefeſt of all felicities. It is true, that he knows all things by the knowledg of a clear intelligence, which ſerves the wicked only to diſcover plainly their crimes: whereas he knows the juſt by a ſcience of favour and approbation which indeed is eternal predeſtination. If we be unknown to God, we muſt make our ſelves known to him by ſome good virtue, which doth not depend only upon us. The firſt beam is of prevenient grace, and our vocation to Chriſtianity, which is part of our predeſtination, and is not all within our power. We have not been elected, becauſe we have believed in God by our own forces; but we believe, becauſe we have been elected. The firſt knowledg come purely from God, but it is in us by his grace, to purſue this firſt light, and to advance our predeſtination to glory, by forcing our ſelves to know him perfectly, who hath known us ſo liberally.

3. Jeſus will not be known ſingly by his words, but by his works. Our words muſt agree with our good actions, as the needle of a clock agrees with the ſprings. When we have heard or read ſome good doctrine, that Sermon, or reading, muſt paſs into our manners. It is ſurely a ſtrange thing, that many employ their leiſure to know much, and yet will not ſpend ſome conſiderable time, to make themſelves good Chriſtians. We muſt be Philoſophers, more by imitating the example of God, then by any curious enquiry of his greatneſs. Our Chriſtianitie teacheth us, that we ſhould be more knowing and skilful in the practiſe of our life, then of our tongue; and that we are rather made to perform great actions, then to ſpeak them. We muſt have a ſpecial care that our hands do not give our mouth the lie. What can we gain (in the judgment of God) by being like thoſe trees, which have a fair outſide, garniſhed with leaves, yet good for nothing but to give a ſhadow, and to make a little noiſe when the wind blows? God requires of us fruit, ſince he is the Father of all fertilitie, and nothing is barren in the land of the living.

Aſpirations.

O My God, I know thee, becauſe thou was firſt pleaſed to know me: Thou haſt known me by thy goodneſs, and I will do my beſt to know thee, that I may obtain all happineſs. O that I might know that my name is written in the Book of life; & alſo know the life which I may poſſeſs within the heart of Jeſus, in which ſo many lives do live. O how ſhould I then find my ſpirit raviſhed in thoſe beautiful Idæa's of glory? Fix thine eies on me (O Lord) and thou ſhalt thereby bring to me the fountain of all happineſs. The Father hath given me to thee, and I am the conqueſt of thy precious blood: Suffer not a ſoul to be taken away from thee, which hath coſt thee ſo many ſweats and ſufferings. I am thine by ſo many titles, that I will be no more mine own, but only to have the right of renouncing that which I am, and to eſtabliſh what ſhal be thine in this little kingdome of my heart.

The Goſpel upon Thurſday, the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Upon S. *Mary Magdalen's* waſhing our Saviour's feet in the Phariſees houſe.

AND one of the Phariſees deſired him to eat with him. And he being entred into the houſe of the Phariſee, he ſate down

down to meat. And behold, a woman that was in the Citie, a ſinner, as ſhe knew that he ſet down in the Phariſees houſe, ſhe brought an Alabaſter box of oin ment; and ſtanding behind, beſide his feet, ſhe began to water his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kiſſed his feet, and anointed them with ointment. And the Phariſee that had bid him, ſeeing it, ſpake within himſelf, ſaying, This man, if he were a Prophet, would know certes, who and what manner of woman ſhe is which toucheth him, that ſhe is a ſinner. And Jeſus *anſwering, ſaid to him,* Simon, *I have ſomewhat to ſay unto thee. But he ſaid, Maſter, ſay. A certain Creditour had two debtours, one did ow five hundred pence, and the other fifty; they having not wherewith to pay, he forgave both, whether therefore doth love him more? Simon anſwering, ſaid, I ſuppoſe that he to whom he forgave more. But he ſaid to him, Thou haſt judged rightly. And turning to the woman, he ſaid unto* Simon, *Doeſt thou ſee this woman? I entred into thy houſe, water to my feet thou didſt not give: but ſhe with tears hath watered my feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them. Kiſs thou gaveſt me not; but ſhee, ſince I came in, hath not ceaſed to kiſs my feet. With oyl thou didſt not anoint my head but ſhe with ointment hath anointed my feet. For the which I ſay unto thee, many ſins are forgiven her, becauſe ſhe hath loved much. But to whom leſs is forgiven, he loveth leſs. And he ſaid to her, Thy ſins are forgiven thee. And they that ſate together at the table, began to ſay within themſelves, Who is this that alſo forgiveth ſins? And he ſaid to the woman, Thy faith hath made thee ſafe, Go in peace.*

Moralities.

1. SAint *Mary Magdalen* is under the feet of Jeſus Chriſt, as is that work of Saphires (mentioned in *Exodus*) under the feet of God. It is a work wrought by the right hand of the Higheſt, the wonder of women, the moſt happy of all lovers; who made profit of ſin, which deſtroyes all; who ſanctified that love, which ſo little knew the way to any ſanctity. This is the fountain mentioned in the Book of *Eſther*, in the viſion of *Mordocheus*; A fountain which became a river, and after changes it ſelf into the Sun, which gives beams and ſhowers at one inſtant. She is a fountain at the Phariſees table, ſhe is a river in her ſolitary grove, ſhe is a Sun both in Paradiſe, and in that great exaltation, wherein the Catholick Church now beholds her. Being now in glory, ſhe doth not yet forbear to open fountains of tears (by imitation of her) within the ſouls of repentant ſinners, of whom inceſſantly ſhe procures the converſion. Happy is that heart which is pierced with the imitation of her virtues, thereby to gain ſome part of her crowns.

2. Every thing is admirable in her converſion: A ſinner wounded with love, cures her ſelf by love. She changes the fire of *Babylon*, into that of *Jeruſalem*. She plucks out of her wound the venomous dart of worldly love, to make large room for the arrows of *Jeſus*, which pierce her heart; and at an inſtant make a harmony of heavenly paſſions within the bottom of her ſoul. She holds the wound dearer then life, and goes ſtreight to her conquerour, to deſire death, or increaſe of love.

3. She appears moſt ingenious in her affections, to provide no water wherewith to waſh her Maſters feet, ſince ſhe could draw it ſo fitly out of her own eyes. This was the water which *Jeſus* did thirſt after, when he asked of the Samaritan woman ſome to drink; But that poor woman was ſo aſtoniſhed, that ſhe forſook her pitcher, and forgot that which *Jeſus* asked. Now the holy *Magdalen* brings her eyes to the Phariſees table, as to veſſels full of Chryſtall water, which was of that pure ſtream which comes from the holy Lamb. Heaven is wont to water the earth, but here the earth waters Heaven. A ſoul which was before black, and burnt up with the fire of concupiſcence, provides a Fountain for the KING of higheſt Heaven. She draws tears from her ſins, to make them become the joyes of Paradiſe.

4. She ſanctifies all that which was eſteemed moſt propiane. Her hairs, which were the nets wherein ſo many captive ſouls did ſigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the enſigns and ſtandards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of her Conquerour. Thoſe kiſſes, which carried the poiſon of a luxurious paſſion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chaſtity. Her pleaſing odours which were before vowed to ſenſuality, are now become the ſweeteſt exhalations from that Amber Iſle, which brings an odoriferous perfume to Jeſus Chriſt. She brings with her, Aromatick ſpices, to burn her ſelf at the Mountain of her Sun who makes himſelf her Prieſt, her Advocate, and Bride-man.

5. She had gained the great Jubilee, and was aſſured of it, by the word of the Eternal Biſhop; and yet during all the reſt of her life, ſhe practiſed upon her ſelf a ſanctified revenge, and her penance never ends, but with her life; to confound our coldneſs, who know ſo little what it is to bewail a ſin. She is as timorous in the aſſurance of her pardon, as we are ſecure at the approach of Gods juſtice. No body could be ſo patient, and ſo conſtant in her love, but ſhe, that had a holy emulation toward heavenly charity. It is her perſeverance which draws to the earth a perfect copy of that life (without limit) which the bleſſed ſouls enjoy in heaven. It is ſhe alone to whom eternity was then given, becauſe ſhe had power to offer repentant frailty to Eternity it ſelf.

Aſpirations.

Upon Saint *Mary Magdalens* great Repentance.

O Jeſus, my Conquerour, and my Sovereign Biſhop, thou art pleaſed to be ſatisfied of thy unworthy ſervant; but I am not yet content with my ſelf. No, no, my life and penance ſhall end together, ſince I have loſt that which ſhould never have been ſeparated from my body, before the ſeparation of my ſoul. And ſince I cannot enter chaſt into my grave, I will now go repentant into an obſcure and ſavage Cave, where the Sun ſhal ſhine no more upon a head ſo ſinfull as mine. Mine eyes (O mine eyes) who have firſt received that fire which hath ſo paſſionately devoured my ſoul, I will make you imitate the Pond of *Heſchond*, and ſooner ſhall thoſe two fountains be dried up, which ſerve the ſtream of *Jordan*, then you ſhal want water to waſh the ſteps of your Concupiſcences. I will have that neck (which hath ſuffered it ſelf to be embraced by unlawfull Arms) held under the yoke of him that hath overcome me, and ſo happily ſubjected me to his Empire. Theſe arms and hands, which have been the chains of wanton embracements, ſhall henceforth for ever be lifted up to Heaven in prayer, and they ſhall have no other Altars, but the feet of my Lord and Maſter, if I dare think my ſelf worthy to kiſs them. This mouth, which hath been the gate of unchaſtity, ſhall now become a Temple of God's praiſes. And this heart, which hath been a burning furnace of worldly love, ſhall be a burning lamp of holy affections before God; and ſhall have no other oyl to maintain it, but that water which ſhall be drawn from mine eyes. O my God, ſince I have ſo betrayed my heart, abuſed my youth, ſpent prodigally thy Treaſures, and made crowns to Baal out of thy ſilver; ſince I have forſaken thee, who art eternal, unchangeable, and incomparable Goodneſs (without whom all other goods are nothing) to follow

low a wanton fire, which hath brought me to the brim of everlasting precipice: where shall I find sufficient tears to wash my offences? where shall I find enow parts of my body, to be continually offered up as the sacrifice of my repentance? I would make my life immortal, to have my pains so lasting, and if thy mercy will not let me be the object of thy vengeance, let me at least serve for a sacrifice at thy Altars.

The Gospel upon Friday the fifth week in Lent, S. *John*. 11.

The Jews said, What shall we do? for this man doth many miracles.

THe chief Priests and the Pharisees, gathered a Council, and said, What shall we do? for this man doth many signs: if we let him alone so, all will believe in him, and the Romans *will come and take away our place and Nation. But one of them named* Caiaphas, *being the High Priest of that year, said to them, You know nothing, neither do you consider that it is expedient for us, that one man dy for the people, and the whole Nation perish not. And this he said not of himself, but being the High Priest of that year, he prophesied that* Jesus *should dy for the Nation: and not only for the Nation, but to gather in one, the children of God that were dispersed. From that day therefore they devised to kill him.* Jesus *therefore walked no more openly among the Jews, but he went into the Country beside the Desart, unto a City that is called* Ephrem, *and there he abode with his Disciples.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greatest Tragedies acted in the life of man, which makes curious persons to question, wise men to wonder, good men to groan, and the wicked to rejoyce; is to see an innocent man oppressed by colour of justice. Now Jesus being resolved to espouse our miseries, as far as they can reach, was pleased to pass through those rigours and formalities of the wicked, coloured with a pretext of equity. He is not here condemned by a mean people without consideration, without power, without formality of process. But by these chief Priests and principal men of that Nation assembled in Council; they informed themselves, they reason, and conclude his death. The Lions of *Solomon's* throne, did anciently bear certain Writs of the Law, to signifie, that it was to be handled by courageous and clear-seeing Judges. But here Foxes got it into their hands, and did manage it by crafty deceits and wickedness. Alas, we are far from the Laws of God, when we cannot abide the least word spoken against our reputation. We are troubled to suffer for innocency, as if it were a greater honour to suffer for a direct offence. Shall we never think, that the triumph of virtue consists in well doing, and thereby sometimes receiving harm, even from those who are esteemed good men?

2. There are some difficulties in affairs, where truth is shut up, as within a cloud. Wise men can hardly find out where the point lies; but God doth so order it, that falshood leaves always certain marks by which it may be known; and the beauty of truth is ever like that lake of *Africk*, which early or late discovers all that is cast into it, and makes all impostures plainly appear, when we think they are most concealed. And this appears by the proceeding of *Caiaphas*, who chose to condemn *Christ*, for those things which were the certain tokens, that he was the true Messias. He concluded his death by reason of his miracles, and those gave him authority, as to the Prince of life. A troubled spirit makes darts of every thing, (which it can) to fight against reason, and kills it self, not suspecting its own poyson.

3. The Devil publisheth Jesus for the true Messias, and so doth likewise *Caiaphas* prophesie the same. It is not always a certain mark of goodness to speak that which is good, but it is an assurance of virtue to avoid that which is ill. There are many from whom good works do escape, while they both think and do ill. Truth makes use of their tongues, when Devils command their hearts. It is this which makes us to see our Saviour's Empire, and the extent of his conquests, which is not limited by time, he being already entred into possession of Eternity: and it is not bounded by place; because it contains all Immensity. Night hath no power to cover it, because it is light it self: It cannot be shut up in any deceitful shadow, because it scatters and discovers all falshood: it cannot be comprehended within our senses, because it exceeds their capacity; and it is present in all places, being omnipotent and eternal in all time.

Aspirations.

O Jesus, Father of all blessed unions, who hast suffered death to unite all the children of God together, who are scattered over all the Countries of the world; wilt thou have no pity of my heart, so many times torn in pieces, and strayed among a great multitude of objects, which estrange and draw me from the first of all Unities? My soul melts through all the Gates of my senses, by running after so many creatures which do kindle covetousnes, but never serve to refresh or cool the heat of it. Draw me (O Lord) from the great throng of so many exteriour things, that I may retire into my own heart, and from thence arise to thine, where I may find that peace, which thou hast cemented fast with thy most precious blood.

When shall I see the first beams of that liberty, which thou grantest to thy children? When shall my thoughts return from wandring in those barren regions, where thou art not acknowledged? When shall I be re-united, and so purified by thy favours, that they may celebrate continual days of feast in my soul? I am already there in desire, and shall be there in presence, when by help of thine infinite grace and mercy, I can be wholly thine.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the fifth week in Lent, S. *John*. 12.

The chief Priests thought to kill *Lazarus*, because the miracle upon him, made many follow JESUS.

BUt the chief Priests devised for to kill Lazarus *also; because many for him of the Jews went away, and believed in* Jesus.

And on the morrow a great multitude that was come to a festival day, when they had heard that Jesus *cometh to* Jerusalem, *they took the boughs of Palms, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of our Lord, the King of* Israel. *And* Jesus *found a young Ass, and sate upon it, as it is written, Fear not daughter of* Sion: *behold, thy King cometh, sitting upon an Asses colt. These things his Disciples did not know at the first: but when* Jesus *was glorified, then they remembered that these things had been written of him, and these things they did to him. The multitude therefore gave testimony, which was with him when he called* Lazarus *out of the grave, and raised him from the dead. For therefore all the multitude came to meet him, because they heard that he had done this sign. The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Do you see that we prevail nothing? Behold the whole world is gone after him.*

And there were certain Gentiles of them that came up to adore in the festival day. These therefore came to Philip, *who was of* Bethsaida *of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we are desirous to see* Jesus. Philip *cometh and telleth* Andrew. *Again,* Andrew *and* Philip *told* Jesus: *but* Jesus *answered them, saying, the hour is come that the Son of man shall be glorified. Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless*

the

the grain of wheat falling into the ground, dy, it ſelf remaineth alone: but if it dy, it bringeth much fruit. He that loveth his life, ſhall looſe it: and he that hateth his life in this world, doth keep it to life everlaſting. If any man miniſter to me, let him follow me: and where I am, there alſo ſhall my miniſter be. If any man miniſter to me, my Father will honour him.

Moralities.

1. ADmire here the extaſies of our ſweet Saviour: He is raviſhed by the object of his death, and is tranſported by the Idæa of his ſuffe-rings. The trumpet of Heaven ſounded in the voice which was heard by this great multitude. He encourages himſelf to his combat; he looks confidently upon the Croſs, as the fountain of his glories, and planted his elevation upon the loweſt abaſements. Shall not we love this Croſs, which *Jeſus* hath cheriſhed as his Spouſe? He gave up his ſoul in the arms of it to conquer our ſouls. We ſhal never be worthy of him, till we bear the Enſigns of his war, and the ornaments of his peace. Every thing is a Paradiſe to him, that knows how to love the Croſs: and every thing is hell to thoſe who flie from it; and no body flies it, but ſhal find it. It is the gate of our mortality, whither we muſt all come, though we turn our backs to it.

2. What a great ſecret it is, to hate our ſoul, that we may love it; To hate it for a time, that we may love it for all eternity; to puniſh it in this life, to give it thereby a perpetual reſt in that to come; To deſpiſe it, that we may honour it? To handle it roughly, that it may be perfectly eſtabliſhed in all delights? And yet this is the way which all juſt men have paſſed, to arrive at the chiefeſt point of their reſt. They have reſembled the Flowers-de-luce, which weep for a time, and out of their own tears produce ſeeds which renew their beauties. The ſalt ſea for them becomes a flouriſhing field, as it did to the people of God, when they came forth of the chains of *Egypt*. The cloud which appeared to the Prophet *Ezechiel*, carried with it winds and ſtorms: but it was environed with a golden circle; to teach us, that the ſtorms of afflictions which happen to Gods children, are encompaſſed with brightneſs, and ſmiling felicity. They muſt rot as a grain of wheat, that they may bud out and flouriſh in the ear. They muſt abide the diverſity of times, and endure the ſythe and flail; They muſt be ground in a mill, and paſs by water and fire, before they can be made bread pleaſing to Jeſus Chriſt. Our loſſes are our advantages; we looſe nothing, but to gain by it; we humble and abaſe our ſelves, to be exalted; we deſpoil our ſelves to be better cloathed, and we mortifie our ſelves, to be revived. O what a grain of wheat is Jeſus Chriſt, who hath paſt all theſe trials, to make the heighth of all heavenly glories bud out of his infinite ſufferings.

Aſpirations.

O God, I have that paſſionate deſire, which theſe ſtrangers had, to ſee Jeſus. I do not ask it of *Philip*, nor ſhal *Philip* have cauſe to ask *Andrew*. My Jeſus, I ask it of thy ſelf. Thou art beautiful even in the way of the Croſs; Thou didſt ſhew thy ſelf courageous in the Abyſs of thy pains: thou art admirable in the contempt of death. The heavenly trumpet hath already ſounded for thee, and chearfulneſs gives wings to carry thee to this great combat, where death and life fight ſingly together: which makes life die for a time, and death live for ever. I will forſake my very ſoul, to follow thee in this Agony, and find my life in thy death, as thou haſt extinguiſhed death in thy life.

The Goſpel upon Palm-Sunday, S. *Matthew* 21.

Our SAVIOUR came in triumph to *Jeruſalem* a little before his Paſſion.

AND when they drew nigh to Jeruſalem, *and were come to* Bethphage, *unto mount* Olivet, *then* Jeſus *ſent two Diſciples, ſaying to them, Go ye into the Town that is againſt you, and immediately you ſhall find an Aſs tied, and a colt with her: looſe them, and bring them to me. And if any man ſhall ſay ought unto you, ſay ye, That our Lord hath need of them, and forthwith he will let them go. And this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken by the Prophet, ſaying, Say ye to the daughter of* Sion, *Behold thy King cometh to thee, meek, and ſitting upon an Aſs, and a Colt, the foal of her that is uſed to the yoke. And the Diſciples going, did as* Jeſus *commanded them: and they brought the Aſs and the Colt, and laid their garments upon them, and made him to ſit thereon. And a very great multitude ſpred their garments in the way: and others did cut boughs from the trees, and ſtrawed them in the way, and the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, ſaying: Hoſanna to the Son of* David, *bleſſed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour goes to his death in triumph: he appears to be a King, but a King of hearts, who requires nothing of us, but our ſelves, only to make us happy and contented in him. He triumphs before the victory, becauſe none but he could be ſure of the future certainty of his happineſs. But he watered his triumphs with tears, to weep for our joys, which were to proceed out of his ſadneſs. It is related by an ancient Oratour, that when *Conſtantine* made his entry into great *Britany*, (where he was born) the people received him with ſo great applauſe, that they kiſſed the Sails and Oars of the veſſel which brought him, and were ready to pave the ſtreets with their bodies for him to tread on. If they did ſo for a mortal man, what ſhould we not do for an eternal God, who comes to buy us with his precious blood, and demands entrance into our hearts, only to give us Paradiſe.

2. He walks towards his Croſs, amongſt the cries of favours and joy; to teach us, with what chearfulneſs we ſhould conform our ſelves to abide our own ſufferings; imitating the Apoſtles, who received their firſt reproaches, as Manna from heaven. He would have us prepared and reſolved always to ſuffer death patiently; whether it be a death which raiſeth up our ſpirit to forſake ſenſuality, or a natural death. Whether ſoever it be, we ſhould embrace it as the day which muſt bring us to our lodging, after a troubleſom pilgrimage. Doth it not appear plainly, that thoſe who are loath to forſake the world, are like herbs put into an earthen pot among ſtraw and dung, and yet would be unwilling to come forth of it. The furniture of our worldly lodging grown rotten, the roof is ready to fall upon our heads, the foundation ſhakes under our feet, and we fear that day, which (if we our ſelves will) ſhal be the morning of our eternall happineſs. It is not death, but only the opinion of it, which is terrible, and every man conſiders it according to the diſpoſition of his own ſpirit.

3. The Palm-branches which we carry in our hands, require from us the renewing of a life purifi'd and cleanſed in the bloud of the holy Lamb. In the beginning of Lent we take upon our heads the aſhes of Palm-branches, to teach us, that we do then enter (as it were) into the Sepulchre of repentance: But now we carry green bows; to make us know, that now we come out of the tomb of Aſhes, to enter again into the ſtrength of doing good works, in imi-

tation

tation of the trees, which having been covered with snow, and buried in the sharpness of winter, do again begin to bud out in the Spring-time.

4. The garments spread under the feet of *Jesus*, declare, that all our temporal goods should be employed towards his glory; and that we must forsake our affections to all things which perish, that we may be partakers of his Kingdom. No man can stand firm, that is delighted with moveable things. He that is subject to worldly affections, binds himself to a wheel which turns about continually. *Jesus* accepted this triumph, only to despise it: he reserved the honour of it in his own hands, to drown it in the flood of his tears, and in the sea of his precious blood. If you be rich and wealthy, do not publish it vainly, but let the poor feel it. You must live amongst all the greatness and jollity of this world, as a man whose only business must be to go to God.

Aspirations.

O Sovereign King of hearts, after whom all chast loves do languish, I am filled with joy to see thee walk amongst the cries of joy, and the Palms and garments of thy admirers, which served for carpets. I am ravished with thy honours and the delights of thy glory, and I applaud thy triumphs. Alas, that all the earth is not obedient unto thy laws; and that the tongues of all people do not make one voice, to acknowledge thee sole Monarch of Heaven and earth. Triumph at least in the hearts of thy faithful servants (O my magnificent Master) make a triumphal Ark composed of hearts; Put fire to it with thy adored hand: pour out one spark of that heat, which thou camest to spread upon the earth. Let every thing burn for thee, and consume it self in thy love. I do irrevocably bind my heart to the magnificence of thy triumph, and I love better to be thy slave, then to be saluted King of the whole world.

The Gospel upon Munday in holy week Saint *John* 12.

Saint *Mary Magdalen* anointed our Saviours feet with precious Ointment: at which *Judas* repined.

JEsus *therefore six days before the Pasche, came to* Bethania, *where* Lazarus *was, that had been dead, whom* Jesus *raised and they made him a supper there, and* Martha *ministred, but* Lazarus *was one of them that sate at the table with him.* Mary *therefore took a pound of Ointment of right Spikenard, precious, and anointed the feet of* Jesus, *and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled of the odour of the Ointment. One therefore of his Disciples,* Judas Iscariot, *he that was to betray him, said, Why was not this Ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? And he said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put in it.* Jesus *therefore said, Let her alone, that she may keep it for the day of my burial: for the poor you have always with you: but me you shall not have always. A great multitude of the Jews knew that he was there: and they came, not for* Jesus *onely, but that they might see* Lazarus, *whom he raised from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. *Lazarus* being raised from his grave, converseth familiarly with *Jesus*; and to preserve the life which he had newly received, he ties himself continually to the fountain of lives: to teach us, that since we have begun to make a stronge conversion from sin to grace, we must not be out of the sight of God: we must live with him, and of him; with him, by applying our spirit, our prayers, our fervours, our passionate sighs toward him: and live of him, by often receiving the blessed Sacrament. Happy they (saith the Angel in the *Apocalyps*) who are invited to the wedding-supper of the Lamb. But note, that he who invites us to this feast, stands upright amidst the Sun, to signifie, that we should be as pure as the beams of light, when we come unto the most holy Sacrament. *Lazarus* did eat bread with his Lord: but, (to speak with S. *Augustine*) he did not then eat the bread of our Lord; and yet this great favour is reserved for you, when you are admitted to that heavenly banquet, where God makes himself meat, to give you an Antepast of his Immortality.

2. God will have us acknowledge his benefits, by the faithfulness of our services. S. *Peter's* mother-in-law, as soon as she was healed of her Feaver, presently served her Physician. And observe, that *Martha* served the Authour of life, who had redeemed her brother from the power of death. The faithful *Mary*, who had shed tears, gave what she had most precious, and observes no measure in the worth; because *Jesus* cannot be valued. *Cleopatra's* pearl (estimated to be worth 200000 crowns) which she made her friend swallow at a Banquet, this holy woman, thought too base; she melts her heart in a sacred Limbeck of love, and distils it out by her eys. And *Jesus* makes so great account of her waters and perfumes, that he would suffer no body to wash his feet, when he instituted the blessed Sacrament, as not being willing to deface the sacred characters of his sacred Lover.

3. *Judas* murmures and covers his villanous passion of Avarice, under the colour of charity and mercy towards the poor. And just so do many cover their vices with a specious shew of virtue. The proud man would be thought magnanimous; the prodigal would pass for liberal: the covetous for a good husband; the brain-sick rash man, would be reputed courageous: the glutton a hospitable good fellow: sloath puts on the face of quietness, timorousness of wisdom, impudence of boldness, insolence of liberty, and over-confident or sawcy prating, would be taken for eloquence. Many men (for their own particular interests) borrow some colours of the publick good; and very many actions, both unjust and unreasonable, take upon them a semblance of piety. S. *Irenæus* saith, that many give water coloured with sleckt white-lime or plaster, in stead of milk. * And all their life is but a Farse, where Blackamoors are whited over with meal. Poor truth suffers much more amongst these cozenages: but you must take notice, that in the end, wicked and dissembling *Judas* did burst, and shew his damned soul stark naked. Yet some think fairly to cover foul intentions, who must needs know well, that hypocrisie hath no veil to cozen death.

* A Farse is a *French* Jig, wherein the faces of all the actours are whited over with meal.

Aspirations.

I See no Altars in all the world more amiable then the feet of our Saviour, I will go by his steps to find his feet; and by the excellencies of the best of men, I will go find out the God of gods. Those feet are admirable, and S. *John* hath well described them to be made of mettal, burning in a Furnace: they are feet of mettal by their constancy, and feet of fire by the enflamed affections of their Master. Let *Judas* murmure at it, what he will: but if I had a Sea of sweet odours, and odoriferous perfumes, I would empty them all upon an object so worthy of love. Give (O mine eys) give at least tears to this precious Holocaust, which goes to sacrifice it self for satisfaction of your libidinous concupiscences. Wash it with your waters, before it wash you with its blood. O my soul, seek not after excrements of thy head to dry it: thy hairs are thy thoughts, which must only think of him, who thought so kindly and passionately of thee, on the day of his Eternity.

The Gospel upon Maunday Thursday, S. *John* the 13.

Of our Saviours washing the feet of his Apostles.

And before the festival day of the Paschc, Jesus knowing that his hour was come, that he should pass out of this world to his Father: whereas he had loved his that were in the world, unto the end he loved them. And when supper was done, whereas the devil now had put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, *the son of* Simon, *to betray him, knowing that the Father gave him all things into his hands, and that he came from God, and goeth to God: he riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments, and having taken a towel, girded himself. After that he put water into a bason, and began to wash the feet of the Disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. He cometh therefore to* Simon Peter; *and* Peter *saith to him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?* Jesus *answered, and said to him, That which I do, thou knowest not now, hereafter thou shalt know.* Peter *saith to him, Thou shalt not wash my feet for ever.* Jesus *answered him, if I wash thee not, thou shalt not have part with me.* Simon Peter *saith to him, Lord, not only my feet, but also hands and head.* Jesus *saith to him, He that is washed, needeth not but to wash his feet, but is clean wholly: and you are clean, but not all; for he knew who he was that would betray him, therefore he said, You are not clean all.*

Therefore after he had washed their feet, and taken his garments, being set down, again he said to them, Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master, and Lord, and you say well, for I am so. If then I have washed your feet, Lord and Master, you ought also to wash one anothers feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do you also.

Moralities.

1. JEsus loves his servants for an end, and till the full accomplishment of that end. The world loves his creatures with a love which tends to concupiscence; but that is not the end for which they were made, or should be loved. There is a very great difference between them: for the love of worldly men, plays the tyrant in the world, snatching and turning all things from the true scope and intention, for which they were made by God, diverting them to profane uses, by turbulent and forcible ways. The world pleaseth it self to set up Idols every where, to make it self adored in them, as chief Sovereign. It makes use of the Sun to light his crimes; of the fatness of the earth to fatten his pleasures, of apparel for his luxury, of all mettals to kindle Avarice, and of the purest beauties to serve sensuality. And if by chance it love any creature, with a well-wishing love, and as it ought to be loved, that is not permanent. The wind is not more inconstant, nor a calm at Sea more unfaithful, then worldly friendship. For sometimes it begins with Fire, and ends in Ice. It is made as between a pot and a glass, and is broken sooner then a glass. The ancient *Almans* tried their children in the *Rhine*, but true friendship is tried in a sea of tribulation. It is only Jesus (the preserver and restorer of all things) who loves us from Eternity to Eternity. We must follow the sacred steps of his examples, to reduce our selves to our first beginning, and to bring our selves to the final point of our happiness.

2. The water at first was a mild element, which served the Majesty of God, as a floating chariot, since (as the Scripture saith) his Spirit was carried upon the waters, from whence he drew the seeds which produced all the world. But after man had sinned; like a Supreme Judge, he made use of the gentlest things to be the instruments of our punishments. The water which carried the Divine Mercies, was chosen at the deluge, to drown all mankind. Now at this time Jesus sanctified it by his sacred touch: He took the bason, which being in his hands, became greater and more full of Majesty, then all the Ocean. Our spots, which eternity could not wash clean, are taken away at Baptism, by one only drop of water, sanctified by his blessing. He prevents the bath of his bloud, by the bath of an element: which he doth expressly before his institution of the blessed Sacrament; to teach us, what purity of life, of heart, of faith, of intentions and affections, we must bring to the Holy Eucharist. It is necessary to chase away all strange gods (which are sins and passions) before we receive the God of *Israel*: we must wash our selves in the waters of repentance, and change our attire by a new conversation. Is it too much for us to give flesh for flesh, the body of a miserable man, for that of Jesus Christ? The consideration of our sins should bring up the blood of blushing into our cheeks, since they were the only cause why he shed his most precious blood upon the Cross for us. Alas, the Heavens are not pure before his most pure Spirit, which purifies all nature: Then how can we go to him, with so many voluntary stains and deformities? Is it not to cast flowers upon a dunghil, and to drive Swine to a clear fountain, when we will go to Jesus (the Authour of innocency) carrying with us the steps and spots of our heynous sins?

3. Jesus would not only take upon himself the form of man, but also of a base servant, as S. *Paul* saith. It was the office of slaves to carry water to wash bodies; which made *David* say, that *Moab* should be the Bason of his hope, expressing thereby, that he would humble the Moabites so low, that they should serve only to bring water to wash unclean houses. Alas, who would have said, that the Messias was come amongst us to execute the office of a Moabite (What force hath conquered him, what arms have brought him under, but only love? How can we then become proud, and burn incense to that Idol, called *Point of honour*, when we see how our God humbled himself in this action? observe with what preparation the Evangelist said, that his Heavenly Father had put all into his hands: that he came from God, and went to God; yet in stead of taking the worlds Scepter, he takes a Bason, and humbles himself to the most servile offices. And if the waters of this Bason cannot burst in us the foul impostume of vanity, we must expect no other remedy, but the eternal flames of hell fire.

Aspirations.

O King of Lovers, and Master of all holy Loves, Thou lovest for an end, and till the accomplishment of that end. It appertains only to thee, to teach the Art of loving well, since thou hast practised it so admirably. Thou art none of those delicate friends, who only make love to beauties, to gold, and silk; thou lovest our very poverty, and our miseries; because they serve for objects of thy charity. Let proud *Michol* laugh (while she list) to see my dear *David* made as a water-bearer; I honour him as much in that posture, as I would sitting upon the throne of all the world. I look upon him holding this Bason, as upon him that holds the vast seas in his hands. O my merciful *Jesus*, I beseech thee wash; wash again, and make clean my most sinful soul. Be it as black as hell, being in thy hands, it may become more white then that Dove (with silver wings) of which the Prophet speaks. I go, I run to the fountain; I burn with love amongst thy purifying waters. I desire affectionately to humble my self, but I know not where to find so low a place as thine, when thou thus wast humbled before *Judas*, to wash his traiterours feet.

Upon

Upon the Garden of Mount *Olivet.*

Moralities.

1. JEsus enters into a Garden, to expiate the sin committed in a Garden by the first man. The first *Adam* stole the fruit, and the second is ordained to make satisfaction. It is a strange thing, that he chose the places of our delights, for suffering his pains; and never lookt upon our most dainty sweets, but to draw out of them most bitter sorrows. Gardens are made for recreations, but our Saviour finds there onely desolation. The Olives, which are tokens of peace, denounce war unto him. The plants there do groan; the flowers are but flowers of death, and those fountains are but fountains of sweat and bloud. He that shall study well this Garden, must needs be ashamed of all his pleasant Gardens: and will forsake those refined curiosities of Tulips, to make his heart become another manner of Garden, where Jesus should be planted, as the onely Tree of Life, which brings forth the most perfect fruits of justice.

2. It was there that the greatest Champion of the world undertook so great Combats, which began with sweat and bloud, but ended with the loss of his life. There were three marvellous Agonies, of God and Death; of Joy and Sorrow; of the Soul and Flesh of *Jesus*. God and Death were two incomparable things; since God is the first, and the most universal of all lives, who banisheth from him all the operations of death, and yet his love finds means to unite them together for our redemption.

The joy of beatitude was a fruition of all celestial delights, whereunto nothing which displeased, could have access; and yet *Jesus* suffered sorrow, to give him a mortal blow, even in the Sanctuary of his Divinity. He afflicted himself for us, because we knew not what it was to afflict our selves for him, and he descended by our steps to the very anguishes of death, to make us rise by his death, to the greatest joyes of life.

To be short, there was a great duel between the affectionate love, and the virginal flesh of *Jesus*. His soul did naturally love a body, which was so obedient; and his body followed wholly the inclinations of his soul: There was so perfect an agreement between these two parties, that their separation must needs be most dolorous. Yet *Jesus* would have it so, and signed the decree by sweating bloud. And, as if it had been too little to weep for our sins with two eyes, he suffered as many eyes as he had veins, to be made in his body, to shed for us tears of his own bloud.

3. Observe here how this soul of *Jesus* amongst those great anguishes, continued alwaies constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm. He praies, he exhorts, he orders, he reproves, and he encourages; he is like the Heavens, which (amongst so many motions and agitations) lose no part of their measure or proportion. Nature and obedience make great convulsions in his heart: but he remains constantly obedient to the will of his Heavenly Father: he tears himself from himself, to make himself a voluntary sacrifice for death, amongst all his inclinations to life; to teach us that principal lesson of Christianity, which is to desire onely what God will, and to execute all the decrees of his divine Providence, as our chiefest helps to obtain perfection.

Aspirations.

O Beauteous garden of Olives, which from henceforth shalt be the most delicious object of my heart. I will lose my self in thy walks, I will be lost with God, that I may never be lost. I will breath onely thy air, since it is made noble by the sighs of my dear Master. I will gather thy flowers, since *Jesus* hath marked them with his bloud. I will wash my self in those fountains, since they are sanctified by the sweat of my *Jesus*. I will have no other joy, but the sorrow of the Son of God, nor any other will but his. O my sweet Saviour, Master and teacher of all humane kind, wilt thou be abridged of thine own will (which was so reasonable and pure) to give me an example of mortifying my passions, and shall I (before thy face) retain any wicked or disordinate appetites? Is it possible I should desire to be Lord of my self (who am so bad a Master) when I see the Authour of all goodness separate himself from himself, onely to make me and all mankind, partakers of his merits.

Of the Apprehension of JESUS.

IN that obscure and dolorous night, wherein our Saviour was apprehended, three sorts of darkness were cast; upon the Jews, upon *Judas*, and upon Saint *Peter*: A darkness of obduration upon the hearts of the Jews; a darkness of ingratefull malignity upon *Judas*; and a darkness of infirmity upon Saint *Peter*. Was there ever any blindness like that of the Jews, who sought for the shining Sun with lighted torches, without knowing him by so many beams of power, which shined from him? They are strucken down with the voice of the Son of God, as with lightning; and they rise again upon the earth to arm themselves against Heaven. They binde his hands to take away the use of his forces, but they could not stop the course of his bounties. To shew that he is totally good, he is good and charitable, even amongst his mercileſs executioners, and he lost all he had (saving his Godhead) onely to gain patience.

When S. *Peter* struck the high Priests servant, the patience of our Lord Jesus received the blow, and had no patience till he was healed. If goodness did shew forth any one beam in the garden, modesty sent forth another in the house of *Annas*, when his face was strucken by a servile hand, his mouth opened it self as a Temple, from whence nothing came but sweetness and light. The God of Truth speaketh to *Caiphas*, and they spit upon his brightness, and cover that face which must discover Heaven for us. The mirrour of Angels is tarnisht with the spittle of infernal mouthes, and wounded by most sacrilegious hands, without any disturbance of his constancy. That was invincible by his virtue, as the wilfulness of the Jews stood immoveable by their obduration. There are souls, which after they have filled the earth with crimes, expect no cure of their diseases, but by the hell of the reprobate.

2. The second darkness appeareth by the black passion of *Judas*, who falls down into hell with his eies open; and after he had sold his soul, sold *Jesus*, and both all he had, and all he was, to buy an infamous halter to hang himself. A soul become passionate with wanton love, with ambition or avarice, is banished into it self, as into a direct hell, and delivered to her own passions, as to the Furies. The Poets *Hydra* had but seven heads; but the spirit of Avarice (S. *John Climacus* saith) hath ten thousand. The conversation of *Jesus*, which was so full of infinite attractions, could never win the spirit of *Judas*, when it was once bewitched with covetousness. The tinkling of silver kept him from rightly understanding

Jesus. He makes use of the most holy things, to betray Holiness it self. He employs the kiss of peace, to begin war. He carries poyson in his heart, and honey in his mouth: he puts on the spirit of *Jesus*, to betray him. This shews us plainly, that covetous and traiterous persons are fartheſt from God, and neareſt to the Devils.

3. The third power of darkness appeared in the infirmity of S. *Peter*, who after so many protestations of fidelity, for fear of death, renounced the Authour of life. One of the Ancients said, The greatest frailty of Humanity, was, that the wisest men were not infallibly wise at all times. And all men are astonished to see, that the greateſt spirits (being left to themselves) become barren, and suffer eclipses, which give examples to the wisest, and terrour to all the world. God hath suffered the fall of S. *Peter*, to make us have in horrour all presumption of our own forces: and to teach us, that over-great assurance is oftentimes mother of an approaching danger. Besides, it seemeth he would by this example, consecrate the virtue of repentance in this fault of him, whom he chose to be head of his Church; to make us see, that there is no dignity so high, nor holiness so eminent, which doth not owe Tribute to the mercy of God.

Aspirations.

Upon S. *Peter's* Tears.

IT is most true (saith S. *Peter*) that a proud felicity hath always reeling feet. Thou which didst defie the gates of Hell, hast yielded thy self to the voice of a simple woman. All those conquests which thou didst promise to thy self, are become the tropheys of so weak a hand. Return to the combat, and since she hath triumphed over thee, do thou at least triumph over thy self. Alas, I am afraid even to behold the place of my fall, and the weak snares of a simple woman appear to me as boistrous chains. Yet what can he fear, who is resolute to die? If thou find death amongst these massacres, thou shouldst rather embrace then decline it. For what can it do, but make thee companion of life it self? Our soul is yet too foul to be a sacrifice for God; let us first wash it with tears. I fell down before the fire, and I will rise by water. I have walked upon the Sea to come to *Jesus*, and I will now return to him by the way of my tears. I will speak now only by my tears, since I have lately talked so wickedly with my mouth. Since that which should open to speak Oracles for the Church, hath been employed to commit foul treason: since we have nothing left free to us, but sighs and groans; let us make use of the last liberty which is left us, and when all is spent, return to the mercy of *Jesus*, which all the sins of the world can never evacuate. I will from henceforth be a perpetual example to the Church by my fall and rising again from death, for the comfort of sinners: and the fault of one night shall be lamented by me all the days of my life.

Moralities upon the *Pretorian*, or *Judgment-Hall.*

1. IN the passion of our Saviour, all things are divine, and it seemeth they go as high as they could be raised by that Sovereign power, joyned with extreme love. *Jesus* the most supreme and redoubted Judge, who will come in his great Majesty to judge the world, fire and lightning streaming from his face, and all things trembling under his feet; was pleased at this time to be judged as a criminal person. Every thing is most admirable in this judgment: The Accusers speak nothing of those things, which they had resolved in their counsels: but all spake against their consciences. As soon as they are heard, they are condemned; justice forsaketh them, and they are wholly possest with rage. *Pilate*, before he gave judgment upon Jesus, pronounced it against himself: for after he had so many times declared him innocent, he could not give judgment, without protesting himself to be unjust. The silence of Jesus is more admired by this Infidel, then the eloquence of all the world: and truth, without speaking one word, triumpheth over falshood. A *Pagan* Lady (the wife of *Pilate*) is more knowing then all the Laws: more religious then the Priests: more zealous then the Apostles: more courageous then the men of Arms When she sleepeth, Jesus is in her sleep: when she talketh, Jesus is upon her tongue. If she write, Jesus is under her pen: her letter defendeth him at the Judgment-Hall, when all the world condemned him; she calleth him holy, when they used him like a thief: she maketh her husband wash his hands, before he touched that blood, the high price of which she proclaimed. She was a *Roman* Lady by Nation, called *Claudia Procula*; and it was very fit she should defend this Jesus, who was to plant the Seat of his Church in *Rome*. All this while Jesus doth good amongst so many evils: he had caused a place to be bought newly for the burial of Pilgrims at the price of his blood; he reconciles *Herod* and *Pilate*, by the loss of his life. He sets *Barrabas* at liberty, by the loss of his honour: he speaks not one word to him that had killed S. *John* the *Baptist*, who was the voice. And the other, to revenge himself (without thinking what he did) shewed him as a King. He appears before *Pilate* as the King of dolours, that he might become for us the King of glories. But what a horrour is it to consider, that in this judgment, he was used like a slave, like a sorcerer, like an accursed sacrifice? Slavery made him subject to be whipped, the crown of thorns was given only to Enchanters, and that made him appear as a Sorcerer. And so many curses pronounced against him, made him as the dismissive Goat, mentioned in *Leviticus*, which was a miserable beast, upon which they cast all their execrations, before they sent it to die in the Desart. He that bindeth the showers in clouds, to make them water the earth, is bound and drawn like a criminal person. He that holds the vast Seas in his fist, and ballanceth Heaven with his fingers, is strucken by servile hands. He that enamels the bosom of the earth, with a rare and pleasing diversity of flowers, is most ignominiously crowned with a crown of thorns. O hideous prodigies, which took away from us the light of the Sun, and covered the Moon with a sorrowful darkness. Behold, what a garland of flowers he hath taken upon his head, to expiate the sins of both Sexes. It was made of briars and thorns, which the earth of our flesh had sowed for us, and which the virtue of his Cross took away. All the pricks of death were thrust upon this prodigious patience, which planted her throne upon the head of our Lord. Consider how the Son of God would be used for our sins, while we live in delicacies? and one little offensive word goeth to our hearts; to which, though he that spake it, gave the swiftness of wings, yet we keep it so shut up in our hearts, that it getteth leaden heels, which make it continue there fixed.

Aspirations.

Aſpirations.

ALas, what do I ſee here? A crown of thorns graſted upon a man of thorns: A man of dolours, who burns between two fires, the one of love, the other of tribulation; both which do inflame and devour him equally, and yet never can conſume him. O thou the moſt pure of all beauties, where have my ſins placed thee? Thou art no more a man, but a bloudy skin taken from the teeth of Tigers and Leopards. Alas, what a ſpectacle is this to diſpoil this ſilk * worm, which at this day attires our Churches and Altars? How could they make thoſe men (who looked upon thy chaſte body) ſtrike and diſfigure it? O white Alabaſter, how haſt thou been ſo changed into ſcarlet? Every ſtroke hath made a wound, and every wound a fountain of bloud. And yet ſo many fountains of thy ſo precious bloud, cannot draw from me one tear. But O ſacred Nightingale of the Croſs, who hath put thee within theſe thorns, to make ſo great harmonies only by thy ſilence? O holy thorns, I do not ask you where are your Roſes. I know well they are the bloud of Jeſus, and I am not ignorant that all roſes would be thorns, if they had any feeling of that which you have. Jeſus carried them upon his head, but I will bear them at my heart: and thou (O Jeſus) ſhalt be the object of my preſent dolours, that thou mayeſt after be the Fountain of my everlaſting joys.

* *Ego ſum vermis & non homo.* Pſalm. 21.

Moralities for Good Friday upon the death of JESUS CHRIST.

MOunt *Calvary* is a marvellous ſcaffold, where the chiefeſt Monarch of all the world, loſeth his life, to reſtore our ſalvation which was loſt, and where he makes the Sun to be eclipſed over his head and ſtones to be cloven under his feet; to teach us by inſenſible creatures, the feeling which we ſhould have of his ſufferings.

This is the ſchool where Jeſus teacheth that great Leſſon, which is the way to do well. And we cannot better learn it then by his examples, ſince he was pleaſed to make himſelf paſſible and mortal, to overcome our paſſions, and to be the Authour of our immortality.

The qualities of a good death may be reduced to three points: of which the firſt is to have a right conformity to the will of God, for the manner, the hour, and circumſtances of our death.

The ſecond is, to forſake as well the affections, as the preſence of all creatures of this baſe world.

The third is, to unite our ſelves to God by the practiſe of great virtues, which will ſerve as ſteps to glory.

Now theſe three conditions are to be ſeen in the death of the Prince of Glory upon Mount *Calvary*; which we will take as the pureſt Idea's, whereby to regulate our paſſage out of this world.

1. CONſider in the firſt place, that every man living hath a natural inclination to life, becauſe it hath ſome kind of divinity in it. We love it, when it ſmileth upon us, as if it were our Paradiſe; and if it be troubleſom, yet we ſtrive to retain it, though it be accompanied with very great miſeries. And if we muſt needs forſake this miſerable body, we then deſire to leave it by ſome gentle and eaſie death. This maketh us plainly ſee the generoſity of our Saviour, who being Maſter of life and death, and having it in his power to chuſe that manner of death which would be leaſt hideous, (being of it ſelf full enough of horrour) yet nevertheleſs, to conform himſelf to the will of his heavenly Father, and to confound our delicacies, he would needs leave his life by the moſt dolorous and ignominious, which was to be found among all the deaths of the whole world. The Croſs among the Gentiles, was a puniſhment for ſlaves, and the moſt deſperate perſons of the whole world. The Croſs amongſt the Hebrews was accurſed: It was the ordinary curſe which the moſt uncapable and moſt malicious mouths did pronounce againſt their greateſt enemies. The death of a crucified man, was the moſt continual, languiſhing, and tearing of a ſoul from the body, with moſt exceſſive violence and agony. And yet the Eternal Wiſdom choſe this kind of puniſhment, and drank all the ſorrows of a cup ſo bitter. He ſhould have died upon ſome Trophey, and breathed out his laſt amongſt flowers, and left his ſoul in a moment: and if he muſt needs have felt death, to have had the leaſt ſenſe of it that might be. But he would try the rigour of all greateſt ſufferings: he would fall to the very bottom of diſhonour: and (having ever ſpared from himſelf all the pleaſures of this life) to make his death compleat, he would ſpare none of thoſe infinite dolours. The devout *Simeon* of Caſſia asketh our Saviour, going toward Mount *Calvary*, ſaying, O Lord, whither go you with the extreme weight of this dry and barren piece of wood? Whither do you carry it, and why? Where do you mean to ſet it? Upon mount *Calvary*? That place is moſt wild and ſtony: how will you plant it? Who ſhall water it? Jeſus anſwers, I bear upon my ſhoulders a piece of wood, which muſt conquer him, who muſt make a far greater conqueſt by the ſame piece of wood: I carry it to mount *Calvary*, to plant it by my death, and water it with my blood. This wood which I bear, muſt bear me, to bear the ſalvation of all the world, and to draw all after me. And then (O faithful ſoul) wilt not thou ſuffer ſome confuſion, at thine own delicacies? to be ſo fearful of death by an ordinary diſeaſe, in a doun-bed, amongſt ſuch neceſſary ſervices, ſuch favourable helps, conſolations and kindneſſes of friends ſo ſenſible of thy condition? We bemoan and complain our ſelves of heat, cold, diſtaſte, of diſquiet, of grief: Let us allow ſome of this to Nature; yet muſt it be confeſt, that we lament our ſelves very much: becauſe we have never known, how we ſhould lament a Jeſus Chriſt crucified. Let us die as it ſhall pleaſe the Divine Providence: If death come when we are old, it is a haven: If in youth, it is a direct benefit antedated: If by ſickneſs, it is the nature of our bodies: If by external violence, it is yet always the decree of Heaven. It is no matter how many deaths there are, we are ſure there can be but one for us.

2. Conſider further, the ſecond condition of a good death, which conſiſts in the forſaking of all creatures, and you ſhall find it moſt punctually obſerved by our Saviour at the time of his death. *Ferrara*, a great Divine, who hath written a book of the hidden Word, toucheth twelve things abandoned by our Saviour.

1. *His apparel, leaving himſelf naked.*
2. *The marks of his dignity.*
3. *The Colledge of his Apoſtles.*
4. *The ſweetneſs of all comfort.*
5. *His own proper will.*
6. *The authority of virtues.*
7. *The power of Angels.*
8. *The perfect joys of his ſoul.*
9. *The proper clarity of his body.*
10. *The honours due to him.*
11. *His own skin.*
12. *All his blood.*

Now

Now, do but consider his abandoning the principal of those things, how bitter it was. First, the abandoning of neareſt and moſt faithfull friends, is able to afflict any heart: Behold him forſaken by all his ſo well-beloved Diſciples, of whom he had made choice (amongſt all mortal men) to be the depoſitaries of his doctrine, of his life, of his bloud. If *Judas* be at the myſtery of his Paſſion, it is to betray him. If S. *Peter* be there aſſiſting, it is to deny him: If his ſorrowfull mother ſtand at the foot of the Croſs, it is to increaſe the grief of her Son; and after he had been ſo ill handled by his cruel executioners, to crucifie him again by the hands of Love. The courageous Mother, to triumph over her ſelf by a magnanimous conſtancy, was preſent at the execution of her dear Son. She fixed her eyes upon all his wounds, to engrave them deep in her heart. She opened her ſoul wide, to receive that ſharp piercing ſword, with which ſhe was threatned by that venerable old *Simeon* at her Purification: And Jeſus, who ſaw her ſo afflicted for his ſake, felt himſelf doubly crucified upon the wood of the Croſs, and the heart of his dear Mother. We know it by experience, that when we love one tenderly, his afflictions and diſgraces will trouble us more then our own, becauſe he living in us by an affectionate life, we live in him by a life of reaſon and election. Jeſus lived and repoſed in the heart of his bleſſed Mother, as upon a Throne of love, and as within a Paradiſe of his moſt holy delights. This heart was before as a bed covered with flowers: But this ſame heart (on the day of his Paſſion) became like a ſcaffold hanged with mourning, whereupon our Saviour entred, to be tormented and crucified upon the Croſs of Love, which was the Croſs of his Mother. This admirable Merchant, who deſcended from Heaven to accompliſh the buſineſs of all Ages; (who took upon him our miſeries, to give us felicities) was plunged within a ſea of bloud; and in this ſo precious ſhipwrack, there remained one onely ineſtimable pearl, (which was his divine Mother) and yet he abandons her, and gives her into the hand of his Diſciple. After he had forſaken thoſe neareſt to him, ſee what he does with his body; Jeſus did ſo abandon it (a little before his death) that not being content onely to deliver it as a prey to ſorrow, but he ſuffered it to be expoſed naked, to the view of the world. And amongſt his ſharpeſt dolours, (after he had been refuſed the drink which they gave to malefactours, to ſtrengthen them in their torments) he took for himſelf vinegar and gall. O what a ſpectacle was it to ſee a body torn in pieces, which reſted it ſelf upon its own wounds, which was dying every moment, but could not die, becauſe that life diſtilled by drops? What Martyr did ever endure, in a body ſo ſenſible and delicate, having an imagination ſo lively, and in ſuch piercing dolours, mixt with ſo few comforts? And what Martyr did ſuffer for all the ſins of the whole world, as he did, proportioning his torments according to the fruits which were to proceed from his Croſs? Perhaps, O faithfull ſoul, thou lookeſt for a mans body in thy Jeſus, but thou findeſt nothing but the appearance of one, cruſted over with gore bloud: Thou ſeekeſt for limbs, and findeſt nothing but wounds: Thou lookeſt for a Jeſus, which appeared glorious upon Mount *Tabor*, as upon a Throne of Majeſty, with all the Enſigns of his Glory, and thou findeſt onely a skin all bloudy, faſtened to a Croſs between two thieves. And if the conſideration of this cannot bring drops of bloud from thy heart, it muſt be more inſenſible then a diamond.

3. To conclude, obſerve the third quality of a good death, which will declare it ſelf by the exerciſe of great and heroick virtues. Conſider that incomparable mildneſſe which hath aſtoniſhed all Ages, hath encouraged all virtues, hath condemned all revenges, hath inſtructed all Schools, and crowned all good actions: He was raiſed upon the Croſs, when his dolours were moſt ſharp and piercing; when his wounds did open on all ſides, when his precious bloud was ſhed upon the earth, and moiſtened it in great abundance; when he ſaw his poor cloaths torn in pieces, and yet bloudy in the hands of thoſe who crucified him. He conſidered the extream malice of that cruel people, how thoſe which could not wound him with iron, pierced him with the points of their accurſed tongues. He could quickly have made fire come down from Heaven upon thoſe rebellious heads. And yet forgetting all his pains to remember his mercies, he opened his mouth, and the firſt word he ſpake, was in favour of his enemies, to negotiate their reconciliation, before his ſoul departed. The learned Cardinal *Hugues* admiring this exceſſive charity of our Saviour toward his enemies, applies excellent well that which is ſpoken of the Sun in *Eccleſiaſticus*. He brings news to all the world at his riſing, and at noon day he burns the earth, and heats thoſe furnaces of Nature, which makes it produce all her feats.

So Jeſus the Sun of the intelligible world, did manifeſt himſelf at his Nativity; as in the morning. But the Croſſe was his bed at noon, from whence came thoſe burning ſtreams of Love, which inflame the hearts of all bleſſed perſons, who are like furnaces of that eternal fire, which burns in holy *Sion*.

On the other part, admire that great magnanimity which held him ſo long upon the Croſſe, as upon a throne of honour and power; when he beſtowed Paradiſe upon a man that was his companion in ſuffering. I cannot tell whether in this action we ſhould more admire the good fortune of the good thief, or the greatneſs of Jeſus. The happineſſe of the good thief, who is drawn for a cut-throat to priſon, from priſon to the Judgment-hall, from thence to the Croſſe, and thence goes to Paradiſe, without needing any other gate, but the heart of Jeſus.

On the other ſide, what can be more admirable then to ſee a man crucified, to do that act, which muſt be performed by the living God, when the world ſhall end? To ſave ſome, to make others reprobate, and to judge from the heighth of his Croſſe, as if he ſate upon the chiefeſt throne of all Monarchs.

But we muſt needs affirm, that the virtue of patience in this, holds a chief place, and teaches very admirable leſſons. He endures the torments of body, and the pains of ſpirit, in all the faculties of his ſoul, in all the parts of his virgin fleſh; and by the cruelty and multiplicity of his wounds, they all become one onely wound, from the ſole of his foot, to the top of his head.

His delicate body ſuffers moſt innocently, and all, by moſt ingrate and hypocritical perſons, who would colour their vengeance with an apparance of holineſſe. He ſuffers without any comfort at all, and (which is more) without bemoaning himſelf, he ſuffers whatſoever they would, or could lay upon him, to the very laſt gaſp of his life. Heaven wears mourning upon the Croſſe; all the Citizens of Heaven weep over his torments: the earth quakes; ſtones rend themſelves; Sepulchers open; the dead ariſe: Only Jeſus dies unmoveable upon this throne of patience,

To

To conclude, who would not be aſtoniſhed at the tranquillity of his ſpirit, and amongſt thoſe great convulſions of the world, which moved round about the Croſs, amongſt ſuch bloody dolours, inſolent cries, and inſupportable blaſphemies, how he remained upon the Croſs, as in a Sanctuary, at the foot of an Altar, bleeding, weeping, and praying, to mingle his prayers with his blood and tears. I do now underſtand why the *Wiſeman* ſaid, He planted Iſles within the Abyſs, ſince that in ſo great a gulf of afflictions, he ſhewed ſuch a ſerenity of ſpirit; thereby making a Paradiſe for his Father (amongſt ſo great pains) by the ſweet perfume of his virtues. After he had prayed for his enemies, giving a promiſe of Paradiſe to the good thief, and recommended his Mother to his Diſciple, he ſhut up his eys from all humane things, entertaining himſelf only with prayers and ſighs to his heavenly Father. O that at the time of our deaths, we could imitate the death of *Jeſus*, and then we ſhould be ſure to find the ſtreams of life.

Aſpirations.

O Spectacles of horrour, but Abyſs of goodneſs and mercy. I feel my heart divided by horrour, pity, hate, love, execration, and adoration. But my admiration being raviſhed, carries me beyond my ſelf. Is this then that bloody ſacrifice which hath been expected from all ages? This hidden myſtery, this profound knowledge of the Croſs, this dolorous *Jeſus*, which makes the honourable amends between Heaven and earth, to the eternal Father, for expiation of the ſins of humane kind.

Alas, poor Lord, thou hadſt but one life, and I ſee a thouſand inſtruments of death, which have taken it away. Was there need of opening ſo many bloody doors to let out thine innocent ſoul? Could it not part from thy body without making (on all ſides) ſo many wounds? which after they have ſerved for the objects of men's cruelty, ſerve now for thoſe of thy mercy? O my *Jeſus*, I know not to whom I ſpeak; for I do no more know thee in the ſtate thou now art: or if I do, it is only by thy miſeries, becauſe they are ſo exceſſive, that there was need of a God to ſuffer what thou haſt endured. I look upon thy diſfigured countenance, to find ſome part of thy reſemblance, and yet can find none but that of thy love. Alas, O beautiful head, which doſt carry all the glory of the higheſt Heaven, divide with me this dolorous Crown of thorns: they were my ſins which ſowed them, and it is thy pleaſure that thine innocency ſhould mow them. Give me, O ſacred mouth, give me that Gall which I ſee upon thy lips: ſuffer me to ſprinkle all my pleaſures with it, ſince after a long continuance, it did ſhut up and conclude all thy dolours. Give me, O ſacred hands, and adored feet, the Nails which have pierced you: love binds you faſt enough to the Croſs without them. But do thou, O Lord, hold me faſt to thy ſelf, by the chain of thine immenſity.

O Lance, cruel Lance, Why didſt thou open that moſt precious ſide? Thou didſt think perhaps to find there the Son's life, and yet thou foundeſt nothing but the Mother's heart. But without ſo much as thinking what thou didſt, in playing the murtherer, thou haſt made a Sepulcher, wherein I will from henceforth bury my ſoul. When I behold theſe wounds of my dear Saviour, I do acknowledge the ſtrokes of my own hand: I will therefore likewiſe engrave there my repentance: I will write my converſion with an eternal character. And if I muſt live, I will never breath any other life, but that only which ſhall be produced from the death of my *Jeſus* crucified.

The Goſpel for *Eaſter* Day, S. *Mark* 16.

And when the Sabbath was paſt, Mary Magdalen, and Mary of James, *and* Salome *bought ſpices, that coming they might anoint* Jeſus. *And very early the firſt of the Sabbaths, they come to the Monument; the Sun being now riſen. And they ſay one to another, who ſhall roll back the ſtone from the door of the Monument? And looking, they ſaw the ſtone rolled back, for it was very great. And entring into the Monument, they ſaw a young man ſitting on the right hand, covered with a white Robe: and they were aſtoniſhed. Who ſaith to them, Be not diſmayed, you ſeek* Jeſus *of* Nazareth *that was crucified: he is riſen, he is not here, behold the place where they laid him. But go, tell his Diſciples, and* Peter, *that he goeth before you into* Galilee: *there you ſhall ſee him, as he told you.*

Moralities.

1. THe Sepulcher of Jeſus becomes a Fountain of life, which carries in power, all the glories of the Higheſt Heaven. Our Saviour riſeth from thence, as day out of the *Eaſt*, and appears as triumphant in the ornaments of his beauties, as he had been humbled by the acceſs of his mercies. The rage of the Jews loſeth here its power, death his ſting, Satan his Kingdom, the Tomb his corruption, and Hell his conqueſt. Mortality is deſtroyed, life is illuminated; all is drowned in one day of glory, which comes from the glorious light of our Redeemer. It is now (ſaith *Tertullian*) that he is reveſted with his Robe of honour, and is acknowledged as the eternal Prieſt for all eternity. It is now (ſaith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) that he re-aſſembles humane kind, (which was ſcattered ſo many years, by the ſin of one man) and placeth it between the arms of his Divinity. This is the Maſter-piece of his profound humility; and I dare boldly affirm (ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) that God had loſt the whole world, if this Sacred Virtue, which he made ſo clearly ſhine in his beloved Son, had not put him into poſſeſſion of his Conqueſts. We ſhould all languiſh after this triumphant ſtate of the Reſurrection, which will make an end of all our pains, and make our Crowns everlaſting.

2. Let us love our *Jeſus* as the *Maries* did, that, with them, we may be honoured with his viſits. Their love is indefatigable, courageous, and inſatiable. They had all the day walk'd round about the Judgment-Hall, Mount *Calvary*, the Croſs, and the Sepulcher. They were not wearied with all that: And night had no ſleep to ſhut up their eys. They forſook the image of death, which is ſleep, to find death it ſelf, and never looked after any bed, except the Sepulcher of their Maſter: they travel amongſt darkneſs, Pikes, Launces, the affrights of Arms, and of the night; nothing makes them afraid. If there appear a difficulty to remove the ſtones, love gives them arms. They ſpare nothing for their Maſter and Saviour: they are above *Nicodemus* and *Joſeph*, they have more exquiſite perfumes, for they are ready to melt and diſtil their hearts upon the Tomb of their Maſter. O faithful lovers, ſeek no more for the living amongſt the dead; that cannot die for love, which is the root of life.

3. The Angel in form of a young man (covered with a white Robe) ſhews us, that all is young and white in immortality. The Reſurrection hath no old age: it is an age, which can neither grow, nor diminiſh. Theſe holy *Maries* enter alive into the Sepulcher, where they thought to find death, but they learn news of the chieſeſt of lives. Their faith is there confirmed, their piety ſatisfied, their promiſes aſſured, and their love receives conſolation.

Aſpira-

Aſpirations.

I Do not this day look toward the Eaſt, O my Jeſus, I conſider the Sepulcher, it is from thence this fair Sun is riſen. O that thou appeareſt amiable, dear Spouſe of my ſoul. Thy head, which was covered with thorns, is now crowned with a Diadem of Stars, and Lights, and all the glory of the higheſt Heaven reſts upon it. Thine eyes, which were eclipſed in bloud, have enlightned them with fires and delicious brightneſſe, which melt my heart. Thy feet and hands, ſo far as I can ſee, are enamel'd with Rubies, which after they have been the objects of mens cruelty, are now become eternal marks of thy bounty. O Jeſus, no more my wounded, but my glorified Jeſus, where am I? What do I? I ſee, I flie, I ſwound, I die, I revive my ſelf with thee. I do beſeech thee, my moſt ſacred Jeſus, by the moſt triumphant of thy glories, let me no more fall into the image of death, nor into thoſe appetites of ſmoke and earth, which have ſo many times buried the light of my ſoul. What have I to do with the illuſions of this world? I am for Heaven, for Glory, and for the Reſurrection, which I will now make bud out of my thoughts, that I may hereafter poſſeſſe them with a full fruition.

The Goſpel upon Munday in Eaſter-week, S. *Luke* the 24,

AND behold, two of them went the ſame day into a Town which was the ſpace of ſixty furlongs from Jeruſalem, *named* Emmaus. *And they talked betwixt themſelves of all thoſe things that had chanced. And it came to paſs, while they talked and reaſoned with themſelves,* Jeſus *alſo himſelf approaching, went with them, but their eyes were held, that they might not know him. And he ſaid to them, What are theſe communications that you confer one with another, walking, and are ſad? And one whoſe name was* Cleophas, *anſwering, ſaid to him, Art thou only a ſtranger in* Jeruſalem, *and haſt not known the things that have been done in it theſe days? To whom he ſaid, What things? And they ſaid, Concerning* Jeſus *of* Nazareth, *who was a man, a Prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people. And how our chief Prieſts and Princes delivered him into condemnation of death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he that ſhould redeem* Iſrael: *And now beſides all this, to day is the third day ſince theſe things were done. But certain women alſo of ours made us afraid; who, before it was light, were at the Monument, and not finding his body, came, ſaying, That they ſaw a viſion alſo of Angels, who ſay that he is alive. And certain men of ours went to the Monument, and they found it ſo as the women ſaid, but him they found not.*

And he ſaid to them, O fooliſh, and ſlow of heart, to believe in all things which the Prophets have ſpoken. Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things, and ſo enter into his glory? And beginning from Moſes *and all the Prophets, he did enterpret to them in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning him. And they drew nigh to the Town whither they went; and he made ſemblance to go further. And they forced him, ſaying, Tarry with us, becauſe it is towards night, and the day now far ſpent, and he went in with them. And it came to paſs, while he ſate at the Table with them, he took bread, and bleſſed, and brake, and did reach to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vaniſhed out of their ſight. And they ſaid one to the other, Was not our heart burning in us whiles he ſpake in the way, and opened unto us the Scriptures? And riſing up the ſame hour, they went back into* Jeruſalem, *and they found the eleven gathered together, and thoſe that were with them, ſaying, That, our Lord is riſen indeed, and hath appeared to* Simon. *And they told the things that were done in the way: and how they knew him in the breaking of bread.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a ſtrange thing, that God is always with us, and we are ſo little with him. We have our being, our moving, our life from him: he carries us in his arms, he keeps us as a nurſe doth her dear child; and yet all this while we ſcarce know what he is, and uſe him ſo often as a ſtranger. He is in our being, and yet we keep him far from our heart, as a dead man, who is quite forgotten. And *Enoch* walked with him, and for that, he was taken from the converſation of men, and reſerved for Paradiſe. To ſpeak truth, our ſoul ſhould alwaies be languiſhing after her Jeſus, and count it a kind of Adultery to be ſeparated from him, ſo much as by thought. Let us learn a little to talk with him; we commonly have that in our tongue, which we keep in our heart. Let us ſweeten the ſadneſſe of our pilgrimage, by the contemplation of his beauties. Let us look upon him as God and man; the God of gods; the Man of men: our great Saviour and Prophet, powerfull both in word and work; for if his word be thunder, his life is a lightning. He hath been here doing good to all the world, and ſuffering hurt from all the world; doing good without reward, and enduring evil without impatience. We all paſſe here as Torrents into valleys; the onely queſtion is of our paſſing well: whether we look on worldly goods as on waters which paſſe under a bridge, and as upon the furniture of an Inn which is none of ours. If we be embarked in the Veſſel of life, let us not amuſe our ſelves to gather Cockles upon the ſhore; but ſo, that we may always have our eys fixt upon Paradiſe.

2. Two things do hinder thoſe Pilgrims from knowing Jeſus as they ſhould. The one is, their eyes are dazled; and the other is, the little account they make of the Croſſe, which drives them into the miſtruſt of the Reſurrection. And this is it which croſſeth us all our life, and ſo oft diverts us from the point of our happineſſe. Our eyes are dazled with falſe lights of the world, they are darkened with ſo many miſts and vapours of our own appetites and paſſions, that we cannot ſee the goods of heaven in the brighteſt of their day. Worldly chains have a certain effective vigour and pleaſure, which is only painted, but they have a moſt certain ſorrow, and a moſt uncertain contentment: They have a painfull labour, and a timorous reſt: A poſſeſſion full of miſery, and void of all beatitude. If we had our eys wel opened, to penetrate and ſee what it is, we ſhould then ſay of all the moſt raviſhing objects of the world; How ſenſeleſſe was I when I courted you? O deceitfull world, thou didſt appear great to me, when I ſaw thee not as thou art: But ſo ſoon as I did ſee thee rightly, I did then ceaſe to ſee thee: for thou waſt no more to me but juſt nothing. We run in full career after al that pleaſeth our ſenſe; and the Croſſe, which is ſo much preached to us, is much more upon our Altars, then in our hearts. We will not know, that the throne of Mount *Calvarie*, is the path-way to Heaven; and as this truth wanders from our hearts, Jeſus departs from our eyes. Let us at leaſt pray Jeſus to ſtay with us, for it is late in our hearts, and the night is far advanced by our want of true light. We ſhall not know Jeſus by diſcourſe, but by feeding him in the perſons of his poor, ſince he gives the continual nouriſhment of his body.

Aſpirations.

O Onely Pilgrim of the world, and firſt dweller in the heart of thy heavenly Father, what a pilgrimage haſt thou made, deſcending from Heaven to earth, and yet without forſaking Heaven? Thou haſt markt thy ſteps by thy conqueſts, made viſible thy way by thine own light, thou haſt watered it with thy precious bloud, and paved it with thy wounds. O what a goodly thing it is to walk with thee, when thou openeſt thy ſacred mouth, as the opening of a temple, to diſcover the beauties and myſteries of it. O that is moſt pleaſing to underſtand that mouth, which diſtils ſo much honey through lips of Roſes. But wherefore (My good Lord) art thou pleaſed to hide thy ſelf from a ſoul which languiſhes

guiſhes after thee? Take away the veil from mine eys, and ſuffer thy ſelf to be ſeen in the veſture of thy heavenly beauties. If I muſt bear the Croſs, and paſs by the throne of Mount *Calvary*, to come to Heaven, I moſt humbly ſubmit to thy divine pleaſure, that I may poſſeſs all that thou art.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday in *Eaſter* week, S. *Luke* the 24.

And whileſt they ſpake theſe things, Jeſus ſtood in the midſt of them, and he ſaith to them, Peace be to you; it is I, fear not. But they being troubled and frighted, imagined they ſaw a Spirit. And he ſaith to them, Why are you troubled, and cogitations ariſe in your hearts? See my hands and feet, that it is I my ſelf, handle, and ſee: for a ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones, as you ſee me to have. And when he had ſaid this, he ſhewed them his hands and feet. But they yet not believing, and marvelling for joy, he ſaid, Have you here any thing to be eaten? But they offered him a piece of fiſh broiled, and a honey comb. And when he had eaten before them, taking the remains, he gave to them. And he ſaid to them, Theſe are the words which I ſpake to you when I was yet with you, that all things muſt needs be fulfilled, which are written in the Law of Moſes, *and the Prophets, and the Pſalms, of me. Then he opened their underſtanding, that they might underſtand the Scriptures. And he ſaid to them, That ſo it is written, and ſo it behoved Chriſt to ſuffer, and to riſe again from the dead the third day, and penance to be preached in his Name, and remiſſion of ſins unto all Nations.*

Moralities.

WE think ſometimes that *Jeſus* is far from us, when he is in the midſt of our heart: he watches over us, and ſtretches out his divine hands for our protection. Let us live always as if we were actually in his preſence, before his eys, and in his boſom. An ancient Tradition doth obſerve, that after our Lord's Aſcention, the Apoſtles did never eat together, but they left the firſt Napkin for their good Maſter, conceiving, that according to his promiſe, he was always with them. Let us accuſtom our ſelves to this exerciſe of God's preſence. It is a happy neceſſity to make us do well, to believe and apprehend that our Judge is always preſent. If reſpect make him formidable, love will teach us, that he is the Father of all ſweetneſs. There can be no greater comfort in this world, then to be preſent in heart and body with that which we love beſt.

2. *Jeſus* is taken by his Apoſtles for a Spirit, becauſe after the Reſurrection he pierced the walls, and appeared ſuddenly as Spirits do. S. *Paul* alſo ſaith in the ſecond of the *Corinthians*, that now we do no more know Chriſt according to the fleſh, that is to ſay, by the paſſions of a mortal body, as S. *Epiphanius* doth expound it. We muſt make little uſe of our bodies, to converſe with our *Jeſus*, who hath taken upon him the rare qualities of a Spirit. We muſt raiſe our ſelves above our ſenſes, when we go to the Father of light, and the Creatour of ſenſe. He teacheth us the life of Spirits, and the commerce of Angels, and makes aſſays of our immortality, by a body now immortal. Why are we ſo tied to our ſenſe, and glued to the earth? Muſt we ſuffer our ſelves to enter into a kingdom of death, when we are told of the reſurrection of him, who is the Authour of all lives?

3. Admire the condeſcending and bounties of our Lord to his dear Diſciples. He that was entred into the kingdom of ſpirits and immortal converſation, ſuffers his feet and hands to be touched, to prove in him the reality of a true body. He eats in preſence of his Apoſtles, though he was not in more eſtate to digeſt meat, then the Sun is to digeſt vapours. He did no more nouriſh himſelf with our corruptible meats, then the Stars do by the vapours of the earth. And yet he took them to confirm our belief, and to make us familiar with him. It is the act of great and generous ſpirits to abaſe themſelves, and condeſcend to their inferiours. So *David* being anointed King, and inſpired as a Prophet, doth not ſhew his perſon terrible in the height of his great glory, but ſtill retained the mildneſs of a Shepherd. So *Jeſus*, the true ſon of *David*, (by his condeſcending to us) hath conſecrated a certain degree, whereby we may aſcend to Heaven. Are not we aſhamed that we have ſo little humility or reſpect to our inferiours, but are always ſo full of our ſelves; ſince our Lord, ſitting in his throne of glory and majeſty, doth yet abaſe himſelf to the actions of our mortal life? Let it be ſeen by our hands whether we be reſuſcitated, by doing good works, and giving liberal alms. Let it appear by our feet, that they follow the paths of the moſt holy perſons. Let it be ſeen by our nouriſhment (which ſhould be moſt of honey) that is, of that celeſtial ſweetneſs which is extracted from prayer. And if we ſeem to refuſe fiſh, let us at leaſt remain in the element of piety, as fiſh is in the water.

Aſpirations.

THy love is moſt tender, and thy cares moſt generous (O mild Saviour.) Amongſt all the torrents of thy paſſion, thou haſt not taſted the waters of forgetfulneſs. Thou returneſt to thy children, as a Nightingale to her little Neſt. Thou doſt comfort them with thy viſits, and makeſt them familiar with thy glorious life. Thou eateſt of a honey-comb by juſt right, having firſt taſted the bitter gall of that unmerciful Croſs. It is thus, that our ſorrows ſhould be turned into ſweets. Thou muſt always be moſt welcom to me in my troubles; for I know well, that thou only eanſt pacifie, and give them remedy. I will govern my ſelf towards thee, as to the fire: too much near familiarity will burn us; and the want of it will let us freeze. I will eat honey with thee in the bleſſed Sacrament: I know that many there do chew, but few receive thee worthily. Make me (O Lord) I beſeech thee, capable of thoſe which here on earth ſhall be the true Antepaſts to our future glory.

The Goſpel upon Low-Sunday, S. *John* the 20.

THerefore when it was late that day, the firſt of the Sabbaths, and the doors were ſhut where the Diſciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jeſus came and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaith to them, Peace be to you. And when he had ſaid this, he ſhewed them his hands and ſide. The Diſciples therefore were glad when they ſaw our Lord. He ſaid therefore to them again, Peace be to you. As my Father hath ſent me, I alſo do ſend you. When he had ſaid this, he breathed upon them, and he ſaid to them, Receive ye the Holy Ghoſt; Whoſe ſins you ſhall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whoſe you ſhall retain, they are retained. But Thomas, *one of the twelve, who is called* Didymus, *was not with them when Jeſus came: the other Diſciples therefore ſaid to him, We have ſeen our Lord. But he ſaid to them, Unleſs I ſee in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his ſide, I will not believe.*

And after eight days, again his Diſciples were within, and Thomas *with them. Jeſus cometh, the doors being ſhut, and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaid, Peace be to you. Then he ſaith to* Thomas, *Put in thy finger hither, and ſee my hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into my ſide, and be not incredulous, but faithful.* Thomas *anſwered and ſaid to him, My Lord and my God.* Jeſus *ſaith to him, Becauſe thou haſt ſeen me,* Thomas, *thou haſt believed: Bleſſed are they that have not ſeen, and have believed.*

Aſpirations.

1. JEſus the Father of all bleſſed harmonies (after ſo many combats) makes a general peace in all nature. He pacifieth *Limbo*, taking the holy Fathers out of darkneſs, to enjoy an eternal light, and ſending the damned into the bottom of Hell. He pa-

cifieth the earth, making it from thenceforth to breathe the air of his mercies. He pacifieth his Apoſtles, by delivering them from that profound ſadneſs, which they conceived by the imaginary loſſe of their dear Maſter. He pacifieth Heaven, by ſweetning the ſharpneſs of his Heavenly Father, quenching by his wounds, the fire which was kindled of his juſt anger. Every thing ſmileth upon this great Peace-maker, Nature leaveth her mourning, and putteth on robes of chearfulneſs, to congratulate with him his great and admirable conqueſts. It is in him that the Heavenly Father (by a ſingular delight) hath poured out the fulneſs of all Graces, to make us an eternal dwelling, and to reconcile all in him, and by him; pacifying by his blood from the Croſs, all that is upon earth, and in Heaven. This is our *Joſhua*, of whom the Scripture ſpeaketh, that he clears all differences, and appeaſeth all battels. No ſtroke of any hammer or other iron was heard at the building of *Solomon*'s Temple; and behold the Church (which is the Temple of the living God) doth edifie ſouls with a marvellous tranquillity.

2. The Sun is not ſo well ſet forth by his beams, as our Saviour is magnificently adorned with his wounds. Thoſe are the characters which he hath engraved upon his fleſh, after a hundred ingenious faſhions. The Ladies count their Pearls and diamonds, but our Saviour keeps his wounds in the higheſt attire of his Magnificences. It is from thence, that the beauty of his body, taketh a new ſtate of glory, and our faith in the reſurrection is confirmed: that the good fill themſelves with hope, miſcreants with terrour, and Martyrs find wherewith to inflame their courage. Theſe divine wounds open themſelves as ſo many mouthes, to plead our cauſe before the Celeſtial Father. Our Saviour Jeſus never ſpake better for us, then by the voice of his precious Blood. Great inquiry hath been made for thoſe mountains of mirrh and frankincenſe, which *Solomon* promiſeth in the *Canticles*, but now we have found them in the wounds of Jeſus. It is from thence that there cometh forth a million of ſanctified exhalations of ſweetneſs, of peace and propitiation, as from an eternal Sanctuary. A man may ſay they are like the Carbuncle, which melteth the wax upon which it is imprinted, for they melt our hearts by a moſt profitable impreſſion. At this ſight the Eternal Father calms his countenance, and the ſword of his juſtice returneth into the ſheath. Shal not we be worthy of all miſeries, if we do not arm theſe wounds againſt us, which are ſo effectual in our behalf? And if this blood of our *Abel* (after it hath reconciled his cruel executioners) ſhould find juſt matter to condemn us for our ingratitudes? *John* the Second, King of *Portugal*, had made a ſacred vow, never to refuſe any thing which ſhould be aſked of him in the virtue of our Saviour's wounds; which made him give all his ſilver veſſel to a poor gentleman, that had found out the word, And why ſhould not we give our ſelves to God, who both buyeth and requireth us by the wounds of Jeſus?

3. Jeſus inſpireth the ſacred breath of his mouth upon the Apoſtles, as upon the firſt fruits of Chriſtianity: to repair the firſt breath, and reſpiration of lives, which the Authour of our race did ſo miſerably loſe. If we can obtain a part of this, we ſhall be like the wheels of *Ezekiels* myſterious chariot, which are filled with the ſpirit of life. That great Divine called *Matthias Vienna*, ſaid, that light was the ſubſtance of colours, and the ſpirit of Jeſus is the ſame of all our virtues. If we live of his fleſh, there is great reaſon we ſhould be animated by his Spirit. Happy a thouſand times are they, who are poſſeſſed with the Spirit of Jeſus, which is to their ſpirit as the apple of the eye. S. *Thomas* was deprived of this amorous communication, by reaſon of his incredulity. He would ſee with his eyes, and feel with his hands, that which ſhould rather be comprehended by faith: which is, an eye bleſſedly blind: which knoweth all within its own blindneſs, and is alſo a hand, which remaining on earth, goeth to find God in Heaven.

Aſpirations.

GReat Peace-maker of the world, who by the effuſion of thy precious blood, haſt pacified the wars of fourty ages, which went before thy death. This word of peace hath coſt thee many battels, many ſweats and labours, to cement this agreement of Heaven and earth, of ſence and reaſon, of God and man. Behold thou art at this preſent like the Dove of *Noah*'s Ark, thou haſt eſcaped a great deluge of paſſions, and many torrents of dolours, thrown head-long one upon another. Thou bringeſt us the green Olive branch, to be the mark of thy eternal alliances. What? ſhall my ſoul be ſo audacious and diſordered, as to talk to thee of war, when thou ſpeakeſt to her of peace? To offer thee a weapon, when thou offereſt her the Articles of her reconciliation, ſigned with thy precious blood? O, what earth could open wide enough her boſome to ſwallow me, if I ſhould live like a little *Abiram*, with a hand armed againſt Heaven, which pours out for me nothing but flowers and roſes? Reign (O my ſweet Saviour) within all the conquered powers of my ſoul, and within my heart as a conqueſt which thou haſt gotten by ſo many titles. I will ſwear upon thy wounds, which after they have been the monuments of thy fidelity, ſhall be the adored Altars of my vows and ſacrifices. I will promiſe thereupon, an inviolable fidelity to thy ſervice. I will live no more but for thee, ſince thou haſt killed my death in thy life, and makeſt my life flouriſh within thy triumphant Reſurrection.

THE HOLY COURT,

THE COMMAND OF REASON OVER THE PASSIONS.

Written in French by F. N. Caussin.

AND

Translated into English by Sir T. H.

WITH

Historicall Observations upon it.

The Fourth TOME.

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TO THE

EXCELLENT PRINCESSE,

The DUTCHESSE of

BUCKINGHAM.

Excellent Princeſs;

THis Tranſlation of the *Holy Court*, as it had its firſt life breathed into it by the animating ſpirit of her Sacred Majeſty's Royal acceptance; ſo in this laſt, and concluding piece, it infinitely deſires ſuch your favourable entertainment. Nor, verily, can I (where ſo bright and reſplendent a Star, from a ſphear of Greatneſs, hath already lighted up a flame to direct others in their approbation) but with much confidence hope the like propitious rays, may benignly reflect from your ſo near a confining Influence.

Here ſhall your Grace behold the powerful predominance of Reaſon over Paſſions, not taught in *Epictetus*, or *Seneca*'s prophane Schole; but dictated from the Truth-teaching ſacred Oracles of Chriſtian Piety.

Here the Soul is informed, and Judgment rectified, to hate Vice, and fly it; to love Virtue, and practiſe it, not in exteriour garbs, and petty ſlight formalities, which only ſerve to amuſe vulgar ſpirits: but by the interiour Habits, and ſerious embracement of the moſt ſolid virtues. The pretious memory (Excellent Princeſs) of your thrice noble Father, whoſe living Image, and ſecond-ſelf you repreſentatively are, together with your known love of pious Books, and daily practiſe in your life, of the wholeſom precepts couched in this, hath encouraged my preſent addreſs, to ſerve for the entertainment of your vacant hours, which thus ſilently ſpent, and maturely digeſted, will have the force and efficacy of the moſt ſerious employment, and may exemplarily invite other eminent Spirits, to imitate your Graces profitable, and well-ſeaſoned retirements. I wiſh (excellent Lady) there were any thing wherein I might better expreſs the devoted ſervice I owe to your eminent ſelf, and illuſtrious Family: but ſince weak endeavours can produce but ſlender effects, and noble diſpoſitions do readily pardon incident imperfections; I will reſt in the chearful hope of excuſe, and in the ardent Vow of a ſtudious willingneſs to become worthy the Title of

Your Grace's humbleſt, and
moſt obſequious Servant,

THOMAS HAWKINS.

To my Lord,
MY LORD THE DUKE OF ANGUIEN,
ELDEST SONNE OF MY LORD THE PRINCE.

MY LORD,

I *Finish the* HOLY-COURT *in my Books, when your age inviteth you to begin it in your manners; and for your first exercise of arms, I offer you the Combats and Empire over Passions, which is greater then that of the world.*

There it is, where you shall know the industry of a warre, which nature wageth, and reason teacheth us; which is never too soon learned, and which is ordinarily but too late understood. Princes in other battels speak with mouths of fire, and make use of a million of hands; but in this which I represent, they are alone, and therein employ but the moity of themselves, one part of Man being revolted against the other. Besides, all the honour of the victory rests in themselves; arms, fortresses, and Regiments not at all participating therein, and if they prove fortunate in these encounters, they stand in the esteem of wise men, for Demy-Gods.

Their quality obligeth them to this duty more then other men, since Passions are winds, which in popular life raise but little waves, but in them stir up mountains of water. For which, I am perswaded, that, as you so dearly have loved the labours of my Pen, and sought for your instruction out of my Books; I could not do a better service, or more suitable to your age, then by arming you against these plagues, which have so often tarnished Diadems on the brow of Cæsars, *and turned Conquerours into Slaves.*

Sir, I promise my self much from your Greatness in this Conquest, seeing it already hath given testimonies to the world, worthy of your eminent Birth, which oblige you to virtue, out of a necessity as strong, as your disposition is sweet. Wit, which is as the principal Genius of your house, hath in you cast forth glimmers, that have flown throughout Europe, *when you publickly answered throughout all Philosophy, in an age wherein other Princes begin to learn the first elements. You have placed wisdom on the highest Throne of Glory, and it by your mouth hath rendred Oracles to instruct the learned, and astonish Doctours. In the first season of life, which so many other spend in delights, you have heightned the lights of your understanding by the labour and industry of study, living, as certain Plants, which bear the figure of Stars all inuroned with Thorns.*

It is time, that all your Brightness change into Fire, and since Sciences are but Colours, which appear not in the night-time. if Virtue do not illuminate them, they must be gilded with the rayes of your good life, and enkindled with the ardours of your courage, as you very happily have already begun.

Sir, I do assure my self, that of all those things you know, you will only approve the good, and that of all such as you can, you will do none but the just. This is it you owe to the King, to whom you have the honour to be so near. This is it, which the education of the most prudent of Fathers, and the tender care of the best of Mothers, exact. This is it, that France, *which looketh on you (as a Sien of its Lillies) wisheth. This is it, which blood, the most noble on Earth, breeding the most happy in the world, and that face where Grace and Majesty make so sweet a commixion, cease not to promise us.*

As there is nothing little in you, so we must not endure any thing, imperfect: and if that, which We take to be spots in the Sun, be Stars; it plainly sheweth us, that all must be splendour in your condition, and that We must not expect years, since the wit of Princes is much swifter then time.

Your great Uncle, who gained the battle of Cerisoles, *said to those who upbraided him with his youth, that he did not cut with his beard, but with his sword: and I am perswaded, that you will imitate his valour, to take part in his glory, yea even in this your minority, wherein the Kings colours being already to flie under your name.*

My Lord, remember, the throne of the Sun among the Egyptians *was supported by Lions, and that you must be all heart to support that of our most* Christian *King, in imitation of the great Prince, to whom you ow your Birth; For whose sake I wish you as many blessings as Heaven promiseth you, esteeming my self most happy to be able to contribute my labours and services to the glory of your education, since I have the honour to call my self by just title:*

SIR,

Your most humble and most affectionate servant in the Lord,

N. CAUSSIN.

A TASTE OF THE SEVERAL DISPOSITIONS OF MEN,

Which serves for a Foundation to the Discourse of PASSIONS.

THE HOLY COURT *was not (as yet) sufficiently beautified with the eminent lustre of Glory (wherein I represented it) but it was necessary, that taking possession of the Empire over passions, it should wear a crown which it hath gained by its travel, and wrought by its proper virtues. In this last Tome (dear Reader) I present thee the absolute reformation of the soul by eternal principles, and the victory over powers which oppose Reason.*

Thou art not ignorant, that Angels and bruit beasts are not of one piece, the one being wholly Spirit, and the other Flesh: But Man (a middle creature between Angels and bruit beasts) participateth both of flesh and Spirit by an admirable tye, which in him occasioneth continual war of Passions, which are properly commotions of animal and sensitive nature, caused by the imagination of good and evil, with some alteration of body. They take their origin from two Appetites, of which the Concupiscible causeth Love, Hatred, Desire, Aversion, Joy and Sadness: The Irascible, causeth Hope, Despair, Boldness, Fear and Anger. To this ordinary number, I add Shamefacedness, Envy, Jealousie and Compassion, to accomplish our work in all its parts.

All Passions are generally in all men, but all appear not in all. There is a certain mixture in nature, which is the cause, that the worst have something of good, and the best something of bad. Now note, that as the Platonists distinguish five sorts of devils; to wit, Fierie, Airie, Aquatick, Terrestrial and Subterranean: so humane spirits are divided into as many forms, which produce marvellous diversities in every nature. The Fiery, are Spirits of fire, whereof some seem to be enkindled with the purest flames of stars, which are magnanimous, pure, vigorous, bold, intelligent, active, amiable, and munificent. And of this sort are the most illustrious of Kings and of Queens, of Princes and of Princesses, good Prelates, great and virtuous Ladies, the wise, the valiant, the most notable States-men, Generals of Armies, Conquerours, yea, and the Saints most eminent in virtue. There are others also Fiery, but burnt with the fire of Comets, which are maligne, counterfeit, vicious, insolent, pevish, cresse, covetous, ambitious, cruel, arrogant, inhumane, violent, and impetuous. Of this matter were composed the Tiberius's, *the* Herods, *the* Nero's, *and the* Domitians, *who seemed to be born for the desolation of mankind.*

The Airy are likewise of two kinds very different: for the one are of a temperate constitution which maketh them mild, peaceable, pious, cordial, sociable, graceful, affable, courteous, pliant, witty, liberal and active.

Of this kind are many gentle, courteous, modest, and handsome women: men of honour and of quality, who make a noble Company, and are infinitely apt for all the civilities of a laudable conversation. But if they degenerate from this degree, they become great eaters, great scoffers, dissolute, vain flatterers, lascivious, and brutish.

Others, like unto stirred air, are turbulent, stormy, cholerick, suspicious, impatient, nice, biting undertakers, mutable, mutinous, unquiet, murmurers, and slanderers. It is they who raise quarrels, and litigious wranglings in the world, who disturb men and affairs: wherein they many times are as quick-silver in gildings, onely used to make it resolve into smoke.

Of the Aquaticks, some are slow and cold, tasteless, without affection, without cordiality, wedded to their own petty profits, and born for themselves. Of this rank you see many that make a good shew who resemble those dryed-up or frozen fountains upon a throne of marble, which have ostent enough, but afford no water. Others which like standing and marishy waters, are close, foul, sluggish, traiterous, and dangerous. Others, like the sea, are ambitious, unequal, uncertain, fantasticall, and capricious, every moment changing shape in this great Comedy of the World. Others are peaceable and usefull, as goodly Fountains and great Rivers.

As for the Terrestrial, they are stubborn, inflexible, dull and stupid, of the condition of those people who thought they were at the end of numbers, when they had counted to four, and could go no further. Some in the beginning appear what they are, and others have a specious outside, which makes them to passe for handsome beasts. Sometimes they are loutish, cloudy, enemies of joy, of innocent pleasure, of beauty, of witty conceits, of discourse, of inventions, slaves of gain, and traitours to their own life, out of the exorbitancy of their avarice. In this number you shall find many like to those (which Theophrastus *describeth) who neither lend fire nor salt to their neighbours; who wear hideous habits, and cause themselves to be shaven very close, that they may be at the lesse cost with their Barber; who have Magazins of pedlers, and who laden with old keyes, walk every day up and down their grounds, to see whither they have not changed place. Some are like Poulcats, others are Fawns and Satyrs, who are addicted to base, and shamefull lusts, captious, shifting, impudent, night-walkers, and Hobgoblings, who extremely disturb the repose of humane life, if laws armed with force endeavour not to dissipate them, to make use of chains to restrain them.*

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The Subterraneans are Melancholick, close, hypocritical, silent, fumish, sad, irreconcileable, bloudy, and venomous. They are very apt to hatch revenges long pondred, to build labyrinths in their hearts, wherein no day light appeareth: Nevertheless, as they most times have an impotency in the execution of bad designs, so they cherish, but not satisfie their passions. Yet do these qualities diversly commix one with another, yea, the highest with the lowest; from whence proceed infinite variations in the spirit of man, so that there is not any thing so changeable in total nature, or so hard to be known, as man.

Some seem to be born with good parts, but through the want of some help of nature, or instruction, they degenerate into bad, and render themselves very capable of deceits and illusions. So many are become Huguenots, for that they want vigour of judgment, and see not that we rather should refer our selves to a General Council, *then to their silly arguments. Others abuse themselves in spiritual life, and would willingly refine devotion, even to the talking with Angels, and the seeing a White Pidgeon. Others, to appear strong Wits, contemn all ordinary guizes, make themselves extravagant, and as the Antipodes of mankind.*

Others put themselves into the number of confused Schollers, who have store of learning, but very ill-digested. There are some who with much endeavour to seem wise, become crafty, they converse not but under a mask, they set snares in every place, they have the talent of plyantnesse. They draw tribute out of the good turns they do their friends, they make profit of all, they become extremely distrustfull, and they would willingly be of that kind, of which Theophrastus *speaketh, who every moment tell their money, and make their Lackeys go before them for fear they should run away. Others out of too much desire of Glory, become vain, affected in their speech, in their actions, and in all their proceedings, to the studying and learning by heart the slightest complements, as do some women, whom one would take to be virgins of the Goddess Memory, and such as boast elocution, who traffick in hearers, and invite to their sermons, more then one would to weddings or burials.*

Some out of an intemperance of neatness, and of dotage upon health, torment their life, such circumspection use they in their diet, their garments, their furnitures in all things which are for their use. They every where carry their bread and wine along with them, and never sit well but in their own chair. Others take delight to negotiate, they alwayes have their hands full of Papers, they make a Registers-office of their Cabinet: they are great Formalists, and strangely persecute the world with their punctualities. They put one business into an hundred dishes, and incessantly trouble all such as have to do with them. Others desirous to make themselves overmuch pleasing in their conversation, become bablers and ceremonious; they are importune and unseasonable in complements; they go to prattle with their friends whilest they have a feaver; they tell extravagant tales, wherein they take themselves to be very facetious, although at the latter end of the discourse they be asked where the conceit to be laughed at, lies: They burthen themselves also with news of no value; They make a secret of every thing, and give things out for mysteries, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

There are some, who not to seem flatterers, tell truth with an ill grace, they are great Censurers, and they see not any one, whom they reform not from the head to the heel. If they put themselves upon matter of doctrine, and eloquence; they are the Fathers of wits, and the creatours of excellent conceits, under whom the Empire of learning circumvolveth: and if they talk of State-matters, of the Church, of Justice, and of War; they are the Gods of Loves and battels, who pronounce Edicts, assemble Councils, levy Arms, raise fortifications, correct Kingdomes, move the earth; and in their own imagination, change the face of the Universe. Others are so diligent, that they tyre all the world with their unreasonable activities; others use afflicting delayes, and stir so little in all their designs, that they seem to be in a perpetual Solstice.

You see some extremely open breasted, who tell all their thoughts, and, as if their heart were a sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not instantly out by the lips. Some proceed to a simplicity, next door to sottishness, which makes them do many extravagancies; and when it hath a mixture of vanity, men of mean condition imitate the actions of the great: and silly Citizens wives say, my Lord and Husband, as well as Sarah, *or the greatest Ladies. There are among these, some subtle Coxcombs, and fortunate fools, who daily deceive themselves to their own gain.*

They who have a Magistrall aspect are much more odious, when with a countenance supercilious, and Tone of a voyce affected, they make speeches, and usurp a personage which neither age, quality nor merit alloweth them. Dreamers and pensive are heavy in conversation, and the squeamish, who make their good aspects and fair countenances to be bought, are insupportable; but the apprehensive, who deplore all things, multiply what they can the miseries of the times, and ceasing not to blame the actions of those who govern, raise more mischiefs then remedies.

Good God! what an alteration do passions make in us? but it is a gift from heaven, that they may be changed, and that by Grace and the practice of good instructions, we can dispoil our selves as well of an evil habit, as of an old garment.

It is not expedient to be without passion, nor is it possible to humane nature; but it is much to obtain by discretion the moderation of a thing, of which we by necessity have the experience These motions are given us with our bodies, they are little spirits which are born and dye with us; some find them more mild, others more wayward; but every one hath his part, howbeit there are very few who well understand their own portion. Young people, who shew no desire, no affection, no feeling, are commonly abject spirits; unless this come to them by grace, or some notable constraint, which in the end is the cause, that of a young Angel, an old Divel is often made. We must not lose humanity (saith Saint Augustine) *to acquire tranquillity of mind, nor think that, that which is hard and boistrous is alwayes right, or that one hath much health. When he is come to the highest degree of stupidity. All good spirits have delicate apprehensions, and resemble the burning bush which had thorns among lights; but they are none of the best, who, to follow nature, abandon reason.*

I affirm the Stars contribute much to our inclinations; and Birth, much more: Education maketh another nature; bloud, choler, melancholy, and flegme, do in our passions, what the elements do in our bodies. Yea, stature it self conduceth: spirit, goodness, grace, ful garb, & courage is very often in little bodies which have their heat moderated and well digested. But if great bodies be destitute of it, they are very lazy, and if they have too much of it, they are flaming fornaces full of violence: which made S. Cyril *say, that greatness was given to Giants for a punishment of their wickedness. But this must be understood without any prejudice to well-composed tall statures, which have much Majesty. There are humours so sticking, that what*

care

care soever be used, there is somewhat still remains behind, which (according to Job) sleeps with us in our graues. I have heard that a good Religious man having been bred with the milk of a Goat, was very modest in publick, by a great reflection he made on his actions: But he ever had some hour in secret, wherein he had his frisks and his capers.

Nevertheless, one cannot believe, how much one gaineth upon his own nature, when he will take the pain to manure it: but for want of using industry therein, one makes to himself, a turbulent life, a continual torment, a hasty death, and his salvation to be doubtful.

There are some who drive away one devil by another, curing one passion with another, and trying them all, that they may have none; which was the cause that Theodosian said, that they are, as that possessed man, who had a legion of devils in his body. Some by the counsel of certain Directours, would break them all at once, as that souldier, who thought to pull off a horses tail by strength of arme, and not by drawing one hair after another. Others expect remedy from time, from affairs, from change of life and condition, and are rather cured by weariness, then prudence.

Others continually flatter themselves, and think they have got great victories, when they have lessened their fits, and left the root of the Feaver. But they who will therein proceed seriously, endeavour first of all to find out the enemy, and as we all have one passion, which predominateth in our heart above the rest, and which most entertaineth our thoughts, they principally assail that, waging through battels, by prayer, fasting, alms, consideration, reading of good books, continuall examen of conscience, flight from occasions, diversion upon some better thing, good company, imitation of holy personages, counsel of sage directours, and by a thousand stratagems which the spirit of God furnisheth them with, in the fruitfulness of their inventions. After they have pulled down their chief adversary, they easily prevail against the rest, and continuing their progression in the list of generous souls, they come in the end to a great tranquillity.

This is it I intend to shew in this last volume, wherein I treat of Passions in a new tone; my purpose being rather to shew their remedies, then their pictures. I know Monnsieur Coeseteau (the eloquent Bishop of Marseilles) who hath afforded immortal lights to French eloquence, hath set forth the Table of humane Passions. I lay not my pencil upon the line of this Apelles, I begin where he ends, and if he be content to paint them, I endeavour to cure them.

For this purpose, having briefly, explicated the nature, proprieties, effects and symptomes of every passion; I set against it two remedies, the first whereof is drawn from some divine perfection, contrary to the disorder of the same Passion: and because that is (yet) too sharp, and dazling by the quickness of its lights, I shew it sweetned and tempered in the virtues of Jesus Christ.

In the end of the Book I bring the examples of those who have overcome their Passions, and of such as have sunck under their violence, deriving profit out of all, for the scope which I aim at. There are certain Flies which live on Monks-hood, a venomous herb, and who make use of an antidote against its poyson. So they who have tried the malice and danger of passions, may profit us, whether they edifie us by their repentance, or divert us by their disasters.

I conclude the HOLY-COURT in this Volume, which I esteem above the rest, by reason of its utility: and, writing of passions to cure them; I wish in my self an incurable one, which is, to desire the progression of my Readers, and to beseech God they may submit Sence to Reason, Time to Eternity, and the Creature to the Creatour.

THE

THE FIRST TREATISE.

Of LOVE.

Sect. 1. Of the Neceſſity of Love.

Againſt thoſe Philoſophers who teach Indifferency, ſaying, We muſt not Love any thing.

All Happineſs included in love.

THE Divine Providence, which hath concluded our ſalvation in Love, very plainly ſhews us, That the means to be quickly happy is to love Felicity; and that the way we walk in to become ſingularly happy, is to eſteem (as we ought) the chief of Felicities. We loſe all our good hap for want of loving; and our Love through the defect of well placing it; which is the cauſe that we daily learning ſo many Arts, forget what we ſhould eternally practiſe, if it be true we deſire to be everlaſtingly happy.

S. Dion. l. de Hierarch. cæleſt. ωναγωγὸν πατέρα. God the Father of Unions draweth all to unity by the means of love.

I find the great Apoſtle of *France* S. *Denis*, ſaid well, when he called God, *The Father of Unions*, who ceaſeth not to gather and rally together all the creatures into his heart which iſſued out of his heart. He is, That in the life of Intelligencies, which the Sun is in the celeſtial world: but one immoveable Sun, about which ſo many changes and agitations of all creatures circumvolve, who groan and aim at this Firſt Beauty, the true Center of Repoſe.

It concerneth us ſince we are made for it, and that God hath given us Love, which is to the ſoul, That, which wings are to Birds, to carry us to its fruition. It is a riches, which is onely ours, and which would be infinitely profitable, if we could tell how to employ it well: but for want of well loving, we apply the moſt precious thing, which is Love, to gain wretched Creatures, as if one uſed a golden hook to fiſh for Frogs, and a Sceptre to ſhake Hay. This is it which cauſeth me to undertake in this diſcourſe, to ſpeak of the well ordering of Love, as the moſt aſſured way we can chooſe to arrive at Tranquillity, and to ſhew that we firſt of all moſt neceſſarily love to be happy in the world, and that the moſt loving and tendreſt hearts are ordinarily the beſt.

The Sect of Philoſophers of Indifferency.

This age ſcant enough in goodneſs, and fruitful in malice, hath of late brought forth a Sect of wits, who term themſelves the Philoſophers of Indifferency, and who make boaſt to be very inſenſible, as well in the fear of the Divinity, as in tenderneſs towards the miſeries of men.

To what purpoſe is it (ſay they) to addict ones ſelf to the worſhip of a God, whom we cannot ſufficiently know? And wherefore ſhould we be ſolicitous for the afflictions of another, which nothing concern us? This is to make our ſelves eternally miſerable, and to be tormented with all manner of objects. He who would live contented in the world, muſt love nothing but himſelf, entertein himſelf within himſelf, and concerning himſelf; and derive pleaſure, as a tribute, out of all the creatures of the world; but to take heed not to enter into the participation of their troubles, and ſhould we ſee all to be turned topſie turvey, ſo it inconvenienceth not us in any thing to let time ſlide, to catch good by the wings whileſt we may, and to let evil fall on the miſerable.

Theſe kind of people are ſo unnatural that they laugh at all, and mock at the miſeries which others ſuffer. If you tell them of a houſe burnt, they ſay it is nothing, and that it is but a fire of great wood: If of an inundation of water; that Fiſhes have a good time of it: If of a war, or contagion, that it is a good harveſt for death, and that there are too many bread-eaters: If one ſay ſuch a friend hath loſt an eye; they anſwer he is very happy, becauſe he ſhall ſee but half the bad times.

I do not think there is a vice in the whole world more brutiſh, or contrary to nature, then this obduratenes; which is the cauſe I would caſt it under the feet of love: and ſhew you, that tenderneſs towards God as a Father, towards men as the lively Images of his Goodneſs, is the principal foundation of all virtues.

1. Reaſon againſt the Indifferents.

Conſider firſt, that all the good order of life comes from the knowledge of the Firſt cauſe, whereon all Creatures have their dependence; as on the contrary, the Diſorder of all actions ſpringeth from the ignorance of the ſubmiſsion we owe to the Increated Eſſence. Now he, who loveth none but himſelf, and cares not but for his own Intereſts, maketh himſelf as the chief end, and the God of himſelf, which ſufficiently proveth it to be the moſt palpable folly, and the greateſt evil may be imagined in Nature.

There is none, but God, which is for it ſelf.

It is a remarkable thing, that among all Eſſences there is none but God alone, who, as he can know nothing out of himſelf, nor love any thing but in himſelf, ſo he doth nothing but for himſelf. For in doing all for himſelf, he doth all for us, ſince we have no good, which tendeth not to him, as to its ſcope, which ſubſiſteth not in him as on its Baſis, which reſteth not in him, as in its Centre. Thus did S. *Thomas* underſtand that notable ſaying of *Mercury Triſmegiſtus*. *Unity hath produced unity, and hath reflected its love on it ſelf.*

Monas genuit monadem, & in ſe ſuum reflexit amorem. S. Thom. 1. part. q. 32. art. 1.

It is not but for an Infinite Eſſence to do ſo, but had the higheſt Angel in heaven the thought onely to behold himſelf, and hence-forward to work for himſelf, he would inſtantly be pulled out of heaven, and would of a bright Sun become a ſooty Coal.

What may one think then of a man, who ſayes in his heart, I am born for my ſelf, and I have no other aim in the world, but to ſatisfie my mind with all contentments, nor ſhall the evils of another ever enter into my heart, till Fire commix with

Water, and Heaven with Earth, If I obtein my ends all shall go well? Hearken how God speaketh in the Prophet *Ezekiel* to these wicked ones. *Behold, I come to fall upon thee (oh! thou great Dragon) who liest stretched out at length in the midst of thy Rivers, and darest say, this stream is mine, and I made my self. Assure thee I will put a bridle upon thee, and when I have fastned to thy scale all the fishes of the waters wherein thou beareſt sway, I will drag thee from the midst of the Kingdom of waves, and I will throw thee into a wilderness: thou shalt lie upon the dry land, nor shall any one care to see thy obsequies performed. For I have abandoned thee to the beasts of the field, and to the birds of the air, to be devoured.*

Ecce ego ad te, draco magne, qui cubas in medio fluminum tuorum, &c.

This sentence of God was executed on the person of the Emperour *Tiberius*, under whom our Saviour suffered that death which gave life to the world. Verily he was a man, who through the whole course of his Empire made himself the God of himself, the slave of his passions, and the hatred of mankind. He lay close as an Owl in the retirement of his filthy lusts, he was greedy as a Griphon, in such sort, that dying he had above threescore and six millions of gold in his coffers, which he, with the Empire, left to an infamous nephew, who, as it is thought, hastned his death, tearing that sensual soul out of the body, which in the world breathed nothing but the love of it self.

How can a man so wretched, so caitive, behold himself as a Divinity, seeing God in the heighth of glory, riches and beauties, which so happily entertain him within himself, hath so affectionate bowels of mercy for man, that he thinks of him from all eternitie, he presenteth himself unto him on all sides, with hands replenished with benefits in so great a diversitie of Creatures, and hath in general so much care of all men, and of every one in particular, that he who were not well instructed by faith, might have matter to imagine that Man were the God of God himself!

S. Thomas opusc. de Beatit. Quasi homo sit Dei Deus.

Let us besides produce another proof, which more evidently convinceth this obdurateness of heart, and this cruel wretchlesness of the Philosophers, who teach Indifferency; which is, that all creatures, yea, the most insensible, are made by God to impart, and to compassionate. If the Sun hath light, it is not for himself, he clotheth the Air, the Land, and Sea with a golden net, he imparteth it also as well to the little eyes of the Ant, as to those of the mightiest Monarch in the world, he soweth seeds of flames and vigour, to warm and quicken total nature. If the Air hath Rain, it keeps it not eternally within the treasurie of clouds, but distilleth it as in a Limbeck to moisten the earth. If the Sea have waters, it so divideth them among all the Rivers, as to bear men and victual in Vessels, and to make it self a knot of commerce from Land to Land, from Countrey to Countrey, from World to World. If the earth hath fruits, it preserves them not for it self, no more then the trees which bear them; but plentifully opens its bosome profusely to communicate it self to all nature. Every thing, saith a great Bishop of *Paris*, is bound by the Divine Providence to communicate it self, so true it is, that God hath banished avarice from humane things. As each creature giveth it self by love, so it suffers with others by conformity. All the world is united and collected within it self, as the parts of an Egge are tied one within another; All the members of the Universe mutually love and embrace; and if they make war it is but to establish their peace: If there be want of an element, as of Air, the Water would mount to heaven, or heaven descend to the water, rather then not supply the defect of a neighbour. It is a law which God hath engraven, as with a tool of Adamant, in the bosome of Nature.

2. Reason drawn from the communication of creatures.

Unaquæque res cogitur dare seipsam, adeo exclusit Deus avaritiam à rebus humanis.

Guil. Paris. de univers.

It hath been observed, that Palmes divided one from another by an arm of the Sea, which had overflowed the countrey, bowed their tops one towards another by a natural inclination, as witnessing their Amitie, and protesting against the fury of that element which had disunited them; and if this sense be in plants, what may we say of living creatures? where we see cares, troubles, anxieties, goings and comings, combats, yells, neglect and loss of body, repose and life, with the sense they have of the detriment and dammage of their like. And shall we not say then, that a man who loveth nothing in the world, and onely studieth the preservation of himself, is a prodigie in Nature, fit to be denied the Air he breatheth, the light which reflecteth on him, the fire which warms him, the viands which feed him, and the earth which bears him?

3. Reason of the tenderness of great hearts.

I adde for a third reason, that pitie & tenderness of heart is not only authorized by God & nature, but it is established as by a common decree of nations. *Photius* the learned Patriarch of Constantinople observeth in his *Bibliotheque*, a wonderful judgement given in the Citie of Athens, where he saith, the Senate of Areopagites being assembled together upon a mountain, without any roof but heaven; the Senatours perceived a bird of prey which pursued a little Sparrow, that came to save it self in the bosome of one of their company. This man, who naturally was harsh, threw it from him so roughly that he killed it; whereat the Court was offended, and a Decree was made, by which he was condemned and banished from the Senate: Where the most judicial observe, That this company, which was at that time one of the gravest in the world, did it not for the care they had to make a law concerning Sparrows; but it was to shew, that clemencie and merciful inclination was a virtue so necessary in a State, that a man destitute of it, was not worthy to hold any Place in government, he having (as it were) renounced Humanitie.

A notable sentence of the Areopagites.

We likewise see, that the wisest & most courageous men in the world have been infinitely tender, full of love, zeal, affection, care, anxietie and travel, for the good of another. *David* and *Jonathan*, who were the bravest Princes over the people of God, loved each other so much, that the Scripture speaking of this Amitie, saith, Their souls were tied together with an inseparable band. S. *Paul* was so affectionate & jealous for the salvation of his Corinthians, that he seemed to carrie them all in his bowels, and daily to bring them forth with convulsions and pains attended by joyes and delights not to be expressed. S. *Ambrose* bitterly bewaileth the death of his brother *Satyrus*, that to hear him speak, one would think he meant to distil out his eyes and breathe out his soul on his Tomb. So did S. *Bernard* at the decease of his brother *Gerard*. S. *Augustine* was a man all of fire before & after his conversion with onely this difference, that this fire before the morn-tide of his salvation was nourished with corruptible matter of Earth, but after he became a Christian, he lived upon the most pure influences of heaven. S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith, he more breathed S. *Basil*, then the air it self, and that all his absences were to him so many deaths. S. *Chrysostome* in banishment was perpetually in spirit with those he most esteemed. S. *Jerome* better loved to entertain his spiritual amities in little *Bethlehem*, then

to be a Courtier in *Rome* where he might be choſen Pope. And if we reflect on thoſe who have lived in the light of nature; *Plato* was nothing but love. *Ariſtotle* had never ſpoken ſo excellently of friendſhip, had he not been a good friend. *Seneca* ſpent himſelf in this virtue, being ſuſpected by *Nero* for the affection he bare to *Piſo*. *Alexander* was ſo good that he carried between his arms a poor ſouldier frozen with cold, up to his throne to warm him, and to give him ſomwhat to eat from his royal hand. *Trajan* brake his proper Diadem to bind up the wound of one of his ſervants. *Titus* wept over the ruines of rebellious *Jeruſalem*. A man may as ſoon tell the ſtars in the heavens as make an enumeration of the brave ſpirits which have been ſacrificed to amity.

Wherefore great hearts are the moſt loving.

If we ſeek out the cauſes, we ſhall find it ordinarily proceedeth from a good temperature which hath fire and vigour, and that comes from good humours, and a perfect harmony of ſpirit: little Courages are cold, ſtraightned, and wholly tied to proper intereſts, and the preſervation of their own perſon. They lock themſelves up in their proprieties as certain fiſhes in their ſhell, and ſtill fear leſt elements ſhould fail them; But magnanimous hearts, who more conform themſelves to the perfections of God, have ſources of Bounty, which ſeem not to be made, but to ſtream and overflow ſuch as come near them. This likewiſe many times proceedeth from education; for thoſe who fall upon a breeding baſe, wretched, and extremely penurious, having hands very hard to be ungraſped, have likewiſe a heart ſhut up againſt amities, ſtill fearing leſt acquaintance may oblige them to be more liberal then they would: contrariwiſe, ſuch as have the good hap to be nobly bred hold it an honour to oblige, and to purchaſe friends every where.

Adde alſo that there is ever ſome gentleneſs of ſpirit among theſe loving ſouls, who deſiring to produce themſelves in a ſociable life, and who underſtanding it is not given them to enlighten ſands and ſerpents, will have ſpectatours, and ſubjects of its magnificence. Which happens otherwiſe to low and ſordid ſpirits; for they voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the converſation of men, that they may not have ſo many eyes for witneſſes of their faults; So that we muſt conclude againſt the Philoſophers of Indifferency, that Grace, Beauty, Strength and Power of nature are on their ſide, who naturally have love and affection.

Sect. 2. *Of Love in general.*

Love, the ſoul of the Univerſe.

LOve when it is well ordered is the ſoul of the univerſe, which penetrateth, which animateth, which tieth and maintaineth all things: and ſo many millions of creatures as aſpire and reſpire this love, would be but a burden to Nature, were they not quickned by the innocent flame, which gives them luſtre, as to the burning Buſh, not doing them any hurt at all.

Fornacem cuſtodiens in operibus ardoris. Eccl. 43. Love the ſuperintendent of the great Fornace of the World. *Faber ferrarius ſedens juxta in eodem & conſiderans opus ferri: vapor ignis uret carnes ejus: & in calore fornacis conteretur,* &c. Eccl. 29. 38

I may ſay that of honeſt love, which the wiſe man did of the Sun; That it is the ſuperintendent of the great fornaces of the world, which make all the moſt Pieces of work in Nature.

Have you ever beheld the Forge-maſter deſcribed by the ſame wiſe-man? You ſee a man in his ſhirt all covered over with ſweat, greaſe, and ſmoke, who ſporteth among the ſparks of fire, and ſeemeth to be grown familiar with the flames; He burns gold and ſilver in the fornace, then he battereth it on the Anvil with huge blows of the hammer, he faſhioneth it, he poliſheth it, he beautifies it, and of a rude & indigeſted ſubſtance, makes a fair piece of plate to ſhine on the Cup-boards of the moſt noble houſes.

So doth love in the world, it taketh hearts, which are (as yet) but of earth and mortar, it enkindleth them with a divine flame, It beats them under the hammer of tribulations and ſufferings, to try them, It filleth them by the aſſiduity of prayer, It poliſheth them by the exerciſe of virtues, laſtly, it makes veſſels of them worthy to be placed above the Empyreal heaven.

Act. 9. Thus did it with S. *Paul*, and made him ſo perfect, that the Firſt verity ſaith of him, *that he is his veſſel of election, to carry his name among nations and the Kings of the earth, and that he will ſhew him how much he muſt ſuffer for his ſake.* The whole nature of the world tendeth to true love; every thing loves; ſome of neceſſity, other by inclination, and other out of reaſon. He who will love nothing (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) is the moſt miſerable and wretched man on earth; nor is it without cauſe, that in imprecations pronounced over the wicked, it is ſaid, *Let him not love, nor be beloved by any.*

Pigri, merità deteſtandi eritis, ſi nihil ametis: Amate, ſed quis ametis, videte. Auguſt. in Pſal. 31. *Nec amet, nec ametur ab ullo.* Juvenal.

Seven excellent things.

The ancient Sages have obſerved in the light of Nature, that there are ſeven excellent things to be eſteemed as gifts from heaven, which are clearneſs of ſenſes, vivacity of underſtanding, grace to expreſs ones thoughts, ability to govern well, Courage in great and difficult undertakings, fruitfulneſs in the productions of the mind, and the ſtrength of love; and foraſmuch as concerneth the laſt, *Orpheus* and *Heſiodus* have thought it ſo neceſſary, that they make it the firſt thing that came out of the *Chaos* before the Creation of the world.

Vide Marſilium Ficinum in convivium Platonis. An excellent conceit of the Platoniſts.

The *Platoniſts* revolving upon this conceit, have built us three worlds; which are, the Angelical nature, the Soul, and the Frame of the Univerſe. All three (as they ſay) have their *Chaos*. The Angel before the ray of God, had his in the privation of lights; Man, in the darkneſs of Ignorance and Sin; The material world, in the confuſion of all its parts: But theſe three *Chaos's* were diſſipated by love, which was the cauſe that God gave to Angelical ſpirits the knowledge of the moſt ſublime verities, to Man Reaſon, and to the world, Order.

All we ſee is a perpetual circle of God to the world, & of the world to God; This circle beginning in God by ineſtimable perfections, full of charms and attractives, is properly called Beauty: and when it comes to extend it ſelf in the world, and to draw it to it ſelf, it is called love. But if you conſider it in the condition wherein it gathereth together all Creatures to the firſt cauſe, and makes its works reaſcend to God, they ſay then it takes the name of Pleaſure, which is a moſt happy ſatisfaction of total Nature in its Author. So love is a circle, which turns from good to good by an everlaſting revolution.

The nature of love. Lib. 14. de civit. c. 8. *Amor inhians habere quod amatur, cupiditas eſt; idem amor habens eâq; fruens, Lætitia eſt; fugiens quod adverſatur ei timor eſt: quod ſi acciderit ei, triſtitia eſt: proinde malâ ſunt iſta, ſi malus eſt amor; bona ſi bonus.*

Now, if you deſire I ſhould in few words explicate the nature thereof, its origin, progreſs, cauſes, qualities and effects; you muſt obſerve a notable doctrine of S. *Auguſtine*, who ſaith, That Love whileſt it is in the ſearch of what it loveth, is called Deſire; and when it enjoyeth the thing beloved, it is changed into joy But if it avoid that thing which is contrary to it, either in effect, or opinion, it is Fear; and if the Fear hath its effect by the arrival of the evil it apprehendeth, it turns into Sadneſs. This love takes ſundry countenances, according to divers Circumſtances.

I agree all this is ſaid with good reaſon, yet notwithſtanding we muſt affirm with Divines, that this Oracle of Doctours hath in this definition rather compriſed the cauſe, the effects, & progreſſes of love, then its eſſence and nature: For to ſpeak properly, love is neither Deſire, Fear, Joy, nor Sadneſs;

5. Definition of love.

but *A complacence of the Appetite or Will in an object convenient either according to verity, or appearence*; But if we will speak more generally, we say it is nothing, *but an inclination propending and moving to a good which is conform to it*: For by the definition, we include all the kinds of love, which are divided principally into three branches, to wit, Natural, Animal, and Reasonable love. Natural love consisteth in things inanimate, which have their sympathies and Antipathies. As Palms, male and female, Amber and straw, Iron and the Adamant. Animal love is that Beginning which giveth motion to the sensitive appetite of beasts, to seek for that which is fit for them, and to be pleased in the enjoying what they sought for. Reasonable love is an Act which pursueth and accepteth the good represented by the understanding, wherein we may also comprehend Angelical and Divine love, which S. *Denis* addeth to these three kinds whereof we speak.

Richard de Midvil. dist. 27. l. 3. Art. 1. q. 1.

Its division.

Reasonable love is also divided into love of Amity, and love of Concupiscence. Love of Amity, which wisheth good to the thing beloved for it self, without enquiry into its own proper interests: As when it desired to one, Health, knowledge, grace, virtues, wealth, honours, without pretence of any benefit to it self. This is to affect with a love of amity, which is very rare now adaies, so mercenary are affections; and when this love is not only Affective (as Divines speak, contenting it self with bare desires) but Effective, by plentifully opening hands to liberality, it mounteth to a huge degree of Complacence.

Gabriel. d. 27. q. 1. l. 3.

Love of Concupiscence is an interessed love, which causeth one to love a thing, not for it self, but for the pleasure and commodity derived from it, or to be hoped (in time) to be derived from it: So the Horseman desireth beauty, strength and courage in his horse and dog; not for their sakes, but his own contentment. Such love is worldly love, commonly defiled with base and animal consideration nor is ever purified, but when it, for God, loveth that which cannot in it self be lovely.

Behold the Nature and Essence of Love in its whole latitude: Now to speak of the proceedings of the soul in its loves, The first step it makes when it beginneth to love, is the degree of the conformity of the will with the good is proposed. The senses, imagination, understanding, give it notice of some Beauty, Goodness or Commoditie which it conceiveth to be fit for it. Thereupon it beginneth to take fire and to have sparks of desires, which make it to wish the good proposed unto it. Thence it passeth to the second degree, which is that of *Sharp-sweet* Complacence, which pleasingly each moment holds it fixed upon the thought of its object. Sometimes between hope to possess it, another while between fear to lose it, and many other passions, which accompany this (as yet suffering) Complacence.

The steps and progressions of love.

γλυκύπικρος

From this degree it goes to the third, which is inquisition and motion, where love putteth on wings to fly speedily into the bosome of its repose, employing all possible means for its contentment; and if it be favoured in its pursuit, it advanceth to the fourth degree, which is union, esteemed the principal scope of Amities. From this union ariseth another Complacence, which is not painful and dolorous, but satisfied and pleased in the fruition of its object which is the height of love.

By the sides of love are lodged Beauty and Goodness, for that (as S. *Denis* saith) they are the objects and motive of love, which are so allied together, that the Grecians call them by one self same name. The Sages have ever sought for the true causes which dispose the wils of men to love: and there are many different opinions upon this point. Some hold it is a quality, which God imprinteth on nature; others imagine it comes from the aspect of stars, and from divers constellations; Others make it to proceed from Parents and education: others from a certain Harmony & consonancy of hearts, which meeting in accord upon the same Tone, have a natural correspondence. Lastly, the Maxime of Divines and Philosophers much swayeth, which saith, that Fair and Good make all loves.

Its cause.

I hold that to accord these opinions, a notable distinction must be made of three loves, which we have proposed in the beginning, to wit, Natural, Animal and Reasonable. Forasmuch as concerneth Natural or Animal love, besides the order of nature, it is God which giveth to each creature necessary inclinations to arrive at their end. Well there may be influency of stars, which bear sway over humours and bodies, and with the stars, bands of blood, temperature of Humours, education and secret qualities, which tie creatures with the knot of a certain love, the cause whereof is not well known. For how many are there, who love things which are neither lovely nor good? I not only say in effect, but in their own opinion and judgement; yet are they thereunto fastned by some Tie, nor can they free themselves from it, but by the absolute power of Reason. Do we not daily find by experience, that a Man who is, and who knoweth himself to be deformed and wicked, yet faileth not by Nature, to be in love with himself? So through a love of Concupiscence he may love things which have neither Beauty nor Goodness, although he daily have a blind feeling of some thing suitable to sensuality, and an unperceiveable attractive.

As for love of reason, which is properly Humane love, one may be assured, it alwaies looks directly upon good and fair, not simply, but good, fair acknowledged, agreeable to its contentment; This is the root of all reasonable amities, and hitherto those great sources of love reduced, which are Honestie, Utilitie, Delectation, Resemblance, reciprocal love, obliging and pleasing conversation.

Means to make ones self to be beloved worthily.

Within these six heads (in my opinion) the fifteen means to make one to be beloved, are comprised, which are touched by *Aristotle* in the second book of his Rhetorick; to wit, to love that which a friend loveth, to entertain his apprehension, his joyes and his discomforts, his hatred and Amities; to keep him in a laudable opinion of our sufficiencie by good parts of wit, courage, virtue, industrie, and reciprocally to hold him in good esteem, to love him, to oblige him, to praise him unto others, to bear with him in his humours, to trust him with your secrets, readily to serve him without forgetfulness or negligence, to be inviolably faithful to him, which we will more amply deduce in the subsequent section.

Notable effects of love in the three worlds.

But if you regard its effects, I find three great empires it exerciseth in the world, natural, civil and supernatural. In the natural it causeth all sympathies, antipathies, accords, ties, generations, productions. In the civil world it builds two cities, as saith S. *Augustine*, very different. If it be good, it raiseth a Citie of peace, wherein chaste Amitie sway, and with them Truth, Faith, Honour, Virtues, Contentments, Delights. If it be bad, it makes a *Babylon* full of confusion, where cares, fears, griefs, war, enmities, impurities, adulteries, incests, sacrileges, blood,

blood, murther, and poison inhabit; and all that, which commonly ariseth from this fatal plague. In the supernatural world, it causeth nine effects, which are very well figured by the celestial throne of love, composed of nine diaphanous globes; whose effects are Solitude, Silence, Suspension, Indefatigability, Languishment, Extasie, and Transanimation, which we more at length will consider in the sequele of this Treatise.

Sect. 2. *Of Amity.*

Eccl. 6. *Medicamentum vitæ.*

Amity the tree of life.

AMITY is the medicine of health, and Immortality of life, and in a manner doth that in Civil life, which the tree of life in terrestrial Paradise promised in natural life with an infinite number of sweetnesses and pleasures: it immortalizeth us after death in the remembrance of that which is most dear unto us in the world: It is that, which giveth light to dark affairs, certainty to doubtful, support to tottering, goodness to evil, grace to good, order to irregular, ornament to simple, & activeness to dead. By it, the banished find a countrey, the poor a patrimony, great ones find offices, the rich services, the Ignorant knowledge, the feeble support, the sick health, and the afflicted, comfort. Should a man live on Nectar and Ambrosia, among stars and Intelligencies; he would not be happy, if he had not friends to be witnesses of his good fortune: and we may truly say, that Amity continually makes up the greater part of our Felicities. It is not here my purpose to extend my self with full sail upon the praise thereof, since so many excellent wits have already handled this subject; but, to shew how good Amities are to be chosen, and how to be cultivated.

It includeth all blessings.

What Amity is. *Affectus est spontanea & suavis animi ad aliquem inflectio.* Casiod. de amicit.

There are some who make profession to be friends, & know not so much as what friendship is; but *Aristotle* plainly proves, there is difference between affection, Good-will, Love, Amity and Concord. Affection, is a spark of love, not yet throughly formed, in which, understanding hath some slight passion. Good-will, A simple Good-will and consent borne towards some one, although many times there be no great knowledge of the party, as it happeneth to such, who of two Combatants favour rather the one then the other, not knowing either of them. Love is an affection already formed and inclined with fervour to the good of Conformity; Amity is a love of mutual well-wishing, grounded upon communication. Whence may be inferred, that all those who love, are not friends; but all such as are true friends, necessarily love. The meanest people may love the most eminent; but there can be no Amity, since they therein find not correspondence. There are entranced lovers in the world, who are enamoured of all beauties, none returning them love again: which deserves either laughter or compassion, seeing they may directly go to the first of Beauties, where they shall find reciprocal contentment. After love, followeth concord, which is the fruit of it, in the union of judgment and will.

Miserable lovers.

Now, well to understand how to chuse good Amities; the Species or kind of them must be known; wherein I find that one *Hippadamus* a great Platonick Philosopher hit right, when he established three sorts of Amities, whereof, one belongs to beasts, the other to men, & the third to Demi-gods.

Three sorts of amity.

Animal-amity.

Animal-Amities are those which subsist only in Nature, and which are common to us with beasts. Thus (saith S. *Augustine*) a mother which loveth her children for flesh and bloods sake, not otherwise raising her thoughts towards God, doth but as a Hen, a Dove, a Tigress, a Serpent, and so many other living creatures, which have so great affection towards their little ones. It is not that these Amities are not very necessary, since Nature inspires them, and poureth them into the veins with the soul by admirable infusions, which preserve the estate of the world, entire. It is good, much to affect ones own, but we must build upon the first elements of Nature; and by Grace and Reason raise the edifice of true charity. Parents ought to love their children as a part of their own bodies, which Nature hath separated from themselves: But Amity should never divide their hearts. Children are bound to love their parents, as fishes their water. Brothers cannot too much esteem the Love and Concord which they mutually maintain together. A husband and a wife are bound to a most strict commerce of Amity, since as God produced a word in heaven, and with the word the holy Ghost: So, he hath been pleased to create *Adam* on earth as his own Image, and out of this Image, he hath drawn *Eve* to be unto man a spirit of peace, and a love of a perpetual lasting.

Pro magno laudaturus sum in homine, quod videam in Tigride. Aug. 410. homil. 38.

There is no doubt, but that to fail in these laws, and to break the Knots which God hath tied with his own hands for all the living, is a vice, which surpasseth all kind of brutishness. Notwithstanding, the evil manners of men corrupt things the most sacred, and are the cause that some love their own Blood far above God himself, and others even furiously persecute them. I put likewise in the number of animal-Amities all such as love one another for sport, for the Belly and Lust: For they have no other scope; they do not much better then wanton whelps who cease not to run up and down, turn after turn, dallying and playing one with another. And such as love their wives no otherwise then for pleasure, do like the male-Crevis, who in his little Cavern hath many females, for whom he fights as for an Empire. All this kind of proceeding smells too much of the brute beast, nor can it have any merit in heaven.

Bodin. in the Theatre of nature.

Humane Amities, and their foundation.

The Amities of men are those which are exercised with reason, and are ordinarily built upon three foundations which *Aristotle* expresseth in the Treatise he wrote of it, which are utility, pleasure, and moral virtue. Utility, is now adays the most common Cement of worldly Amities, and you find few friends, who hold it not in much esteem. It is that, which hath raised Towns, Cities, and the society of men; That, which having raised, maintaineth them by mutual offices rendred one another in the necessities of ordinary life. The hand must wash the hand; and the finger, the finger. One contributes his counsel, another his industry, another his abilities, another his pain, one his pen, another his tongue, and another his feet. All set themselves a work to do service to Amity. I know Philosophers will say, that this is somewhat mercenary; it notwithstanding preserveth communities; and he who would take it out of the world, should find almost nothing in it, but a meer shadow of Amity.

Interest, the fifth Gospel of many.

Particular Interest is (as it were) the fifth Gospel of Christianity depraved in the minds of many, and is the great God of the Time, to whom millions of souls do homage. Think not, that so many busie spirits, and men fervent to make a fortune, care much for Idle friends, although they were endowed with all the virtues of the Anchorets of the wilderness. They esteem not gods of clay, although they had all the curious draughts of *Polycletus* upon them: It is gods of gold and silver they would have,

Avarus Evangeliorum irrisor, transgressorque perpetuus. Climach. Grad. 16.

men

men which may give them whatsoever they desire. They carry these dispositions even to Altars, and make piety it self mercenary; For we see, many are little enough moved to hear of the greatest Saints in heaven, when a discourse is made of their excellent virtues: but, if peradventure an extraordinary cure happen, thither they run by heaps, and the saint which is the author of them, hath magnificent Altars waited on by many vows, offerings, and Candles. It is the poverty of the heart of man to measure all things by proper Interest, but it is a maxim deep-setled through all Ages in the opinion of the multitude, and one may truly say, that to him utility is the mother of the Gods. Others who have a more gentle spirit seek for pleasure in their affections. I do not say those pleasures, which we have placed in Animal Amities, but some worthy recreation, as that of the Mathematicks, of Eloquence, of Poesie, of Painting, of Musick, ingenious Sports, pleasant jests, most witty & quaint. This hath much predominance upon spirits who love recreative pastime, and I think the seven Sages of Greece should they live again, would die for hunger in that house, where one who can jest with a good grace, might make a brave fortune. These kind of amities although they may for a time be sweet to sense, are subject to change according to the diversitie of Ages, seasons, humours, employments, and occasions.

Tertul. in lib. ad Natiaver. *Dii vero qui magis tributarii, magis sanctitas majestas constituitur in quæstum, venditio tecum divinitatem, non licet eam gratiæ cœli.*

Amities of pleasure.

Merry jests.

The best men tie themselves to the honestie of moral virtues, and singularly love one who is wise, prudent, courageous, just, temperate, liberal, magnificent, weighing all this in the course of a life sutable to *Aristotles* Philosophy, and do please themselves with the familiaritie of such a man, and are entertained by a Correspondence of manners, a delightful conversation, and an affection very sincere, but not extraordinarie.

Amities grounded upon Honesty.

The third sort of Amities, which the Pythagorean calleth, of Demi-gods, and which we may attribute to the most rare and excellent souls, is, among such as mutually love another, not for ordinary virtues, but for celestial qualities, graces, & singular gifts of God, and interchangeably love in an extatick manner, to wit, by rapture of spirit, of heart and affection, which causeth all things to be common among them, so much as virtue & honestie permitteth. Such was the Amitie of the first Christians, of whom, with much wonder, the Pagans said; Behold, how they love one another! See how ready they are to die each for other: and that which the Poets found to be a matter so rare, reckoning up some few pairs of true friends. Christianitie made it appear, at that time, in as many subjects as it had men. But at this present, the multiplication of persons hath abbreviated the extent of charitie. That generous spirit (which borrowed the golden wings of the dove of the Prophet, to fly throughout the world, & to sacrifice it self for a neighbour) is waxed cold, & rests immured within its little house, busying it self almost wholly in the preservation of its Individuums.

Amity of Demi-gods.

Vide ut invicem se diligant & pro alterutro mori sint parati. Tertul. Apolog.

From the discourse of these sorts of Amitie, it is now much more easie to judge of the conditions of a good friend, then to meet with the effects of it: but if you will follow the way I shall prescribe, I will shew you what choice is to be used.

Qualities of a good friend.

Great men are not ordinarily the best friends.

First I am of *Aristotles* opinion, that Great ones (to speak according to the ordinarie course of life) are not verie fit for Amities, because they love themselves too much, and make use of men as of Instruments for their purposes looking after nothing but the establishment of their own greatness: Besides, the licentious life they commonly lead in a fortune which permits them all, is the cause that good men love them not, unless they become as virtuous and magnificent, as they are powerful. Which is the cause, that being usually encompassed with a multitude of flatterers, or of interessed people, who labour to enrich themselves in the manage of their affairs, they have verie few good friends. But there are some among them, who are endowed with so eminent virtues, affabilitie, and bounty, that they win affections, and find friends, who would willingly offer themselves up as a sacrifice for their glory. Amity desireth equality; If it find it not, it makes it: and although one cannot alwaies exact it in an Arithmetical proportion, and that two friends of divers qualities cannot be in all kinds equal in offices rendred one to another, yet its ever necessary therein to observe some proportion; which many great ones do not, thinking all is due to them, and that having usurped the blood and sweat of men, they are but victims born to be sacrificed to their magnificence. Which made the great *Aristotle* say, That if of two friends the one should become a God, he would cease to be a friend. In which he spake as a man, & a man ignorant of the Divinity; For he figured to himself a god of a luskish & proud humour, wholly busied within himself, and disesteeming all whatsoever under himself. But had he known the ineffable sweetness of the divine Bounty, he would rather with *Tertullian* have said, that there is nothing so worthy of God, as the salvation of man.

Arist. 8. & 9. Moral.

Tertul. contra Marcionem. *Nihil tam Deo dignum, quam salvum hominem.*

Who loves too much, loveth little.

Men too endearing incapable of amity.

Secondly, its most certain, that those who love too much, are not verie proper for great and strong amities, for with overmuch eagerness to love all, they love nothing. You find men of honor in the world, who are extremely endearing, and who create amities innumerable, their heart resembleth the weathercock on a steeple, which turns with every wind; they no sooner see one, but they oppress him with favours, promises & courtesies: but such amities resemble those bubbles of water which rise upon a river during the time of a showre, and break as soon as they grow. Birds, which have yet their shell on their backs, are taken with the sweetness of their bait, and think they have gotten their favour upon the first acquaintance; but the prudent well see, that they say to all the world, is not spoken to them.

The Judgment of *Plato*. Seneca lib. 6. de Benefic. c. 18. *Negavit illi jam apud Platonem positum officium.*

They do as *Plato*, who in the beginning thought himself much obliged to a Ferriman, that courteously without asking ought, had wafted him, imagining this was done in respect of his merit, but when he afterward, perceived, he thus entertained persons of the meanest condition, He then could well say, *Friend I ow thee nothing.*

One must not adhere too much to ones self to be a good friend.

Moreover, we may truly affirm, that such are never good friends, who too much adhere to themselves, and rest fully satisfied with themselves; For amitie being a certain transportment of a friend to a friend, it loveth to go out & readily succour such as stand in need of its help: but the man who is fast tied to his own interests, captived by his own employments, irrevocably squared out to its own hours, is a piece not to be stirred, but with many engines. Add also to those the fantastical suspicions & unequal spirits, who daily at least, have some fit of folly, and infinitly vary both in manners & visage, which makes poor Amitie to fare ill in their hands. But prudent, and patient friends, who have need of them, strive to find out the folds of their hearts, to observe their good fits, and the lightsom seasons of their mind.

Unequal spirits.

Men banished from the Temple of amity.

Lastly, I would banish out of the Temple of Amity all wicked lives, and evil humours, weak brains, and

and indiscreet tongues, which are not retentive of a secret; the over-curious, the light, the exorbitant, flouters, Buffons, the sad, mischievous murmurers, great talkers, and the Ceremonious.

The choice of a friend.

To chuse a friend well, it is necessary he be honest, prudent, of a good disposition, cordial, obliging, faithful, and patient. Honesty is the foundation of all the most eminent amities; without which there is not any thing can be of a solid subsistence. Prudence is the instrument for every thing, and the Rule of all the actions of mans life. Good disposition seasoneth the greatest pleasures of conversation. Cordiality makes a commixion of hearts and minds, which is the principal scope of Amity. Obligations, maintained by mutual offices, straightly knit affections. Fidelity, which is an unmoveable rock against all the assaults of men and time, which tend to the division of hearts; and Patience in the defects of a friend, is that which crowneth the perfections of Love.

Sect. 4. *Of Amity between persons of different Sex.*

I Hold my self obliged by the necessity of the subject, to speak here of the Amity of different Sexes, especially between people of the world, as also, becaus many complain, that men of our profession would willingly handle them as Hermits of *Thebais*, and wholly forbid the conversation of women; I will deliver what conscience and civility permit in this. It is often asked whether women be capable of good Amity, and whether it may be tied between sex and sex out of wedlock bands?

This is a very hard question for me to resolve, because, having all my time been employed (according to the laws of my profession) to court wisdom and virtue, and having had little practice, but amongst the sageſt and most virtuous women, it is not so easie for me to judge of the humours of such as are bred otherwise.

If we consult with Histories, we see millions of lovers, who complain of the infidelity of their Mistrisses: On the other side, women wage war with men, ceasing not to accuse their inconstancy: and all your feigned Romans eternally chant forth the same song, which were able to tire spirits any thing serious: but it is evident, that these vices with which they reproach one another, chastising with severity, that, which they commit through idleness, proceedeth not so much from sex, as from the nature of a shameful passion of love, which hath no more stability, then the wind in the spring, & the sea in a calm.

It is certain, that evil love hath its disloyal ones every where, but since we are insensibly engaged to treat of Amity, after so many excellent pens who have handled the same subject; we are rather to observe what is commonly done in virtuous love, then that which is acted out of the madness of Concupiscence.

Reasons for which women seem less capable of Amity. *Velocitas cogitationum, animi celeritas, & ingenii varietas multiformes illis notas imprimit.* Plin. l. 7. cap. 12.

Some have thought, women were not so proper for Amities, because they resemble a cloud in the Rainbow, which receiveth the impression of all colours in their natural diversified forms: besides, for that according to *Pliny*, they are imaginative more then any creature in the world, which suggesteth to them infinite many thoughts, divers inflexions of the heart, tastes, distasts, which thrust on one another as the waves of the sea. They likewise thereunto add, that they very easily are turmoiled with suspicions, jealousies, and distrusts; the least matters offend them, and many once displeased, are irreconcileable. And which is more, that the most part of them have narrow hearts, and hands not open enough to help their good friends at a need, they being ordinarily much tied to the interest of their family; so that there are many who love not so much for love, as for gain.

Reasons for the modest love of women. *Amor magis sentitur cum prodit cum malegentia.* August. l. 10. de Trin. c. 12. S. Thom. 1.2. q. 25.

This may well happen in certain humours, but there are some grievous spirits, who do not so easily receive the impressions of these ill qualities, and who persevere till death in an unshaken constancy of affection. And verily it seemeth, that contrary to what hath been spoken, nature more favoureth them therein, because Love, as saith S. *Thomas* after S. *Augustine*, appears best in indigence, and those love most fervently and powerfully, who besides other attractives see themselves bound unto it by some kind of necessity. Now, the inclination which a woman hath towards man, is (as it were) necessary: For it is more easie for a man to be without a woman (having regard to spirituall and temporall assistances, as Sacraments and Physick) then for a woman to be without a man. *Adam* was for a while all alone in Paradise, in a vast world, but God permitted not that *Eve* should be there alone one moment: for this solitude would have gone hard with her to see so many living creatures, and in so divers kinds, and not meet with one to bear her resemblance.

This being so, one may with reason say, that as we love things necessary, with more endeavour and stabilitie, so women are tied with the more indissoluble chains in virtuous inclinations. But not to speak of this motive (which proceeding from a meer motion of nature) cannot be the most generous; we find men, who rest upon Indifferency, and seek nothing but to content their own senses and to idolatrize themselves: but women very rarely stay upon neutrality, needs they must love or hate, there is no third condition for them; and since, according to the Philosopher, it is fit to judge of Contraries by proportion, we will truly say, that if they be susceptible of the impressions of hatred above all may be said, so are they likewise capable of noble Amities. They think themselves more engaged in honour to entertain them, when they have begun, fearing to be disparaged by the multitude of wandring and flitting affections.

Add also to this, that they are more tender then men, and, that softness of temperature, is to love, as the air to the ray of the Sun, seeing the affections more easily penetrate where they find dispositions which have already prepared a way for them. Lastly, as they commonly are more devout & religious then men, so they observe virtuous Amities with respect, and entertain them out of conscience, & especially such as are grounded on piety, which is the thing that most powerfully predominateth over their heart.

I speak this in respect of those who are verie virtuous. But as we find, few rare virtues and strong amities accompanied with all necessary circumstances, are not so frequent in their sex.

It seemeth also, that the Examples we derive as well from Nature, as Civil life, insensibly lead us to the proof of that we propose.

Among living creatures, the Females are the more sharp and ardent, as well in their affection as in their anger: the cuttle-fish takes revenge on that which striketh her male; but the male flyeth if his female catch a blow, as *Aristotle* hath observed in the ninth book of his living Creatures. I well remember the Antients studiously reckoned up the pairs of friends which they had observed throughout all Ages, and that *Lucian* in his Toxaris hath strange

Bodin. *Theatr. natur.* l. 3. sect. 6.

Luc. Toxaris.

ſtrange examples of amity between men, as of him who left his whole family in a fire, to carry out his deareſt friend on his ſhoulders: and of another, who gave his own eyes for the ranſome of him whom he moſt tenderly affected. But who likewiſe would in particular decipher the notable acts of love, which many wives have witneſſed to their husbands, ſhould find wherewith to be moved to admiration, and to ſettle his conſtancy. If we talk of preſerving a widow-hood, inacceſſible to ſecond wedlocks, how many may we find of them, even in Gentiliſme, who, after the death of their dear huſbands, have ſaid, (what the antient *Valeria* did) My husband is dead to others, but not to me. If we ſpeak of ſuffering great toils of body, Queen *Hipſicrates* followed King *Mithridates* her husband, as one of his braveſt Captains, gallantly corvetting a horſe, and galloping through ſnows & wilderneſſes not to be ſeparated from him. If we diſcourſe of baniſhment & ignominies, *Sulpitia* brake up doors and locks to run (maugre her mother) after her exiled husband, among the proſcripts of the Triumvirat. If impriſonment be put into the liſt of account, *Eponina* was nine years ſhut up with her huſband in the hollow cavern of a Tomb. If you regard maladies, a daughter of Spain, daily with her tongue, licked the envenomed wound of King *Edward* of *England* her dear husband. If you look on the terrible of terribles, death; *Blaunch* the Italian Lady, ſcorning the flatteries of the Tyrant *Actolin*, who paſſionately woed her, (captive though ſhe were) eſcaping out of the hands of ſouldiers, ſhe went to breathe out her life upon the tomb of him to whom ſhe firſt of all had given her heart and affections. Yea, I much more admire thoſe, who willingly have deprived themſelves of all riches, greatneſs, yea, even of the preſence of their huſbands, whom they dearly loved, to procure them liberty, wealth, and honour. *Cedrenus* obſerveth in his hiſtory, that *Conſtantine* the ninth exerciſing tyranny, as well in matter of love, as within his Empire, cauſed the Roman *Argyropylus* to be ſought out, and commanded him to repudiate his wife, whom he had lawfully married, to take his daughter, on condition that he would make him Cæſar, and aſſociate him with himſelf in his dignity: but if he condeſcended not to his will, he threatned to pull out his eyes, and to make him all the dayes of his life miſerable. The Lady, who was preſent, ſeeing her husband involved in all the perplexities that might be, and ignorant what anſwer to give unto the Emperour. Ah Sir (ſaid ſhe) I ſee you are much hindered in a brave way, if it onely reſt in your wife, that you be not great and happy; I freely deprive of my ſelf of all, yea, of your company (which is more precious to me then all the Empires of the world) rather then prejudice your fortune; For know, I love you better then my ſelf: And ſaying this, ſhe cut off her hair; and voluntarily entred into a Monaſtery, which the other was willing enough to ſuffer, preferring ambition before love, a matter very ordinary among great ones.

Rare amities of women. *Valer. Max. 4. c. 6.*

Idem lib. 6. cap. 7.

Lipſii exem. politica.

Rhod. Sanzim hiſtor. Hiſpan. p. 1. cap. 4.

Scard. lib. 3. hiſt. Paravinæ.

Cedren. in Epitom. hiſt. p. 596.

Excellent loyalty of a Lady.

Υλὼ κεσμιαλὼ ἐκκαίας ἀπίθητο βίχος.

Out of all this it may be inferred, that women are to be found very virtuous, and moſt conſtant in their affections. But the queſtion I propoſed in the ſecond place, if in caſe it ſo fall out, whether amities may be fixed out of marriage, between ſex and ſex, is a paſſage very dangerous, and worldlings muſt not think it ſtrange, if I look into it with much precaution. It is a pleaſant thing to hear how *Pelagius* the Arch-heretick talks in S. *Jerome*; For he makes a Rhodomontade ſuteable to a ſpirit ſwoln up with pride, and blinded within the opinion of his own worth, There are (ſaith he) who ſhut themſelves within cells, and never ſee the face of any one woman, yet ſuffer themſelves to be inflamed with love, and tormented with deſires: which may very well happen, for they are miſerable creatures, who well deſerve to be ſo handled. As for me, I freely profeſs, I am daily environed with an hoſt of women, and feel not the leaſt ſpark of concupiſcence. S. *Baſil* was of another opinion, when he ſheweth, that a man, who perpetually converſeth with women, and ſaith he feeleth not any touch thereof, participateth not at all of humane nature, but rather is ſome extraordinary prodigie; For, as he learnedly diſputeth in the Book he compoſed of Virginity, the body of a woman is (as it were) a ſection, and a fragment of that, of the firſt man, which is the cauſe he naturally deſireth her, as a part taken from himſelf. The palm hath not more inclination to the palm, nor the iron to the adamant, then one ſex hath towards another. When God created the mother of the living, it is written, *he built*, as if the Scripture would ſay, That woman is a houſe wherein the heart of man lodgeth but too often. Sole glances (ſaith this great man) are ſpiritual hands, which cauſe wonderful effects; From thence the firſt battery of Concupiſcence beginneth, as ſaith *Clemens Alexandrinus*. Adde, that after the corruption of ſin, we have in us an evil ſource of carnal deſire, which floweth from the bottome of our ſoul by our five ſenſes as by ſo many conduit-pipes. Nature is extremely ſubtle and buſie, and when one hath a hundred times together by ſtrong hand chaſed it away, a hundred times it returneth; it inſinuates it ſelf, it preſſeth forward with ſweet violences, with charming ſweetneſſes, it inſenſibly ſpinneth the web, and doth what it liſt.

S. *Baſil de Virginitate.*

Inclination of ſex to ſex.

τμῆμα γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἐστι. Dangerous attractives in the converſation with women.

Ædificavit Dominus coſtam quam tulerat de Adam, in mulierem. Gen. 2. 22.

ἐμμελῶς ἔοικαι ἀσπάματος χειρὸς S. Baſil. ib.

ἡ ὄψις ταμία δὴ ἐφαλμῶν ἀκεραιοτάτη Clem. Alex. pædag. l. 3.

Moreover, it is ſeconded with a certain curioſity, to know all that which is moſt pernicious to it. It kicketh againſt the laws of honeſty and modeſty, and thinks the forbiddance of an evil is the greateſt of all torments. It will know to much, to be chaſte, and makes a ſnare to it ſelf of proper ſcience. O God of purity, how many do we now adayes ſee, who, to give entrance to a wicked curioſity, through too free converſation, receive as many wounds as they give glances, and as many deaths as beauty ſhoots arrows againſt them! *Solomon*, who well knew the effect of this paſſion, ſaid, Thy eyes ſhall ſee forreign women, and thy heart ſhall entertain a very evil diſcourſe within thee: Thou ſhalt be as one faſt aſleep in the midſt of the waves of the ſea, or as a lazy pilot, who, oppreſſed with drowſineſs, hath forſaken the helm. Thou wilt ſay, It is true, they ſtruck me, but I feel no pain of it: They have drawn me this way and that way, but I am not ſenſible of it, when ſhall I be awakened, to be again drunk with love, and to return to my accuſtomed pleaſures? See how a ſenſleſs ſoul talketh, which having not well guarded its ſenſes in the firſt aſſault, delivereth the heart over as a prey, and ſinks into the bottome of Abyſs. But to reſt within the limits of honeſt amities, it is undoubted, one cannot uſe too much precaution, ſo ſubtle and penetrative are the ſtings thereof, eſpecially, when it is ſharpned by Beauty, Bounty, and Benefits. Yea, miſery therein doth ſometimes bear ſo ſenſible a part, that a beautiful and virtuous woman, being in her innocency afflicted, ſhooteth arrows of victorious love into the heart of man: And very well the Philoſopher *Seneca* hath obſerved, that love is great, when it grows out of commiſeration. It

Prov. 23. *Oculi tui videbunt extraneas, & cor tuum loquetur perverſa, &c.*

Modeſt amities with women ſhould always be handled with much precaution.

Rodomonta of Pelagius, *Jerom. in Pelagium.*

Magnus amor eſt, qui de miſericordia venit S. *Aug.* 6.

Cassiod. de amicitia.

It is true which *Cassiodorus* said in the book of Amity, that one affection degenerateth insensibly into another. Love, in the beginning, is wholly divine, then it becometh humane, being yet within the limits of reason: From humane it passeth to natural, wherein it quickly feels the sting of nature, and the first fervour of Concupiscence. From natural, it becometh officious, entertaining it self with discourses, complements, complacence, offices, and services. From officious, it most times becometh carnal, and from carnal, absolutely unchaste.

Degeneration-amity.

Iamblichus, a Philosopher very curious, saith, that those who professed to consult with spirits by this divine operation, as is pretended, saw in the beginning obscurities, spectres, and night; but persisting in their search they perceived the air by little and little waxed bright with a pleasing serenity, & the apparitions became more lightsome. It falleth out quite otherwise in the matter of Amities, indiscreetly tied with women: For at first, those shews are fair and specious, but the issues of them (if one be not heedful) are black and hideous. A soul which feareth God, might sometimes be very confident among such as make profession to be none of the honestest, because it is prevented by some aversion which hindereth its perdition; but virtue, consorted by sweet disposition, hath another manner of power: for it insinuateth it self into the soul with admirations & satisfactions, which attract the inclination before the consideration can be permitted to frame any further discourse. So S. *Bonaventure* in the Treatise he composed of the Purity of Confession, saith, The Amity of virtuous women is more to be feared, and the testimonies of mutual affections which one sex rendereth to another, are infinitely able to enkindle love. One, who is not extremely exorbitant, beginneth not the practice of vice on the top; iniquity hath its apprentiships, none comes in an instant to the utmost of impudency. Above all, heed must be had of the beginnings, before vice take much predominance to our prejudice.

Observation of *Iamblichus* applied to the amities of women.

S. Bon. l. de Purit. Conf.

Have you observed what a stone doth, thrown into a pond? it maketh at first a small circle, which causeth another, and the other a third, the third out of that produceth a fourth, and they are still infinitely upon encrease so much, that the water onely curled with a little pibble, makes a long chain of circles, which fill up the total superficies. This happeneth in love, it falls into our heart not perceived, nor foreseen, and in the beginning causeth some slight touch, which according as it is entertained, distends it self, and is in such sort multiplied, that it repleniseth the whole capacity of our soul with arrows and chain-links, which we cannot but with much labour dissolve and unloose. A spirit which before rested in a generous liberty, becomes captive. This imperious visage perpetually knocks at the gate of his heart. It enters into game, study, repose, repast, sleep and action. It insinuateth it self into prayer, with distractions pleasingly troublesome, it busieth the thoughts, it exerciseth the discourse, it inflameth the desire, to go, to visit, to speak; it repleniseth the memory with what is past, the imagination with the future, and the present, with disturbance. A soul finds it is not well, that it dissolves, that it consumes by the senses, and hath already dried up all its smiling beauties, and weakned that vigour which is in devotion. It notwithstanding flattereth it self with the colour of innocency; it feigneth to it self that this is an act of charity; that it is a duty of civility; that it is an act of the souls that burns not but for virtue; but the mischief is, this soul is not an intelligence separated from matter, and that in the guest thereof, we pass by the veil of body, which becometh a snare to chastity.

S. Basil. de Virginitate.

A notable comparison of S. Basil. Subtleties of the passion of love.

How many Bulls have we seen feeding in a pasture, strong & sound, who having heedlesly swallowed a little worm called by the Grecians, *The fire of Oxen*, become meagre & faint, retaining nothing at all of their bodies but bones, and figure? And how many great spirits have we beheld which were in excellent state, and in full vigour of the functions of intellectual life; who, by approaching over-near to this sex, have entred into affections of fire and flames: which, like little creeping serpents, have stoln into their hearts and destroyed virtue, I will not soil *the purity of my Pen* with the exorbitancies, which both antient and modern histories have observed upon this subject. I pass over it, as bees over hemlock, without any stay; it seeming unto me that many Authours had done better to have covered the stains of their mother, then to have divulged them to maligne spirits, who make use of poison, and readily impute the disorders of particular, to the general body.

Ἐπὶ πᾶσι θεός. Ælian de animal. l. 6. cap. 35.

Love compared to the fire of Oxen.

The opinion of Fathers concerning the Amity of women.

All I have said hereupon hath been to suit my self to the sense of Scripture, and holy Fathers, who so notably have condemned the over-much familiar conversation with women, and if they seem sometimes to speak of it with too much rigour, it is, for that in great crimes the evil might be diverted by exaggeration of the peril; to the end, that since the fire is to be feared, the very smoke might be avoided.

Pro. 6. 27.

It is not to be wondered at, what the Wise-man said, *That the too free familiarity with women was a fire-brand in the bosome:* That S. *Ephraim* thought it was as easie to live among burning-coals, as to converse with this sex, and not to wound the soul: That S. *Bernard* wrote, that to be alwaies among women without hurt, was to do more then to raise the dead: That S. *Cyprian* imagined it was to erect a precipice, to be addicted to such society: That S. *Jerome* advised, that we should either equally love them all, or equally not know them.

Bern. ser. 64. in Cant.

Cyp. de singular. Cler.

S. Hieron. ad Nepotian.

Shipwracks happened by the love of women.

We see many shipwracked fools standing on promontory tops, who tell us of the ruines which these passions have caused. *Simon Magus* was undone by a *Hellen*, being more bewitched by her love, then he enchanted others by his sorcery. *Apelles* was corrupted by *Philumene*: *Montanus*, by *Prisca* and *Maximilla*: *Donatus*, by *Lucilia*: *Elpidius*, by *Agape*. Women have ended among all these, what Magick and Heresie had but begun. O good God! what man would not be astonished at the Roman *Macarius*, who having overcome love in the world, was surprised in the wilderness by finding a womans shoe? To conclude, Heaven is most happy, said *Tertullian* very wittily, because though it hath Angels, it hath not *Angelicals*; though it hath a God, it hath no Goddesses; and it might be feared, if there were diversity of Sex there, it would alter something of its tranquillity.

Ex monitis.

In cælo non Angelus & Angela. Tertul. adversus Val.

So many great men, who were much accomplished in sanctity, have thought of women upon the brink of the grave, and have found, we must ever fear, that we may never fall. Besides, I leave you to think with what conscience a spruce youth who hath a body full of blood, and a spirit replenished with flames, can say, He will love God in his works, and that he findeth not any one better then a handsome woman. He knoweth how to manage his love, he will take in no more fire then he list, and this fire shall not burn, but at his discretion. This beauty shall serve to raise him towards God;

he will pass from the creature to the Creatour without any difficulty; It is a ladder of gold, which God hath set for him to climb up into heaven by. But it is to be doubted lest it prove *Archimedes* his engine, whereon the higher they mounted, the lower they descended. Such an one by this way thinks to touch heaven with a finger, who already hath a foot in hell. But since I write this Treatise for Courtiers, and for the well-ordering of divine and humane love; I neither must, nor will, by my discourse put any prejudice upon the virtuous and civil Amities which may be between persons of different sex, who are endowed with singular and excellent virtues, and who manage their affections with admirable discretion: which, although rarely, may be done; and if there be any who abuse it, it is not fit, by reason of blasted members, to blame sound parts, and suspect them of corruption; nor to censure the actions of many great Saints, who, being obliged by duty to converse with other sex then their own, have therein comported themselves with so much prudence and charinesse.

That there may be spiritual Amities between persons of different Sexes, endowed with great virtue and rare prudence. *Nec inferorum regnum in terra. Sap. 1.*

S. *Augustine*, in the fourth Book of the City of God, saith, The Antients had three Goddesses of Love; one for the irregular, another for the married, and a third for virgins. We must not think the kingdom of hell perpetually swayeth upon the earth (to speak with the Wise man) and that one cannot look on a woman, and not take in the fire of evil love. How many be there, who, wholly are estranged from all tender and affectionate inclinations? Briars and thorns are as full of courtesie as their greetings, and the ice of *Scythia* is not more cold then their conversation. How many do we find, who, having their spirits wholly possessed by other passions; one of Ambition, another of Avarice, another of Revenge, another of Envy, another transported by the sollicitude of a suit, and the turmoil of a family, who think very little upon love? How many other are there, from whom study, affairs, and charges (wherein they strive supereminently to transcend) free their minds from all other thoughts? And how many Ladies see we in the world, with a countenance ever smiling, of a humour cheerful, and conversation most pleasing, who make love to wits and spirits, as Bees to flowers, but have with the body no commerce at all?

But, if this may sometimes proceed from humour; by a much stronger reason we must think, great souls, that are powerfully possessed by the love of God, which repleniseth the whole latitude of their hearts, & who live in continual exercises of prayer and mortification, may converse with women for the affairs of salvation, by a conversation sweetly grave, and simply prudent, not changing the love which they bear to the virtue of chastitie.

It is an act of a base or maligne spirit, to measure all by ones own self, and to think that, what he would do in a slipperie occasion, must be done by all such who are farre otherwise eminent in grace and virtue, then are the ordinarie sort of men.

The Basilisk cannot be enchanted.

The Author of the Theatre of Nature holdeth, that the Basilisk alone, among serpents, cannot be enchanted; and, I dare affirm, there are men, who have the like priviledge, and have their eyes love-proof, & their hearts shut up against all the assaults of concupiscence, whether it proceed from singular habits of virtue, or whether it be some very extraordinary gift from God. *Democritus* voluntarily made himself blind, by looking stedfastly upon the beams of the sun, to free himself from the importunities of the love of women; He (perhaps) shut up two gates against love, to open a thousand to his imagination. *Origen* deprived himself of the distinction of sex, to rebate the stings of sensualitie, which bred him much mischief. Grace, and the gift of God, doth more then all the endeavours of men, it forsaketh not those, who, by obligation of their charge, and out of the necessitie of their profession, converse with women, within all the limits and due proportions of decorum.

Tertul. Apologetic.

The Ecclesiastical Historie assureth us, that the glorious S. *Athanasius*, seeing himself persecuted by the Arrians with rage, thirstie of his blood, and not knowing whom to trust, hid himself in the night-time in the house of a devout Virgin, where he was long concealed, and protected against the fury of his persecutours. Whosoever will weigh this, shall find it an extraordinarie act, for the historie saith, the Virgin was a miracle of beautie; and being not fully twentie years of age, had made a vow to preserve a perpetual virginity to God. It much amazed her at first, seeing the great Prelate had chosen her little habitation for the place of his retreat: but he assuring her it was the will of God, she entertained him with an open heart, & served him with so much puritie, obedience, and reverence, that she seemed to have lodged an Angel, not a Man in her house.

The extraordinary practice of S. *Athanasius*. *Soz. l. 3. c. 6. Palladius.*

She furnished him with all necessaries for life, she washed his feet; yea, she borrowed Books for him, with singular heed, that he might entertain time in this his imprisonment. Cardinal *Baronius* calleth this historie into question, and thinks it an invention of *Arrius* his side, but there is very little appearance, seeing the Arrians of that time never objected it to S. *Athanasius*, as being a matter out of their knowledge. And although this great man in his Apologie hath said nothing of it, where he speaketh of his flights and retreats, this, notwithstanding, nothing at all lesseneth the truth of it, since there are many things may very innocently be done by prudent men, which are not necessary to be published to all the world.

And needs must he have had little judgement to have vaunted this accident before his enemies, whereof they would have taken but too much occasion to calumniate him. And as for that which *Baronius* saith, that it onely belonged to widows to wash the feet of Saints, it is true, according to the ordinary proceedings of the Church, and the liberty of its functions; but here the question is of an outragious persecution, and of an act out of common practice, and there is not any reason which can efficaciously prove this history to be invented, seeing it is faithfully set down by *Sozomen* and *Palladius*, two great admirers of the virtues of S. *Athanasius*; whereof the one giveth so evident proofs, that he witnesseth he had seen the same Virgin when she was seventie years old, and saith, this relation was confirmed to him by Priests of *Alexandria*. I hold it more admirable then imitable, and that although the Hebrew Children were once preserved in the fornace by miracle, one must not therefore desperately throw himself, through imprudence, among coles; but ever confess the hand of God is able to safeguard those in perils, who have not despaired in the peril, but who by necessity become therein engaged.

Lusitan. Amity of S. *John Chrysostome* with a Lady named *Olympias*.

What shall we say of S. *John Chrysostome*? Is there a man more austere in his life, and more vehement in the matters of virtuous Amities? It is a strange thing to read the Letters he writes from the place of his banishment to his dear *Olympias*. He saluteth her with openness of most ardent affections,

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he calleth her his Saint, and his venerable Lady; sometimes he instructs and incourageth her by sublime, grave discourses, addressing Epistles to her, to be valued with whole Books. Another while he descendeth into particulars, he recounts unto her his voyages, his adventures, his comforts, his discomforts; He omits nothing of the condition of his health, of the disposition of his body, of his chamber, of his habit, of his ordinary exercises in this ugly place, whereunto he is banished. He protesteth he is much troubled he sees her not, he assures her, all his pains are nothing in comparison of the want of such an one whom he so tenderly loved, which he confirmed unto her by the example of S. *Paul*, who challenged Angels and Devils, who mocked at all persecutions, who was ready to carry all hell on his shoulders (had it been possible) out of the desire he had to suffer. And yet the separation of *Titus*, his well-beloved Disciple, afflicted him so much, that he could not give his thoughts any repose. He dilates much upon this affection of S. *Paul*, to excuse his own, which shewed it self at the heighth, when the news was brought him of the sickness of the same *Olympias*: For then it was, when the winters of *Scythia*, the countenances of Barbarians, the hideous roughness of some place where it seemed Nature had never been, the noise of war, and the incursions of souldiers fleshed in massacres & spoils, are nothing in comparison of the affliction he feels for the indisposition of this dear Virgin. He conjureth her by all things the most precious to tender her health, he sendeth her to skilful Physicians, he teacheth her medicinal drugs which help himself, he promiseth her long letters, which she infinitely loved; so that she take care of her health, he assureth her, as it were in the spirit of prophecy, that he must visit her again to comfort his cares, wipe away his tears, and repleniſh his heart with satisfaction. What can be more lovely, what more affectionate, then this whole discourse?

S. *Paul* tender in holy affections.

Saint *Jerome* is in the same passions for Saint *Paula*. All the splendour of *Romes* greatness, all the riches of the earth, are nothing with him in comparison of his little *Bethleem*, made resplendent by the virtues of this noble Lady. He telleth us, that Pilgrims who come from the remotest confines of the world cannot see any thing, in all the affluent wealth thereof comparable to her. When he goes about to praise her, he wisheth all the members of his body were changed into tongue, and that he were nought but voice, to be throughout the whole Universe the Trumpet of her praises. He describeth her life and death with extasies, he plaies the Poet in his old age to make her an Epitaph, and fetcheth out a pedigree for her from the ashes of old Troy, and the conquests of *Agamemnon*. He formerly had made himself a Secretary to her and her daughter, enditing their letters for them to invite *Marcella* their companion into the solitudes of *Bethleem*. When he thinks of her coming, all the holy land is turned topsie-turvey, the hillocks leap for joy, the fields deck themselves in their best beauties, the rivers carry the news thereof to the meadows, squadrons of religious, and virgins go before; there is nothing but salutations and transportations, and rejoycings incomparable: Out of which we may conclude, Saints have very lively affections towards all they love.

Great affection of S. *Hierome* toward *Santta Paula*. S. *Hierom. in epitaph. S. Paula.*

That blessed Prelate, the Bishop of *Geneva* had the same spirit for his *Philothea*. For, behold how he speaks of her in the first letter of his second Book. *When you unfolded your self to me more particularly, it was an admirable joy to my soul that I might more and more comfort yours, which made me believe that God had given me to you, not imagining any thing might be added to the affection I felt in my mind, and especially when I prayed for you: But now (my dear daughter) there hath upon it succeeded a new business, which to my seeming cannot be named, but the effect of it is onely a great interiour sweetness, which I have, to wish you all the perfections of the love of God, and all other spiritual benedictions.* In the 16 Epistle he saith, *It is a dew which moistneth his heart without blow or noise; I speak before the God of my heart and yours; every affection hath its particular difference one from another: That which I bear you hath a certain particularity which infinitely comforteth me, and to say all, it is infinitely available for me. Account this as an irrefragable verity, and do not you doubt it at all.* Then he adds, when many particular persons recommended to him, come into his mind, she is alwaies the first or the last, who there longest abideth.

The affectionate Letter of my Lord Bishop of *Geneva*.

See how the wayes of the just are hidden, and leave no prints to follow them by the tracks. An ill informed Censurer would here have wrinckled the brow, he would have said with a supercilious countenance, a severe aspect, in the words of *Cato*: That it must needs be a manifest snare of Satan, to have a womans face in his mind in the midst of his prayers. And yet we know this worthy man lived in most perfect purity, in imitation of immaterial Angels. This teacheth us, there may be Amity between Sex and Sex, pure and ardent as the flames which enlighten stars. But this only belongeth to persons infinitely prudent, and absolute in virtue, who are therein more worthy of admiration, then imitation: yea indefatigable circumspection must be used, to contein them within their limits: And then is the time that they produce chaste and strong delights, when two spirits perpetually look one upon another, as the Cherubins of the Ark having continually the propitiatory of the living God in the midst of them: or when they resemble the Sun and Moon, who for these six thousand years have courted each other, and never touched.

Nec sit tanta Christi glutine copulata quam non utilitas rei familiaris, non subdola & palpans adulatio, sed Dei timor & divinarum scripturarum studia conciliant. S. Hieron.

Sect. 5. *Of the entertainment of Amities.*

AMity, in the world wherein we are, is a fire out of its sphear, which properly is heaven; where knowledges are without darkness, joyes without discomforts, and love without blemish. For which cause, it stands in need of precaution to defend it self, and of strength to abide in a place, where constancy is rare, change ordinary, errours natural, assaults violent, and resistance weak: The mind of a Lover is delicate, nice, and sensible in injuries. if you handle it slightly, it withereth like a Rose; if roughly, it fadeth like a Lilly. I then will briefly glance at those things which alter Amity, and shew you likewise the Antidotes that preserve it, to the end, remedies opposed; the evils may with the more lustre appear.

Mollis est animus diligentis, & ad omnem sensum doloris arguitur; si negligentius tractes, citò marcet ut rosa, si diutius teneas, liquet ut lilia. Symmachus ep. 34.

The eight stains of Amity.

I hold, that among all the stains which Amity may contract, there is not any more tarnisheth it, then *Forgetfulness*, *Negligence*, *Scorn*, *Dissension*, *Distrust*, *Inequality*, *Impatience*, and *Infidelity*. We see so many Amities daily to dissolve by Forgetfulness, and want of frequentation, that it seems divers friends (especially when they be of eminent condition) make their way to the *Elyzian* fields by the river of Forgetfulness. They no longer remember those whom they had courted, no more then a nightly dream. nor know they so much as whether they be in the world or no, and whether

1. Forgetfulness of friends.

Qualem cupis ut mittamus imaginem tibi, terreni hominis an cæleſtis? S. Paulinus ep. 8. ad Severum.

they yet have any part among the living. *Severus* demanded of S. *Paulinus* his picture to preſerve his memory, but he asked him, whether he deſired the image of a terrene, or celeſtial man, ſhewing we muſt rather remember friends by the figures of the mind, then the lineaments of the face.

2. Negligence.

Others want not memory, but they have a certain careleſneſs which many times proceedeth from a nature lazy and indifferent, that cannot take a little pains to quicken the memory of a friend; another while it cometh from a narrow-ſtreightned heart, which vouchſafeth not to oblige it ſelf in an occaſion, wherein it hath full power.

3. Contempt.

Some are not content to ſcorn, but do alſo make their ſcorn appear, by preferring men of no worth, and who were before unknown to them in antient Amities. They think a friend who is yet to be made, is ever better then he who is already wholly endeared.

Attalus. Jucundius amicum facere, quàm habere. Nec tamen Æneam quamvis malè cogitet, odi.

This is it that cauſeth ſharp convulſions in a generous heart which ſees it ſelf neglected, and abandoned in need, by one from whom all poſſible help was expected. Then ariſe loud out-cries, exclamations and complaints: Yea there are of them, who hide their wounds, yet fail not to love in the midſt of theſe diſfavours; which I ſuppoſe doth either proceed from a ſtrong virtue, or from a great abjectneſs of mind. If it come from virtue, it is an action truly Chriſtian: But if from abjectneſs of mind; then it is a lamentable thing to ſee a ſilly ſoul ſo profuſe of love (the greateſt treaſure in the world) as to conferre it on the ingrate, diſdainful; as if one took delight to feed and flatter owls. And were a man able to give us the heavens and ſtars; if he have not Amity and affection for us, muſt we make our ſelves ſlaves to a proud ſpirit, which is wholly employed within it ſelf; and which can never diſtinguiſh what virtue or Amity is? Diſdain is a thing not hard to be learned, when he, whom we honour moſt, giveth us a leſſon of it in his ingratitude. One may pay ſcorn with ſcorn, and ſet a value upon nothing but God who gives eſtimation to all things.

4. Diſſention.

Chamæleontis beſtiolæ vice quæ de ſubjectis ſumit colorem. Auſon. ep. 32.

There are others who begin the breach of Amity by diverſity of opinions and judgements; they build but upon one ground in the exerciſe of the holy virtue; their underſtanding inclineth to one ſide, their will ſeems to propend to another: but in concluſion it is gained by judgement, and the continual diverſity of reaſons cauſeth the diſſention of hearts. I do not ſay, one ſhould play the Chamelion in Amity, and, without foundation, take upon him all colours which are preſented; for, that would be rather to become a flatterer then a friend. The Seraphins of *Ezekiel*, though they clap themſelves with the tips of their wings, yet fail not to make a heavenly Harmony: So, good friends, who at firſt ſomewhat differ in opinion upon ſubjects offered, and propoſe their reaſons with ſweetneſs and modeſty, thereby alter not concord: but when this diſſention is very frequent and captious, it is an evident token, love is ſtrucken at the heart.

Ezek. 3. 13

5. Suſpitions and diſtruſt.

Rabbi Solomon.

Poſt amicitiam, credendum; ante amicitiam, judicandum eſt. Sen. ep. 38.

Others are eaſily tranſported with Suſpitions and Diſtruſt, and open their ears very wide to tale-tellers, who are the moſt dangerous plagues which the evil *Genius* can vomit forth to diſturb concord. Antiquity telleth us that friends ſent ear-rings to their deareſt correſpondents on their birth-day, to conſecrate their ears to Amity, and preoccupate them againſt ſlander. We muſt judge (ſaith *Seneca*) before we love, but when once we have begun to love, we muſt believe a friend. We muſt not open a heart by halves; be is made faithful by the power of believing him to be ſuch; and there are not any ſo worthy to be deceived as thoſe, who upon all occaſions fear to be deceived. It is an act proper to a ſpirit ſtupid and unworthy of the manage of affairs, to be ready at the firſt, to give credit to the venemous tongue of a calumniator, oppoſed againſt the life and innocency of a friend; or of one in prime place, without ſifting diligently all the circumſtances of his accuſation. And what aſſuredneſs may we hope for in humane things, if all ears ſhould become as credulous as tongues are licentious? Came not thence the frequent ſubverſions of States, and calamities of Man-kind?

Is it not that which irrecoverably ruined the Roman Empire under *Valentinian* the third, when (as *Maximus* relateth who was his capital enemy) he with his own hand ſlew his chief General *Ætius*, the pillar and prop of his Empire? We muſt not believe any thing againſt an Amity long ſettled, unleſs the proofs thereof be written with the raies of the Sun. *Alexander* rather choſe to put himſelf upon the hazard of ſwallowing poiſon, then to believe one, who made him a report againſt the loyalty of his Phyſician: He, with one hand, took the goblet without further information, and with the other, gave the accuſers Letter to the accuſed; the one ſmiling drank down an apparent death, whileſt the other implored heaven and earth againſt the calumny, which was notably refelled by the generoſity of the great Monarch.

Quintus Curtius l. 3.

6, 7. Inequality and Impatience.

Greg. Nyſſen in Hexam.

Laſtly, they do not long preſerve Amity, who are Unequal and Impatient: and as *Moſes* makes no mention of the air in the hiſtory of the Creation, becauſe it is inconſtant, according to S. *Gregory Nyſſen's* conceit: So we muſt let their names paſs under ſilence in the Temple of Amity. They grow weary of all, they are diſpleaſed with a ſlight word ſpoken at random; with ſome innocent freedome they enter into Labyrinths of ſuſpitions and perplexities, whence they never come forth; and Amity (which is the moſt delightful of all things) becomes their puniſhment.

All, which hath pleaſed them, diſpleaſeth: All, which hath contented them, diſcontenteth; one knows not into what poſture to put himſelf, to give ſatisfaction: Good words vex them, ſervices diſtaſte them, ſubmiſſions torment them, contradictions make them mad: It ſeemeth *Sauls* devil poſſeſſeth them, and that they know not themſelves; They hate by humour, as if they had loved without conſideration of merit.

1 Reg. 18. 10.

8. Infidelity.

Petrum Bleſenſis l. de amic. c. 6. Plutarch. in Julio.

τὺ καὶ σὺ τέκνον.

But we muſt ſay, that of all the plagues of Amity, there is none ſo fatal to it, as the diſcovery of a ſecret by Treaſon and Infidelity: That is it which *Petrus Bleſenſis* called the blow without noiſe, under the ſhadow of Amity. It is that which *Brutus* gave to great *Cæſar*, and which was the cauſe that the valorous Emperour (long tumbled to and fro among his murderers, and defending himſelf from every blow they gave him) covered his eyes with his garment, not enduring the treachery of a man whom he had loved, and obliged above all other: But ſaying, Ah ſon, art thou then one of theſe! He ſuffered himſelf as a victime to be butchered, aſhamed to behold the day-light, which made him ſee ſo black a miſchief. And what is there more to be deplored, then to behold a generous heart which dilates it ſelf in the preſence of a pretended friend, and powreth out unto him all he hath in his ſoul, whilſt the wretch (ſhooting back envenomed ſhafts againſt all the raies of Amitie) maketh a prey of his goodneſs, and a trophey of his ſincerity,

rity, abandoning him to the discretion of such as persecute him. There are some who suffer themselves to fall into these Infidelities by the surprisal of some wicked spirits who wholly govern them, and who draw out of them all they have in their hearts, either by craft, or power, which rendreth them less culpable, but not innocent. Others run to it with the malignitie of a Devil, and joyfully triumph when they have prospered in an Act so base and barbarous. Do not these kind of people deserve to be accounted the horrour of nature, the scorn of Ages, the execration of mankind? And shall we not believe that if *Pythagoras's Metempsychosis* were in being, their souls would put on no other bodies but of Hyena's, Rats, or Owls, to fly in an eternal night, and never to be illustrated with one sole ray of the bright day of Amitie?

Sicht novacula acuta fecisti dolum: propterea Deus destruet te. Psal. 51. 4.

Now, if you desire to know the things which are of power perpetually to uphold Amity, I must tell you, it subsisteth *in honesty, good disposition, communication, Bounty, Patience, and Fidelity.* Assure your self, you will not long be a good friend, if you study not to be ever virtuous.

Six perfections which preserve Amity.

The heart of a wicked man (saith the Prophet) is a turmoyled sea, which never rests; it hath as many changes as the waves in the Ocean, as many agitations as Tempests, which with Amity is incompatible, of its own nature peaceful, and which entertains the mind in a constant situation. What is the cause the blessed are never wearie of loving, but that they perpetually find in God new beauties and perfections? The body is finite, and quickly thrusts forth all its qualities, which with time, rather fade, then flourish; but our spirit is profound as an abyss, and our soul tendeth in some sort to Infinitie. Hence it comes, that two friends seriously disposing themselves to perfection, daily receive some new lustre, which rendreth them lovely, so, that increasing in goodness by degrees, they insensibly love some better thing. St. *Hilary* of *Arles* said of two good friends, that they sought to hide themselves in the shadow of one another, but that thence their humility was reflected, as from a solid bottom which made its lights the more resplendent.

Cor impurum quasi mare fervens. Isa. 57.

Dum unusquisque se sub umbra alterius obscurare vellebat, tanquam repercussa clarius utramque radiabat. S. Hilar. in Honorat.

Yet would I not that your virtue should be austere and unmanaged, but seasoned with a good disposition and a certain cordialitie, which is the best temper of Amity. There are some who love so coldly, that their love is as a day in winter, when the Sun is involved in gross vapours, and shews nothing but sadness: which is extremely troublesom; for it is better to receive a manifest Correction, then to endure a hidden Amitie (to speak with the Wiseman) and you shall find many women who better love harsh men, then such as are neither one nor other.

Humour.

Melior est manifesta correptio, quam amor absconditus. Prov. 27.

He is no good friend who rejoyceth not at the presence of his friend, who is not sorrie for his absence; yet not opposing the conformitie we should have with the divine Providence. S. *Chrysostom* in the letters he wrote to his dear *Olympius* observed these sensible affections in S. *Paul*, for he was much troubled at the absence of his best friends, and desired to see their faces, (as he saith) where this great Prelate insisteth upon the word Face, and saies it is good right, that we desire the face of our friend, because it is the place where the soul sheweth it self in all its senses. There is not any man (saith *Tertullian*) unless he hath little to do, delighteth to hold long discourse before a face shut up, a visage sensible of nothing, and which to say truly, cannot but be melancholy in this posture.

Vid. Chrys. ep. ip. 715, 716. 1 Thes. 2. & 3.

Tertul. de velandis Virg. c. 12.

Quis audebit oculis suis premere faciem clausam, faciem non sentientem, faciem ut ita dixerim tristem?

This hindreth not, but that the use of veils is verie laudable, in time and place among religious women, who make profession of penance; and the fore-alledged Author, who ardently urgeth virgins to this observance, gives them an example of Arabian women, who were so veiled, that they had but one eye free to guide them, and to receive a half light: which caused a Roman Queen to say, that they were miserable women who went so, because they might take in love, but not give it out again. But contrariwise they were most happie, to be delivered from a thousand importunities of wanton eyes, which do nothing but court beauties.

Contenta sunt dimidiata frui luce quàm totam facie prostituere. Idem de velandis Virg. c. 14.

Howsoever, true amitie is necessarily accompanied with some tenderness and sensibilitie, which causeth one to be perpetually anxious for such as he loveth. Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; It daily formeth a thousand imaginations, and brings forth a thousand cares: It findeth out an infinitie of inventions to advance the good of the beloved: It openeth it self in his prosperities, it shuts it self up in his adversities, it is appalled in perils, it triumpheth in glories; If it hear speech of his praises, it is Manna fallen from heaven; if he be blamed, it is a poysoned arrow which transfixeth the heart: The eye, the tongue, the arm, all the veins and arteries bend to his defence.

Conversation, and its contentments.

Add for the third Antidote, that Amitie is notably entertained by conversation and mutable communication, which should be full of libertie, freedom and confidence. There it is where one entreth into communitie of secrets, of thoughts, counsels, inventions, opinions, industries, affairs, and purposes. There it is, where hearts discover their nakedness, and where spirits going out of Christalline breasts, make a sweet mixture of fires and sights. There it is, where (saith the Wiseman) Iron sharpneth Iron, where one Intelligence awakens another. There it is, where the bottom of the heart becomes as a fountain of clear water wherein souls behold each other by admirable reflections. One reckoneth up his life, his courses his voyages, his hazards, his enterprizes, his successes, his joyes, his annoyes, his Sympathies, his Antipathies. The other receiveth all this into his bosom, and reciprocally opens himself to his friend. Oh what sweetness, oh what an Atom of the life of the blessed is this communication, when it is inviolably grounded upon virtue and honestie! What a contentment is it to see a poor man who was as a cloud surcharged with storms and darkness, to free himself and become bright by aspect of the beams, which reflect from the eyes of a friend, to clear up at the words which come from his lips, to receive infusions wholly celestial, which put in order things confused, give vigour to the languishing, comfort in affliction, and hope amidst despairs! Time stealeth away in these entertainments, and is not felt: hours are not numbred, moments are there precious; the space which intercurs between two Suns, seemeth but one. Whosoever importunely troubles these conversations, are like Birds of ill presage: and night which separates them (although it be the mother of Repose) is not alwaies welcome, unless it in sleep restore those beloved delights it took away.

Prov. 27. 17.

Ferrum ferro acuitur, & homo exacuit faciem amici sui, & v. 19. *Quomodo in aquis respondent vultus prospicientium, sic corda hominum manifesta sunt prudentibus.*

Conversation must be moderated.

Yet, it is good to moderate this conversation, the nature of humane things being such, that pleasure when it is arrived at the highest, is not far distant from distaste. The more that Flowers breath forth their excellent odour, so much the sooner

Præmatura est tribulationis, lætitia saturatis. Gregor. in Job c. 3.

sooner they wither; and by how much the more love produceth fires and sparklings, so much the more it is weakned, unless it be repaired by reason, which is swallowed by sense. Absence entertained by letters full of confidence, is not alwayes without its profit; for the soul by the memorie tasteth what it hath taken in by the understanding, and gives it self more leasure to recogitate its pleasures, which are not so well perceived, when presence drencheth the mind in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leasure to bethink it self. It is a goodly thing (verily) to behold these affectionate complacents, yet never is one a good friend, if he come not to the fourth point, which is, to wish, and to do good to those he loveth. It is now-a-dayes, a true testimony of Amitie, to give liberally of ones own, in a time when silver is the God of the world, and interest the mark, whereat all intentions aim. There are some, who would rather give the blood of their veins, then ought of their purse; would suffer incredible toils for a friend, and would not diminish for him the least part of their ordinarie expence; yet Amitie never is perfect, unless it enter into a free communication of necessarie helps, as much as abilitie and reason permit. Whosoever invented benefits gave wings to Amitie, and made arrows of gold which insensibly penetrate hearts the most unnatural.

Absence is sometimes a stratagem of Amity.

Bounty a true note of Amity.

Benefits of Amity.

An Elephant, who beareth Towers and Houses on his back, cannot carry a benefit without a grateful acknowledgment of it: It is that which quencheth the fire that sparkleth in the eyes of Lions, which stayeth their paws keen as rasours, and makes them adore that which is thrown out to them as a prey to be devoured. Liberalitie is a hook we must ever hold in the water; we must not fear many times to lose, to conferr once well, a good office done to a friend. That man deserveth never to get any thing, who thinks all he giveth is lost, and who gives not at all, but to receive double. His intentions are mercenarie, and his favours are like Lime-Twigs; he maketh a Market-place of the Temple of Amitie, and profaneth all that is sacred in it, to consecrate it to his own passion.

Glorificabis me bestia agri, dracones & struthiones. Isa. 34.

It is an excellent industry, to give well, and it requireth much study. There are such as give all they cannot keep, and are never liberal but in extremitie, like to the fountain of *Spoleto* which never appeared, but when the country was threatned with an approaching famine. Others send Presents to no purpose, and unseasonably, as if one should give books to a Peasant, and arms to a Scholar. Their gifts are many times so unhappy, that they may be be reckoned among the mischiefs their enemies wish. Others throw largesses by starts, and distribute not favours, but cast them at random; and there are oft to be found such, who giving to all, for want of giving with judgement, oblige none. They hasten to those who desire nothing of them, not seeing it is a great torment to be obliged to one, to whom one would ow nothing. There are, who make themselves to be adored, before they open the golden gates of liberality, they are shut up within so many locks, that an age passeth before they succour the miserie of a friend; they put oyl into the lamp to light it when it is quite out, and do good to Hobgoblins and spirits in tombs. It is too late to give to a friend, if you stay till he demand it: you give him twice, when you deliver him out of his torment. *Archesilaus* well understood this mysterie, who laid a bag of money under the pillow of his sick friend, whom he knew to be in great necessity, without telling him from whence this supply came, and rather chusing he should have the pleasure to find it, then the pain to ask it. What good is it to do, as the officers of great ones who are stately in their distributions, and think not they ever have given ought, unless it were long asked? They make themselves to be waited on like Demi-gods, and magnifie what comes from their own hands, in such sort that their benefits are scorned, and we begin to hate that, which was too late resolved on, or too proudly afforded. He must give his Presents according to the common practice of men, observing circumstance of place, time, season, persons; guild his favour with the gold of graces, and not do, as they who give so sadly, that one would take them for men who deny.

A great industry to give well.

Leander in Umbria.

Seneca l. 2. de Benefic. c. 20.

Friends also who receive, ought not to be troublesom, there being not any thing which more offendeth firm Amities then the too great importunities of the bold, who ever have their hand open to receive, and never have a brow soft enough to blush. There are many Amities which are by this way dissolved; when friends perswade themselves to ask boldly, and will not be denied, but think one gives them nothing, if they give not all.

The fifth condition of a good friend, consisteth in a strong patience to bear with the defects of the person he loveth, whether they be in the mind, the bodie, or in the exteriour: Yet it is not that crimes and scandals, hidden under the shadow of Amitie, should be tolerated: for that were to be a traitor to the most innocent of virtues. Above all, it is expedient to observe, and in the beginning to touch the passion of one dear unto us with hands of silk, and words of sattin; not to distemper him, if he be somewhat sensible. But if light remedies make not impression, we must urge, sollicit, labour with all the libertie which confidence affordeth, and not forsake the sick, until we see some little hope of amendment. But if the evil daily increase by the contempt of remedies, & that it be such that it involves a friend within the danger of infamy; a man ought not to think it strange if he be abandoned, since he first of all degraded himself of the character of Amitie, which is virtue. Other defects of manners, which proceed not to crime, ought to be handled with singular sweetnes and discretion, and these of nature and humane accidents cannot be taken by a good friend but as a decree from heaven, and an exercise of his goodnes. There are some, who have their souls so generous, that they love miseries; they find deformitie to be handsom, when it is dressed up in the liveries of Loves, plagues and cankered sores breed neither fear, nor aversion in them: They digest all by the heat of an immortal affection.

Patience most necessary in Amities.

Advice and correction of friends.

Non asperè, quantum existimo, non duriter, non modo imperioso vitia tolluntur; sed magis docendo, quàm jubendo, magis movendo quàm minando. S. Aug. in ep. ad Aurel.

Non curet scrupulo societatis occultæ, qui manifesto facinori desit obviare. S. Athanas. in Conc. Alexand.

Then it is, when we come to perfect fidelitie, which is the Basis that supporteth the whole house of Amities. It is a virtue really divine, and one of the most precious treasures in the heart of man. It is a Bud of Fidelitie, a proof of an invincible courage, a note of an inviolable goodnes: It is an imitation of the order of the heavens, & of the elementarie world, where all persevere in the observance of the laws which were written by the Divine Providence from the beginning of ages, by the help of Fidelity, which the principal parts of the universe do observe one towards another.

Fidelity and its excellency.

Amite Jovem generasse. Quæ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norant. Silius.

It is that, which is the cause that stars eternally circumvolve within their divisions, not usurping

one

one upon another: That, which causeth dayes and nights yearly to restore the time they had borrowed one of another, and so well to make up their accounts that they pay even to the utmost minute. It is that, which stayeth the waves of the sea, and current of rivers; That, which maketh Masters and Servants, Families and Provinces, States and Empires. All is quickned, all lives, all under the divine hands of this great Mistris. By it, Kings have subjects, Lords their officers, Commonwealths Magistrates, Communities, Administrators, Fields Labourers, Civil-life Merchants and Artificers, by it, the whole world hath order, and by it, order prospers in all things. One must rather break an hundred times, then once fail in fidelitie to a good friend. Were the devil capable of commerce with men, he must observe fidelitie: by how much a more just title ought we to preserve, love and honour it, even with veneration in holy Amities?

If a friend, one of those who have been very acceptable to you, chance to fail; whether it be by evil life, or through manifest contempt of you, or out of other ill dispositions; yet must you on the rotten trunk honour the last characters of Love, you must rather unstitch then break, you must keep the secrets he at other times hath committed to you, and not publish his defects. Amitie is so venerable, that we must honour even its shadows, and imitate the Pythagorians, who celebrated the obsequies of such as forsook their societie, to burie them with honour.

These precepts being observed; Children will live with Parents in great duty and submission; Husbands with Wives will hold together, not only by eyes, flesh and blood, which are too feeble ties, but by excellent conjugal virtues; Parents will live in all sweetnes of nature, People will be fastned with the knot of indissoluble Concord; Great ones will be indulgent to inferiours; Inferiours pay obedience to the great; and intimate friends gather flowers and fruits of immortal delights in the sacred garden of Amity.

Sect. 6. *Of sensual Love. Its Essence, and Source.*

ὡς πνεῦμα χειμέριον, ἢ αἰρόβρωτος φιλαργυρίᾳ διαφθοίσαν
Hippocrates in ep. ad Abderites.

I Here could wish my pen were born on the wings of winds from one pole to another, and that it might fall with a strong and impetuous flight upon a passion which maketh attractives, charms, and illusions to march before it, and after it draggeth along furies, disasters, and rapines.

The wise *Hyppocrates* in his time deplored the evil effects of Avarice, and said, the life of man was miserable, because insupportable Avarice, like unto a spirit of storms and tempests, had poured it self upon mortals, and that it were to be wished the best Physicians might meet together from all parts to cure this disease, which is worse then folly, and which occasioneth a mischief irreparable: Because instead of seeking remedies to drive it away, false praises are invented to flatter it.

Love is a strange malady.

I may say the like of Love, since it is the most fatal plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the world. It hath the shiverings and heats of Feavers, the Ach and prickings of the Meagrim, the rage of Teeth, the stupefaction of the Vertigo, the furies of Frenzy, the black vapours of the Hypocondry, the disturbances of the waking, the stupidities of the Lethargie, the fits of the falling sickness, the faintnes of the Phthisick, the heavings of the passion of the heart, the pangs of the collick, the infections of the leprosie, the venome of ulcers, the malignity of the plague, the putrefaction of the gangrene, and all, which is horrible in nature.

After all this, it is made a God, to whom Elogies, Hymns, Songs, and victims are offered: Empire over the heart is given to it; a soul, not created but for him, who hath saved it, is subjected, fetters are honoured, and its Tyranny adored.

Disasters of evil love.

There are many millions of men in the world who would be most fortunate and flourishing, if they knew how to avoid the mischievous power of this passion: but, having not used any consideration nor endeavour; they have abandoned their bodies to dishonour, their reputation to infamy, their estates to pillage, and their lives to an infinitie of disturbances and torments. Hence is it, that virgins of noble blood are stolen away, that families are desolated, that parents are precipitated into their Tombs by ungrateful children, that so many young widows are dishonoured in the world, that so many miserable creatures, after they have served for talk to a Citie, die in an Hospital; that so many little innocents are made away by a death which preventeth their birth; that so many Infants are thrown into life as froth of the sea, exposed to povertie and vice, by that condition which brought them forth. Hence is it, that chaste wedlocks are disturbed, that poysons are mingled, that Halters are noozed, that swords are sharpned, that Tragedies are begun under the Coverture of night, and are ended in a full day-light upon a scaffold.

O God, how happy might a soul be which would well consider all this, and take what I am about to speak, as a letter sent from heaven, for the remedie of infinite many evils, which in this passion environ our miserable life! I invite hither every age, each sex, all conditions. I intreat my Readers to peruse these lines with the same spirit wherewith I address them: and although it befel me to treat of this subject in my other works; notwithstanding never have I (yet) undertaken it with so much method, vigour, or force, as at this present. I will shew you the Essence, the Causes, the Symptoms, and the Effects of love, as religiously as I can possibly, supposing my self not bound to follow *Tertullians* opinion, who though verie chaste, spared not to speak of this subject a little grosly, saying for excuse, that he had rather put himself upon the hazard of losing shame then a good argument. I made you see in the beginning of this Treatise, that love, considered in general, was properly an inclination to the good of Conformitie, which putteth on divers faces according to the sundry objects and ways it pursues to arrive thither. If it go directly towards God, and reflect on a neighbour, as his Image, loving the one for himself, and the other for his Author; this is charitie: If it diffuse it self upon divers creatures sensible and insensible, which it pursueth for its pleasure and commoditie; it is an appetite, and a simple affection, as that, which is towards hunting, birds, books, pictures, pearls, and Tulips: If it be applied to humane creatures, loving them with all integrity, by a reciprocal well-wishing; it is Amitie: If it regard the body for pleasures sake; it is a love of venereal concupiscence, which being immoderate (even in the intention of marriage) fails not to be vitious; which made *Tertullian* say, that the same thing an Adulterer would do, the married likewise did. If it be chaste, and guided within the Limits which the Law of God prescribeth; it is conjugal love: If it overflow to sensual pleasures; It is Luxury. S. *Denis* saith, It is not

Verecundiã periclitari malo, quàm probatione. l. 1. de anima, c. 17.

Tertul. in exhortatione ad castitatem. *Nec per aliud fit mœchia, nisi per quod & adulterio.*

love,

love, but an Idol, and a fall from true love. And
Plato in convivio. *Plato* in his Banquet addeth, that ſober love is contentment of heart, eyes, and ears; but when it will content it ſelf by the other ſenſes, namely, that of touching; it is not love, but a ſpirit of inſolency, a paſsion of a ſervile ſoul, a rage of a trivial luſt which maketh ſhew to love beauty; but, through its exorbitancy, deſcendeth to the worſt of deformities.

Diviſion of love. I know there are learned pens, which here diſtinguiſh all love into two parts, & ſay there is one of conſideration, and another of inclination. They call it love of conſideration when one is therein embarked with a full knowledge, and a ſetled judgment; love of inclination, when one loveth, not able to give any reaſon. But I find this diviſion is not exact enough, inſomuch as it confoundeth the Genus and Species, and doth not clearly diſtinguiſh the members of this body, ſince all love is nothing elſe, but an inclination, and ſince that which is made by conſideration, inclineth the loving to the thing loved. Whence it appeareth that to mention a love of inclination, is to ſay, love is love, without any further explication. I had rather ſay there are two loves, the one of Election, which reſulteth from Conſideration, and is formed, when after one hath acknowledged a thing to be fair, profitable and pleaſing, he out of reaſon affects it: The other of humour, when without conſulting with reaſon, one is ſuddenly ſurprized by ſome ſecret attractive in the thing loved, without giving himſelf leaſure to judge what it is, and this properly is to love by humour and fantaſie, which is now adays the moſt ordinarie love, but not the beſt. It is a kind of love which quickly beginneth, and which never ends ſlowly, ſo full it is of inconſtancy. It ſeems to it ſelf all its bands are ſilken, although they be rough chains: It will not take pains to conſider them. It thinks not it cheriſheth the wound, nor looks it back on the hand which gave it. It is heedleſsly engaged, and ſigneth tranſactions without reading them, that it may not be aſhamed to abrogate what it made, or to entertain that which kills it. There are many miſerable ones, who daily marry upon the firſt ſight, and whoſe amities ariſe but from a glance which paſſeth away more ſwiftly then a ſhadow: and then there muſt be a thouſand repentances to redeem the pleaſure of one moment. It is ever better to preferr Election; for, though in the beginning it had not ſo much ſweetneſs in the ſearch, it hath leſs ſorrow in the poſſeſsion.

Love of humour.

But, to enter farther into the knowledge of Carnal love; it is good to penetrate the cauſes and effects thereof, which will the more perſpicuouſly enlighten us in the choice of remedies. We ſee many people in the world, who being tormented by this evil even unto folly, ſeek for pretexts to cover their paſsions: ſome ſaying, It is a Touch from heaven, and an effect of their Horoſcope, which cannot be diverted. Others complain they are bewitched, and that they feel the power of Magick: Others caſt all the blame upon devils, who notwithſtanding think not ſo much of them as they may imagine; for love comes eaſily enough from natural cauſes, without going about to ſeek for it in the bottom of the Abyſs. I here remember what *Pliny* recounteth of one *Creſin*, who manured a piece of ground which yielded him fruit in abundance, while his neighbours lands were extremely poor and barren, for which cauſe he was accuſed to have enchanted them: Otherwiſe, ſaid his accuſer, his inheritance could not raiſe ſuch a revenue, while others ſtand in ſo wretched a Condition. But he pleading his cauſe, did nothing elſe but bring forth a luſty daughter of his, well fed, and well bred, who took pains in his garden, with ſtrong carts, and ſtout oxen which ploughed his land, and the whole equipage of his Tillage in verie good order; He then cried out aloud before the Judges, Behold the art-Magick, and charms of *Creſin*; willing to ſhew, that we muſt not ſeek for hidden and extraordinary cauſes, where ordinarie are ſo evident.

Caſus in culpam tranſit. Velleius Paterculus.

Plin. l. 18. cap. 16.

Filiam validam & bene curatam.

Hæc ſum veneficia mea Quiritis.

So in the like caſe we may ſay it is a thing moſt ridiculous, to ſee a body compoſed according to nature, ſound, and verie ſtrong, which hath fire in the ſpirits, and blood in the veins, which continually feeds high, lies ſoft, and perpetually converſeth among women the moſt handſom, to complain of celeſtial influences, or the ſorceries of Venus. Total Nature, eſpecially ſince the corruption of ſin, conſpireth to make love. It ſets Reaſon to ſale (if it carefully take not heed) and inſenſibly draweth it to its ſide. There is not almoſt a ſtone, whereunder ſome ſcorpion lieth not; there is not a place where concupiſcence ſpreadeth not out ſome net for us. It fighteth againſt our ſelves, makes uſe of our members, as of the Inſtruments of its battels, and the Organs of its wiles. There is ſedition within, and war without, and never any repoſe, but by the ſingular grace of God. *Tertullian* writes, the chaſtity of men is the more painful, the fervour of concupiſcence being the more fierie in their ſex; and one may juſtly ſay, that ſuch as perſiſt all their life time in great reſiſtances and notable victories, are Martyrs of puritie, who, having paſſed through fire and water, haſten to a place of refreſhment. We have all one domeſtick enemy, which is our own body, that perpetually almoſt oppoſeth the diſpoſitions of the ſpirit. If I go about to fetter it (ſaith S. *John Climachus*) it gets out of my hands; If I will judg it, it grows into favour with me; If I intend to puniſh it, it flatters me; If I will hate it, Nature commandeth me to love it; If I will fly from it, it ſaith, it is tied to my ſoul for the whole time of my life: If I will deſtroy it with one hand, I repair it with another; Is it too much cheriſhed? it the more violently aſſaults me; Is it too much mortified? it cannot almoſt creep; watching withers it, ſleep, on the other ſide fatteneth it, whips torment it, and dandlings corrupt it: By treating it ill, I endanger my life; by pampering it, I incur death. This ſheweth, how Saints fortified themſelves with much precaution, diligently obſerving the condition of nature, the cauſes of temptations, and the maladies of the ſoul, thereby the more ſucceſsfully to practiſe the cure. They who are moſt retired (ſaid the fore-alledged Author) fail not to feel domeſtick wars, but ſuch as indifferently expoſe themſelves to objects, are violently both within, and without aſſaulted.

Interiour cauſes of love.

Tertul. de Velandis Virgin. *Continentia majoris ardoris laboratior.*

Rebellion of the fleſh. S. Climach. de caſtitate, grad. 15. In fine. *Quomodo illum vinciam, quem ut amem à natura ſuſcepimus. Eſt corporator, & hoſtis, adjutor atque adverſarius, auxiliator ſimul & inſidiator, &c.*

The beautie and handſomneſs of one ſex, is a ſweet poiſon to the other, which entreth in by the eyes, and maketh ſtrange havock: And I wonder not at all, that the Scripture compares it to a Panther (a ſavage and cruel beaſt) which with teeth teareth thoſe he hath amuzed with the mirrour-like ſpots of her skin, and drawn to her by the ſweet exhalation of her body; It is more to be feared (ſaid an Ancient) then the horns of the Bull, the teeth of the Lion, the gall of the Aſpick, yea then fire or flames: and the holy Abbot of Mount *Sinai* ſaith, that had not God given woman ſhamefac'dneſs,

Beauty imperious. Nomen. יפה Pſal. 49. *Alii reddunt feram, alii pulchritudinem, ut ſeptuaginta Interpretes.* ὠραιότητα.

Climach. de caſtitate.

which

which is the scabbard wherein this sword is kept, there would be no salvation in the world.

The love of women dangerous.

The love of women caused *Sampson's*, *David's*, and *Solomon's* shipwracks. It hath besotted Sages, conquered the strong, deceived the prudent, corrupted saints, humbled the mightie. It hath walked on Scepters, parched on the lawrels of victours, thrown trouble into States, schism into Churches, corruption among Judges, furie into arms. It hath entred into places which seemed inaccessible, but to spirits and lightnings. And if beautie be so much to be dreaded, when it hath no other companions; how dangerous think we is it, when it causeth to walk along with it, pomp of apparel, attractives, dalliances, cunning wiles, libertie of conversation, merriment, Good chear, Courting, Idleness, Night, solitude, familiaritie? Need we to require any other charms then those to work the ruine of a soul?

Yet, besides these open causes, there are other secret ones to be found in the love of humour and fantasie, which insensibly fetter a mind, and suffer it not to find its chains.

Monsieur de la Chambre.

A modern Author hath of late written a treatise of the love of inclination, wherein he speaks verie pertinently of its original, and doth (according to his saying) seem to draw it a second time out of its Chaos. To understand his opinion, we must presuppose that which S. *Thomas* saith; That total Nature loveth to present it self in the objects proposed unto it: And as they continually proceed from all things, coloured images and figures as it were wholly spiritual, which makes themselves to be seen, as in looking-glasses, and are received into the eyes to contribute to the effect of sight: so everie bodie hath its projections, and unperceivable influences, as we find in the power of Amber and the Adamant, which attract Iron and straw by the expiration they scatter in the air, to serve as instruments and hands to their attractions.

S. Thom. 1.4. contra gentes. c. 11.

The secret attractives of love.

This being common to other natures of plants, metals and living creatures; we must not think but that the bodie of man participateth therein, by reason of its vivacitie and the multitude of pores, which give a more easie passage to such emissions. There then cometh forth a spirituous substance, which is (according to *Marsilius Ficinus*) a vapour of blood, pure, subtle, hot and clear, more strong or weak, according to the interiour agitation of spirits; which carrieth along with it some qualitie of a temperature, friendly and convenient, which insinuating it self into the heart and soul, doth (if it there find a disposition of conformitie) abide, as a seed cast into the earth, or as a Leaven which swelleth up a piece of dough, and forms this love of correspondence, with an admirable promptness and vigour.

Marsilius Ficinus, l. 1. de vita c. 2.

From thence it cometh that Brothers many times feel motions and affections of tenderness, one for another, without knowing each other, as it happened to S. *Justus*, who knew his brother *Justinian*, among sundrie slaves who were at the chain, by this notice, without any other forejudgment. Thence it comes, that at first we are passionate for persons we never saw, and that we wish them well, though they alwaies have not so much grace nor beautie: but there is some relation of humour, which weaveth the web, and tieth such affections.

Surius.

All nature is full of such communications, which are effects of Sympathy, observed in the Corall, which sensibly changeth according to his disposition, who hath it about him; as also in the flesh of beasts, which boileth in the powdring tub, at the time of the furie of dogs, because they have been bitten by a mad dog; And in wine, which seems to be sprinkled all over with certain white flowers, when the vines are in the blossom.

Modification of their opinion who place love only in transpiration.

So it happeneth that the spirits, which do in our bodies, what the winds do in Nature, being transpired from one bodie to another, and carrying in their wings, qualities consonant, do infallibly excite and awaken the inclinations. But it is not credible, or at least, ordinarie, that this manner of working should be, as in things inanimate, and that it hath nothing to do with the senses; for it is principally the eyes, which are interessed therein, breathing thence the most thin spirits, and darting forth the visual rayes, as the arrows of love, which penetrate the heart, are united, confounded, and lost one within another; then, heating the blood, they strike the Imagination, and attract wills, which are so linked one to another, that one cannot perceive the knot which so fast tied them together.

Species formæ semèl per oculos illigata, vix magni Lutaminis manu solvitur. Hieron. in Threnos cap. 3.

If transpiration alone of spirit, indifferently proceeding from all the parts of the bodie, were able to inflame concupiscence; we must then say, that a blind man set at a certain distance from a perfect beautie, would become enamoured without beholding it, hearing it, smelling it, touching it, or by any sense, understanding it: which notwithstanding happeneth not in that manner. And if nature thus proceedeth, and that this passion were to be taken as a Contagion, we might extremely fear the approach of bodies, and persist in continual apprehensions to be infected by them. It is certain, that the senses being well guarded, shut up all the gates against love, since the Imagination it self stirreth not, but upon their report; but after they yield themselves up by a two familiar conversation, and resign their defences; a terrible havock is made in the mind: for love entreth thereinto as a Conquerour into a surprized Citie, and imprinteth that pleasing face in everie drop of the mass of blood, It engraveth it on the Imagination; It figureth it on everie thought, and there is nothing any longer entire in the mind, which is not divided between slaverie and frenzie.

A Guard over the Senses.

Sect. 7. *The effects of Sensual Love.*

IT is a strange thing, that this furie hath a thousand hands, and a thousand attractives, a thousand wayes of working, quite different, and many times opposite. It takes by the eyes, by the ears, by the imagination, by chance, of purpose, by flying, pressing forward, honouring, insulting, by complacence, and by disdain. Sometimes also it layes hold by tears, by laughing, by modestie, and by audacitie, by confidence, by carelessness, by wiles, by simplicitie, by speech and by silence. Sometimes it assaileth in companie, sometimes in solitude, at windows, at grates, in Theatres and in Cabinets, Bals, at sports, in a feast, at a Comedie, sometimes at Church, at prayers, in acts of Penance. And who can assure us against it without the protection of God? *Eustathius* the Interpreter of *Homer*, saith, there are some who feign Love to be the son of the wind and the Rainbow in Heaven; in my opinion, to signifie unto us its Inconstancie and diversified colours: and this beautiful *Iris* in the beginning appears all in Rubies, in Diamonds and Emeralds over our heads, afterward to cause rain and tempests: So, love sheweth it self at first with such bright semblances to our senses, occasioneth storms and corruption in our minds.

Observe one transfixed with violent love, and you

The miserable state of one passionately in love. *Insomnia, erumnæ, terror, fugæ stultitiaque adeò, & temeritas, incogitantia excors, & immodestia, &c.* Plautus in Mercat.

shall find he hath all that, in his love, which Divines have placed in Hell, darkness, Flames, the worm of Conscience, an ill Savour, Banishment from the sight of God. You shall see a man, whose mind is bewitched, brain dislocated, and Reason eclipsed: All he beholdeth, all he meditateth on, all he speaketh, all he dreameth, is the creature he loveth. He hath her in his head and heart, painted, graved, carved in all the most pleasing forms. For her, he sometimes entreth into quakings, sometimes into faintings, another while into fits of fire and Ice, He flieth in the air, and instantly is drenched in the Abyss. He attendeth, He espieth, He fears, He hopes, He despairs, He groaneth, He sigheth, He blushes, He waxeth pale, He doteth in the best companie, He talks to woods and fountains; He writeth, He blots out, He teareth, He lives like a spectre estranged from the conversation of men: Repast is irksom to him; and Repose, which charmeth all the cares of the world, is not made for him. Still this fair one, still this cruel one tormenteth him, and God maketh him a whip of the thing he most loveth.

Yet is this more strange in the other sex, which hath naturally more inclination to Honestie. A Ladie chaste, or a virgin well-bred, who begins to wax cold in the love of God, and in the exercise of devotion, & takes too much liberty in her conversation with men, finds her self insensibly surprized by the eies & ears, by the heart, by the Garb: the Humour, the smiles, the speech, the silence, the courage, the discretion, of a man, layes a plot with her passion, to betray her reason. The poison of love by little and little spreads it self throughout all the veins; the presence of the object begins to cause blushing, paleness, unquietness, disturbance of the mind; so that she cannot tell what she desireth, nor what she would have. Absence awakeneth the Imagination, which makes an eccho of all the discourses of all the actions, that past in presence. This man is presented unto her in a thousand shapes; there is not a lineament, a word, a gesture, but is expressed. The understanding quickly creates to it self too many ill lights, the will too much fire, and the soul wholly propendeth to the thing beloved. Yet the fire of God awakeneth her, and suffers her to have good respites, which makes her ashamed to tell her own thoughts to her proper heart. Conscience and Honour make some resistance and glimmering flashes; and if there be found some good director who may help them in this first battel; they manie times, get the victorie. But if a soul be deprived of good counsel, abandoned to it self, and which is worse, sooth'd in its maladie, by some soft and complying spirit, it is an unhappiness which cannot sufficiently be deplored. Reason is weakned, shamefac'dness flies away, passion prevaileth; there is nothing left, but wandering of the soul, a feaver, a perpetual Frenzie, a neglect of works, of affairs, of functions, sadness, languor, Impatience, Confidence and affrightment. Shall she say so? shall she do so? God forbids it, the law menaceth it, and honour cries vengeance; The pleasure of a dream, and beyond it nothing but Abysses. Love notwithstanding urgeth, & strikes at all considerations, they impute to stars, to destinie, to Necessitie, what is nothing but follie. They think business is done, when it is but thought on; that they must be audacious; and that there are crimes which are sanctified in world's opinion by the good hap of their successes. They come to that pass, that they no longer sin by method, but through exorbitancie.

Prosperum ac felix scelus virtus vocatur. Senec.

In some, Love is sharp and violent; in others, dull and impetuous; in others toyish and wanton; in others, turbulent and cloudie; in others, brutish and unnatural; in others, mute and shamefac'd; in others, perplexed and captious; in others, light and transitorie; in others, fast and retentive; in others, fantastick and inconstant; in others, weak and foppish; in others, stupid and astonished; in others, distempered; in some, furious and desperate. Diversities of love.

It inflameth the blood, it weakens the bodie, it wanneth the colour, it holloweth the eyes, it overthrows the mind; it hath somewhat of being possessed and witchcraft; something of Idolatrie. For you behold in those who are entred far into this passion, floods and Ebbs of thoughts, Fits and Countenances of one possessed, and it is in all of them to deifie the creature of whom they are so passionately enamoured, and would willingly set it in the place where the Sun and stars are, yea upon Altars. All which proceeds from it, is sacred; chains & wounds are honourable with them, if they come from this beloved hand. They would die an hundred times for it, so it throw but so much as a handful of flowers, or distil but a poor tear on their Tomb. *Macchia affinis Idolatriæ.* Tertul. de pudicitia.

It is to deceive, to say that love excludeth all other passions; it awakeneth them, and garboileth them, and makes them all wait on it; It causeth aversion, Hatred, Jealousie, envie, hope, sadness, despair, anger, mirth, tears, scorn, grief, songs, and sighs. And as it is thought that evil spirits shuffle in storms, to stir up lightning flasks, and make the thunderstroke the more terrible and pernicious: So is it likewise true that the angel of darkness involveth himself in these great tempests of love, manie times making use of the abominable ministerie of Magicians, and acteth Treasons, furies, fierings, poysonings, murders and ransackings. And how should it spare its enemie, since it is cruel to its self? It maketh some to sink in the twinkling of an eye: drinking their blood, and insensibly devouring their members. It confineth others into regions of Hobgoblins and darkness. It kills and murdereth those who have the most constantly served it. It sharpneth the sword which transfixed *Amnon*. It shaved and blinded *Samson*. It gave an Halter to *Phyllis*, A downfal to *Timagoras*, A gulph to *Galeazzo*; and caused *Hemon* to kill himself on the tomb of *Antigone*. Volumes would not be sufficient for him who should write all the tragedies which daily arise from this passion; all pens would be weak, words be dried up, and wits lost therein. Evil Angels intermeddle in the great tempests of love. Cruelty of love on the persons of lovers.

Sect. 8. *Remedies of evil Love by precaution.*

I Leave you now (dear Reader) to argue within your self, whether one who hath never so little humane judgment for his comportment and quiet, ought not to bend all his endeavours to banish the furie, which plungeth his whole life in so great acerbities and such horrible calamitie. But if you desire to know the way, the first thing I advise you while you are yet in perfect health, is seriously to consider, that one cannot be chaste, but by a most singular gift from God, (as the wiseman saith) and therefore it is necessarie to have a particular recourse to the most blessed Trinity, which according to S. *Gregory Nazianzen*, is the first of virgins humbly beseeching it, by the intercession of the most pure among creatures, & by the mediation of your Angelguardian, to deliver you from the reproaches of the spirit of impuritie; in such sort that you may pass your life innocently, and it may become inaccessible Distrust of ones self, recourse to God.

Love is sometimes the punishment of pride. *Climach. de castitate.*

accessible to the pollutions of flesh. If you feel your self free from this vice, yet enter not into any vain complacence of your self, as if it proceeded from your own forces, and not from heavens benignitie. Above all, take heed of pride; for the most illuminated Fathers have observed that God oft-times permitteth arrogant spirits to fall into carnal sins, to abate the fierceness of their courage by the sensible ignominie of the stains of luxurie: and this is so proper to quail the exorbitance of humane arrogance; that God had not a better Counterpoise to make S. *Paul* humble, in such heighth of revelations, then the sting of the flesh. Pardon not your self any thing, no not so much as the shadow of this sin; but only excuse such as fall through some notable surprisal, or pitiful frailtie. Think, if you have not experienced the like falls, you are beholding to your good hap for it, rather then to your merit: presume not at all of your strength or integritie; but resolve with your self that the presumption of ones own power maketh up the moitie of Impudencie.

Etne magnitudo revelationis extollat me, datus est mihi stimulus carnis meæ Angelus Satanæ qui me colaphizet. Cor. 2. 12.

Knowledg of ones self.

Learn how seasonably you may know your self, by considering your own temperature, your humours, the inclinations of your mind, your judgment, your courage. Behold the part wherein you are the most sensible, and where you give most access to your enemie to tempt you. Endeavour to fortifie your self that way, and the more inabilitie you therein find, use the more precaution: if you be weak, fear nothing but your infirmitie: and if you be strong, fear all, yea even your own safetie.

Disposition of ages.

Sometimes the seasons of age, which might seem more to propend to lust, are peaceful and calm enough; In our bodies there is a spring-tide in winter, to become afterward a winter in the spring-tide. Youth transported by other purposes, or withheld by a serious education, is quiet enough, and riper years fall into the most stormie part of the tempest. It hath happened to divers to converse many years with a contrarie sex, and never to have felt any touch, from which, they have entered into a strong confidence that served for a bait in the peril, which had spared them in a thousand occasions, the more notable to ruin them in one sole accident.

Fly second occasions.

Flight from occasions is the most assured bulwark for chastitie, and who can carrie himself well in this affair, shall be much stronger by flying, then were Conquerours in the bravest battels; a retreat in this, being as honourable as victorie. The world was never so beautiful, so gentle, nor so squarely disposed: Bodies, apparel, garb, civil behaviour, complement, wit, merriment, entertainments, books, songs, airs, voices, plays, balls, races, walkings, Banquets, Feasts, libertie (which at first seem innocent enough) Conversation, and great confidence; lastly, all we heard, all we see, all we smell, all we taste, all we touch in so great effeminacie of life, seems to be made to persecute puritie. I am almost of *Tertullian*'s opinion, who saith, it is more easie to die for chastitie, then to live with it. Women were found in the world, who suffered themselves to be martyred under Tyrants, for the defence of chastitie; who, had they long continued among pleasure, Courtships, Curiosities, and the importunities of men, I should fear, might have yielded that to a lover, which they would have denied to an Executioner. There are a thousand, and a thousand creatures, infinitely much alienated from voluptuous pleasures; They love the dispositions to love, but hate the effects thereof; and it seems to them they may do as it is read in *Romances*, they will spend their time in the pleasing conversation of a friend, and talk of nothing else; but they perceive not that men seek them not, but for what they should fly, that they at length undermine them as a city besieged; and desire not to afford them any peace but by the conquest of their honour, which they ought more bravelie to maintain, then life.

Time videre, unde possis cadere, noli fieri, perversa simplicitate securus. August. in Psalm 50.

The attractives of the world were never so urgent. Tertul. in exhortatione ad castitatem.

Majus est vivere cum castitate quàm pro ea mori.

Complacence stronger then fire and sword.

We find an ancient Embleme of a Duke of *Burgundy*, where was to be seen a pillar, which two hands sought to overthrow; the one had wings, and the other was figured with a Tortoise, the word, *Utcunque*, as much as to say, which way soever, I will have it. There are Amourists, who take the like course; Some strike down the pillars of chastitie by the sudden and impetuous violence of great promises, offers, unexpected presents, pressing necessitie. Others proceed therein with a Tortoises pace, with long patience, daily assiduitie, faithful services, and profound submissions. They are not all so sottish, as to talk at first to an honest woman of her dishonour, they only intreat she will accept of a man, who will live or die for her, begging nought else, but a remembrance. They play not the rapt lovers, by everie moment declaring their fervours, their torments, and martyrdom; They serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spie out all occasions, they silently practise all the waies they can, to come to the end of their designs, and often it happeneth, that as drops of water incessantly falling, do hollow Rocks, so ceasless complements soften the most inaccessible rigours. What would not a man do who is so base, as to waste ten years of service to kiss a womans hand, and suffer for a shameful servitude, that, which others could not endure for an Empire?

Joannes Dux Burgundiæ in Symbolis Imperatorum.

Great cunning of men who go about to surprise chastity.

It is evident, that the persecutions of chastitie being so manifest in all objects (as I said before) if you desire to be faithful to God, and charitably to preserve a precious treasure, you must necessarily either live with singular modestie in the world, or die out of it, if you cannot be saved in it.

Advice to Ladies and Gentlewomen.

You Ladies who read this, it is not required of you, that for the love of chastitie, you should be reduced to an affected negligence, to some ugly habits, to fashions rough and barbarous, as Roman women were when their husbands fed upon acorns, as yet unaccustomed to the use of bread. Some neatness, some quaint trims must of necessitie be admitted in a woman, which seems to be bound with her bodie, and is the cause, why the wisest and most modest among them, do not (notwithstanding) renounce civil decorum, you must walk, and converse modestly within your self, remembring what the Apostle saith, That your apparel alone should make you be known for Ladies, who make profession of pietie.

1 Tim. 8. *Quod decet mulieres promittentes pietatem.*

Whom would you be thought to be in the day of judgment? Would you be there accounted Christians, when you have all the signs about you of women the most wordly, that ever lived among Infidels? To what purpose are those garments so pompious, those stuffs so costly, those guizes so sought after, those colours so fantastick, those jewels so sumptuous, that painting so shameless, those curls so extravagant, those braveries, those patches, and those robbers, unless it be to cut the throat of chastitie? Is it not a reproach to Christianitie to say, that an infinite quantite of Hospitals might be founded out of the superfluities which so many Ladies unprofitably waste about their bodies? Is it not a point of cruelltie, that there are so many lazars, who breath

out the remnant of their days, laid upon ſtraw, where they are only covered with the putrefaction of their ulcers, whiles there are bodies, who drag at their heels the ſpoil of Elements, and riches of the Univerſe, to prank themſelves ſo induſtriouſly, as if they were of the matter of the ſun and ſtars? God, who hath a care everie year to make garments all ſprinkled over with the pearls of ſo many meadow-flowers, is not wiſe enough to inſpire you with the faſhion you ſhould entertain in your attires. Heaven and earth muſt be turned topſie-turvie, nature forced, and all arts wearied out to invent extravagances, to ſerve as inſtruments to Luxurie. I wiſh thoſe gorgets might be ſeen at the day of judgement, which we have beheld worn in *Paris*, worth the revenue of an honeſt family, and wherein Ingenious Artiſts had employed three years of their time: I much deſire to know with what arms theſe miſerable creatures would defend themſelves, who have made ſo proud a monument of their vanitie, to erect an eternal reproach of their puniſhment.

Tom. 10. ſer. 147. de Tempore — A diſſolute habit, ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, is a meſſenger of the adulteries of the mind; A woman, who will appear too quaint before the world, cannot have a chaſte heart before God.

They are not content with all this vaſt preparation, but nakedneſs of necks, muſt be expoſed, which is reprehended by God, ſhameful to their ſex, injurious to nature, and ſcandalous to civil decencie.

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammam, Lactaverunt catulos ſuos. — They are the breaſts of *Lamia*'s whereof the Prophet ſpeaketh in his *Lamentations*, which ſerve not but to nouriſh the impurities of Gallants, and foſter their Luxurie. A woman who expoſeth that which ſhould be hidden, will one day be enforced to hide that which wil neceſſarilie be made publick. A Virgin who delights to ſhew the nakedneſs of her body, maketh it enough appear, ſhe is not a Virgin; by how much ſhe uncovers her ſelf on the one ſide, by ſo much on the other ſhe *cloaths her ſelf with the brand of ignominy*. God by his Prophet commandeth women to take adulteries out of their boſoms; but it is in the nakedneſs of the neck, where they begin, to conclude afterward in all the parts of the bodie. They make no ſcruple of it, becauſe this vice is an immortal evil, which having ſo many hands wherewith to do hurt, hath no eyes at all to underſtand it ſelf.

A ſmall expreſſion, and an odd one, Hoſ. 2.

Auferre adulteria de medio uberum ſuorum.

Alas! whoſoever had any (never ſo little) love of her Chriſtianitie, and reſpect towards God, would quickly within her ſelf condemn all this exorbitancie, and make a thouſand times more account of the counſel of Saints then of the cuſtoms of blinded ſouls. Tell me not (Ladies) you do it very innocently; for a woman diſſolute in dreſſes (which is the cauſe of the ſins men commit,) is as a land full of thieveries, where though the Lord be no robber, yet he becomes infamous. You on your bodie bear the *Eve* the penitent, who was cloathed with the ſimple skins, and you will inceſſantly carry her in worldly pomps. All that (ſaith *Tertullian*) is but the equipage and furniture of a woman half damned, which would be more fit for the ſetting forth of her funerals, then the ornament of her bodie.

Damnate & mortuæ mulieris impedimenta quaſi ad pompam funeris conſtituta. Tert. de hab. mulieris.

Take pity of ſo much of the world that periſheth, take pity of your ſelves, enter into the way of a modeſt life, regulated in your habits, your converſation, your recreations, that all may therein ſpeak, and breath the odour of virtue.

Then have you a ſingular means to free your ſelves from the importunities which aſſail chaſtity; for verily none would addreſs themſelves to women, if they thought not they were places that will render upon compoſition. A face which hath a Chriſtian aſpect drives away all the loves of the world, as the flower of the vine diſſipateth ſerpents.

Sect. 9. *Other Remedies, which nearer hand oppoſe this paſſion.*

Advices and remedies againſt this Paſſion in its full.

THeſe in my opinion are remedies which, at diſtance oppoſe this paſſion, & not only ſuffer it, not to come near us; but if it happen that we muſt grapple with it, and joyn battle with it in ſome urgent temptation; I adviſe you never to begin the combat, until you have well weighed the end of it. Love, at firſt, comes to us with the viſage of a Virgin, and returneth from us with the bodie of a Serpent. He, who will know the utmoſt limits of it, ſhould never make trial of its entrance.

The medal of love hath two faces.

The Antients heretofore delighted to make medals, the faces whereof were quite different and contrarie; ſo as, if upon one ſide of the medal they graved an *Achilles*, on the other they figured a *Therſites*; if upon one ſide an *Abſalom*, on the other an *Eſop*; if on the one an *Hecuba*, on the other an *Helena*, and if upon one ſide a Roſe, on the other an Onion. This is obſerved in the medal of Carnal Love, if you look upon it on one ſide, you ſhall ſee a figure infinitely ſweet and charming, on the other a moſt hideous furie. A thouſand and a thouſand Artiſts have ſet their hand, one to the pen, another to the graving-chizzel, another to the pencil, to write, inſculp, and paint the form of evil Love: but I think that *Solomon*, as he more ſenſibly felt the effects of it, gave us alſo more light, how to make a draught in deteſtation of this unhappy paſſion.

An excellent conceit of *Solomon* concerning Love. Prov. 7. 1. *Intexui funibus lectulum meum.* 2. *Aſperſi cubile meum myrrhâ & aloe.* 3. *Victimas pro ſalute devovi.* 4. *Bos ductus ad victimam, agnus laſciviens, avis ad laqueum.* 5. *Viæ inferni domus ejus.*

I have noted in the Book of *Proverbs*, where it deſcribes the deteſtable loves of a poor young man deceived by a cunning Courteſan, that it gives four or five properties to Carnal Love, which very notably diſcover the miſerie & impoſture thereof. Firſt, *That its bed is woven with cords in the form of a little labyrinth, with many intricate windings.* Secondly, *That its chamber is perfumed with myrrh and aloes*, verie bitter drugs. Thirdly, That it in the beginning promiſeth a ſacrifice, and performs a ſlaughter. Fourthly, That the Lover who ſuffers himſelf to be deceived, is firſt an *ox*, then a *ſheep*, and laſtly, *A bird, taken into a ſnare, and wounded with a mortal arrow*. Fifthly, *That the houſe thereof is in the ſuburbs of hell.*

All this is ſpoken with great ſenſe; the beds woven with cords & hampered with ſo many Gordians knots, ſignifieth unto us the gins and attractives of evil Love. Falſe opinion is ever at the gates of its houſe, which deceiveth and bewitcheth all ſuch as come near it. It cares not in the beginning of the gain to diſcover to them the dreadful events and tragedies of this paſſion; but it ſhews them a chamber wherein beauty is preſented, which under a little white skin hideth groſs ordures: with it are ſmiles, glances, flatteries, courtſhips, overflow of words, kiſſes, ſaucineſs, immodeſty, good chear, idleneſs; this ſeems a goodly thing to ſottiſh youth, which hath nothing ſo certain as ruine. Theſe are the ſnares wherewith it ſurpriſeth, and the knots which many times indiſſolubly fetters its liberty. After that coms the chamber perfumed with myrrh & aloes, wherein the ſlight expected pleaſures are drenched in great acerbities. There folly, temerity, liberty meet, mixed with care, terrour, diſtruſt, tears, ſighs, falſhood, perjury, dolours, jealouſies, execrations, rage; which cauſed an Antient to ſay, That the heart of a Lover

Plutarch. in Sympoſ.

Lover was a city, in which, upon one and the same day were seen sports and banquets, battels and funerals. In the third place, a slaughter-house is opened, where we clearly behold; that false love which insinuateth it self with so many fair resemblances, is nothing but massacres both of body and soul; and that it is not without cause, that a foolish Lover saith in the best of Comick Poets, that the first Executioner that ever was on earth, was Love, which he saith, taught men all cruelties & tortures: adding that to love fondly, and to be racked on a wheel, was in a manner all one. In this place of slaughter, there are likewise seen pictures of *Samson*, with his eyes pulled out pouring forth tears and blood through the same channel. Of *Amnon* who transfixed with a deadly and dreadful wound, yields up the ghost in a feast at the foot of his brother *Absalom*'s table, for having violated *Thamar*. On the other side, two armies of Gods people, who cruelly kill one another for a luxurious act committed on the person of a married wife; so that of one part, eighteen thousand men were massacred, and of the other, more then twenty and five thousand. And round about, there is nothing but halters, poison, swords, blood, racks, gibbets, and precipices. See here the goodly Sacrifices of Lust. In the fourth chamber are beheld the transfigurations of sottish Love, where he who is strucken with it, becomes first stupid as an Ox; dull and benummed in his wits, as having a paralytick soul; and brutish, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, who forsook his Regal throne, to eat hay with beasts. Then he is shorn as a sheep, by taking away his fleeces, and despoiling him of the goods of soul, body, wealth, and reputation, and of all that, to which a reasonable creature may pretend unto. Lastly, to cut off all hope of recovery, he is unfeathered like a bird caught in a gin, yea, his wings are taken away, which are the desires of futurely doing well, that he may perpetually have the evil in object, and an inability towards good. The first chamber is very near to hell; there is to be seen darkness, smoke, flames, and from whence are heard gnashings of teeth, despairs, and enraged complaints of unfortunate Lovers, who vomit out their souls in sin, having made no expiation by a long penance. Oh God! what is he, who beholding this picture, would ever betray his soul, heaven, and his God, to yield obedience to loathsome lust?

Plautus in Cystellaria.

Jud. 16.

2 Sam. 13.

Judg. 20.

All this well considered, give your self a little leisure to rally your thoughts together, and to behold the disasters which wait on the experience of miserable sin. If you be a Virgin, stain not the honour of your body; vilifie not, in your flesh on earth, a virtue to which Angels afford such glory in heaven. Above all, beware of a damnable curiosity, which cannot be known, but by becoming criminal. If you understand the sin, profit by your experience, and betray not an eternity of blessing, for a pleasure so short and wretched. If you be a master of a Family, and a man of quality, note what S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith, That a man by his sin wholly ruineth body, soul, estate, and reputation. He is terrible in his house, shameful abroad, he serves for an executioner to a chaste wife, he is a tyrant to his children, a reproach to his friends, a scourge to his domesticks, a dishonour to his allies, a blemish to his renown, a shipwrack to his means, and a fable to all the world. If you be a maid, ever fear to become a woman, and cast not the garland of your virginity under the feet of hogs. Give not a hair of your head to them who promise you golden mountains, and when they desire you in the quest of marriage, then is the time you must least be for marriage. All you grant to their importunity, will be the subject of your disgrace; and when they shall have wedded you, should you live as chaste as *Susanna*, they will continually imagine, you will be liberal to others, of that, whereof you were prodigal to them. If you desire to marry by fancy, rather pursuing your own wanton humours, then the reasonable commands of those to whom you owe your being, hold it as a crime, the most capital you may undertake, and confidently believe, if so you do, you will open a floud-gate to a deluge of miseries and cares, which will flow upon you through all the parts of your life. Account the resolutions you make to this purpose, as treasons; and think whosoever shall to you suggest the execution of them, will poison you by the ear to murder your chastity.

Disasters of love in every age and condition.

Advice to all sorts of persons.

Greg. Naz. homil. de Fornic.

If you be a married woman, and peradventure innocent enough, and of good reputation, what colour is there for you to engage your self in a crime for which husbands have furies, laws, thunders, threats; Judges for Sentence, punishments of gibbets and bloudy scaffolds; and for which, a thousand poor creatures have ended their miserable lives, surprised in the heat of sin, to pass from a temporal fire, to that which never is quenched. If you be a man of the sword; know it is given you to defend honour, not to violate it, & that a man who suffers himself to be lead by women, what Rhodomontado's soever he make in words, he is ever a coward.

If you be a Judge or an Officer, raised up into an eminent place, degrade not your self of the honours which God hath imprinted on your forehead, and never mount you up to the throne of Judicature, to condemn your own act, and still think the purple, which will not be died but by virginal hands, ought not to be worn but on a chaste body.

If you be an Ecclesiastick, and which is more, engaged to Religion or Prelacy; will you be so unnatural as ever to consent to a sin, which cannot in your person but be a sacriledge? What a madness is it, that for to satisfie an infamous act of lust, you must be either an excommunicate, or a persecutour of Jesus Christ? Excommunicate (I say) if you forsake altars, and a persecutour of Jesus Christ, if you come to them in this horrible sin, where you strike a nail into his hand, a lance into his side, you devour his flock, and kill his brethren by your ill example.

Carnal Love, in what person soever, is still ill situate (said *Epictetus*) In a maid it is a shame, in a woman it is a fury, in a man a lewdness, in youth it is a rage, in mans estate a blemish, in old-age a disgrace worthy of scorn.

You will say, all these considerations are very effectual, but that they cure not passion already inflamed, and almost desperate of remedy.

Remedies for affections which come against our will.

To that I answer, we must proceed with more efficacie and address, among such as are surprised with vehement affection of which they would be free, but they find all possible repugnancies.

I approve not the course of certain directions, who think all maladies are healed by words, as if they had ears. To what purpose is it to hold long discourses, and to appoint many meditations to a sharp feaver, which is full of ravings and furious symptomes?

Diversity of the maladies of love, and their cures.

All the maladies of Love are not cured in one and the same manner: There are some who are engaged in the sense of the passion, but not in the consent to the sin; which is expresly sent by God

to

to persons very innocent, but not entirely perfect, to punish some negligences or some slight liberties of conversation, whereinto they have suffered themselves to slide by surprisal; that they may feel the danger of sin by the torment they suffer, and may correct themselves by the scent of the smoke before they be involved in the flame. And this many times lasteth long, being ordained as under a sentence of the divine Providence, as a punishment to become afterward a bridle to negligence, and a precaution against peril.

Some also are permitted by heaven, and imposed upon certain souls who had a little too much rigour towards such as were tempted, to the end, they might learn by their experience more mildly to handle suffering hearts, and not exasperate their wounds by the sharpness of the remedie. Witness that old man of whom *Cassian* speaketh; who having roughly entertained a young religious man, that discovered his passion to him, was tempted so violently, that he thereby became frantick, and understood from the venerable Abbot *Apollon*, this had befaln him by reason of his great harshness; and that although he hitherto had not felt any rebellion against chastitie, it was because the devil either knew him not, or contemned him.

Cass. col. 2. de discret. Intellige te, vel ignoratum, hactenus à diabolo vel despectum.

There are some which like tertian and quartane agues, have their accesses and recesses measured; and what diligence soever be used therein (well, the pain may be mitigated, but) the root is not taken away till it arrive to a certain period of time, wherein the sick man is insensibly cured. There are some driven away by hunger, and others overthrown by a reasonable usuge, as it happeneth to melancholy Lovers, whose bodies are dry, and brains hollow: if you appoint them fasts and austerities ill ordered, you kill them. Some advise them recreation, wine, bathes, honest and pleasing company, necessary care of the body.

Some, sweet and active entertainment, which gives not leisure to the wild fancies of the mind; but this must be taken with much moderation. There are some who expect a good sickness, and many blood-lettings, which may evacuate all the blood imprinted with Images of the thing beloved, to make a new body; others are cured by a suit, a quarrel, ambition, an ill business, great success, a new state of life, a voyage, a marriage, an office, a wife. There are now very few fools of Love to be found, who neglect worth and honour to serve their passion.

There are nice and suspicious Loves, which have more of vanitie then concupiscence; when one troubleth and hindreth them from honestly seeing that which they love, they are distempered, and if one resist them not, they vanish away as if they had not had so much intention to love, as to vanish. It were almost necessary for many, if it may be done without sin or scandal, to converse continually; for being somewhat of their own nature, coy, they still observe some defect in the thing beloved, which weakneth their passion, and find that the presence is much inferiour to their Idea, which is the cause they easily desist from their enterprise, having more shame to have begun it, then purpose to continue it.

Some are inflamed by denial, others become totally cool by contempt, as proud and predominate loves, who have not learn'd to suffer the imperious carriage of a woman; a disdain of their mistress, a cunning trick, a coldness, a frown, makes them quickly break their chains. One would not believe how many humane industries there are to cure the pain of Love, but ever it is better to owe ones health to the fear of God, to Penance, to Devotion, then to all other inventions.

For which cause, you must consider the glorious battles which so many heroick souls have waged to crush this serpent, and to walk with noble steps in the liberty of the children of God. Solid remedies.

Some have fought with it on thorns, as S. *Bennet*; others on flowers, as the Martyr *Nicetas*, who being bound on a bed of roses with silken cords, to resign himself to the love of a courtesan, spit out his tongue in her face. Others have thrust sharp pointed reeds under their nails, as S. *John* the *Good*: others have quenched it in snows, as S. *Francis*: others in flames, as S. *Martinian*, who, being by an unchaste woman sollicited to sin, burnt his face and hands to overthrow the strongest passion, by the most violent pain. There are many of them in the new Christianity of *Japonia*, who pursue the same waies, & run to their chimney-hearths to vanquish the temptations of the flesh, thinking there is not a better remedie against this fire, then fire it self. Others have overcome this bruitishness by a savage life, as S. *Theoclista*, who, being taken by Arabians, stole from them, and was thirtie years hidden in the forrests, living on gras, and clothing her self with leaves. To say truly, there is not any virtue hath cost mankind so much, as invincible Chastitie. Admirable examples of the combats of Saints against love.

But since these manners of conquests are more admirable then imitable; at least mortifie your bodie by some ordinary devotion. Make use of the memorie of death, make use of assiduitie of prayer, of labour, of care over the eyes, ears, heart, and all the senses.

Humble your spirit, and submit to obedience, that your flesh may obey you. Be not transported with extravagancies, animositie, and revenge: since Anger and Love (according to the Antients) work upon one subject, and that the same fervours of blood which make men revengeful, will make them unchaste; fail not to heal your self by the practice of retirement, of penance, of hair-cloth, and fasting. A holy maid of *Alexandria* was twelve years in a sepulchre to free her self from the importunities of concupiscence; and cannot you be there one hour, so much as in thought? Another had this stratagem to elude love; for, she seeing a young man to be very much touched with her love, who ceased not to importune her with all the violent pursuits which passion could suggest; told him, she had made a vow to fast fortie daies with bread and water: of which she would discharge her self before she would think of any thing else, and asked whether he pleased not to be a partie for the trial of his love? which he accepted: but in few daies he was so weakned, that he then more thought upon death then love. Have not you courage to resist your enemie by the like arms? your heart faileth you in all that is generous, and you can better tell how to commit a sin then to do penance. Then chuse out that which is most necessary and reasonable, separation, from that bodý so beloved which by its presence is the nourishment of your flames. Consider you not, that comets which (as it is said) are fed by vapours of the earth, are maintained whilst their mother furnisheth them with food? so love which shineth, and burns like a false star in the bottome of your heart, continually taketh its substance and sustenance from the face which you behold with so much admiration, from the conversation which entertains you in an enchanted palace

Vbi furoris insederit virus, libidinis quoque incendium necesse est penetrare. Cas. de spiritu fornic. c. 23.

Raderus.

Speculum Anonymi.

Separation the first remedy.

full

full of chains and charms. Believe me, unlose this charm, stoutly take your self off, dispute not any longer with your concupiscence; fly away, cut the cable, weigh anchor, spread sails, set forward, go, fly: Oh how a litttle care will quickly be passed over! Oh, how a thousand times will you bless the hour of this resolution! Look for no more letters, regard not pictures; no longer preserve favours; let all be to preserve your reason. Ah! why argue you still with your own thoughts? Take me then some Angel, some Directour, who is an able, intelligent, industrious, courageous man; resigne your self wholly up to his advice, he will draw you out from these fires of *Gomorrah*, to place you in repose and safety on the mountain of the living God.

The counsel and assiduity of a good Directour, is an excellent antidote.

I adde also one advice (which I think very essential) which is, infinitely to fear relapses after health, and to avoid all that may re-enkindle the flame. For Love oft-times resembleth a snake inchanted, cast asleep, and smothered; which, upon the first occasions, awakeneth, and becomes more stronger and more outrageous then ever. You must not only fortifie your bodie against it, but your heart; for, to what purpose is it to be chaste in your members, and be in thought an adulterer! Many stick not to entertain love in their imagination, with frequent desires, without putting them in execution: but they should consider, that Love, though imaginarie, makes not an imaginarie hell; and that for a transitory smoke, they purchase an eternal fire.

Sect. 10. *Of Celestial Amities.*

But it is time we leave the giddie fancies of Love, to behold the beauties and lights of divine Charitie, which causeth peace in battles, conquest in victories, life in death, admiration on earth, and paradise in heaven it self. It is a strange thing that this subject (the most amiable of all) proves somewhat dreadful to me, by the confluence of so many excellent Writers, antient and modern, who have handled it so worthily, since their riches hath impoverished their successions, and their plentie maketh me in some sort to fear sterilitie.

They had much furtherance in their designe; they took as much stuff as they thought good, referring all that to the love of God, which is in nature, and above nature, in grace, and beyond grace. They have enlarged themselves in great volumes, the sight whereof alone seems to have much majesty: and to please their own appetites, they have said all they might possible. But here, forasmuch as concerneth my purpose, I have reduced my self into contractions of great figures, which will not prove troublesome, if measures and proportions be therein observed, and nothing forgotten of all that, which is most essential to the matter we treat. I find my self very often enforced to confine giants to the compass of a ring, and to cover ships under the wing of a fly, drawing propositions out of a huge mass of thoughts and discourses, to conclude them in a little Treatise, not suffering sublimitie to take ought away of their facilitie, nativeness of their majestie, shadows of their lustre, nor superficies of their dimensions.

Myrmecidia opera apud Æliannm.

Besides, that which renders this my discourse the less pleasing, is, that speaking to men of the world, I cannot disguise the matter in unknown habits, splendid & pompous words, conceptions exstatick; I cannot perswade them that a Seraphin hath penetrated the heart of one with a dart of fire, and that another hath had his sides broken by the strength of the love of God. I must pursue ordinary waies, and teach practices more nearly approaching to our humanitie.

I am then resolved to shew, there are celestial Amities, which great souls contract with God, that their condition is very excellent and most happy, and that the practice of them must begin in this world, to have a full fruition of them in the other.

Carnal spirits, which only follow animal waies, have much a-do to conceive how a man can become passionate in the love of God, and think there is no affection but for temporal and visible things: It is a Love too high (say they) to tranferre their affections into heaven: It is a countrey wherein we have no commerce; There comes neither letter nor message thence; No ships arrive on that coast; It is a world separated from ours by a great *Chaos* wholly impenetrable. How would you I love God, since he is all Spirit, and I a bodie? He is Infinite, I finite. He so high, and I so low. It is a kind of insolencie to go about to think of it. Behold, how spirits, ignorant of heavens mysteries, do talk. But I maintain upon good grounds, that we are made to place our love in the heart of God, and that if we do not seasonably take this way; well we may go on, but never shall we arrive at Repose.

That there may be a celestial amity by the commerce of man with God.

First, the Philosopher *Plato* hath worthily observed, that the love we have here below, is as a remembrance of the first, fair, sovereign, and most pure of all beauties, which is the Divinitie. Our soul, which is the blast of his mouth, the image of his bountie, the representation of his power, as it beareth so lively characters of his Majestie, hath (as it were) also, not breeding it, a generous passion towards him: unless it be infected by the breath of the serpent, and obstructed by vapours of sensualitie; it seeks for him; it speaks to him in all creatures: It beholdeth him through so many veils which nature hath spread before it in so divers objects. But it often falleth out, that, charmed with present pleasures, it is so much delighted with beautiful workmanships, that it forgetteth the workman: It embraceth momentary beauties for eternal verities: It takes the shadow for the bodie: It creates to it self an Empire in banishment, and a haven in shipwrack. This carnal piece, which is ravished with the contemplation of this goodly face, will not stay upon flesh: It feeleth there is some invisible hand which shoots arrows at it amidst the vermilion of roses, and the whiteness of lillies: It well knoweth not what transports it, what intranceth it, what worketh these transanimations in it: It is not the bodie which must rot, but it is the shadow of the first-fair, upholds it self in the frailtie of dying things, and incessantly causeth returns to the first origin, in souls which know how to profit by their wounds.

An excellent conceit of *Plato*. *Plato in Symposi. & Marsil. Ficinus.* *Amor memoriæ primi, ac summi, & purissimi pulchri. Appetitor artis, desertor artificis, amplectatur speciem, cujus non miratur authorem. S. Eucherius ep. Parenes.*

O how attractive is the Beautie! O should it on a sudden take away the veil from all mortal eies who court it; the world in an instant would dissolve under its much to be adored raies, souls would fly out of bodies, and total nature would impetuously affect its delights.

It is so naturally imprinted on the heart of man, that Hell it self cannot forget it, since the evil rich man laid on the coals of so unfortunate a lodging, did for his first act, lift up his eies to heaven, as desirous to look for the lovely face which he had eternally lost.

Aug. l. 2. conf. c. 6.

Secondly, I will deliver an excellent reason, which I draw out of S. *Augustine*, to convince us; that there is some very forcible inclination which insensibly moveth us to the love of God: which is the

An excellent reason of S. *Augustine*, to shew the inclination we have to love God.

the cauſe that even our vices and exorbitancies (not reflecting thereon) love ſome perfection of the Divinitie, although not regulated, nor limited in the bounds wherewith it ought to be beloved. Pride contends for heighth; and what is higher then God, who ſits upon Thrones, predominateth over Dominations, who governeth Principalities, and makes Heaven bow even to the Abyſs, under the ſhadow of his Majeſtie?

Ambition paſſionately ſeeketh after honours; and who hath more honour then God, who ſeeth Glorie to be hatched in his own boſome, for whom ſo many Altars ſmoke, for whom ſo many ſacrifices burn, under whom ſo many Diadems bow, to whom ſo many Sceptres obey, before whom ſo many States, Kingdoms, and Empires, are but a drop of dew? Power will make it ſelf great; and who is more formidable then this great Judge, for whom Thunders roar, Lightnings fly, Thunder-ſtones ſhiver lofty rocks, for whom elements fight, and nature dreſſeth up its ſcaffolds, to proſecute offenders even in hell; there being neither Place, Time, Heighth, or Power which hath abilitie to deliver it ſelf out of his hands? Flatterie and Complacence will make it ſelf to be beloved; and what is more lovely then the ſweetneſs of the charity of this good Father, which diſtilleth like unto a celeſtial *Manna* upon all the creatures of the Univerſe? Curioſitie affecteth the ſtudie of wiſdome; And what is wiſer then God, who ſeeth all within himſelf, who hath Abyſſes of knowledges in his heart, riches of eternal Sapience in his boſome, for whom Time hath no preſcription, nature no veil, Heighth no heighth, and abyſſes, no depth? Who is the Father of Sciences, Creatour of Thoughts, Treaſure of Eloquence; who dazleth all humane abilitie, who taketh his Sages from among Ideots, and out of the dumb raiſeth his Oratours? Lazineſs ſeeks out a life ſoft and peaceful, continually fixed upon its repoſe, and the contentments of the fleſh and ſpirit; and where ſhall we find the repoſe out of God, ſince it is he who is perpetually engulphed in the delights of a pure tranquillitie? Luxurie ardently deſireth pleaſures, and will ſatisfie all the deſires of its heart; And God, is he not the plenitude of joy, an Abundance which never fails, a ſweetneſs incorruptible, a feaſt which conſumeth not, perpetual Theatre of comforts, a Flood of moſt pure contentments, which floweth over all Paradiſe? Avarice will poſſeſs much, it ſtretcheth out the hands of an Harpy over the goods of another; It garboileth the world, it diſquieteth the earth, It would willingly delve into hell, it pleadeth, it wrangleth, it aſſails, it defendeth, to ſatiate its covetouſneſs, yet ſtill is hungry: For what is he that poſſeſſeth all, but the prime of the rich, who is the beauty of fields, the luſtre of flowers, the fecunditie of fruits, the wealth of minerals, and the fertilitie of total nature? Envie is troubled about ſupereminencie, and will have the higheſt place, accounting him an enemie who precedeth; And is it not the eternal Father, who is King of Glory, who ſeeth all to be much lower then himſelf, and ſeeth nothing beyond what he is? Choler will revenge for it, it ſtriketh at heaven, it troubleth the earth, it cauſeth lightning and tempeſts, which raiſe ſo many Tragedies in the world; And who better knows how to avenge ſins then the ſovereign Monarch of the Univerſe, for whom exterminating Angels carry the ſword of Juſtice, for whom hell reſerveth treaſures of flames eternal?

Tantus eſt ille, ut, qui non amant eum, injuſte

Now, I demand of you, if it be true, that even our vices are in love with ſome perfections which are in God, how can our virtues but bear a ſingular affection towards him? why ſhould they not be enamoured of his beauties? why not ſigh after his attractives? ſince they are his real daughters.

quidem, non niſi quoddam ejus amare poſſint. S. Eucherius

Some one will ſay, it were but reaſonable, if God, to make himſelf beloved, would become viſible to men; but he is a ſecret ſo hidden, that our poor ſpirit ſeeking for him, finds more confuſion, then light. Verily, I like *Mercury Triſmegiſtus*; for he ſtopping his mouth, who complained of the inviſibilitie of God: Hold thy peace (thou profane fellow) ſaith he, and if thou haſt eyes, confeſs God is viſible, and that he ſheweth himſelf in as many mirrours, as there are creatures in this great Univerſe.

Objection, about the inviſibility of God. *Mercur. Triſm.* Πάντα ἐστὶν ὁ θεὸς διὰ πάντων· αὐτὸν ὁρᾶτε.

A man needs to be a Philoſopher but a little, to learn to love; let him ſee, know and ſtudie nature in all its works; let him hear the harmonies of Gods conſort, to underſtand in ſome meaſure, the perfections of the workman. Thoſe little golden and azure ſhels, which make a lodging for certain fiſhes, more magnificent then *Solomons* palace; Thoſe Cob-web lawns, and thoſe tiffanies, which compoſe the bodie of flowers with an exquiſite delicacie; Thoſe waves, which curle on the current of rivers; thoſe gentle weſtern blaſts which bear comfort and health on their wings; thoſe huge theatres of ſeas; that vaſt extent of plains; thoſe meteors ſo artificially varied; thoſe little eyes of heaven, which ſhew themſelves ſo ſoon as night ſpreads its mantle on the inferiour regions of the world; all that is ſeen, all that is heard, all that is touched, all that is handled, ceaſe not to recount unto us the love of our Father.

That God renders himſelf infinitely amiable in total nature. *Syneſius Hymn. 4. Naturam univerſam lyram æterni Patris vocat, diverſis fidibus mirantem.* Διὰ σῶν φύσις ὑμνεῖ θεὸν ἀπέλαυσε πατρός. *Ubi alludit ad chordas cytharæ hypaten, meſenetem.*

One muſt never have ſeen the ſun, not to have love for God; he muſt have lived like a hog, with his head in the mire, and his eyes in a trough, to ſay, he knoweth not what the Divinitie is. To ſpeak truly, this great ſtar is the viſible ſon of the firſt Bright; the Image of the ſovereign King; the eye of the world; the heart of nature; it daily ſpeaketh to us out of the gates of the Eaſt, with as many tongues as it hath raies. This great ſuperviſor of the fornaces of the univerſe travelleth throughout total nature. He lighteth up the ſtars; in heaven he createth crowns, and rain-bows in the air; on earth, flowers and fruits; in the ſea, pearls; and in the boſome of rocks, ſaphires and diamonds: he throws fire and vigour into all living creatures; his preſence cauſeth alacritie, & his abſence (inſenſibly) horrour and melancholy in all nature. His motion ſo rapid, his circumvolution ſo even, that ſo regular harmonie of nights and dayes, thoſe reflections, which are as fathers of ſo many Eſſences, ſet the whole Divinitie before our eyes. O what a goodly thing it is to talk face to face with thoſe great forreſts, which are born with the world to diſcourſe with the murmur of waters, the warbling of birds in the ſweetneſs of ſolitude, and of ſo many creatures, which (according to S. *Denis*) are the veils and Tapiſtries of the great Temple! There it is, where God accoaſteth on all ſides, where our ſoul is ſtirred up with its own thoughts, diſchargeth it ſelf of matter, and entreth into a great commerce with Intelligencies. When I behold all the perquiſites of Organs, where Muſick is in perfection; I ſtay not on the Iron, Lead, Wood, the Piper, nor on the bellows; my ſpirit flyeth to that hidden ſpirit which diſtributeth it ſelf with ſo melodious proportionable diviſions throughout the whole Inſtrument. So when I contemplate the world, I ſtick not on the body of the Sun, the ſtars, the elements, the ſtones, the

The ſun the image of God. Ὅμμα δικαιοσύνης ζωῆς φῶς. Orpheo. *Bonis conſpicuus filius, conſpicuum in templo mundi, Dei ſimulacrum: Platonicis, Proclus, thronum juſtitiæ in medio ſole collocat.*

Ποικιλία τῶν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν. *S. Dionyſius c. 1. Hierar. caleſtis.*

the metals, the plants, nor the living creatures; I penetrate into that ſecret ſpirit which inſinuateth it ſelf thereunto, with ſuch admirable power, ſuch raviſhing ſweetneſs, & incomparable Harmony. I infinitely love him, becauſe he is fair, ſince he made all the beauties which are preſented before mine eies; Becauſe he is good; becauſe he is wiſe, ſince he communicateth himſelf with ſo much profuſion: ſince he ſo well tempered the conſonancies of the whole world; I love him, becauſe I know he is mine, and I am wholly his. Were I not touched with his beauty, his wiſdome, his goodneſs, perpetually his benefits would ſoften my heart; Me thinks I meet him every where, with a hundred arms, and as many hands to do me good. I neither ſee place, room, time, or moment, which is not figured with his liberalities.

Ψυχὴ παντὸς μεγέθους. Syneſio. Quod coli nos Deus unus eſt, qui totam molem iſtam cum inſtrumento elementorum, corporum, ſpirituum expreſſit in ornamentum majeſtatis ſuæ. Tertul. Apol. c. 17.

I am clothed with his wooll, fed with his Granary, warm'd with his wood, ſerved by his officers; I live in him, I breathe by him, I have nothing which is not his Inheritance. It is neither Father nor Mother, great one, Lord or King, which gave me wealth, honour, and eſtate. Well they may be inſtruments of my happineſs, but they are not the cauſe. They were nothing for ſo many years; They came into the world as poor as I; they daily return from it into duſt; I feel my neceſſities and dependences; and I know they cannot be ſupplied but by a neceſſary and independent Eſſence.

The commerce of man with God. S. Maximus Cent. 5. ex variis. Deum extra ſe effici creaturis omnibus providendo. Meliora ſunt ubera tua vino. Cant. 1. Quia virum exprimitur cum labore, in torculari, ubera ſponte fluunt.

We muſt not ſay, we have not commerce enough with him; great things are for the little, and the rich for the neceſſitous. See we not that heaven is all for the earth? doth it cauſe one ſprig of an herb to grow in it ſelf? produceth it one ſole flower among its ſtars? It giveth all it hath, and is perpetually content with what it is. So God is all for us, as if man were his God, ſaith S. *Thomas*. If we be miſerable, he is not therefore diſdainful; if he be high, he is not therefore far diſtant from our inferiour condition. He is all, in all things; ever preſent; continually doing ſomewhat; He hath dugs of bounty which put him to pain, if he ſtream not upon us. We ſee him to come from all parts, and his approach is not mute; for, the beſt part of us is ſpiritual, which maketh commerce eaſie unto us, with a God, who is all ſpirit. How often find we our ſoul to be raiſed above it ſelf, and to be tranſported with thoughts, knowledges, lights, joyes, pleaſures, conſolations, hopes, confidences, courages, and antepaſts of glory, which we acknowledge to be above our ſtrength! It is God then who worketh by them in us, who enters into our ſoul, as a maſter into his houſe, who becomes our gueſt, our friend, our Doctour, and our Protectour. We need not ſeek for him in heaven, he is in our heart (ſaith the Emperour *Antonine*) and there he uttereth his oracles. There it is, where he entertaineth us, and teacheth us we are his children, and reſerveth for us an admirable inheritance.

Gloſſa in Danielem.

When it was ſaid to little *Nebuchadnezzar*, who was expoſed in his infancy & bred up in the houſe of a Peaſant, whoſe ſon he took himſelf to be; Courage (childe) you are not made to drive Oxen, and till the ground; there is another profeſſion expecteth you: you are the ſon of a great Prince, who keeps the prime kingdom of the world for you: Theſe rags muſt be changed into robes of cloth of gold; this ugly Hat into a Diadem; this Spade into a Sceptre; this Cottage into a Palace, this ſervitude into an Empire: For whom ſhall treaſures, officers, ſervices, arms, greatneſs, pleaſures, joyes, and feaſts be but for you, who are the heir of the Aſſyrian throne? Do not we think that upon the recital of theſe words, this young man felt a flame which ſpread it ſelf over his heart, that he was touched to the quick with his extraction, and raviſhed with love towards a Father, by whom he was born ſo great? And have we not the like apprehenſions, when faith dictateth unto us; Thou art not created to live perpetually among mire and dirt, and to be tied to a wretched, frail, and periſhable body, to walk upon thorns, and to embroil thy ſelf in the toils and cares of a mortal life; there are above, palaces of ſtars, of Intelligencies, of incomprehenſible lights, of ineffable beauties which expect thee, of crowns prepared for thee, of ſceptres made to fill thy hands: All times are for thee, and all which Nature endeavoureth here below, is but to contribute to thy contentment? Thou art the ſon of a noble Father, who makes men happy at his pleaſure. He loves thee as his heart, and would have thee near him, to accompliſh thee with all his deareſt delights and the heighth of his glories. And what can a ſoul do, which learns all this from faith; but raiſe it ſelf above all concupiſcences of fleſh; but love, but dilate it ſelf, but readily mix with this moſt pure ſpirit, which inviteth it in all creatures?

The converſation of God with man by the myſtery of the incarnation, in the conſummation of love. Leo ſerm. 3. de Paſſione. Venit in hunc mundum diver, atque miſericors negotiator cœli, & commutatione mirabili inivit commercium ſalutare, noſtra accipiens, ſua tribuens.

Have we yet the heart to ſay, we have not familiarity enough with God; and that he is of too high a ſtrain to love him, when we think upon *Jeſus*, who for us deſcended from the higheſt part of heaven to the ſlime of *Adam*, who made himſelf our brother, who ſucked the dugs of our Mother, who ſpake our tongue, who took upon him our ſemblance, who charged himſelf with our burdens, who on himſelf laid our miſeries, to turn them into felicities? He is that Merchant, who is come out of a happy and rich countrey full of treaſures, glory, and greatneſs, which were to him more natural then raies to the Sun; and yet, being lodged (as it were) with us, in a ſilly Cottage, hath diſpoiled himſelf for us, wholly inebriated with the exſtaſies of love; hath made himſelf poor to make us rich, weak to ſtrengthen us, contemptible to render us glorious, full of ſufferings to beatifie us, and a man that we might be Gods. This is the man who hath been able to contract all Gods extent under a little clay, who went not a ſtep which was not worthy to produce a ſtar, who carried the Divinity upon the ends of his fingers, whoſe life was a flaſh of lightning, his word a thunder, his virtues leſſons, and actions prodigies. Hath he not loved the ungrateful, when he heaped on his own body the pains and ſufferings of all ages, making himſelf of a King of glory, a man of dolours, to purchaſe pleaſures for us with as many wounds as he had members, as many croſſes as we have ſins?

The Euchariſt the laſt degree of love. Anacreon. Ὡς δ' εἶπε τοῦτο, τὴν μὲν ἔτυψε τὴν δὲ κατέκαυσε, καὶ ἀπὸ καλλαΐου ἑαυτὸν ἀφῆκεν εἰς βίλεμνον. Ita applicat Johannes Euſebius, l. 4. ante voluntatis.

After all this, he gives himſelf to us in the Sacrament, which he hath inſtituted as an abridgement of his miracles, wherein he is incorporated within our heart, in our ſoul, as one piece of wax melted within another. I readily here remember what an antient lover ſaid, that love made a Butt of his heart; where, ſo ſoon as it had ſhot all its arrows, it threw it ſelf as an inflamed dart into the bottom of his breaſt, to ſet him all on fire. What arrows, and what ſhafts, flying on every ſide, in Nature, in Grace, what benefits, what favors, what amities, what forward affections, for which man ſtill continued obdurate, till *Jeſus* wholly gaining him, did deſcend into his entrails fully repleniſhed with love & flames, and heavenly ardours? Is it not time to pronounce *Anathema* with S. *Paul*, againſt him who loveth him not, after his coming in this māner, to captivate us by his bounty?

To ſpeak ſincerely, he muſt needs be amiable,

Love of Saints towards Jesus.

since (according to the *Canticles*) he is wholly composed of desires, and satisfactions, and that all the just sigh after him. We have heard talk through so many Ages of the most accomplished beauties of certain creatures who have drawn many Amorists after them: but never have we seen one sole woman to gain the affection of an entire City, Province, or Kingdom. From whence cometh it, that there is not any beauty, but that of *Jesu Christ*, which enchaineth Cities, Empires, and Monarchies? From whence cometh it, that so many Kings and Queens have followed him through Forrests, Thorns, and among Rocks, even to the abandoning of themselves? From whence cometh it, that so many millions of souls, the wisest, most purified, and most courageous on the earth, have loved him even to the suffering of flames and wheels, in the dislocation of bones, & the dismembring of their whole bodies? From whence cometh it, that all, which is most pure, and most eminent in the world, daily dissolveth for him, and that so many hearts melt for his service in honourable flames which purifie them, without consuming them? Verily, we may say, there is nothing which equalleth the excellencie of celestial Amities: and that, well to place your love, you must fix it in the heart of God.

Sect. 11. *Of the Nature of Divine Love. Of its Essence, Qualities, Effects, and Degrees.*

Blanquerna in l. de amico & amato.

THE great Anchoret *Raymond* went very high when he said, The love of God was an influence of Eternity: For it is true that we, coming from an eternal God, have an infinite desire to make our Being perpetual, And for this purpose, we tie our selves by love to so many things, to live again in them, and by them: but they being transitorie and frail, we there find no support, until God hath poured his holy love into our heart, which is the true influence of Eternitie, that alone can purifie our life, and eternize our souls.

Concilium Arausicanum. Donum Dei est diligere Deum, ipse ut diligeretur, se dedit, qui non diligentes dilexit; displicentes, amati sumus, ut esset in nobis unde placeremus.

We then must not feign to our selves, that the love of God proceeds meerly from our own strength, but we must hearken to the decision of the Council of *Orange*, which saith, that to love God is a gift from God: It is he who inspireth the love with which he will be loved, and who hath loved us even in disfavour, to transport us to favour: Whereby it appeareth, that this fair love is nought else but a celestial quality infused into the soul, by which we love God above all, and all for God.

The growth of Love like unto pearls.

Now I imagine with my self, that he is born in our hearts, in such a manner, as pearls grow in their shells. The mother of pearl is first pierced by a celestial influence, as with an arrow, fiery, and sharp, which sollicites and importuneth it, to dispose it self to this excellent production. Which is the cause, that it spreads, openeth, and dilates it self, to receive the dew distilled into it from the air; and having moistned it, it digesteth, concocteth, and transfigureth it into this little miracle of nature, which is with so much curiositie sought after. Behold what passeth in a soul; when it bringeth forth this precious love, it is prevented by a special grace from the Divine Goodness, which at first gives it a distaste of all things in the world, and fixeth a generous spur in the heart, to excite, awaken, and inflame it to the quest of so great a good. Then it extendeth, dilates, and opens all its gates to the holy Ghost, who descendeth into it, as the dew of *Hermon*, by qualities and effects admirable, which through free will it embraceth; and ties, and habituateth it self therein, conceiving and forming *Jesus Christ* (as saith S. *Paul:*) Then is the time when this divine love is conceived, which is no sooner born, but it causeth a rejoycing in the heart of man, like unto that which happened in the house of *Abraham* at *Isaac*'s nativity. It is a celestial laughter, an extraordinary jubilation, an expansion of all the faculties and functions of the spirit, and will. This little Monarch is no sooner born, but it begins to command, and sits on the heart as in its Throne: All powers do it homage, all passions render it service. All the virtues applaud at its coronation, and confess they hold of it, and are all in it. He who is once well instructed in charity, aboundeth with all riches, and hath the full plenitude of the spirit, (according to the Apostles) and is a Tree grafted with siens of all perfection, and which fail not to bring forth their fruits.

Donec Christus formetur in vobis. Gal. 4. 19.

The Empire and eminencies of Divine love.

Instructi in charitate in omnes divitias plenitudinis intellectus. Col. 2. 2. *Aibredus tom. 13. Bibliorum in speculo charitatis.*

Excellent conceit of charity.

Sciences and virtues are that to us, which oars to vessels, what the *viaticum* to travellers, what light to blear-eyes, what arms to souldiers: but charity alone is the repose of the wearied, the Countrey of Pilgrims, the light of the blind, the Crown of the victorious. Faith and the knowledge of God carry us to our countrey; Hope maintaineth us, the other virtues defend us: but where charity is perfect, as it is in glory; one no longer believes any thing, because he seeth all; one hopes for nought, because he possesseth all.

Temperance combateth against Concupiscence, Prudence against errour, Fortitude against adversity, Justice against inequality: But in perfect charity, there is a perfect chastity, which standeth not in need of the arms of temperance, having no blemish of impurity; A perfect knowledge, which expecteth not any help from ordinary Prudence, since it hath no errours; a perfect Beatitude, which needeth not Fortitude to conquer adversities, since to it nothing is uneasie; a Sovereign peace which imploreth not the aid of Justice against inequalitie, since all therein is equall.

For in a word, what is charity but a temperate love without lust, A prudent love without errour, a strong love without impatience, a just love without inequality? Faith is the first day of our Creation, which driveth away darkness; Hope is the second, which makes a firmament for us, and which divideth waters from waters, things transitory from eternal; Temperance is the third, which arangeth the waters and storms of passions in their proper element, and causeth the land of our heart to appear, which sendeth up vapours to God, that are its sighs.

Prudence is the fourth, which lighteth up in us the sun of understanding, and the lights of knowledge. Fortitude is the fifth, which sustains us in the Ocean of adversities (not suffering us to corrupt as fishes in salt-waters, and as birds) above the Tempest. Justice the sixth, for it gives us to command over our passions, as *Adam*, who on the same day he was created, obteined it over all living creatures. But charity is the seventh day, The Symbole of Glory, which contracteth all delights in the circle of its Septenary. And how can it but abridge all Theologie, since it abridgeth God himself, and that we have cause to speak to him in such terms, as Saint *Zeno* did. O love what hast thou done? Thou hast changed God into Man; Thou hast contracted him, drawing him out of the lustre of his Majesty, to make him a pilgrime on earth; Thou hast shut him in the prison of a virginal womb the space of nine moneths: Thou hast annihilated the empire of death, when thou taughtest God to die.

S. Zeno ser. de fide, spe, & charit. Tu Deum in hominem demutatum vertisti, tu Deum abbreviatum paulisper à majestate sua immensitate peregrinari fecisti, tu virginali carcere novem mensibus religasti, tu mortem, Deum mori docendo, evacuasti.

Love

Love thus acknowledged by all the virtues, mounteth as on a chariot of Glory, maketh it self conſpicuous with heroick and noble qualities: It is pious, ſince it employeth all its thoughts on God: It is generous and magnanimous, ſince it is ever diſpoſed to great deſigns: It is liberal, as that which ſpareth nothing: It is ſtrong, not yielding to any of all thoſe obſtacles, which preſent themſelves to divert the courſe of its intentions: It is juſt, equally diſtributing rewards to merit: It is temperate, admitting no exceſſes but of love: It is prudent, having eies alwaies upon its deportments: It is witty, to find out a thouſand inventions: It is violent without eagerneſs, active without precipitation, ſage without coldneſs, good without remiſneſs, and calme without idleneſs.

Qualities of Divine love, by which we may know whether it enhabit a ſoul.

But I muſt tell you, though its perfections be without number, you ſhall chiefly know it by three qualities, which will make it appear unto you, pliant, obliging, and patient.

Three principal marks of love.

Pliantneſs

I ſay pliant; for there is nothing but fires, deſires, ſweetneſs, affections, joyes, admirations, exſtaſies, pleaſures, tranſportments for its well-beloved. This is the State which the great *Origen* figureth unto us of S. *Mary Magdalen*, when he ſaith, that by the ſtrength of love ſhe was dead to all the objects of the world. She had her thoughts ſo employed upon her *Jeſus*, that ſhe was almoſt inſenſible; ſhe had eies and ſaw not, ears and heard not, ſenſes and felt not; ſhe was not where ſhe was; for ſhe was wholly where her Maſter was, although ſhe knew not where he was. She knew no other art but that of love, ſhe had unlearnt to fear, to hope, to rejoyce, to be ſad; all in her turned to love, by reaſon of him whom ſhe loved above all: The Angels who deſcended from heaven to comfort her, were to her troubleſome, nor could ſhe endure them, ſhe ſtood upright near the ſepulchre, where in the place of death ſhe found her heaven.

Orig. Hom. de Magdal.

Liberality.

Now as in efficacious pliantneſſes are flowers of love which never bring forth any fruit; ſo it takes a ſecond qualitie, which is, to be liberal, and much obliging: For this cauſe the hands of the bridegroom (according to the *Canticles*) are all of gold, and round; to ſhew there is not any thing crooked or rough to ſtay his gifts: beſides, they are all filled with pretious ſtones, to figure his benefits unto us; Jacinths and Diamonds which he ſcattereth, and beſtoweth as liberally, as the ſand of the ſea. The Hebrew ſaith, that the ſame hands are veſſels of gold repleniſhed with the ſea, becauſe love is an Ocean of liberalities, which is never exhauſted.

Cant. 5. 14. *Manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ Hyacinthis.* (*alio verſio*) *Globi aurei pleni mari.*

Patience. *Penna habet, non pondus.* Aſtredus.

There remains nothing but to be patient, which it doth with ſo much grace, that one may ſay, its yoke hath wings, not weight. The heart of it oftentimes is invironed with thorns, and it ſweareth they are roſes. It ſwims in a ſea of worm-wood, and ſaith it is ſweet water: It is covered all over with wounds, and proteſteth they are Pearls and Rubies; It is overwhelmed with affairs, and maintains they are recreations; It is ſurcharged with maladies, and they are ſports; with calumnies, and they are bleſſings; with death, and that is life.

Twelve effects of love.

These three qualities cauſe twelve very notable effects in love, which are, To love God above all, & in compariſon of him, to deſpiſe all. To account ones ſelf unhappy, if but a very moment delivered from his ſweet *Ideas*. To do all that may be, and to endure all things impoſſible to come near him. To embelliſh and adorn our ſoul to pleaſe him. To be alwaies corporally preſent with him, as in the Sacrament; or ſpiritually, as in Prayer. To love all which is for him, and to hate all which is not for him. To deſire that he may be declared, confeſſed, praiſed, and adored by all the world. To entertain all the moſt ſublime thoughts (that is poſſible) of his dear perſon. To paſs over with ſweetneſs all the acerbities ſuffered in his ſervice. To accommodate ones ſelf to all his motions, and to receive both ſad and joyful things with his countenance. To languiſh perpetually with the deſires to behold him face to face; and laſtly, To ſerve him without anxietie, or exſpectation of reward.

These things being ſo ſublime; we muſt not preſume to arrive thither at the firſt daſh. It is very fit to file, and continually to poliſh our ſoul by long ſervices & good actions, to arrive in the end at the happy accompliſhment of love. For this cauſe there are reckoned certain degrees by which the ſoul is led to the palace of this triumphant Monarch.

Three orders of true lovers of the world.

There is a love, as yet but young, which doth only begin, and hath five degrees, within the compaſs whereof, it dilates it ſelf to paſs to a much greater perfection. It beginneth firſt by the taſte of the word of God, and the ſweetneſs it feels by the reading of good books, which is a ſign that a ſoul already hath an arrow of true love in the heart. This taſte maketh a man take good reſolutions for the amendment of his manners, and order of his life: this reſolution is followed by a happy penance, which bewaileth all the imperfections of the life paſt with a bitter diſtaſte, and a fit ſatisfaction. By this way we proceed to the love of a neighbour, and a beginniug is made by a tender compaſſion of his afflictions, & a rejoycing at his proſperities: Laſtly, one addicts himſelf much to many very laudable good works, and to the holy exerciſes of mercy. Behold here a moſt ſincere condition, and to be wiſhed in many men of honour, who may therein perſiſt with great conſtancie.

The ſecond order comprehendeth thoſe which are yet more ſtrong, and it conteineth five other degrees. Firſt, they are very aſſiduous in prayer, wherein they are much enlightned with the knowledge of verities and celeſtial maximes. Secondly, they obtein an excellent purity of conſcience, which they cleanſe and poliſh by an enquiry into their interiour; holily curious, & perfectly diſpoſed. Thirdly, they feel the exteriour man much weakned by a generous mortification, wherewith concupiſcence is quailed. Fourthly, followeth the vigour of the inward man, who finds himſelf happily enabled to all the functions of the ſpirit, with a certain facility which becometh as it were natural to him. Fifthly, appeareth a great obſervance of the law of God, which makes him apprehend the leaſt atomes of ſin, through a notable fidelity with which he deſires to ſerve his maſter. In this rank are many good religious who lead a life moſt accompliſhed in devotion, and in the continual mortification of ſenſes.

Laſtly, in the third order of perfect lovers, are the great effects of perfect charity, as is, not to have any humane and natural conſiderations in all ones actions; but to tread under foot all reſpect of fleſh and blood, to defend truth: Not to ſtick to earth by any root; but to account all things worſe then a dunghil, to gain *Jeſus Chriſt*: to run before the Croſs, and to bear the greateſt adverſities with a generous patience: to love ones enemies: to do good to perſecutors; and in concluſion, freely to expoſe ones life for the ſalvation of a neighbour. To ſay truly, they had need to be perſons moſt heroick, to go ſo far; and there is no doubt, but this is the full accompliſhment of love.

Notwithſtanding, nine degrees alſo are added of

Nine degrees of Seraphical love for the contemplative.

Seraphick love, which concern Contemplatives; which are, The ſolitude of a heart throughly purified from all the forms of Creatures: Silence in a ſublime tranquillitie of paſſions: Suſpenſion, which is a mean degree between Angel and man: Inſeparabilitie, which adhereth to its welbeloved for an eternitie, not admitting the leaſt diſunion: Inſatiabilitie, which never is ſatiated with love: Indefatigabilitie, which endureth all labours without wearineſs: Languor, which cauſeth the ſoul to diſſolve and melt on the heart of its beloved: Exſtaſie, which cauſeth a deſtitution of the vegetative and ſenſitive ſoul, totally to actuate the Intellectual: Deiformity, which is a degree approaching near to beatifick love. Then is there made in the ſoul a deluge of myſterious & adorable love, which drowneth all humane thoughts, which ſwalloweth all earthly affections, which flieth to the ſuperiour region of man, which hideth all that is eminent in ſciences, tranſcendent in virtue, great in imagination, and which cauſeth the ſpirit to forget it ſelf, and to look on nothing but heaven.

Sect. 12. *The Practice of Divine Love.*

THe love of God is a ſcience inſpired, not ſtudied, where the infuſion of the holy Ghoſt is more eloquent then all Tongues, and more learned then all Pens. That which come to us by art, oftimes begins very late, and quickly endeth. That which is given us by the favour of heaven, comes very readily, and never is loſt. Thoſe who think to learn the love of God by precepts onely, croak like Ravens, and have nothing ſolid: ſuch as have it by grace are Angels, who are raiſed into the higheſt region, and poize themſelves on their wings. Grave diſcourſes, and good books fail not to contribute much to this purpoſe, as we lately may have tried by the treatiſe which the R. F. *Stephen Binet* hath publiſhed, fully repleniſhed with the holy ardours of extraordinary devotion, and which ſeem to have been dictated by love it ſelf, and conceived in that fire, which *Jeſus* came to enkindle on earth, to inflame the whole world.

Τὸ μὲν ἄριστον ὕδωρ, ὁ δὲ διὰ μαθήματος ἀναγκαῖος, &c. Pindarus.

The means to acquire the love of God.

If then you deſire to profit in this love, let your endeavour be continually to beg it of God with the moſt fervent prayers which the holy Ghoſt ſhall ſuggeſt, to eſteem it above all worldly things, and to apply all your actions to this happy conqueſt.

Be ye very careful to cut off from your heart all impediments which may give it any obſtacle; for if you ſhould imagine to entertain it in a ſoul ſullied with terreſtrial affections; it were to ask a moſt precious Balm, to put it in an unclean veſſel. We have as many Idols in our heart, as paſſions, oppoſite to the law of God.

Quot vitia habemus, tot recentes habemus Deos. Hieron.

Be not ſatisfied with taking away vices, but ſtifle the remembrance of worldly things, which may in you occaſion any exorbitancy. Withdraw your mind as much as you can from a thouſand imaginations, which fly as aiery ſpirits about your heart when it begins to take wings to its repoſe. Perplex not your ſelf likewiſe, more then is reaſon, with affairs both ſpiritual and temporal, which cauſe a thouſand cares to ariſe, and onely ſerve to quench the vigour of devotion, and to draw out the juice of piety. Fly acerbities of heart, apprehenſions, and ſervitudes, accuſtoming your ſelf to do all with a ſpirit of ſweetneſs, and holy liberty.

The practice of the love of God.

Conſequently make a practice of the love of God, undertaking it with a reſolute purpoſe, a great application of mind and employing all poſſible induſtries to profit therein, as one would in affecting ſome great bargain, ſome very conſiderable office, or affair, moſt important. For it is a very unworthy thing to behold all deſpicable Trades full of artiſans, who kill themſelves to find out inventions that may ſet forth their profeſſion; and that only the occupation of the love of God, ſhould have workmen ſo lazy and unnatural.

How we may learn to love God, above the love of the world.

After all, following the counſel of S. *Auguſtine*, conſider what the children of darkneſs often do to proſper in worldly loves & amities. They ſtrive to inſinuate themſelves by ſome good office, they conſider on every ſide the perſon of him of whom they would be beloved, they ſtudy his nature, his inclinations, his deſires, his affairs, and they oblige him, ere he is aware, in what he deſireth moſt. Are they entred into his amitie? they perſiſt in the practice of great aſſiduities; they have entertainments and admirable correſpondencies; they delight, they ſerve, they mingle the recreative with the ſerious: They apply all they ſee, all they think upon, all they invent, all they hope, all they poſſeſs, all they ſay, all they write, to the contentment of this creature. They draw tribute out of all for it, and if it be poſſible, will give it its hearts-wiſh in all things: They transform themſelves into its humours and likings: They eſpouſe its loves, enmities, quarrels, and revenges: They publiſh its virtues, with diſcretion conceal its favours: they have tricks to pacifie its anger, to ſtir up its languours, to open its heart, to hold their poſſeſſion, and if it be needful, will paſs through ten purgatories of fire, ice, tears, blood, torrents, ſeas, inflamed ſerpents, gnawing vultures, to arrive at one of its pretenſions. O reproach, that all this is done for a frivolous worldly love, which oftentimes is the Hangman of life, the gulf of Reaſon, the Hell of ſouls; and that there is none but *Jeſus*, for whom they will not ſo much as ſtirre a finger!

Inhoneſtos amatores oſtendit, ſi quis amore ſæminæ lasciviens, veſtit ſe aliter quàm amatæ placet. Auguſt. ſer. 19. de verbis Apoſt.

Make a reſolution to inſinuate your ſelf into his friendſhip by ſome notable Act, which you know to be acceptable to him, and which he already hath required of you by ſo many inſpirations. Enter into his houſe, and into his boſome: render him aſſiduity in your prayers, your meditations, your communions, and in all your exerciſes of devotion. Learn to ſpeak to him every hour by jaculatory prayers, as one would to ſome friend tenderly loved, and vehemently affected. Referre all creatures to his love, and love nothing but him, but in him, but for him: publiſh his greatneſs every where, make a thouſand inſtruments of his glory: but conceal his favours by a profound humilitie. Behold men your like, as his Images; Engrave all his words, all his actions, all his wounds in the bottome of your heart; make your ſelves like him, as much as you may; bear him on your fleſh, ſuffering for him, not onely with patience, but alacritie, through a deſire of conformity. Behold the principal means by which one may come to the love of God, and to the unitive way.

Obſerve therewithall the three Conditions which S. *Bernard* preſcribeth, to wit, to love ſweetly, prudently, ſtrongly: ſweetly without violence; prudently without illuſion; ſtrongly without ſeparation.

That we learn to love God himſelf, and by the character of his ſubſtance which is *Jeſus*.

But, there being nothing which more forcibly moveth the ſoul, then Example; I adviſe you often to preſent unto your ſelf the love of God and Jeſus Chriſt, which ſhould be the ſource of ours; and to make a ſacred poſie to your ſelf of all the lovers who were moſt vehement in Divine *Love*.

Reflect (O Chriſtian ſoul) upon the chariot of Cherubins in *Ezekiel*, and thou ſhalt learn what God

In medio animalium splendor ignis, & de igne fulgur egrediens. Ezek. 1.

God would have of thee. I see (saith the Prophet) a clear and bright fire in the midst of these living Creatures, and from this fire I see lightning flashes to issue forth. This is the fire of the love of God, and these lightnings are the eruptions he made, by communicating himself to man. Consider (O soul redeemed with the blood of the son of God) that thou canst not live without love; on what side soever thou turnest, thou necessarily must love; and God foreseeing this necessitie, would that thou loves like him, that thou take the object of his love for the object of thine own; his manner of loving, for thine; his scope and contentment, for thine. And where thinkest thou hath God the heavenly Father placed his love from all eternitie, but in himself? Because he alone is worthy to be orginally beloved, as the source and fountain-head of all beauties and bounties, which are the two baits of affections, excessively; as he who hath neither end nor beginning; He loves himself by his holy Spirit, which is his own substance, and he loves himself necessarily, because love is his Essence. O soul! if thou couldst a little lift up thine eyes surcharged with so many terrestrial humours, and behold in the bosom of the heavenly Father the eternal Fire-brand which he gives for a rule of thy love; what secrets, and what mysteries of love wouldst thou learn? there mightest thou observe the four conditions which constitute all the excellencie of love, to wit, Puritie, Simplicitie, Fervour and Communication.

First, thou must learn to purifie thy love, this love being most pure and excellent; for it is God himself, produced in the bosom of God; it is the first of Sanctities, holy by origin, by object, by example, and by form; It is the holy Ghost burning in the heart of the eternal Father. S. *Thomas* teacheth us a verie singular piece of Theologie in the Treatise he wrote of charitie, where he saith, everie thing placed in another is measured and adapted to that which receiveth it, as water, which is round in a round vessel, and square, in a square vessel. For, if the things received be less then that which received it; it by this reception gets a state of excellencie, and a Title of worth above its nature: so (saith he) the visible species are ennobled in our eyes, and the Intelligible, in our understanding. This admitted; I say, that if we only consider the love of God, in that manner as we do in men, as drawn from exteriour objects; yet would it be a matter of a marvellous value to be received into the heart of God, and to be conform to the Divinitie: but when Divinitie telleth us, that this love produced of God, is the substance of God received in God himself, and inseparable from his essence; what greatness, and, what puritie must we conceive in this love of God? And if he will, that this same love (which is all his) should be not only the object, but the efficient cause of ours, by the infusions he worketh in our hearts; O how much shame ought we to have, so to defile our love with contaminations and impurities of the *earth*?

S. Thom. opusc. 61. *De Dilectione, omne receptum est in recipiente per modum recipientis.*

Charitas Dei diffusa est in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum. Rom. 5. 5.

Secondly, you must know, this love is most simple, and totally as well in this unitie as in the Essence of God, and although he love creatures, as the tokens and footsteps of this bountie, which are in kinds so manifold, in multitude so innumerable; yet is he not divided, nor severed, because he gathers all those creatures together in his bosom, where their beginning and end is, and therein uniteth them, as rays of his benignitie contracted and drawn together into one Centre in a Burning-glass: Thereupon thou shouldst be sorrie to see thy heart torn, and divided by so many objects which divert thy affections, and hinder thee from simply giving them to God, for whom they are made.

Monas genuit monadem, & in se suum reflexit amorem, ita explicat. S. Thom. 1. part. q. 23.

Thirdly, thou must understand, this love is most ardent; since the bosom of the eternal father, is as a great Fornace which with its flames enkindleth all the chaste loves that burn, whether they be in heaven, in the heart of Angels, or whether on earth, in the souls of the elect. Ah! how much oughtst thou to blush, and to be ashamed, considering, how, in stead of enkindling thy love with the sacred fires of this eternal fornace, thou hast sought to beg a profane fire from the eyes of a wretched woman, which hath burnt thee to the bones, thou hast gone (door after door) to all sorts of creatures, opening thy heart to forraign flames, whereby, thou hast gone about to burn even the sacrifice of the living God? Ah! Thou insensible creature, knowest thou not that *Nadab* and *Abihu*, for putting ordinarie fire into their Incensories, when they came to the Altar of the synagogue, were devoured, as unfortunate victims, with the proper coals of their own sacrifices? and dost thou think it will be lawful for thee to approach the Altar of the eternal Testament with this forraign love which thou lodgest in thy heart? Art not thou afraid to hear those thundering words, *This Sacrifice shall be a punishment to thee, since thou hast made a sin of thy propitiation?*

Fornacem custodiens in operibus ardoris. Eccl. 43. 8.

Levit. 10.

Chrysol. serm. 20. *Sumes de sacrificio pœnam, quia fecisti de propitiatione peccatum.*

Lastly, (faithful soul) thou shouldst know the love of God is most communicative; for it is streamed forth in his eternal productions by two emanations, of understanding and will, as by two Conduit-pipes of Glories & beauties. And not content with this, this eternal communication being involved in a profound obscuritie unknown to all creatures; he hath cleft the cloud in five places, and is come to communicate himself to the world by five admirable ways of his magnificence, which are Creation, Conservation, the Incarnation of the word, Justification and exaltation of the soul to Beatitude. O! how thou shouldest be confounded hereupon to see thy heart so narrow, and streightned in the exercise of good works?

Look back again upon thy second model, and attentively consider, how *Jesus* the pattern of all chaste amities loved his eternal Father; and on earth rendered him that honourable tribute of love, which could not well have been payed to a God so justly loved, but by a loving God, and who did, with so much perfection, love. *Jesus* alone passed with an incomparable eminencie those nine degrees, whereof we spake before, which are as nine spheres of love. This most blessed soul, which had an exact knowledge of all the excellencies of increated beautie, loved him according to its science, equalling his fervours to its lights. It first of all entred into the solitude of love, which made a little fortunate Iland of the heart, wherein there was nothing but God and It: God, who was in it with eternal contentments: It, which was in God, with reciprocal and wholly ineffable affections. This heart of *Jesus* resembled the Halcyons nest, which cannot hold one silly Fly more then the Bird it self: So he knew not how to lodge one creature in himself to the prejudice of the Creatour, but could tell how to lodge them altogether, to unite them to their Head. O it was properly his business to give us this lesson, which he afterward dictated by one of his Oracles. He loveth thee not enough, whosoever loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee. From solitude he entred

The love of Jesus towards his heavenly Father.

Augustin. Soliloq. *Minus te amat, qui secum aliquid amat quod propter te non amat.*

tred into the ſilence, which *Syneſius* calleth the Beatifick Silence, and which S. *John* placeth in heaven in the peaceful condition of the Bleſſed: It was properly the calm and repoſe, which the holy ſoul of *Jeſus* took with his heavenly Father in his divine Oriſons, which he many times continued the ſpace of whole nights, watching and weeping for us, and dwelling as it were in the fire of love. It is that ſilence which the Canticle calleth the Bed of *Solomon*, encompaſſed with threeſcore valiant ones, but of that great Hoſt of Angels. From ſilence he paſſed to the ſuſpenſion whereof *Job* ſpeaketh, where his ſoul felt it ſelf totally pulled up by the root from earth, but not (as yet) placed in Heaven, becauſe he was corporally in this tranſitorie life. We (verily) find three admirable ſuſpenſions in Nature, That, of water in the clouds; of Heaven, above the clouds; and of earth, under the clouds: and two ineffable ſuſpenſions in the Humanitie of *Jeſus*: The firſt is that of his bleſſed ſoul, which was alwayes hanging at the heart of God, and the ſecond of his bodie on the Croſs, to purifie by his death all the regions of the world, both above, and beneath: above, by the exhalation of his ſpirit; beneath, by the effuſion of his blood. After ſuſpenſion, he mounted to inſatiabilitie, which cauſed him, that, drinking thoſe eternal ſources by long draughts in the delights of Contemplation which ſtreams upon him from heaven, he ſlaked his thirſt in his own boſom, not quite quenching it, therein retaining the condition of thoſe who ſee God: of whom it is ſaid, *That they are ſtill repleniſhed, yet ſtill greedie, inceſſantly deſiring what they poſſeſs.*

Apoc. 8.

Cantic. 3.

Job. 7. 15. *Elegit ſuſpendium anima mea.*

Damian. Cardi. in Hymno de Paradiſo. *Avidi, & ſemper pleni, quod habent deſiderant.*

From Inſatiabilitie he came to the degree of Indefatigabilitie, which cauſed him perpetually to ſpend himſelf in moſt glorious labours for the redemption of the world, meaſuring and running over the earth, as the ſun doth Heaven, and ſowing virtues and benefits every where, to reap nought but Ingratitude. From thence he proceeded to that Inſeparabilitie which tied him for the love of his heavenly Father, not only to the puniſhment of the Croſs, but to ſo many ſcorns and miſeries as he embraced for us: and he made ſo much account of this mortal fleſh which he took of us, that he aſſociated it unto himſelf with an eternal band, and hath tranſmitted it into the boſom of Immortalitie, placing his wounds (which were the characters of his love, and of our inhumanitie) even in the ſanctuarie of the moſt bleſſed Trinitie. From this Inſeparabilitie, he ſuffered himſelf to ſlide into languours, extaſies, and tranſanimations, which make up a Deified love, ſuch as was that of Jeſus. Languour dried him up with the zeal he had for our ſalvation, exhauſting all the ſtrength of his bodie, and (to ſpeak with *Philo*) he ſeemed as if he would have transformed his fleſh into the nature of his ſpirit, cauſing it to melt and diſſolve under the ardours of ineffable affection, as we ſee a Myrrh-Tree which diſtilleth the firſt fruits of its liquour under the luſtre of the ſun-beams. Extaſie, which bare this great ſoul with a vigorous violence to the heart of God, made a Truce in all the actions of ſenſitive nature: and as it happeneth that the Ocean extraordinarily ſwelling up upon one ſhore, forſaketh the other; So the ſpirit of our Saviour already divinized, amaſſing together the whole multitude of his force, to ſerve his love and ſatisfie the paſſion he had towards his celeſtial Father, overflowed in the heart of the Divinitie, with ſo immeaſurable a profuſion, that all his inferiour Nature ſeemed to be forſaken, and deſpoiled of the preſence and government of his ſoul.

Mar. 3. 21.

In the end he entred into that tranſanimation which ſo powerfully united him to God, that only retaining the propertie of two natures, Divine and humane; he made an incomparable commixtion of heart, of love, of affections and conformities; which made *Origen* ſay, *This ſoul, like unto Iron which is on burning Coals, was always in the word, always in wiſdom, ever in God, and took an immutable conſtancy from the ardour wherewith it is enkindled in the union of God.*

Orig. 2. Περὶ ἀρχῶν. *Anima illa quaſi ferrum in igne, ſemper in ſapientia, ſemper in Deo, in convertibilitatem ex verbi Dei unitate indeſinenter ignita poſſidebat.*

If you find this love too ſublime for you; behold it, as it were tempered and reflected in ſo many ſaints, as were S. *Paul*, S. *Auguſtine*, S. *Bernard*, and ſo many other.

Sect. 13. *A notable Example of wordly Love changed into divine Charitie.*

I Will give you a verie familiar one, in a man of the world, a man of the Court, and one who is at this preſent a treaſure hidden from many, who was hated by the envious, perſecuted by the proud, condemned by the Ignorant; and yet a great ſervant of God. It is the learned and pious *Raymundus Lullus*, as it appeareth by his life faithfully written in the Tome of the lives of the Weſtern Fathers. This man flouriſhed above three hundred years ago, and was born in the Iſland of *Majorica* of a noble extraction, which gave him paſſage into worldly honours, and cauſed him to be bred in the Court of his King, by whom he afterward was made one of his prime Officers. Never was there a man more inclining to love; for he loved tranſportedly, and ſpent all his youth in this vanity, having no employment more acceptable then to write amorous verſes, to expreſs his paſſion. In the end he fell into the ſnare of a violent affection that long turmoiled him, which was the love of an honourable Lady, endowed with an invincible chaſtitie. Here ordinarily, love which delights to purſue what it cannot arrive unto, finds moſt admiration for the eyes, and food for its flame.

Vitæ Patrum Occid. l. 6. Ex Carolo Bovillo.

He was ſo on fire in this queſt, that he thought he ſhould loſe his wits, ſuffering himſelf to fall into unbeſeeming and extraordinarie actions, ſo far as being one day on horſe-back, and ſeeing this his well-beloved to go into a Church to do her devotions, he ſpurred hard, and in ſuch manner entred into the holy place, not minding Church, Prieſt, Altars, or Sacraments; He had no eyes but for this creature, before whom he delighted to mannage his horſe with his uſual grace: But inſtantly a loud clamour was raiſed by the people, who thruſt him out of the Church, & handled him like a mad-man.

The Ladie was ſo much diſpleaſed and aſhamed at his exorbitant importunities, that ſhe reſolved to cure his love by a ſtratagem, which ſhe could not vanquiſh by flight. She called this paſſionate amoriſt to her (by her husbands permiſſion) and having ſhewed him the wrong he did to her reputation, ſo to reſign himſelf over to ſuch a groſs indiſcretion, as alſo the diſaſters he might draw on his own perſon; ſhe bared her neck, and diſcovered her boſom all eaten by a malign Cancer, which at firſt cauſed ſome averſion in him: but, the more to fortifie the act, the Lady thereunto added prevalent words, reproaching him with ſimplicitie to employ ſo many hours to ſeek after an unhappy lothſomneſs, and take away his love from God, to confer it on a Creature, who ſo little deſerved it.

Poor *Raymond* was aſtoniſhed at this ſpeech, dividing his ſoul between the horrour of this ulcer, and the admiration of the wiſdom of the virtuous woman,

woman, when instantly this cancer of the bodie cured that of the mind. He in a moment found himself to be changed; as if all his passion had expected this period of sin, and as if on a sudden his soul had been freed from a charm: He could not wonder enough at his frenzie passed. He deplored the loss of so much time, he put forward for the future, to consecrate the remainder of his dayes to penance. It seemed to him he perpetually heard the voice of the Crucifix, which said unto him, *Raymond* follow me: and his heart burnt with a generous flame to augment the number of so many good servants of so worthy a Master. He would not by halves perform so important a business: he disposed of his whole estate for the benefit of the poor, and threw himself all naked between the arms of the Cross. Behold how it importeth to begin the great work of the love of God by some remarkable Act, and to gives ones self freely to him, who hath not for us spared his own son! Thence he retired into a little Hermitage, where attending to prayer, fasts, and Contemplations, he was so illuminated, that being before unlearned in any science, but in that of worldly love, he became as knowing as the greatest Doctours; yet still austere as the most rigorous Hermits.

All this is observed in *Blaquerna's* book.

His love towards God began, first by great tenderness and continual familiaritie adoring this most pure spirit throughout the great Theatre of nature. If he looked on the rising Sun; he out of Extasie sung and said, From the chaste bosom of the morning went forth the desire of eternal mountains, wherein there are no more blemishes then there is darkness in the Sun. If he considered the sea, he took occasion to enter into the secret abysses of the judgments of God, wherein he remained wholly absorpt. If he cast his eye on the fields; so many flowers as he there observed, were as many little eyes of his well-beloved. If he heard a bird sing; in his conceit it spake to him of the love of his incomparable lover; and he used to say, there was a certain language of love which he understood in all creatures. If he saw a butterfly flying, and a little child running after it; he thereon frames sublime meditations of the Philosophy of love. His solitude seemed to him all environed with Intelligencies, and when any one came to interrupt him and blamed him for being alone; Nothing less (answered he:) I was in good company, but found my self alone after your coming.

He was so transported, that he walked throughout the streets chanting the praises of his *Jesus*; and when some who knew him while he was in high place, demanded of him, whether he had lost his wits? verily you are in the right (replied he) my well-beloved hath taken away my will, and I have given him my understanding; there is nothing left me but memorie to remember him. He many times caused his eyes and memorie to dispute touching the possession of his Divine love, to see who might vaunt the most right; His eyes said, sight surpassed all: but memorie answered, remembrance was much stronger, because it made water mount into the eyes, and fire into the heart. One while he caused his understanding and will to run after this his dear spouse, and he found the understanding was the more able, but the will better held what it embraced. He was many times seen to be in such a manner, that being readie to sleep, he bitterly with scalding tears wailed that he in sleep had forgotten his Creatour, having then no power over his dreams, nor thoughts. His passion became so violent, when he to himself presented the state of this world, wherein we are separated from the sight of God, that he thereby fell into fainting fits, and was sick of it almost to the death. A Phylician, on a time visiting him in these fits, and throughly understanding his grief, held much troublesom and tedious discourse with him, after which he said, this man had cured him, for that he had made him suffer throughly; and that taking this punishment patiently for Gods sake, he thereby was infinitely comforted. He commonly said, love was a Tree, the fruit whereof was *To love*, and that tribulations and languours were the flowers and leaves of it: the proof whereof daily appeared in the motions of his soul, wherein he felt most sensible afflictions, when he within himself reflected on the contempt was done to his crucified love.

One day he had a revelation, that of a thousand there were not an hundred who had any fear, or but an indifferent affection for their Saviour; and that of those hundred, ninetie feared him out of their apprehension of the torments of Hell; and that of those ninety, there were not two who loved him for the hope of heaven; and that of a thousand, scarcely could one be found who loved him for his goodness, his nobleness, and his worth: whereat he poured forth so many tears, that he was not to be comforted. He was often heard to groan, and sigh in the open fields, as if he had lien in an irksom prison, and had sought to break his fetters. When, being in these agitations, he came to a fountain side, where lay an Hermit asleep, whom he awakened and asked if he could tell how one might get out of prison? The other, who was a man of God, understood him, and replied, he was in the same prison that he was, as well sleeping as waking; but it was a prison of love, where his desires, his thoughts, his hopes, his joyes were chains: upon which he fell into an extasie of holy comfort, to have found a man so conform to this humour; and both of them wept so much out of love, over this fountain, that they seemed to go about to raise those streams by their tears. If he wrote a letter, he imagined love gave him the pen, and that he dipped it in his tears, and that the paper was all over filled with instruments of the passion, and that he sent his thoughts and sighs, as Courtiers, to seek out the well-beloved of his heart. When he saw an Epistle, or a letter wherein the name of Jesus was not premised; it sensibly tormented him, saying, Saracens had more devotion for Mahomet a man of sin, setling his name in the front of all their letters, then Christians had for their Redeemer.

A holy occasion one day drew him to a Church to hear excellent musick: but he perceiving the words were of God, and the tune according to the world; he could not forbear to cry out aloud, Cease, profane men. Cease to cast pearls into mire. Impure airs are not fit for the King of virgins. Some took delight to ask him many questions, and he answered them nothing, but the word, love; which he had perpetually in his mouth. To whom belongest thou? To love: whence comest thou? from love: whither goest thou? To love: who begat thee? Love: Of what dost thou live? upon love: where dwellest thou? In love. He accounted them unworthy to live, who died of any other death, then of love: and beholding a sick-man in an agony, who shewed no feeling of joy to go unto God, but only complained of his pain; he lamented him as a man most miserable. At his entrance into a great Citie, he asked who were the friends of God, and

a poor

a poor man being ſhewed him, who continually wept for the love of heaven and heavenly things; he inſtantly ran to him, and embracing him, they mingled their tears together with unſpeakable joy.

God often viſited him by many lights, and moſt ſweet conſolations, as it happened at that time when he thought he ſaw a huge cloud between his Beloved and him, which hindered and much troubled him; but preſently it ſeemed to him, that love put it ſelf between them both, and gilded the cloud with great and admirable ſplendours, in ſuch ſort that through this radiant beautie he ſaw a ray of the face of his well-Beloved, and for a long ſpace ſpake to him with profuſions of heart, and admirations not to be expreſſed.

From this obſequious love, he paſſed to obliging love, and made a ſtrong reſolution to become profitable to all the world.

For which purpoſe, feeling everie moment to be repleniſhed with ſublime and divine thoughts which God had communicated to him, and that he had no inſight in Grammar, nor other ſlight ſchool-notions; he reſolved to learn the Latine tongue, being now full fourtie years old. He hit upon a teacher one Maſter *Thomas* who taught him words, conjugations, and concords; but he rendred him back again elate conceptions, unheard of diſcourſes and harmonies wholly celeſtial; ſo much honouring his Maſter, that he dedicated the moſt part of his books to him, wherein for the dead letter, he offered unto him the ſpirit of life. Not ſatisfied with this, he added the Arabick tongue, of purpoſe to convert the Mahumetans: and for this end he bought a ſlave, for whom having no other employment, but to teach him it, and he having therein alreadie well profited, and endeavouring to convert this wretched ſervant, who had been his Teacher; the other found him ſo knowing and eloquent, that he had an apprehenſion that through this induſtrie he was able to confound the Mahumetan-law, which was the cauſe that the Traitour, eſpying his opportunitie, took a knife, and ſought to kill his Maſter; but he ſtopt the blow, and only received a wound which proved not mortal. All the houſe ran at the noiſe, and there was not any one, who would not have knocked down down the ungrateful creature: but he hindered it with all his might, and heartily pardoned him in the greateſt ſharpneſs of his dolours. Inſtantly the Officers ſeized on this companion, and put him into priſon, where he was ſtrangled, repenting himſelf of nothing but that he had not finiſhed his miſchief; which cauſed extreme ſorrow in *Raymond*, who bewailed him with many tender tears of compaſſion.

After this, he undertook divers journies into *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Greece*, and *Africk*, wandring continually over the world, and not ceaſing to preach, write, and teach, to advance the ſalvation of his neighbours. *Paris* many times received him with all courteſie in ſuch ſort, that the Chancellour *Bertand*, who was infinitely affected to knowledges, permitted him to read publickly in his hall.

The reverend Charter-houſe Monks, whoſe houſes have ſo often been ſanctuaries for Learning and Devotion, were his hoaſts, and ſo much he confided in their integritie and ſinceritie, that he with them depoſed all which he had moſt precious. The love of God, which is as lightning in a cloud ſtill ſtriving to break forth, ſuffered him not to reſt, but diſpoſed him to undertake ſomewhat for the glorie of God.

It is true, he had firſt of all that purpoſe which afterwards our father S. *Ignatius* ſo gloriouſly accompliſhed: for he was deſirous to make Seminaries of learned and courageous ſpirits who ſhould ſpread themſelves throughout the world to preach the Goſpel, and to ſacrifice themſelves for the propagation of Faith.

For this cauſe, he multiplied his voyages to *Rome*, to *Lions*, to *Paris*, to *Avignon*, inceſſantly ſolliciting Popes and Kings to ſo excellent a work, without ſucceſs. He uſed fervour and zeal therein, but our father thereunto contributed more order and prudence: The one undertook it in a croſs time, during the paſſage of the holy See from *Rome* to *Avignon*, where the Popes more thought upon their own preſervation then the conqueſts of Chriſtianitie: The other knew how to take occaſion by the fore-lock, and he intereſſed *Rome*, and the Popes thereof, in his deſign. The one made his firſt trial under Pope *Boniface* the Eighth, who having diſpoſſeſſed a Hermit of S. *Peters* Chair, held thoſe for ſuſpected who were of the ſame profeſſion, fearing they a ſecond time might make a head of the Church. The other happened upon *Paul* the Third, who was a benign Pope, and he gained his good opinion by his readie ſervices and ſubmiſſions, which tended to nothing but the humilitie of *Jeſus Chriſt*. The one embroiled himſelf too much in ſciences, even unto curioſitie, and made them walk like Ladies and Miſtriſſes: the other held them as faithful ſervants of the Croſs, ſubjected to holy Humilitie.

The one ſtood too much upon his own wit, and needs would beat out wayes not hitherto printed with any foot-ſteps, nor conferred enough with the Doctours of his times in matters of Opinion and Concord: the other paſſed through the ſurges of Univerſities, and followed an ordinarie track in the progreſſion of his ſtudies. The one was of a humour verie haughtie, the other of a ſpirit facil. The one took the golden branch with violence, the other gathered it gently, as if the providence of God had put it into his hands. Now *Raymond*, not ſatisfied with ſeminaries of ſtudents, embraced the conqueſt of the Holy Land, and ſtirred up many cities of *Italy* in this matter, exhorting them to make contributions, wherein he was ſo perſwaſive, that the City of *Piſa* alone, which is none of the greateſt, furniſhed him with Devotiſts who made of one ſole free gift twentie five thouſand crowns, which he would by no means handle, leaving it to the diſpoſe of the Pope, who would not give ear to the erection of new Colledges; ſo much were the affairs of the Papacy embroiled. He more eaſily obtained one thing, which was one of his three wiſhes, to wit, the ſuppreſſion of the books of *Averroe*'s (an enemie to Chriſtianitie) which many with too much curioſitie read in the Schools of Philoſophie. God many times grants good diſpoſitions to his ſervants, whereof he will not they have the accompliſhment, making them appear more eminent in ſufferings then actions. This great man was of the number of thoſe; for he made himſelf moſt remarkable in the love of ſuffering, wandring over the world in extreme povertie, great incommodities of heat, cold, nakedneſs, hunger, ſcorns, contempts, dolours, baniſhments, dangers, both by ſea and land, ſhipwracks, treaſons, chains, priſons, and a thouſand Images of death.

One day, travelling alone through a huge forreſt, he met two lions, which cauſed ſome little fear of death in him, as he witneſſeth in his writings, deſirous to live, that he might yet on earth ſerve his well-beloved: but in this great ſurpriſal he had

had a thought, that love would put it self into the midst of this passage, and make him endure death with the more contentment: herewith he comforted himself, and the lions drew near and licked his face bathed in tears of devotion, and klissed his feet and hands, doing him no harm. Men were more sharp and discourteous to him, who ceased not to drag him before tribunals, to charge him with calumnies for his extraordinarie wayes, to give sentence against him; but in all he appealed to his wel-beloved, who never forsook him.

Seeing himself destitute of all succour for the conversion of Saracens, he passed alone into the kingdom of *Thunes*, where he freely disputed with the chief of the Mahometans, concerning the greatness and excellency of our Faith, against the impostures of *Mahomet*; which was the cause that he was immediately cast into prison, and condemned by the King himself to have his head cut off: to which he disposed himself with an incomparable fervour of love. At which time, one of the prime men of state in the countrey, who had conceived well of him, out of the admiration of his wit, perswaded the King to be satisfied with banishing him out of his kingdom, & that by this way, he should do all he was obliged unto for the preservation of his own law, and should get the reputation of a mild Prince among Christians, abstaining from the blood of such a man; which he did: but he was thrust out of *Thunes* with so many blows and ignominies, that he therein gained a noble participation in the Cross of *Jesus Christ*. The fervour which incessantly boiled in his veins suffered him not to be long at rest. He went into the kingdom of *Bugia*, as *Jonas* into *Ninivee*, crying out aloud through the streets, that there was in the world but one Religion, and that was ours; and that the law of *Mahomet* was a meer imposture and a fantasie. He was instantly laid hands on, as a mad-man, and led to the high Priest, named *Alguassin*, who asked him, whether he knew not the laws of the countrey, which forbad him upon pain of death to speak against Mahometism. To which he answered, he could not be ignorant of it; but that a man who knew the truth of Christian Religion, as he did, could do no other but seal it with his blood. This *Alguassin* proud of science, perceiving him to be a man of a good wit, entred farther into discourse with him, where he found himself shamefully gravelled; which made him forsake the Syllogisms of the School, to have recourse to the arguments of tyrants, which are arms and violence: for he caused him to be presently taken as an *Emissary Goat*, there being not any Mahometan hand so little which delighted not to hale and lead him with blows, until they brought him into the most hideous prison, which which was rather a retreat then a gaol, where he endured a thousand miseries with an unshaken constancie. The *Genowayes*, his good friends, who traffick in these parts, moved with his affection, got with good round sums of money, a more reasonable prison for him, where he began again to dispute with the most learned of the sect, and made himself to be so much admired by those his adversaries, that they endeavoured to gain him to their Religion, promising him wife, family, honours, and riches, as much as he could wish: but he mocked at all their machinations, and seeing them fervent to dispute, he persisted therein with great strength of reason and courage. They said, words were lost in the air, but they must take the pen in hand and write on both sides; with which he was infinitely pleased, and spent nights and dayes in prison to compose a great volume for the defence of our Religion. But the King of *Bugia* coming into his capital city, dissipated all these counsels, much fearing the touch of his law, which was gold of a base allay, and caused him the second time to come out of prison. From thence he sought to get something in *Greece*, passing over into *Cyprus*, where he disputed against the Nestorians and Jacobites, who rendred him poison for the honey of his discourses, whereof he was like to die, had he not been preserved by divine providence, and the assistance of a good Angel. The blessed man had alreadie passed forty years in a thousand toils and crosses, and spared not to suffer, by reason of the flames of love which burnt his heart; but he knew not whether he suffered or no, so much he took to heart the cup which God had mingled for him. Verily, our Lord appearing one day unto him, and asking him if he well knew what love was, of which he so many years had made profession? he verie excellently answered, If I do not well know what Love is, I at least well understand what Patience is: meaning, that it was to suffer; since nothing thing troubled him for the satisfaction he had in Gods causes. And another time being asked whether he had patience? he said, All pleased him, and that he had no cause of impatience, which only belongs to them who keep the possession of their own will. Lastly, being about fourscore years of age, he considered within himself what he said afterwards, that love was a sea full of tempests and storms, where a port was not to be hoped for, but with the loss of himself, and that its depth was his exaltation. He went back again into the kingdom of Saracens in *Africk*, where being known, he was suddenly stoned to death in a popular commotion, and buried under a great heap of stones, in which place his bodie long remained unknown to all the world: but it pleased God, that certain merchants, his countrey-men, sailing into that countrey, saw in the night a Pyramis of fire to rise up over his tomb, which caused a curiositie in them to see what it was; and coming to dig into it, they found this venerable old man who was so gloriously buried in his own triumph; they brought him back into his own countrey, where he is all this time reverenced out of an antient Devotion of the people, which the holy See permitteth rather by way of toleration, then expres canonization.

The second Treatise, Of HATRED.

Sect. 1. *Its Essence, Degrees and Differences.*

Hatred a hideous Comet.

WHat a Comet is among stars, Hatred is among virtues. It is a passion malign, cold, pernicious, deadly, which ever broodeth some egg of the serpent, out of which it produceth infinite disasters. It is not content to vent its poison in certain places and times, but it hateth to the worlds end, yea, as far as eternitie. To set before your eyes the havock it maketh in a soul; it is necessarie to understand it in all the degrees and dimensions thereof. For which purpose you shall observe, that Hatred being properly an hostility of the appetite against those things

Its nature.

which it apprehendeth to be contrarie to its contentment; It hath ſome ſimilitude with Choler, but there is much difference, as between pieces engraven, and painted, which may eaſily be defaced. Choler is more ſudden, more particular, more ardent, and more eaſie to be cured: Hatred, more radical, more general, more extended, more ſad, and more remedileſs: It hath two notable properties, whereof, the one conſiſteth in averſion and flight, the other in perſecution and dammage. There is a Hatred of averſion, which is ſatisfied to fly from all that is contrarie to it. There is another of Enmity, which purſueth and avengeth, and tends to the deſtruction of all whatſoever. The firſt propertie hateth the evil; the ſecond, wiſheth it to the author of the evil, and when it hath once poſſeſſed a black ſoul, it maketh terrible progreſſions, and is eſpecially augmented by four very conſiderable degrees.

Its properties.

Its degrees.

First, it beginneth in certain ſubjects by a ſimple averſion, and a hatred of humour, which is the cauſe we have an horrour at all thoſe things that oppoſe natural harmonie, which appears as well in the good conſtitution of bodie, as in the correſpondencies of ſenſes, and the faculties of the ſoul with their objects. And although this contrarietie be not alwayes evident enough to us; yet there is ſome feeling which in the beginning maketh us many times to have an averſion from ſome perſon whom we never ſaw, and from whom we have never received the leaſt ſuſpition of affront or dammage: Be it out of ſome diſproportion of body, of ſpeech, of behaviour, or whether it be there is ſome ſecret diſaccord; we often hate, not well knowing the cauſe thereof, which verie eaſily happeneth to the femal ſex. For, women being full of imaginations; the vivacitie of fancy furniſheth them with infinite many ſpecies of conveniences and inconveniences that cauſe a diverſitie of humours which very ſeldom make a good harmony; but if they do, it is ever eaſie enough to be diſturbed.

There are loves and hatreds which cannot be put on and put off, as eaſily as a man would do a ſhirt; which teacheth us it is very hard to make one to love by command, as if we went about to introduce love by cannon-ſhots. The firſt degree of Hatred is properly called Antipathy, and is ſo general in nature that it paſſeth into things inanimate, and into brute beaſts, which are no ſooner born, but they exerciſe their enmities and war in the world. A little chicken, which yet drags her ſhell after her, hath no horrour at a hoſe, not at an elephant, which would ſeem ſo terrible creatures to thoſe that know not their qualities; but it already feareth the kite, and doth no ſooner eſpy him, but it haſteneth to be hidden under the wings of the hen. Drums made of ſheep-skins crack (as it is ſaid) if another be ſtrucken near them, made of a woolf's hide; and ſuch as are made of the skin of a camel ſcare horſes. The lion is troubled at the crowing of a cock; Cabbages and herb-grace cannot endure each others neighbour-hood, ſuch enmitie they have; and a thouſand other ſuch like things are obſerved in nature, wherein there are ſuch expreſs and irreconcileable hatreds.

The natural antipathies.

Jo.B. Porta in Chao.

If man, who ſhould moderate his paſſions by reaſon, ſuffers himſelf to run into Antipathies and natural averſions, and doth not repreſs them by virtue; it falleth out; they increaſe, and are inflamed out of intereſt, contempt, ſlander, ill manners, outrages, offences, or out of ſimple imaginations of offence, which then cauſeth a ſecond degree of hatred, which is a humane hatred, conſented to with deliberation; which putteth it ſelf into the field to exerciſe its hoſtilities: here, by injuries; there, by wrangling; here, by forgerie; there by violence, and by all the wayes which paſſion inventeth to do hurt by. Abject courages hate with a cold and cloudie hatred which they long hatch in their hearts through impotencie of vindicative ſtrength. The haughtie and proud do it with noiſe, accompanied with diſdains, affronts, and inſolencie. All they who love themſelves tenderly, perpetually ſwarm in hatreds and averſions, ſeeing themſelves countre-buffed and croſſed in a thouſand objects which they paſſionately affect. All the moſt violent hatreds come out of love; and namely, when lovers, the moſt paſſionate, ſee themſelves to be deſpiſed; deſpair of amitie, tranſports them to an outrageous hatred, finding they have afforded love the moſt precious thing that is in our diſpoſe, to receive ſcorn.

Humane hatred.

Its differences.

Hatred of love.

There are likewiſe who, without receiving any injurie, begin to hate out of weariſomneſs in love, and coming to know the defects of ſuch as they had the moſt ardently loved; they take revenge upon the abuſe of their own judgement, by the evil diſpoſition of their own will, and do as thoſe people who burnt the Gods they had adored. Whether hatred ariſes out of a wearie love, or whether it proceeds from an irritated love; it is ever to be feared: and there are not any worſe averſions in the world, then thoſe which come from the ſources of amitie. *Quintilian* hath alſo obſerved, *That the Hatreds of neighbours are enmities irrecoverable, and wounds which never are cured, becauſe bands woven by fleſh, blood, and bowels, cannot be untied, but by making a rupture remedileſs.*

Quintil. decl. 17. *Non habent proximorum odia regreſſum: quæ cunque nexus accepere naturæ & quæ ſanguine viſceribuſque conſtructa ſunt, non laxantur diducta, ſed perennt.*

Out of this ſecond degree oft-times a melancholick Hatred ſprouteth, which the Grecians call man-hating, which is an Hatred bred in feeble, black, ugly, and ulcered ſouls in the world, who, to be revenged of their miſhaps, extend (as it were) their averſions over total Nature. You ſee men pale, meagre, hideous, who being unable to endure a reaſonable yoke which God hath put about their necks, or finding themſelves to be diſfavoured in their ambitions, endeavours, and pretenſions; ſteal out of all amities, out of all companies, hiding themſelves, not in thoſe glorious Hermitages of Religion, where heavenly ſouls are; but in ſhameful ſolitudes, where they buſie themſelves to feed on gall, and gnaw ſome heart, in imagination, ſince they have not been able to transfix it with iron. *Others grow up like poiſons with the tongue of a ſerpent, which is ever in action; They have a Phtiſick of ſpirit that gnaws, burns, and conſumeth them: ſo that they have no other profeſſion in their life, but to blame all which is done, becoming like unto thoſe ill preſaging night-birds which caſting forth boading ſhrietches in the dead time of night, as if they envied us darkneſs and the ſweetneſs of repoſe.* Such was the diſeaſe of *Dioclesian* and *Tiberius*, when they retired from the Court to hide themſelves in ſolitarie places, as ſerpents among thorns. Laſtly, this Hatred ever fomented, if it fall upon men powerful and factious; it maketh tyrants of them who paſs to the degree of brutiſhneſs and execrable Barbariſm, which cauſeth ſome to eat hearts ſtark raw, others to diſentomb the dead, and to exerciſe crueltie on thoſe who have nothing common with the living: others, to invent torments never ſeen, heard, nor imagined; others, to make themſelves goblets of the heads of their enemies, therein ſtill to drink revenge,

Melancholy hatred. Man-hated.

Plin. l. 18. cap. 1. *Homines quidam ut venena naſcuntur: atra ceu ſerpentum, lingua vibrat; tabeſque animi contracta aduſrit, cultantium omnia, ac dirarum alitum modo tenebris quoque ſuis & ipſarum noctium quieti invidentium.*

venge, as often as they do wine, as did *Alboinus* a monster worthy of the horrour and execration of all men. See here somewhat near, the essence, qualities, division, causes, and effects of hatred.

Sect. 2. *That the consideration of the goodness of the heart of God should dry up the root of the Hatred of a neighbour.*

LEt us now dazle the eyes of this furie by the contemplation of the goodness of our celestial Father, who is the prime model whereon we ought to reform the exorbitancie of our passions.

Diligis enim omnia quæ sunt, & nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti, nec enim odiens aliquid quod constituisti aut fecisti. Sap. 11. 21.

Let us learn from him to hate nothing, or, if we must hate at all; let us enter into the participation of a hatred fit to rest in the heart of God. The sovereign Creator hates not any thing in the world; for, he made all in the world, and as his wisdom is free from errour, so his works are void of repentance. Whence is it (think you) that Antipathies are to be found in Creatures? But that, their essence being limited to certain conditions and particular qualities, they commonly meet with other objects of natures quite contrarie to that wherewith themselves are endowed; which causeth countre-buffs and resistance in encounters. But if a creature might be found which eminently had all the qualities & perfections that are observed throughout the whole latitude of essences, and which had thereof made a good temperature within it self; it would not hate any bodie, but rather within it self accord all contrarieties.

a Simplicity of Divine Essence exempt from Antipathy.

Now that which we cannot give to creatures piece-meal, no not in our a imagination, God possesseth in gross from all eternitie. For within a most simple essence, and one sole form of Divinitie, he involveth all essences, all forms and perfections of creatures, which in him are exalted and deified: which is the cause he hated nothing that he made, he despiseth nothing, he accounts nothing unworthy the care of his Providence, even to the least worm of the earth. He is not like those nice and curious men who are distasted with all that is not for them. As he is all, he loveth all, and communicateth himself to all creatures according to their disposition.

b *Omnia unum sunt in Deo, & cum Deo, nec enim aliunde justus aut sapiens quam unde magnus & bonus; nec aliunde denique simul hæc omnia est, quam unde Deus.* Bern. ser. 8. in Cant.

O God! what say we, when we speak of the b Essence of God? *All things are in God; the same form of the Divinity which makes him great, maketh him by the same means, good, wise, just, and all he is by his proper Essence.* The great Divine S. *Gregory*, surnamed the Divine, saith, *It is only in him to comprehend in his bosom all the Essences whereof he is the source of Origin.* And S. *Zeno* addeth, *That he alone is before all things, because all things are contained in his hands; he of himself is what he is, and there is none but he who knoweth himself is all the dimensions of the perfection which science may have.* All the Attributes of God make in him but one perfection; all creatures which are in the heavens, the air, on the earth, and in the sea, are but one Essence. He united all in himself, and for this he loveth all, and regardeth all things created, as raies of his light, and tokens of his bountie. Hemlock, aconite, and aspicks, and so many other mischiefs in nature, are evils but in appearance, and benefits in substance, as S. *Augustine* verie pertinently discourseth. There is not so much as poison in the scorpion which is not good; although it be not good for us, it is so much good for the scorpion, that take away his poison, you take away his life. It is the disproportion of our nature, it is sin, which hath in us changed so many excellent blessings into great mischiefs, and which daily maketh us to hate, and curse them: but God hateth nothing, nor curseth any thing, but what he is not, and he is all, except sin: It is that alone which he esteemeth worthy of the hatred of his heart, which he chastiseth, and which he with an armed hand pursueth to the gates of hell, and beyond the gates of hell. He presseth continually upon sin, he convinceth, he fights against it, with no other arms then his justice and sanctitie, which is an eternal rule, that looketh round about on everie side, condemneth and censureth the works of darkness. For as in things artificial, all the perfection of works consist in the conformitie they have with the rule of the art which made them, and all their imperfection proceedeth from their recess from the same rule, which without speech or motion declareth the defects of manufactures that depart from its direction: so all the good, and all the beautie of moral actions, is, in the correspondence they hold with reason, and the eternal law: As all their deformitie and mishap, comes from their departure from this same law, which is the Justice, the Holiness, and Essence of God himself, who perpetually stands in opposition against iniquitie. It is it, which he drenched in the water of the deluge, which he burnt in the ashes of *Sodom*, which he swallowed in the gulf of *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, which he tormented by the plagues of *Pharaoh*, which he gnawed by worms in the person of *Herod*, which he consumed by ordure and stenches in *Antiochus*, which he punished with gibbets and tormenting wheels in so many offenders, which he still tortureth to all eternitie, sunk down into the abyss of the damned; and it is it, out which he produceth his glorie, whence he raiseth his trophies, and makes his triumphs to be by essence and nature, a perpetual enemy and a destroyer of sin. O magnificent hatred! O glorious enemy! O triumphant persecution!

Only sin hated by God.

Let us enter with God into this communitie of glorie, let us hate sin (as he doth) by him, and for him; let us destroy it in our selves by penance, let us destroy it out of our selves by our good examples, let us destroy it by a good resolution, since Jesus hath destroyed it with so much pain & blood. How can we love such a monster, but by hating God? And how can we hate God, but by making our selves worse then devils? For if they hate him, they hate an avenging God, a punishing God. And we will hate a God that seeks us, a loving God, and hate him after so many execrable punishments of sin which we have before our eyes; and hate him after he hath offered himself up for us in the great sacrifice of love and patience. Is not this intollerable? We will employ some part of our life to revenge an injurie, and to hate a man, as if we had too much of it to hate sin: we make a shew to honour the Master, and we kill his servants; we make profession to adore the Creatour, and we tear his images asunder. Where are we, and what do we, when we make a divorce between our likes to disunite our selves from the first Unitie, which draweth all to it self by union?

Sect. 3. *That Jesus grounded all the greatest Mysteries of our Religion upon Union to cure Hatred.*

LEt us contemplate our second model, let us behold our Jesus, and we shall learn, that all the greatest mysteries of his life and death, are mysteries of Union, to unite us to him, to unite us to his Father, to unite us to our selves with sacred and indissoluble bands.

First, all creatures of this great Universe were made by the Word, in the Unitie of Beginning. *He spake to us by his Son, whom he hath established the heir of the whole universe, by whom likewise he created the worlds.* Secondly, all the parts of this great All, were so streightly tyed one to the other, that they never have suffered the least disunion, and although many seem to have antipathy, and reciprocally to pursue each other; yet they will not be be separated, but joyn together in a manner so adherent, that he who should go about to disunite one Element from another, all these great pieces of the world would infinitely strive beyond their qualitie to repleniſh its place worthily, and to leave nothing void.

Hæredem universorũ, per quem fecit & sęcula.

Æterno complectitur omnia nexu. Tot rerum mistique sa-lus concordia mundi. Lucan. l. 4. Plin. l. 36. cap. 17.

And it is a wonder, that from the beginning of the world, all things are held together by this Divine Tie, *Concord, which in its union causeth the happiness of the world, and those sacred influences of love, have woven eternal chains to tie indissolubly all the parts of the universe.* All this great bodie resembleth the stone Scyrus which floateth on the water while it is whole, and sinks into the bottom, so soon as it is broken. This is the cause why all creatures have from all times conspired, and do still daily conspire with inviolable inclinations in the maintenance of this concord, that the celestial and elementarie world may subsist in a state unchangeable. There is none but Angel and Man in the intellectual world, who have made false accords, and have begun to sow division, the one in Heaven, the other in terrestrial Paradise. He who placed it in heaven, is banished into the abyss, without recoverie; the other is succoured by a Redeemer, who came to restore the lost world, and he in Saint *John* professeth, he aimed at nothing but Unitie to make this reparation.

Joh. 17. 21. *Ut omnes unum sint, sicut tu Pater in me, & ego in te.*

S. Max. secunda cent. 146, 147.

For this cause (saith S. *Maximus*) he united himself to humane Nature, not by a simple union of will, of love, and of correspondence: but by the ineffable knot of Hypostatical union, conjoyning two Natures in one sole Person, and by making a communication of all he is, to his humane Nature, transplanted into the Divine. For this, he likewise doth daily unite himself to us in the Sacrament of the Altar, a true Sacrament of Love; where, if we will speak with S. *Cyril*, we say, that God is dissolved into us, as one piece of wax melted and poured together with another; and if we will reason with S. *John Chrysostom*, we say, He giveth us his virginal flesh, as a most sacred *Leaven* to season the whole mass of humane Nature: It is that, which in us should work that virtue, which the great Areopagite calleth a Conformitie of affections aud manners, drawing near to Divinitie: It is that which giveth the name of peace to the holy Eucharist, with S. *Cyprian*; and that which so united the Christians in the Primitive Church, that they went from this mysterious Table, as from a banquet of Love, after which they breathed nothing but most pure flames of perfect amitie; whereat the Pagans who saw them, cried out, *See how they love another! Behold how ready are they to die one for another!* as we have said.

Κηρὸν πλάξας πῷ Κηρῷ. Cyr. in Joan. Chryſ. hom. 46. in Joan. Ἀνδρὸς τὸ σῶμα ἀνυφὲς εἰς ἡμᾶς ὅμως ἔπεμψεν ἔνδυτον. Cypr. ep. 10. 29. 30. *Dare pacem lapsis. Vide ut invicem se diligant, vide ut pro alterutro mori sint parati.* Tertul. in Apol.

And yet thou (O man) wilt play the hobgobling, hate a man, and hate him in cold blood, yea, hate him determinately, and hate him irreconcileably. Seest thou not, that remaining in this disposition of a devil, thou dost thrust as much as thou canst the knife of division into the bosom of God bandying against unitie in contempt of the first of unities? Seest thou not, thou sinnest against the Incarnation of the word, the chief Sacrament of union which thou profanest; Against the sacrament of the Eucharist dreadful to Angels, which our Saviour instituted to unite us as grains of Corn are united in the Hoast which serveth as a basis to this Mysterie; and thou wilt frustrate the counsels of *Jesus*, despise the blood wherewith thou wert regenerated, separate thy self from the bodie, from whence thou canst not be divided, but by making thy self a companion for devils? Senseless man! by what God, by what Sacrament wilt thou swear, after thou hast profaned (not out of sudden choler, but by premeditated hatred) the God of peace, and the Father of unions? What a life of an Owl is it to resolve to live perpetually without seeing such a person, and to be reconciled unto him; and to be satisfied with only saying, he wished him no ill, because he will not tear his heart out of his belly? Noble and illustrious souls who bear the character of the living God; will you not rise up against this life of a Tyger and a Leopard, to enter into the sweetnesses and communications of *Jesus*, who shut up his transitorie life, by sealing with his blood the pardon he gave to his enemies?

Sect. 4. *Of three notable sources of hatred, and of politick remedies proper for its cure.*

WE peradventure take too high a flight in Theological proofs; I will descend lower, and touch remedies more secular for such as are in the practice of humane life. You shall observe, that it is most expedient to know the sources of Hatred, to apply fit remedies; and since those most ordinarily bear sway, proceed from Humour, Reason, and Interest, it is good to adapt to everie passion, that, which is most proper to the cure thereof.

Hatreds of humour, and how they are to be handled.

Hatreds of Humour and natural Antipathy, are verie hard to be cured in those who guide themselves by the senses; the best remedie is to advise them to separation who hate in this manner, so much as affairs, occasions, and civil reasons may permit: For, as there be certain natures which cannot endure the presence of some creatures, but that they feel some notable alteration (witness those who are affrighted, being shut up in a chamber, with a Cat, which they are sensible of before they see her, by instantly changing hue and countenance; and others who are terrified at a spider, or some other venomous creature:) so, there are spirits so contrarie, that mutual presence causeth disturbances in them, which are not absolutely in their power to repress.

Suidas. *Attila* feard *Zercon.*

Attila, the scourge of the world, who made the whole earth to tremble under the lightning of his arms, feared not any thing in all nature, but the sole countenance of *Zercon*; wherewith he was so moved, that he thereby became ungrateful. We must sometimes in these matters give way to natural inclinations, when they rise to so great a violence. And I cannot approve of those; who for worldly wealths sake, marry such together as have as much correspondence as the ape & the tortoise, who naturally hate another. And although they perswade themselves that these aversions of humour will waste with time; yet this happeneth but to those who are infinitely virtuous. But, if vice and profit become parties in the business; then do we see hatreds irreconcileably arise between man and wife. S. *Bernardin*, in his fourth Tome, six and thirtieth Sermon, speaketh of a marriage made by surprisal, for the accomodation of a family, without any disposition of the parties; which was the cause, that a verie handsom young man was made to

Ferra. l. magnatur. S. Bernard. tom. 4. ser. 6. An observation of S. *Bernardin* concerning bad marriage.

marry

marry a maid with many deformities of body, palliated with many impostures; so that she appeared as those birds who having no body, make themselves a pompous dress of their plumage. But above all, they had given her chopins, which might of a dwarf have made a *Colossus*. But at night she laying off all those her trims, and artificial leaves, the husband took such an aversion, that he flew out of the nuptial bed, and could never endure her; because he was a young-man, and did not resolve to love so much out of charity, but that he would call his eyes to counsel. Here divorce began as soon as marriage; wherein it was more happy, then in those, who after many years of miseries, madness, tragedies and sins, come in the end to separation. That which is observed in ill-ordered marriages, is likewise seen among many brothers and sisters, who are full of contrarieties, which begin almost with their birth; and when these cannot easily be overcome, parents do not amiss to separate them, and breed them in sundry houses, that continual presence may not encrease enmitie.

Do we not see it is an industrie in nature to interpose great rivers, seas, and mountains, almost inaccessible, between people, who are of humour, manners, and customs extremely different? Following which principle, I do not think we should continually urge with eagerness a sick man to see those against whom he hath (as it were) an invincible antipathy; but rather to be contented with other testimonies, by which he declares, he entertaineth no deliberate hatred. I say this with regard to necessity, and humane infirmities. For it is most certain, that a soul truly Christian should advance its actions to the highest top of Generosity.

Et habitabit lupus cum agno, & delectabitur infans ab here super foramine aspidis.

And although (to speak humanely) we seldome find *Orpheus*'s, who with their Harp do accord creatures very different; yet is the grace of the Gospel able to make wolves to cohabit with lambs, and children to sport in the cavern of an Aspick.

Reasonable Hatred and its illusion.

As for Hatred, upon reason, which causeth one to hate evil and the wicked, out of zeal or indignation; It is much more nice; and sometimes there are spiritual persons who infinitely flatter themselves therein, thinking they have reason to hate, although they have no other ground but a false report, and a lie, whereof they will not be cured; thinking to do that through zeal, which they act out of mere revenge. There is no doubt but one may, and ought to hate vice and the vitious; yet must he ever in them love the image of God, and the resemblance of humane nature, which is that perfect Hatred whereof the Kingly Prophet spake, according to S. *Augustine*. But we meeting not with vices, which, like *Plato*'s Idea's, are not tied to persons; it is dangerous, lest seeking to pull them away, we be more passionate against the party who hath them, then against all the most abominable iniquities. We must not believe our selves, when there is question of some important punishment, nor such as are born to flatter our likings with too much servitude; but those Angels for our counsellours, if it be possible, who are disintangled from the matter of Interests. There are some who use to fortifie themselves in their resolutions by the deportments of those who are held for Saints in the Church, and do readily alledge the examples of *David*, who, being upon his death-bed, recommended to his son *Solomon* the punishment of *Joab* and *Shimei*. But we must here consider that *David* is not a man impeccable to serve as a pattern for all our actions; and that it is ever better to consecrate our dying lips with the words our Saviour spake a thousand years after, on the cross, then with those he left in this instant, as a Testament to his son. The Jews had naturally great inclinations to revenge, and many sought to perswade themselves, it was by their laws permitted: which is the cause this great King was not so perfectly free from all the seeds of Hatred in the whole course of his life. But, forasmuch as concerneth this last will of his, one may excuse him for divers reasons, nor can it be denied an act of justice to put *Joab* to death, who had defiled his hands with the blood of two innocent Princes; but it is strange, that *David* reserved this so rough a punishment for him after fourtie years of great and singular services, when he was about threescore and ten years old. Yet *Theodoret* brings a reason of state for it; wherein he sheweth, that *Joab* being in himself a great Captain, was withall daring in his manners, and tyrannical in his undertakings; and had already made it but too much appear, that he meant to embroil the state after the death of his Master, and to set *Adonija* upon the throne, to the prejudice of *Solomon*: which was the cause that *David*, who sought fixedly to establish the Kingdom upon his lawful successour, counselled him to take him away by a just punishment of other crimes which he had committed. And as for *Shimei*, who had surcharged him with injuries and curses, when, afterward he returned victorious into *Jerusalem*, he came before him, craving pardon of his fault with lowly submission, which stayed *David*, and made him swear he should not die for it; which seemeth to convince him of perjurie, when he commanded his son *Solomon* to kill him. I cannot approve *Tostatus* his distinction, who saith, When persons, very different in the qualities of their rights treat together, that he who hath justice on his side, may promise things with an intention not to perform them, as the other meaneth them. For verily the permission of this manner of captious proceedings would throw a distrust upon all treaties. But it is easie to see that *David* in this occasion, beholding himself to be accomplished with joy and glory, when *Shimei* came to cast himself at his feet, and that *Abishai* counselled him instantly to put him to death, he swore he should not die, and that the alacritie of a day so pleasing should not be purpled with humane blood: so that he had no further purpose, but to assure *Shimei* for the time present, and to promise him impunitie in this conjunction of Kingdom and affairs. But when he saw this spirit was insolent, and like also to occasion trouble in the young King, he did not absolutely command (as *Cajetan* observeth) to put him to death for what was past, which had been pardoned; but not to spare him in new occasions of commotion: as actually *Solomon* (following the intentions of the King his father) troubled him not upon his slanders; but upon another occurrent. Now although one may alwaies give colour to the Hatred, which is undertaken upon consideration, and that it be sometimes necessary for the extirpation of the wicked; yet must we more incline to clemencie then justice, in all which concerneth our selves.

Theodoret in c. 2. l. 3. Regum, citatus in Glossa.

Perfecto odio oderam illos. Psal. 138.

Question upon the act of *David*.

Hatred of interest.

For Hatreds of Interest, which concern estates and honour, they many times in these daies are incurable, if they be not accompanied with some reasonable satisfaction. It is a thing very remarkable, that our Saviour, who accordeth elements, and pacifieth total Nature, would not undertake the agreement of two brothers upon the partition of their

Luk. 12. 14

their patrimony. Nay, there are ſome now-a-daies ſo greedie and fleſhed in prey, that for a fingers bread, h of land they would oppoſe *Jeſus Chriſt*, if he ſhould viſibly come to mediate their reconciliation: After a thouſand reaſons which may be alledged for peace and good correſpondence, they derive but one concluſion out of it, which is, to have their will. For which cauſe, God chaſtiſeth them, and very often permitteth diſſipation of goods, ruine of families, and many other accidents which ſtain their conſciences, and tarniſh their reputation. As on the contrary; he bleſſeth the children of peace, who forgo ſomewhat of their intereſt to acquire this ineſtimable treaſure. It is almoſt as hard to preſerve charity in a great ſuit, as to maintain fire in the water, or under earth to keep inextinguible lamps. He who will perſiſt with a conſcience indifferently Chriſtian, muſt never deſcend into ſuits but with a leaden pace, and come out of them with the wings of an Eagle. Suits are as the ſons of *Chaos* and night, there is nothing in them but confuſion and darkneſs. It is a mixture of all evils, which hath the heat of fire, the threats, the roaring thunders and tempeſts of the air, the rocks of the ſea, the talons of birds of rapine, and ravenous throat of fiſhes, the gall of ſerpents, the fury of ſalvage beaſts, and the malignitie of poiſons. Before it, ever walketh the deſire of anothers goods; by its ſide, deceit, revenge, injuſtice, falſhood, and treachery; after it, repentance, povertie, ſhame and infamy. As war is made for peace, ſo we ſometimes undertake ſuits for juſtice; and thoſe are honeſt men, who deſire it: but they who at this preſent do it with all ſincerity, are the greateſt Saints of this age, who ſeem to be given by God to mortifie civil hatreds, and to eſtabliſh minds in concord.

Suits, their nature and deſcription.

Duel. After ſuits, Hatred brings forth another miſchief, which is, Duel, a true Sacrifice of *Moloch*, which hath coſt *France* ſo much blood, mothers and wives ſo many tears, which filleth families with ſorrow, friends with grief, ages with horrour, and hearts the moſt reaſonable, with the deteſtation of ſuch a Crime.

Means to uſe an efficacious remedy in Duel. The edicts of our moſt Chriſtian King (which have had more force then all other) have ſerved in ſtead of a *Jaſper*-ſtone to ſtanch blood: But never would a remedy abſolutely efficacious be had therein, were it not that the King (who is the true Arbiter of honour, and diſtributer of glories) did not pour a ſtrong influence of his ſpirit upon the Marſhals of *France*, thoſe great Captains; and all the brave men who wield a ſword: by which he lively and powerfully perſwadeth the whole Nobility, that this opinion conceived of the valour of thoſe who fight Duels, is a meer illuſion; ſince it may be common to lackies, and to the moſt abject conditions. Beſides, there is need of a ſtrong and ſpeedy military juſtice to accord differences of men of war, and to chaſtiſe ſo many petty inſolencies which ſeem to ariſe from nought, but to put affronts on men of honour: Otherwiſe it is hard to perſwade a ſword-man to forbear revenge, ſeeing himſelf provoked by outrages, which would make him to live diſhonoured (according to the world) in his profeſſion. And as for theſe ſlight ſouldiers of *Cadmus*, whoſe fingers itch, and who ground Duels upon the wind of a word, to let the world know they are tied to a ſword; It were very good to ſend them into armies, and to recommend them to ſome prudent Captain, who may put them into ſome good occaſion to make trial of their courage, and to give information of them, that either their cowardiſe may be puniſhed, or their valour approved. It ſeems to me that theſe proceedings being well obſerved, might be of power to ſtifle this fatal plague, which hath cauſed ſo many miſchiefs. For we muſt not wholly take away point of honour from the Nobility, no more then from women. Now as virtuous women account it not a point of honour to be faithful to an Amoriſt, but to a huſband: ſo it is not fit that real gentlemen ſhould think themſelves valiant by the practice of a crime, but by the exerciſe of a virtue. As the firſt invention of Duels grew out of an opinion of point of honour: ſo muſt it die by a true judgement of honour, which proceedeth not ſo much from Doctours, as Captains. When the Gladiatours were in vogue, and that it was accounted a glorious thing to deſcend into the Amphitheatre to fight againſt men and beaſts; all the world was inflamed therewith as with fury, and not ſo much as women but would be partakers.

This manner of maſſacres alſo bare ſway ſometimes in the times of Chriſtianity, until the Emperour *Honorius*, who buried them, after ſo many eloquent tongues had, to Princes and Magiſtrates, repreſented the horrour of thoſe ſo barbarous actions: ſo we ought to hope, that the King, to whom God hath given the plenitude of ſo many and ſo admirable bleſſings, will cultivate the Palm which he already hath planted by his victory over Duels, and will cover under earth and forgetfulneſs this infamy of mankind. I ſatisfie my ſelf with giving this advice; having treated on this ſubject in the ſecond Tome of the *Holy Court*.

Sect. 5. *Natural, and Moral Remedies againſt this Paſſion.*

IF you require Remedies and inſtructions both Natural and Moral againſt Hatred; Know that the Philoſophers, who conſider all according to the courſe of Nature, teach us that ſome have rebated and blunted the points of this cold and maligne Paſſion, one while by living with hot and moiſt viands, another while, by conſideration of the joyes and proſperities which God hath given them in divers negotiations and accidents of affairs; thinking it not reaſonable to employ the time in hatred, which was too ſhort to enjoy the benignities of heaven. Others have cured themſelves by converſation with good company, which is one of the ſweeteſt charms of life: Others, by hope, and the deſire they had to derive favour from the ſelf-ſame party who had offended them; another while alſo, by a courteous interpretation of words and actions which had raiſed the ſame hatred: Laſtly, by the change of thoſe whom they hated before, ſeeing them rather to be raiſed in great innocency, or fallen into deep miſeries, which made them derive from mercy that ſatisfaction they could not expect from revenge: But if they from nature have begged ſome comfort for their paſſion, and have not been fruſtrated of their attempt in the practice of the means; How much better helps have we, then they ever had; ſince that beſides thoſe natural remedies, which are not alwaies certain, we have the grace, and example of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Who loves himſelf overmuch hath no friend. Will you efficaciouſly remedy Hatred? Learn not to love your ſelf ſo paſſionately as you do: For that is the cauſe that you make of your ſelf a little Idol; and that the leaſt word which ſeems to be let ſlip againſt you, many times, not of purpoſe, nor with intention, grieveth you, as if by diſpleaſing

sing your Chymera's, a Divinitie were offended: That is the cauſe that you have burning and enraged deſires towards money, and the frivolous honour of the world, ſo that one cannot touch you on this ſide, but he ſtrikes the apple of your eye.

Learn, as a wholeſom inſtruction, thoſe words of the Prophet *Aggeus*. *You have haſtned to go into your own houſe with contempt of mine, for which cauſe I have ſtayed the clouds in the heavens from diſtilling down their dew upon the earth.* So long as you love your ſelf ſo much, you ſhall never have love nor friends. So long as you think upon nothing but to raiſe your houſe and fortune on the ruines of the houſes and fortunes of others, you ſhall be deprived of the dew of heaven, which is that Conſolation of the juſt, which they find in charitie.

Agg. 1. *Feſtinatis unuſquiſque in domum ſuam, propterea prohibiti ſunt cœli ne darent rorem.*

Secondly make account to compoſe your ſelf to a noble exercise of patience, which is to tolerate the defects and imperfections of your like; beholding them, not on the ſide where they do you wrong, but on that where they have connexion with God: and upon everie offence you receive, ſay, This man is troubleſom, but he is the image of God; He is violent, but it is he muſt crown my patience; He is vicious, but he is my fleſh and blood: Let us hate his vice, but love the man, although he deſerve it not: Let us love him in the heart of God, ſince we cannot love him out of his own merit. S. *John* kiſſed the hand of an Apoſtate, and a Thief, covered all over with blood, to oblige him, by whom he was traiterouſly diſobliged; and I cannot ſhew the leaſt token of amitie, towards one, who hath ſpoken one cold word to me. S. *Katharine* ſuck'd away the matter and filth of the ulcer of an infamous ſlanderer, who had detracted her with all manner of virulence, after infinite many benefits; and I cannot endure ſo much as to ſee one who hath diſpleaſed me, as if I were created to live free from all worldiy contrarieties. I, who commit ſo many ſins, on the other part, will to day do an act of virtue in honour of my Maſter, and in deſpite of paſſion. Let us go to heaven by love, ſince we cannot go thither by ſufferings. *This is the true gate by which we enter into the ſanctuary, eternally to enjoy the ſight of the inacceſſible beauties of the holy and regal Trinity.*

Exercise of patience.

Hæc eſt porta per quam quis ingreditur in Sancta ſanctorum, & inacceſſæ pulchritudinis ſpectator dignus conſtituitur. S. Max. de concent. 1. 381.

Hear you not the God of peace who ſaith to us, If thou (O unhappy ſoul) wilt ſtill perſiſt in Hatred; I pronounce unto thee the ſix puniſhments of *Cain*, Baniſhment from the ſight of God, fear, ſtupiditie of mind, the life of a beaſt, the malediction of the earth, and (as *Procopius* addeth) perſecuting Angels armed with ſwords of fire, who ſhall purſue thee like ſpectres and ſpirits in all places, and ſhall make themſelves viſible, and dreadful to thee at the laſt day of thy life? Behold here deſervedly thy inheritance, ſince being mortal, thou makeſt thy enemies immortal, and doſt ſtill perſecute the afflicted widow and her children, who are become orphans after the death of a husband, and a father, whom thou hateſt. The ſtrongeſt enmities oft-times are appeaſed at the ſight of a dead bodie and a tomb, which we find exemplified in *Joſephus*: For, *Alexander* was extremely hated by the Jews, as having reigned over them with a rod of Iron: But when death had cloſed up his eyes, and that the Queen his wife moſt ſorrowfully preſented her ſelf, accompanied by two young children, & expoſed the bodie of her husband, ſaying aloud (Sirs) I am not ignorant that my husband hath moſt unworthily uſed you; but ſee to what death hath brought him: if you be not ſatisfied, tear his bodie in pieces, and ſatisfie your own revenge: but, pardon a deplorable widow and her little innocent orphans who implore your mercy. The moſt ſalvage ſpirits were ſo ſoftned by this act, that all their hatred turned into pitie; yet you (Barbarian) ſtill perſiſt to hate a man after his death, to perſecute him in a part of himſelf, to tear him in pieces in his living members. O good God, if you renounce not this revenge, you will be uſed like *Cain*, as an enemy of mankind, and a hang-man of Nature! O flame! O love! O God! As thou art diſperſed throughout us by love; ſo baniſh all theſe curſed Hatreds of hell, and make us love all in thy goodneſs, to poſſeſs all in thy fruition.

Joſeph. l. 3. c. 23. A notable example to appeaſe hatred.

Sect. 6. *Of the profit may be drawn from Hatred, and the courſe we muſt hold to be freed from the Danger of being Hated.*

THere now remains to conſider here, what profit may be derived from hatred, and with what Oeconomie it may be husbanded, to render it in ſome ſort profitable: and in caſe it be hurtful; to prevent its aſſaults, and ſweeten its acerbities. If the induſtrie of men found out the way to make preſervatives out of the moſt dangerous poyſons; why ſhould it be impoſſible for us to make ſome notable utilities to ariſe out of a paſſion, which ſeems not to be created, but for the dammage and ruine of all things? yet it is certain, that Nature (which never is idle in its productions) hath given it us for a great good. For it may ſerve love well rectified in its pretentions, it furniſheth it with ſentinels, and light-horſe, to hinder that which oppoſeth its inclination, and to ruine all contrarieties bandied againſt its contentments. How often would Nature throw it ſelf out of ſtupidity into uncertain dangers and moſt certain miſchiefs, were it not that natural averſion did awaken it, did avert it from its miſerie, and inſenſibly ſhew it the place of repoſe? Is it not a wholeſom Hatred to hate Pride, Ryot, Ambition, and all ill Habits? Is it not a reaſonable Hatred diſcreetly to fly from maladies, croſſes, incommodities which hurt the bodie and nothing advantage the mind? This paſſion which in the beginning ſeemed ſo hideous teacheth us all this; When it is well managed it conſpireth againſt others by an according Diſcord, to the lovely Harmonie of total Nature.

Utility of Hatred.

One may ſay, there is happineſs, and advantage to hate many things; but what profit can one find in paſſive Hatred, which makes a man many times to be hated, and ill wiſhed without cauſe or any demerit?

To that I anſwer with Saint *Ambroſe*, that it is good to avoid ſuch a kind of Hatred, that it is fit to makes ones ſelf to be beloved with all honour by good men, and to gain (as much as poſſible) the good opinion of all the world, thereby to render glorie to God, as Rivers carry their tribute to the Ocean. A publick perſon who is in the employments and commerce of the great world, may have all the treaſures of the Indies, and all the dignities of old Rome; but if he have not the love and good-will of men, I account him moſt indigent and poor: Thence it is that confidence taketh beginning, without which there is no fortune maketh any notable progreſsion, nor affair which can have ſuch ſucceſs as might be expected.

That it is good to be honeſtly loved.

Bonum eſt, teſtimonium habere de multorum dilectione, hinc naſcitur fides, ut committere ſe tuo arbitrio non vereatur alienus, quem charum advertit pluribus. Ambr. l. 2. offic. c. 7.

It is infinitely profitable for great men, that they may divert the Hatred of the people, to have innocencie of life, greatneſs without contempt of inferiours, revenues without injuſtice, riches without

Means to gain the good will of the publick.

out avarice, pleaſures without ryot, liberty without tyranny, and ſplendour without rapine. All the rich who live in the ſociety of men, as Pikes, (called the tyrants of rivers) in the company of other fiſhes, to ruine, devour, and fatten themſelves with the bloud of the Commons, are ordinarily moſt odious: but as there is a certain fiſh, which *Elians* Hiſtory calleth the *Adonis* of the Sea, becauſe it liveth ſo innocently that it toucheth no living thing, ſtrictly preſerving peace with all the offſpring of the ſea, which is the cauſe it is beloved, & courted as the true darling of waters: ſo we find in the world, men of honour and eſtate, who came to eminent fortunes by pure and innocent wayes, wherein they demeaned themſelves with much maturity, ſweetneſs, and affability, which put them into the poſſeſſion of the good opinion of all the world. But thoſe who are hated, ought diligently and carefully to conſider from whence this hatred proceedeth, and by what wayes it is fomented; that fit remedies may thereunto be applyed.

Adonis, an admirable fiſh. *Ælian.* l. 9. c. 16. de animal.

How hatred is to diverted.

There is a hatred which cometh from equals, another from inferiours, a third from great ones, and ſometimes from powerful and ſubtle women, which is little to be feared. That which proceedeth from equals, laſteth long, by the counterpoiſe of power evenly balanced, and waſteth wretched hearts in the ſearch after a curſed revenge, which drowneth pleaſure in great acerbities, and many times, life in bloud. We muſt inſtantly labour for reconciliation, by a juſt ſatisfaction of the offended party, or ſtand upon our guard, that the enemy may not prevail. The hatred of inferiours towards great ones, whilſt it is ſpread amongſt the confuſions of the multitude, oft-times long remaineth under ſilence ſhut up, as the impetuous current of a River kept in by a trench; but ſo ſoon as it hath liberty, it with ſo much fury overfloweth, that it turneth men into Tygers and Leopards. So we ſee in Hiſtories, many miſerable Princes overwhelmed with the hatred of the people, with a thouſand inventions of cruelties, which force compaſſion from the moſt obdurate.

Horrible example of the hatred of the multitude.

All books are filled with theſe diſaſtrous events: but I do not think, we can behold a more tragical ſpectacle of popular hatred, then that which is repreſented by *Nicetas* in the perſon of *Andronicus*, Emperour of *Conſtantinople*. He entred into the Empire like a Fox, by tyrannical uſurpation, and covered his crimes with a dumb ſhew of a ſophiſticate devotion, at which time (God the avenger of iniquities) was pleaſed to chaſtiſe him with an iron rod, and to make him as an example of his juſtice to all poſterity. He fell (alive) into the hands of his enemy, who having loaden him with injuries and contumelies, abandoned him to the people for the puniſhment of his perfidiouſneſs. From that time he was entertained with all the deſpites, which hatred and the liberty of doing all, permitted his enemies: For he had buffets redoubled one upon another given with implacable violence, his hair was torn off, his beard was pulled away, his teeth were knocked out, and not ſo much as women but ran upon his wretched body to torture and torment it, whileſt he replyed not a word. Some days after, his eyes being digged out, and his face diſfigured with blows, they ſet him on an old botchy Cammel, without ought elſe to cover him then an old ſhirt, to lead him through publick places in the manner of a triumph. This ſpectacle ſo full of horrour, nothing at all mollified the peoples hearts, but deſperate men were to be ſeen to ruſh upon him on every ſide, as thick, as in Autumn ſwarms of flies fleſhed with ſome carrion; ſome covered him all over with dirt and filth, others ſqueezed ſpunges filled with ordure on his face, others gave him blows with clubs upon the head, others pricked him with Auls and Bodkins, and divers threw ſtones at him, calling him at every ſtroke Mad-dog. And there was a wicked woman of the dregs of the vulgar, who threw a pail of ſcalding hot water upon his head, that his skin pill'd off. Laſtly, they haſtned to hang him on a gibbet by the feet, expoſing him to a ſhameful nakedneſs in ſight of all the world, and they tormented him to the laſt inſtant of death, at which time he received the favourable blow, from a hand which thruſt a ſword through his mouth into his bowels, without other complaint then to beſeech God to have mercy on him. Behold the moſt bloudy effects of this cruel paſſion. But we may ſay, if this of the people reſemble torrents, that of great and powerful ones is not unlike thunders and lightnings.

Mountain of *Veſuvius*, *Julius Recupitus*.

Many Monarchs may be compared to the mountain *Veſuvius* near *Naples*, which (as it is written) is ſo fertil, that it yieldeth unto thoſe who manure it, a million of gold in revenue; but when it comes to caſt forth its all-inflamed entrals, it oft-times makes as much a havock in one day alone, as it brings profit in a whole Age. How many perſons meet we in ancient and modern Hiſtory, raiſed to flouriſhing eſtate, and enriched with the ſpoils of the Univerſe, who in a moment of misfortune have loſt the honours and wealth, which in ſo many years of favours, they had with full hand amaſſed together in their houſes?

Hatred of women

But moſt eſpecially, imperious women are ardent and exorbitant in their revenges, when a great power combineth with Paſſion to repleniſh all with diſaſters. Hatred ſhewed it ſelf fierce and inſolent in *Eudoxia* againſt S. *John Chryſoſtom*, furious in *Juſtina* againſt S. *Ambroſe*, bitter in *Theodora* againſt *Narſes*, bloudy in *Fredegonda* againſt *Pretextatus* Arch-biſhop of *Roan*, whom ſhe cauſed to be murthered at the Altar. And when this hatred is enkindled with the flame of love it ſelf, and that they in their diſpoſe have the Arms of their Amoriſts and ſervants, for execution of their purpoſes, they cauſe cruelties, which would make the Hiſtory of Man-haters, and Leſtrygons to bluſh.

Means to eſchue, and prevent the hatred of powerfull men.

It is good, for prevention of this kind of hatred, to have little occaſion to entermeddle with ſuch kind of people, nor too eagerly to purſue the favour of great ones, nor the pompous glories of worldly fortunes, ſince its felicities (like as if they were crimes) never ſcape ſcot-free. You muſt not enter too far into the intrication of affairs and perſons: keep your ſelf from ſlanders, and miſchievous ſtrokes of the Tongue, ill offices and treaſons of ſuch as have no ſoul; to make your ſelf recommendable by Piety, Juſtice, Liberality, Moderation, Sweetneſs, and ſo many other virtues; which having adorned you in proſperity, raiſe a luſtre and conſolation in the bottom of adverſity. To this alſo you muſt add powerful friends, who enlighten with the ray of truth, that darkneſs, which envy ceaſeth not to ſpread over lives the moſt innocent, and which permit not virtue to be ever oppreſſed by Iniquity.

As for ſuch as are in charges, offices, dignities, and commands, wherein in reaſon alteration may be expected, if they ſee themſelves to be perſecuted by publick hatred, it is beſt for them to change

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their condition to find repose: and especially, when there are powers which will hate out of humour, or levity; and who shutting up all passages to reason, do onely open an ear to slander. I ask, whether in such a case, God hath not consecrated a sanctuary for evil fortune in the pitty of a neighbour? The Divine Providence never permitted, that one sole man should be King of the whole world. He who is persecuted in one Province, passeth to another, and often finds friends who wipe away his tears, and gild his fetters: Whilest hatred swayeth in the Consistory of Cruelty, to draw down lightnings, and dart thunders on his head. *Joseph* sold by his brethren, found innumerable favours in *Egypt*. *David* pursued on all sides by the envy of *Saul*, like a wild beast, met with refuge and employment under *Abimelech*. S. *Athanasius* sanctified the places of his banishment by the sanctity of his virtues. S. *Hilary* pulled out of his Bishoprick, lighted in *Phrygia* upon a silent repose, which gave him leave to write his learned books of the Trinity. S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury* rested between the arms of *France*, whilest *Henry* of *England* thundred sentences, and proscriptions of death against him. If one countrey become a step-mother, another proves a Mother; and the Divine Providence (the world's great Harbinger) ever findeth some petty work to entertain its elected.

But if there be no means to escape; and that servitudes must be undergon, prisons, and chains, & that scaffolds must be bloudied to satisfie the revenge of an enemy: Then is the time, when a spirit well habituated in the continual exercises of virtue entrethinto the centre of the soul, & beholdeth as from a high fortress, the vicissitude of human things, which here below have in them nothing immovable, but their proper unstedfastness. Then it is, when despising these veils of body composed of our inferiour elements, it now entreth in thought into the region of Intelligencies. Then it is, when it accosteth the legions of so many Martyrs, who on their bodies have received as many wounds as they had members, and have moistned the sacred palms of their victories in the effusion of their bloud. All which is humane, yieldeth to the Tyranny of persecutors: but the immortal spirit makes it self a large way all bordred with lawrels in the Temple of glory and reputation; and like to the dove of the Prophet (whose wings were of silver) taketh a high and exalted flight to declare to all ages the innocency of a great courage, and to make its relicks survive in Cabinets, and in the memory of all good men.

How many have we seen die on Scaffolds, who with the sweetness of their countenances, terrified the most terrible aspects of executioners? They spake, they did, they suffered, they ordered their deaths as matter of Triumph, they comforted others in their suffering, at a time when they had much to do not to complain themselves. They acted together all the parts of wisdom, and came off so well in every one, as if they onely had undertaken this one. It was a great thing for them to do; but to do it so exactly, is that which for ever makes them the more admirable; and it was a matter incredible, that speaking so well, they yet suffered better in an occasion, where words have no credit, works no time, violence no relaxation, nor enmity compassion.

The third Treatise, Of DESIRE.

Sect. 1. *Whether we should desire any thing in the world? The Nature, the Diversity, and description of Desire.*

Whether it be good to have no desire.

THe Sages make a question, whether it be a thing to be wished, to have no Desire? And there are of them who think, that to live happy and contented, we must banish all desires. For they are amusements which perpetually entertain us with the time to come, which put us on the Rack, and burn us by our proper thoughts. Desires are the ecchoes of our loves, which mock us, & counterfeit certain voices, essences, & personages, which ordinarily are made of nought else but wind.

But now (say others) to have no desires, is to have no soul, no sense, no reason: it is to be a fly, not a man. The Seraphins in *Isaiah* stand by God's side, yet cease not to clap their wings; to signifie unto us, there is no soul so perfect and contented, which hath not the heart still excited with some generous desire. Trees are purified by the winds agitation, rivers are cleansed, and purged in their perpetual currents, and the heart by desires. If we would have no desires, we must not talk any more of eating and drinking; we must no longer have this young lover sigh after his beloved; we must not then admit learned men to make love to wisdom. That wrastlers burn with affection of prizes due to their valour; and that the souldier covers himself with his wounds to embellish his garlands, all ought to be indifferent to us; and that is the way quickly to run into the nature of rocks and stones.

We must here make a notable distinction of desires, insomuch, some are natural, given by God to man for the preservation of himself: Others are artificial, which arising out of an exorbitant will, are nothing but flood and ebb, but agitations and tempests. Desires are like number, one cannot name any so great, but that it is capable of addition.

Hence it proceedeth, that the world is replenished with desiring, and suffering souls: and that there is not almost any one who is not in expectation, and breathes not the air of the Region of desires. The most part of men resemble the moth which gnaws a garment, and in gnawing, eateth its own house: For by the eagerness of desiring the future, they lose all the pleasure of the present, and demolish their fortune by their greediness to raise it. That is it which the *Panegyrick* wittily expressed, pronounced before *Constantine* the son. Felicity glideth by us, as the water which streameth along under bridges, when still, full of hope, we rest unfurnished of contentments.

The world replenished with desiring souls. Psal. 50. v. 12. *Tabescere fecisti animam meam (alia versio) liquescere fecisti, ut timeam desiderium ejus. Eos felicitas ingrata subterfluit ut semper pleni spei, vacui commodorum. præsentibus careant dum futura prospectant.*

Desiring hearts (saith S. *Augustine*) are as those great-bellied women to whom the eternall word hath denounced a curse in the gospel. All the world would be but a morsel in the mouth of man's heart (saith *Richardus de sancto Victore*) since its wishes are infinite; and that it is evident that in Infinity what part soever you assign, you are stil at the beginning.

In Psal. 92. Richardus de S. Victore in Psal. 8.

An excellent picture of desire.

If you desire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquisites of Desire, I will tell you it is a strange country, whereunto the prodigal Child sailed, when he forsook his fathers house to undertake a banishment: a Country where corn is stil in grass, vines in the bud, trees perpetually in blossom, and birds always in the shel. You neither see corn, fruit, nor any thing fully shaped; all is there onely in expectation. It is a Countrey full of figures, phantasms, illusions, and hopes, which are dreams without sleep; a Countrey where the inhabitants are

never without feavers, one is no ſooner gone, but another cometh into its place. There dwelleth covetouſneſs, a great woman, meagre, lean, ſtarven, having round about her a huge ſwarm of winged boyes, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others caſt her a thouſand ſmiles as ſhe paſſeth along; upon her ſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of horſeleeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looketh upon her a far off, and never cometh near her, ſhewing her an inchanted looking-glaſs, wherein ſhe ſeeth a thouſand, and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her; and when ſhe hath ſported enough, ſhe hath nothing to dinner, but ſmoke.

The explication of the picture.

Behold the table of Covetouſneſs grounded upon Theology, and the Philoſophy of S. *Thomas*. I ſay, to explicate my ſelf, that the countrey thereof is the country of the prodigal child; and that famine is perpetually there, Deſire being nothing elſe but a hunger of the good it wiſheth: or indeed, *a motion of the appetite towards the thing it loveth, and the first degree of love.* All is in bloſſom in this Countrey, and never in fruit; inſomuch, as he who deſireth, poſſeſſeth nothing, as yet, but in imagination: and ſuch is the nature of Deſire, that coming to the end of its career, it ſinks: ſince where the good is preſent that is affected, there is no further deſire. The inhabitants there, are continually in feavers; ſince wiſhes are but feaveriſh ſervours. All there, is full of phantaſmes; becauſe all thoſe bleſſings are meerly imaginary. Covetouſneſs is neceſſarily hungry, being perpetually in purſuit, never overtaking nor eating: but if it do overtake and eat and gluts its heart, it ceaſeth to be covetouſneſs. Verily it hath round about it little laughing boies; thoſe are gaudy, and ſparkling deſires: ſome ſad, they are fruſtrated deſires: Many bloud-ſuckers, which ſuck it, they are troubleſom, and turbulent deſires. I add, that time (ever diſtant from it) entertaineth it with an inchanted mirrour: For it ſeeth nothing but in the future, and ſees many Chymera's and illuſions, after which it is tormented, As Tygers, who beholding the looking-glaſs which hunters have ſet in Forreſts, imagine it to be a creature of their own kind ſhut up in a priſon of glaſs; and ſo long they ſcratch it, till they break it, and deface their deſire. Laſtly, I conclude, that they are ſerved at dinner with ſmoke, all worldly deſires being nought elſe but wind, and ſmoke.

Deſiderium eſt motus appetitus in amabili, & inchoatio amoris. S. Thom. 2 ſent. diſt. 26. q. 1. art. 3.

Sect. 2. *The diſorders which ſpring from inordinate Deſires, and namely, from curioſity & Inconſtancy.*

Oſe. 13. 3. Erunt quaſi nubes matutina, & ſicut ros matutinus prætereuns, ſicut pulvis turbine raptus ex area, & ſicut fumus de fumario.

O God! ſhould one imagine the miſery of thoſe who dwell in this Countrey of Covetouſneſs, and who live in worldly deſires, and perpetual diſturbances, he could not have any thing more efficacious to give him a diſtaſte of it.

Three diſorders of deſire.

I obſerve, ill-rectified deſire cauſeth three diſorders in the ſoul, which are, ſterility, ardour, and unquietneſs: Sterility; for, perſwade your ſelf, all the inhabitants of this countrey, which are now adays many, are empty hollow ſouls, void of the ſolid and eternal good for which they were created, and are filled with imaginary windings, and labyrinths: Ardour; ſince they are hearts inflamed like fornaces, which dart forth deſires, as Coles do ſparks; hearts, which as the Eagle-ſtone, are ſtill big, but produce nothing: Unquietneſs; for that they live like Hedg-hogs all environed with ſharp quils. There is onely this difference, that ſharp quils ſerve the Hedg-hog for a defence; and ſharp-pointed deſires kill, and conſume thoſe who have them.

You ſee men who all their life-time lie at anchor, and expect a wind, never ſayling; men, who are continually in fetters like priſoners; Men, perpetually like to languiſhing Amoriſts, or to truantly ſcholers who vehemently deſire play-days; ſome, the moſt ſpiritual, thirſt after books, and libraries; others pleaſe themſelves with Idea's of dogs, of birds, of apes, and of horſes: Others, in imagination, handle pieces of chryſtal, pictures, diamonds, and piſtols: Others cut out garments at their pleaſure, of the richeſt ſtuffs which fancy can furniſh them with; ſome are eager after hunting, and traffick; others, after courtſhip, and game: Some, go to the Temple of Honour; others mind nothing but money. It were a very hard thing to reckon up all the feavers, purgatories, and pains of thoſe paſſionate ſouls; For indeed, natural deſires are not limited by nature which made them; but thoſe which conſiſt in opinion have no limits, as Imagination which produceth them, hath no meaſure. But although men be very different in deſires, they agree all in one point, which is, never to be contented, alwayes to deſire ſome change, and novelty; and ſo ardently to deſire it, that there are thoſe to be found, who for a ruff-band, or a ſhoe, would gladly haſten the courſe of the ſun, as they ſet forward the hand of the diall.

The paſſion of Curioſity, a kind of Deſire.

But among theſe ſymptoms, which are frequent with perſons infected with ſuch like diſeaſes, I diſcover two other paſſions of curioſity, and inconſtancy, the companions of deſire. Note, that Truth ſitteth in a Throne all repleniſhed with lights, and is of very difficult acceſs, if one have not wiſdom for direction. For ordinarily curioſity way-layeth ſuch as go about to approach to it, and involveth them in vaſt labyrinths of errours. This curioſity (if you deſire to know the nature of it) is nought elſe but irregular appetite to know things either vain, unprofitable, or evil. It dwelleth in a Countrey fertile in apparance, but very barren in effect. It hath in its dominion many ſpirits (to ſpeak truly) neither dull nor ſtupid; for they all have ſmartneſs and vivacity: but the moſt part have a great want of judgment and diſcretion, to ſerve as a counterpoiſe to their levity. They will know all, and in an inſtant ask more queſtions then the ſeven Sages of *Greece* could reſolve in ten years; ſo likewiſe they are of the nature of thoſe Stars which raiſe tempeſts and cannot calm them, ſince they frame a thouſand caſualties, a thouſand difficulties in affairs, and never derive a good concluſion. You may ſay, if you well weigh them, that they have a worm in their wits which gnaws them; that they are men ſick in health, and living dead-men, who neither know what they would, what they do, nor what they are. Curioſity, ſeeing they have ſo much diſpoſition to receive its impreſſions, entertaineth them in the winding ways of truth, like a Mountebanck, who put a multitude upon a gaze, by letting them ſee infinite many dainty colours in a Triangular glaſs; and in the concluſion ſends them away dinnerleſs, with hunger in their teeth, and illuſion in their eyes.

Curioſitas motus animæ morituræ. S. Auguſt. Confeſ. l. 13.

After theſe ſlight amuzements, this evil Miſtriſs turns them over to anxiety, anxiety delivers them to new deſires, and new deſires to ſervitude, ſervitude to ignorance, ignorance to preſumption, and preſumption to unquietneſs of mind. From thence they who are deeper plunged into this poiſon of falſe wiſdom, take the way of impiety, others of miſery & poverty; ſome of choler, of envy, of ſlander, and deſpair; the beſt provided are like the *Danaïds*, who do nought but fill and empty their tub, but to

Omnis anima curioſa, indocta eſt. Auguſt. de agone Chriſtiano. c. 14.

no

Nullâ curiositate vident quæ sunt in sanctuario. Num. 4.

no purpose. All are not sick of one same disease; for some have a curiosity, black & faulty, as those who seek for a Master in matter of Religion, and would gladly talk with a devil to learn news from Paradise: or such as those who strain curious Sciences so hard, that they squeeze black and maligne vices out of them, as Magick, or the trick of coyning false money: or as those who are mad to hear, to see, to know the vices, or mischiefs of others. Others have a more innocent curiosity, one of medals, another of Tulipa's, some of voyages, others of companies; and indeed, of all things which may serve for incentives to Concupiscence.

There are of them who are much disquietted with matters which little concern them, they are curious to know all that passeth in the world in the *Indies*, in *Japonia*: how many elephants the great *Mogull* keeps; who is to succeed the King of *China* in his Empire; whether the great Turk armeth; whether the *Persian* stirreth; and what forces *Prester John* hath for the preservation of his State. they think within themselves, what a face they would set upon it, if they were Kings or Popes: They in their heads dispose of Kingdoms: They raise Republicks; they rig forth ships; they pitch battels; and after they have doated, they find nought but nothing in their hands. Others advance not their aims so high, but rest satisfied with inferiour thoughts, and petty cares; as how to trot up and down the streets to visit houses, and to ask of all they meet, *what news do you hear?* As also to observe post-dayes, and to visit their friends round, by a list-roll indifferently, to heap together the bruits of the City, to vent them again without any consideration. There are some who make vows of pilgrimages, not out of devotion towards Saints; but from a purpose to content their Curiosity. They know all the Indulgencies wch are throughout all the Churches of the Province, and beyond: all the houses that are built, all the christnings every day, all the weddings celebrated, all the childbirths of male or female, all the merchandizes newly brought in, all the strangers who arrive, all the suits determinated, all the charges given, all the offices sold, all the pamphlets cryed up and down the streets: Their heads are wonderful Fairs, whither merchants come from all sides; there is not a moment of repose: and solitude with such is accounted a petty hell.

Inconstancy followeth the multitude of desires. The kingdom of inconstancy.

This multiplicity of desires is waited on by another Malady of Inconstancy, which is properly a levity, & an irresolution of mind wch sheweth it self in his manners, actions, & words, who is touched with it. To say truth, this passion is a devil, who inhabiteth in a land of quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetual, winds blow on each side; and blowing, make many weather-cocks to turn to & fro, & every moment change posture; In this place, an admirable creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, & is that she is not; so many faces & figures she hath: She likewise is still upon transformations, & seems to do nothing at all, but to make, & unmake her self. One while she is great, another while little, one while gross, another while slender, one while affable, another while harsh, one while serious, another while gamesome, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if she came into a Theatre, clothed, one while in changeable Taffaty, another while with different pieces set together out of a singular fantastick addleness of wit. She alone represenceth all personages, talks with all kind of voyces, and in all manner of languages. After her we behold a million of petty phantasmes, imperfect in shape, and which seem to be but pieces roughly begun, which we may say, are her works.

If you a little observe the men which inhabit this kingdom of inconstancy, you shall find, they are people whose humours consist much of air and water; for they are always supple and pliant to all manner of objects, they have a spirit which brooketh not businesses with a strong and solid penetration, to see the bottom of it; but onely scratch them with a little bodkin which is blunted, & broken presently. If you could see their heart and brain, you should behold in the one, huge squadrons of thoughts wch scuffle together like *Cadmus* his souldiers: in the other, a mighty mass of desires and indigested purposes, which renders them very unable to receive the impressions of the Divinity, as S. *Basil* hath observed upon that Prophet *Isaiah*. It seemeth all this kind of people have a wil of wax, & that any man may work it which way he list. Their passions are sharp, and ardent in the beginning: so that they transport judgment, which is either notably weak, or much benummed; but they last not: for they instantly are troubled at things present, and ever turn their face away from the future, never (as it were) being where they are, and stil being where they neither are nor can be. You shal see they every day begin to live, yea, when they should make an end; and if they do any good, they do it but by halves, never allowing themselves leisure to lick their Bear (as they say) nor to finish their work; so precipitate they are by contrariety of different desires, which draw them this way and that way, and destroy all the abilities of their wits. You shall note in them a great greedines after novelties, & continual changes of manners, study, apparel, of wearing their hair, of their manner of living, gate, of voice, of conversation, of sports, exercises, counsels, loves, of amities, words, & of mouths wch at once breathe forth hot & cold. To conclude, their life is nought else but the flood and ebb of a continual *Euripus*, it is repleni shed with shadows, giddines, and illusions, which in effect make it miserable; For commonly it is waited on by disesteem, grief, shame, anxiety, and great shipwracks of wit and renown.

Τὸ ἀνόμοιον τῇ βίᾳ εἰς ὑποδοχὴν θείας ἐνεργείας ἀεὶ ἀνεπίδεκτον. S. *Basil. Hom.* 1. *in Isaiam.*

Sect. 3. *The four sources out of which ill-rectified desires proceed.*

Four sources of desires which toil us.

YOu must know, that those restless desires which toil us, proceed from four sources: the first and principal whereof is, a heart void of things divine; there being not (saith S. *Augustine*) a more manifest sign, that a soul is not well with God, then, when it entertaineth a multiplicity of desires. *Moses* pulled off his shoes before the burning bush, where he saw his eyes cleared by the rayes of the Divine Majesty; (in my opinion) to teach us, that his heart was at an end of its journey, since he had found the Centre of eternal rest. Whilst the soul of man is out of the limits which God assigned it, wel it may find Ins to lodge in, but it never finds a home; But he who knows the way how to accommodate himself, in all things, to the wil of God, hath found the industry of an infinit good, in the accomplishment of his desires.

It is to live like *Cain* in the region of instability, & to walk upon a quagmir, daily to entertain so many fresh appetites. Their multiplication witnesseth enough the barreness of their purchase, but when one wel tasteth God, & finds him to comprehend all relishes, he forsaketh all to follow him, and the heart hath no more to do, but to please him who is the source of its contentment.

The second cause of desires is a promptitude, and a vivacity of the Minde, which bends much to levity, and is not at all balasted by solidity of judgment, whereby the soul is set at liberty to flie after all manner of objects, as bees do after flowers. I wil deliver unto you an excellent doctrine, which will teach us, that between a ship and the heart of a man (if we consider them well) there is much resemblance. The ship is a house of the sea, and the heart is the habitation of the soul, whilest it is in the ocean of this mortal life. The ship goes on the waters, and the heart upon abysses: The ship hath its sails, and the heart its aims: The ship is guided by the rudder, and the heart by prudence: The ship expecteth winds, and the heart the divers motions of its thoughts: The ship feeleth tempests, and the heart passions: the ship feareth rocks, and the heart obstacles: The ship suffers shipwrack under water, and the heart under the gulf of iniquity. The ship in the haven, and the heart in tranquillity.

A comparison of a ship, and the heart of a man.

Now as in the Scripture there are three sorts of ships specified; so there likewise are three manner of hearts. Some compared to ships which carry fruit, are such as are repleniſhed with affections and desires; with pleasures and contentments of the world, which are enemies of the present, and perpetually sigh after the future. Others, are ships of traffick, which are continually full of affairs, disturbances, great and little cares, that steal the repose of life from them. The rest are the ships of *Tharsis* in the Mediterranean sea, which carry great designs, great earthly ambitions, and are very often tossed by most impetuous winds.

Naves portas portantes. Job. 9.

Navis institoris. Prov. 31.

Naves Tharsis. Psal. 47.

The third source of our Appetites is a hot and sanguine Complexion, which in our heart enkindleth many desires like unto a fire made with straw, violent enough in the beginning, but of no lasting: as on the contrary, cold people have fewer desires, but are more pertinacious in the pursuit of them.

It is said we must beware of a man, who hath but one thing to do, because his thoughts being perpetually bent upon one and the same object, he becomes extremely troublesome to those from whom he desireth the accomplishment of his designe: so must we defend our selves from a man who hath but one desire: especially when it is inordinate; For we may easily escape from such as have many cares. Time wasteth them as fast as he produceth them; it is needless to oppose, or much to contradict them: let their minds rest, and you shall find the purpose they had in the morning, to be quite gone by the evening, like the Ephemery, which lives but one day. Now as for those, who have amassed together all the strength of their soul upon one desire, they are immeasurably urgent, and cease not to persecute you untill they have put their wish in execution.

The fourth is a certain crooked winding of a heart, which is (as it were spungy and insatiable) joyned to a debility of spirit which apprehendeth want and necessity, and this makes it to fasten upon any thing to help it self.

Interpellat ad desiderandum sibi ipse desiderandi. Tertul. lib. de pœniten.

Tertullian saith, that all these wandring souls have no other profession in this life, but to be in wish, where they cannot be personally in presence. The end of one desire provoketh them to begin another. Their desires resemble fruits that pass away, which in their latter season retain some beauty of their first vigour. There are many who esteem it a bitter business to expect, and who had rather see their hopes cut off, then to find out the way how to prolong them: but such are born to desire, they are not pleased with a victory already gotten; you do greatly wrong them instantly, to give what they ask, they love even things unlawful, because they are such, and so soon as they are permitted them, they lose that place which they had before in their heart.

Sect. 4. *That the tranquillity of Divine Essence, for which we are created, ought to rule the unquietness of our desires.*

Reason against vain desires drawn from the Divine tranquillity.

AGainst this passion, I have two remedies to propose in two Reasons; the first whereof is drawn from the first model, which is the heavenly Father; and the second from the second, which is the Incarnate Word; since in them are the most efficacious ways for reformation of the table of the soul. As for the first, I say, that our soul being made to the Image of God, and for the possession and fruition of God, it will never rest but in the conformity of its understanding and will, with the understanding and will of its Creatour. Now, what think you would God desire, if he were capable of desire; what would he wish to see, to know, and to have? nothing but himself: and insomuch as he is eternally and inseparably with himself, he is not capable of any impression of desires whatsoever. We cannot be like unto God without desires, whilst we are in the world; but we may, and ought to have but one main desire, which is God himself.

Imagine your heavenly Father to be a great sea of Essences, of perfections, & of contentments, a sea which hath neither bottom nor shore; a sea wherein all the vessels of curious souls suffer shipwrack. Imagine with your self an Exemplary world, a vast world of wisdom, of sanctity, of intelligencies, of lives, of reasons, and of forms. There God inhabiteth within himself, being to himself, (as saith *Tertullian*) place, palace, world; there he is absorpt, as in a huge abyss of delights, not to be imagined. He from all eternity hath his felicity purely perfect, and concentred in his own bosom; seeing he from all eternity hath his Son, his great and onely Conception, which emptieth him without his emptiness, which issueth from him without issuing forth, which abideth in him without distinction of Essence, or confusion of Persons.

Nazian. in Natalitia. Πέλαγος οὐσίας ἀπεράντου καὶ ἀχανοῦς.

Tertul. in Praxeam, cap. 5.

He hath all his loves within himself, since he hath his holy Spirit, a substantial flame of love, enkindled in his heart by his proper will, which is the eternal and unquenchable fornace of all chaste affections. He hath all his desires limited and repleniſhed, since, as he sees nothing out of himself; so he cannot desire any thing out of himself. If you imagine the sea (saith S. *Augustine*) it is not God: If you imagine the earth with so many rivers which moisten it, so many herbs and flowers which enamel it, so many trees which cover it, so many living creatures which furnish it, so many men which inhabit and cultivate it, it is not God. If you in your thoughts figure the air, with all its birds so different in shape, so various in plumage, so diversified in their notes, it is not God. If you go up to those Chrystaline and Azure vaults, where the Sun and Moon, and so many Stars perform their career with such measure, it is not God. If you behold in heaven innumerable Legions of Angels, Spirits of fire and light, resplendent before the face of God, as lamps of balsamum lighted before the propitiatory, it is not God; but God is he who comprehendeth all that, who bounds it, and incomparably surpasseth it.

Nec intelligentiam admittit solitudinis, nec diversitatem divinitatis. Magist. Sent. lib. 1. d. 2.

Mare cogitas, non est hoc Deus; omnia quæ sunt in terra homines & animalia, non est hoc Deus. Aug. in Psal. 85.

All things (say Divines) are in God by way of eminency,

eminency, as in the Exemplar Cause which moulds them, as in the Efficient Cause which produceth them, as in the Final Cause which determines them: but they are in a manner so elate and exalted, that those same which in themselves are inanimate, in God are spirit and life.

Quod factum est, in ipso vita erat. Joh. 1.

All the Creatures we have seen produced in the revolution of so many ages, are as Actours, which, God (who is the great Master of the Comedie which is acted in this world) kept hidden behind the hangings in his Idea's, more lively & more lustrous then they be on the stage. The world strikes the hour of their Entrances, and Exits of their life and death: but the great clock of God in his Eternitie, hath at one instant strucken all their hours. Nothing to him is unexpected, nothing unknown, nothing new: All that which tieth the desires of the most curious, all that which suspendeth the admiration of the sagest; all, which inflameth the hearts of the most passionate, Lands and Seas, Magazines of Nature, Thrones, Theatres, Arms, and Empires; all are but a silly drop of dew before the face of God.

Ecce gentes quasi stilla situle & quasi momentum statere reputate sunt; ecce insulæ quasi pulvis exiguus, & Libanus non sufficiet ac ad succedendum. Isa. 40. 16.

Then how can God but live contented within himself, since the smallest streams of the fountain which springs from his bosom, may suffice a million of worlds? O ungrateful and faithless soul! the same Paradise which God hath for himself, he hath prepared for thee; he will, thou beholdest thy self, that thou contemplatest thy self, that thou reposest thy self in his heart; yet thou fluttrest up and down like a silly butterfly among so many creatures, so many objects, so many desires; perpetually hungry, ever distant from thy good, ever a traitour to thy repose and glorie. Beggarly soul, which beggest every where: Miserable soul which in everie place findest want in abundance: Ignominious soul, upon whose front all loves have stamped dishonour; when wilt thou rally together all thy desires into one period? When wilt thou begin to live the life of God, to be satisfied with Gods contentment, and to be happy with Gods felicity?

Sect. 5. *That we should desire by the imitation of Jesus Christ.*

2. Reason of the only desire which Jesus had in seeking the glory of his heavenly Father.

THe second Reason that I draw from the second Model, which is, the Word Incarnate, the Rule and Example of all our actions, is, that *Jesus Christ* hath no other desire on earth, but to suffer, to be dissolved, and to annihilate himself for the glorie of his heavenly Father, by subjecting rebellious powers to his Scepter, and by gaining souls, of which he infinitely was desirous, even to the last moment of his life. The Philosopher *Plato* in the Book of the order of the Universe, writeth, that all the Elements naturally desired to evaporate themselves in the Celestial Region, as it were therein to obtain a more noble, and more eminent state of consistence. Now the deaf and dumb desire, which things inanimate have, to be transformed into a nature most delicate, is most apparent in the sacred Humanity of the Son of God, which, although it always remained within the limits of its Essence; it notwithstanding had an ineffable sympathy with the Divinity, being totally plunged therein, as iron in burning coals. It in all, and through all, followed its motions, will and ordinances, as true dials wait on the Sun; nor had it any desire more ordinary, then to make a profusion of it self, in all it had created.

Plato lib. de ordine universi apud Viennam.

Theology teacheth us, that albeit, the will of God were necessitated in certain actions, as in the production of the love which sprang from the light of God; notwithstanding in others, it was altogether free, able to do, and not to do such, or such a thing according to his good pleasure; as at such or such a time to go, or not to go into *Jury*. Able, of two good things which were presented, to chuse the one or leave the other; as, to do miracles, rather in *Jury* then in *Sidon*. Able, also to do the things ordained him by his heavenly Father out of motives and reasons such as his wisdom thought best to chuse: In all those liberties, never pretended he ought but the glorie and service of his Father. Good God, what sublimate is made in the limbeck of Love, what evaporations, and what separations of things even indivisible, are made in the five great annihilations which Theologie contemplateth in the person of *Jesus Christ*!

Non volebat in Judæam ambulare. Joh. 7. 1.

First, the inseparable Word of God seemeth to make a divorce, but a divorce of obedience, and to separate it self, but with a separation always adherent by the condition of a forreign nature transplanted into the Divinitie. Secondly, he, by a new miracle permitteth, that this humane nature tied to the Divine nature, be separated from its subsistence, its last determination and substantial accomplishments. Thirdly, that Glorie be separated from the estate and condition of Glorie, yielding his glorious soul up as a prey to sadness. Fourthly, he separateth himself not only from the signs and conditions of a Messias, but almost from the resemblance of a man, being become as a worm.

Radius ex sole, portio de summo, de Spiritu Spiritus, & de Deo Deus. Tertul. Apol. 2.

Lastly, he draws himself into the interiour of his soul of his own accord, and wholly melts himself as Incense in the fire: in such sort, that S. *Gregory* very well saith, That he is the Amber of the Prophet *Ezekiel* enrobed with the heat of flames. But better saith *Origen*, who calleth him the Perfume which is annihilated for us; comparing the will of the Son of God to a viol filled with an aromatick liquor, which one hath turned upside down to empty it to the last drop; so the desires and affections of *Jesus* are poured forth in the bosom of his heavenly Father. But most especially on the day of his Passion, for then was the time when the Prophecie of *Habakkuk* was accomplished: *It is thou who mountest upon the light-horses, and who beareth salvation in thy mysterious chariot.*

Quasi ignis effulgens, & thus ardens in igne. Greg. l. 28. mor. cap. 2.

Origen in Cant. unguentum exinanitum.

Hab. 3. *Qui ascendit super equos tuos & quadrigæ tuæ salvatio.*

I now leave those who interpret this passage of the chariot of God triumphing in those ugly darknesses of Egypt. I leave those who refer it to the second coming. I follow the Interpretation which S. *Ambrose* presenteth unto me, who calleth the Cross a Gibbet of Triumph, and others who term it the true chariot of the glorie of the God of hosts. I consequently say, that the light-horses of our Saviour are his winged and flaming desires, which bare him more gloriously then *Elias* unto the throne of Honour, where he hath made a full consummation of himself, by the separation of his his bloud and soul in that great Sacrifice, which put Heaven to mourning, the Sun into eclipse, the Earth into quakings, and Men the most stupid into affrightment. O, with what obedience, with what resignation did that dying Swan then appear, when all the stars (as *Dydimus* relateth) about three of the clock afternoon were seen in the heavens to enlighten his death! O, with what union of his will to Gods will, he spake these words, O my God, O my Father, behold me on the Pile to be sacrificed to thy Divine Majesty: My God, I have desired it from the first moment of my conception, I have had the law of obedience engraven

Ambros. in Luc. *Patibulum triumphale.*

Deus meus, volui & legem tuam in medio cordis mei.

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in my heart with a chizzel of fire and an eternal character, and at this time (O my celestial Father) I wish it, I would it, and will protest it whilst my soul shall be on my lip, to have but one only desire in the world, which is to annihilate my self in accomplishing thy will!

Sect. 6. *The condemnation of the evil Desires of the world, and the means how to divert them.*

Against evil desires.

AND yet thou (O disloyal soul) wilt in thy heart entertain a mass of Desires, thou wilt rather live among feavers and burning coals, then tie thy self to the will of God! Rebel, thou hast prostituted thy self on high and below, upon the mountains and under trees, under cedars, and on the hyssop; so many great and little Desires have possessed thy heart. Thou miserable man, to have affection in store for a deceiving creature, who hath put the sword of division into thy marriage, to cut asunder a knot tied before the face of Angels and men! Thou unfortunate maid, unlucky victim, to fill all the sails of thy Desires for a man more light then the wind, and more faithless then ice; whose words are but promises, promises but perjuries, perjuries but forsakings, and forsakings but disasters; and to have neither heart nor thought for God, a Father so benign, a Saviour so affectionate, a Lover so loyal! Thou, to burn alive with black and shameful flames of ravenous avarice; & to have no feeling for him, who hath the beautie of fields, the enamel of meadows, the extent of seas, the riches of metals, and all the magazins of the Universe in his bosom! Thou, to run at random after transitorie honour, which glisters like a worm in a piece of rotten wood, and which pricketh like a thorn; and not to hold sympathy with him who crowneth the heads of his Elect with eternal garlands! Thou, to live daily in fits of fire and ice for a slight toy, for a gorget, for a chopino, for a little dog, a parachito, for all that which I neither can nor dare to express! O what a shame is it, that all creatures serve for snares and prisons to hearts moistned with the blood of *Jesus*; and they not to be softned by this venerable shower, able to break rocks asunder, and dissolve anvils!

In omni colle sublimi, & in omni ligno frondoso tu prostebnebaris, meretrix. Jer. 2. 21.

You will ask me what you should do to be delivered from this tyrannie? First, accustom your self to cut away all superfluities, whether of apparel, diet, vain company, or other delights which fight against the law of God. *Reduce your appetites to a small cost, and take more care how to end them, then to cherish them.* Resolve with your self to lop off all your superfluities, and to be contented with little, holding it for a thing most assured, that by how much the less you shall depend on your greedie desires (which are most forward mistrisses, to whom you have prostituted your Christian libertie) so much shall you be the more near to God.

Desideria tua parvo redime, hoc enim tantum curare debes ut desinant. Senec.

Secondly, if you feel in your heart some seeds of desires to sprout and disquiet you; seasonably prevent them, one while diverting them by some laudable employment, another while by pulling them up with main strength in their first tenderness, and never to let them to get strength to your prejudice. *It is much more easie to defend ones self in the beginning from a passion, then to moderate the violence of the exorbitancy, when it is lodged in your heart.*

Non obtinebit ea desinat, si mi pere permiserit. Sen. ep. 116

Thirdly, follow *Aristotle's* counsel, and look on all the objects of pleasure; not such as they are, whe they at first sooth sensuality: but such as they be whe they turn their backs to forsake us. Lastly, exercise your self continually in the desire of joys eternal.

Voluptates abeuntes, spectla fessis & pœnitentia, plenas, quo minus cupide repetantur.

Behold all those things which environ you, all those honours, those riches, those pomps, as deceitful and momentarie things; Behold them as a flitting companie; Each day undo a knot of your slaverie; Put your self into the libertie of Gods children; Place your self in such a nakedness of spirit that you may say, *One, and no more.* Blind soul, how canst thou live one sole moment with so many desires, which are as so many daughters to marry? what a care must be had, well to bestow them? what a fear, to bestow them ill? what a grief, that they are ill bestowed? Stupid soul, canst thou rest with so many blood-suckers fastned to the marrow of thy bones, which draw thence all thy vital humour, and make thee have a life which hath nothing less then life in it? Temerarious soul, who hast dared to think, that forsaking thy Creatour, thou elsewhere shouldst find a better match! Go, and see the obstacles which daily meet with those who hunt after honours, favours, and wordly wealth. Go, go, behold, and thou shalt see a thousand fishes swim in a pond after a rotten worm. How many battels must thou wage, how many sweats of death, must thou sweat; how many iron-gates must thou break through, to content one only of thy desires? O how often will the Heavens and the Elements conspire against thy affections, which thou so unworthily, so disastrously hast placed?

O what bloodie sorrows at thy death, when God shall draw aside the curtain of the citie of peace, and shall shew thee an infinite number of souls in the bosom of Beatitude, for having well disposed their Desires; and on the other side, burning coals to expiate affections ill managed!

O what horrour, what terrour, and what despair, if the Angels come and say with a voice of thunder, *Foris Canes*, and that we must wander up and down in affection with a hunger everlastingly enraged, after a good we so many times have despised! O *Jesus*, the desire of Eternal mountains, draw to thee all my desires, since thou art the Adamant. *Jesus*, the love of all faithful souls, take all my affections, since thou art the Center of all hearts. *Jesus*, the Joy and Crown of all the Elect, stay my floating hopes, since thou art the haven of hearts, stretch out an assisting hand to so many errours, and set me in a place where I may desire nothing: but let it be such a place wherein I may love that which is infinitely amiable.

Apoc. 22. 15.

The fourth Treatise, Of AVERSION.

Sect. 1. *The Nature and Qualities thereof.*

The essence and nature of Aversion.

AVersion is a passion apprehensive, disdainful of distastes, which is shut up as a snail in its shell, and hath no inclination to any thing in the world. Covetousness presenteth it many objects, to see if it can snare it with a bait; but it doth nothing but fly away, and turn the face to the other side: and albeit it seems not to desire ought of all is offered unto it; it nevertheless coveteth good, but goes towards it by by-paths, and flight from all that which seems opposite to its felicitie.

Well, to understand the nature of this Passion, we

How Averſion is formed.

we muſt know, that as in motions of affections, there is firſt made in the ſoul a love wholly ſimple, which is an inclination and a complacence towards ſome object; from thence Deſire is created, by which we conſider the ſame object, not only as good and convenient, but as a thing abſent, and out of us, which we muſt endeavour to have, and to bring within our power: But if we have the good hap to poſſeſs it; from thence joy ariſeth, which is a perfect complacence, raiſed upon the poſſeſſion of the thing deſired. Likewiſe in paſſions which reſiſt and oppoſe our heart; firſt, a ſimple hatred is created, which only importeth an Antipathy; and a certain diſſenting from the object, which the underſtanding propoſeth to the will, as diſagreeable or hurtful: Thence we come to conſider this object, either as far diſtant, and hard to be avoided; and then Fear laies hold of our heart: or we behold it more near at hand, and very eaſie to be repelled, being wholly unable to make any great or ſtrong impreſſions upon us, as Fear doth, and then it is properly called Averſion: but if the evil happen to be preſent, it is a vexation and a trouble; and when it is paſt, there remains a horrour, which we call Deteſtation.

The character and true image of a ſpirit ſubject to Averſion.

We may ſay, this paſſion which is diſguſted with all, hath nothing ſo diſtaſteful as it ſelf. There you behold a ſoul oppreſſed, ſtill apprehenſive, ſtill retired, and ever harſh; and as nothing pleaſeth it, ſo eaſily it diſpleaſes all the world. If there be cauſe to name one, he will never call him by his name; but will ſay, of whom ſpeak you? of that wretch? of that ſluggard? of that miſer? of that ignorant fellow? Or, if he hath ſome deformitie of bodie; of that crooked piece? that crump-ſhoulder? of that unfortunate caitiff, who is much duller then a winter's day, or the ſnows of *Scythia*? If a book be to be cenſured; there is nothing worth ought in it, they are diſcourſes and words ill-placed. If merchandize be to be bought; the ſhop and ſtore-houſes of a merchant ſhall be turned over and over, and nothing found that gives contentment. If he be in his own houſe; he makes himſelf inſupportable to his domeſticks: this garment is ill made, this chamber is ill furniſhed, this bed too hard, theſe diſhes unſavourie; the wind at a door, the creaking of a caſement, the crying of a child, the barking of a Dog, all is troubleſom to him. If a man of this condition be to be married; there is not a maid in the world worthy of him, he muſt have one framed out of his own rib, as God did for the firſt Man: or ſuffer him to raiſe his love in imitation of *Endymion* and *Caligula*, up to the ſphear of the Moon. But moſt eſpecially, women of this humour are extremely troubleſom; They have no ſmall buſineſs to do, who are to find them out maid-ſervants and nurſes; this is too ruſtical, ſhe hath nothing amiable in her eye, ſhe ſpeaks too big, her body is not ſlender enough; the other is a piece of fleſh not worth ought: needs muſt ſhe be perpetually upon change; and out of too much curioſitie to meet with a good ſervice, be the worſt ſerved of any woman in the world. Behold one diſtaſted with profeſſions, conditions, and offices, all diſpleaſeth him; Shall he become a Church-man? that ſeems a ſlaverie to him: Shall he betake him to a ſword? It is hazardous: To an Office? It coſts too much: To traffick? Little is to be gotten: To a Trade? He cannot find a good one. Laſtly, it troubleth him to be a man, and would gladly entertain the invention of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, to be transformed into ſome other kind of creature. There are young wenches, who have much ado with themſelves: Shall they marry? There is not any match likes them; this man is unhandſom; that other is but ſimple; this man too wayward; that, too melancholy; one, too wild; another hath not living enough; nor that other, good alliance; an Angel muſt be fetched out of heaven to marry them. In the mean time, ſome amoriſt learneth to dance his cinque-pace, and to powder and frizzle himſelf to pleaſe this coy piece, whom nothing contenteth but her own diſtaſtes. If, on the other ſide, this creature looks towards Religion; ſhe will multiply her paces and viſits, and will run over all the Monaſteries, and find none to content her; one is too indulgent, and another too auſtere; the habit of this pleaſeth, but the manner of living is diſtaſteful; the fleſh draweth upon one ſide, and the diſcipline drives away on the other; and her wavering mind can reſolve on nothing, nor irreſolve on nothing, but irreſolution.

That admitted and eſtabliſhed in this manner; I ſay, there are two ſorts of Averſion, the one whereof is tied to things, the other to perſons, and both of them are of power much to diſturb us, if we ſeaſonably ſeek not to give remedie thereto in our moſt tender years before theſe diſpoſitions wax old in us, and ſtrengthen themſelves to our prejudice. Now, I obſerve we may find very good remedies out of the conſideration of the Divine proceedings of God, as I intend to let you ſee in the ſequel of this diſcourſe.

Sect. 2. *The ſweetneſſes and harmonies of the heart of God, ſhew us the way to cure our Averſions.*

The conſideration of the love which God bears to his creatures, is a powerful remedy to cure Averſion.

FIrſt, we ſee that God loves all things except ſin, and hates nothing he hath made. Eſſence, Goodneſs, and Truth, follow one another by the neceſſitie of conſequence; and God hath put nothing into being, which is not in the ſtate of ſome Goodneſs; yea, the devils will burn in hell having ſomething good, having ſomewhat of God. They have being and ſubſtance, underſtanding, and will; all which, conſidered within the limits of Nature, cannot but be good. There is nothing but ſin which altereth and depraveth it by the ill uſage of it. S. *Cyprian* hath well noted it, when he ſaith of Devils, That they were [a] ſpirits impure and ſophiſticate, who having loſt their ſinceritie and heavenly vigour by the contagion of the vices of the earth, and who being once loſt, ceaſe not to ruine men. From thence we behold, that as in adulterated merchandize and falſe money, there is alwayes ſome good mixed with the bad; ſo in theſe unclean ſpirits, there is an Intellectual nature of it ſelf verie good, which hath been corrupted by ſin. God cannot but love in them all that is his, as much as he deteſteth all which proceedeth from their rebellion; But if there be any thing lovely in creatures ſo miſerable and forſaken, which is worthy to entertain the heart of God; how can we have an Averſion againſt ſo many other things which reſt (as yet) in innocencie?

Diligis omnia quæ ſunt & nihil odiſti eorum quæ feciſti. Sap. 11. 25.

Sin corrupteth the goodneſs of eſſence in intellectual creatures.

Cypr. de Idol. vanit.

[a] *Spiritus impuri & ſagi qui ceſtaquum terrenis vitiis immerſi ſunt, & à vigore cæleſti terrero contagio receſſerunt, non deſinunt perditis perdere.*

God in his Eſſence accordeth the diverſity of all Eſſences.

It is an admirable thing, that the heart of God is as the Father of Harmonies, and doth within it ſelf accord things the moſt oppoſite. For we know all the world in this ſoveraign being, is more beautiful, better coloured and more flouriſhing then it is in it ſelf; yet there is no contrarietie. Water reſiſteth not fire; heat, cold; drouth, moiſture; becauſe it is a Sanctuarie of Peace, where all diverſities conclude in Unitie. Greek Hiſtories make mention of certain Temples, as was that of *Adonis*, where-

Marvellous Temples, where lions were tractable.

wherein lions were tractable; that might come to pass from the Industry of men, and not out of the virtue of the place, as *Elian* the Historian supposeth: but here we must say, The bosom of God is a true temple of Peace, which makes lions familiar with lambs, and which uniteth all to it self.

Ælian. de animal. l. 12. cap. 25.

The sympathies and antipathies which God hath wisely impressed on Essences, end in union.

But to witness unto us, beside, the intention which God hath to dispose us to sympathy, hence is it, that not satisfied to have united all the parts of the world, as those of an Egg, he giveth even to creatures insensible, certain Bands and dumb Amities, which cause them to seek one after another, and to link themselves together by complacence, as we see to happen in the load stone and iron, in the amber and the straw, whether it be done by a substantial form which is hidden from us, or whether it be by a transpiration and effluxion of their substances, as the Philosopher *Empedocles* thought. And which is more, if this sovereign Workman permit Antipathy among creatures, he hath reduced all to the good of communitie, since it serves for the conservation of Species which compose the beautie of his Universe. So the contrarietie between the Lamb and the Wolf is a perfect incitement to the conservation of this creature, necessarie for humane life.

How we ought to govern our Aversions. Nature necessarily brings with it its sympathies and antipathies. Fracast. de sympath. & antipath. l. 1. c. 13.

Some one may here say, that by perswading too much, I perswade nothing: for, if we admit sympathy for all which God had created, we then must love serpents and poisons; we must miserably satisfie our hunger with all impure viands, which cannot be done without destroying the principles of nature which necessarily hath its appetites to good, and its Aversions from many things contrarie unto it. To that, I answer, we cannot wholly live without Sympathy and Antipathy: For we well know that the knowledges of the Senses, of the Imagination, of the Understanding, come to us by the help of Species which represent unto us the quantitie, figure, form, habit, motion, and the rest of things; but above all, the accord, and dissonance from whence commonly arise in our soul two affections, the one of Dilatation, and the other of Restriction. For as the soul dilates and spreadeth it self to things which are delightful to it; So it draws back, and foldeth it self up at the sight of all is unpleasing to it, verie well witnessed even in the members of the bodie; which extend or contract themselves, according as matters are agreeable or disagreeable to the heart. We do not here intend to stifle all the first motions which are not in our power, insomuch as they are invincible and inevitable. It were to no purpose to make long discourses to a man to exhort him, not to have some small quaking in his bodie, when on a sudden, cold water is thrown upon him, or not to wink with his eyes when a glittering sword is presented, as it were to strike him, or not have some dizziness in the head, by beholding a precipice from a place on high: For all that is natural, and may happen to men the most moderate.

The first motions are for the most part inevitable. Senec. l. 2. de Ira. c. 2.

We do not likewise say, that we must not fly, not only by the first Motives of Nature, but also out of Election and Reason, all that which is hurtful to the bodie and health. *No man* (saith the Apostle) *hateth his own flesh, but cherisheth and entertaineth it as long as he can, therein imitating the renderness of affection which Jesus Christ hath for his Church.* I add, that it is not also my intention to perswade, that one should not seek in the care of his life, things the most commodious, so much as Justice and Reason wil permit *We must bear with servitude* (saith this fore-alledged Oracle) *if we be engaged in this condition; but if one can become free, I advise him rather to make choice of liberty.* Yet we are not ignorant, but that there are many good men who by the power of virtue afflict their bodies, and prefer contempt above all which the world esteemeth, that they may conform themselves to the sufferings of our Saviour.

One may reasonably fly that which is in any wise hurtful. *Nemo enim unquam carnem suam odio habuit, sed nutrit & fovet eam, sicut & Christus Ecclesiam* Eph. 5. 25.

But to rest within the limits of [a] civil life, I say, that although we may innocently use the blessings of God, and put nature to its small pittances; yet we must take heed of becoming too suspicious, too nice, and too apprehensive of those things which are not according to our appetites; for otherwise there happen great disturbances, and irksome confusions of mind, which thrust the health of our soul into uncertainty.

To seek by lawful ways ones petty accommodations, is not a thing of it self to be alwayes condemned. *Servum vocatus es? non sit tibi curæ, sed si potes fieri liber, magis utere.* 1 Cor. 7. 21

[a] One must take heed of being too curious. It is an hard thing not to feel some incommodities, life being so full of them.

First, when a spirit is too much tyed to its skin, and too much bent to flie all the contrarieties of nature; it is very beggarly and suppliant towards its body, which is not done without much care: For life being repleniſhed with great and little incommodities, from which Kings themselves cannot be wholly exempt: If one apprehend them too much, he must live like a man who would perpetually shut his eyes for fear of flies, and employ (almost) all his time, which is so precious, in the service of the flesh.

Secondly, God for punishment of this niceness, will suffer, that all we most fear shall happen to us: a man many times falleth into mischiefs even by fearing them. Death seems to be onely for cowards; and when one seeks for liberty by unworthy ways, then he is involved in the greatest servitude.

God himself permitteth it also. *Timor quem timebam evenit mihi, & quod verebar accidit.* Job 3. 25. One puts himself upon the hazard to live always in insupportable anxiety.

Thirdly, one is in danger to fall into much discouragement, and into sad despair, when he sees himself slipped into matters troublesom, and very vexing, since he sought to avoid the lightest. For which cause the Sages counsel us, willingly to accustom our selves a little to evil, and of our own accord to harden our selves, to the end, that when it shall come, necessity may make that more supportable, which we have already assayed by prudence. *We owe nothing to flesh, to live according to flesh,* saith S. *Paul*: and S. *Jerome* in the Epistle he wrote to *Aglasius*, clearly giveth him to understand, *That the Profession of Christianity is not a Profession nice and lazy; a true Christian every day beareth the Cross, and renounceth himself.* S. *Bernard* said as much in one of his Sermons upon the Canticles: *Fly* (saith he) *to your beloved persecutour, that you may find the end of your persecutions in the accomplishment of his wil.* It is a determination from heaven, that we should see before our eyes so many great religious men and women, most austere, whom the divine Providence seems to propose unto us, to extend and glorifie the Cross of *Jesus Christ*; and shew, that all is possible to the love of God.

Debitores sumus non carni, ut secundum carnem vivamus. Rom. 8. Hier. in ep. ad Aglas. *Non ist delicata in Deum, secura confessio quotidie credens in Christum, tollis Crucem suam, & negas seipsum.* Bern. ser. 85. in Cant. *Fuge ad illum qui adversatur, per quem talis fias, cui jam non adversetur.*

Sect. 3. *The Consideration of the indulgent favours of Jesus Christ towards Humane Nature is a powerful remedy against the Humour of Disdain.*

IF we be not yet throughly perswaded by these reasons; the example of our Saviour ought to make us ashamed: For when we more nearly consider his life, we find that he only did not shew an Aversion from things despicable, but chose the most abject, and contrarie to Nature.

The example of our Saviour serves for another strong remedy to sweeten our Aversions.

I ask of you, what attractive was there in humane nature, to draw him from the highest parts of the heavens to its love? What saw he in it but a brutish bodie, a soul in the most inferiour order of Intelligencies, all covered over with Crimes, wholly drenched in remedilesse miseries? and yet laying aside

aside those beautiful Angels who did shine as Aromatick lamps in his eternal Temple; he came upon earth to seek for this lost creature, prodigal of his substance, a foe to his honour, injurious to his glorie: and not content to reconcile it to his father, he espoused it, and united it to himself with a band indissoluble, putting it into the possession of all his greatnes, to surcharge himself with its miseries. This is it, which is so notably described by the Prophet *Ezekiel*, when he sets before our eys a miserable ungracious wretch, cast forth upon the face of the earth, wallowing in ordures, abandoned to all sorts of injuries, and scorns, whom the Prince of glorie looketh on with his eyes of mercie, taketh him, washeth, clotheth, adorneth, and tieth him to himself by the band of marriage.

Erat nuda, & confusione plena; & transivi per te, vidi te, & expandi amictum meum super te, & operui ignominiam tuam. Ezech. 16.

Displicentes amati summi, ut pierent in nobis unde placeremus. Concil. Arausican.

We naturally have so much Aversion from persons misshapen, nastie, and infected, that we cannot look upon them: but if with these defects, we also there find a soul wicked, ungrateful, an enemy to God and men; we then conceive such horrour, that one had need to be more then a man to endure them. Now, we were in this estate, which I speak of; for besides the misfortunes and calamities which encompassed us on all sides, we were enemies to God, by having been too much a friend to our selves; and which is more, we could not have one silly spark of love for him, if it were not inspired into us by himself: mean while he accepteth us, and appropriateth us to himself among all these contrarieties. He out of his goodnes will not lose him, who through his own malice delighteth to lose himself; he then stretcheth forth his hand unto him, when the other turns his back; the one flyeth, and the other pursueth this fugitive with the pace of his charity, even into the shadow of death. He calleth him, he flatters him, he courteth him; and not content to pardon him a crime, he promiseth him a Kingdom. What may one say of so profuse a Bountie!

Nec perentem perire patitur, nec ab averso avertitur; sed fugientem paterna charitate insequitur, se vocat, blanditur, & reverso non solum crimen ignoscit, sed & regnum promittit. Franco. Abbas l. 5. de gratia.

The humours of the world are quite contrary to the designs of God.

How can we in the world so greedily seek for all the contentments of nature, seeing the God of nature so roughly handled in the world, which he built with his own hands? we cannot abide the stinging of a fly, a noise, a smoke, the sight of a thing which is in any sort displeasing: a world must be made of gold and silk to satisfie our desires. *Jesus* is the sign of a Contradiction, reverenced in appearance, and effect, used as a thing of nought. O how divinely hath Saint *Augustine* expressed the humour of a worldly man, an enemy to the life of God, in the book he wrote of the Christian Combat! *Jesus* was not wise enough, according to the opinion of the world; He hath indifferently taken upon himself all that which his heavenly Father would, not shewing any Aversion from things the most distastefui.

Displicet avaris quòd non corpus aureum habuit; displicet impudicis, quia ex virgine natus est; displicet superbis quòd contumelias sapienter pertulit; displicet delicatis quòd cruciatus est; displicet timidis quòd mortuus est; & ut non vitia sua videantur defendere, unum in hoc dicunt sibi hoc displicere sed in filio Dei. Augustin. de agone Christiano.

This is it which is hard to digest; It displeaseth the covetous, that he coming into the world hath not brought with him a bodie of gold and pearl. It displeaseth the luxurious, that he was born of a Virgin. It displeaseth the proud, that he so patiently suffered injuries: It displeaseth the nice, that he endured so many afflictions and torments: Lastly, It pleaseth not the timorous, that he died. Prophane spirits cease not to say, but how can that be done in the person of God? and instead of correcting their vices (which are verie great) they find cavils at the perfections of *Jesus Christ*, which are most innocent.

Sect. 4. *The Conclusion against Disdain.*

It is a shame to have an Aversion against one for some defect of body, or some other deformity of nature, when we are bound to love him.

Will we still out of humour love things pleasing to sensualitie, and have a perpetual distaste against all which may maintain virtue?

A Father and a Mother, to have an aversion against their own children, under colour that they have some defect in nature; and instead of regarding them with an eye full of pity and compassion to comfort their infirmities, wipe away their tears, and provide for the necessities of their life, to leave them at random in the storm: and if out of necessitie we must do them some good, to throw them out bread in an anger as if they had committed a great crime to come into the world, in that rank which the providence of God had prepared for them; what a shame is it to entertain amities and pettie loves only to please flesh and blood; that if the eyes find not contentment, the heart will no longer observe fidelitie!

This creature, which had heretofore been so much beloved, is now forsaken, rejected, and used like an excommunicate, having no other crime but some deformity of body, some infirmity or other accident, nothing at all in its power to remedie.

A husband, traiterous to Altars, and to the Sacrament of marriage, barbarously useth a wife who brought with her the wealth of her parents, and her own heart and bodie, in lawful wedlock: but now this carnal man taken in the snare of his lust by a wretch and a prostitute, rejecteth a lawful wife as if she were a serpent, or the froth of an enraged Sea, elsewhere to satiate his brutishnes, to the prejudice of his reputation, and the death of his soul. Must I here produce the actions of Infidels, to confound ours?

Lucianus in Toxaride. A generous act of a Pagan, who teacheth us powerfully to command over our Aversions.

One *Menesippus* relateth in *Lucian*, How that he one day, seeing a man, comely, and of an eminent condition passing along in a Coach with a woman extremely unhandsom, he was much amazed, and said, he could not understand why a man of prime qualitie, and so brave a presence should be seen to stir abroad in the company of a monster. Hereupon, one that followed the Coach, overbearing him, said (Sir) you seem to wonder at what you now see; but if I tell you the causes and circumstances thereof, you will much more admire. Know, this Gentleman whom you see in the coach, is called *Zenothemis*, and born in the City of *Marseilles*, where he heretofore contracted a firm amitie with a neighbour-citizen of his, named *Menecrates*, who was at that time one of the chief men of the Citie as well in wealth as dignities: But as all things in the world are exposed to the inconstancie of fortune, it happened that having (as it is thought) given a false sentence, he was degraded of honour, and all his goods were confiscated. Every one avoided him as a Monster, in this change of fortune; but *Zenothemis* his good friend as if he had loved miseries, not men, more esteemed him in his adversitie, then he had done in prosperitie; and bringing him to his house, shewed him huge treasures, conjured him to share them with him, since such was the laws of amitie: the other weeping for joy to see himself so entertained in such sharp necessities, said, he was not so apprehensive of the want of worldly wealth, as of the burthen he had in a daughter, ripe for marriage, and willing enough, but blemished with many deformities. She was (saith the historie) but half a woman, a bodie misshapen, and limping, an eye bleared, a face disfigured; and besides, she had the falling sickness with horrible convulsions.

Nevertheleſs this noble heart ſaid unto him. Trouble not your ſelf about the marriage of your daughter, for I will be her husband. The other aſtoniſhed at ſuch goodneſs, God forbid (ſaith he) I lay ſuch a burthen upon you. No, no, replyeth the other, ſhe ſhall be mine, and inſtantly he married her, making great feaſts, whilſt the poor Father was rapt out of himſelf with admiration.

Having married this miſerable Creature, he honoured her with much regard, and made it his glory to ſhew her in the beſt company, as a trophey of his friendſhip. In the end ſhe brought him a goodly ſon, who reſtored his grand-father to his eſtate, and was the honour of his family.

O good God! A man of the world, to ſpeak, and do all this for worldly Amitie! to command over himſelf in all the great averſions of nature, to content a friend! to act all theſe admirable prodigies, in ſight of all the world for the ſatisfaction of a moral virtue! And can it become us to play the nicelings, and ſo much to give way to our averſions; to forſake the law of God, Nature, and our own ſalvation! Will we never underſtand the ſaying of Saint *Juſtine*; That to live according to the propenſions of Nature, is not to live like a Chriſtian?

The fifth Treatiſe, Of DELECTATION.

Sect. 1. *That Delectation is the ſcope of all Nature: Its Eſſence, Objects, and Differences.*

God hath made all creatures to have Delectation.

GOd ſeemeth to have made all things for *Delectation*; ſince even Creatures, which have no ſoul nor reaſon have a dead Delectation applyed to the place, and end for which they were made. Had fire ſenſe, it would triumph for joy to ſee it ſelf in an eminent place: and a ſtone would receive contentment to be below: the Iron would ſmile to feel it ſelf enchained by the arms of the Adamant; and a ſtraw, to behold it ſelf caught by the Amber.

Now for as much as theſe things are without judgement; all their joy conſiſteth only in the ceſſation of their motion, which is done when they are arrived at their proper elements. Creatures the moſt eminent have a ſenſitive knowledge of things agreeable to them, and do infinitely rejoyce in their poſſeſſion and fruition; But, man, who worketh by more powerful and exalted engins of reaſon, is created to participate in Joy, not by a dead Action, but by an underſtanding, and a reaſonable fruition. And that you may the better conceive, wherein the joy of a real man conſiſteth; you muſt know,

Four things compoſe the ſolid delectation of man.

it is compoſed of four things; the firſt whereof, is, that, to receive; one muſt have an object pleaſing and delightful, which is as the baſis of rejoycing: and ſecondly, a facultie capable to conceive, and know this object, which in it ſelf naturally diſpoſeth to *Delectation*; from whence it cometh to paſs, that a Beaſt will hear the braveſt and beſt Luteniſt in *France* without any pleaſure; becauſe, it hath not ears to judg of it: thence we muſt go to a third degree, which is an affection toward this object; otherwiſe, had it all the perfections in the world, there is no contentment taken therein: from

Why devils love not God, whom they know to be ſo amiable.

whence it cometh that devils, albeit they have a certain preſence of the ſoveraign of all objects, which is God, and have a certain knowledge of him; they cannot find any repoſe therein, becauſe they love him not. To conclude; the accompliſhment of pleaſure is the preſence, poſſeſſion, and fruition of the good which is known to us, and which we love: for from thence proceedeth a ſweetneſs vital, lively, and delicious which poureth it ſelf forth into the bottom of our ſouls, and diffuſeth it ſelf upon our ſenſes, as a gentle dew falling on plants. See what joy doth, if you have never well tryed it; which is indeed nought elſe but a ſatisfaction of the ſoul in the enjoying what it loves.

But now at this preſent, to expreſs all the objects, and particular cauſes thereof, is a diſcourſe which rather extendeth in length, then eſtabliſheth any ſolid veritie; Yet, I think one may undertake to affirm there are three ſorts of joy: ſome are

Three ſorts of joy.

wholly divine and inſpired, as thoſe of holy Confeſſours, Virgins, and Martyrs, who rejoyce in the practice of virtues, in auſterities, and torments; others are indifferent, partly humane, and civil, as are the pleaſures we take in the beautie and diverſitie of natural things, honeſt amities, and ſciences, in honour and eſtimation, in the ſucceſs and proſperitie of affairs, and in the exerciſe of great charges: Others come from the Baſe Court, and from animal nature, as are the pleaſures of eating and drinking, of feaſts, of banquets, of love, of dancing, of ſports, of plays, and of jeſting.

Contentments are rather in the will, then in pleaſing objects.

Every one meaſureth his likings by his own nature and condition; and one may truly ſay, that pleaſure is not properly in things exteriour, but in the interiour of our wils and appetites. See we not, that all colours have no luſtre in the night-time, and that neceſſarily light muſt awaken, and put them in poſſeſſion of being coloured? ſo, all objects in the world are of the ſame nature; they are dumb, dead, and inſenſible, unleſs the ray of our will reflects on them to actuate them, to ſet them a work, and of them to make matter of our delight.

If pleaſure ſprang from the qualitie of creatures, it would be alike in all hearts; and never would any thing, which is pleaſing to one, be irkſom or diſtaſteful to another: but ſith we ſee ſo many diverſities in the contentments of particulars, and that one ſelf-ſame man is ſometimes diſpleaſed with that he hath moſt affected; we may well ſay, there is ſome ſecret in joy which is not derived from any thing elſe, then it ſelf. *Chiron* could not endure to be a feigned God, becauſe he daily ſaw the ſame things. *Polycrates* was impatient to have Felicitie fixed upon him, and ſought, of his own accord, to become unfortunate, as one glutted with his own happineſs.

There are a thouſand fantaſtical tricks in a ſpirit over-much contented with worldly bleſſings, needs muſt our appetite in the ſame tone meet with objects, to accompliſh our felicitie: Wherefore it much import to habituate it in delight, which ariſeth from things good, and laudable, to purchaſe its joys at a low rate, to have them continually within ones ſelf, without begging them from elſewhere, which will never happen but by flight from unlawful luſts, and by the application of our minds to things divine. For which purpoſe I will here repreſent unto you the reproach of evil pleaſure, that you may adapt your ſelves to the ſources of the delights of God.

Sect.

Sect. 2. *The Baseness and Giddiness of sensual Voluptuousness.*

The essence of this Passion.

WIcked pleasure is an inordinate delight in sensual things, proceeding from a soft, nice, and effeminate soul which adhereth to its flesh, and excessively loveth it, and which also oft proceedeth from a spirit become cold in the love of God, and darkned in the knowledge of other blessings of the other life, from bad education, and from many vicious habits contracted in youth: strange is the dominion of flesh, and admirable the sway of pleasures.

Delubrum voluptatis. Isa. 13.21.

Figure unto your self that you in a Table see that Edifice, which the Prophet *Esay* calleth, *The Temple of pleasure*. It is a house of delight, where one entreth in by five gates, which are all crowned with roses, and carry the badge of youth, and prosperity. The five gates are the five senses, by which all the passages are made into carnal pleasure; and which according to their nature are perpetually but upon sensual pleasures, and vain delights of the world. When one entreth into this house, he instantly feels the smoke of meats, he heareth a great noise in the kitchin, and mixed with it a consort of dissolute people, who chant, that, which those miserable souls sung in the book of *Wisdom*. *Come, let us enjoy present blessings, and let us not torment our minds with the time to come; let us make much of creatures while they are in our power; let us take prosperitie by the wing whilst youth smileth on us. Let us spare neither rich wines, nor perfumes; the flower of time flyeth away, lay hold of it who can: Let us make coronets of roses before they wither, and let there not be a meadow wherein our sensuality wantonly sporteth not.*

Venite, fruamur bonis quæ sunt, & utamur creatura tanquam in juventute celeriter, vino pretioso & unguento nos impleamus: & non prætereat nos flos temporis; coronemus nos rosis, antequam marcescant, nullum pratum sit quod non pertranseat luxuria nostra.

Then we behold a great number of those drunkards, of whom the Prophet *Esay* speaketh, who are upon the side of a river, called the *Forgetfulness of God*: some of them are frizzled, powdred, musquified; others smoke-dried, high-coloured, and Fiery-faced; others pale, meager, and out of countenance: some drink, eat, and make good chear so prodigiously, that Nature doth even burst for anger: some toy, sport, and trifle among women of their own humor: others fumble upon a Lute, sing airs, and prattle to please themselves: others shuffle Cards, shake dice, and pitch battels at the sound of money: others design strange new dances in their fantasies: and to conclude; all of them have no other aim, but the satisfaction of sense, and the slaverie of the flesh.

The image of nice ones.

You see likewise among these heaps very many of suspicious nicelings, who have as great a care of their health, as if the Species of men were to fail in themselves. There are many people, who never by experience knew of what colour the Crisping of day was; and who as well also may vaunt, as the Sybarite, that they never saw the sun either rising or setting. Alchymists labour to turn copper into gold; but these men commonly turn day into night, and seek for elements apart to distinguish themselves from other men, as being not made of the same matter with the rest. They perpetually pick quarrels at the air, the winds, the seasons; and there is scarcely a day clear enough for them: they must keep their chambers, learn the trick of dining in their beds, to beware of Planets and Moons (as great enemies) and to fear the *Serene* as if it were some flying serpent, which came to rob them of their life: heat, cold, moisture, drouth, travel, the way, are hostilities with them, against which they proclaim an everlasting war. All these kinds of people would willingly make *Epicurus* his vow, which is never to have any trouble, nor ever would they be dispensed with in it. If there be the least shadow of some sickness; Physicians upon Physicians must be consulted with, all the world must be entertained with an imaginary evil, remedies must be sought for, on all sides; Drugs every hour, of all kinds sent for, so long, until they have made an Apothecaries shop of their bodies. But if really they be sick; *Hippocrates* and *Galen* must be raised again, to feel their pulse, so few Physicians they find to their liking; and then battels must be waged, to take a medicine, or to receive a prick of the lancet, if peradventure the apprehension of it be lodged in the giddiness of their brains. When Death comes to look on them, he must have a gilded Mask on, and be cloathed with a garment of white sattin, embroidered with pearls, and a little sythe of Christal put into his hands, or a silver dart; for they extremely fear the stroke.

Lastly, to be short, you in this lodging observe infinite many who never make use of their feet, and as little of their head, but to trouble all the world: such as cannot eat one morsel but with silver forks, nor cannot spit but upon the same metal; such whose viands must be more choice then were used in those antient feasts of false gods: There is not a Cook, a Groom, nor a Maid-servant can content them; so many fashions, singularities, and services there are about them: you would say their life is a continual sacrifice repleniſhed with ceremonies; everie day they must be upon change of officers, and he who accomodateth not himself to their humour, is their open enemy. Were it not better for one to die a thousand times, or to live all the dayes of his life attending the most skittish Mule that is, then do such service to his bodie?

Sect. 3 *The Sublimity, Beauty, and Sweetness of Heavenly delights.*

Remedies, True contentment is in God.

WRetched Soul! if thou yet art not grieved to lead a life, an enemie to the Cross, odious to Reason, unsupportable to men: and if thou seekest joy and contentment, for which, it seems to thee, we are born; lift up thine eye, and behold delight in its source, which thou wilt never find but in the house of God. The wine of Palms makes all other wine unsavourie, and men to be temperate; So the contentment which cometh from things divine, blotteth out the memory of all sensual delectations.

Melior est racemus Ephraim vindemiis Abiezer. Judic. 8. 2.

One grape alone of Ephraim is better worth then all the vineyards of Abiezer. One sole pleasure taken in heavenly objects, is a thousand times more to be esteemed then all the contentments in the world, whose desire is nothing but fire; fruition, but disturbance; and loss, but repentance. All the pleasure of God is in God himself: he hath his Halls, his orchard, delights, his Cabbinet, and his Paradise in his own bosom: he alone is an infinite good to himself, and sustinent in all the latitudes of its beatitude: he enjoyeth it from all eternitie, having no need of any creature, to augment the pleasure of it, and to accomplish the glorie of it: and, if of necessitie he must have company, and amitie to make up an accomplished good; he never needed more then the most sweet and lovely societie which he found before all Ages in the Trinitie of persons, amongst whom there is a sovereign Communication of blessings, joy, counsels, and nature. Now, it is an admirable thing that the same good which God out of necessitie hath for himself, he hath prepared for us through Charity;

God possessing himself, enjoyeth his contentment.

and will we have any other Paradiſe, then himſelf! Maſters will not have any thing common with their ſervants, and if they could, they would not breath the air which ordinary people daily draw in without any difference; but would create another more pure and delicate, for their own uſe. God, all good, and all bounteous, doth quite contrarie: For, all that, which is greateſt, moſt rare, and moſt to be wiſhed, is beatitude which boundeth the deſires of all the world; and he hath ſhared it with us, not dividing it, ſith he will, that every one of us poſſeſs it without diviſion, as he enjoyeth himſelf without diſtinction of felicitie between perſons. O what a ſhame is it, that a ſoul created for the delight of God, beggeth its contentment from an ape, from a parrot, from ſome ſauce, from a dance, or other thing more contemptible!

Three conſiderable qualities in the bleſſings of God.

The bleſſing of God hath three things, obſerved by S. *Thomas*, which marvellouſly recommend it, to wit, that it is moſt general, moſt intimate, and moſt durable. If we found the like qualities in the pleaſures of the fleſh; I ſhould think they were wiſe, who provided themſelves of them: but if there be nothing leſs in them, then all that which a well-rectified ſoul may deſire; why purſue we them, to inflame our thirſt and provoke our appetites? As for what concerneth Generalitie; the benefits of ſenſe have this want; they never generally delight, ſith the train of the Peacock, which pleaſeth the eye with its diverſified paintings, contents not the taſte at all; and that which pleaſeth the taſte, doth not neceſſarily pleaſe either the touching or ſmelling. Otherwiſe doth Gold recreate, and otherwiſe delight; everie creature hath its propertie and nature, which limiteth the virtue thereof with a certain circumference: God is the the object which gathereth together all delights, as he uniteth all bleſſings. O man, thou calleſt here under the little of Contentment, all that pleaſeth thee: *Thy gold is thy contentment, and thy Farm thy contentment, and thy life thy contentment; but God is a contentment which includeth all other pleaſures: among theſe objects which charm thy ſenſes, that which is ſilver cannot be gold, and that which is wine cannot become bread, and that which is light cannot ſerve thee for drink: but thy God is that alone which containeth the models of all pleaſures to be imagined.*

Aurum tuum pax eſt, prædia tua pax, Deus tuum pax; quicquid hic deſiderat, paxtibi erit; quia hoc, aurum quod tibi eſt, non poteſt eſſe argentum: quod vinum eſt, non poteſt eſſe panis: quod tibi lux eſt, non poteſt eſſe potus; Deus tuus totum erit tibi. Aug. in Pſal. 36. ſerm. 1.

Secondly, if we regard the manner of delighting; all pleaſures of ſenſe paſs but to the outward skin: and if they come to penetrate farther; they beat down our ſenſes which are not long able to bear an object ſo violent, although it be guſtful and pleaſing. Our ſoul alone, as it is in its nature, is not mingled with that matter which tieth things corporal: It hath a capacitie almoſt infinite of not being wearie of its object; and God who is a ſpirit-Creator pierceth in into the bottom, and overfloweth it with eternal felicities. For, as for the third conſideration, we ſee all ſenſual delectations paſs along like a torrent which runs through a valley: but the bleſſings of God ever flow with an affluence which never dryeth; and therefore *Hugh* of S. *Victor* verie well compared the favours of heaven to a miraculous oil, which the Prophet *Elizeus* obtained by his prayer for the good widow: for as ordinarily oil daily decreaſed in the veſſels wherein it was put; this, quite contrarie, ſo multiplyed through the bleſſing of the Saint, that the woman was enforced to ſay, ſhe had no more veſſels to put it in. And how many ſee wee in the world, who keep a wicked ſlight pleaſure as a drop drop of corrupt oil which comes to nothing, and fadeth away as if it be not ſpent; whereas the conſolations of heaven do ſometimes ſo fruitfully overflow upon faithful ſouls, that they confeſs they have not a heart large enough to contain them! O ſoul really penurious, worthy of all the poverties on earth; whom the riches of heaven cannot ſuffice! what haſt thou to do with thoſe ſtanding puddles of Egypt which do only inflame thirſt in thy veins? wilt thou never ſeek for thy refreſhment in the Ciſterns of *Bethlehem*!

Hugo l. 1. Miſcellaneorum. tit. 3. *Ad oleum mundi vaſa deficiunt, oleum mundi in vaſis deficit.*

Sect. 4. *The Paradiſe, and joyes of our Lord, when he was on earth.*

Our Lord paſſed all his life in contentments which were neceſſarily due to him, to give us an example to wean our ſelves from them.

LEt us, in the ſecond inſtance, behold what joys and what pleaſures the incarnate word made choice of in this life; ſince it muſt ſerve us for a model. Verily, were there a man in the world worthy to live in perpetual delight; it was he, in whom the heavenly Father had choſen to place his heart, his joys, and contentments: It is he, who is called by Saint *Auguſtine, the ſummary of all power, the Treaſury of virtues, the flower and quinteſſence of contentments, the ſweetneſs of delights, and the perpetual banquet of Angels.* As ſupremely potent; he might afford himſelf all the pleaſures of Monarchs: as correſpondently virtuous; he might ſanctifie them in his own perſon: As being in poſſeſſon of the moſt pure delight (in ſuch ſort that the only aſpect of his face ſerved for a delicious feaſt to all the bleſſed ſouls;) he ſeemed to be inſeparable from joy; He notwithſtanding would take ſo poor a part in the comforts of the world, that he, who would conſider and behold the whole Table of his life from the time of his birth to his death, ſhall find he choſe the life of a Halcyon who liveth among thorns, whereof her neſt is made, and on the trembling agitation of waters, which ſerve it for a moving chariot. The life of *Jeſus Chriſt* was a thorny life among a thouſand difficulties which environed it on all ſides, a life toſſed with a thouſand afflictions which afforded him no reſt, a life like unto a piece of Tapiſtry wrought with threds of gold, wherein there was nothing but thickets of briars and brambles. Good God! if we be threatned by ſome evil; we try all manner of helps, we offer vows to all the ſaints, and make heaven and earth to conſpire (if we can) to free us from it: we beſeech God to do miracles in our behalf, that we may ſuffer nothing; and he doth a perpetual one in himſelf, to endure all which a ſupreme crueltie could invent, & an equal patience ſuffer. He permitted ſadneſs to ſeize on him; even in the boſom of Beatitude, as if a King ſhould give a ſergeant leave to bring him a ſummons in the midſt of the pleaſures of his Table. The two moſt triumphant days of his mortal life ſeem to be, that of his Transfiguration, and that whereon he made his magnificent entrance into *Jeruſalem*; And yet on this he wept, as moiſtning his triumph with tears from his eyes: and on the other, *Moſes* and *Elias*, who appeared by his ſides, to ſerve as Oratours in his praiſes, ſpake of that he was to fulfil in *Jeruſalem* (to wit) of his exceſſive ſufferings, as if one had proclaimed to *Caſar* the ſentence of his death, at the inſtant when he entred into his Ivorie chariot to be drawn by four white horſes. *Jeſus Chriſt* was at that time in a body all reſplendent with lights, which was as a chariot to his ſoul; and he would, to be entertained with his paſſion, mingle the Cypreſs with the Lawrel. I do not wonder the Fathers have applyed to him the paſſage of *Geneſis*; *I will put my Bow in the clouds.*

Hic eſt filius meus dilectus in quo mihi bene complacui. Mat. 17. 5. *Totius poteſtatis ſumma, theſaurus virtutum, flos delectationum, amœnitas deliciarum, convivium Angelorum.* Aug. hom. in exurgens Maria.

This,

Arcum meum ponam in nubibus. Gen. 9.

This, verily, was the Rainbow of the Celestial Father, which shone, & showred both at one time: for, we see, this goodly meteor, all composed of clouds of glory which serve as a Mirrour for the sun, ceaseth not to pour down it self in rain upon our heads; so, the Saviour of the world in the pavillion of the Beatitude of his soul all covered over with fires and lights, had eyes weeping over the sins and miseries of men. Where think you were his joyes? S. *Augustine* will tell you. The soul of *Jesus Christ* was perpetually content, because it was drenched in God his father, as a drop of dew in the Ocean: It was ever in the place of pleasures which were born with it. All it thought, all it did, all it aimed at, was nothing but God: and from this so perfect union, waited on by immortal ardours of his love, it derived its Immutability.

Aug. l. de Incarnatione Verbi.

The soul (besides these delicious Torrents of beatifick vision which overflowed it) drew its consolations from the very sufferings it endured for the glory of the Divine Majesty. It drew them from the destruction of Idols, and from the confusion of devils which yelled, being now despoiled under its feet, from the exaltation of the Church, in sufferings and persecutions; from the glory of so many souls who sailed from the red sea of their bloud to eternal rewards; from so many holy Virgins who were to follow the standard of the purity which his Mother did first of all place on his Altars; from so many Doctours who should be born to beat down heresie in so many battels, which were to be waged throughout the revolution of Ages; from so many Confessours who should bedew themselves with tears of pennance, and burn themselves in a Holocaust of sweetness. All was presented unto it, as in a burning glass; the rayes whereof reflected in diametre upon its heart to set it all on fire, in such sort, that it was then like to the great Angel of whom the Prophet *Zachary* speaketh, who sat upon a red horse among gardens of Myrrhe, which are the Hieroglyphes of love; his red horse was the ardour of his celestial affection, and the branches of Myrrhe so many elect souls, which were even then in the Book of Prescience, wherein he took unspeakable delight.

Zach. 1.8.

Sect. 5. *Against the Stupidity and Cruelty of worldly pleasures.*

AND now, (O disloyal soul) to be called to the society of the joyes of the celestiall Father, and of the Son of God; and to despise them for a miserable fansie of pleasure! Ah, illusion! Ah witchcraft! What sense is there to feast perpetually, and to live in the profuse excess of Taste and gourmandize, which you shall one day have more cause to curse, then cherish; whilst so many poor Widows, so many little Orphans, and people heretofore fortunate, now necessitous, even to the extremity of penury, have not dry bread to moisten it with their tears, before they eat it? When have you inquired after their Calamities? When have you opened an eye to behold them? When have you so much as made a ray of mercy to reflect on so pressing and deplorable miseries? *Go (O thou ungrateful to God) traitour to thy own salvation, enemy of the poore, scorn of the rich, and prison of humane Nature,* who keepest it shut up in thy bowels of brass, not suffering it so much as to behold its like. What wilt thou answer to the voice of the bloud of so many poor, who will plead against thee at the day of judgment, if thou from this time resolvest not to cut off thy superfluities, to comfort their afflictions? Where wilt thou find any to receive thee into those celestial mansions, if thou dost not visit the poor in their Hospitals, and Cabbins, abandoned by all the world? Where wilt thou find rewards from heaven, if thou soweſt not liberalities on earth? O thou nice wanton who wiltst perpetually be observed according to the giddy fancies of the exorbitant spirit; and the many sufferings which have covered, and swallowed up the third part of man-kind, never to enter into thy thoughts! Of what flesh, of what bloud, of what bones dost thou think thou art made; to desire here to be served like a demy-God, and to walk on the heads of men? Ignorant of thy self, nay Hang-man of thy self, who canst not live without so much prodigality, superfluities, and services; not knowing that the first imitation of God, is, to depend little in the world on ought which concerneth the service of the body. O thou old raven of the Deluge, who still art tied with a long chain of servitude, to a wretched piece of carrion, which hath exhausted the wealth of thy purse, and brain! Is it then infamous pleasure for which thou hast renounced the delights of heaven, for which thou hast betrayed thy salvation, and trampled under foot the bloud of the Testament; and thou not yet so vouchsafe to open thy eyes, to see the headlong ruine which threatneth thee? Unhappy Bacchanalians, who make Temples to be consecrated among Christians to Idolatrize you; where will you find any place to lodge you in, unless you mean to leap, and skip upon the blood of the lamb? Hence with riot, curiosity, sports, feasts, and dissolute delights; I pronounce it, I publish it aloud, They are the Apostacies of Christianity, if you dayly go about to countenance these libertinismes.

Ingrate Deo, sibi nequam, bonis pauperum, divitum nota, carcer naturæ. Chrysol. serm. 104.

Traiterous pleasures, pleasures enemies of the Cross; see, see at the door of the house of these Syrens the sepulchres of Concupiscence which stink, and smoke still with the disastrous carrions of those unsatiable bellies which made war against heaven, to have dainties, which they no sooner received into their throats, but the anger of God fell on their criminal heads: and do you think, that following their steps, you shal have better success? See, see *Lot's* wife turned into a statue of salt, who stil cryeth out, with an eternal voice, over the burning ruins of *Sodom*, and saith, For having looked back on a voluptuous City, yea, on the flames of my punishment, behold me changed into a pillar of salt, that all posterity may know, that bodily lusts are like unto salt water, which well may irritate thirst, but never can quench it. See, see likewise those Princes glutted with delights, crucified right against the sun, which at their death reproacheth them with their crimes. O voluptuous! O carnall creature! the time will come, when those members which thou wouldest not crucifie by a holy mortification on the Cross of *Jesus Christ*, shall be crucified on the Cross of the bad thief, by the pains and torments which the Justice of God shall send thee, and it shall be said, Crucifie, Crucifie him against the sun, that he dying, may see him whom he hath despised; that he may see the sun of Justice, against which he hath spit; that he in Idea may see the splendour of eternal delights, which he hath left, to tie himself to a dunghill; that dying, *Jesus* may reproach him with his sensualities, his dissolutions, and ingratitudes. O God! rather hair shirts, sackcloth, ashes, sacks, thorns, fasts, austerities, and sharp rasours, then to fall into such ignominy.

Num. 11. 34.

Genes. 19. 26.

Num. 25. 4. *Tolle cunctos Principes populi, & suspende eos contra solem in patibulis: quia exformicati cum Moabitibus commederunt sacrificia Beelphegor.*

Hic ure, hic seca modò in æternum parcas.

Sect.

Sect. 6. *The Art of Joy, and the means how to live contented in the world.*

The art of Joy.

ONe of the best arts in the world is, how well to rejoyce, and the man who finds out the mistery of it, doth more, then if he had discovered the fountain-head of *Nilus*, or the Countreys which produce gold and diamonds. I will give you a brief method of it, to conclude, the Treatise of Delight; and place your soul (if you wil take so much pains as to obey reason) in the state of a most sincere tranquillity.

You must first of all imagine with your self, that the earth whereon we live is not the region of joyes; and what industry soever we may use, we shall not any long time of our life be impenetrable to cares, and Sadness, which commonly grow from our condition.

Damascen.

It was a fansie in King *Abenner* to be desirous to breed up his son in continual pleasure, never suffering him to be touched with the least impression of so many discontents, which occurre in the course of mans life. For which purpose he caused him to be educated in a pallace, which seemed to be consecrated to merriments, and delights: All, which art and nature could do to make a man contented, was shut within this circuit, and the Father permitted not any thing to be presented before his sons eyes, which might have the power any way to displease him. In the end, this happy creature was troubled at his golden Cage, and delicious prison. He had a desire to behold the world: and having before never seen about him but flourishing troups of youth, endowed with strength, garb, and health, enjoying full prosperity; he, at his going out of the palace, met first a begger, then a leper; lastly, a man all worn with age; which sight instantly moved his heart, touched with much compassion of the miseries of mans life.

Cares enter into us by the gates of the senses, let them be never so well guarded: and if we have not wherewithall to be contristated; our own felicities displease us. Upon which *Symmachus* hath very well observed. That, *We are born in the world much rather for sorrows then joyes; pleasures which accost us; stay not long with us, they have wings to forsake us, but to say truely, sweetest things in the world are given us for an use as short, as the sense thereof is feeble.* And that which the more is to be lamented, is, that wits the most subtle are ordinarily the least satisfied; they are more greedy of the time to come, more distasted with the present, less forgetfull of evil past: They burn themselves with their proper light; and many times, to avoid an honest captivity, they frame themselves a thousand fetters. It is no disgrace; but, the desire of many, to be a beast a little, to live the more in repose; and to leave the tree of Knowledge, to gather the fruit of life. Now, albeit we cannot arrive in the state of this present world to a fulness of felicity; yet there are means somewhat to manage our life, and to lead it in innocent contentments. To reach this happiness, it is necessary first of all to have a conscience very clean, and free from remorses, from crimes, and from sins, never well expiated; for that is it which lighteth up torches, and which causeth furies, and tormentors in the midst of a heart troubled with spectres of its own wickedness. What joy hath a man who hath God his enemy; and who feels the Divine Justice to shoot lightnings, and shake thunder over his criminal head? nay, may we not say, there is not a moment of his life which is not steeped in the bitterness of his thoughts? There is not a Thunderclap which seemeth not to roar for him: There is neither an anger in the heavens, nor a menace on the Earth, which seems not to conspire to his ruine. If you have passed your life very innocently; give thanks to God who is the Father of innocency, and the source of Sanctity.

Symmach. ep. l. 1. Sic nati sumus ut sæpius adversa fungamur, & bonæ uniuscujusque rei tam brevis usus, quam levis sensus est.

But if by mishap you are fallen into some very grievous sin; (following the Counsel of Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*) *Mount up to the Tribunal of your understanding, lead your soul to judgment, let your thoughts accuse you, let your reason judge you, let your conscience lift up the sword, let it strike home, let the blood of tears be seen to stream from the wound, and be you a Martyr of penance, to become a witness of the mercies of God.*

Damian. serm. 30. Ascende tribunal mentis, & semetipsum pertrahe ad judicium quæstionis, cogitatio accuset, animus judicet, pœnitens conscientia velut Carnifex feriat, lachrimarum rivus vulnus terumpat: Sic per Martyrii similitudinem ad veram pervenies Martyrii dignitatem.

It is to mount very high, to come to this first degree; but we must yet pass to the second, which is mortification of passions, because a soul perpetually mastered by its appetites, cannot freely breathe the air of the children of God. It was in the confusion of stirs, that the Prophet *Nahum* accomplished his Prophecy. *The voice of the whip, the voice of the impetuosity of wheels, of the neighing horse, and the flaming chariot, of the corvetting horseman, of the glittering sword, and of the lightning lance, where we see nothing but death and ruine.* There is nothing but wars in a passionate spirit, the whip of Gods Justice scourgeth, the wheel of inconstancy there circumvolveth continually, there concupiscence neigheth. Pride walks in Triumph, anger shooteth its envenomed shafts, there virtues are ruined, and vices walk in pomp. And what pleasure can you have in these tumults, and in these nights, drawing so near to Hell!

Nahum. 3.

Salmeron in Parab. Evang.

It is held, that pearls have a thick film which darkneth all their lustre: but when they have passed through the entrails of a pigeon which concocteth them by its heat, this skin falleth off, and they get a radiance infinitly beautious. The like hapneth in the matter of a soul troubled with some evil passion; it loseth the lustre wch is imprinted thereon by the finger of God, & fadeth in the obscurity of its concupiscence: but if it throw it self into the heart of God, wch is the holy Ghost it self, it tempreth the unrulines of passions by his divine ardours, & is clothed with the most pleasing lights of the Empyreal heaven, wch are the sources of the most innocent delights. What a spectacle is it to see a man master over himself, who walketh according to the levels of God, as the hours by the degrees of the sun, who prefers conscience before riches, virtue above honour, who wil not be knowing, but to understand his own ignorance, who desireth not to be potent, but to do good, who of his words maketh decres of wisdom, & of his life a continual harmony! Must we not confess that he entreth into a fortress, where envy no longer hath a tooth to hurt, calumny no serpentine tongue to sting him, nor fortune darts to strike him? It is not a simple word, but an Oracle of the 70 Interpreters, when they said, that a man who hath wel mastred his passions, is the Physician of his own heart.

Add to this victory over pasions, a good choice of professions and vocations, which are to be exercised in humane life, wherein we necessarily must play some part, and have some reasonable employment to entertain our selves, otherwise Idleness oftentimes becoms the seminary of unquietness. There are men, who be in the world, as dislocated bones in the body, They have hit ill by the mishap of their choice, they are not in the place, where the divine Providence would have them. A storm of pasion hath peradventure thrust one into a Cloister, an infirmity

Πεφύτευται ἀνὴρ χαρᾶς ἐν ἑαυτῷ. Eccl. 30. 23. Vbi vulgata. In. Exultatio viri est longevitas.

of

of flesh hath bound another too basely to some poor wedlock: those are bands which wisdom cannot break, although Imprudence hath many times tied them with its hands, we must sweeten them by reason, since they vex us by their necessity. A heart galled by some ill chance, which it knoweth to be incorrigible, hath much ado to find any joy; it must be created by art, seeing we cannot attain it by good luck: It will not be so genuine, but perhaps generous enough. It is a great mystery in matter of contentment, prudently to order the course of ones life, and not to put ones self upon bad businesses; to be guided rather by counsel, then by passion, to dispose his persons, and family within limits, civilly well rectified, neither to make matter for a Comedy of his name, nor for a Tragedy of his manners; to settle his little fortune in a pure tranquility; not to be offensive, nor to have any enemies but such as have proclaimed enmity against reason. Great estates are much more uncapable of contentment then mean; they have too great a Train, and in the great extent of their appurtenances, they fall the more often upon all kind of hazards; their felicity is a body composed of a million of members, multitude burdeneth them, and the want but of one afflicteth them. We have seen Kings and Princes, who could not be merry, but by stealing themselves from themselves, and by forsaking the enfignes of their dignity, to descend to the conversation of more inferiour conditions.

There are many in the world, who are incited by great worldly ambitions, but who having met the golden mean, habituate themselves in their condition, and there to adapt them, as Halcyons to their nest: They have the dew of Heaven, and the fat of the Earth, wealth, children, inheritances, houses, money, health, and friends; they manure the gifts of God, in an assured repose; it seemeth contentments are onely made for such men. Such is the felicity described by the Poet *Martial. Wealth which comes by succession, not by pains-taking; land which affords a good revenew; a perpetual fire, no suit, no servitude, a mind contented, a body sound, and conveniently strong; a prudent simplicity: friends suitable, domesticks obsequious, a Table without art, night free from cares, and not burthened with wine; A bed not sad, but chaste; sleep which makes the night seem short; to desire to be what one is, and to reach at no more; neither to fear the last day of our life, nor to wish it.* Behold the bounds of humane happiness, which are well enough expressed, according to the opinion of the world; and such as walk these wayes, readily sequester themselves from all the disturbances of eare, and would not in any sort approve the ceremonious customes of the *Jews*, who commonly carried panniers and Hay along with them in a journey, to put them in mind that their Ancestours had carried earth and mortar in *Egypt*. But yet we must tell you, it were to make life too beggerly, and too much depending on fortune; to think felicity is included within so narrow bounds. There needeth but a moment to pull down a nest, which a bird hath built with time and pains: nor needeth there also but one misfortune to dissipate all the little Oeconomy of humane prudence.

Martial. Epig. l.10.

Cuneus. l.1. de Rep. Hebr.

Learn a good lesson of contentment, which shall be, not to rejoyce much at vain and mutable things; to unloose your self, what you may, from sense, and to fly into the region of Angels, therein to find your contentment. There is ordinarily much satisfaction in the commerce one hath with God, in great and worthy actions, in good conversations and pure amities, in the estimation which proceedeth from virtue, in the contemplation of total Nature, therein to find the God of Nature, in the last of the Maxims and verities of our Religion, and (if you be of capacity) in Eloquence, Poetry, Painting, Musick, the Mathematicks, in Games which are most spiritual, Histories, Books, meetings of good wits, woods and solitudes. Discharge your delights (as much as you can) from matter, to approach unto those of Paradise. Fix them not on things which are hard to atchieve, and easie to be lost; practise your spirit, to find them in your heart, as a good father of a family, who ever hath wherewith to live, and to feast his guests in his own house. Forget not in the time of fair weather to prevent the storm of humane accidents, and daily think how you may put your self under covert within your self; but, which is more, into the bosome of God. When *Gyges* his ring was turned towards the world, it made him visible to all there present; but when he drew it back towards himself, he became invisible, and impregnable against such as wished him ill. If your quality cause you to look towards the world, and pompously to propose you to the eyes of beholders; remember you must have a Retreat, and innocent invisibilities to vindicate your self from the throng of importunacies.

When you shall have well-grounded the matter of your contentments, then neglect not the form and fashion of them. Imitate not those, who on a sudden drench and drown themselves in pleasure, with a voluntary drunkenness, which presently deprives them of all pleasure; Distill your joyes, like unto a heavenly dew; moisten your heart, but overflow it not; otherwise it is to be feared in such as are of a very soft temper, lest the approach of excessive joy, may cause a great evaporation of spirit, and leave the heart destitute of heat and vigour: which caused *Zenxes* the Painter to die laughing, as he beheld the rough draught of an old woman, which he was a finishing; and the Poet *Philemon*, by seeing an Ass that came to eat figs on his Table.

Howsoever it be, distaste sticks to the extremes of the greatest pleasures, as Cantharides on the faireſt Roses. Resemble not those who overflow in their favours, who publish their own prosperities, and tell them to all the world: which raiseth them many envious and maligne spirits, who stir up tempests in their imaginary tranquillity. Rejoyce (said an Ancient) in your bosome; do all the good you practise from morning till night, with pleasure; and when any misadventure befalleth you, ever think, it is a great favour from God it went no further; and that the Divine Providence is satisfied with a little hurt. Call sometimes to your memory the ill days and dangers you have escaped by the goodness of God, that you with the more gust may taste your repose. If you be fortunate, hold you there, and be not like the dog in the Fable, who let go his piece of flesh to catch a shadow. The foolish Idolaters of *Egypt*, after they had Courted their god *Apis* in so many studied fashions, after they had found him with so much satisfaction, after they had received him with so much applause, killed him, to put another in his place. That is it which all senseless worldly spirits do, they disturb their own pleasures, and themselves, to live to become the conquest of a Chymera of honour, or of some pleasing thing, which keeps them in a

perpetual

perpetual famine. You are permitted to love the gifts of God, to derive a little tribute of contentment out of all creatures, to restore it to the Authour, to avoid discontented humour, spirits troublesome and complaining, to please your self with good company: But if you desire to know the mystery of mysteries in pleasure; understand, you shall never find it but when you shall learn to rejoyce in tribulations, out of a desire you have to conform your self to *Jesus Christ*. That is the joy which all the Saints have studied with pain, have found with delight, and have tasted with glory. That is it which S. *Peter* calleth, *The ineffable, and the glorified*; That which S. *James* said contained the consummation of all comforts: That which S. *Paul* found in Caverns, S. *Laurence* on the Gredi-ron, S. *Katharine* on the wheel, S. *Apollonia* in flames; Lastly, That which cometh from the throne of the Lamb, and which with its eternal streams watereth all the plants of *Paradise*.

Exultabitis lætitia inenarrabili & glorificata. 1 Pet. 1.8. *Omne gaudium.* Jacob. 1.2.

The sixth Treatise, of SADNESS.

Sect. 1. *Its Description, Qualities, and the Diversity of those who are turmoiled with this Passion.*

The Essence and Image of Sadness. *Cujus initium cæcitas obtinet, progressum labor, dolor exitum, error omnia.* Petrach. de remediis.

A Wise man said that man entreth into life as into a career, where, in the beginning, blindness putteth a scarf over his eyes, then delivers him over to labour, which giveth him a heavy stone to roll all the length of the life, labour placeth him in the hands of sorrow and sadness; sorrow (which properly is a dislike had against objects contrary to its inclination) exerciseth him principally in the body: Sadness, which is a passion of the reasonable Appetite, that filleth the heart with acerbity by the privation of amiable objects, and by the representation of things grievous and opposite to nature, works upon the soul, which it incessantly afflicteth. Some are slowly wasted by perpetual languours, others are many times seized on with so much violence, that they suddenly die of it, as it happened to a son of *Gilbert*, Duke of *Montpensier*, who yielded up the ghost on the tomb of his father.

This passion hath for nurse, softness of spirit, seeing a soft soul is ordinarily eaten by anxiety, and gnawn by perplexity, as iron is consumed by Rust: It is seated in melancholy; for the melancholick are they who most feel the burdens of life, the spirit being deprived of alacrity, which useth to season things the most bitter. Faintness and discouragement are ever by its sides to torment it: because they are the two passions which dry up the *Humidum radicale*, quench the heat, drain the source of spirits, and constitute the whole state of its mischief. Round about it fly cares, discontentments, and annoyes; since these are its companions, and most ordinary entertainments. The heart of it is filled with an infinite number of desires, being our discontentments do multiply according to the measure of our desires; and that he who desireth nothing, quarrels at no body, nor is impatient at the burdens which the providence of God layeth on his shoulders. It liveth on gall, as being nourished by continual acerbities: It looketh back far off after contentment, which flieth from it; insomuch as its onely torments consisteth in desiring, and not enjoying: It beholdeth it self in a pond of standing water; because such are the objects of sadness, which the impatient set before their eyes, to stir up in them many troubled and uncollected fantasies. Lastly, it is one while little, crouching, and loutish, with a countenance of lead, and weeping eyes; another while also it is furious, inflamed, and fretfull; to signifie unto us two sorts of impatient men, whereof the one silently bites the bridle, having no means to come to the end of their pretensions: and the other breaks out into extraordinary fury, with intention to tear asunder the obstacles which oppose their designs. Behold the picture of sadness drawn out of Philosophy and reason. Now, I may well add, following the conceits of the wise, that I see infinite many in this picture who have not all the same liveries; For the kingdom of this Passion, is an admirable Purgatory, where punishments are divers, and every one participates of them according to the quality of his apprehension, and the diversity of objects. *Such* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *is the condition of our life; Roses, which before sin grew without thorns, are afterward on all sides armed with sharp-pointed prickles, to teach us that the most smiling fortunes take part in the cares, and miseries of the condition of mortals.*

Spina sessa gratiam floris, tanquam humanæ speculum præferens vitæ, quæ suavitatem perfunctionis suæ finitimis curarum stimulis sæpe compungit. S. Ambr. l. 3. Hexameron.

Impatient of divers qualities.

I observe nice impatient ones; who have been bred, as it were, between silk and cotton, and who never beheld the miseries of the world, but through shadows and clouds, and therefore the use they have taken to be served from their childhood according to their humour, causeth patience to be a matter very extraordinary with them. So you see that upon the least occasion presented of suffering, their weak spirit shrinks within it self, and their tender flesh makes resistance. These are they of whom the Prophet *Baruch* spake, *My nice ones have walked through hard and rough wayes.* And of whom *Seneca* hath aptly said; *They are ulcers which are irritated when they are lightly touched, or that you make but a shew to do it.* I on the other side observe suspicious impatient ones, who skirmish with flies, and are tormented upon shadows of affronts which never were, continually ruminating on some slight cold countenance not purposely shewed them; or some word spoken, meerly out of freedom of speech: on the other side, I see of them that are prompt, and sharp, whose bloud quickly comes into their faces, whose eyes sparkle, voice is shrill, fashion turbulent, and veins wholly bent upon revenge; so that they do not long dispute with a yoke: but break it, and run at random, where they oftentimes commit as many errours as they go steps. I observe others, who are more bitter then sharp in their impatience; and in this number I behold many wayward, and prying old men, who still have some accusations to make against the actions of youth. I see many Courtiers discountenanced, many intranced lovers, many officers, servants male and female dismissed, many suitours rejected in their pursuits, many envious, who repine at the prosperity of their Neighbour: on the other part I behold many persons afflicted in the world, one with sickness, another for the death of a friend, one with contempt, another with slander, one with poverty, another with deformity of body; some with indispositions of mind, and other temporal mishaps. It is of this sadness whereof the Wise-man speaketh, when he saith,

Delicati mei ambulaverunt vias difficiles. Baruch. 1. 26.

Proverb. 25. Sicut tinea veſtimento, & vermis ligno, ita triſtitia viri nocet cordi.

ſaith, that *Even as the moth marreth a garment, and a little worm gnaweth wood, ſo ſadneſs inſenſibly eateth the heart of man.*

Laſtly, I ſee many miſerable creatures, who ceaſe not to find fault with their vocation, and to complain of thoſe who govern them, to accuſe the Age, and ſeaſons; and oft-times to call God in queſtion. Some tell their evil to all the world, like unto thoſe ſick perſons who ſought for remedies from all who paſſed by the gates of their Temples: others hatch their diſcontent in the bottom of their heart, and have much to do, that it be not ſeen in their faces; others publickly drag their Croſs through currents of water, with murmurs and imprecations, of which the Scripture ſaith: *That the clamour and noiſe of their exclamations openly break forth.* Others cannot reſt in any place, being weary of all manner of ſports, recreation and company: others are vexed at themſelves, are dotiſh, melancholick, frightful, as if they had ſome evil ſpirit in their heart, ſo much oppreſſion of mind they feel: they neglect all the offices of civil life: yea, and the functions of natural life, loth any longer to eat or drink, as if they already were in their graves: From thence proceed black fancies, illuſions, deſpair, and a thouſand agitations of mind, which cannot be ſufficiently expreſſed. It is ſadneſs which in Scripture is called *a general plague.* Verily it is a lamentable thing to ſee, how we are here handled by the unhappineſs of our paſſions. I am not ignorant, there are dolours ſo great, and ſadneſſes ſo deep, that an extraordinary grace of God is neceſſary to free a ſoul from it which is touched with it, and to ſet it at liberty; but we muſt likewiſe ſay, that we often betray our Repoſe and Conſcience, by ſuffering ſo many bad ſeeds to grow up in our hearts, which we might kill with ſome reſiſtance of virtue, and ſome ordinary help of the grace of God.

Tumultus murmurationum non abſcondetur. Sap. 1.

Omnis plaga. Eccl. 25. 17.

Sect. 2. *Humane Remedies of Sadneſs, and how that is to be cured which proceedeth from melancholy and puſillanimity.*

WHilſt the great Genius of Phyſick, *Hippocrates*, drave away maladies by his precipes, and almoſt ſnatched bodies out of the hands of death, one *Antiphon* aroſe in *Greece*, who envious of his glory, promiſed to do upon ſouls what the other did on mortal members, and propoſed this ſublime invention, which *Plutarch* calleth the art of curing of all Sadneſſes: where we may truly ſay, he uſed more vanity, promiſes, and oſtent of words, then he wrote good effects. Certainly it were to be wiſhed, that our age (which is ſo abundant in miſeries) ſhould likewiſe raiſe great comforters to ſweeten the acerbities of the times, to pour oil on the peoples yoke (as the Scripture ſpeaketh) to enter into the interiour of ſo many poor ſouls, beaten down with ſadneſs, and waſted with cares, to draw them out of the ſhadow of death with the firſt raies of ſome felicity. Another *Helena* were needful to mingle the divine Drug of *Nepenthe* in the meats of ſo many afflicted perſons, who moiſten their bread with their tears before they eat it.

Τὸ χρῆμα ἀλυπίας. Plutarch. in vita 10. Rhetorum.

Iſa. 10. 27.

For my part, I think, that to apply a remedy to ſadneſs, there muſt a diligent conſideration be had of its nature, kind, and quality, for fear that going about to give it comfort, the evil be not exaſperated, or that a medicine be unprofitably applied.

Four kind of Sadneſſes.

There are ſadneſſes which come from humour, there are which proceed from puſillanimity, others are cauſed by ſcruples, others by an infinite many of irkſome objects which happen in the chances of humane life.

As for thoſe which grow from Melancholick humour, they are deep rooted, as being the inheritances of Nature, and the effects of Temperature. They may notwithſtanding be greatly moderated by prudence, diſcretion, and ſtudy, which one may uſe in overcoming them. It were not to be deſired to cut off all manner of melancholy at once, when it is born with us, and proportioned to the functions of our mind, and motions of our body. It is a land which ſeemeth ſomewhat dry, but it hideth great treaſures. What would become of ſubtlety of wit, weight of judgment in conceits, invention in ſciences, indefatigable labour in affairs, conſtancy in reſolutions, a corrective for light humours, beſeemlineſs in modeſty, perſeverance in devotion, ſtrength in meditation, conſtancy in ſerious life, patience in contempt, exerciſe of humility; if the melancholick temperature, and Saturnian influence did not thereto contribute ſolidity? Is that which maketh great Captains, ſage Counſellours of State, divine Philoſophers, and the moſt famous Religious: From whence it cometh, that the Antients called it the paſſion of demy-gods. Onely heed muſt be taken it run not into ſome exceſs, and render not nature ſharp, critical, preſumptuous, inflexible, and odious; For by that means, certain ſpirits too much do ſoothe their own humour, uſing therein not any correction, make themſelves among company, that, which Aconite is among plants. They are inſupportable in converſation, and oft times mingling vanity with ſharpneſs, there is not any thing wherein they will not find ſomewhat to reprehend in words, in ſciences, in affairs, in ſport, in recreation, in voice, in garb, in habits: and becauſe nothing pleaſeth them, they many times diſpleaſe all the world. It is a great prudence in ſuch as feel themſelves naturally diſpoſed to melancholy, to cultivate their mind, and to take from it all which may make it harſh by a perpetual counterpoiſe of ſweetneſs and mildneſs. The wicked *Rutilius* thought all the Anchorets and Religious men were ſick of *Bellerophon*'s diſeaſe, which is a furious ſadneſs; but he is groſly deceived. For it is undoubted, there are great Religious perſons, who drawing nought out of melancholy, but ſolidity and conſtancy, do aſſociate unto it, out of virtue, a ſingular ſerenity of life, ſo that it is a hard matter to find any of a humour more pliant and pleaſing. *Palladius* in his *Lauſiac* Hiſtory, maketh mention of a famous Abbot named *Apolon*, who was the father & maſter of about 500. Monks, whom he maintained in ſo perfect alacrity, that their countenances ſeemed to bear the characters of Celeſtial tranquillity. There were none ſad, and if any one ſeemed to be touched with heavineſs, the good Abbot drove it away by his diſcourſe, as ſwiftly as the Northern wind diſpelleth the clouds, ſaying unto them, It was for Jews, for Gentiles, and for ſinners to be contriſtated; but good religious men ought to entertain an eternal commerce with Joy.

Utility of melancholy.

Saturnus ſi fuerit optime conſtitutus, largitur ſcientiæ profunditatem. Abulas.

Ἡ μελαγχολία μανία. Gellius l. 12. cap. 7.

Sad ſpirits.

Rutilius in Itinerar.

Pallad. in hiſt. Lauſiac.

S. Athanaſius ſaith of Saint *Anthony*, that his face was a looking-glaſs, wherein God cauſed the ſanctity of his mind to be reſplendent, and that he alwayes ſeemed cheerfull, as if the bloomings of his heart had put his venerable face all into bloſſome. So much ſaith *Denis* (ſirnamed the little.) Saint *Pachomius* (a man very eminent, who, in body altogether diſſolved with auſterities and maladies) did in converſation retain the

S. Athan. orat. in vita S. Anton.

Dionyſius Exiguus in vita S. Pachomii.

vigour of holy alacrity. It is an imitation of the Saviour of the world, who, according to the Prophet *Esay*, was to be neither sad nor tempestuous. And as pious *Anna*, of whom is spoken in the first book of Kings, forsook all the countenances and crabbed looks whick sadness caused in her, so soon as she had conceived the little *Samuel*: so we must inferr, that a soul which is honoured with the spiritual conception of *Jesus* formed in his heart, is able to drive away all the disturbances of dolour. Otherwise, if this evil humour of sadness be cherished, without breaking it upon all occasions by convenient diversions, and the direction of reason, it encreaseth with age, and being aided by evil dispositions of body, it often degenerateth into shamefull follies and hideous frenzies. From thence are come those Melancholicks of whom *Galen* speaketh, whereof one thought himself to be an earthen pot, the other imagined he was a cock, and ceased not to crow and clap his wings; the other feared that *Atlas* would let the heavens fall. And *Trallianus* assureth, there was a woman who continually kept her hand very closely shut, fearing lest the world, which in her opinion was held between her fingers, might escape her. Such Melancholies (saith S. *Jerome*) stand more in need of *Hippocrates* his remedies, then the discourses of Philosophers.

Non erit tristis neq; turbulentus Isa. 42. 4. 1 Regum. Vultus ejus non sunt amplius in diversa mutati.

Gal. c. 6. l. 3. de locis, affectis.

Trallian. l. 1. cap. 16.

But laying aside these Sadnesses of natural Melancholy, it is fit to know, that which proceedeth from a tedious anxiety of heart, is very hurtfull to the practice of virtue, and may be cured by the resolution and courage of a well-disposed will. It is the malady which the *Grecian* calls *Acedia*, against which *Cassian* wrote a whole book, shewing, it fasteneth very easily upon persons who make profession of Devotion, if they use not labour and study to divert it.

Cassian. lib. de spiritu Acediæ.

And verily, there are people in no sort fit for Religion, nor the exercises of Meditation, who, nevertheless are therein embarked through levity or ignorance, never having well weighed the greatness of that vocation. But if they meet some spiritual Directours, either indiscreetly zealous, or little experienced, they wil raise them from earth, & instantly apply them to the highest contemplations, drawing them from handy-labours and employments of civil life. I would willingly ask what can they else do but fall into the passion of slothfulness, into anxieties & languours, wch make life unprofitable to them? In the mean time they who have undertaken the charge to guide them in their Labyrinth, make them many times believe these dryenesses and disrelishes are the visitations of God, who will try them; and that they must go on and not faint, nor suffer the honour of their crown to wither. And there are, who living as beasts in a meer lazyness of spirit, imagine it is an *Inaction*, which causeth a cessation from all the functions of their soul, to let the Spirit of God to work in them. Hereupon, we see some Devoters so well practised in this mystery, that they abandon all correspondencies due to a husband, all the care of their children, all the providence they ought to have for their family and houshold affairs, to satisfie the fancies of their mind. It is not Devotion which teacheth them this, nor is it fit that Libertines hereby take occasion to condemn the exercise of piety. It is an errour must be corrected, and speedily, such spirits must be reduced to labour and care for affairs, to cure their sadness. It is the counsel which the Apostle gave to the Thessalonians: *We entreat you (my brethren) to profit more and more, and to endeavour to be peaceful, and that attending your affairs, you take paines with your hands, as we have appointed you, that you by your conversation may edifie those who are none of ours, and that you may need nothing.* The fore-alledged Authour notably deduceth this Text of S. *Paul*, with many other which he citeth, shewing, that a singular remedy for sadness, caused by Idleness, is, the occupation of the mind and body.

1 Thes. 4.

The scrupulous.

For my part, I am perswaded, that by this means many scruples might be cured, wherewith divers minds are now-adayes miserably turmoiled. For they no sooner enter into the great representations of Gods judgment, of sins, and of the torments of the damned, but they presently bear all Hell on their shoulders. The thunders of the divine Justice roars not, but for them, and for them the lightning-flash; they build scaffolds in their heart, whereon their imaginations walk; they nail themselves on voluntary Crosses, and bind themselves on Racks, making an executioner of their mind, and a continual punishment of their life. All they think (in their opinion) is sin; all they do, nought but disorder; and all they expect, meer malediction. They never have made a good Confession, they have ever forgotten some circumstance, they have not well summed up the number of their sins, the Confessour hath not well compriſed what they would say; they must eternally begin again, and for trifles of no value: they must run and weary all the tribunals of Confession, and employ more time then would be needful for a man who should manage all the great affairs of *France*. It is a pitiful thing, and verily tyrants never invented so rigorous torments, which superstition (witty in the fruitfulness of its own tortures) surpasseth not. It so toileth the mind, that the body is extremely weakned, which is seen in a face discoloured and wan, a brow heavy, an eye troubled, a heart sobbing, a countenance ghastly, a loss of sleep and appetite, a forbearance of all recreations and pleasures of life.

Remedies for scrupulous minds.

To speak truly, these poor souls are worthy of compassion: for they are perpetually in most painful Purgatories. Efficaciously to comfort them, they must be put into the hands of some prudent, charitable, and resolute man who may enter into their heart, and may be (as it were) the soul of their soul. They must be drawn from this indigested and too frequent devotion, from all those general confessions so often reiterated; they must not be permitted to accuse themselves of all the vain imaginations of their interiour, but of the transgressions which pass to the exteriour. They must be made to account their doubtful sins for not sins, since ordinarily the scrupulous have a mind wakeful & adverse enough to themselves, not to doubt of any grievous sin; great conceits must be put into them of the goodness & mercy of God; their courage must be raised; and they, in stead of sins, caused to set down in writing, or otherwise, their good works, & the favours they have received from God. It is sometimes fit to change meditations into good broths; to excite them with some generous thought; to stir them up some difference or suit, if it be needful; to hold them in business interlaced with honest repose, & convenient recreation; to handle them sometimes a little severely; to teach them to believe, & to suffer themselves to be directed, and to accustom them to brave this scrupulous conscience, & to vaunt to have despised whatsoever it dictateth. Lastly, to perswade them there is one who hath answered for their soul before God, & that if there be any ill in his direction, he shal be

be damned for them, and no hurt come to them thereby. To commend them for their docibleneſs when they obey, to let them ſee the fruit of their obedience in the conſolation of their ſoul, to exhilerate them, to heighten them, to take them from themſelves, and to turn them into other perſonages. Many have been abſolutely cured by theſe kindes of proceedings, many much ſweetned. For there are of them who ſuffer all their life time, their thoughts being as devils ſettled in ſome poſſeſſion which never fully forſake them; but they muſt be let to underſtand, the croſſes ordained them in this life; and that undertaking a good reſolution for patience, they ſhall multiply their merits.

Sect. 3. *The remedy of Sadneſſes, which proceed from divers accidents of humane life.*

HEnce I diſcover very long dilation of pleaſures daily framed in ſo many divers occaſions, which makes it ſufficiently appear unto us, that as of all living creatures, there is not any more delicate, more ſenſible, & which is waited on with ſuch a train, as man; ſo there is none more expoſed as a Butt for all accidents, which are of power to occaſion trouble, then he. Alaſs! what is man, who maketh a crime of his birth, a ſlavery of his life, and an horrour of his death? To ſalute day-light with his tears, to come into the world to be inſtantly crucified, his mouth open to cryes and hunger, to bring a barren mind, a frail body, enraged concupiſcences, to be a beaſt ſo many years, then an infant, to feel his miſery; to ſee his poor liberty fettered, to live under the fear of rods in a perpetual reſtraint of will; then to enter into Adoleſcency, followed by youth, which cauſeth loud ſtorms of paſſions to bear along with them the ſeeds of all his miſeries. After that, a ſervitude of marriage, an evil encounter of wives and husbands, of affairs, of cares, of poverty, of children, of ſlanders, of quarrels, affronts, of contumelies, of bodily pains, of faintneſs of ſpirit, of ruines of families, of poiſon, of puniſhments, of privation of all one loveth, of vexations by all one hateth, an old age contemptible, ſick, and languiſhing. Death a hundred times invoked, to fly from the miſerable, and to lay hold of the fortunate. With all this, to ſee abyſſes of fire, and torments prepared for ſins, ordinary in worldly life. Who is it that trembleth not, thinking upon all theſe objects? and who ſaith not, that one muſt be either well fortified with prudence to divert his evils, or have patience to bear them?

Miſeries of humane condition.

Note, that all which may afflict us, is reduced to the loſs of goods, of credit, of friends, of incommodities of body or mind: and that our miſeries, which we think to be infinite, are confined within three ſmal limits. For all the ſadneſſes which may ariſe from theſe five ſources, God hath given us five remedies: Senſe, Reaſon, Time, Neceſſity, and Grace. There are many dolours which grow from the ſenſes, and are likewiſe cured by the ſenſes. We muſt not think all ſadneſſes have ears patiently to hear the diſcourſes of Philoſophers. There is queſtion how to help the ſoul by the body, an 100. ſhillings are of more worth then a hundred reaſons to a poor wretch who hath need of ſuſtenance and refreſhment to ſolace his pains; a little good uſage, meat, apparel, a Croſs upon gold or ſilver, remedieth many Croſſes of needy people. If they to whom God hath given worldly wealth, took the pain to imitate ſo many honourable perſonages, and to accuſtom themſelves to viſit the ſhamefaced poor, they would daily do miracles, they would drive away the devils of melancholy, bad humours, ſpectres, deſpairs, and maladies, they would pull millions of ſouls out of the hands of their evil fortunes, and would be more to men then were the demy-Gods of Antiquity.

The ſubjects of our afflictions.

Five remedies for all ſadneſſes.

How many herbs, ſimples, compoſitions of phyſick, how many lenitives; what powerful effects of Chyrurgery, being well ordered, do cure ſtrange infirmities, and do pluck one from out of the gates of death? But as the cure and eaſing of the ſenſes is neither preſent nor efficacious with all the world; what ſhould a man do who hath never ſo little heart, but try to cure himſelf by reaſon? It is it which God hath given unto man in ſtead of ſo many offenſive and defenſive arms, born with other creatures: why ſhould we not uſe its help? It is it which teacheth us, that grief is nothing elſe but an apprehenſion of diviſion; and that as we are out of exceſs tyed to all pleaſing things in the world: ſo the want of them becomes very ſenſible, in ſuch ſort, that our ſadneſſes ordinarily proceed from our love; Experience ſufficiently ſhewing, that all ſuch ſpirits as moſt are in love with themſelves, are the moſt tormented: but if we come to leſſen thoſe great affections which ſtraightly tie us to conceits, and account as loſt all which may be loſt; there is no doubt, but we ſhall begin to find a wholſome medicine for all the afflictions of life. A mother, grieved for the death of her ſon, ſaid in *Quintilian*, That all her evil came from loving too much what ſhe might loſe, and that our paſſions are inſenſibly moſt ardent for things which muſt quickly be taken from us, as if our grief were to take revenge upon the exorbitancy of our love. It is reaſon that weakneth the opinion of evils, which many times torment us more then their effect. It, which giveth light to things obſcure, order to confuſed, vigour to languiſhing, and reſolution to deſpair: there is nothing for which it finds not a lenitive; if poverty make you ſad, why complain you? Ignorant of thy ſelf, (ſaith it unto us) it is not poverty, it is thy fancy which tormenteth thee. No man is ever ſo poor as he is born. Haſt thou brought gold in thy veins, and pearls in thy entrails, that thou complaineſt of the change of thy condition? why doſt thou ſet thy ſelf upon the rack for a thing, whereof *Jeſus* made boaſt, and ſo many wiſe-men make vows? Expect a little, Death will make thee as rich as *Cræſus*. If thou thinkeſt thou art poor, for that thou haſt not what thy covetouſneſs deſireth, it is an illuſion. If thou wanteſt neceſſaries for life, after thou haſt lived commodiouſly and happily, it is ſomewhat pitiful: but make thy ſelf a good poor man, ſince God will have thee ſuch; ſuffer a while without murmurring, and the divine Providence will not fail to raiſe for thee the mercy of ſome rich man to become thy ſteward. Pray, be patient, endeavour, take pains, live meanly, thou ſhalt become rich by learning to live contented. If a ſuit be loſt, what cares, what apprehenſions, what pains, what toils are in the ſame inſtant loſt? If it be according to Juſtice, endure it; if againſt Juſtice, thoſe who have loſt their conſcience in making thee loſe thy cauſe, have more cauſe to be ſorry then thou. If thou haſt loſt much in game, it is a leſſon of wiſdom to cure a folly; If thou haſt loſt all, give thanks to God that thou ſhalt never loſe any more ſo baſely, & that thou haſt means to purchaſe a little in this occaſion. If fire and water, winds & tempeſts, harpies & theeves take away thy goods, what wilt thou do againſt chance, violence, & iniquity, but preſerve ſubmiſſion & innocency? The

Amabam miſera periturum.

The comfort derived from reaſon.

Aug. l. 3. de liber. arbitr. cap. 23.

Quid eſt enim aliud dolor niſi quidam ſenſus diviſionis, vel corruptionis impatiens.

We moſt ardently love the things we moſt loſe.

How it remedieth all humane accidents.

Poverty.

A ſuit.

Loſs of money.

whole mass of worldly wealth is a torrent, which swelleth now upon one side, and then upon another: let that go with patience which thou canst not hold by force. If slander assail thy renown, and condemn thee, perhaps it doth that thou oughtest to do, hadst thou more virtues. Many by despising themselves have prevented all contempts. Tongues cannot hurt thy conscience; we stand before God such as we are, and all the teeth of calumny, take not from us one sole atome of perfection. Others have but one tongue to say, and thou hast two hands to do. Perfect thy life since it hath censurers: verity will force light through those vapours of maligne spirits, and derive glory out of thy proper confusion. If thou beest discountenanced by great ones, put thy self into the good favour of God, who is above all greatness, and after thou hast made thy self a slave to men, live a while a master over thy self. Thou shalt find envy will have consecrated thee, and that thy punishments will make a part of thy felicities. If thou entrest into sadness for being frustrated of some expected good, wherefore art thou so earnest in thy desires, and so credulous in thy hopes? and wherefore makest thou crosses to thy self out of thy own thoughts? If it be for the absence of a beloved friend, thinkest thou he must continually be tied to thee, as if he were a second body? It is in absence where our imaginations oftentimes render all that we affect most present; we enter into the bottom of our soul, and there find the images of our friends despoiled of matter and body: we practise the best amities in mind, where the envious watch us not, the jealous observe us not, and the troublesome interrupt not our discourses. If this good friend be gone into the other world, we every moment run after him, and each hour draw near to him. Let us be satisfied that his death is the cause that death hath nothing terrible for us, and that for him we begin to desire what we most fear.

Slander. Disgrace. Absence of friends. Death.

If we in body must suffer chains, imprisonment, maladies, sharp pains, hunger, thirst, the sword, fire, and all the hostility of nature, we must needs say, all which toucheth the skin, toucheth us very near; and that there are few charming words that can well cast these serpents asleep which devour us; but we must likewise confess, that if our griefs be short, they deserve not so great complaints; and if they be long, their lasting fashioneth us to patience. All is formidable to a body full of long health, but the accustoming to things unpleasing causeth the contempt of them.

Bodily pains.

Nature hath destinated the most nice and tender to great dolours, as women to that of child-bearing; to teach us, that what we fear most, is not always to be most feared. When our courage faileth, all torments insult over us, but if it makes some resistance, we much the less feel our pain. There are who fight even to bloud out of bravery, others receive wounds for a very litttle money, others run to the burning chaps of cannons for a smal salary; there are others to be found who have jested at a gash; and others who have plaid on a lute, whilst their member have been slashed with keen razours; to shew, that if there be an evil in nature, there is much more in our opinion.

The Philosopher *Zeno* sought out torments to taste pleasures, and said they were nothing if they were not thus seasoned. Pain and pleasure interchangeably sway in us, as do day and night our Hemisphere. If we must die, it is but a moment of adversity to enter into a perpetual repose. Evil taketh up all the parts of our life, but death hath only one instant of time. It is so conformed to the most part of the world, oppressed with so many afflictions, that as *Zaleucus* the Law-maker said, an Edict should fitly have been made, to die, if God had not imposed a necessity upon it. To be born, maketh us tributary to all miseries: but death alone freeth us from ill imposts. *Socrates* saw his death coming whilst he was a Philosophizing: *Anaxagoras* in pleading: *Calanus* braved it, out of temerity, and *Canius* jested at it, out of merriment.

Notable speech of *Zaleucus*.

If your evil be in the mind, is it chiefly sin or folly which tormenteth you? Why forbear you to chastise the one by penance, and the other by the credit you will give to the judgment of the wise? By this means you shall find, that Reason will remedy almost all evils without much violence.

The evils of the mind.

Where Reason is surprized and darkned by the violence of torments, Time quits the medicine. There is no evil immortal: for the mortal, let us make our selves tractable by not thinking on our evils, and they cease to be evils, according as time stealeth them away from us. Think not to dry up the eyes of a mother who hath lost her son, or of a wife, from whom death hath taken her husband; on the day of the burial suffer them to weep, let the wound bleed, and think how to cure it, rather by prayers then by discourses: The most pertinacious dolours disband with time, and we are all amazed that we find our selves above our afflictions, as if we had climbed up thither from out of the bottom of abysses. He who should see the mount *Ætna* big with flames and thunders, would not think there were any means to approach it, but its furies pass away with time, and we pursue little tracks, which insensibly lead us to the top, where we find verdant grass, and blooming flowers. The like happeneth to us, when we in the beginning consider our evil fortune, it seems our mind can never associate with its disasters; but in the end, the Divine Providence discovereth wayes unto us, (which ere we think on't) bring us to the top of patience, where we gather the fruit of our travels.

Comforts which proceed from time.

Insensible comforts.

Who would not admire the goodness of God, to say, That time doth our business without our trouble, and if we must be sad, we find (I know not what) in our sadness that pleaseth us? so that we prefer solitude and silence before the most eloquent consolations. The friends of *Job* seeing these his deep miseries, were seven dayes without speaking to him; they let him discourse with his own thoughts, and gather some ease from his own dolour, as we draw remedies out of scorpions.

Julianus Imperator in consolat. Amerii, ep. 37.

I (to this purpose) observe an excellent invention in the Emperour *Julian*, of the Philosopher *Democritus*, where it is said, that *Darius* King of *Persia* had lost the Queen his wife, & that excessive melancholy made him disconsolate. The wisest men of *Greece* were called to him to mitigate his torments; but it was to play on a lute to the ears of Tygres & Panthers, to go about to cure by words fitly applied, a grief, which had had more of fury then mediocrity in it. The Philosopher let all these great comforters to pass on, and put himself upon time to expect some disposition in the heart of this Monarch; and seeing his mind tired out with his tears, began to relent, he promised to raise the Queen again if he would furnish him with things necessary for his purpose: the other extremely rapt with this proposition, said, he therein would employ all the riches of the world, which were at his dispose; but the

An excellent observation of *Julian*.

Τεῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐνόμασα.

the Philoſopher only demanded of him three names of ſuch as had never felt any grief or ſadneſs, to engrave them on the Queen's Monument, which could not in any ſort be found, after a long ſearch throughout the whole kingdom of *Perſia*. Then *Democritus* taking his opportunitie: Alas Sir! we may well ſay, the rubies and diamonds of this diadem reſplendent on your head, dazzle your eyes, and hinder you from ſeeing the miſeries of your poor ſubjects, not to be able in ſo great and vaſt an Empire, to meet with three happie men; and yet you wonder, though born under the condition of mortals, that death is entred into your palace. He added many grave ſayings, which the Emperour for his conſolation liked verie well. Whereby we are taught, that we muſt ſometimes make uſe of time to remedie Sadneſs.

If time doth nothing, and that it be an evil neceſſarie which we cannot remedie, (as it happeneth in death, and in other accidents, which thoſe Antients called the blows of Deſtiny) why do we reſiſt againſt heaven, and cenſure the divine Decrees? It is a goodly thing indeed to ſee a man to afflict himſelf with a fatal neceſſitie, which indifferently involveth Monarchs and Peaſants. Muſt God revoke his laws? and muſt he create a world apart to content a ſimple creature, and ſerve it to its liking? But is it not much better to go along with the ſtream of this water, and follow the great current of the divine Providence which maketh all the harmonie in the world?

Necessity forceth patience.

Sect. 4. *That the Contemplation of the divine Patience and Tranquillity ſerves for Remedies for our Temptations.*

Remedies and helps of Grace by the contemplation of things Divine.

LAſtly, let us behold the aſſiſtances of Grace, which is incomparably above Nature, and let us from the example of the Divinitie take inſtruction how to demean our ſelves.

Let us look on our firſt model, and conſider a ſtrange thing able to make our impatiencies wax red, not with anger but with ſhame, to ſay, that God all impaſſible (as he is) of his own nature not obnoxious to ſword, fire, ſickneſs, or any other exteriour violence, would in all times ſuffer men more violent then the ſword, more ardent then fire, more irkſom then ſickneſs, and many times more cruel then ſalvage beaſts.

Ezek. 1. 26. *Quaſi aſpectus lapidis ſaphyri ſimilitudo Throni.*

It is ſaid, there were heretofore made very goodly mirrours of ſaphyr, which were for Princes and Monarchs: let us not covet thoſe which cannot much avail us; but let us contemplate the admirable ſaphyr enchaſed in the Throne of the living God, in the Prophet *Ezekiel*, and let us therein ſee and compare our impatiencies, with the mildneſs of the Creatour. It ſeems, that by how much the more a dignitie is ſovereign, by ſo much the leſs ought it to be expoſed to injuries, becauſe the fear which is had of its power ſhould ſtamp in hearts that reſpect, which love (weak) cannot imprint; yet God (a ſovereign Majeſtie, a ſupream Greatneſs, an abſolute Juſtice) hath endured, and doth daily endure ſo many contradictions of men, that it ſeems, that to give credit to his mercie, he occaſioneth ſome prejudice to the terrour of his Divinitie. *Many men (ſaith Tertullian) believe not in God, becauſe they cannot perſwade themſelves he is angry with the world, ſince they ſee it in ſo peaceful a ſtate.*

Plures idcirco Dominum non credunt, quia ſæculo iratum tamdiu neſcium. Tert. de patient. c. 2.

What is there more important for God and men, then the knowledg of his Divine nature, then the fear of his Juſtice, then the much to be adored reverence of his ſovereigntie? Notwithſtanding, as if he preferred the glorie of his patience before his own Being, he rather choſe patiently to ſuffer ſo many faithleſs, ſo many wicked ones, ſo manie ſinners, and that the lips of Blaſphemers might dare to ſay there is no God; then, that taking revenge, in the heat of crimes, by puniſhing everie ſin, it ſhould be ſaid of him, Verily there is a God, but he is perpetually armed with lightning and terrours, ever inacceſsible to the prayers of men, as thoſe mountains which throw forth their inflamed bowels. Nay, much otherwiſe; he would be ſirnamed the God of mercie, and the Father of goodneſs: whereupon Saint *Gregory* hath judiciouſly ſaid, that his patience walks ſtill hand in hand with his charitie. Wherefore, as the love of God towards men is incomparable; ſo his patience, to endure the faults and infirmities of ſinners, admits no compariſon. How many Pirats are there daily for whom God openeth ſeas? How many Idolaters, for whom he cauſeth ſtars to ſhine, fountains to ſtream, plants to ſprout, harveſts to wax yellow, and vines to ripen, as well as for the faithful? How many ungrateful and rebellious children are there, who everie day receiving ſo manie benefits from him, take them as Hogs do Acorns, ſtill grunting towards the ground, and never caſting an eye towards heaven? How manie ſpirits (enemies of truth, and light diſturbers of publick repoſe, tranſgreſſours of laws both Divine and Humane) do daily frame obſtacles againſt the will of their ſovereign Maſter, and yet he ſuffers them, as if he had no other buſineſs in the world but patiently to bear, and vanquiſh by benefits, the malice and ingratitude of men? *Hieruſalem is the ſtone of burthen* (ſaid the Prophet) which layeth a burthen upon God himſelf. What will this Oracle of God ſay, but the ſame conceits which Saint *Hierom* ſuggeſteth unto us upon this paſſage, when he writes, that there were ſeen, in places where the Antient wraſtlers did exerciſe, huge ſtones, or certain bowls of Iron or Copper, with which they made trial of their ſtrength: and he witneſſeth that he in a liſt ſaw one of thoſe bowls which was ſo heavie, that he could not lift it up from the ground, although others robuſtuous of bodie, and eminent in thoſe exerciſes, could eaſily carrie it. Now mark my conceit, and ſay, that as thoſe champions of antiquitie had for object of their ſtrength thoſe weightie bulks, on which they daily exerciſed themſelves: So likewiſe, God, that ſtrong Giant, and great Wraſtler, as if he ſtood in need of exerciſe, takes the ſphere of this great Univerſe, which he beareth, and lifteth it up with all facilitie. He takes the Maſs of ſo many mortals whom heaven covers, and the earth beareth, and there he findeth much reſiſtance: he takes his people which he hath choſen and ſanctified above all the nations of the world, and hence ofttimes verie many ſenſible diſpleaſures come. A true ſtone of burden is that Chriſtian, that Eccleſiaſtick, that Prieſt, that Religious, who belyes his profeſſion, who throws diſorder and ſcandal among the people by his ill example; yet God tolerateth him, God protecteth him, God continually obligeth him: and if needs he muſt draw the ſword of Juſtice out of the ſcabbard; it is with delays, conſideration, and exceſſive Clemencie. O infinite Goodneſs! And who is that man, now, that will not bear with a man? and who is he that ſeeing God of nature impaſſible, buſie in the world, as about his ſtone of burden from the beginning of Ages, cannot bear a ſmall burden, whereto he finds himſelf tied by dutie, by condition, and by nature!

Pater miſericordiarum, Dominator, Dominus, Deus miſericors, & clemens & patiens, & multæ miſerationis, &c. Deut. 5.

Quantum lata mens fuerit per amorem, tantum erit & patiens & longanimitatis.

Totius genituræ tributa dignis & indignis pattur ſimul occurrere. Tertul. de patienr. c. 2

Hieruſalem lapis oneris. Zachar. 12.

God is buſied about the world, as his ſtone of burden.

Sect.

Sect. 5. *That the great temper of our Saviour's soul in most horrible sufferings, is a powerful lenitive against our Dolours.*

AS for the second Model, which is the *Word Incarnate*, the true mirrour of Patience, and only reward of the Patient; It is a very strange thing, that all nature being so bent upon its conservation as to suffer nothing, *Jesus Christ* did miracles incomprehensible to the spirit of Angels, only of purpose to suffer for man! For, how could dolour have laid hold on a God, of his own nature impassible, if it had not passed through all the heavens to take the divine word in the sanctuarie of the Trinitie, which otherwise was meerly impossible! but, the son of God, considering this Impossibilitie, and being fixed in the desire to sustain for us, took the bodie of man to suffer all that which the most cruel could invent, and all whatsoever the most miserable might undergo. Verily, it is an effect of so prodigious a love that it found no belief in senses, perswasion in minds, example in manners, nor resemblance in Nature. We have heretofore heard of a Prince, who desirous to offer himself to death for the preservation of his subjects, took the habit of a Peasant to steal himself from his greatness, and facilitate his death. All histories say he laid down his purple, and crown, and all the ensigns of Royaltie, retaining none but those of love, which caused him to go into his enemies army, where he left life to purchase an immortal trophey for his reputation. But I must tell you he had a mortal life, and in giving it, he gave that tribute to nature, which he owed to nature from the day of his birth, and which of necessitie he was to pay; yea, he gave it to buy the memorie of posteritie, and to beg honour, which is more esteemed by generous spirits, then life. But in what historie have we read, that a man glorious by birth, immortal by condition, necessarily happy, hath espoused humilitie which all the world despiseth, mortalitie which the most advised apprehend, miserie which the bravest detest; for no other occasion, but to have the opportunitie to die for a friend! And this is it which *Jesus Christ* did. He was by nature immortal, impassible, impregnable against all exteriour violencies, he took not the habit of a peasant, as *Codrus*, nor a bodie of air, as the Angel-conductour of *Tobias*; but a true bodie, a flesh, tender and virginal, personally united to the word of God; to quail it with toils, to consume it with travels: and lastly, to resign it as a prey to a most dolorous death; he casts tottered rags over his royal people, and takes pains to stoop down to pull me out of the mire where I lay, and to take my miseries upon him, not sullying himself in my sins.

Abscondit purpuram sub miseriæ vestimentis ad lutum ubi jacebam, inclinatur, non mergitur. Abbas Guerricus.

My God! what a prodigie is this? All ages have observed a thousand and a thousand industries of men which they found out to avoid the pains and torments of life; but never have we seen a man who sought to invent means, and to offer violence to his own condition; to become suffering, and miserable, according to the estimation of the world, since there are day and night so many gates open to this path: yet thou (Oh God of glorie! O mild Saviour!) hast done it, Thou hast found a way how to accord infirmitie with sovereign power, honour with ignominie, time with eternitie, and death with life. *It was not possible that sole God should endure death; or that sole Man could vanquish it; but man hath abided it, and God hath overcome it.*

Mortem nec solus Deus sentire, nec solus homo vincere poterat, homo suscepit, & Deum vicit. Faustus l. 1. de lib. arbitr.

As for the qualitie of pains; it sufficeth to say, that if men judged of the greatness of Giants by one of their footsteps impressed on the sand: and if we likewise measure the course of the sun by a small thread of shadow; one may have some gross knowledge of so great a mysterie, by the figures which forewent it. Now, all the sacrifices of the Mosaick law, and so many travails and sufferings of the antient Patriarchs were but a rough draught of the passion of *Jesus Christ*: from whence we may imagine what the original was, sith the Copies thereof were so numerous and different throughout the course of all Ages.

The quality of the sufferings of our Saviour.

The perpetual sacrifice which was evening and morning made in the Temple, the twenty two thousand oxen, and the hundred and twenty thousand sheep which were sacrificed by *Solomon* at one feast of the dedication of the Temple (so much blood shed, that it seemed a red sea to those who beheld it) was to no other end but to figure the blood of the immaculate Lamb, and of all its members which have suffered after it. But if so much preparation and profusion were needful to express one sole shadow of his passion; what may we conjecture of the bodie, and the thing figured! Besides, if all the antient Patriarchs who were so persecuted in times past, and all the Martyrs who (since the death of our Saviour have endured torments almost infinite in number, and prodigious in kinds) made but an essay or trial of the dolours of this King of the afflicted; what an account shal we make of his pains, which ever ought to be as much adored by our wills, as they are incomprehensible to our understanding! The Lamb was sacrificed from the beginning of the world (saith Saint *John*;) He was massacred in *Abel* (saith S. *Paulinus*;) tossed upon so many waves, in the person of *Noah*; wandring, in that of *Abraham*; offered up, in *Isaac*; persecuted, in *Jacob*; betrayed, in *Joseph*; stoned, in *Moses*; bruised on a dunghill, in the patience of *Job*; blinded, in *Sampson*; sawn in *Esay*; flayed afterward, in the person of Saint *Bartholomew*; roasted, in that of Saint *Laurence*; thrown out to Lions, in that of Saint *Ignatius*; burned, in that of Saint *Polycarp*; pulled in pieces by four horses, and cast headlong into a ditch full of Serpents, in that of Saint *Tecla*; drowned, in that of S. *Clement*; exposed to wasps, in that of many other Martyrs. From whence it cometh that the passion of *Jesus* is called a short *Consummation* by the Prophet *Esay*, and that Saint *Paul* hath said to the *Hebrews*, *That by one sole Sacrifice he hath consummated those which were to be sanctified for all eternitie.* And S. *Hilary* clearly confesseth, *That, Jesus Christ the only Son of God desirous to fulfil this great and mysterious Sacrament of his pretious death, did pass through all imaginable dolours which were (as it were) melted and distilled together; to make of it a prodigious accomplishment.*

3. Reg. 8. 63. 22000 bullocks, and 120000 sheep sacrificed for the dedication of Solomon his Temple.

Apoc. 13. 8. *Agnus occisus est ab origine mundi.*

Our Saviour hath suffered in the person of all the just & the martyrs.

Consummatio abbreviata Isa. 10. 12. *Una oblatione consummavit in sempiternum sanctificatos.* Heb. 10. 14. *Unigenitus Dei ad peragendum mortis suæ sacramentum consummavit humanarum omne genus passionum* Hilar. l. 10. de Trinit.

Jesus is the stone with seven eyes, whereof the Prophet *Zachary* speaketh, which the heavenly Father sayes he hath cut and engraven with his own hand, thereon figuring all the most glorious characters of patience. He is an Abyss of love, of mercy, of dolors, of ignominies, of blood, of lowlines and greatness, of excess, of admiration, and amazement, which swalloweth all thoughts, drieth up all mouths, stayeth all pens, and drencheth all conceptions; Who now then, will dare to complain that he suffereth too much, that he doth too much, that he is treated with less tenderness then he deserveth?

Zach. 3. 9.

serveth? O our coldness, and remissness! whence can it proceed, but from not studying enough on this incomparable Book which comprehends all secrets? we at least should consider the divine Providence in the matter of the burdens of all the world; to diminish our niceness, to gain opinion and understanding which may alter our judgment.

Senec. l. 3. nat. quæst. *Præferri scites quid deceat, si cogitaveris urbem terrarum notare.*

A sage Roman shewing to an impatient man the whole world surrounded in a great deluge of miseries, said unto him, *I assure my self, you would not so much play the milksop*, not have soul so effeminate, if you would think that the whole world swimmeth in a dreadful sea of calamities. All things conform themselves to the nature of their original; and we have elsewhere said, that Bees bred in the dead bodie of a Bull carry the resemblance of their Progenitour, pourtrayed by certain little lineaments in their proper bodie. The world hath produced us, and *Jesus* Christ hath regenerated us by his Death and most precious Blood; never should we rest until we carry upon us some token of nature wailing, and of a God suffering: according to S. *Paul's* precept, *Glorifie, and bear the Image of God in your body.*

Bees bear the figure of a bull on their bodies.

Glorificate & portate Deum in corpore vestro. 1 Cor. 6.

Sect. 6. *Advice to impatient Souls.*

IMpatient Souls, to you I speak; I ask you, Is it a small motive to you to suffer that have the Universe for a Companion, God for an Example, and God for the Guerdon of your Patience? All creatures (saith S. *Paul*) sigh, groan, and are, as it were, in labour, expecting that day wherein all things shall be glorified in the resurrection of bodies; and will you be of so abject a courage as to be like unprofitable burdens, with arms across in the midst of a suffering world, and before the eyes of the God of suffering? Is it not a scandal to the Religion we profess, often to afflict our selves with great and heavy sadnesses, for causes most light? To see too, you would make one think the Law, the Sacraments, and *Jesus Christ* himself, were cast away: Where is the Consolation of holy Scriptures, the fruit of Preachings, the sweetness of Prayers? Where is that huge cloud of Examples of so many Patient ones, whose courages you so often have admired? where are good purposes, good thoughts? where are so many resolutions so well taken in the time of prosperity? must the least adversity make you to shrink back? Verily, Ideots and silly women who have neither the wit nor knowledge which you have, do many times bear no slight burdens with much courage; and you, after so many good instructions, lay down arms, and make it appear, that stupidity hath more force with them, then all the precepts of wisdom have power over your weakness. People who live according to nature find remedies for their sadness in nature it self; Bathings, Wine, Plays, Balls, Hunting, open Air, and so many other recreations make them pass away their evil. Is it possible, but that the consideration of the first veritie, and the divine Providence should mitigate yours? What is it can have such power over you? It is strange that things the most frivolous torment you. Call back into your thoughts what I have said to you concerning the matter of your pleasures. It grieves you, you have not thrived in this affair, nor have had the success of reputation which you expected! what a folly is this? as if I should be troubled that the air and winds were not at my disposé. Will you never cease from usurping that which appertaineth not to you? will you never order your own house, without taking care for things out of it? You afflict your self for a word spoken of you! wretched (that you are) to tie your felicity to the condition of tongues. *There would almost be no slander, if it were not made slander by thinking thereon.* You torment your self for the loss of health, or of some other good which was very pretious with you: Impute your crosse to your affection; so excessively to have loved a blessing which you might lose, and to have coveted all good things without you, to have an ill guest within your own house. You put your self upon the rack with the fear of the future: why do you set your foot into the possession of another? why do you not leave the future to the divine Providence? why do you reap dolours in a field, where you are not permitted to sow? you incessantly complain of povertie, of sickness, and other inconveniences of life; if you think to live here free from pain, you must build a world a-part, and not be contented with the elements which served your ancestours turns. God here distributed burdens, as the Father of a Family doth offices to all his domesticks: everie one must bear that which is allotted him, otherwise if he do not, he is a bastard, and not a legitimate child: and if having one, he bear it with a perpetual vexation, he deprives himself of the crown of patience, the value whereof is as inestimable as the force thereof hath in all times been judged invincible. Have you forgot what S. *Paul* said? *If you be* (saith he) *out of the number of those who live in a regular discipline, and who daily have their petty charge in God's family, wherein they are subjects. I assure you, you are not used like children of the house, but as very bastards left to live at random.* Believe me, our burdens are like the stone of the Sybils, which to some, weighed like lead, and to others as a feather: oft-times the weight or lightness of your evils proceeds from nought but your own disposition: Imagination hath made you believe it, nice breeding (which hath been bestowed on you) and evil habits wherein you have been perpetually nousled, fail not to accomplish your miserie. Accustom your self a little to do that work well, for which you came into the world. Learn, that you must bear the miseries of man's condition, since you participate of humane nature, and that (thanks be to God) you are not a monster. When you have learnt to suffer something; you will begin to enter into the possession of your soul, in which alone you shall find all felicities, if so you be united to your beginning. Courage, poor impatient one, raise your self a little above your self by the grace which is given you from on high, and so many good assistances, which you can never want. The God of patience and consolation will confirm you, will fortifie you, and will give you the reward of your fidelity.

Rom. 8. 22.

Ad communem hanc Rempublicam, quisque pro modulo exsolvimus quod debemus, & quasi canonem passionum inferimus. S. August. in Psal.

Quod si non ad disciplinam cujus participes facti sunt omnes, ergo adulterini, & non filii. Heb. 12. 8.

Very true.

Div. Chrys. orat. 13. Marvellous stone of Sybils.

The seventh Treatise, Of HOPE.

Sect. 1. *The Description, Essence, and appurtenances thereof.*

The Image and nature of Hope.

HOpe is the gate of a great Palace replenished with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* termeth, when he calls it, *the porties of Nature.* It looketh on, and considers upon one side pearls, which are (as yet in the shell, and on the other upon Roses in the midst of thorns, which it thinks it may enjoy with some labour. Such is the nature of Hope according to S. *Thomas*; It is a motion of the appetite, which followeth the knowledg one hath of a good future possible, and somewhat difficult. It hath two arms with which it endeavoureth to pursue, and embrace objects, whereof the one is called Desire, and the other Belief; to be able to obtain what one desireth. Thus doth learned *Occham* define it. It is not sufficient to say that a thing is beautiful, pleasing, and profitable to create Hope, unless it be shewed it is possible, and that one may arrive thereunto by certain ways, which are not out of his power, who hopeth. So Hope, if it be reasonable, hath ordinarily wisdom, strength, eloquence, amitie and money for it: for these are the things which raise its courage. At the gates of this passion we see huge heaps of people of all manner of dispositions, who flatter it, and behold it; of one side lovers, who seek for a mate, For *Philo* said, it was the virtue of lovers: on the other side, Courtiers who run after favour; on the other, aspirers, who canvas for offices, and dignities; on the other, Labourers and Merchants: but above all, there are many young men bold and resolute, who therein have a great share; because, (as saith *Aristotle*) they have little of the past and much of the future. Or (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* affirmeth) for that nothing is hard to a fervent spirit. Moreover it sitteth upon a Peacock, and its face is encompassed with a Rainbow, by reason, it infinitely charmeth, and recreateth the minds of such as follow it by verie pleasing semblances: and (as King *Mithridates* saith) it hath, I know what kind of sweetness, which pleaseth even then, when it deceiveth, but if you observe it, you shall find, it holdeth an Anchor in the right hand to fix the desire of the wise: as on the contrary, it carrieth in the left hand an enchanted mirrour, where it letteth fools see a thousand slight trifles, all which turn into smoke. Pleasure waiteth on it, whilst we hope; for it is that which sweeteneth all the labours of life; and which serves for a spur to all great and generous action. But if it fals out that things happen not as they were figured in the imagination: then are all these Courtiers delivered over to a furious Monster called Despair, which drags them down to the foot of a mountain, and oft-times drencheth them in gulphs and precipices. Behold in few words the nature, definition, difference, composition, object, subject, the causes and the effects of hope. Let us now see, how we may govern this Motion.

Nature janitricem.

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 40. art. 2.

Occham. quodlibeto. 3. q. 9.

Philo. lib. *Quod deterius, &c.*

Arist. l. 2. Rhet. c. 12. Nazian. de vita sua.

Πάντα τὰ ῥᾴστα τῇ ζέσει τῆς ψυχῆς.

Mithrid. in epist. Græcis.

Sect. 2. *That one cannot live in the world without Hope, and what course is to be held for the well ordering of it.*

THey are of too haughtie a strain who never friendly entertain Hope, and think there is no life for them, if Felicitie be not always at their gate. The condition of creatures is such that all their blessings never come to them all at once. It were to go about to express a word without letters, to compose a happiness without joys and contentments succeeding one another. How can hope be banished from earth, sith Heaven, which is so well content, hath not renounced it! The blessed souls, after the vision of God, do yet hope something, which is, the Resurrection of their bodies, to which they most ardently wish to be reunited: those which are represented under the Altar in the *Apocalypse*, who ask vengeance of their blood at the tribunal of the Divine Justice, are instantly clothed with white garments, in token of this most bright flesh which is to be joyned to their immortal spirits. Heaven, which expecteth nothing for the perfection of its beauties, ceaseth not to revolve each moment of the day and night, to diversifie them. But we must confess that earth is the place of Hopes, which are as seeds of our Felicities, from whence it cometh, that what the Grecians call *to sow*, we name it *to hope*. Our soul here resembleth the *First Matter*, which is perpetually enamoured of new forms: and as the understanding of Angels (according to the saying of a great Philosopher) is all that, which it ought to be from the beginning, and becometh not new at all; Contrariwise Humane understanding is nothing in the beginning, and becomes all in process of time. So our will is like unto white Writing-tables wherein we easily write, or blot out all we will. The estate of perfection must be expected to imprint it with a lasting Character. So many young plants, so many little living creatures, so many children, so many imperfections, so many wishes warn us that we may live here with hope: we have so little of time present, that we are inforced to dilate our selves upon the future. This insensibly delighteth us, and stirs us, as Trees which seem to take pleasure to be rocked by the winds. It being resolved that we necessarily must expect and hope whilst we are in the world. It remaineth to consider, how we may well employ this passion in hoping good things, and hoping them by wayes verie direct, and in an orderly manner.

Apoc. 6.

ἀνοίγειν. *Sperare.*

Carolus Bovillus de intellectu humano & Angelico.

The good husbanding of hopes.

First, It is a shameful thing to say there are such who hope all that, which is to be feared. One promiseth himself the death of a Kinsman; the other, the confusion of a family; another, to seduce some filly maid; another, to debauch a married wife; another, to satisfie his revenge; another, to scrape together as much as his avarice can wish; and so many other things which are most unhappy Hopes, the success whereof God sometimes permitteth, when he will chastise wicked men. What a horrour is it to hope for crimes, and to feed ones self with anothers evils, as if one sought nourishment from coals and serpents! If our thoughts be not alwayes so high as the glorie of heaven; at least, let us not abase them so low as Hell. If they cannot be divine; let them not be inhumane; let them tie themselves to blessings permitted, and not to objects so unworthy. One may expect wealth, children, health, knowledge, honour, an office, a marriage, and so many other things which are commodious for humane life; without

without desiring disasters: notwithstanding, it is not enough to will good, unless one therein observe circumstances and measures requisite for its accomplishment. One of the best rules for the passion of which we treat, is, to adapt ones self to his hopes, to see what comports with his birth, his breeding, his capacity, his genius, his knowledge, his power, his credit and his pains; and not rashly to be stirred up with the desire of things above his strength, unless he will disturb his life, and hasten his death.

To adapt our selves to our hopes.

The world is a great Sepulchre of so many little *Phaetons*, who will guide the sun and hours, although their life be but a continual deviation; they have no other honour but to be fallen from on high, and to have used more temerity in affairs then abilitie: such hopes also are very well compared by the Wiseman, to those little dowls of flowers scattered in the air, to the froth which floateth on the water, and is instantly dissipated by a tempest, to smoke which vanisheth under the blast of winds, & to the memory of a traveller, who passes by an Inn.

Spes impii tanquam lanugo est, quæ à vento tollitur, & tanquam spuma gracilis quæ à procella dispergitur, & tanquam fumus qui à vento diffusus est, & tanquam memoria hospitis unius diei pretereuntis. Sap. 5. 15.

By the sight of a bird we judge of her flight, by the genius of men we make conjectures of their fortunes; needs must there be much extravagancie, when a man in all kinds little, proposeth to himself nothing but great things. I well know, the divine Providence, the worker of wonders, delightes sometimes to strike a stroke with its own hand, drawing out men of most base extraction, to bear them to the highest tops of worldly greatness. It is that, which forged a Diadem for *Pupienus* upon the same anvil whereof his father hammered Iron: That, which changed *Martianus* his spade into a Scepter: That, which taught *Valentinian* to make crowns by twisting ropes: That, which shewed *Justin* in a Carpenters-shop how to build a Throne for himself: That, which drew *Petrus Damianus* from the midst of sheep, to be made a Cardinal; and *Gregory* the seventh out of a Joyners house, to give him a Popes Myter. But, one Swallow makes not a summer, nor one accident, from an extraordinarie hand, which happeneth scarcely in an age, makes not all fortunes. S. *John* saith, that the measure of an Angel is the measure of a man; but this is not, but in the celestial City of *Hierusalem*, where we shall be as the Angel of God. Here our thoughts are high, our aims great, but the limit of our power little. He who doth well understand what he can, wils, but what is reasonable, and shall find that the modestie of wishes makes life more commodious, and happiness more undoubted.

Fulgosius l. 3. c. 4.

Idem l. 6. c. 10.

Apoc. 21. 17.

To this first rule of the moderation of hopes, we must add a second, which is, to give them good foundations, to the end we be not constrained to see the indiscretion of our desires punished by the small success of our pretentions. There are some who infinitely confide in the words of Astrologers, and to speak plainly, it is a prodigious thing to hear the predictions they make upon the life & fortunes of men, which cause amazement among the wise, and love in the curious: as at the time when they answered to the Edict of the Emperour *Vitellius*, who commanded them to leave the citie, that they would obey on such condition, that he instantly should leave life; which so fell out. Yet we must say that although God should write down in the book of stars the successes of our life, which cannot be easily agreed unto; yet ever would they be extremely encumbred, nor ever happen out of a fatal necessity. That is the cause why for some presages which hit right, there are many other notably false; which makes it sufficiently appear that God hath reserved to himself the full knowledg of what shall befal us. Among other qualities, wch the holy *Canticle* gives him, it forgetteth not to say, He had hair as black as the feather of a Crow. Where you shall observe the hairs mystically signifie the thoughts, and when the Scripture termeth them black, it will declare the obscurity and depth of God's counsels over the wisdom of men. *Tertullian* said, man was the care of the understanding of God, who provideth for all, and who cannot be a prevaricatour of his own providence. Can we think men are permitted to enter into those great abysses of knowledge, and to take the rains of nature into their hands? think we that a man who doth not alwayes very plainly see what lies before his feet, can assuredly behold that which is infinitely exalted above his head? Where have not Astrologers sowed lyes? where is it that great ones who hearkned unto them as to their Gospel, were not filled with disastrous successes? By their saying, all which is born at Rome comes into the world like unto little *Zara*, already marked with red. There are some who consume themselves with anxieties and cares of their life-time, to verifie the words of an Astrologer, and who instead of scarlet find (perhaps) in the other world a Robe of flames. It is a wretched support to tie ones hopes to so great an uncertainty. I find the favour of great and powerful friends is much more certain; for God establisheth them on earth as his images, to be the treasurers of felicity, and distributers of good hap. When they be just, upright, and grateful; men of merit have some cause to hope of their good affections; and an Antient said, that we must approach near to the Destinies and the Gods, and honour the happy. But how many are there, who, adhering too much unto men, make to themselves an arm of flesh without bones, and a fortune as frail as Reeds? Others make themselves brave fellows with their sword, and expect all from their valour. Others from their wit and eloquence. Others from their gold. Others from dexterity in businesses. All this may do well, when a great integritie of long services puts these good qualities into action: but if it happen you have some ray of hope grounded upon some good title; do as *Job*, and keep it hidden (as long as is fit) in your bosom, for fear that discovering it you lose the pretended effects thereof. There are, who tell all their designs to the whole world, if they see themselves either contraried in the pursuit, or contemned in the small success of them. The Scripture observeth how that a *Saul* seeking for Asses found a Kingdom, when he met *Samuel* who foretold him, he was to be the first King of God's people. A meer peasant, though he were, he was so prudent, that an uncle of his examining him curiously of the particularities of his journey, he gave him account of the Asses, and other such mean things; but never did he open his mouth to declare the hidden mysterie. This is the third precept which is to be kept in the ordering of this Passion. To which we will gladly add a fourth, which is, not too soon to reject, nor over slowly to press forward in the pursuit of your hopes; by reason that there are some who are extremely impatient, and presently despair, if all happen not to their wish: Where, they well shew, they are never to make a great fortune, sith this search after good luck is a war, wherein Time is of more use then Arms. There are dayes which be step-mothers, others, be mothers; there be years which are spent with much pain, and little harvest: But there cometh a good one, which re-

Coma ejus nigra, quasi Corvus. Cant. 5. 11.

Tertul. *Homo dum in carne ingenii. Deus in omnia sufficit, non potest esse sua perspicacia prævaricator.*

Gen. 38. 27

To ground them well.

Theodorus Metechista hist. Rom. fol. 86.

Powerful friends may serve for a support for Hope. *Fatis accede Deoq; & cole fælices.* Lucan. *Maledictus homo qui ponit carnem brachium suum.* Jer. 17. 5.

Prudence of *Saul*.

De sermone autem regni non indicavit ei. 1 Reg. 10. 16.

Not too soon to reject, nor too late to put forward.

penseth all sterilities, and with a full hand casteth fruits into our bosom. A good Fisher catcheth some fish, or still keeps the hook in the water; so, vigilant Courtiers either get favour, or incessantly watch the hour of their good hap, to cast themselves into the fish-pool, when the Angel hath stirred the water. Fortune was at *Galba's* Gate with a diadem, complaining she was wearie of attendance, and would be gone to another, if he took not heed thereto. Felicitie hath wings of an Eagle for some, and towards others, she comes with a leaden pace. There are times and ages, when one may reasonably expect her: but it is likewise a lamentable thing to be tormented all ones life, to run after a fancy of honour and wealth which flouteth us; and never to account, that, as lost, which for us is but a nothing. There are who have lost all their discretion, opinionatively to pursue a hope, and have profited nothing by their labour, but to give a solemn testimony of their unhappiness.

Stare se ante fores fessum, & nisi ocyus reciperetur, cuique obvio prædæ futurum. Suet. in Galb. c. 4.

It is here most expedient to make use of the precepts which the Nightingale gave to the Fowler in the Fable of S. *John Damascen.* For he wittily feigneth that this poor bird being taken in the snare would redeem her self by three good words she spake in his ear who had captivated her pretious liberty. The first was, *Not to be light of belief, nor inconsiderately to be transported with the first appearance of objects.* The second, *Not to pursue that, which one cannot attain.* The third, *To put out of your memory those evils, the remedy whereof is not in your power.* Upon these instructions the bird is delivered, which desirous to make trial of the docibility of the man, told him in her language, he was very simple, to dismis her so easily; for that if he had ripped up her belly, he had found a precious stone which had made him rich for ever. The Fowler, vexed at his own avarice and curiosity, begins to pursue her through the woods and forrests a very long way, till seeing she was out of his reach, he afflicted himself with his own folly. But the Nightingal said unto him. Art not thou a miserable man to have observ'd with so little constancy the precepts which concerned thy Happiness? Thou didst imagine there were Diamonds in the belly of a Nightingale; who misled thee but thy own credulitie? Thou most inconsiderately hast followed me, not observing that thou art a man, and I a bird: that thou art an inhabitant of the earth, and I, of the air: that thou hast natural weight, and I, wings. Lastly, thou art out of hope to be able to catch me; and it had not been much better to believe what I told thee, which was not to trouble thy self for an Impossibilitie? Behold, how this great Divine personates *Æsop*; to give sage directions to Courtiers in love with Hope, whence they may learn the means how to hope well. But, as for others who mock the world, and perpetually promise to those who serve them rewards which end in nothing; they deserve to have the same punishment inflicted, with which the Emperour *Alexander Severus* chastised an Impostor of his Court, who made very advantageous promises to many honest men, without ever coming to performance; for which, he caused him to be choked with smoke, the Cryer proclaiming *aloud, He who sold smoke is punished by smoke.* It were better to cut off at a blow the hopes of many, then to draw them at length in insupportable languours. But it is time we pass from humane manners, to divine perfections: and behold, how, by the examples of our heavenly Father, and the practices of the eternal Word, we may rule and settle this Passion.

Damascen. in Barlaam. A witty Fable of S. *John Damascen.*

Petronius apud Lampridium.

Sect. 3. *That God being not capable of Hope, serves as an eternal Basis to all good Hopes.*

GOd hath this property, that being uncapable of Hope, he is capable to support all hopes. I say, he is uncapable of Hope, not through the want of ability, but out of a singular excellency, and a most abundant plenitude of all perfections. Hope, is of good to come, and no man hopeth for what he possesseth. Now, God expecteth not any thing in the future, since he from all eternity hath felicities perpetually present. It were good to hear S. *Zeno* speak of the sufficiency of the eternal God. *What is it which God may Hope, sith he hath nothing out of himself. And from whom can he Hope, being he alone is the origen of all things? Who hath no other beginning then himself, shall he expect any good from one elder then himself? And know we not he is before all things, since he shutteth all things within his own bosom? All that he is, he is of himself; and no man well knows what he is, but himself. He alone is perfect, because nothing can be added to him, nor taken from him. He is never damnified, but always equal to himself, because he admitteth not Age, but is one day composed of Eternity.*

God is not capable of Hope, sith he possesseth all. Jac. 1. *Apud quem non est transmutatio, nec vicissitudinis obumbratio.* Zeno Veron. serm. 1. de gener. verbi. *Solus Deus est principium, qui ex se ipso dedit sibi principium; solus ante omnia, quoniam in manu ejus inclusa sunt omnia. Ex se est quod est; solus perfectus, quia non potest illi addi, nec minui: Solus indemnabilis, ac semper æqualis, quia in se non admittit ætatem.*

One may object here, that to hope for any thing from another; it is not alwayes necessary he be absolutely greater, or more worthy then we. We hope from artificers, we hope likewise from our servants, the performance of businesses which we put into their hands; and therefore one might inferr, that it is not a proposition contrary to reason, to say, that God can hope something from us, as are the praises and service which we are bound to render to him, as were likewise our conversion. To that I answer, it is true, that the greatest Monarchs of the earth may hope from the meanest persons of their kingdom, because they are men, and have dependence of men: and in this, God greatly humbleth great men, when he makes them see that all this glorious pomp of their fortune which seems to afford matter of jealousie to heaven, and of new laws to earth, subsisteth not but by the commerce of merchants, and by the labour and sweat of peasants: all which makes no impression on the Divinity. It expecteth (say you) our praises; as if God were not his own praise to himself; as if he stood in need of a mortal mouth to honour an Essence immortal. Were all the lips of men the most eloquent at this present covered under ashes, what would it concern him? *All the world is before him no more then the turn of a balance. Hath he not the morning stars round about his awful throne? I mean those great Angels all replenished with lights and perfections, who praise him incessantly. And were the world annihilated, and the very Angels confounded in the mass of stars and elements; he would ever be God, alwayes as great as himself: and even left alone to his thoughts; in his own thoughts he would find heaven.*

God is independent of all creatures, and the source of his felicities proceedeth from the infinity of his perfections. *Tanquam momentum statera, sic est ante te orbis terrarum.* Sap. 11. 23. *Resoluto mundo & diis in unum confusis, cessante natura acquiescit sibi cogitationibus suis tradita.* Senec. ep. 9.

But yet you will say, he may expect our conversion, which partly dependeth on our selves; since he, who made us without us, will not save us without us. It is easie to reply thereupon, that God hath no need of the conversion of men, to augment his glorie; but to establish their salvation: and should he have need; he continually hath his elect before him in the book of his prescience, without blotting forth, or thereunto adding any names. Think you he expecteth till we have done to judg of our works? He knoweth from all eternitie what we must do in such or such an occasion, his prescience

God hath no need of our conversion, to increase his glory. *Fasciculus super terram fundavit.* Amos 6.

science not imposing any necessitie upon our free-will. *This great God, sitting in the highest part of heaven continually beholdeth all the actions of men: and the eternity of his vision perpetually present, infallibly meeteth with the quality of our merits.* It letteth us go according to the current of the stream, and the choice of our libertie; but if he would proceed with absolute power, there is no will so determinate upon evil which can resist him. And therefore we must conclude, his account is alreadie made both within himself, and without himself; he not any whit depending on the future.

Manet spectator cunctorum Deus, visioque ejus præsens æternitas cum nostrorum actuum qualitate concurrit. Boet. l. 5. p. 6.

It is more clear then the day, that God cannot hope; but it is likewise most manifest, that he supporteth all good hopes by reason of the capacitie of his Essence, of his power, & of his goodnes: and therefore *Esay* spake very notably. *You have put your hope in our Lord, who is in eternal ages, In our Lord (I say) the true God, whose strength is not limited by length of time.* Men are weak; and God is the God of the strong: Men sometimes preserve for a time; but God guardeth us eternally: Men have their wills as changeable as their power is limited; but God (besides that he is of a constancie unshaken) exerciseth a power unbounded. Where, then, may we better lodge our hopes then in the Divinitie?

God supporteth all good hopes, by reason of the infinite capacity of his Essence. *Sperastis in Domino in sæculis æternis, in Domino Deo forti in perpetuum.* Isa. 16. 2.

There it is where our second Model (I mean the holy humanitie of *Jesus*) placed all his Hope. *My God, my Hope; I did cast my self between thy arms, so soon as I began to be born to the world, and at my going from my mothers bosom.* But one may here ask of Theologie, If *Jesus* had the virtue of Hope; what is it then he might hope? I answer, that if he might pray, he might hope. For, prayer, and (namely) a request is not made but with hope to obtain that we seek for. Now, who doubteth but that *Jesus* prayed on earth? and doth he not also pray now in heaven? He prayed (saith Theologie) for four reasons. First, for the exercise of his vertue which is most excellent. Secondly for our example. Thirdly, for the accomplishment of his commission; and lastly, for necessitie. I am not ignorant that S. *John Damascen* hath said, that Christ prayed not, but in appearance, insomuch as prayer being properly an ascension of the mind to God, it could not be that the soul of *Jesus Christ* should amount anew into the Divinitie, since from the day of his Conception it was there (as it were) enchased, not being able to be separated from it, one sole moment. But this question is satisfied by saying with *Vasquez*, that it is true that our Lord, in regard of the person of the Word, could not pray, having in this kind no superiour: but by reason of the Humanitie, which might be wanting and indigent without the help of the Divinitie; therefore he mounted up to the fource of the word, not by vision and *beatifick love*, which he alreadie enjoyed; but by the knowledge of science infused, and by a new desire to impetrate something of his heavenly Father.

We must place our hopes in God, by the example of the holy Humanity of Jesus Christ. *In te projectus sum ex utero, spes mea ab uberibus matris meæ.* For what reasons our Lord prayed on earth.

Damascen. l. 4. de fide.

I say, he alreadie had Beatitude, and that he was (as it were) engulphed in lights of glorie; he notwithstanding had not yet glorification of his bodie, exaltation of his name, extent of his Church from one pole to the other: which made him pray, and to say with S. *John, I beseech thee (O Father) make me glorious and resplendent before the face of all Creatures, as I was from all eternity in the source of thy divine lights, even before thou hadst enlightned the beauty of this Universe.* And it is to no purpose to oppose against this, That he had nothing to do, to pray, and hope for, since all he asked was fully assured him. For, it is evident that hopes, though certain, fail not to be hopes although they depend on the future. But, which is more; the eternal Father had so tied our salvation to the prayers and hopes of *Jesus Christ*, that we could not obtain it, but under this condition. He prayed and hoped for us; but whilst he was yet hanging on the breast of his most blessed Mother, he shewed us we must pour forth all our hopes on the firm rock of the power and goodnes of God. And to speak truly; what are all the hopes of the world, but reeds without support; shels without pearls; seeming colours of the Rainbow without solidity? O! how well doth S. *Augustine* speak when he compareth hope to an egg? saying, that all Beasts bring forth young ones; but, birds produce nothing but hopes, which are the Eggs; we are true Birds whilst we are in this miserable life, still hanging upon leaves, still troubled at time passed, ever uncertain of the future, ranging hither and thither, and perpetually restless, and finding punishments in the greatest contentments of Nature. We brood weak hopes like unto Eggs, which promise us to bring forth wonders, and produce nought but wind. Hope is a marvellous Egg, whereof some eat the shell; others the white; but very few the yolk.

Clarifica me tu, Pater apud temetipsum, claritate quam habui, priusquam mundus fieret apud te. Joan. 17.

The hopes of the world are very deceitful, and have no solidity. S. August. Serm. 28. de verbis Domini. c. 5.

This very well figureth unto us three sorts of Hopes, whereof some are harsh and irksom; others, vain; the rest, in the end good and nutritive. If you desire to see the harshnes of worldly hopes, which we have set in the first place of this division; consider, first, that hoping much, we must have much dependence upon another, which taketh away from us that sweet liberty, which is a good inestimable. *To hope is not a thing which dependeth upon our power, but on the liberality of another.* It is much, that Hope, which is so slender and scanty, is not wholly ours. If we hope for a good, and expect it from our own forces; we are in danger to become presumptuous, vain, and ridiculous. For, how many see we in the world who daily are undone, by having too much presumed on their own power? How many little Birds with feeble wings, have sought to take a flight which hath only served to render their fall the more notable? If we must expect this good hap from another (besides the submission of dependence which hath alwayes somewhat distasteful in it) I see we most depend on men, some whereof want power; others, will; others, both together; but, if the one, and the other meet for a while, they are not of long continuance. The nature of blessings, which we hope for in the world, is, frail & more frail they from whom we hope them. We oftentimes hope for health from them, who are as sick as our selves; life, from mortals; riches, from creatures, who are all in the povertie of nothing. If we reckon up our evils, our maladies, our suits, our injuries, & our persecutions; we shal find many who will compassionate us, but very few to afford remedy. And that which often most vexeth us, is, that if there be some who are able, after they have promised us so much favour, and so many good turns, they in our cause are sparing of a step, and of the very wind of a word.

Three sorts of Hopes.

Sperare non est possibilitatis nostræ, sed largitatis alienæ. Paul. Orosius in Apol. de lib. arbitrio.

Others sell us under pretext to succour us, These are Hercules's, to whom we offer sacrifice to drive away Wolves, and they torment us more then the Wolves themselves, O how often are we enforced to say with the Prophet, *Babylon my wel-beloved, is set before mine eyes as a miracle*: And then presently, that, which is in the same Text, according to the

Isa. 21. 14. *Babylon dilecta mea posita est mihi in miraculum.*

Crepuscu-lum desideriimei posu-it mihi in horrorem.

Hebrew, *Mishap is the cause, that the bright-day-break of my desire is turned into the horrour of my thoughts?* This Babylon of wordly hopes sheweth in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find that those desires that were as pleasing as the dawning of day (which at its first springing appeareth all over studded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at last, and are changed into the horrours of a sad Tempest.

Cruentat fortunæ lenocinantis perfidus, finis, & virum, ut scorpius, ultima parte perculit.

Many seemed to be already arrived at the end of their hopes, when good success forsook them in the beginning of their rising fortune, and if others went towards the end, they fell: that, albeit it had honey on the lip, and light in the face, it carried poyson in the tail, like unto Scorpions. The vain hope of the world suggesteth us, what the Emperour *Zemisees* said to a Patriarch of Constantinople, *Thou wert but an oven, and I have made thee a palace, but I will bring thee back to that state from whence thou wentest.* And all the splendour of thy false greatness shall only serve to make thy fall the more miserable. Good God, that those are constrained to eat the egg-shell, who after they have hoped great felicities, see themselves thrown down, and roughly handled with pains waited on by ignominy, and confusion!

Sidon. l. 2. ep. 13. *Ego te, furne, ædificavi, ego te, furne, destruam.*

Aut poterit comedi insulsum, quod non est sale conditum. Job 6. 6. *Et sicut somniat, sitiens, & bibit, & postquam fuerit expergefactus lassus adhuc sint.* Isa. 29. 8. Libanius declar. 37.

They hit not upon a much more favourable condition, who eat the white of the egg, and who after they have hoped for great comforts in worldly prosperities, find the acquisition is painful, the fruition uncertain, and the taste most unsavourie. Never are the hopes of the world specious, but when they are far from us, and all the pleasure we take in them is like to that of dreams; from whence it comes that they very well are called dreams without sleep. What pleasure is it for a thirsty man to dream all night, that he is on the brink of a most delicious fountain, if, being awakened, he find that he still hath the fire of thirst on his lips? *Libanius* the Orator said he would gladly cite his dreams to appear in judgment, and see them condemned as very impostours, which many times promise golden mountains, and perform nought but matter of sorrow. By a much stronger reason we have cause to say the same thing of all worldly hopes which desist not to deceive us, till we be asleep, but surprize us open-eyed; Yet we shall do wrong to question them; for they are innocent: but we are culpable to make so ill use of reason, as to run all our life-time after fancies. One of the wisest men of antient times uttered a matter verie remarkable, related by D. *John Chrysostom*, to wit, that all man-kind is tied with a great chain; composed of two folds of links, which in great number all our life-time are multiplyed, and interchangeably follow one another. One is called joy, and the other sorrow. But besides this, there are some (saith this Wise-man) who have fetters on their heels, being tormented with harsh hopes, which, under the shadow of sweetness, insult over them, and hold them as long as they live in a painful slaverie. There is a file (addeth he) called Reason, which is very excellent to file our fetters; but, there are none but the most considerate who find it: fools are enforced to languish all their life-time in this Martyrdom, and as they have lived in the fervours of a feaver, they also die in illusion.

An excellent passage of a wise man mentioned by *Chrysostom.*

Then let us learn to make an eternal divorce from all those frivolous wordly hopes, and to look on *Jesus* as a pole-star always immoveable, under whom all mobilities move. What a shame is it to spend the better part of our age after smokes and phantastick semblances, which pay us with nothing but griefs; and not to hope in a strong God, who supporteth the earth with three fingers of his power; in a merciful God, who loveth us tenderly as the apple of his eye! Shall we never learn to say, *Be our arms in the morning, and our salvation in the day of Tribulation?* Let us not flatter our selves with these goodly semblances of honour, of greatness, of riches, of pleasures, which by heap present themselves to our imagination; but let us say, Lord I will expect the *Saviour thou hast promised me.* Let us leave men of the world who unbowel themselves like Spiders by drawing out their entrails to catch flies; but let us imitate those little silk worms, who cast forth precious threads, whereof they make a rich bottom in which they sleep, and come not forth but to take wings and soar in the air. Let us go and produce hopes which are as so many threds of gold, that involve us here below in precious repose, and a certain expectation of Beatitude, until charity hath perfected our wings to take our flight to the City of peace; where so many chosen souls stretch out an arm unto us. Let us take a very strong comfort, since we put our selves between the arms of hope, (which we hold as a firm, and an assured anchor) to stay all the disturbances of our mind, going forward in our way till we pass the veil, and enter into the Tabernacle of the Sanctuarie, whereinto *Jesus* our Precursour hath made his entry for our Salvation.

Esto brachium nostrum in mane & salus nostra in tempore tribulationis. Isa. 33. 2. *Salutare tuum expectabo, Domine.* Gen. 49. 18

Fortissimum solatium habemus, qui confugimus ad tenendam spem quam sicut anchoram habemus animæ tutam, ac firmam, incedentes usque ad interiora velaminis, ubi præcursor pro nobis introivit Jesus. Heb. 6. 19.

The eighth Treatise, Of DESPAIR.

Sect. 1. *Its Nature, Composition, and Effects.*

The image of Despair.

HE who would set forth the picture of Despair (methinks) should do well to represent Hope in the manner of some bird variously diversified with curious-coloured feathers, & endowed with a most melodious voice, that were pursued by a man with much eagerness; but when he should think to touch her with his finger, she should instantly vanish away in the air, and leave, instead of her self a black and ugly Hobgoblin, which should possess all the passages both of the Palace, & Throne of this goodly hope. In this property, behold what the definition of Despair meaneth, which according to S. *Thomas*, is a recess from a good impossible, or which one proposeth within himself he can never attain unto. From whence it cometh, that there are two acts which compose this miserable Passion: the first whereof is a determinate judgment made upon the impossibility of the good that is sought; whether it be lost, or whether the means to arrive unto it be taken away, or whether it be so difficult, that the wit of man cannot purchase it at any price. Thence followeth a second Act, of grief and sadness, to see it self driven back from the desired object, without any hope of coming near unto it: for which cause, we may wel represent the dismal spectre of Despair, tumbling so many Courtiers with frivolous hope down the mountain into the bottom of a valley, where some gnash their teeth, stamp with their feet, & pull themselves by the hair. Some run to the sword, to precipices and halters: otherslie flat on the ground, drowned in their tears, & drenched in dull sadness, like people wholly sensless & walking in the way of a Tomb, as having almost nothing at all to do with the living. But the thing most admirable is, that there are some to be seen, who, being come to the extremity of miseries, find themselves

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 4. art. 4. *Recessus vitalis à bono ob ejus difficultatem vel præclusam fruitionem.*

There are two sorts of Acts in this passion.

themselves in an instant faln into a happiness unexpected, so that despair seems to have been for them the source of all their hopes.

Sect. 2. *The Causes of Despair, and the Condition of those who are most subject to this Passion.*

THey who are of a Melancholick humour, are infinitely disposed to the effects of this direful passion. For to say truth, Melancholy is the Pit of the Abyss, from whence issue forth an infinite quantity of evil vapours, which cause night in the most cheerfull brightness, & make the most pleasing beauties of Nature to be beheld with affrightment.

They who are turmoiled herewith, easily resigning themselves over to Despair, are perpetually upon complaints and lamentations; they see publick calamities coming afar off, and, like birds of an ill presage, do prognostick nothing but disasters. They have a singular inclination to believe the worst news, to augment it in their imagination, to amplifie it in their discourses, and to affright the whole world (if they could) with panick terrours, & imaginary fears. The least mishap which befals their family, is (in their opinion) a general ruine: Menaces are blows; blows murthers; the least sparkes are Coles; Theaters strewed with flowers, are scaffolds covered with black for them; and all the actions of men are nought but Tragedies.

Wise *Plutarch* said, All little Courages were naturally full of complaints. They are like the river of *Silias*, wherein all sinks to the bottom, and nothing floteth; all passeth with them into the bottom of the soul, nought staies in the superficies: wch is the cause that the heart replenished with cares & apprehensions, discharged it self (what it may) by the tongue.

Besides the material cause of despair, which is observed in melancholy, we find others efficient, which ordinarily fasten upon great and strong passions of love, of Ambition, and of Avarice. All histories are full of miserable people, who having settled their affections upon objects, whence they could not with reason expect any satisfaction, after an infinite number of languours, toils and pursuits, have buried their love in despair, and drowned their ardour in the bloud of their wounds. Some have hanged themselves at the gate of their Mistrisses, others have thrown themselves headlong down into ruines, others have been exposed to salvage beasts, rather chusing to suffer the fury of tigers and lions, then the rage of love without fruition.

Dido profuga in alieno solo, ubi nuptias regis ultro optasse debuerat. nè tamen secundas experiretur, maluit è contrario uri, quàm nubere. Tertul. *in exhort. ad castitatem.*

The Poet *Virgil* did her wrong, to put *Dido* of *Carthage* into the number of the Unhappy, saying, she sacrificed her self to the sword and flames, out of a Despair conceived to see her self deprived of her *Trojan*. *Tertullian* justified the ashes of his Countrey-woman, assuring us she was one of the most chaste Ladies in the world, and did more in the matter of Chastity then S. *Paul* prescribeth. For the Apostle having said, *That it is better to marry then to burn*; she rather chose to burn then to marry, making her own funeral alive, and rather entring upon the flaming pyle, then to comply with the passion of a King, who sought her in marriage after the death of her husband whom she had singularly loved.

The passion of ambition is no less violent in proud and arrogant spirits (who having been long born as on the wings of glory, and seeing themselves on a sudden so unfortunate, as to be trampled under foot by those who adored them) cannot digest the change of their fortune, anticipating that by violence, wch they ought rather to expect from mercy.

Such was *Achitophel*, accounted to be one of the greatest States-men of his time, whose counsels were esteemed as of a Deity, when seeing himself faln from the great authority he had acquired, after he had set the affairs of his house in order, he took a halter with wch he hanged himself. And it is thought *Pilate* followed the like course, when he saw himselfe to be discountenanced after the death of his master *Tiberius*, & banished by *Caius Caligula*, the successour to the Empire. This calamity seemed unto him so intolerable, that he sought to shorten his miseries by hastning his death, wch he gave himself by his own hand. Yet *Eusebius*, who seems to be the chief authour of this narration, and who is followed by *Paulus Orosius* & others, doth not assure it, as a thing undoubtedly true, but as a popular rumour. For my part, I think it not amiss to believe *Tertullian*, who conceiveth, that after the death of our Saviour, *Pilate* was a Christian in his conscience, when he in writing expressed to the Emperor *Tiberius* the things which occurred in the person of our Saviour with so much honour for our Religion, that from that time the Emperour resolved to put *Jesus Christ* into the number of the Gods. But if the opinion of this Author were true, *It could not be credible*, that a man who had a tincture of Christianity should have ended his life by so *furious a despair*.

1. Reg. 17. 23.

Tanitis, irrogante Caro, angoribus coarctatus est, in sensus transversa manu, malorum compendium mortis celeritate quæsierit. Paul. Oros. *l.* 7. *c.* 4.

Pilatus jam tunc pro suâ conscientia, Christianus, Tertul. in Apolog.

Yes, that it might very well, as many examples testifie.

Avarice in this point wil nothing at all give place to Ambition, for there are many to be found, who (seeing themselves unexpectedly deprived of treasures wch they kept, as the griphons of *Scythia*) would no longer behold the sun, after the sun had seen the gold wch they hid in the bowels of the earth. Witness that covetous man of the Greek Anthology, who strangled himself with the same halter wherewith another man had determined to hang himself, who by chance having found this caitiff's treasure, was diverted from it. This may very well teach us, that it is very dangerous, passionately to affect the objects of the world, because (as saith S. *Gregory*) one cannot without immeasurable grief lose all that wch with unlimited love is possessed. The evil spirit, who soundeth each ones inclinations, and discovereth their dispositions, powerfully intermedleth in them, and layeth snares for men in all the things wherein he observeth them to be with the most fervour busied. To these occasions of despair, fear of pain & shame is added, which is very ordinary, and is the cause that many hasten their end, before they fall into the hands of their enemies, or are laid hold on by Justice, wch is as much as if one should die, not to die. This was very common among Pagans, who esteemed that a glory, which we hold the worst of crimes: and the like opinion crept very far into the minds of the Hebrews, who thought themselves to be sacred persons, & imagined they did an act generous and profitable to the glory of God, to kill themselves, before the hands of Infidels were bathed in their bloud. This is the cause if we believe the ordinary Gloss of the first Book of Kings, and the ancient Interpreters of this Nation, that we cannot conclude the damnation of *Saul* by an infallible demonstration for having strucken himself; seeing, that according to their opinion, he was not sufficiently illuminated by the lights of the antient Law, that it was a Mortal sin to hasten his death to save the honour of his Religion, & to deliver himself from the scorn of Infidels. Nay, they assure us, that he in this occasion ordered himself as a treasure of God, refusing to deliver up unto enemies a head honoured with sacred unction to be alive defiled by their profane hands. They add that he had before him the example of *Samson*, who

Glossa in 2 Reg. 31. Dicunt Hebræi, & aliqui etiam Christiani, quod interficere seipsum instinctu Divini honoris, nè vituperium exerceatur propriò corpore redundans in Dei vituperium sicut timebat Saul, non esse illicitum.

was

was admired by all his own Nation for being overwhelmed with the *Philistims* under the ruines of a house. And that after him *Razias*, esteemed a Saint, and a courageous man, gave himself the stroke of death, and threw his bowels all bloudy from the top of a turret on the heads of his enemies. But now at this time we stand in a clear light, communicated unto us by Councils and School-Divinity, and know it is not at all lawful, so far as that a decree hath decided, that a Virgin ought rather to suffer the loss of virginity of body, by a manifest violence, then of her own accord to tear out her soul. Yet Doctours do not condemn him who throws himself down headlong to avoid a burning, nor him who putteth fire to the powder of a ship taken with Pirats, wherein he cannot doubt but he must perish; but he hastneth his end to take a prey from his enemy, and to sacrifice himself for a Publick good.

Mace. 1. 12.

Placuit, ut qui sibi ipsis voluntarie violentam inferunt mortem, nulla prorsus pro illis in oblatione commemoratio fiat. Ex Concil. Braccarensi primo, c. 34. Caus. 23. q. 5. in Glossa. Laym. p. 216.

The Doctrine which blameth every other act of Despair, is conform to the opinion of the best Philosophers, who held, it is to die like a licentious beast, to go out of this life without his warrant, by whose leave we entred into it. *Seneca*, who had been of another opinion, changed it afterward at the end of his dayes, nor would he use violence against himself, wherewith *Nero* was amazed, and sent him the sentence of death, which he received with a marvellous courage; shewing, that if he sealed not his former opinion with his bloud, it was not for want of resolution, but that he had acquired more light. For my part, I probably think he was at that time a Christian, although not declared; and it is to no purpose to alledge, that he in his last words maketh mention of a *Jupiter Liberator*, since he explicateth it in his writings, shewing, that by this word he understands no other God, then the sovereign Monarch of the Universe.

Eundem quem nos Jovem intelligunt terrarum orbem universi, cui nomen omne convenit.

We ought not to take this glory from him, since S. *Hierome* so clearly giveth it him, placing him in the number of Christian Authours and Confessours of *Jesus Christ*. And that *Flavius Dexter*, a notable Historian, who flourished in S. *Augustines* time, & who wrote the History of Christianity from the birth of Christ our Saviour, to the year 430. expressly saith in the year 64. *De Christiana re bene sensit, factúsque Christianus occultus.* But if this be so, it cannot have been but in the last year of *Seneca*'s life, which is 66. of our Lord, when the holy Apostles, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* returning thither the second time, made Christianity in that place to be resplendent. From whence it comes, that they much labour in vain who alledge many passages out of *Seneca*'s book, composed in his Paganism, to disapprove our opinion.

Nat. quæst. lib. 3. S. Hier. l. de Scriptoribus Ecclesiast.

Sect. 3 *Humane Remedies of Despair.*

THe cause of despair, and the condition of those who despair, being sufficiently known, we must fortifie our selves against this pernicious passion with all the courage and prudence we can use. If we consider the humane Remedies, they will teach us, that the inconstancy of things on the earth which overwhelme us, may raise us, that the state of this inferiour world is as a wheel, whereon we do nought but go up, and come down; and that when we have the most happiness, then is the time we fall to the lowest degree of misery. When the unfortunate are descended into abysses, the prosperous leap up in their places. We have seen of them, as the Wise-man observeth, that have mounted to Empires from the deep dungeons of a prison, as did *Michael* the Emperour, who was unexpectedly snatched out of the hands of *Leo*, when he had resolved to burn him alive: was taken from black Caverns, born to the Palace as yet nasty & all horrid, and on his Imperial Throne made to file off the fetters on his feet, for that the key of them could not be found. The proud *Sesostris*, King of *Egypt*, who pompously walked along in a chariot, harnessed out with Kings, was diverted from his insolency by one of those miserable Princes, who taught him a lesson of the revolution of humane things, by the resemblance of the wheels of the chariot of triumph, whereunto pride had lifted him. Experience will tell us, that many for having lightly believed their evil fortune, were deprived of very great prosperities; and became unfortunate for no other reason, but that they thought themselves such before their time.

De exercere cæteris quæ interdum quis egreditur ad regnum. Zonaras. in Michael.

Perseverance will instruct us, that in worldly affairs, as are marriages, offices, benefices, suits in law, commerce, good turns, and recompenses; we must not still fall off out of mood, but patiently expect the hour of our good hap, whilst there is any reasonable likelihood. *Scardion* in the third Book of his History, recounteth an excellent passage of Pope *Innocent* the seventh, who employed a famous Painter, named *Andrew Mattineus*, in adorning his Chappel of the Vatican. This brave workman bent himself to it with affection, and therein used his most exquisite inventions, hoping that he who set him a work, would largely requite his merit in so notable a power to oblige all the world. He notwithstanding saw his labours daily to go on, but felt no rewards coming, which one day put him into Choler, with a resolution to be revenged by some trick of his Art. The Pope had commanded him to paint the seven deadly Sins, but he in stead of taking his proportions for seven places, added thereunto an eighth, wherein he purposed to make a hideous Monster. *Innocent* more fully informing himself of his design, the Painter answered, he left this place there to represent Ingratitude, as the most capital of all Vices. The Pope well understanding what he would say, smiled, and said, *Mattineus*, I give consent thou paint Ingratitude as ugly as thou pleasest, but on this condition, that thou place Patience directly over against it, which of all Virtues is the most courageous, from which thou art very much alienated, being unable a little to expect patiently the good I have resolved to do thee: and presently he gave him a good Benefice for his sons preferment.

Lastly, commonly fame will shew us there are people, whose ears are like those gates through which nothing was suffered to pass but direfull things. They burden themselves with all the worst, and becom eloquent in the mishap of their friends, as if they infinitely obliged them by learning their disasters. We shall easily find a remedy for the evil we apprehend, by not being over-credulous in giving ear to these new-carriers, whom Poets will have to be the messengers of Hell. Constancy will assure us, that the evil opinion one hath of his own affairs troubleth the whole business; that we must persevere to the end, and albeit the tempest turmoil us, never to forsake the helm, though tossed in the midst of surges. If it be a last necessity which assaileth us, we must put on the countenance of a Saint to receive it; and confidently believe, that if it take all Hope from us, it will by little and little take away also all our Despair. It is very dangerous at that time to trust our own thoughts, and to entertain dotages of the mind: rather

ther, we should seek (by the comfort of a confident Confessour, and by other good friends) to strengthen our selves against the storm which most commonly, onely threatneth us in the haven.

Sect. 4. *Divine Remedies.*

Remedies for this Passion.

IF our soul have leisure to take wings, and to raise it self above it self, let us look upon Divine Remedies, whereof we may make use to divert, or vanquish this direful Passion; which is verily one of the most poisonous of reasonable nature. And first of all, let us consider, how God being neither capable of Hope nor despair, faileth not to invite us to the one, and to withdraw us from the other, by the operations which he exerciseth on the visible world.

An excellent saying of venerable *Bede*.

Venerable *Bede* saith excellently wel in his observations, that he hath three sorts of habitations, wherein he hath lodged six divers things. In heaven he hath placed Verity & Eternity. On earth, Curiosity & Repentance. In hel, Misery & despair. Why should we then take to us a Passion of the damned, wch is not made for the world wherein we live? It is a remarkable thing, that God to make us hope, hath oftentimes strained the laws of nature, doing things wch seemed impossible to all humane judgments; & in works of grace he daily also produceth miracles, drawing to salvation & glory people meerly desperate, according to the opinion of the world. How could we have one sole touch of despair, were we truly faithful, since God engageth even his goodnes & power, to make us hope all that, wch according to Man, is desperate. *There is nothing impossible to the omnipotency of God. He did but speak a word, and it was sufficient to vindicate from nothing all this vast world of Creatures. So soon as he ordained it, so soon it was done, and he hath indifferently let us know his greatness, as wel in the production of the least things, as in the creation of the most noble and eminent.*

Non est impossibile apud Deum omne verbum. Luc. 1. *Ipse dixit, & facta sunt; ipse mandavit, & creata sunt.* Psal. 148. *Magnus in magnis, nec parvus in minimis.* *Aug. serm. de Temp.*

There are three things wch are opposite to admirable works: 1. The weakness of the Agent created, 2. The indisposition of the subject. 3. The frequency of things seen and used. But God takes away these three obstacles to do miracles in nature. He gives to active creatures a strength meerly particular, & wholly Divine, to work above their force. He gives to Passive, a power of submission, & a capacity to receive the supernatural impression of agents, and brings forth effects, which are not onely great, but wholly extraordinary. And which is more, we therein observe five excellencies, which are as five raies of their glory: to wit, Efficacy, Durance, Utility, the End, and the Means, which render all these works of God infinitely recommendable. It is by his cōmand, that burning pillars walk in the air to serve as a standard for 600000 fighting men. That the sea parts in sunder & divides it self into two banks of Chrystal, to make a rampart for his people. That the clouds of heaven shower bread of Angels. That Rocks open their sides to pour forth fountains. That armies of flies and caterpillers destroy legions all of iron and steel. That the sun stands still in the midsts of his career. That whales make a temple of their belly for a Prophet. That Sepulchres yield forth the dead alive. All this is done in nature by the ministery of Angels, and the service of men: but, by the virtue of God alone, to whom it belongeth to do miracles; the soul of Jesus Christ it self having not been but the instrument of the World united to it in such like operation. What is it we ought not to hope from a God, from whom we can despair of nothing, & who holdeth total nature at his service to help our confidence? But, not content with it, he passeth to miraculous works of grace, wherein he causeth unexpected productions. I will give you an excellent consideration, to encourage you never to despair, either of your own salvation, or that of other sinners. It is, that God, albeit, by his prescience he cannot be ignorant of the succes of souls wch are out of the sweetnes of his predestination, and who are not reckoned in the number of his elect; yet whilst they are involved in bodies, he treateth them as his own, not shewing that he despairs of their happines.

What hindereth the production of admirable works.

God when he pleaseth takes away all the obstacles which oppose thereunto

The wonders which God maketh to appear in the Old Testament by the help of his creatures.

S. *Thom.* 3. q. 13. 2.

God indifferently treateth elect souls as reprobate, during life, without shewing that he despaireth of their salvation.

Divines teach us, that there is not any one destitute of the help of sufficient grace to work his salvation; not any one who is not visited with inspirations necessary for this purpose. Thus doth S. *Augustine* interpret the presage of the 18. *Psalm*, *There is none who can hide himself from his heat.* The ardour of the *Word Divine* pierceth through the coldest shadows of death. The sun is very general, and there is not a creature in the world so little, which hears not news of him: yet all night long he retires from us. And there are many people who are plunged in nights so tedious and irksom, that they seem to be (as it were) eternal. But this son of grace penetrateth into the darkest obscurities: It finds out men who have nothing of man but skin and figure; and speaketh to them with its raies, which are so many tongues from heaven: It spake to *Herod* after the murder of 14000 innocents: It spake to *Nero*, in the agitations of a mind troubled with the image of his crimes: It spake to the Emperour *Theophilus*; when dying he held between his hands the head of *Theophobus* his Constable, to satiate his revenge: Lastly, It makes us pronounce aloud the excellent saying of S. *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *There are no Cimmerians for the Word of God.* He makes allusion to certain people, whom we now call *Gothians*, or else to those who anciently inhabited in the territory of *Rome*, in places under the ground, such as that which we now adays call *Sybilla*'s Grot, and it is thought the sun never reflected into their caves; but it is not so in the visits of the holy Ghost; *The great sea of divine lights is ever at hand, and abundantly overfloweth in favour of such evils as wil participate therein.* I am not ignorant, that certain Divines have said, that some sinners arrive many times to such exorbitancy of crimes & ingratitudes, that they in the end are totally abandoned by God, and have not all the rest of their time, one sole good thought. But the most moderate say, that this happeneth for certain time, and certain moments, albeit, one cannot generally say, that a man may come to an estate so desperate, as to be wholly impenetrable to the graces of God: *It is an errour to say, that a crime so detestable may happen in the world, of which one cannot have remission. We cannot set limits, nor bound time in the infinite mercies of God. Moses* the *Ethiopian*, who was so black of body, so stained in conscience, so wicked of life, that he was accounted a devil incarnate, was so changed by the grace of God, that he became an Angel of heaven. An infamous thief having obtained his pardon of the Emperour *Mauricius*, was put into the Hospital of S. *Samson*, where he so plentifully bewailed his sins in the last agonies of death, that the Physician who took care of him, coming to see him, found him unexpectedly dead, and over his face a handkerchief bathed with his tears & soon after he had a certain revelation of his Beatitude. To this purpose Pope *Celestine* said, *That a true Conversion made at the last end of life, is to be measured by the mind, not by the*

Desperate people whom God visited to their end.

Ἐσμὸς ἐν Κιμμερίοις τῷ λόγῳ κεκμήκασιν. *Clem. Alex. protrept.*

S. *Dyonis. de Hierarch. caelesti.*

Bellarm. l. 2. de Gratia. S. *Thom.* 2, 4, 86. *Dicere quod peccatum sit in hac vita de quo quis poenitere non possit, erroneum est. Misericordiae Dei nec mensuram possumus ponere, nec tempora deo finire.* S. *Leo. ep.* 89. Admirable conversions of such as seemed desperate. *Celest. 1. ep. 2. c. 2. Vera ad Deum conversio in ultimis positorum mente potius est existimanda quam tempore.*

the time. God caused a thief to mount from the gallows to Glory, to teach us, that as there is nothing impossible to his power, so there is not any thing limited in his mercy. It is onely fit for him to despair, who can be as wicked as God is good.

Sect. 5. *The Examples which Jesus Christ gave us in the abyss of his sufferings, are most efficacious against pusillanimity.*

The sight of our Saviour teacheth us to persevere in our good hopes, and not to despair.

BEhold the consolations we may derive from our first model: but if we wil consider the second; we shall find that our Lord, who did all for our instruction, witnessed strong hopes in the great abyss of dolours, wherewith he was all covered over on the Cross, to encourage us to hope well in the most sensible afflictions.

That you may well understand this point so important, you must consider, what then was the state of the body and soul of *Jesus Christ*: the body was so full of wounds, that they, who could not be satisfied with his pains, did more in him torment his wounds, then his members. He had almost no part about him entire, whereof he on the Cross could make use, but his eyes & his tongue, His eies not being pulled out (as *Samson's* & *Zedekiah's*) there was nothing left for him, but to set before his view the Martyrdom of his good Mother, who was fastned on the Cross by love, and who imprinted in her soul, by a most amorous reflexion, all the torments which the King of the afflicted bare on his body. His tongue, which he had reserved free to be the organ of heavenly harmonies in those fervent prayers he sent to his Celestial Father, was wholly drenched in gall.

But, all that was nothing in comparison of the dolours of his Soul: For, he was destitute for a time of all divine Consolations, abandoned to himself, delivered over as a prey to all the outrageous sadness which may grow in our minds. It was a horrible blasphemy in *Calvin* to say, that our Lord descended into Hell, there to endure the pains of the damned, without the suffering of which, he was not in a state to be able to redeem the world. This (spoken in the manner as this abominable Novelist hath dared to write) woundeth, and offendeth the most obdurate ears. But if we will speak with the most eminent Divines, we may say, that it is very likely that the Agonies of our Saviours soul might in some sort enter into Comparison with the sadness of the damned; not by reason of their condition, but of their excess. And certainly some have thought, that our Saviour stirring up in his blessed soul a Contrition for all the sin of the world in general, and of every one in particular, was wounded with so piercing a sorrow, that it in some sort exceeded that of devils and the damned. For, all the sadness which may be imagined in hell consisteth in acts, which are produced from principles that surpass not the force of Humane or Angelical Nature: but the pain which our Saviour endured for the expiation of our ingratitude, was derived from the heart of God, according to the whole latitude of the grace and charity of the word *Incarnate.*

Calvin. l. 2. Instit. c. 16. Suarez. in 3. q. 46.

Fieri potuit ut intensivè esset major: an ita de facto fuerit non potest constare.

The excess of the contrition and dolour of our Lord.

The three sadnesses of our Saviour.

For which cause, it is conformable to reason to say, by Allegory, that this blessed soul entred into three kinds of sacred and honourable flames, and of pains wholly Divine. The first was, in the garden of Olivet, when he said, *His soul was sad to death:* The second, when he pronounced on the Cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Complaining, not of the separation of the Word (as some antient Writers have understood it, little conform to true Theology) but of recess from protection (as S. *Athanasius* doth explicate it in his Book of the Incarnation; and S. *Augustine*, in his 47. Tract. upon S. *John.*) The third was, at the going forth of the incomparable soul of *Jesus*, when there was not so small a filament of a vein in his body, which resented not the absence of this divine Sun.

Mat. 26.

Mat. 27.

Vox recedentis verbi Dei comes. Hæta dissidium. Hilar. can. 33. Athan. lib. de Incarn. Aug. tract. 47. in Joan.

Notwithstanding, among all these great convulsions which put heaven into mourning, and earth into quakings under his feet; he stood firm, and with an eye bathed in blood beheld the rayes of Glory which were to crown him after so exquisite torments: so, that in the 21th Psalm (which it is thought our Saviour wholly recited, when he hanged on the Cross) having reckoned up the dolours which environed him on all sides; he raised himself up as the palme against the weight of his afflictions, and said *I will declare thy Name to my brethren in the midst of the whole assembly of the faithful. Yea, my God, all my praise shall be in thee, and for thee. I will pronounce thy marvels in thine own house and I will offer thee my vows and sacrifices before all those that make profession to honour thee.*

Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis, in medio Ecclesiæ laudabo te. Apud te laus mea in Ecclesia magna, vota mea reddam in conspectu timentium eum, Ps. 21.

Sect. 6. *Encouragements to good Hopes.*

AND wil we then in so great light of Examples, in so eminent protection of divine Helps, resign our selves over to sadness and despair among so many accidents of this transitory life? Despair onely belongs to hearts gnawn with dull melancholy, and to souls extremely in love with themselves and the commodities of the world, or to maligne spirits who have lost all the sparks of good conscience, or lastly, to the damned.

Why should we deprive our selves of an inestimable treasure of good hopes, wch the eternal Father hath kept for us in his omnipotency, of wch the word Incarnate hath assured us on the Cross with his bloud, & the rest of his life? Is it not a goodly thing to see people who bear the Character of Christianity, to lay down the buckler, and to throw away arms at the first approach of some affliction whatsoever, to grumble and murmur against God and men; to cruciate themselves like *Prometheus* on the rocks of *Caucasus*, to torment themselves with a thousand imaginary evils? *Wo to you Apostate and fugitive children, who have made resolutions without me, and who have weaved a web which was not warped by my spirit. It is no extraordinary matter* (said S. Chrysostom) *to fall in wrestling; but to be willing to lie still stretched out at length on the earth. It is no dishonour to receive wounds in fight; but, to neglect them, and to let the gangrene through lazines to creep in, is a folly inexcusable.*

Væ, filii desertores, dicit Dominus, ut faceretis consilium & non ex me, & operiremini telam, & non per Spiritum meum. Isa. 30. 1. Chrysost. ad Theodorum.

We entred into this life, as into a list, to wrestle; as into a field of battel, to fight: why are we amazed, if God use us as he did his most valorous champions? Let us look upon life on all sides, and we shall find it preserved by good Hopes, and is totally ruined by Despair; Behold, men build after ruines and fires; see, others (after they are come all naked from amidst waves, rocks, frothy rages of the sea) gather together in the haven broken planks of their unfortunate vessels, to commit their life to an element whose infidelity they know by experience, and taste prosperous success onely by very slight hopes. Yet fly they like Eagles into dangers, among all the images of death, after they therein have been so ill treated. When *Alexander* was ready to enter into the *Indies*, one said unto him, Whither wilt thou go? Beyond the world? where

where dying nature is but a dul lump: where darkneſs robs men of heavens light: and the water hath no acquaintance with the Earth. What ſhall you ſee, but frozen ſeas; prodigious monſters; maligne ſtars; and all the powers of life conſpiring your death? *To what purpoſe is it to haſten to ſail over new and unheard of ſeas? Inconſiderately to interrupt the peaceful ſeat of the Gods? But, replied he, Let us courageouſly go on, let us diſcover thoſe forlorn Countreys: Thus did great* Hercules *deſerve to win heaven.*

Aliens quid aquora remiſi, & ſacras violamus aquas, Divinumque quietas turbamus ſedes? Eamus, inter has ſedes, Hercules cælum metuit. Senec. ſuaſoria 1.

Hope cauſed *Rome* to ſet Armies on foot after the battel of *Cannas*: and *France*, to triumph over the *Engliſh* by the hands of a ſilly ſhepherdeſs: wherefore will we deſpair of our ſalvation, ſith the mercy of God was never extinguiſhed, nor can he ceaſe to be what he is? what a thought of a devil is it, to deliver ones ſelf over to deſpair in the ſight of a *Jeſus*, who beareth our reconciliation on his ſacred members, and pleadeth our cauſe before his eternal Father, with as many mouths as our ſins in him have opened wounds? Know we not, *We have a Biſhop, who cannot but compaſſionate our infirmities, ſeeing he himſelf hath pleaſed to paſs through all thoſe trials*; and to make experience thereof to his own coſt and charges? It is not the deſpair of our ſalvation which tempteth us, but that of temporal goods; this ſuit, and that money, is loſt: here is the thing which afflicteth this deſolate ſoul, and makes it hate its proper life. O ſoul, ignorant of the good and evil of thy life! It is thy love and not thy deſpair alone which tormenteth thee. Thou then haſt fixed thy Beatitude on this gold, this ſilver, on thy profit by this ſuit; and thou lookeſt on it, as on a little Divinity. Doſt thou forget the words of the Prophet? *Silly partridge, thou brooded eſt borrowed egs, thou haſt hatched birds which were not thine: let them flie, ſith thou canſt not hold them.*

Non habemus Pontificem, qui non poſſit compati infirmitatibus noſtris, tentatum per omnia. Heb. 4.

Perdix fovit, quæ non peperit; fecit divitias, & non in judicio, in dimidio dierum ſuorum diretinquet eas. Jer. 17. 11.

That, which thou eſteemeſt a great loſs, ſhall be the beginning of thy happineſs: thou ſhalt ever be rich enough, if thou learneſt to be ſatisfied with God. But, this perſon (whom I more dearly loved then my ſelf) is dead, and all my purpoſes are ruined by his death. Wherefore doſt thou reſolve with thy ſelf to ſay now he is dead? began he not to die frō the day of his birth? Muſt he be looked on as a thing immortal, ſince both thou and he have already received the ſentence of your deaths from your mothers wombs? If thou onely griev eſt for his abſence, thou wilt quickly be content; for thou daily goeſt on towards him, as faſt as the ſun which enlighteth us; there is not a day which ſet thee not forward millions of leagues towards thy Tomb. I am content that *they bewail the dead, who can have no hope of Reſurrection; they who believe they are dead never to live again. Let them bemoan the loſs of their friends as long as they will: as for us, we ſhall ſoon ſee one another, and re-enter into the poſſeſſion of thoſe, whoſe abſence we a while lament.*

Auricul. S. Hieron. Fleant mortuos ſuos qui ſpem reſurrectionis habere non poſſunt, fleant mortuos ſuos quos in perpetuum æſtimant interiiſſe, in brevi viſuri ſumus, quos dolemus abſentes.

It is not abſence (ſay you) which moſt afflicteth me; but, to ſee my ſelf deſtitute of a ſupport which I expected, that is it vexeth me. Enter into thy heart, lay thy hand on thy thoughts, and they will teach thee, that all thy unhappineſs cometh from being ſtill too much tied to honours, ambitions, and worldly commodities. I would divert thee as much as I might poſſibly from deſpair, but I at this preſent find that the remedy of thy evils will never be, but in a holy deſpair of all the frivolous, fair ſemblances of the world. O how wiſely ſaid *Vegetius*. That *deſpair is in many a neceſſity of virtue.* But more wiſely S. *John Climachus*, who defining the life of a perfect Chriſtian, which he calleth the Pilgrimage, did let theſe words fall, *True, and perfect Religion is a general deſpair of all things.* O what a happy ſcience is it, to know how to deſpair of all, to put all our hope in God alone? Let us take away thoſe deceitful and treacherous props which beſiege our credulous minds, and ceaſe not to enter into our heart by heaps: Let us bid adieu to all the charming promiſes of a barren and lying world, and turning our eyes towards this celeſtial *Jeruſalem* our true Countrey; let us ſing with the Prophet, *All the greateſt comfort I have in this miſerable life, is, that I often lift up mine eyes to the mountains, and towards heaven, to ſee if any neceſſary ſuccour comes to me from any place. From whence can I hope more help or conſolation, then from the great God omnipotent, who of nothing created this univerſe, and hath (for my ſake) made an infinity of ſo many goodly creatures? Should I ſee armed ſquadrons of thunders & lightnings to fal on me, I would have a ſpirit as confident, as if there were no danger. were I to paſs through the horrours of death, being in thy company, I would fear no danger. Moreover, I hold it for a ſingular favour, and it ſhall be no ſmal comfort to me, when thou takeſt pain lovingly to chaſtiſe me for my miſdeeds, & to favour me with thy viſits.* Happy he, who hath raiſed his gain from his loſſes, his aſſurance out of his uncertainties, his ſtrength out of his infirmities, his hopes out of his proper deſpaire, and who hopes not any thing but what is promiſed by God, nor is contented but with God who ſatisfieth all deſires, and crowneth all felicities;

Vegt. l. 4. c. 9. Neceſſitas quædam virtutis eſt deſperatio. Clym. gr. 18. Peregrinatio vera eſt omnium prorſus rerum deſperatio.

Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi. Auxilium meum à Domino, qui fecit cælum & terram. Pſal. 120. *Si conſiſtant adverſum me caſtra, non timebit cor meum* Pſal. 26. 3. &c.

The ninth Treatiſe, Of FEAR.

Sect. 1. *The Definition, the Deſcription, the Cauſes and Effects thereof.*

The nature of fear, and the bad effects of it.

FEar is the daughter of ſelf-love and opinion; a paſſion truly horrid, which cauſeth all things to be feared (yea, thoſe which are not, as yet in being) and by making all to be feared, hath nothing ſo terrible as it ſelf. It falleth on a poor heart, on a miſerable man, as would a tempeſt not fore-ſeen, or like a ravenous beaſt practiſed in ſlaughter; and confiſcateth a body which it ſuddenly interdicteth the functions of nature, and the uſe of forces. It doth at firſt, that with us, which the ſparrow-hawk doth with the Quail. It laies hold on the heart, which is the fountain of heat, and ſource of life; it ſeizeth on it, it gripes it, it tortureth it in ſuch ſort, that all the members of the body extremely afflicted with the accident befallen their poor Prince, ſend him ſome ſmall tributes of bloud and heat to comfort him in his ſufferings, whereby the body becomes much weakned. The vermilion of cheeks inſtantly fadeth, and paleneſs ſpreads over all the face, deſtitute of the bloud wherewith it was formerly coloured; the hair hard ſtrained at the root with cold, ſtares and ſtands on end; the flames which ſweetly blaze in the eyes, fall into eclipſe; the voice is interrupted; words are imperfectly ſpoken; all the organs and bands are loſened and untied; quaking ſpreads it ſelf over all, eſpecially the knees, (wch are the baſis of this building of nature:) & over the hands, wch are frontier-places, moſt diſtant from the direction of the Prince, who is then toiled with the cōfuſion of his ſtate. This evil paſſiō is not content to ſeize on our body, but it flieth to the ſuperiour region of our ſoul, to cauſe diſorder; rob-

bing us almost in a moment of memory, understanding, will, courage, and rendring us benum'd, dull, and stupid in our actions. This notwithstanding is not to be understood but of an inordinate fear. And that we may see day-light through this dark passion, to know it in all the parts thereof; I

The sorts of fear.

say first in general that there are two sorts of fear, Moral, and Natural. Moral which comprehending filial, and servile, is not properly a passion; But a virtue, which S. *Barnaby*, (according to the report of *Clemens Alexandrinus*) called the *Coadjutrix of faith*. S. *Ambrose*, *the rudder of the soul*. And *Tertullian*, *the foundation of Salvation*. Of this very same it was S. *Zeno* spake so eloquently. *O necessary fear! which art to be procured by care and study, and not to be met by chance, voluntarily, not out of necessity, and rather by overmuch piety, and tenderness, then by the occasion of sin, which brings a guilty soul vexation enough.*

Calvus animæ flatibus omnis. Amb. de Paradis. Tertul. de cultu fœmin. O necessarius timor! qui timet ar te non casu, voluntate non necessitate, religione non culpa. S. Zeno.

Natural fear is properly an apprehension of a near approaching evil framed in the soul, whether it be real, or seeming, to which one cannot easily make resistance. It is divided into six parts, according to the doctrine of S. *John Damascen*, to wit,

Six sorts of natural fear.

Pusillanimity, Bashfulness, Shame, Amazement, Stupidity, and Agony. Pusillanimity feareth a labour burthensome, and offensive to nature. Bashfulness flyeth a foul act, not yet committed. Shame dreadeth disgrace which ordinarily followeth the sin when it is committed. Amazement (which we otherwise call admiration) is caused by an object we have of some evil which is great, new, and not expected, the progressions and events whereof we cannot fore-see. Stupidity proceedeth from a great superabundance of fear which oppresseth all the faculties of the soul. And Agony is the last degree which totally swalloweth up the spirit in the extream nearness of great evils, & greatly remediless.

The causes of fear.

Forasmuch as concerneth the causes of this passiò, if we wil reason upon it, we shal find, that the chief, and most considerable, is self-love, wch is ever bent upon the preservation of it self, & the exclusion of all things offensive; from whence it cometh, that all the greatest lovers of themselves are the most fearful, and the most reserved in the least occasions of peril, as are ordinarily persons rich, full of ease, and nice; who resemble the fish, that hath gold on his Scales, and is the most timorous creature of the sea.

Ælian. l. 12. de animal. ὁ χρυσόφρυς ἰχθυῶν δειλότατος.

The second, wherein many particular causes meet, is the evil to come, namely when it is great, near, inevitable, and that it tends to the privation of our being. From thence arise a thousand spectres of terrour, as are poverty, outrages, maladies, thunder, fire, sword, inundations, violent deaths, wilde beasts; and above all, men powerful, cruel, revengeful, wicked; especially when they are offended, or that they have some interest in our ruine, and that they can freely be revenged without any fear of Laws, or punishment. Add to these, the envious, corrivals, greedy heirs, friends treacherous, provoked, or timorous, mutinous, quarrelsome, violent, and greedy. The third motive of fear, is, the ignorance, and little experience we have in the evils of the world: for, all that which is covert and hidden from us seems the more terrible, as are solitudes, Abysses, darknesses, and persons disguised. From thence cometh, that women, children, and men, bred in a soft, and sedentary life are more timorous, sith the knowledge of dangers, whereof they are deprived, is a great Mistress of fortitude. The fourth source is coldness, and consideration, which is the cause that the wisest justly fear perils, where hair-braind young men, fools, and drunkards carelessly jeast, and make sport: and that was the cause why *Sylla*, finding himself many times too considerate in the foresight of evils, did endeavour to drown his apprehensions in wine. The fifth is observed in a nature cold, melancholick, imaginative, and distrustfull, which sometimes happeneth to Hypocondriacks, such as was that of the antient *Artemon*, who caused a buckler continually to be carried over his head by two lackeys, fearing least something falling from on high might hurt him: or that of *Pisander*, who feared to meet his own soul: or that other frantick fellow, who durst not walk for fear of breaking the world, which he perswaded himself was wholly made of glass.

The sixth, lastly comes from an ill conscience. For there is not any thing so turmoiled, so torn, and so divided as a soul which hath alwayes before it the image of its own crimes. This was it which made the *Nero's* and *Domitian's* to tremble? This which caused *Apollodorus* (of whom *Plutarch* speaketh) to have horrible visions, so that it many times seemed to him in his nightly sleeps that the *Scythians* flaied him alive, and threw his chop'd members one after another into a boiling Cauldron, and that he had nothing alive but his heart, which said to him in the bottom of this Cauldron, I am thy wicked heart, It is I, who am the source of all thy Disasters.

Semper enim præsumit sæva perturbata conscientia. Sap. 17. 11. Plutarch. de sera num. vindict.

Sect. 2. *Of the vexations of Fear, its Differences, and Remedies.*

Fear, a troublesom passion.

WE may wel say this passion is one of the most troublesom and vexing among all the motions of our mind; because it is extreamly ranging, sith, not content with the evils which are on the sea and land, yea in hell, it forgeth new which have no subsistance, but in the perplexity of an imagination quite confounded. Besides this, it more spiritually tormenteth us, making our judgment and reason to contribute to our vexations, and many times so long turmoyleth us, that it maketh us to fear, half an age of time, that, which passeth in a moment. For which cause, I account it a loving clemency of God to hide from us the greatest part of the things which befal us, the knowledge whereof would continually over-whelm our wretched life with sadness, and affrightment, and not give us leave nor leisure to breathe among the delicious objects of nature. If so many great and eminent personages, who being mounted to the highest degrees of honour, have been throwndown into abysses, had continually beheld the change of their fortune, and the bloudy ends of their life; it is not credible but that the joyes of their triumphs would have been moistned with their tears, and by a perpetual fear of an inevitable necessity, they would have lost all the moments of their felicity.

The ignorance of our evils is a stratagem of the divine Providence.

Now, in some sort to remedy a plague so general; I finde the troubles wch comes to us this way either are natural timidities, or fears of things very frequent in the condition of human life, or are affrightments upon some terrible and unusual objects. Forasmuch as concerneth timidities wch we see in fearful natures, they proceed either from the disposition of body & melancholick humour, or frò the quantity of heart which is sometimes too great, & hath little heat: or from idleness and effeminacy of life; or from a base birth, and from a sedentary breeding, or from small experience, or from overmuch love of reputation, & ease both of mind & body. Some are timorous in conversation, and fear to approach men of quality, they dread the aspect of those whom they have not accustomed

Three sorts of fear.

Timidity, its causes and symptomes.

accustomed to see, they quickly change colour, they have no consequence in their speech, no behaviour, no discourse, their words are broken, the tone of their voice is trembling, and their countenance nothing confident; which very often happeneth to young men timorously bred, and little experienced. Others fear all occasions of Ceremonies, of pomp, and splendour, to see and to be seen, and would willingly borrow the veil of night to cover themselves from them. Others are very bad sollicitours of businesses, daring not to say, nor contradict any thing; and if they must needs ask a question, they do it so fearfully, that in asking, they shew how they should be denied. There are, who more fear to speak in publick, then one would a battel: which hath happened to many great wits, as to *Demosthenes*, *Theophrastus*, and *Cicero*, who protesteth that being already of good years, he stil became pale, & trembled in the beginning of his discourse: which in my opinion proceeded from an excessive love of honour, which these men seemed to hazard when they made orations before Princes, the Senate, and people. A block-head exposeth himself with much more confidence, because he hath nothing to lose, and is like a Pilot who steereth a ship fraught with hay: But these were Masters who guided vessels furnished with pearls, such credit and authority they had purchased. *Æschines*, a man well-behaved, a great talker, and a huge flatterer, triumphantly spake before King *Philip*, and the *Macedonians*, where poor *Demosthenes* had much a do to deliver his mind; so that one might have taken the one for an Ideot, and the other for an oracle: yet there was no comparison, seeing the one had high and sublime thoughts, the other trivial and very vulgar, which were onely made good by the utterance of voice and gesture. Some there have been so afflicted, to have failed in a publick oration, that they thereby have fallen into despair; it so happened to *Herod* the *Athenian*, (the proudest Orator of his time) who being gravelled before the Emperour *Marcus Antonius*, was like to die with grief: yet judicial hearers, do not the less value a learned man for the misfortune of these accidents: Whilst popular spirits account them for disgraces, which more truly fall upon those who intrude themselves out of temerity, where they are not called out of duty, and striving to gain glory, do lose all the little they might have acquired. This happens to some by a precipitate imagination, who think upon the middle, and end of a discourse, when they are (as yet) in the beginning: To others, out of a light and skipping spirit, which in despite of them doth over-flow: To others, by unexpected accidents, as it happened to the learned *Oporinus* of the University of *Basil*, to whom it was given in charge to receive the famous *Erasmus*, by offering him presents of wine in the name of the City: He was prepared for it with a brave and a long Oration; but being trained up to the School (which had little curiosity & quaintness in complements) going about to kiss *Erasmus* his hand full of the gout, he did it so roughly, that he hurt him, and made him to cry out of the pain he had put him to, by this kiss: which made the good Professour lose himself, nor could he ever hit upon the beginning of his discourse, untill they plentifully had powred out some of this presented wine for him to drink, so to awaken his memory.

Certainly we must needs tell you, it is like a dancing on a rope to recite a long oration by heart, and there are many rocks for those who are naturally fearful. There is not any thing which so much correcteth these timidities, as to break them in ones youth; to put ones self upon hazard when he hath not so much to lose; to cry out, to declaim; to take on in the theaters of a Colledge; to accustome ones self to see good company; to be fashioned for entertainments, discourses, replies; to learn the garbs of the time and Countrey; to study the art of penetrating spirits; not to be out of countenance with ill success at the beginning; fairly to put on a business what one can, and not to becom impudent by striving to resist fear. For it happeneth that such as were very timorous, become many times so bold by complacence, that they must master their passion which is grown a little too insolent. One would not believe how resolute and fearless a man is, upon all occasions, who hath been accustomed to declaim.

When *Luitprand* Bishop of *Cremona* was sent in Embassage to *Constantine* son of *Leo* the Emperour of *Constantinople*, he gave him audience sitting in a throne which suddenly was lifted up to the roof, and was inviron'd with Lions of brass, who by art began to roar, of purpose to astonish him; but he gave not over to speak as confidently, as if all this spectacle had been but a childish sport, because he had overcome himself before in a thousand occasions.

But they who after they have in youth tryed to correct these natural fears, seeing they therein very little profit, should do well to withdraw from great conversations of the world, from the embroilment of affairs, from specious offices, from negotiations (which must be treated with bold, and quick spirits) from warfare, from the Court, from Ceremonies, from orations; to cultivate a sweet repose, without being stired up by wordly ambitions, and to set themselves on the rack to be successfull in a profession, whereunto nature stands indisposed.

This did *Isocrates*, who had an excellent wit, and very capable of eloquence; notwithstanding, finding himself destitute of countenance, gesture and Confidence, he never durst to speak in publick, contenting himself to teach even to his decrepit dayes; and commonly saying, he taught Rhetorick for a thousand Ryals, but would give more then ten thousand to him who would teach him Confidence.

Sect. 3. *Against the fear of the Accidents of humane life.*

THe second manner of fear is more troublesom, as poverty, scorns, chains, imprisonment, pains, maladies, and of death which assaulteth us in a million of objects plentifully diffused throughout total nature. But we must confess that of all evils there is not any one so terrible to man, as man himself. An enemy powerful, factious and wicked; he employeth all the instruments of terrour, to serve as arms for his iniquity; he inventeth crafty tricks, he whetteth swords, he mingleth poysons, he prepareth fetters and dark dungeons; he tieth tortures, he raiseth gibbets to satiate his revenge: and it seems he holds all the Furies and Divels under hire, to torment the miserable.

What shall a poor heart do which sees it selfe menaced by many mischiefs, greatly contrary to nature? Think you it is a rock, or an Anvile, which is moved at nothing? we must not brave it on paper, and with a stoical insolency mock at *Phalaris* his Bull, and *Rhadamant*'s tortures. All these fears of things adverse to our nature may fall into the life of men the most constant, namely when hostilities (which assail us) are sudden,

Remedies for timidity in declaiming.

Timidity sometimes turns into Insolency.

Luitprand. l. 6. de rebus in Europa gestis.

How perverse timidities should be handled.

Fearfull Orators.

Ælian. l. 8. variæ Hist.

Philostratus in Sophistis.

Theodorus Zingerius.

The courteous meeting of *Erasmus*, and *Oporinus*.

The shelf of Orations.

Fear of accidents in the world.

Man terrible above all terrible.

and violent, that the iſſue of them is irreparable.

Remedies againſt accidental fear. Senec. ep. 17.

Notwithſtanding, it much helps to ſweeten this paſsion, to conſider what *Seneca* ſaith, *that often we fear too much, or to ſoon, or without cauſe.* We fear too much by fearing things mortal, as if we were immortal. We have infinite apprehenſions of pains which end with a life ſo ſhort. It is to be ignorant of the things of nature, and to make an ill divident of our thoughts, to caſt perpetual cares upon an evil which is not many times ſo ſoon come, but that it ceaſeth to be an evil, taking away the ſence by the violence, or fortifying it by its faintneſs. We fear too ſoon by apprehending things far diſtant from us. There is but too much time to be miſerable in this life: Let us not haſten to anticipate it, nor let us loſe one ſole moment of preſent happineſs, for imaginations of the future. We fear without cauſe, when we dread things which will never happen; and if they do happen, it will peradventure be for ouradvantage.

There are who eſcape out of priſon by fire, others who are fallen into precipices very gently, and have in the bottom found their liberty; Others, to whom poiſons are turned into nutriment; others, to whom blows of a ſword have broken impoſtumes: ſo true it is, that the ſeeds of good hap are ſometimes hidden under the apparances of ill.

To take things at the worſt.

Beſides this, give your ſelf the leiſure to find out the whole latitude of the evil which ſtrikes you: Take (if you think good) all things at the worſt, and handle your ſelf as an enemy; yet you ſhall find that this evil is not ſo bad as it is ſaid; that many have gone that way before you; and that if God permit it, he will give you ſtrength to bear it. The fear it ſelf (which is the worſt of our evils) is not ſo great a torment, ſince it affordeth us precaution, Induſtry, and fit means, and ſuggeſteth us wayes to fear no more. If you never have experienced evil you have much to complain, that you ſo little have been a man; and if you have ſome experience of the time paſt, it will much ſerve you to ſweeten the apprehenſion of the evils to come. Vanquiſh your own conceits as much as you can, and pray them not to preſent unto you under ſo hideous a mask, thoſe pains, which women, and children have many times laughed at: If you in the beginning feel any horrour and the firſt rebellions of nature; loſe not courage for all that, ſince the Poet painted Boldneſs with a pale viſage. We have often ſeen great Captains (as *Garcias*) to quake in the beginning of dangerous battels, becauſe their fleſh (as they ſaid) laid hold of their courage, and carried the imagination into the moſt hideous perils. Laſtly, be it how it will be, you ſhal find the remedy of your fears, in the preſence of that which you fear, ſince there are ſome who in the irreſolution of ſome affair do endure a thouſand evils, and ſo ſoon as the determination thereof ſucceedeth, though to their prejudice, they feel themſelves much more lightned. Many priſoners who ſtand on thorns in priſon expecting the iſſue of their trial, go very reſolute to execution, ſeeing it is better to die once, then to live ſtill in the apprehenſion of death. *David* ſhook with fear, wept, and faſted, lay on the ground for the ſickneſs of his young ſon: But after the death was denounced him, he roſe up from the earth, changed his habit, waſhed and perfumed himſelf: then having worſhipped in the houſe of God, he asked for his dinner; and firſt of all comforted *Bathſheba* upon this accident: whereat his houſhold-ſervants were amazed. But he taught them, we muſt not afflict our ſelves for thoſe things, whereof there is no remedy.

Fiducia pallens. Statius Theb. Rodericus Toletanus rerum Hiſp. l. 5. c. 23.

Reg. 2. 12.

I conclude, with the laſt kind of fear, which comes from things very extraordinary, as are Comets, Armies of fire, Prodigies in the Heavens and the air, Thunders, Lightnings, Monſters, Inundations, Fires, Earthquakes, Spirits, Specters, Devils, and Hell. Good God! what terrour is there in this miſerable life, ſince beſides theſe which are ſo ordinary with us, we muſt expect other from places ſo high, and ſo low? But howſoever, we notwithſtanding do find courages which ſurmount them with the aſſiſtance of God, although it do not ordinarily happen without ſome impreſſions of fear; otherwiſe we muſt be far engaged in ſtupidity. Comets, Eclipſes, flying fires, and ſo many other Meteors, do not now-a-dayes ſo much affright, ſince we have diſcovered the cauſes, which is a powerfull proof, that ignorance in many occaſions makes up a great part of our torment. *Pericles* ſtrook a fire-ſteel in an aſſembly of his Captains and ſouldiers (who were aſtoniſhed at a thunder and lightning happened in the inſtant of a battel) ſhewing, that what the heavens did, was that he was doing before their eyes, which marvelloufly ſatisfied them.

Stratagem of *Pericles*, *Polyænus* l. 3.

Superſtition makes a thouſand fantaſies to be feared, whereat we might laugh with a little wiſdom. The *Egyptians* were half dead, when the figure of a huge dragon, which ſometimes of the year was ſhewed them, did not ſeem to look well on them: and the *Romans* fell in their Courage, when the Cocks which governed their battels did not feed to their liking. *Hecatæus* an ancient Hiſtorian, telleth that *Alexander's* whole Army ſtood ſtill to look on a bird, from whence the augur went about to derive ſome preſage, which being ſeen by a *Jew*, named *Moſellan*, he drew an arrow out of his quiver, and kil'd it, mocking at the *Grecians* who expected their deſtiny from a creature which ſo little knew its own. As we laugh at this preſent at theſe ſopperies, ſo we ſhould entertain with ſcorn ſo many dreams, and ſuperſtitious obſervations which trouble them enough who make account of them. Wild beaſts, inundation of rivers, productions of mountains big with flames, ſulphur and ſtones, are other cauſes of terrour; nor hath there ever been ſeen any more hideous, then that which happened theſe late years in *Italy*, in the laſt fireing of Mount *Veſuvius*, which is excellently deſcribed by *F. Julius Recupitus*: Then it, there can be nothing ſeen more able to excite terrour, unleſs in an inſtant the bottom of hell were laid open, and all the hideous aſpects of the torments of the damned. Yet it is a ſtrange thing, how among waves of fire which ran on all ſides, clouds of aſhes which appeared like vaſt mountains, continual Earthquakes, counterbuffs of hillocks and of houſes, of Abyſſes, of Gulphs, and of Chaos's; there were people to be found, who yet thought upon their purſes, and took the way towards their houſes to lay hold of their ſlender ſubſtances; which makes us ſee, that there is nothing ſo horrid where the ſoul of man (returned to it ſelf) findeth not ſome leiſure to breathe. The monſters of the *Roman* Amphitheater, wch in the beginning made the moſt hardy to quake, were in the end deſpiſed by women, who were hired to combat with them. Things not ſeen, which (it ſeems) ſhould moſt trouble the mind, becauſe they are moſt hidden, are alſoin ſome ſort ſurmounted: ſince we read how that many great Anchorets lay in Church-yards infeſted with ghoſts & ſpecters, and about ſolitudes, in foreſts & wilderneſſes the moſt retired, in the midſt of ſo many illuſions of evil ſpirits: as it is written in the

Euſeb. l. 1. *de præpar. Evang.* c. 7.

Hecatæus apud Cuneum. l. 2. *de Rep. Hebræorum.*

The burning of *Veſuvius* in the year 1631. *Julius Recupitus.*

The fear of poverty cauſeth ſtrange boldneſs.

the Acts of Saint *Anthony*, S. *Hilarion*, and S. *Macarius*. There is nothing but the day of Judgment, Hell and the punishments of the damned, we should reasonably fear, and not out of visionary scruples, to free us from all fear.

Sect. 4. *That the Contemplation of the power, and Bounty of God ought to take away all our fears.*

Remedies. The power and providence of God which preserveth us, ought to drive away all our fears.

But if these reasons (which I more according to humane nature have deduced) enter not sufficiently into your mind; lift up your thoughts to things divine: and when you have contemplated all the devastation of this passion, learn a little to deplore your misery, which causeth you to fear almost all, except that which is able to deliver you from all fear. Behold, in our first model, the power and providence of God, which are two perfections able to fortifie our weakness, dissipate all our faintness, and encourage all our pusillanimity. The omnipotency of God not only sets free from the surprisals of fear; but assures all which is under its power & protection, to which we voluntarily have submitted. What should he fear; nay what should he not hope, who hath a God for protector, and a God absolutely powerful? His power, and his essence walk hand in hand, insomuch as power in God is nothing else but the effective Essence of God.

Apud Deum non erit impossibile omne verbum. Luc. 1.

Nempe in semet manens quod habet, est; quod est semper uno & eodem modo est. In eo & multa in unum, & diversa in idem rediguntur, ut nec numerositate rerum fumat pluralitatem, nec alterationem de variatione sentiat. Bernard. in Cantic.

We need not fear, that his jurisdiction is only extended to certain places, since it is without limits, and embraceth all places: That it is limited to a certain number of Ages; since it is eternal and involveth all Time; That it is greater at one time then at another, in that which interiourly concerneth it, because it is immutable: That it looseth any thing of its vivacity in the revolution of so many years; for that it hath an infinite vigour which comprehendeth all the perfections of Essence. As much as the divine understanding can comprehend, so much the divine power can execute. Both have no measure: and both always go in the same proportion; equalling their greatnesses, whilst nothing equalleth their worth. What Abysses, and what treasures of power must He possess, who hath within himself so inexhaustible sources, and such communications, as are in God, who can endlessly communicate himself in the orders of vegetative, sensitive, and intellectual nature; and lastly in grace and glory, where he doth so many wonders, never emptying, nor limiting his virtue. All this great world, where the sun (as some Astrologers say) is an hundred and fourty times greater then the earth, and progresseth in twenty four hours more then twelve millions of leagues; where there are fixed stars which go in the space of an hour more way, then a Horsman could in seventeen hundred, and twenty six years: All the great variety of this Universe (where there are creatures without number, beauties without end, and greatnesses to our eyes immeasurable) is but an effect of his word; He made it with the least blast of his mouth, and with the least breath of his mouth can unmake it, and instead of it build up an infinity of other worlds much greater and more perfect then this. Good God! what say we, when we say God? when we say the power of God? All that is, and moves in nature, actuateth not, but by this predominant power; and should he once draw back an arm, total nature would cease from its operations, and dissolve into nothing. All those vast armies which made ostent to tear down smoking Cities, and dry up seas, to render mountains navigable, to turn the whole course of nature topsie-turvie, were overthrown by the hand of God, who for this purpose made use of Grashoppers and Flyes, which he calleth his *Great Forces* in the Prophet. It is he who circumvolveth the heavens, who supports the earth, who distendeth the waters, who quickneth the whole world with his fire and his breath, who darkneth the air with tempests, when he pleaseth; who maketh clouds to pour down in deluges, who swalloweth up the fleets of petty *Pharaohs*, who flyeth upon the Carlings of waves, who inflameth lightnings, and maketh blood and scorpions to rain upon the rebellions of earth. O power of God! what do we say, when we tell your wonders? Is it not sufficient to strike terrour into the wicked, and to occasion confidence in his children; since it hath an eternal alliance with this great providence which governeth the world? For, in a word, we are in his hand, both we, and all our designs, and all our poor providence: as for him he powerfully actuateth from one extremity to another, & sweetly disposeth of all, without any trouble. What assurance would a good soul have if it would attentively consider it self all covered under the wing of God, all looked upon with the eye of the divine Providence which protects Scepters and Crowns, not forgetting the silliest worm of the earth?

Locusta fortitudo mea magna. Joel 2. 25.

In manu enim ejus nos, & sermones nostri, & omnis sapientia attingit à fine usque ad finem fortiter, & disponit omnia suaviter. Sap. 7.

It shielded the little *Moses* under the waves, and the three children in the flame: It likewise shielded all the just, nor doth it ever permit them to suffer, but to derive lights out of their Eclipses, and glory from their torment. If we speak with S. *Thomas*; we will say, it is the unchangeable rule of all the alteration, in the world: If with S. *Denys*; it is a fountain which overfloweth from the highest part of the heavens upon the least creatures of the earth: If with *Clemens Alexandrinus*; it is the superintendent of all this great circle which we call the world: If it be the rule; why do we wander from it? If it be the fountain; why do we deprive our selves of its favour? If it be all eye; why do we departs from its lights? Blind that we are, if we forget it, living daily in its bosom, & between its arms; Disloyal, if we forsake it; unnatural, if we betray it.

Opusc. 2. & 23. S. Dionys. de cœlesti Hierarch. c. 4. Clemens Alexandr. in protrept.

Sect. 5. *That the Example of a God-Man ought to instruct us, and assure us against the affrightments of this life.*

The example of our Saviour ought to encourage us against fear.

Let us cast our eyes upon the second model, and add to these two great Motives which we go about to deduce the example of *Jesus*, which should serve us for a Bulwark of Adamant against vitious fear. He was the strong of strongs, and the most noble Courage which ever fell into the strongest Idea's of Angels. The holy Scripture likewise calleth him by the name of a man, and a strong man, from his mothers womb; And as heretofore in the sacrifice which was made for the expiation of sins, the old law admitted not any but males; so it was fit to seek out for a man perfectly man, to celebrate this great and eternal sacrifice which was once made, and which is renewed every day for the redemption of the whole world.

Fœmina circumdabit virum. Jer. 32. 22. Num. 18. 10. *Mare transtum edent ex eo.*

The Sun is an hundred and fourty times bigger then the earth; and in twenty four hours goeth more then 12. millions of leagues. Prodigious course of some stars.

What true fortitude is, and the parts thereof.

All Divines and Philosophers agree, that Fortitude (which properly resisteth fear and pusillanimity) is a courageous and a considerate daring in great hazards, conjoyned with a patience in great misadventures; For it hath two arms, whereof the one assaileth, and the other supporteth; and the whole extent of its wonders is very aptly contracted within the circle of four virtues, which are Confidency, Constancy, Patience, and Perseverance. For which cause we may truly say, that the champion that combateth in the honourable list of Fortitude, giving

giving notable proofs of his courage by every one of these virtues, with reason, election, and intention (which are the conditions required by Saint *Thomas*) is arrived at the highest period of honour, generously triumphing over all the Images of terrour. Now this it which *Jesus Christ* did with incomparable transcendencies for our instruction. For first, he would not out of infirmitie of nature, but through a dispose of the sacred oeconomy of our redemption, be assaulted by the most furious object of fear which ever fell into the mind of man; permitting fear to invade the most elate part of his soul, and to surprise it, as in the Sanctuary of the Divinity.

All the greatest subjects of apprehension which ever men the most valorous had, concluded in the loss of a miserable life; and if they did apprehend an evil to come, it ordinarily was the space of some very little time; and when they exposed themselves thereto, it was by fits out of necessity, and with feeble intentions, and interessed in self-love. But if they had the worst in the beginning of the hazards which they confronted, their confidence was quickly changed into Distrust, their Constancy into Levity, their Patience into Fury, and their perseverance into Smoke. These are the vices which we observe in the comportment of *Alexanders* and *Cæsars*, and of all the valiant men of the earth: but, *Jesus*, the true Model of valour, gave up for us a life of God, which is no small object of Fear; for, otherwise feareth the Merchant who is fraughted with slight merchandise; otherwise he who carrieth gold, and precious stones. Should a man to do a generous Act hazard all the lives of men, if they might be confined within his heart; he should endanger nought else but a little straw or stubble: but, our Saviour exposeth a life created, rooted in a life increate; which did as much excel all the lives of men, as the sun doth rushes. He exposeth this life, not to common and ordinary torments, or to mean tortures; but he delivered it over to excessive pains throughout all the parts of his body, to unheard of scorns, and to execrable cruelties. He contenteth not himself to have once had them in sight a little before his death; but he looks them in the face from the first day of his conception; so soon as his blessed soul is poured into his body, he seeth two abysses, the one of dolorous pains, the other of deep ignominies which he was to undergo in the undertaking of the reparation of the world; There is not a man who had not rather fall once, then to be three dayes only in the Fear one should be in, to see himself upon the point to fall into a precipice; and yet *Jesus* would live thirty three years in the object of his pains; nay not only of his, but of those which in so long a revolution of ages were to be practised on all the Martyrs who were members of his body.

Gen. 7. *Noah* seems to have been one of the greatest courages that ever was, since he was chosen out by God among men to sail in a frail vessel in a general deluge, and to sustain the shock of the fatal convulsions of the world; but the Scripture teacheth us that God with his own hand shut the window of the Ark wherein he was enclosed, and that he saw not any of the deaths and disasters which then happened, to the end fear might not take away his life. There is none but *Jesus* for whom the Curtains are drawn-aside, to whom all the gates of lights and knowledges are opened to let him see the issue of all his labours; He accepteth them with a powerful reason, a full liberty, and most glorious intentions; He entreth into them with a generous confidence: He remains in them with an unshaken constancy, he endures them with an incomparable patience, he persevereth in them with an entire consummation of love, of sufferings, of virtues, and of mysteries; wasting himself, as the victims of the old Law which were to burn all night till morning. So did he burn in this transitory life, until the Aurora of the great Eternity. This true *Joshua* never laid down the bucklers until he saw the profane City of *Ai* the City of the wicked) overthrown under his feet, and the Church established in his blood. And that which also raiseth the merit of his magnanimity in all this, is, that in all the greatest terrours and sharpest dolours to which he resigned himself for our sakes; he did all which concerned our instructions with an entire judgment, in a manner deliberate and resolute, and a spirit equal. He prayed moystned with his sweat and blood in the agony of the garden of Olives, he exhorted his disciples, he went out to meet the souldiers, he delivered himself up to Executioners, he gave order for the safety of his Disciples in the peril of his own person, he healed the wounds of his enemies, he gave lessons of virtues, he rendred Oracles of wisdom, he meditated and preached the Cross; and whilst all heaven was troubled over his head, and the earth trembled under his feet, he was immoveable expecting the time of the Consummation ordained by his heavenly Father.

Levit. c. 6. *Cremabitur in altari tota nocte usque ad manè.* Jos. 8. *Levis Clypeum quod in manu tua est contra urbem Ai.*

O the greatness of the Combats of *Jesus*! O the force of the resistances of *Jesus*! O the Excess! O the Example! shall we not be ashamed, if from the spectacle of his splendours we cast our eyes upon our own pusillanimity? We now-adayes fear all in the world, and fear not the sovereign Master and absolute Governour of the world. All creatures which should be the objects of our contentments, are the subjects of our fears, ever since we made a divorce from the Creatour; it being a matter very reasonable that God make use of all manner of arms to prosecute a fugitive from his providence, who seeks to save himself in a region of nothing.

Dominus exercituum, ipse Pavor vester, & ipse terror vester. Isa. 8.

O poor soul! thou fearest the poverty which thy *Jesus* hath consecrated in the Crib, and in Clouts: Thou fearest the reproaches which he hath sanctified in the loss of his reputation: thou fearest the dolours which he hath lodged in his virginal flesh: thou fearest death which he overcame for thee: thou fearest the false opinions of the world. And what fearest thou not, since thou dreadest fantasies which are less then the shadow of an hair! There is but one thing which thou fearest not; to lose innocency and sanctity which thou exposest to so many liberties, and alluring occasions; so prodigal thou art of a good which thou hast not. O thou wel-beloved of God, although the most ungratefull to the love of God! wilt not thou dress thy wounds? wilt not thou apply some remedies to those vicious fears which gnaw thee and daily devour thee?

Resolution against fear.

Nulla metuendi causa, nisi ne quod amamus, aut adeptum amittamus, aut non adipiscamur speratum. Aug. q. 33. & 83.

If thou wilt follow my counsel, thy first resolution shall be to regulate the love of thy self, not to have so indulgent, and passionate a care of all things which concern thee, as if thou wert an only one in the species, and that thy death were waited on by the Sepulchre of the world. Thy aim should be to unloose thy self as much as thou maist from so many ties and Dependencies which multiply thy slaveries. Thou must (as it were) live here a life of *Nabatheans*, which were people of *Arabia*, who neither planted nor sowed,

Diodor. l. 6.

ed, not built, but by expreſs laws, flew from delicious and fruitful Countries, for fear that riches might ſubjugate them to paſſions and the commands of great ones. But if we cannot come to this heighth; at leaſt let us have our heart well deveſted from theſe ardent affections which we have towards wordly enablements; and behold them as one would an inconſtant moving of ſhadows and ſpirits which glide before our eyes with a ſwift courſe, and which ever move with the ſtep of time and of the Sun; to account as already loſt whatſoever may be loſt; to caſt your immortal cares upon an immortal ſoul; and to place it in the firſt rank of your affections. But if natural love do yet tie us to health, to life, to honour, and to ſlight pleaſures, to the preſervation of our own perſon; to whom ſhould we intruſt all this, but to the Divine Providence, with whom ſo many juſt have depoſited their goods, their reputation, their life, their blood; and have loſt nothing by this confidence, but have tranſmitted their purchaſes and conqueſts to the boſom of eternity? In all which happeneth to us, let us look toward this eye of God which perpetually beholdeth us, this puiſſant hand of God, this amorous direction: Let us behold it as our Pole-ſtar, as our flaming pillar, as our great intelligence which manageth all the treaſures of our life: Let us learn to repoſe us in his boſom, to ſlumber upon his heart, to ſleep between his arms. Upon the firſt accident which befalleth us; let us readily bend our knees in prayer; let us adore the ordinances of our ſoveraign Maſter: Let us behold with a confident countenance all which is happened, or may happen: Let us ſay, God knoweth all this, God permitteth all this, God governeth all this; He loves me as his creature, he wiſheth me well as one who hath given himſelf to him; he can free me from this affliction, if it be his holy will: He is all good, to will it; he is all potent, to do it. Nay, he is all wiſe, to will, and to do, all that which is beſt. Let us not meddle with the great current of his Counſels. He maketh light, in the moſt dusky nights, and Havens in the moſt forlorn Ship-wracks. Were we with him in the ſhades of death; what ſhould we fear being between the arms of life?

Qui te ſibi committit: melius te poteſt ſervare qui te potuit, antequam eſſes creare. Aug. ſerm. 8. de verbis Apoſtol.

Secondly, let us not be corrupted by opinions which invade us with a great ſhew of ſpectres and terrours, and make us ſo often to fear things which are not, and which ſhall never be. It is to be too ſoon miſerable, to be ſo before the inſtant: and if we for ſome time muſt be ſo; let us conſider that all the bleſſings, and evils of the world are not great, ſince they cannot long time be great. Let us take away the maſk from theſe fears of Poverty, of Sickneſs, and above all from humane reſpects, as one would from him who goes about to affright children. Why fear we ſo much ſuch and ſuch accidents, which, they, who are made of no other fleſh and bones, then we, do daily deſpiſe? The acquaintance with perils hardneth to perils: and there is nothing ſo terrible, as the ignorance of real truths. Laſtly, let us hold for certain, that a great part of our Tranquility dependeth upon our conſcience: Let us ſettle in it repoſe by a good Confeſſion; let us conſtantly undertake the fear of God, who will cure us of all our fears, ſince the Anchor of the floating underſtanding is the Honour of the *Divinity*.

Nullus eſt miſeriarum modus, ſi timetur quantum poteſt. Senec. ep. 13.

Anchora mentis pondus timoris. S. Gregor.

The tenth Treatiſe, Of BOLDNESS.

Sect. 1. *The Picture, and Eſſence of it.*

The picture of Boldneſs.

BOldneſs is very well depainted in the boſom of power, ſhewing a heart in its hand, all encompaſſed with ſpirits and flames, its viſage is repleniſhed with confidence, its habit altogether warlike, and countenance undaunted. It looketh upon good all invironed with dangers, as a Roſe among thorns, or as the golden fleece among dragons, and is no whit amazed; But it is on fire to fly through perils, and to beat down all obſtacles which oppoſe its conqueſt. Good hap walketh before it, by its ſides innocency, benignity, ſtrength, experience, and other good qualities which excite courage. The preſence thereof diſſipateth a thouſand petty Fancies which are loſt in the obſcurity of night, not able to endure the ſparkling of its eyes.

Its Eſſence.

All this natively repreſenteth unto us the nature and condition of boldneſs, which is properly an effect of good hope, and a reſolution of courage againſt dangers. It is no wonder, if power hold in its boſom, ſince all the boldneſs a man comes to him from the opinion he conceives to be able enough, not to yield to the accidents which may aſſault him. This heart of fire, in which ſo many vigorous ſpirits ſparkle, is a token of the bold, who commonly have more heat and vivacity; from whence it cometh that young-men have herein more advantage then old, were it not that they drive more aſſurance from ſome other part, then from the weakneſs of their age. The Eye, Port, and Habit ſuitable to warriours make it ſufficiently appear, it is a virtue wholly military; and if it regard good environed with perils, we may thence conclude, it is the proper profeſſion of Boldneſs to haſten to the conqueſt of a good, but of a good very difficult. For it will not gather palms and crowns but in a field watered all over with ſweats. All thoſe virtues which are by its ſides ordinarily ſhew us ſuch as are the boldeſt, as are thoſe, who have their conſcience moſt clear, who are not offenſive; and therefore leſs fear to be offended; who are underpropped by ſome great favour, and namely the protection of heaven; who are well diſpoſed both in mind and body; who have experience of other hazards from which they ſucceſſively have vindicated themſelves, and the good hap which hath alwayes accompanied them. Thoſe aiery fantaſies which fly from Boldneſs, are fears and affrights which are ſcatered by the firſt ray of its eyes.

Sect.

Sect. 2. *The Diversity of Boldnesses.*

LEt us now more enlarge our thoughts to consider the differences, causes, effects, qualities, and appurtenances of this Passion.

It is hard enough to make a sound judgment of a man truly bold, so many illusions there are of boldness which present themselves to our eyes, and would have us make that to pass for virtue, which is meer crime and stupidity.

There are sottish and bestial boldnesses which proceed from the ignorance of dangers, and which consider not what is good or bad, hurtful or innocent, perilous or safe in humane life.

This it which makes such, as know not what sea-matters are, to laugh many times, and to take delight to scoff in occasions which cause pilots, the most experienced to become pale.

This makes little children sport and dally upon the brink of a precipice; that drunkards and fools go together by the ears, hastening to sword, and peril; and that those who walk, and are active in sleep, to scramble upon house-roofs, pass over rivers, and precipitate themselves into accidents, able to make the most hardy to tremble. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil costs us very dear: It setteth before our eyes all the extent of our hazards and miseries; it draweth our evils at length; it frames in our thought, that which shall never happen in effect; it armeth our knowledges against our selves; and, as as Basilisks kill themselves by the reverberation of the mirrours they behold; so very often we cause the death of our selves by the reflexion of our lights.

A primo descendis origine mundi causarum series, atque omnia fata laborant si quidquam mutasse velit. Lucan. l. 6.

There are in the world who have Turkish opinions, and who believe a fatality in our lives, thinking the hour of death is fixed; and that the heighth of rocks, the descent of precipices, squadrons bristled with swords, desarts full of serpents, flames issuing out of the bellies of scored mountains, all poisons and contagions hasten it not one sole moment: and that on the other side; brazen walls, sentinels full of terrour, fortresses and castles, flights and coverts cannot deferr it one silly instant. This opinion is very contrary to reason, because it taketh from life all discourse and discretion: and were it true; we need not eat nor drink, make use of arms, of garments, of munitions, of counsel, of Industry, of punishment, or of reward; but to let all our actions loose in a general defection, which is wholly impertinent: and yet those maxims help Generals of armies, and are the cause that Turks throw themselves with a brutish boldness into the most dreadful dangers, and suffer themselves to be killed like flies, out of perswasion of this Destiny. It is very true, that God knows the number of our dayes, and that he likewise by his Providence stayeth the course of our years: but on the other part, he obliging us to a reasonable preservation of our selves, if it happen that out of some temerity meerly extravagant we run into an evident danger of death, and that we therein persist; well is our death according to Gods calculation, but the cause is an effect of our folly and presumption, for which God reserveth a chastisement in the other life. So, that such blind boldnesses, being in no sort laudable cannot have any place among actions of virtue.

There are others which are absolutely impudent, and which deserve the title of shamelesness, as are those bold askers who offer up armed supplications, and will have demands the most disadvantageous to be assented unto: as are those also of deceivers and impostors, who readily lie to ensnare the goods of another. They invent a thousand crafty tricks and guileful impostures which they distribute piecemeal, as seriously, as if they were the most confessed truths of all the world. Some who are men of no account, make themselves noble and illustrious, even to the pretending of their being descended from Demy-gods: others feign riches in picture, and firname themselves from Barronies and Marquisates, which are no more in being then Chymera's and flying stags: others seem valiant like unto Rhodomonts, and would willingly say in the tone of Romances: *That they have had brave Combats with* Rowland, Oliver, *and the Knight of the burning sword.* Others are bablers, offensive, and seem to be only born to affront men of worth. There you find throats stretched wide, affected countenances, dissolute tongues, crooked fingers, hands exercised in thefts and robberies. There are likewise some who go up the gallows with a countenance as confident, as if they had learned no other trade all their life-time, but the practice of this kind of punishment; others blush not at any crime whatsoever, living in a strange prostitution of renown; and pursuing this course, frame to themselves other diabolical Boldnesses of cut-throats, who out of an overflow of enraged furies, dare attempt upon the sacred persons of Kings and Bishops; esteemed nothing to be safe from their mischief, nor impossible to their daring.

All these manners of proceeding are most abominable, and in no sort deserve the title whereof we treat in this discourse, wherein I intend to speak of generous Boldnesses, which are necessary for humane life; and wherein there are some Military, others, Civil, others, Holy and Religious.

Sect. 3. *Of laudable Boldness.*

IS it not a wonder to behold, that, which is so illustrious in combats, and is the inseparable companion of true valour, to which so many valiant men have in all times made love, sacrificing themselves in so many members to the honour thereof; to be glorified with such crowns by its liberality? It is it which enkindled a brand of fire in the heart of *Alexander*, and gave him wings to fly into the thickest squadrons of his adversaries: It, which *Cæsar* looked on, boldly swimming amidst the roaring waves, fearless of the hail-shot of his enemies arrows: It, which sparkled with ardent flames in *Attila's* eyes, when at the seige of *Aquileia*, seeing himself all alone unexpectedly set upon by a number of souldiers; he slew some of them in the place with his own hands, and scattered the rest with the lightning flashes which reflected from his face: It, which crowned *Pirrhus* in two duels: It, which made *Constantine* appear like a thunder-stroke in the battel against *Maxentius*: It, which animated *Scevola*, when (left alone in the streights of an Island by the Ebb of the sea, he withstood a whole Army of Barbarians: It, which accompanied *Sicinvius* in a hundred and twenty pitched battels, and affixed on his body fourty five

Olathus in vit. Attil.

Plutarch.

Valer. l. 3. cap. 2.

Plin. l. 7. cap. 28.

five wounds, as so many Rubies: It, which taught *Cynegirus* after his hands were cut off, to lay hold of a vessel of his enemies fleet with his teeth: It, which caused a souldier of the Roman Army seeing himself lifted on high, and born with his armour upon an elephants Trunk, unaffrightedly to strike him with so strong and violent a blow that he made him let go his hold, and alone become victorious over a beast which carrieth turrets and houses on his back. It is more easie to number the stars in the sky, then to keep a register of so many valorous men who have been throughout all ages. Women and Virgins have had a share in glory of this kind among many nations, envying the Laurels which crown the heads of brave Captains. The Scythian *Jaxametes* married not their daughters until they brought the head of an enemy. The Lacedemonian women defeated the army of *Aristomenes* who had assailed them at a sacrifice, and they massacred them with spits.

Sabel. l. 7. Ennead. 6.

Alexander ab Alexandro. Pausanias in Messeniacis.

Lybissa slew seven men in a battel with her own hand. *Semiramis* was in a Bath, when hearing the news of the rebellion of a Province of her Empire; she speedily hastned thither not taking the leisure to put on her shoes, or dress her; and brought it to obedience. She caused to be graven on a pillar of her tomb, That Nature had made her a woman, but that Valour had equalled her to the most valiant Captains; that she had made rivers to run along according to the current of her liking, and her likings, by the course of Reason; that she had peopled desart lands, hewed with the sword through rocks, with silver-sowed fields which were unknown but to salvage beasts, and that amidst all her affairs she ever had time for her self, and for her friends.

Æneas Sylvius in historia Bohemiæ.

Herodot.

In the fore-going Age in the wars of *Hungary*, we read of a young Christian woman at the siege of *Agria*, who with her mother and husband fought against the Turks, and the husband being slain, the mother advised her daughter to retire, and to inter the body of her dear spouse. But the valorous Amazon having answered, it was no time for funerals, took the sword of her dead husband, thrust her self into the thickest of the troops, killed three Turks with her own hand, and in the end bare away the body of her wel-beloved on her shoulders in despite of so many enemies, who ceased not to shoot at her. What may one add to this Military Boldness? Do we not daily see examples of it in our French Nobility, who fight upon occasions, as if every man had a hundred bodies to lose?

Ascanius Contorius lib. 5. Bellar. Transylvan.

There is another, which hath place in civil life, and which maketh men bold in conversation, forward in affairs, courageous in occasions, and patient in adversity. Many who have not this great heart, are content to be eternally what they are, and do cultivate a little life within the limits of modesty. But others breath nothing but businesses, but bargains, but forreign commerces, but sea-voyages, fearing neither storms nor shipwracks. When this hardiness meets with great States-men, it maketh them pillars of Adamant, which a thousand counterbuffs cannot shake. All the malice which is in corrupt minds, impiety in profane, inventions in the factious, daring in the insolent, terrour in the potent, threats in the passionate, and cruelty in the bloody, doth not make them go back one step. They think with wisdom, they speak with liberty, they act with courage, nor have they any other fortune in their heads but the law, other life but innocency, other aim but truth, other reward then glory. Of this temper was the magnanimous *Papinian* (the honour of Lawyers) to whom the Emperour *Severus*, dying, recommended his two sons with the government of the Empire. But the impious *Caracalla* having embrewed his hands in the blood of his own brother *Geta*, and desirous this great man should set some Colour by his eloquence before the Senate & People upon an action so barbarous; he freely answered him, it was more easie to commit a paricide then to justifie it, uttering this truth, to the prejudice of his head which this wretched Prince caused to be cut off, and which the posterity of great men hath honoured with immortal Crowns. Of the like constancy was *Aristides* the Locrian, in the Court of *Dionysius* King of *Sicily*, who would have married one of his daughters, but the father stoutly answered, he had rather see her in her sepulchre, then in the bed of a tyrant; which cost him the life of his children: nor for all this did he repent him of his free Boldness. Such also was the great Oratour *Lycurgus* who managed the affairs of the Athenian Common-wealth, with such equity and constancy, that, being ready to die, he caused himself to be carried to the Senate to give an account of all the actions of his life; and to satisfie all those whom he might have offended in his Government: but such a life, instead of stains, had nought but palms and lights. To this may be joyned the boldness of Saints, who have so often defended the truth with the peril of their life against the rage of tyrants: as, that of S. *Athanasius*, against the Emperour *Constantius*: That of S. *Ambrose*, against *Maximus*: That, of S. *Chrysostom*, against *Eudoxia*: That, of S. *Basil*, against *Valens*: Of S. *Stanislaus*, against *Boleslaus*: Of S. *Thomas*, against *Henry* King of *England*. With this, a million of Religious are to be found who have undergone, and do daily undergo the labours of Giants, who forsake the smiling favours of their native soil, to go into places, whither it seems nature hath been afraid to come. Thither they pass through an infinity of dangers, tempests, and monsters; there they live in forlorn wildernesses, among tombs of ice and snow; there they feed upon that, which, to the curious and nice, would be a death to taste. All sweetness and pleasures of humane life are thence banished; rigours, toils, and miseries there perpetually reign; their eyes see none but barbarous visages, their ears hear nought but outcries and yells, their taste finds only bitterness, their travels nought but thorns, their repose but torment, life but anxiety, and death very often a tomb of water. And yet holy Boldness reserveth to it self courages which it leadeth forth, as it seems, beyond the sun, time, and seasons, to conquer souls to God. Must we not say, this passion is infinitely generous, & that it mounted to a height of virtue almost prodigious?

Notable Boldness: *Spartanus.*

Voyages of *Canada* and the *Indies.*

All are not created to come to the most eminent degree of its excellencies; Nature must therein have a part: and verily in my opinion, the divine Providence prepareth bodies greatly adapted to those daring souls which in them he resolveth to enclose.

Their temperature is hot, their heart little in bulk, but a true fornace of heat; the members well composed, the speech strong, and the arm sturdy. Education and Custom create another nature; which hath always been observed to be extremely

necessary in the children which are to be trained up to valour. Those people of *India* must in some sort be imitated, who set them on the backs of certain great birds to carry them in the air, whereat these little Cavalliers are at first astonished, but in the end, they so fashion themselves thereto, that they despise all other peril. The Romans daily made them to see lions and elephants in the Amphitheatre, and the blood of sword-players shed almost as ordinarily as wine; others lead them out to the sea, among monsters and tempests; others practiced them to Combats, where they quickly learn'd the art of giving and receiving wounds, and to beat men down. *David*, *Theseus*, and *Brasidas*, began the profession of war very young. The son of King *Tarquin*, at the age of fourteen years, slew an enemy with his own hand. *Scipio* saved his father in the confusion of a battel, being then but seventeen years old. *Probus* was without a beard when he was made Tribune in the Army. *Albоinus* very young, in duel, vanquished the son of *Thorismond* King of the *Gepides*; which was the cause that his father, who before bred him among his servants, did set him at his own table.

Cranz. l. 3. Dan.

Study lesseneth not courage.

Some think that study and learning are very much opposite to military Boldness; and it is very little to be doubted (if it be excessively pursued in the vigour of years, which are proper for the exercise of arms) but that it will endanger mens Courages to become timorous. But it is of infinite use for Princes and young Gentlemen, who are to be disposed to actions the most elate. For by a laudable temperature it sweeteneth all that, which a warlike humour might have contracted of roughness and incivility; it awaketh wisdom, it enlightneth counsel, it renders Boldness intelligent and magnanimous; it polisheth the tongue; it gives authority in charges, grace in conversation, invention in the cabinet, Honour among the wise, and glory with Posterity.

Nec tristibus impar, nec pro successu timidus strictumque movendi, vincendique modum mutatis noscis habenis. Claudian.

After nature and education; to become bold, he must be sensible of Honour, which enkindleth the most timorous; he must vigorously exercise himself in the toils of Military Discipline, and the practice of brave pieces of service; he must not be either vaunting, scoffing, captious, or offensive; but prudent, reserved, active, and laborious: he must very little fasten his affections upon things of the earth, compose himself to the contempt of death, make account one is not born but to die for his Prince & Countrey, and to esteem no life in the world more precious then *Glory*.

Sect. 4. *That true Boldness is inspired by God, and that we must wholly depend on him to become bold.*

Why Boldness is not in God.

But besides this, to raise ones self to something more excellent, we must look upon the divine virtues which ought to be the perpetual sources of ours. But if you now ask me wherein we may be aided by our first model, to acquire Boldness? I do not affirm we may properly say, that Boldness is in God; because this passion is essentially conjoyned to a regard it hath towards a thing very difficult and encompassed with dangers. Now we know, that nothing can be difficult or dangerous before God, by reason of his sovereign power and most accomplished felicity. God (to speak perspicuously) can neither be timorous nor bold; but it is he who makes all those who are truly bold within the limits and lists of virtue. Certainly *Aristotle* saw much, when he said, that the most bold were such as were most in Gods favour.

Aristot. 3. Rhetor. *Audaciores esse qui rati sunt se habere ad divina.*

I will make good this proposition in the first part of this discourse, and shew a most manifest reason, which teacheth us, that every able man considering what he is, cannot be hardy of himself, by reason of the incapacity and weakness of humane nature, and therefore we must say, that if he have some boldness, it necessarily comes to him from above.

Seven things able to humble a man. Apulei de Demonio Socratis. *Homo levi, & omnis memor, bruti & obnoxio corpore sui similis erroribus, dissimilis moribus, cassa labore, fortunæ subditi, vanis sapientiis, citæ morti.*

The Platonists said, there are seven things able much to humble a man; the First whereof, is, that his spirit is caitive, thorny, and light. Secondly, that his body is brutish, and extremely exposed to all the injuries and impressions of exteriour violencies. Thirdly, that being so inconstant in his manners, he commonly is very constant in his errours. Fourthly, that his endeavours are infinitely vain, and that many times being ready to enter into his tomb (when he comes to behold and consider his whole life already past) he finds it to be full of spiders webs which he with much labour and industry hath spun, but not to purpose. Fifthly, that his fortune is of glass, and many times catcheth a crack when its most resplendent. Sixthly, that if he find wisdom amidst so many errours, it is but too late, and when he scarcely hath time left to use it. The seventh, that wisdom coming so slowly death fails not to make haste, and to surprise a man, when his heart is embroiled with divers designs, and with certain knowledges of having done ill, with uncertainty of doing better. Besides Reason, doth not the Scripture in many places teach the weakness of man, and the necessity he hath of divine succor for his subsistence? *Behold, you are but a nothing, and all your works are as if they were not. Man is the very image of vanity, and a sherd of an earthen pot; Hay, that withers at the first rising of the hot sun. The name of God, is a strong and most assured tower, the just shall there have their refuge, and there shall be exalted.*

Isa. 41. Psal. 143. 4. Isa. 45. Jac. 1. Prov. 18.

Hence we see, how, all those who have appeared in the world with some eminency have ever had some particular favours from heaven to authorize their actions, and to make men believe, they had somewhat above man. So *Moses*, *Joshuah*, *Deborah*, *Gideon*, *Samson*, *David*, *Solomon*, and so many others sent by God for the government of his people came with certain characters of his Divinity, which gave them an admirable confidence, and framed in their souls notable perswasions of their own abilities. And it is a thing very remakable, that such as were not in the way of true Religion, and who consequently could not have those assistances and singular protections from heaven, sought at the least to fortifie themselves with some semblances. All which filled *Alexander* with Boldness, was, that they had perswaded him he was of Divine extraction, and that this belief had seized on the souls of the credulous people which was the cause that he was looked on as a man wholly celestial, destinated to the Empire of the world.

A notable observation of *Pyrrhus*.

It is thought that *Pyrrhus* who imitated him, shewed his teeth in great secret to his friends; on the upper row whereof the word Αἰακίδου was engraven, and on the lower, Ῥωμαίους; as much as to say, He was a King as generous as a lion: but that which most made this Elogy good, was, that these letters were thought to be formed by a Divine hand, to give a testimony from heaven

heaven of the greatneſs of this Monarch: And this being ſpread among the people, it made them to expect prodigious things from him. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who changed the face of the Common-wealth into Empire, mounted on the Throne of the Univerſe by the ſame means. For it is ſaid, that his father *Octavius* whilſt he ſacrificed in a wood, having ſhed a little wine on the altar, there came a flame from it which flew up to heaven, whereon the Augur foretold him, he ſhould have a ſon who ſhould be Emperour of the world. It is added, that this Prince, being yet very young, in his child-hood, played with Eagles, and made Frogs to ceaſe their croaking by a ſilly command; and that as he entred into *Rome* after the death of *Julius Ceſar*, the Sun was encompaſſed with a Rainbow, as a preſage of the great Peace he ſhould produce in the Roman Empire. *Veſpatian* had never dared to aſpire to the Empire, without the favour of preſages, and namely of that which happened to him on Mount *Carmel*, when ſacrificing in the ſame place, and being in a great perplexity of mind, what reſolution he ſhould make in this affair; the Prieſt bad him to be of good courage, and the ſecret hopes of his heart ſhould have very good ſucceſs. The world hath not been content to afford theſe favours to men alone, but it hath alſo given it to famous places. *Rome*, for good lucks ſake, was termed, among other titles, *Valence*, by the name of Valour; and *Cephale*, as much as to ſay (Head) to ſhew it ſhould be the Head of the world. Preſently alſo it was flattered with the opinion of its Eternity, ſo that many termed it the *Eternal City*, which was the cauſe that the Romans in their greateſt deſolations would never forſake the place.

Adolphus Occo. Suetonius. Preſages of the generoſity of *Cæſar*. Dio, & Ziphilinus in Auguſto. Cornel. Tac. hiſtor. l. 2. Elogies of the City of Rome. Solinus l. 1. Gergythius. Ammianus l. 15. c. 6.

It appears out of all this, that men having not the power to be ignorant of their own weakneſſes, never think themſelves ſtrong enough, if they have not ſome (I know not what) of Divinity: wherefore we muſt conclude, that the true means to have a generous & ſolid boldneſs, is to be well with God, and to tie ones ſelf to this moſt pure ſpirit by purity of heart; for if a little opinion of Divine favour ſo much encouraged Kings and people, what will not the teſtimony of a good Conſcience do?

The moſt bold are ſuch as have a clear conſcience.

The Egyptians amidſt ſo many plagues from heaven, and that dreadful night which took away their firſt-born children, were dejected, and couched low on the earth without any ſpark of courage, becauſe their evil conſcience was more weighty upon them then all their miſeries, as the Book of Wiſdom obſerveth.

Sap. 17. *Ipſi ergo ſibi tenebræ graviores erant.*

What aſſurance can one have in perils, when after he hath committed ſome crime, he feeleth a little Executioner in his heart with pincets and hooks of iron? Contrariwiſe, a good Conſcience is well compared by S. *Baſil* to that little Kell which environeth the heart, and which continually refreſheth it with its wholeſom waters; to ſignifie unto us that the heart of a good man abides in perpetual ſolace, which among dangers preſerveth it from diſturbances. I ask you, with what aſſurance ſtood the good *Malchus* with his holy wife at the entrance of the lions den, when of one ſide the glittering ſword was preſented them, and on the other, they heard thoſe ſalvage beaſts to roar, and they notwithſtanding remained immoveable? With what arms? but with thoſe which S. *Hierom* gives them, when he ſaith; They were encompaſſed as with a ſtrong wall, which they found in the teſtimony of their innocency, whereof they were moſt certain. With what confidence went S. *Macarius* to lie in the ſepulchres of Pagans, and (wholly fearleſs himſelf) to ſtrike terrour into the ſpirits of the damned! was it not the aſſurance of his holy life which furniſhed his heart with all this reſolution? And ſhall we then doubt but that the true means to be repleniſhed with a holy Courage, is, to ſet the conſcience in good order, and to make entire Confeſſion of ſins to preſerve ones ſelf afterward, in all poſſible purity, from our infirmities?

Carnifice occulto in auctorem ſceleris tormenta deſeviunt. Pelag. ad Demetr. S. *Baſil* in Iſa. ὑπακοὴ. Hieron. in Malcho. *Pudicitiæ conſcientia quaſi muro ſepti.*

Sect. 5. *That Jeſus hath given us many Pledges of a ſublime Confidence to ſtrengthen our Courage.*

Jeſus Chriſt acquired us Boldneſs by his fear.

LEt us next contemplate our ſecond Model, and conſider a thing very remarkable, which is, that *Jeſus Chriſt*, who putteth us into a holy dread by the conſideration of his greatneſs, hath acquired us boldneſs by his proper fear. Theſe are the words of great S. *Leo. I have borrowed fear from thee, and, I have furniſhed thee with my confidence.* He expreſly would admit the agony of Mount Olivet in his ſacred Humanity, to encourage our puſilanimity; that we in mildneſs being Lambs, might become Lions by courage: and this is the courſe he hath obſerved in all his actions in this great contexture of pains and dolours, of puniſhments and glory. He deſcended from heaven like a rich Merchant laden with great treaſures, he came to lodge in a wretched cottage among mortals, whom he held for his brethren. He was charmed with a love ſo powerful, and entranced in a manner ſo prodigious, that he made a change, admirable to all the world; taking upon him our infirmities to give us ſtrength; our affronts, to conferr his dignity upon us; our wounds, to beſtow his health on us.

S. Leo hom. de Paſſ. *Chriſtus venit ſuſcipere infirmitates noſtras, & ſuas nobis conferre virtutes, humana, quærere; præſtare divina, accipere injurias, reddere dignitates: quia medicus qui non fert infirmitates, curare neſcit.* Chryſol. ſerm. 150.

When I here below behold a man, well may I have ſome ſmall impreſſion of his example, but I thereby become not enriched with his merit. Now Jeſus hath this property, that beſides the benefit of the celeſtial Doctrine which he communicateth to us, beſides that of example (which is infinitely raviſhing) he maketh in us, under the title of Adoption, a powerful infuſion of his Graces. *He continually poureth his virtue on ſouls who are in the poſſeſſion of Juſtifying Grace: as the head on the reſt of the members, and as the root of the vine ſendeth nouriſhment to all the branches which depend upon it.* He is our *Aaron*, who (as it is ſaid in the Book of *Wiſdom*) is crowned with veſſels of virtue, ſince the treaſure of his merits are ſo many veſſels of ſanctity, which flow over the whole maſs of mankind.

Tanquam caput in membra, & tanquam vitis in palmites, in ipſos juſtificatos jugiter virtutem influit Concil. Trid. ſeſſ. 6. c. 16. Eccl. 45. 9.

Note, that he communicated to us three Pledges of his ineſtimable Love, to give us confidence; that is to ſay, his Name his Croſs, and the Sacrament of his Body and his Blood. Good God! What daſtardlineſs would not be animated, and what courage not raiſed in the preſence of three ſo much to be adored Aſſiſtances? The name of *Jeſus* is the Name of Names which we ſhould grave on our fore-heads, as the character of our Chriſtianity, and the aſſurance of our ſalvation againſt all hoſtilities. This is the Name, which the high Prieſt of the Jews bare on his Myter. It is the name, in ſight of which, *Alexander*, when he went out to beſiege *Jeruſalem*, became a lamb of an enraged lion, breaking all his choler at the feet of a Prieſt, as waves are daſhed againſt

Three powerful ſuccours of our Saviour to animate our conſtancy.

The power of the name of Jeſus. *Facies laminam de auro puriſſimo, in qua ſculpes ſcalptura cælatoris ſanctum Domino.* Exod. 28. Oratio Manaſſis.

Concluſiſti Abyſſum, & ſignaſti eam terribili & laudabili nomine tuo.

the rocks. It is that Name, which made *Daniel* to take his refection, whilſt he was in the paws of lions, with all tranquility. That Name, which the flames of the Babylonian Fornace acknowledged. That Name, which God maketh uſe of to ſeal up the Abyſſes.

The admirable effects of the Croſs of Jeſus Chriſt.

And what ſhall I ſay of the Croſs, and of this Royal Standard of the Monarch of Monarchs, ſaid the voice of heaven to *Conſtantine*. It is he under whom ſo many brave Collonels of Chriſtian ſouldiery have flown from one pole to another as Eagles, faln like tempeſts upon the armies of Sarazens, cut like keen razours, conſumed as with coals all powers oppoſed againſt Chriſtianity. How often hath this ſign lifted up dejected Courages? How often hath it thrown terrour among legions of Infidels? How often hath it driven away Devils? *On this wood, God eſtabliſhed his Throne. Jeſus Chriſt* (as ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) *fought with his Croſs. He by it, defeated the Kings and Monarchs of the earth; and having glorioufly overthrown them, hath made them to carry the Croſs on their fore-heads.* O how unhappy be we if we reſemble vipers who bear the Croſs, but, hidden under their jaws! It is to do like the brood of vipers, to bluſh at the Croſs, and to be aſhamed at the venerable ſcorns of the Paſſion of our Saviour. But it is our work to bear it in ſight of all the world, and to regard it as the ſign of our Redemption, and the harneſs of our protection.

Dominus regnavit à Ligno. Aug. in Pſal. 91. *Pugnavit Cruce ſua Chriſtus vicit Reges & ſubjugatis eis ipſam Crucem in fronte fixit.*

Raymund. in Antechriſto.

The courage we may derive from the help of the holy Sacrament of the Altar.

An excellent obſervation of S. Gregory.

What ſhall we not do with it, and with this adorable Sacrament of the Altar, which maketh us preſent with God, and God ſo preſent to us? Is it not from thence, that ſo many Saints have gone forth as lions caſting fire and flames out of their mouths? as (ſaith S. *John Chryſoſtom*) The learned S. *Gregory* of *Tours* teacheth us, that antiently the holy Euchariſt was kept in Churches in a little tower of ſilver. In my opinion, to ſignifie, that this pledge of the love of God, is a fortreſs inexpugnable, againſt the aſſaults of our enemies. That is it, which at all times fortified Virgins againſt the ardours of Concupiſcence and the importunities of carnal lovers who would have bereaved them of their honour. That, which made Martyrs run to flames and wheels, as others, to delights. That, which made them to look with alacrity upon their ſtreaming blood, and to hold it more precious then oriental pearls.

Numb. 33. The Scripture telleth us, that the Children of *Iſrael* being departed from *Marah* (as much as to ſay a place of Bitterneſs) arrived at *Elim*, where they found twelve Fountains and ſeventy Palms. And I muſt tell you, that when, after mortification of the fleſh, the afflictions of the world, the fears of ſo many accidents which menace us, we come to this divine Sacrament; there we meet with fountains which ſtream from the wounds of our Saviour; there we gather palms and victories, numberleſs. Who then would not learn holy Boldneſs in the ſchool of *Jeſus Chriſt*? But alas! It often happens that inſtead of profiting in ſo good a ſchool, and in the Doctrine of ſo great a Maſter; we are bold for the world, and timorous in the affairs of God. What a prodigy is it to ſee now adayes ſo many who are only bold, to do ill? If a falſhood be to be averred, if a wretched maid to be debauſhed, if a revenge to be put forward, even to the effuſion of humane blood, if lawful Powers to be reſiſted, if laws both Divine and Humane to be ſpoken againſt; there Boldneſs and Confidence appeareth. But what ſay I? Confidence? yea, Impudency, fomented by the mildneſs of laws and impunity of ſo many crimes. But, in undertakings made for God, we have hearts of wax, and ſouls trembling like leaves under the breath of winds.

O deteſtable Boldneſs! which art not born but to ſerve as an inſtrument to miſchief; doſt thou not know, there is no aſſured power againſt God, who in the twinkling of an eye overthroweth the children and race of Titanians? O ſenſleſs man! canſt thou not be bold, but from the preſumption of thy ſtrength? And haſt not thou yet learned, that the things, which according to the opinion of the world, are moſt ſtrong, are confounded by the weakeſt? Lions have been fed upon by flies, and wretched ruſt waſteth the hardeſt metals. If we muſt be bold; let it be in things honeſt; let it be for virtue; for verity; for Gods cauſe. *Should the heavens fall in thunder-claps upon our heads, their ruins have not power to aſtoniſh a mind courageous. Turn a ſquare ſtone which way you will, it ever ſtands immoveable upon the ſolidity of its Baſis*, ſaid S. *Auguſtine*. One would have me do an ill act, and if I conſent not thereto, I am threatned with the loſs of a ſuit, of a ruine, of my affairs, and with poverty, the worſt ſcourge of all. Let my enemies vomit forth all their rage on me, they cannot make me poorer then I was when I was born. I came not into the world glittering with precious ſtones, and it was not gold which inſtead of blood ran up and down my veins; let poverty come againſt me with all the train of its terrours. When I behold on the Croſs a God all naked, who in his nakedneſs giveth all things; I ſay, we ſhould account it a glorie to die poor, for a God ſo deſpoiled. They threaten me with baniſhment; the Spirit of God teacheth me not to care what land be under my feet, when my eyes are fixed on heaven, and on the moſt bleſſed repoſe of the living which concludeth all evils in a beatude infinite.

Si tactus illabatur orbis impavidum ferient ruinæ: Quadratum lapidem qua verteris ſtat. Aug. in Pſal. 86.

We muſt fear nothing in the world, to the prejudice of our ſoul.

They threaten me with impriſonment, fetters, gibbets, and death, the terrible of terribles. I expect not till it fall on me. I look on it afar off with an eye ſtrucken with the firſt rays of felicity. What can death take from me but a miſerable carkaſs ſubject to a thouſand deaths, but a life of piſmires and flies? And what can it bring unto me, but a ceſſation from ſo many relapſing actions, and from a wretched embroilment, which every day endeth, not; but to begin again? O how little are all things mortal, with him who looks on a God immortal! I will walk in the ſhades of death with a firm footing, and a confident countenance, ſince it cannot ſeparate me from the ſource of *Lives*.

The

The eleventh Treatiſe, Of SHAMEFAC'TNESS.

Sect. 1. *The Decency of Shamefac'tneſs, its Nature and Definition.*

Shamefac'tneſs a very reaſonable Paſſion.

SHamefac'tneſs is a humane Paſſion, more reaſonable then the reſt: becauſe (being properly *A fear of Diſhonour*) it makes diſtinction between that which is decent or undecent; laudable or blame-worthy; glorious or infamous; which appertaineth to the Court-hall of Judgment and Reaſon: It hath this priviledge, that it takes its Origen from two very eminent ſources; which are Conſcience and Honour: ſeeing the things which cauſe ſhame in us, are ordinarily vitious, or naught in the common underſtanding of men.

Its ſources, honour, and conſcience.

1 Part. q. 80. Conſcience (which, according to S. *Thomas*, is a naturall habitude that exciteth us to good, and maketh us to diſapprove evil) inſenſibly ſtirreth in us ſhame ſo ſoon as any of our thoughts, actions, or words tranſgreſs its laws. Honour, on the other ſide, caſts forth a ray from the circuit of its glory which viſibly figureth unto us the blemiſhes that darken its beauty. The love of Reputation is powerfull. It ſeems to be ſome Atome of Divinity which enters into hearts the moſt generous, makes men very deſirous to be wel-eſteemed, thinking by this means to lead a pleaſing life in the mindes of many: which is much more prized then the life of bodies, ſeeing there are ſome who daily ſacrifice themſelves for Punctillio's of Honour, to bloudy deaths, in the moſt exalted heighth of their proſperity. This reputation pompouſly marcheth before Conquerours, and cauſeth a million of Trumpets to be ſounded to make them famous: It cultivateth the verdant Laurels of great Captains; It encourageth the moſt heartleſs ſouldiers to Combat: It cheriſheth the learned, and ſweetneth the toils of their pens: It awakneth arts: it raiſeth the moſt excellent Ladies, as it were, on the wing of glory, by ſingular praiſes of their chaſtity: It entreth into places the moſt infamous, as the ray of the Sun into a puddle, and makes even thoſe who have renounced Honour ſtill to ſeek ſome rag of Renown to cover their reproach. S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, men are ſo ready to make themſelves be known, that thoſe who cannot be known for their goodneſs, make themſelves many times to be talked of for their wickedneſs, as if they thought, it were as good to be nothing as to ſee themſelves deprived of the knowledge of the living. S. *Ambroſe* ſaith admirably well, I am not ſo great a man, as to be ſatisfied with my own Conſcience. I have this infirmity that I cannot endure the leaſt ſtain of ſhame without waſhing it off. This is the cauſe, that the whole world endeavoureth to preſerve for it ſelf (as much as it can) an inviolable eſtimation among ſo many different opinions of judgments, paſſions, favours, diſgraces, intereſts, and revolutions of the world. Manners (ſaith S. *Bernard*) have their colours, and their odours, which are good examples. So ſoon as Reputation is wounded by the object of ſome diſhonour; the ſoul is moved, all the bloud is ſtirred, ſpreading it ſelf over the face with a ruddineſs, as if it proceeded from this wound. It is a favour from heaven, when we have our ſenſes tender in this kind: and I finde the antient Orator *Demades* ſpake right, when he ſaid, Shamefac'tneſs was the Citadel of beauty and virtue. Likewiſe, the Oracle of Doctours, S. *Auguſtine* writeth, that a more acceptable ſacrifice we cannot give to devils, then to offer them up our Shamefac'tneſs; for ſo much as if that be once extinct, there remains nothing but to expect a general inundation of all wickedneſs.

The love of reputation is a ſtrong ſpurt.

S. Auguſt. in Pſal. 19. Heroſtratus and others. *Non ſum tantus, ut ſum contentus conſcientia mea.* Ambr. l. 1. Offic. c. 48.

αἰδὼς οὐ κακῶν ἀγαθόν. Demades. Aug. Ep. 202.

Sect. 2. *Divers kinds of Shamefac'tneſs.*

NOw we muſt here obſerve, that there are many kinds of Shamefac'tneſs, one whereof is Holy, the other Humane, and the third Evil. I ſay, a holy Shamefac'tneſs (as that which being a moſt faithfull companion of Chaſtity) cannot endure the leaſt thing contrary to this holy virtue, but that it becomes much intereſſed therein. This moſt evidently appeareth in ſo many good men, in ſo many virtuous women, and chaſte Virgins who cannot hear an unchaſte word but that it fixeth a wound in their hearts. *Tertullian* ſaid, Virgins ſhould bluſh even at the good they poſſeſſed; meaning, that albeit their virginal body bear nothing upon it but the characters of honour: yet ought they not to permit the view of their beauty, as a pillage, to curious eyes, fearing leaſt every glance might ſteal away ſome tender bloſſome of amiable Virginity. There are ſome who eaſily bluſh at the approach of another ſex, and at words too freely ſpoken, not that they feel themſelves guilty of any thing; but out of a naturall ſhamefac'tneſs, which cannot ſuffer the leaſt thought of things reproachfull: and many times alſo out of the fear they have to be ſuſpected in matters, of which they in conſcience have no remorſe. This is a ſign of a good ſoul, and it is neceſſary for ſuch an one as will preſerve a chaſtity inviolable; to avoid the leaſt approaches, and all which may prejudice Decorum. *Libanius* an excellent Orator obſerveth, that a Painter one day deſirous to paint *Apollo* upon a board of Laurel, the colours ſeemed to be rejected, and could not be laid thereon. Out of which, this curious wit invented an excellent rarity, ſaying, That the chaſte *Daphne* (who according to the fiction of the Poets was turned into a Laurel-tree, flying from *Apollo* who would diſhonour her) could not endure him, yea, even in painting; although ſhe now was nought elſe, but a piece of inſenſible wood. Whereupon we may infer, that chaſt bodies fear the leaſt images and reſemblances of impurity, and do, even beyond a Tomb, preſerve ſome ſence of integrity. It is read in the life of S. *Epiphanius*, that he gave a kick with his foot, after his death, at a curious man who looked too near upon him. And we alſo ſee many who expreſly by their will forbid themſelves to be opened, and to have their entrails pried into by diſſections, which ſomewhat favours of inhumanity. We muſt not be too curious in theſe matters, when we make no profeſſion of them. For, ſometimes many maids are more knowing before marriage, then is requiſite for chaſtity. *Marcia* daughter of *Varro*, who was one of the rareſt wits of her time, was skilful in all arts, yea, even in Painting; but never would ſhe paint naked

Three kinds of ſhamefac'tneſs

Holy ſhamefac'tneſs.

Virginibus, etiam ipſum ſuum bonum erubeſcendum eſt. Tertul. de Velandis Virginibus, cap. 3.

An excellent obſervation of Libanius.

Simeon Conſtantinop. in Epiphanio.

Fulgoſus l. 6.

ked men, leſt ſhe might offend modeſty. Is it not a brave ſight to behold a Chriſtian, whoſe bloud flyeth up into his face when he heareth blaſphemies vomitted forth againſt God, as a good ſon would bluſh when the aſhes of his father were defamed! What a goodly thing is it to ſee a vice rejected, which, a diſſolute brazen-face, or a confident corrupt ſpirit ſuggeſteth to a young tender ſoul of an Angelical ſhamefac'tneſs, that draweth bloud from the face, and makes uſe of this vermillion as of myſterious ink, to write down the condemnation of diſhonour!

Humane and intereſſed ſhamefac'tneſs.

The ſecond kind of ſhamefac'tneſs is much more humane, and more intereſſed, which is daily obſerved in a thouſand occaſions in the world, when one bluſheth, out of an apprehenſion of incurring ſome blemiſh of a good reputation, in what concerneth Extraction, Body, Wit, Profeſſion, Integrity, Virtue, Condition, and eſtate. Some are much vexed at their own birth, and when they ſee themſelves raiſed to ſome degree of honour, they are aſhamed that their enemies reproach them with the baſeneſs of their beginning; but, they ſhould remember, that Birth is a buſineſs whereunto they are not called; that it is no more in our power then are the ſtars and the winds; and that many great perſonages have boaſted they have mounted higher by Virtue, then their Anceſtours had deſcended by the obſcurity of their extraction.

Obſcurity of birth in great perſonages.

Porus the Monarch of the *Indies* was the ſon of a Barber: *Bradyllus* Prince of the *Sclavonians*, of a Collier: *Ortageras* Duke of the *Sicyonians*, of a Cook: *Agathocles* King of *Sicily*, of a Potter: and yet they gloried to have made a large way to greatneſs for themſelves from the recommendation of their valour. *Primiſlaus*, come from the condition of a peaſant to principallity, cauſed his old homely rags to be kept, that he might ſometimes look on them. The Arch-biſhop *Villegeſius* ſon of a Carter, commanded wheels to be painted all over his Scutcheons of Arms. There are none but inferiour hearts which are offended with Gods counſels, who is the diſtributour of Glory. Others are confounded for deformities of body, as he, of whom *Chryſippus* ſpeaketh, who was extreamely diſcontented that he was called *Sea-Ram*: and

Senec. de conſtantia ſapientis.

Shame of ſcoffing.

Cornelius who wept in full Senate for being compared to a *bald Oſtritch*: but this tenderneſs of apprehenſion proceeded from over-much prizing the body, which is but a dunghill, even in thoſe who are moſt reſplendent in beauty. We ſhould prevent ſuch a ſcoff upon ſo ſlight occaſions, and to take the word out of their mouth, as *Vatinius*, a man much miſhapen, who mocked ſo long at his own throat and legs, that he in concluſion left nothing for *Cicero* to declaim againſt. Others love not to have their age talked of, as if that, which is to be deſired, were a crime. Others muſt not be ſeen in a mean habit, as if they were much greater then *Adam* and *Eve*, who in the beginning of the world were cloathed only with leaves and skins. Others are infinitely apprehenſive to ſeem poor, not conſidering that by hiding poverty, they reproach themſelves, and condemn *Jeſus Chriſt*, who ſpread it over the Crib, as on a Throne of Honour.

Others are dejected with deep melancholy, to ſee themſelves deſpiſed in parts of Wit, Judgment, Underſtanding, Capacity, Induſtry, and Dexterity in matters, whereof they make profeſſion, and wherein they think to excell; namely, when this contempt is offered in company before men of reputation, whoſe good opinion they affect, before their competitours, their corrivals, their enemies, who take a direfull comfort in their confuſion. Then is the time when one ſinketh into the bottom of diſhonour, and when ſhamefac'tneſs covers all the face over. *Cronus* was ſo abaſhed, that he was not able to ſolve a Sophiſme at King *Ptolomy*'s Table, that he died with diſcontent. A *Polonian* Prince ſtrangled himſelf upon an oppreſſion of Ignominy, ſeeing *Boleſlaus* the Third, who was his King, had ſent him a Hares-skin with a diſtaff, to upbraid him with his Cowardiſe in a battel againſt the *Muſcovites*. But we muſt ſay truly, that all this proceedeth from an enraged deſire of punctilio's of honour which ought never, to ſuch extremity, take root in the ſoul of a Chriſtian.

The ſtrange ſhame of contempt. *Laertius. Cromerus lib. 6.*

Laſtly, there be who are touched with ſome ſhame for vices, not thoſe which they know do diſpleaſe God, but for ſuch as are accounted ignominious in the opinion of men: as to be a Villain, a Miſer, a Lier, a Traytour, Falſifier, an Impoſtour, a Thief, Unjuſt, Ungratefull, Baſe, and exorbitant in the exceſs of bodily vices, eſpecially when thoſe exorbitances are waited on by ſhamefull puniſhments and publick infamy. All this is able to confound one one who hath any feeling of honour; but if ſhame happen for ſin, it muſt be driven away by virtue; nay, it is much better to take ſhame, then to be taken by it; for the one flyeth the ſin before it be committed, and the other bluſheth to have committed it. There are others to be found who make a little account of grievous ſins, with which they defile their conſciences, and diſhonour their reputation: But if there be any blemiſh, or ſome ſuſpicion concerning the honour of their wife, that thruſts them into deſpair: as it happened to *Valerius* a man of eminent quality, who was wounded with the moſt ſenſible arrow that ever he received, when the Emperour *Caligula* reproached him at his Table, and in the preſence of many, with ſome ſecret defects which he ſaid were on his wives body, which was indeed to publiſh an Adultery, and the contempt of a Lord one of his deareſt friends, and of a man of his own nature, fierce enough to take revenge, as it happened a while after, when the inſolencies of this miſerable Prince bare him to a violent and a direfull death.

Seneca *de conſtan. tia ſapientis.*

Let us conclude with a third ſort of ſhamefac'tneſs, which is abſolutely bad, and blame-worthy, when one bluſheth for Devotion, for Chaſtity, for Temperance, and other Virtues, which are not accounted of in the ſouls of Libertines and diſſolute people. How many are there, who, to comply with ill company, attribute ſins to themſelves which they never committed, and vaunt imaginary vices, as if there were no Hell for them, but in picture? Others had rather be found in an ill place, then to be often ſeen at the feet of a Prieſt, or at the Communion-Table, in a time when great ſpirits accuſtome not to obſerve Chriſtian duties. They fear leaſt the reputation of being devout may draw along with it ſome ſuſpicion of weakneſs: they are troubled, that nature hath not made them impudent enough, to ſhake off the ſtings of a good Conſcience. It is a monſtrous ſhame to betray ſo good a Miſtriſs as Virtue, and to eſteem the ſervices ignominious which are done her. They who adulterate metals, and poiſon the ſources of lively fountains do leſs ill, then ſuch as corrupt the pure lights of the apprehenſions we ought to have out of virtue. But, although it be many times ill to be

ſhamefac't;

shamefac't; yet there is not any thing more intolerable then to be impudent: for, that is it which putteth all vice into authority, and all the noblest actions into a base and bad esteem.

Sect. 3. *The excellency of Shamefac'tness, and the uglines of impudency.*

A notable observation of *Clemens. Alexandr.* S. *Stromat.*

I Have alwayes made great account of a Curious note of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who observeth, that at *Diospolis* a City of *Egypt*, on the gate of a Temple named *Pylon*, were seen five figures: To wit, of a child, of an old man, a Hawk, a Fish, and of a Crocodile: A child, to signifie Birth; an old man, to denote death: a Hawk, to represent the eye of God; a Fish, to be the Hierogliphick of Hatred; and the Crocodile of Impudency. And this excellent Authour addeth, that these five statues onely meant this sentence, *O you who are born, and shall die, Know, God hateth impudency.*

The esteem antiquity had of shamefac'tness. *Vir pudens.*

Shamefac'tness hath been so recommended by all Antiquity, that when one would praise a man of honour by a most special title, he was called *a Man of shamefac'tness*, as we see in ancient styles; and contrariwise, to name a man impudent, were to qualifie him with the titles of all vices. The Scripture, which is admirable in representing to the life the propriety of all things, hath not forgotten this: For, willing in two draughts to give the picture of a bad man, in the person of *Antiochus*; it saith, *An impudent, and a crafty king shall arise, who shall seek to understand all manner of subtleties.* And it is a strange thing, that, going about to set forth a man who was as a mass of ordures and bloud; it is content to give him, for the chief of his titles, the term of *Impudent in his countenance*; leaving us from that, to conjecture, that he had lost shamefac'tness, the nurse of virtues, and the Guardian of the Temple of Sanctity. To this purpose the learned *Melissa* in the sixteenth discourse, speaks two excellent words. *The first of all virtues is Innocency, and the second is shamefac'tness.*

Consurget Rex impudens facie, & intelligens propositiones. Dan. 8. 23.

Melissa disc. 61.

Πρῶτον ἀγαθὸν ἀναμαρτία δεύτερον δὲ αἰσχύνη.

He who hath once lost it, hath nothing entire, since he hath likewise broken the sacred instrument of all virtues, which is Conscience. Thence we may easily understand, that impudency (which is no other then a neglect of reputation, as *Theophrastus* a Disciple of *Aristotle* defineth it) is a great evil. Should I depaint it, I would give it a brow of Brass: What is more impregnable against blushing? I would make it with the eyes of a Frog, black, and bloudy: What is more inflexible to modesty? And could I give voice to my Table, I would make the voice of a Stentor to resound from its mouth, who was the most open-throated of men: For, what is more filled with out-cries, or is more tumultuously clamorous? I would give it hands of violence and rapine; for what is more injurious? Wandering feet, for what is more straying? I would set by its side liberty, and hope of impunity, which are two disorders that support and foment it. Finally, it should have all vices waiting on it, since he who is not ashamed of doing ill, is capable to produce all manner of monsters. I would figure at its feet a Crocodile; for it is a creature, which; from the least of all, proportionably, becometh the greatest: and impudency, which in its beginnings seems in children but a little spark, doth in conclusion enkindle a huge fire. Besides, I behold in the region of this unhappy passion divers subjects, according to the diversity of Age, sex, and conditions: I there see little children, to whom nature hath given a veil of shamefac'tness, which made their scarlet innocency appear upon the first object of malice. And I perceive that Impudency by little & little breaks in upon them, some have more of it, some less, but all, instantly begin to prattle too freely, and indifferently to take liberty by slight mis-becomming actions. I see others of them at the age of 18 and 20, who have shaken off the yoke of parents, masters, and kinred, tearing away even in a moment the scarf of shamefac'tness, and sucking in the breath of liberty, as if they were little wild-Asses in a wilderness. O! what dangerous beasts; oh what salvage creatures (saith *Plato*) are children ill bred? Foxes and Wolves are a thousand times more easie to be tamed, then dissolute youth, which hath folly for guide, & Impudency for companion. O God! what a monster see I here? I also discover young maids, and women to whom Nature (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith) had supereminently afforded the goodly veil of virtuous shamefac'tness dyed in the richest and most beautiful Incamadine that may be; yet have they defaced it. When they conceived sin, they had got a little shame: after they had brought it forth, they became extreamly impudent in glances, in words, in conversation, in immodesty and dissolution. I have seen Lionesses, and Panthers taken out of the most salvage wildernesses, which one (well practised in the ordering of beasts) with a little industry lead a long through cities and villages; but I never found a bridle strong enough to curb an impudent woman. A cohabitation with Aspicks and vipers would be more sweet and supportable. I see (moreover) in this Region many deceivers and impostours, many Buffons, and hunters after bountifull meals, who have belly-talk perpetually in their mouths and actions, such as were those of the Cynick *Diogenes*, which they colour with a pretext of Nature. Lastly, I see servants bandied against their Masters, sons rebellions against their fathers, people revolted against their King, who trample under foot all manner of obedience and justice. I see hideous Monsters of heresies, of impiety and Athiesm; who uncontrolably throw forth blasphemies against Religion. Behold the effects and goodly government of Impudency!

Plato de Repub.

Greg. Naz. Carm in mulier.

Basil. and Melissam.

Sect. 4. *Of Reverence due to God.*

Remedies.

TO reform the Image of Shamefac'tness, let us reflect on our first original, and see how God would train us up to reverence by an admirable way of his divine Providence. Is it not a thing very remarkable that the apparitions & communications of the Divinity, although they seem to be most important to awaken our faith, were at all times so rare; that God rather chose to permit doubts in the faith of his Essence, and formal infidelities, then to shew and communicate himself upon all occasions under corporal & visible forms, wch might cause any diminution in the reverence due to his Majesty? He is in the world, as a king in his palace, who sees all, and is not seen by any: He looketh on us through so many lattice-windows, as there are creatures, yet is invisible to our corporal eies. Verily, it was an antient maxim held by the *Hebrews*, to oblige them to the reverence of the divinity; that the majesty of God was so potent, and awfull, that no man might see it without dying in the place; wch they inferred upon the passage of *Exodus*, *No man shal see me, and live.* Thence *Manoah*, father of *Samson*, after the admirable apparition of the Angel (the Lieutenant of God) which appeared unto him, said to his wife, *We shall die, for we have seen God.* And *Jacob*, according to the interpretation of some Father, after the notable vision of the ladder, said, not by a motion of

The great reverence of the Divinity.

Exod. 38.

Judic. 13.

Gen. 32. 30.

Divers spirits subject to impudency.

joy,

joy, but out of admiration, *O wonder! I have seen God face to face, and yet I am alive.* And albeit God communicated himself to his greatest favourites under visible figures; yet never did he shew himself properly in his Essence, no not to *Moses*, although S. *Ambrose* saith of him, *that God gave him a clear and most manifest view of his divine presence.*

Clara atque perspicua præsentia divinæ dignationis donatus. Ambr. 1. Hexam. c. 2.

We must understand it, in such manner, as that this great law-giver had most resplendent & most familiar apparitions of God, above the other Prophets. For God seemed to speak with him face to face, as one friend talks to another: notwithstanding we must say, with the greatest doctors of the Church, that for all this, he saw not the essence of God. Such is the opinion of Pope *Evaristus*, of S. *Dyonisius*, of S. *Irenæus*, of *Tertullian*; and, the text of S. *John* is therein expres; *No man hath ever seen God*; and the decision of S. *Augustine*, who saith, *That as for those who have seen him, this favour was granted them, because God appeared when he would, and how he would, in such figure as it pleased him to make choice of, his essence still remaining under covert.* Let us also add, for a reason, that as often as God in the old Testament gave to his people visible marks of his presence, he gave them with so much terror and affrightment, that the poor people astonish'd at his approach so prodigious, were enforced to say, *Let not God speak to us.* We know it by the apparition of the mount Sinai, where they saw voices, that is to say exhalations of flames which made a great noise in the clouds, and burning lamps, and horrible smokes, the sound of Trumpets, and Clarions being mingled throughout all this loud din; which made them to swoon, and become pale at the foot of the mountain, and with suppliant hands to beseech *Moses* to speak to them, because the voice of God was too terrible. Wherefore was all this done? but to maintain reverence in the people which were ready enough to let themselves loose to impudency.

Euarist. Dyonis. c. 4. Hierarch. cœlestis. Origen. 2. princip. Irenæus l. 4. adversus hæreses, c. 34. Tertul. adversus Marcian. *Deum nemo vidit unquam.* Joan 1.18. *Illi autem ideo viderunt quicunque Deum viderunt, quia cum voluerit, sicut voluerit, apparet, ea specie quam voluntas elegerit etiam sibi me naturâ.* Aug. ep. 112. ad Paulinam. *Non loquatur nobis Dominus.* Exod. 12.

Alas! How can we live under the laws of God with so little respect, and reverence, even in Churches? Have we not still the same signs? the like advertisements? All in this universe, on us, about us, and above us, is marked with the messages of the fear of God. Above us, God reigneth in the store-house of air and clouds; the pillars of the firmament tremble, the heavens are bowed in all their regions under the glory of his steps. The winds are the Courriers, and Postillons of his will, who run along spreading his name throughout the four quarters of the habitable world. The Sun confesseth, he is but a shadow in comparison of the increated light, and presenteth as many fingers as there are rays, to write down the commandments of God upon the brow of clouds; his decrees move with wings of lightnings, & are heard in the roaring voice of thunders. It is so natural to bear a reverence to his Divine Majesty, that there is not a creature in the world, how insensible soever, which feeleth not the touches of this much-to-be-adored greatness. Wilde beasts, who roam up & down forrests with blood and massacres perpetually under their paws, by naturall instinct quake at the thundering voice of God. Fishes in the bottom of seas, and abysses with horror hear it. enraged tempests (which seem ready to tear the world in pieces) become silent at the command of the highest, and draw in their wings under his throne: waves and floods which makes a shew not to regard this great All, no more then a single element, dissolve their fury upon the sight of one silly grain of sand, which imposeth a law on them by virtue of Gods ordinance. The very devils, all on fire in the flames of their punishment; wch, infinit misery seems to have exempted from fear, cannot free themselves from this sting. O most mighty! O most sovereign Lord of things visible and invisible! O great Eye, who seest all, and art not seen by any here below. Thou art truly worthy! If we with mortal lips may call thee worthy; yea worthy, to whom all intelligent & reasonable nature should give continual thanks for thy inexplicable benefits; worthy, before who we on our bended knees should all our life-time remain prostrate; worthy, that for thee we should have praises and prayers everlastingly on our lips. And where is that brazen brow which dares to offend thee in the midst of thy Temple of this universe, frò whence thou on all sides beholdest us! O what a monster is impudency, if it persist insensible to such considerations!

O maxime, O summe invisibilium procreator, opifex invisce, & nullis unquam comprehensæ naturis, dignus es vere, si modo id dignum mortali dicendum est ore, cui spirans omnis intelligensque natura, & habere, & agere nunquam gratias desinat, cui tota conveniat vita genu mixo procumbere, & continuatis precibus supplicare. Arnob. contra gentes.

Sect. 5. *Of the reverence which the holy Humanity of our Lord bare to his Eternal Father.*

LEt us look on the other Model, & consider how *Jesus Christ*, uncapable properly either of fear or shamefac'tness caused by any defect, observed all the days of his mortal cóversation so lowly a reverence towards the divine Majesty, that it serves for matter of admiratió to all Angels, & of example for all ages. To understand this wel, I beseech you to take into your consideration two reasons that I wil set before you, which me thinks are wel worthy of your ponderation. 1. That the greatness of actions ought ever to be measured by the end for which God hath instituted them: as if one prove that the actions of understanding are given us to raise us to the knowledg of God, we by the same means infer that those actions are very noble, since they are directed to an end so eminent. Now, wherefore think you, was the eternal word incarnate in the womb of a holy virgin? I say, that besides consideration of human Redemption, & the instruction of all mortals, God covered himself with the flesh of man, that there might by that means be a person in the world able to praise & honor God, as much as he is praise-worthy, & honorable, by a nature create, hypostatically joyned to the divine nature. *Philo*, in the book of *Noahs* plantation, saith, that search was made through the world for a voice sutable to the divine Majesty, to speak, and recount his praises, and there was none found. For although the sovereign Creatour hath been praised from the beginning of ages by the morning stars, which are the Angels (as saith *Job*) yet we must say, that all the praises wch the highest Seraphins may give to the Divinity (if we compare them to the merits of its incomparable greatness) are like a candle in comparison of the sun, a smal drop of water parallel'd with the sea; and an infant-like stutterer who should undertake to declare the prowesses of the most illustrious *Cæsars*. There needed no landing God, a reverencing God, and an adoring God, to praise, reverence, and adore God worthily: otherwise there were nothing sutable to his divine Majesty, there being no proportion between the finite & the infinit. And that wch seemed to be impossible is accomplished in the person of *Jesus Christ*. All reverencies of Angels and men are dissolved into him, as if one should melt many smal Bels, to make a great one. And verily all creatures being dumbin his presence, he made himself as a huge bell of the great clock of the word, wch striketh the hours, & resoundeth thanks to his heavenly Father. All our reverencies, our homages, our adorations have neither force, dignity, nor value, if they be not united, and incorporated with the homage, submission, & adoration wch this glorious humanity rendereth to his Celestial Father, even above the vaults of the Emperial Heaven. This is the great Angel of

The reverence Jesus bare to that divine Majesty.

Philo *de plantatione Noemi.*

Cum me laudarent astra matutina, & jubilarent omnes filii Dei. Job. 38. 5.

of Counsel, of whom we may pronounce these words of the *Apocalypse, that he came to present himself before the Altar, having in his hand a golden Incensory, and much incense was given to him, that he might offer the prayers of holy Saints on this golden Altar.*

Apoc. 8. 3.

The second reason is, that the reverence and honour we do to one, is justly augmented according as we more clearly know his great and worthy parts; whereupon we may infer, that as our Saviour had knowledges and incomparable lights of the Majesty of his heavenly Father, not only in respect of science increate, but of science beatifick and infused: so had he proportionably resentments of honour so profoundly reverent, that he perpetually lived absorpt in this reverence, as a drop of water in the sea, or a hot Iron in the fornace. There was neither vein nor artery which was not every moment penetrated and overflowed with the veneration he yielded to God his Father.

Men who naturally are dull and sensual, stand in need of exteriour signs to raise them to the reverence of God. For which cause the sages of the world in the falshood of pretended religions, have always affected some tokens of terrour to affright perjured and wicked men. So the *Babylonians*, when they sat on matters of Justice, went into a Hall of the Palace, made in the form of the heavens, where were hanged the figures of their gods, all resplendent in gold, and where were to be seen on the roof certain forms of birds which they thought to be sent from an high, as Messengers of the Sun. So *Bochyris* a most famous Judge of *Egypt* (ordinarily named as the father and protectour of Equity) that he might powerfully imprint an apprehension of God, avenger of Injustices; when he sate on his throne of Judicature, always had the image of a serpent in embossed work, hanging over his head, as in a readiness to sting him if he pronounced an unjust sentence. This is partly tolerable, partly also praiseworthy among mortal men; but as for the person of our Saviour, he had not any need of exteriour signs, having always a perspicuous vision of the Divinity. And tell me not, this continual sight of God, this so expresst familiarity, might lessen the reverence which ordinarily is preserved in things lesse accustomed. This verily hath some truth: if we speak of men, their perpetual presence many times diminisheth the reverence of those who familiarly converse with them; because being men, their perfections are finite, and imperfections almost infinite, which is the cause they are exhausted like roses, which with their odour cast forth part of their substance. They waste like Torches which annihilate themselves before the eys of beholders, leaving most times nought behind them but stink and smoke. They are to be looked on a far off, and in the dark, as painted women, and adulterate merchandize; but in God, whom S. *Denis* calleth the Hearth and house of Essences, we must not apprehend these limitations, these defects, and these distrellishes, since he, being of his own nature infinite, is never lessened.

Philostr. l. 1. c. 16. de vit. Apollonii. A notable custom of the *Babylonians* in doing Justice.

The custome of *Bocchoris* a Judge of *Egypt*.

Dionys. de divin. nominibus c. 1.

The most blessed soul of *Jesus Christ* entred into the consideration of his greatnesses, as into a most spacious Labyrinth all replenished with lights, perfections, and virtues, which never satiate; but on the contrary give (as in an eternal Theatre) spectacles delicious, immortal, and inexplicable. For there it is, where all the blessed draw their felicity; Always greedy and ever full, always in possession and ever desiring; their satiety is without loathing, and their hunger free from torment; still they eat the bread of life, and never waste it. As S. *Augustine* hath most divinely observed in the Hymn, which Cardinal *Damian* hath framed out of his words. Thence I leave you to consider with what reverence our Lord walked on the earth, as a man suspended in heaven, drenched in God, as a spung would be in a vast sea; a man who held not of the earth, but by roots of compassion and mercy. Still he had his eys lifted up towards heaven in doing miracles, still his hands raised towards heaven in prayer, still his heart contracted with sadness for the irreverences committed against the honour of his father. conversation, drinking, eating, sleeping, dissolved not the sweet conversation he had with God. Sometimes even in company being overwhelmed with the impetuous approach of this holy Majesty, he brake forth into words of reverence, of love, of thanksgiving, as it were, saying, *I laud thee my Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden those goodly lights from men who make account of the wisdome and prudence of the world, and hast made them known to the most simple and little ones; yea dear Father, for such hath been thy most holy will.*

Hymn. Dam. de gloria Patr.

Mat. 11. 25.

In honour of the lowly reverence which *Jesus Christ* bare to his heavenly Father, Let us resolve to preserve in our selves three sorts of shamefac'dness; of piety, of chastity, of discretion: Shamefac'dness of piety; by observing a holy and religious modesty in Churches, & all those actions which do appertain to the service and honour of God: Shamefac'dness of chastity; by abstaining from all words and actions which render conversation too free and exorbitant, not without some prejudice to chastity. And therefore (O Virgins) engrave in your hearts this document of *Tertullian*, who saith, *That it is fit a Virgin should bluse even at virtue.* Lastly, let us have shamefac'dness of discretion in demeaning our selves very circumspectly in all the duties we ought to yield to persons worthy of honour, and namely to those to whom we are tyed by some obligations.

Alas! who can endure those that have lost not onely the reverence of a God invisible, but even the shame of men visible? Shamefac'dness is the last shirt of virtue which one never putteth off, but when he is ready to cloth himself with an infinity of vices. It is a strange thing that *Adam* and *Eve*, who bare (as it were) in one vessel all the riches of mankind, after they had made that miserable ship-wrack (the losses where of we yet deplore) after they had lost all that which a wretch might lose, and all that which a happy man might desire; they yet still, in the midst of this great breach, preserved shamefac'dness as the last plank of this lamentable shipwrack. They yet were ashamed to see themselves naked; and by this spectacle of their nakedness, were perswaded to penance. And thou wretched and depraved soul over head and ears; thou feareſt neither God nor man, father nor mother, neighbour nor kinsman, friend nor magistrate, force, mildness, admonition, menace, nor reputation, either good or bad. Ah Caitif! It is to run to a downfal with veiled eyes, to live in this manner: It is to lift up an armed hand against heaven. Thy conscience justifies thee (sayst thou) and thou carest not at all for men; what conscience, if thou neglectest reputation which is the bridle wherewith God useth to repreis all sorts of vice? Thou hast no conscience, which notwithstanding, never forsakes any man, enlightning and stinging theives in wild caves, and in the massacres of men, to expose to light vices (which could never endure the rays of the sun which were confined to darkness and *Gomorrhian* night) to establish them in the conversation of men, to

publiſh them, to practiſe them openly before the eys of heaven and earth, and to ſay we ſhould give nature free liberty. Ah! wicked *Zimri*. Haſt thou not read the Hiſtory in the book of *Numbers*? haſt thou not in this picture obſerved the effects and diſaſters of impudency? As that of *Zimry*, a Prince of Gods people, who haſtening to make love to a *Midianite*, a *Cozbi*, at mid-day, in ſight of all the people of *Iſrael*; caſt under foot the Laws of God, the ſhame of men, the honour of Reputation, the reverence of all Poſterity: Wretch, whether goeſt thou, ſaid one to him? Knowſt thou not, the Law of God forbiddeth alliance with ſtrangers? what haſt thou to do with this *Midianite*? ſhe will ruine thee. It importeth thee not to ſay, I will go. But doſt thou conſider thy quality, and the rank thou holdeſt, being a Prince of people? Thou well ſeeſt, the bad example thou wilt give to all the world, cannot but be pernicious. It importeth not, I will go. Behold thy Parents and neareſt of kin ſtretch forth their hands to thee, and ſay; Son, do not our Family this diſhonour: Bring not ſuch a crime into our houſe, which will make us incur the malediction of God, and will overwhelm thee firſt of all under ſome notable diſaſter. It importeth not, I will go. Alaſs! ſeeſt thou not poor *Moſes*, who weeps with all the people proſtrated before the Tabernacle of God, that he would be pleaſed to divert ſuch a thought from thee, leſt thou become culpable of the anger of God, which will fall on the whole Army, if thou goeſt to this ſtranger? It importeth not, I will go. Son, if thou reſolveſt to ſin, then ſtay till night; make a veil of darkneſs further to cover thy wickedneſs from the eys of the world, for fear leſt thy example may ſerve for a rock of ſcandal to thoſe who are yet novices in virtue. Yet, thou perverſly ſayeſt, I will go in full day light: I will enjoy my pleaſures; and who art thou that giveſt me a Law? Go *Zimri*, go impudent man, thou in thy calamity ſhalt know the ſalary of thy ſin. You know the reſt of the Hiſtory, he goes thither, he accoſteth the *Midianite* in ſight of all the world. At which time God raiſeth a young Prince, as courageous as a Lion, Grand-child of *Aaron* who followeth him armed with zeal and ſword, crying out aloud; Ah Traytour! Ah infamous man! He finds him out in the throne of Luſt, in the bed of Iniquity, in the heat of Crime; and with his ſword transfixeth him and the *Midianite*, making the abominable Bed and their unchaſte loves to float all in bloud. O bloud horribly (but juſtly) ſhed, which ſtill cryeth out with a voyce of bloud, and ſaith to all poſterity! Men, Women, Children, Great, Little, Poor, Rich; fly from Impudency, fly from Impudency, as the laſt of vices: otherwiſe know, there is a revenging ſword, and a Judgment of God inevitable to all the Shameleſsneſs of *Sinners*.

Num 25. The miſerable end of an unhappy impudent man.

The twelfth Treatiſe, Of ANGER.

§ 1. *The origin of Anger, its Nature, Cauſes, and Diverſitie.*

The marvellous effects of fire.

FIre which is a mean between Spirits and Bodies, doth work very diverſly according to the matter and diſpoſition it meets withall; In the heavens it enkindleth the ſtars with flames the moſt pure in total Nature: it diverſifieth clouds with Gold and Rubies: it maketh Bows and Coronets in the air: it entertaineth a heat of life in the body of living Creatures, which being maintained in a good temperature, cauſe all the harmonies of health; but, when it mounteth up into a tempeſtuous cloud, when it boyleth in Fornaces, and creeps into Cannons, which are as mouths of fire to pronounce war; it maketh ſo ſtrange devaſtations that it vanquiſheth the moſt valiant, beats down the moſt boyſterous, mollifieth the hardeſt, and terrifieth the moſt daring.

In the ſame manner we may ſay, heat, which in our bodies is an admirable work-Miſtriſs, multiplyeth its effects according to the diverſity of the ſtuffs, and occaſions it lights on: it conſpireth with our ſpirits, to ſerve as an inſtrument for the ſoul in its great operations: it exciteth the honourable flames of chaſte loves: it diſpoſeth courage to generous reſolutions: it poliſheth the mind to embrace worthy purpoſes: It ſecondeth the Imagination in its apprehenſions: it makes it ſelf the ſteward of the vegetative faculties for the generation and production of men; but if it once meet with burnt bloud, and fuming Choler, which is as it were in the hands of the imagination, when it is touched with ſome diſpleaſure, it inſinuateth it ſelf thereinto, as into a cloud ſwoln with ſtorms and tempeſts, which throws forth fires, roareth with thunders, ſhooteth with inflamed darts, and practiſeth nought but ruine.

What Anger is.

This is it we call anger, which is properly an ardent appetite of revenge cauſed by an apprehenſion of contempt, and injuries. Now this opinion of contempt ſpringeth in ſome ſort from diſeſteem, or for that they are forgotten and neglected by thoſe of whom they think they ought to be reſpected: In others, from being croſſed in what they deſire moſt, as in their profeſſion, their ambition, and eſpecially their affections: In others, from being depreſſed in that wherein they imagine they excel, and principally before ſuch, by whom they perſwade themſelves they are beloved and honoured: In others, from being derided for defects of nature as well of body as of mind, and of extraction alſo: In others, from being injuriouſly diſgraced, and inſolently outraged by baſe and abject people, and ſuch as they have obliged. As the opinion of injury increaſeth, and as it meeteth with a nature diſpoſed, and matter prepared, this ardour is inflamed: and if it be accompanied with a great power, it teareth down ſmoking Cities, it deſolateth Provinces, it ſwims in maſſacres, it raiſeth ſcaffolds all ſprinkled over with bloud, and hung with black, whereon it acteth horrible Tragedies.

The other paſſions are augmented by degrees; but this ariſeth fully formed, and appears perfect ſo ſoon as it beginneth. The opinion of contempt no ſooner entreth in by the eys and ears, but it ſtriketh the imagination which promptly communicateth its influence to the iraſcible appetite; and then, as if fire were given to a Cannon, it becomes Thunder and Tempeſt, which diſfigureth the braveſt bodies, turmoileth the bloud and ſpirits, and bendeth all the veins to vengeance. You would ſay, the heart is not at that time any other then *Vulcan*'s Forge, where the thoughts, like ſo many *Cyclops*, labour to make Hail-ſhowrs, Lightnings, and Tempeſts. It is not known in this Country what kind of language Reaſon ſpeaketh: It is no better heard then words among the *Catadupes* of *Nilus*; ſtrength hath a hand

Dum incipis tota eſt. Sen. *de Ira*, How Anger is formed.

hand lifted up to employ the sword, and a thousand instruments of iniquity, to commit outrages. This passion resembleth the furious *Martichora*, renowned among Indian wild-beasts, who teareth his members asunder to make of them the arrows of his vengeance; It hath nothing so resolved on, as to destroy all, and to raise unto it self a Tombe in its own ruines. Yet we cannot but say, that there are three very different sorts of Anger, according to the offences and persons who either raise it, or suffer it. In some it is cold in apparance, and more inward; but these oftentimes have the aspect of Virgins, who in conclusion throw forth the fire of Dragons: In others it is fervent and headlong: In others haughty and scornfull: In others dumb and malitious: In others obstreperous and stormy: In some it is frequent and sudden, in others sticking and obstinate. There are some who being offended for frivolous things, cease not to persevere therein for fear some may think they began without reason, in which the less the cause is, the more passionate they become: Others blame their greatest friends for having done them less good then they expected. In some, Anger is but yet in bloom; in others, it taketh great and deep root. Some satisfie themselves with clamour and injuries; others therein employ the hand; others wood and Iron; others would have lightning in their power for some time, of purpose to prosecute their revenge with all advantage. Lastly, this passion thrusts forth all that is hidden in the heart: Which made *Cassian*, according to the Septuagint, to write, that it disentombed sins which were before (as it were) interred.

Divers qualities of anger.

Vir iracundus effodit peccata. Cassian. de spiritu ira. c. 1.

§. 2. *Three principall Kinds of Anger.*

WE notwithstanding can say with S. *John Damascen*, that Anger stirreth up and down in three principall regions, where it produceth very different effects. The first is called the region of sharp choler, the second of bitter choler, and the third of fury. In the first region are all those who have slight heats of the liver; who are angry upon every light occasion, and almost every moment. In this are to be found many women, many children, and lovers; and besides, Hungry, Thirsty, needy, sickly and nice ones, fantasticks and extravagants, as that *Smyndrides*, who, seeing a peasant taking pains before him, said, his body was quite broken therewith. There needs almost nothing to make choler flye up into their faces, so much they are thereunto disposed. The slightest things put them out of the limits of reason; and if no man contradict them, they frame quarrels to themselves with woods and stones, and with other things inanimate which serve their use; and in the end, fall out with themselves, and skirmish against their own shadow. The great *Cæsarins*, a Greek Authour, saith that Mil-stones, having not corn to grind, strike fire: so we oft-times see in Housholds and Communities, when there is no employment, no gain nor profit; the fire of Anger interposeth between man and wife, between brothers and friends; yea, among religious, who are not througly well applyed to the functions of their profession.

Three regions of Anger. *Damascen. l. 2. orth. c. 16.*

Weak spirits ordinarily cholerick.

Cæsarins in dialog.

The second Region is that of inveterate choler, wherein malicious souls are engaged, who do nothing else but gnaw their own heart, and envy the felicity of another, closely, undermining it as much as they can, both by word and deed. There you behold them all ranked in order, which is nothing but disorder, with a visage ghastly and disfigured, an eye of an owl, a countenance moody, a gate slow, speech wrangling, and most often an enraged silence. O discontented, and dismall Region! I had rather see the Comet which appeared not long since, then to behold a man so composed, who perpetually hath vultures in his entrails, executioners by his sides, and who moreover hath a petty hell within himself. It is of this anger, the wise man saith, that *A stone was very heavy, and sand weighty: but choler incomparably more.* I had rather roll *Sisyphus* his stone, eat sand and coles, then hatch in my heart such anger. Have you ever observed the unlucky Tree, whereof *Theophylact* speaketh upon the Prophet *Nahum*, which we in our Language call the Yew Tree. It is a Tree of death, which with its shadow alone, killeth the herbs and plants about it This worthy Interpreter addeth, that it out of a singular malignity devoureth them. And *Dioscorides* noteth, that being once set on fire, it will many months keep a melancholy fire, hidden under the ashes, not, almost, to be quenched. Behold the picture of one who is tainted with the cursed choler of the second region; you see him anxious, and burthensome to himself, dull like an old yew, an old Tree in a Church-yard. He is impotent in effect, for revenge; but hath a furious appetite towards it, which he dissembleth under the meagerness of the Countenance of a dead man, and under the coldness of a maligne passion. The fire is, as under ashes, the space of so many months, so many good friends, so many good advises, so many convincing reasons quench some little spark of it; yet there still remaineth some of it behind. So many powerfull Sermons, so many confessions, so many communions cry out, Fire, Fire, poure on water. Miserable creature! thy house smoketh. It will burn thee when thou art asleep; but he hath no ears. And when this serpentine soul shall be snatched away by a sudden death, if you search into the ashes of its body, there you shall yet find fire. *The earth which shall cover him, shall be like burning pitch; It shall burn night and day, and make black and thick smokes arise, which shal eternally issue out of it.* Preserve your self from this second region, and observe the words of S. *Augustine*; *Choler, which proceedeth from some innocent promptitude, is as a stick; but this is a beam. A stick is the beginning of a beam. For the beam at first is but a stick; if you water it, it becometh a beam: and if you cherish choler by evil suspicions, you turn it into Hatred.*

Proverb. 26. *Grave est faxum & arenosa arena, sed ira utroque gravior.*

The property of yew Tree, like unto Anger.

Second region of anger wherein rest malicious and covert fouls.

Et erit terra ejus in picem ardentem nocte, & die, non extinguetur, in sempiternum ascendet fumus ejus. Isai. 34.

Festuca in oculo tua est, trabes vero odium. Festuca minima tralis est, nam trabes quando nascuntur prius festuca fit; rigando festucam dedicis ad trabem, alendo iram malis suspicionibus perducis ad odium. August. l. de verbis Domini. ser. 16.

The third region of choler, is fury, in which all such are, as play the part of mad *Orlando*, and become as red as the Comb of a Cock, and presently as pale as the dead; who have eyes bloudy like frogs, sparkling like Gorgons, rolling as those of *Cain*; who roar like Lions, who foam like Boars, who hiss like Serpents, who poyson all they see, like Basilisks, who cast forth fire, like *Medea's* Bulls; who tear one another like Canniballs; who sup with lights and lamps of bloud like Cyclops; who walk in the night to strike and commit outrages like Furies; who are perpetually in disturbance like Devils; who do nothing but vomit forth blasphemies; who swear by heaps; who breath nothing but wounds, but plague sores and revenges; who have no more of man in them, but so much as may serve for food to eternall fire, unless they betake them to repentance. There are of them so ardent that they resemble those dogs of hot Countries, whereof *Xenophon* speaketh, which strike their teeth so eagerly into the skin of a boar, that, together with the gash, they make fire to fly out.

The region wherein are the furious.

Behold a horrible sphere of Monsters and Tempests, bloody Comets, Horses, and Arms of fire. It is they, of whom the Scripture speaketh; *Simeon and Levi (you vessels of war, instruments of iniquity, Trumpets of fury and blood) never shall my Spirit have to do with you, never will I defile the glory of a peaceful soul by the contagion of your company. Cursed be your fury, for it is head-strong; cursed your anger and revenge, for it is wicked, and insatiable.*

Genes. 49. Simeon & Levi vasa iniquitatis bellantia, &c. Maledictus furor eorum quia pertinax; & indignatio quia dura.

Two things principally are deplorable, in this third Region: the first is, That anger is exercised, with out-rages and violence upon the renown, estate, body, and soul of a Neighbour, who crieth for vengeance before God; and above all, it is much to be feared, when great passion is linked to great power, where Fortune permitteth all which vengeance desireth. For fire, water, and greatness never over-flow without bearing down the Common-shore. Secondly, It so bewitcheth some infatuated Spirits of these times, that they make Tropheys of the greatest reproaches which are in Nature; and to make their torments everlasting, they deifie their Crimes. That is it which the excellent Authour *Paulus Orosius* said; Fury, as it ordinarily walketh without reason, will make its dolour to pass for virtue, and boldness promiseth to accomplish all whatsoever anger suggesteth it.

Paulus Orosius lib. 2. adversus Pagan. c. 16. Expers consilii furor, dolorem virtutem putat, quantum meditatur, ira, tantum promittit audacia.

§. 3. *The Contemplation of the serenity of the Divine Spirit is the Mistriss of Meekness.*

The picture of the Tranquillity of God.

LEt us, to this disorder, oppose the serenity of God, which we may contemplate when we are far removed from the surprizals of this passion. If this place would permit me to delineate the Picture of the Tranquillity of God, as the sublime *Tertullian* hath done, that of Patience, I would give it a visage wholly angelical. What is more Divine and Celestial, then this virtue? I would set it in a fortunate Island (all tapistred with verdure, and enamelled with flowers) where the Sun should smile out of all his Mansions. For, what is more delicious? I would place it on a Rock, such as was that of *Egypt*, which was never touched by profane feet. What is more stable, and more religious? Thereon I would raise a Temple to it, such as was that of *Adonis*, in *Greece*, wherein Lions were tractable. What is more lovely? I would give it a Scepter of Diamond: what is more solid, or powerful over the passions of man's heart? I would set upon the head thereof a Crown of Stars. What is more sublime? what more majestical? At its feet I would hang Harps and Lutes; for it is the Mistriss of holy Harmonies. About it should be little Nightingales, Halcyons, and holy Fishes, which cause a calm every where: what is more peaceful? A good distance from it, should be Sea-dogs, storms, and waves which should roar, without troubling its repose; since it is immovable. It should have eys lifted up to Heaven, and should live by influences flowing to it from the union it hath with God: as it is said, the Bird of Paradise liveth on the thinnest vapours of the air.

But let us in a word tell you, that Tranquillity is the Essence of God himself, and that all which is peaceful draweth neer towards God. I am not ignorant of what the Scripture speaketh in many places of God's anger: and among others, *David* in his *Psalms* with a certain admiration; *Who is it knoweth the force of thy anger? and can weigh thy indignation in the terrour of thy countenance?* But this must be understood by an Anthropopathia, as Theologians do explicate it; which is done when God is represented by sensible figures, like unto men. For to speak truly, God hath no anger, nor can any wise have it, being incapable either of the form or matter of it. The form is an appetite of revenge, and the matter, a boyling of bloud: as appeareth by that we have said before. Now, we understand, that in God there is neither bloud nor appetite. If he in all times hath produced Examples of Justice (as he did in the Deluge, in the burning of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, in the Plagues of *Egypt*, in the defeat of *Sennacherib*.) It was with the same tranquillity which he had when he made Paradise, and the blessed by his aspects. God punisheth not the wicked out of anger; but the wicked punish themselves by the remorse of their own consciences: and if the Divine Justice put a hand thereto, the World marcheth in battel-array against them, and is all on fire under the feet of its Judge, the Judge being thereby nothing at all inflamed. The punishments which fall from Heaven, come not from a headlong precipitation, since they are resolved on from all Eternity.

Quis novit potestatem ira tua, aut pra timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare? Psal. 89.

God, to speak properly, hath no anger.

It was a judicious invention of the ancient Sages, to tell us, there were three sorts of Thunder-bolts in Heaven; and that the first was only to advertise, without doing hurt: the second did good, but not without causing hurt: the third ruined, and defaced all it met. And thereupon, to shew us the mildness of God, they said, the Monarch of Heaven and Earth of his own motion sent the innocent Thunderbolts; but if there were cause to throw that which doth but little hurt: (although it were to derive profit from it) he called twelve Gods to counsel: but when those great Artilleries of Heaven were to be shot off, which aimed at the ruine of the most-guilty, it was never done without a general counsel of all the gods. We say more then all this; for we affirm that God stayeth not a certain time to resolve on the punishment of men, but hath decided it from all eternity, and hath ordained Hell for Crimes, with the same Countenance he decreed Heaven for the blessed. All is peaceful, and always peaceful in God; from whence it cometh, that men most like unto him, as are good Kings, have borrowed the Title of Serenity. Can it then well become a Christian, who makes profession to render himself like unto his Heavenly Father, to suffer himself to be transported with the furies of anger, which in man extinguish all that is Divine, and leave nothing Humane?

Sener. natur. l. 2. c. 41. Three sorts of thunder-bolts, which figure unto us, how God proceedeth in the chastisement of men.

To know whether our Lord was subject to anger. The answer. *Aug. l. 14. de civitate Dei, cap. 9. Neque enim in quo ei verum hominis corpus, & verus hominis animus, falsus erat humanus effectus. An amor affectus est hominis? sed ipse audiens adolescentem seipsum de observatione mandatorum commendantem, intuitus dilexit eum: an timor? sed ipse in jam a pas-*

§ 4. *That the Example of our Saviour teacheth us the moderation of Anger.*

ONe might perhaps object for excuse, that our Lord who ought to be the example of all our actions, was angry, when he with a Whip drave Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple. I to this answer with a doctrine of S. *Augustine*, very remarkable, which teacheth us, that as our Lord took a true body, when he was born of the most blessed Virgin: so he hath shewed himself to have real passions descending for us into the shadow of our infirmities, to make us ascend into the light of his glory. Notwithstanding, we must not think he would undergo all sorts of passions, especially such as carry in them any uncomely mis-beseeming: but those he took upon him which were most decent, and incident to man. If love (saith the Oracle of Doctours) be a humane passion; *Jesus* hath taken it, shewing many times tendernes of affections towards persons of merit: as it is said, that seeing a young man, who had strictly kept the commandments of God, from his most innocent

nis constitutus rapit pavere & tadere. An gaudium? sed & Lazarus mortuus est inquit & gaudeo propter vos quia non eram ibi. An tristitia? sed & tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem.

cent years, he loved him, and had some compassion of him, for that he entred not directly into the way of the Gospel being withheld by the love of his riches. If fear be accounted among the motions of nature, had not he fear and anxiety when he was near unto his passion? If you look for joy, doth not he say, *Lazarus* is dead, but I rejoyce for your sake? becausе by this means the Apostles faith must be confirmed. Lastly, if sadness be the Inheritance of our condition, hath he not said, my soul is heavy to the death? But there are other passions which he would never admit, as sensual love, hatred of a neighbour, envy and anger.

An excellent observation upon the terming our Saviour a Lamb.

As for that which concerneth this last pasion; it is certain that our Lord was more meek and gentle then all men; from whence it came that he would be called the Lamb of God, by a solemn title, and that he in the Primitive Church was represented under the same figure, as it appeareth in the Christning Font of *Constantine*, where the statue of a Lamb of massie gold poured out the water of Baptisme. Never in his greatest sufferings hath he shewed one least spark of anger, or impatience; but was always calm and peaceful, even shewing an incomparable sweetness to a naughty servant, who had cruelly wronged him at the time of his pasion. And as for that he did, in the matter of buyers and sellers, that ought not to be called anger, but a fervent and vigorous zeal which caused him to punish irreverences committed against his eternal Father.

Good God! Had we perpetually before our eyes this mirrour of meekness; we need not seek for any other remedies. His aspect would remedy all our anger, as the brazen serpent cured the plagues of *Israel*. This sacred fish would cause a calm whersoever it rested, and the presence of his aspect would banish tempests: but since pasion so cloudeth our reason, let us apply remedies more obvious against the motions of anger.

§. 5. *Politick Remedies to appease such as are angry.*

ANger being a jealous pasion ever grounded upon the opinion of contempt, ought to be handled with much industry, and dexterity. There are some who very soon are cured by joy, by the meeting of light-hearted people, and by some pleasing and unexpected accident. This notably appeared at the Coronation of *Philip Augustus*, where there was a prodigious confluence of many people, who out of curiosity excesively flocking thither, much hindred the Ceremony. A certain Captain troubled to see this disorder, was desirous to remedy it, ceasing not to cry out and thunder with a loud voice to them to be quiet; but the earnestres of those that thronged, had no ears for Thunders: which made him, being much incensed with anger, to throw a cudgel he had in his hand at the heads of such as were the most unruly; and this cudgel being not well directed, lighted upon three lamps of Christal hanging right over the King and Queens heads, which breaking, the oil abundantly poured down upon them. All there present were troubled at an act so temerarious, but the pleasure of the sight put off their anger. The King with the Queen his wife instead of being offended, laughed heartily; seeing themselves so throughly besmeared: and a Doctour thereupon inferring, that it was a good presage, and that it signified abundance of unction, both of honour and prosperities which should overflow in their sacred persons, they had no power to be angry, out of the Imagination of glory which dryeth up the root of this pasion. Verily, there is no better a remedy to appease such as are cholerick, then to flatter them with honour, and submission: which likewise was to be seen in that which happened in the person of *Carloman*. He was a vertuous religious man, brother of King *Pepin*, who had buried himself in humility, that he might courageously renounce all the greatnes, whereunto he by birth was called. It fell out, that being in a Monastery of *Italy*, not discovering himself; he begged he might serve in the Kitchin, which was granted him: But the Cholerick Cook, seeing him to do somewhat contrary to his liking (not contented to use him harshly in words) with much indignity strake him. But there being not any thing which more vexeth a generous spirit, then to see him ill treated whom he most loveth; *Carloman's* companion who was present, not remembring himself to be a religious man, entreth into a violent anger, and suddenly taketh a pestle, and throws it at the Cooks head, to revenge the good father who bare this affront with incredible generosity.

Chronicon Casinense.

But so soon as this his companion had declared his extraction, and related all which had happened; the whol Convent fell at his feet who was affronted; and begged pardon of him. Where were to be seen sundry sorts of passions; Some of indignation, others of compassion, the rest, of Reverence. But *Charloman* thought it a thing intollerable, to see himself honoured in such a manner, whilst his Companion laughed beholding the Cook beaten, and the submisions yielded to this Prince.

There are others, who seeing their friends much incensed, feign to take their part, and seem angry with them; saying, this wicked fellow must at leisure be chastised, to render his punishment the more exemplary. Mean while, they give time, and expect the return of reason, and then they persuade the contrary. Many also have in apparence pretended fear, to flatter the anger of great ones, who take pleasure to render themselves awful in this pasion, as did *Agrippa* towards the Emperour *Caligula*.

§. 6. *Moral Remedies against the same Passion.*

I Will descend into more particulars against the three kinds of choler, which we insinuated. As for the first, which consisteth in that hastines and heat of liver, that breaks forth in motions somewhat inordinate; First, I say, God is offended to see persons who make profesion of a life more pure, and whose soul verily is not bad, to be perpetually upon the extravagances of pasions, unworthy of a well composed spirit. Besides, it causeth a notable detriment to our repose. For, by being often angry, our gall increaseth (as Philosophers observe) and the increase of gall maketh us the more anxious, weyward, and irksome to our selves.

More particular remedies against the three sorts of anger.

The only means to amend and correct your self, is, to represent the hurt this pasion bringeth, by depriving you of wisdom, of justice, civility, concord, virtue, and of the splendor of the spirit of God. The way to lessen the opinion you have of being despised, is, not lightly to believe tale-tellers, and to find reasons to excuse him who hath erred; not to be curious to know that wch may displease you; to fortifie your self in that side you find to be most feeble in you, avoiding objects wch most ordinarily provoke you; to live with peaceable people; to shun cares,

Rigordus.

and troubleſome affairs, to afford your ſelf convenient ſolaces; to extirpate petty Curioſities and falſe opinions which you have of your inſufficiency in ſuch ſort that you imagine within your ſelf that you ought to be uſed with great reſpect, and that you ſhould not ſuffer any diſgrace either by word or deed, but that men and elements muſt contribute to your likings. Behold from whence your feaver proceedeth, and how you may handſomely remedy it. O ſoul, infinitely nice! it ſeemes you were bred in a box, in perfumed Cotton and that you muſt endure nothing. Broth overmuch ſalted, a garment too ſtraight, a muſtachio ill turned up, the creaking of a door, the wind of a window, the leaſt indiſcretion of a ſervant, puts you out of your ſelf. What do you take your ſelf to be? You believe thoſe flatterers who ſay, Do you ſuffer this? you meaſure not your ſelf by your quality. And yet Kings and Queens, and the Monarchs of the earth have endured, and daily do endure many ſlight oppoſitions with great tranquillity: and you, ſilly worm of the earth, turn againſt God, when he permitteth any thing to happen contrary to your liking. Frame unto your ſelf a life ſimple, and free from affectations; take away your wantonneſs, your pleaſures, and petty peeviſhneſs. *Choller is engendered by overmuch curioſities of ſpirit: ſtifle them, and you immediately extinguiſh it.* Know that to quarrel with an equal is hazardous; with an inferiour, is contemptuous; and with a ſuperiour, it is fooliſh. Set before you the Maxime of *Pirrhus*, that great Maſter of fence who ſaid this paſſion was a Trouble-Trade; and that whilſt you continue the ſame humour you ſhall be unable for all good employments. Do as the brave Philoſopher *Agrippinus*, of whom *Epictetus* makes mention, who perceiving that when any misfortune befel him, he thereby became haſty and colerick What is this? (ſaith he) *I play the ſlave, where I ſhould play the Monarch. O misfortunes! I will deceive you.* Thereupon he wrote the praiſes of every evil which might happen againſt his will. If a calumny; the praiſe of the profit, calumny brought. If an Exile, the praiſe of exile. If a quartane Ague; the praiſe of the Quartane ague. And by this means he came to ſuch a heighth of Tranquillity, that, ſo ſoon as a freſh mischief aſſailed him, he met it with a ſmiling countenance, and ſaid, God be praiſed, behold the way of my exerciſe.

Seneca de ira. Ira voluptatibus generatur, & voluptatum ſuppreſſione ſopitur.

Seneca de ira l. 2. c. 14. Ira perturbat artes Agrippinus Epictetus apud Stobæum.

And you who are a child of light, fed with the body and bloud of your maſter! for Heaven, and the company of Angels, you cannot ſay (when ſome little inconvenience befalleth you) praiſed be *Jeſus*: Behold here how the good purpoſe I have made of patience, is exerciſed. And then if you feel any rebellion, Take heed you ſhew it not either by words or outward ſigns; but get you and lodge at the ſign of ſilence, where the haven of Tranquillity is. Do as thoſe that are ill of the falling-ſickneſs, who retire at the approach of their fits that they may not let any things uncomely appear. Say, *Bleſſed be our Lord God, who teacheth my hands to fight and frameth my fingers to war.* The Hebrew hath it, *Bleſſed be our Lord, who is my rock.* To ſhew you, that God if you endeavour to vanquiſh your paſſions, will place you upon the holy rock of Tranquillity, from whence he in his immutability beholdeth the motion of all Ages. Take a goodfriend, a faithful companion, who may divert your paſſion in its firſt fit, who may admoniſh you, and play on *David's* harp to drive away this devil of mad *Saul*, and take you from the occaſions of hurt.

Benedictus Dominus Deus meus qui docet manus meas ad prælium, & digitos meos ad bellum. Pſal. 143. Benedictus Dominus rupes mea. Stabilitoque mavens dat cuncta moveri.

The ſecond remedy for ſuch as long chew on their choler, and entertain averſions irreconcileable, is, that It were good to ponder and conſider the words of *Caſſian*, *Let us perſwade our ſelves that whilſt we are angry, It is not permitted us to pray unto God and to preſent him our prayers. Let us take each day to be our laſt; and let us not think that for being chaſt and continent, for having forſaken the pleaſures of the world and deſpiſed riches, for macerating our bodies with faſtings, watchings, and labours, much is due to us; if at the end of the reckoning it be found we carry hatred, and anger in our hearts, That alone is ſufficient to condemn us to eternal puniſhments, by the ſentence of him, who ſhall judge the whole world.*

The ſecond remedy. *Cogitemus nequaquam licere nobis orare, nec ægritas fundere preces ad Deum; quotidie eradamus nos è corpore migraturos, ubique, nobis continentia caſſitatis, nihil abrenunciatione facultatum, nihil divitiarum contemptu, nihil jejuniorum, vigiliarumque labori bus conferendum, quibus propter iracundiam ſolam & odium ab univerſitatis judice ſupplicia proponuntur æterna. Caſſian. l. 8. c. 21. de inſtitutis Regum. Vade prius, reconciliare fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offeres munus tuum. Matth. 24.*

Take not this as my ſaying, but take it as an oracle which that great man hath collected from many holy men of his age. When you keep in your heart ſome hatred againſt your neighbour, you do a notable wrong to your ſoul. For firſt, what have we more ſweet, more merciful then altars? There we ſhould ſeek for mercy, if God had baniſhed it from all the parts of the world; and yet whilſt you defer reconciliation with your enemy, you deprive your ſelf of the right of altars: and if you ſtill have ſome ſpark of *Chriſtianity*, as often as you approach to them you hear the voice of the ſon of God, who ſpeaketh to you in the bottome of your heart, and ſaith theſe words of the Goſpel, *Go firſt of all, and reconcile your ſelf to your brother, and then you ſhall come to offer your ſacrifice of the altar.* By deſpiſing theſe words of our Saviour, and going on, you commit a new ſacriledge; by recoyling back, and avoiding the altar and ſacrifice, you fly from pardon, and life. And then in what a ſtate are you? what neceſſity is there that for ſparing a good word, you muſt perpetually live either a ſacrilegious, or an excommunicate perſon?

The third remedy.

Laſtly, you muſt think you are not immortal: the very moment which is now in your hands you muſt divide it with death: even the ſun (which you to day have ſeen to riſe out of his couch) before his ſetting, may ſee you in your Tomb. Moreover, know that ſhould you all your life time have preſerved an inviolable virginity, ſhould you have built a thouſand hoſpitals, and ſpent your whole eſtate in entertaining of the poor; ſhould you have lived in Hair-cloth, among thorns, and in great abſtinencies, if you into the other world carry a dram of reſolved and determinate hatred of a neighbour, with unwillingneſs to hear any words of reconciliation, all, which may be in you of virtue or merit, will nothing avail you; your lot ſhall be with reprobate ſouls and devils. O God! what a ſentence what a Decree, what a puniſhment is this; and who would now purpoſely cheriſh hatred againſt his neighbour, unleſs he had loſt all Reaſon, all ſenſe, and diſcretion. Let us conclude with the third remedy, againſt the furious and bloudy, who are not content to ſume, but like unto *Ætna*, do throw forth their all inflamed bowels, nor are ever ſatiated but with outrages & humane bloud. This is it wch makes us to behold the goodly duels which have in alltimes been the profeſſion of ſervile ſouls, of fools, or mad men. There we ſee men, bewitched with a curſed and damnable opinion, ſeeking upon the leaſt injury to require reparations ſealed with humane bloud; to engage ſeconds to make them compliices of their crime, and companions of their miſery; to ſend challenges many times by pages apparelled like women, then to cut one anothers throat with horrible fury; to drag a long chain of allies to make

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a pitch'd battel of a single combat; and mothers and wives in the mean time to tremble in expectation of the issue of this butchery. Some slight fellow, who hath a soul miserably shallow and base, to cover his cowardice and acquire reputation, will wash his impurity in humane bloud. It is not courage which puts him forward; he who would behold him a little in the business, should see him ready to swoon, to wax pale, and tremble. If he would follow his own nature, he would fly a hundred leagues off and never look behind him: but for a little vanity, that Hacksters may praise him and say he hath fought a duel, he tormenteth his mind, and especially when he is among pots and glasses he shews himself valiant. Ah (*Rodomont*) Is this your business? you cannot speak, but you must menace to slash a man. Bloudy beast! where have you learnt this, but in the school of Furies and devils? and do not say? he hath put an affront upon me. What affront? a cold countenance, a harsh word, a piece of foppery which you would never have taken notice of, had you not been void of the reason of an honest man. None would affront you, were not you your own affront: behold the root of all these inflamed angers. And he who will give remedy to them, must cut them off in his imagined contempt, where indeed there is none; and therefore it is fit he retire to the haven of silence, and lessen what he may in his imagination, the injury which he thinks he hath received: when you shall have well weighed it, you will find that you of a fly have made an elephant. *The true means to forgive all the world, and to pardon it, is to judge of offences, before we be angry.* There are offences which we should laugh at; others, which we at least should defer; and some we should speedily pardon.

Multos absolvemus, si experimus ante judicare quam irasci. Senec 3. de ira, c. 29.

Terminum etiam maris fluctibus ac tempestatibus fabricator descripsit, arenam maru exigua sape inter duas aci as intercapedo est, si veprimere tranq non potes, memento quos indignalundum mare nil ultra spumam & fluctuationem effert Simocatta.

If this stay you not, at least think upon the end, and say, Behold a quarrel which begins to be enkindled, there is nothing wanting but a poor word, fair, and advised; yea verily but meer silence, to give remedy thereto. If I augment it instead of lessening it, I do put fire to dry wood, which will make a terrible havock to consume me first. I must be a homicide, or a sacrifice to death, or live in brawls, quarrels, and eternal divisions, which will involve parents, children, brothers, cousins, and a whole posterity. Behold the goodly fruit which brutish anger bringeth. Since I can prevent all this by a little discretion and patience; am I such an enemy of my own good as willingly to seek my proper ruine! The sea is tempestuous, but their needs but a little sand to repress it; and when it hath made all its menaces, which seemed ready to swallow all the world, it retires back, contenting it self onely to leave froath and broken shells.

The direful example of *Haman*, against the enraged, who are, at a little, offended.

Behold, if you have eyes, the goodly gain which *Haman* made of his anger; & how, seeking to remedy an affront, he transfixed himself with eternal misery. *Mardochem*, whom he accounted a beggar, had not saluted him at his entrance into the Kings palace, for which he must be revenged. His reason suggested to him, he was a man of no worth; why wilt thou take notice of him? No, I will destroy him. What! for not saluting thee: He is a *Jew* by Nation, and peradventure he hath seen on thy garments the figures of the *Persian* gods embroidered, and dares not bend his knee, lest it might be thought he gave this honour to thy gods, and he should be esteemed an Idolater. It is no matter, I am resolved to ruine him. If thou beest gon so far, take then the head of the culpable, and pardon all the rest who are innocent. No, I will destroy him with all his race. See, I have in my hand the King's Signet-ring, and I go to dispatch letters throughout all the Provinces, that all the *Jews* may be slain, which shall be found on such a prefixed day. O God! what! a slaughter for the denial of a silly salutation, to make choler swim in the tears of so many widows and orphans, in the murther of so many mortals, in the bloud of so many Provinces? Dost thou think, there is not a God in heaven to take vengeance upon such torturing cruelties? God may do what he pleaseth. But I must be revenged, my wife, and my friends advise me so. Alas! unhappy wretch! He was then, contriving his direful design, when the vengeance of God fell upon his head. Behold him disgraced, lost, and shamefully supplanted by a woman; coming to the palace of the King his Master, he heard the roaring of a lion which said, Take him away; when instantly, behold, he was hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high which he had caused to be prepared for his enemy; his ten male children were made the companions of his punishments, and his whole race was destroyed. O God of Justice! what thunders, and what tempests fall upon men of anger, bloud, and revenge? O God of the patient, and eternal mirrour of patience! may my soul for ever avoid these three regions of Gall, Hatred, and Fury, to become a Mistris over its Passions which have hitherto tormented it, And may it arrive in that fortunate Island, where divine Tranquillity dwelleth: May it enter into thy Temple; and may the eternal odours of the sacrifice of Reconciliation, of Mercy, and Propitiation mount up to thy throne, which thou taughtest us upon Calvary, in the bitter and sharp dolours of thy body, amidst the sorrow of heaven, the darkness of the sun, the opening of sepulchers, the breaking of stones, the effusion of thy bloud, and the desolation of thy Soul!

The thirteenth Treatise, of ENVY and JEALOUSIE.

§ 1. *The Picture thereof.*

The picture of Envy.

Matthias Vienna, in the piece of work which he confesseth to have carefully laboured the space of thirty years to make a present thereof to Pope *John* the two and twentieth, giveth us a picture of Envy, when he depainteth it borne on a Dragon, with a Coat-armour wreathed all over with serpents, a Helmet on its head figured with Bee-hives; to signifie, that the envious like unto Bees, carry sharp and sweet; and a Target all over pourtrayed with Batts, enemies of light, as is that which beareth it. Should I amply dilate my self upon his conceits, setting aside all the inven-

ventions of Poets and Painters upon this subject; I would place it, not in the desarts of *Lybia*, where the Sun onely shineth on sands and rocks, but in the midst of Virtues; because such are the objects of Envy: I would give it a fierce eye, a countenance spitefull and dusky; what is more sad and direfull; I would paint it sucking the heads of Aspicks for its ordinary repast, since so, holy *Job* describeth wickednes, nor should I be deceived, it living on poison: I would set two companions by its sides, which S. *Bonaventure* giveth it, the one whereof is called *Oola*, and the other *Oliba*: the one (saith he) signifieth the sadness which Envy hath at the prosperity of another; the other, the ignominious joy it conceiveth upon other mens disasters. I would make it dine and sup by candle light, but they should be serpentine lights, whereof the same Doctour maketh mention, which cause straws to seem like unto serpents; so the slight imperfections of men which are but straws, are by the Envious esteemed the malices of a serpent: I would have Truth present a Torch before its eyes, to dazle those infernal lights; but the miscreant should turn its face to the other side, for it hateth all which is true and solid: I would make virtue appear before it with a branch of Palm in its hand; but this caitiff should vomit up frogs, to marr this brave monument of worth, according to the ingenious model which *Cypselus* giveth us. (Verily, the words of the Envious are as so many frogs which on all sides besiege the benignities of virtue) I would paint round about it scritch Owls, and *Hyena*'s, and all manner of maligne creatures. One cannot do too much to expres the malice of it. Lastly, I would make it to feed on it self, as the beast of *Martreas* the Inchanter, and that it should rise again out of its bloud and wounds, ever ready for new torments. For doth not this infamous passion ordinarily do so?

Caput aspidum sugit. Job. 20. 16.

S. Bonavent. in diaia.

§. 2. *The Definition of Envy, its severall kinds, and first of Jealousie.*

Definition of Envy.

But let us leave this pourtraict, and tell you, that Envy (which is a sorrow one hath for the good of his like, thinking it to be prejudiciall to his own ends) ever since by the malice of our enemy it entred into the world, hath many officers, and servitours, who notwithstanding are not alike evil. I see in this Picture some like *Rachel*, who seeing her self barren, and her sister *Leah* very fruitfull, would not really cut the throat of her sisters children, but onely with much earnestnes desired to have issue; and for that cause she said to her husband the Patriarch *Jacob, give me children, or let me die with grief*. Many (saith S. *Thomas*) are in this degree, which properly is Jealousie; for they are pensive, comparing their want and imperfections with the plenty and perfections of others: to see themselves reduced to that condition, albeit, they have no purpose to prejudice the prosperity they behold in another; and such are not the worst. In this rank are many old folks who envy the graces, pleasures, and good successes of young people: many men painfull and little prosperous, who are troubled at the great felicities of their likes: many merchants, and handy-crafts men, many women and maids, who are vexed with some discontent, when they see the beauty, gracefull carriage, gentle behaviour, estimation, and account wherein their companions are: and others also are troubled to observe in them, wit, devotion, and more virtue then they could wish. Others honour these fair parts, but they would that those who have them were wholly at their dispose, without having recourse to any other.

First degree of the Envious.

Gen. 30. *Da mihi liberos alioqui moriar.* S. Thom 2. 2. q. 36.

The great love which many have towards themselves, and the desire they shew of coveting to be in all things the onely of their kind. are the seeds of infinite many Jealousies. So we see old Captains, (who having been eminent in a thousand occasions, and having bred and raised to themselves a flourishing reputation out of a world of labours, and in a very long course of years) are stung to the quick when they hear speech of some new prowesses of young people, daring and fortunate, who find out short wayes to hasten to the Temple of honour, and do in little time that which others could not with much pain, industry, service, and toil. This afflicteth the hearts of men experienced; to whom it then seems that this new-come-man is born as a worm in wood, to gnaw and wither up the Laurels, whence they hoped to gather immortall crowns.

The seed of Jealousie.

This passion very often assaileth Prelates, Princes, Sovereign Monarchs: and by how much the dignity is exalted, so much the more the fire of Jealousie therein finds matter and bait. A man who beholdeth himself on a throne, in the most supreme glitters of glory, who seeth so many powers to bow under his feet; who is the God of Battels, of War, of Peace, Life, and of Death; the distributour of Fortunes, the arbitratour of Differencies; who makes himself an avenging *Mars*, and the pacifier of minds when he pleaseth; who marcheth environed with lightnings of arms, who sendeth thunders and tempests, and calm air in the midst of storms, cannot endure a Companion in this dignity. The least suspicions cause wounds in the mind, which are many times waited on by anger, poison, fury, and massacres. Bloud and affinity is not therein acknowledged, is not assured; virtue hath no credit; parents will have no children, how perfect soever; yea, even those who are worn with old age, borrow vermillion to paint their faces, and still think themselves young enough to command.

Jealousie for honours and dignities.

Diadems and Scepters run the like hazard, and they have but one desire in the midst of Authority, which is, to reserve the appeals of death to themselves, and never to leave the places void, which they have once replenished. This poison creepeth into Ecclesiasticks, into Priests, Religious, Graduates, into the Learned, into Doctors and Preachers, who are willing to bear sway in Letters, in Eloquence and Chairs, and to have none to argue their super-eminency; and when some one out-strips the Course of his years by the lustre of his wit, and in the beginning stands in high esteem, the old Gamesters cannot digest it. Masters spare not to lessen the credit of their scholars. Fountain-heads envy rivolets and the Sun his proper raies; especially, when some barbarous applause of people of slender judgment and little wit, giveth excessive praise to a young man, who discovereth more wind and ostent in brave undertakings then capacity. This frenzy endeavours to insinuate it self into Altars, into Tribunals of Penance, where (without touching so many deserving men, who worthily acquit themselves therein) there are some who are more jealous of their spiritual daughters, then the most passionate husbands of their wives. It seems to some, that now adayes, to have a notable penitent, is to possess a piece of land that yeilds a good revenue, or a fat Abbacy; and that they must have a perpetuall title to it. It is cunning deceit to blind their eies, to captive them, to tie them to a Confession-seat with an indissoluble

Learned men subject to jealousie.

Jealousie goeth to Altars.

indissoluble chain, not to permit then conference nor commerce with any, which may let them see their bondage, to be offended if they change Confessour, to throw out complaints, and to make it to be accounted as if it were a sin of Adultery. God forbid such a folly ever enter into a generous mind, and unworthily prophane the Sanctuary. It is very certain that all good directours imitate the sea which receiveth rivers into its bosome, without asking from whence they come, or what Country they passed through, and when they came from thence; nay, so far is it from being displeased, that it hath not any feeling of it; this being not able to cause any diminution of its greatness: so, a good spirituall Father leaveth all the souls he directeth, not in exorbitant liberty, but in a discreet permission, to go, to come, to absent themselves, to return, according as it shall be most fit for their commodity, and spirituall advancement. He neither feels them almost to come near him, or retire from him, so little is his mind busied in the distinguishment of persons.

Jealousie of marriage.

One may here add the Jealousie of unfortunate Marriages, although (to say truly) it is an effect of the Passion of Love. I am not ignorant that great personages and learned Writers have thought, that Jealousie proceeded not at all from Love, because Love is obsequious, and readily taketh the tincture of the affections of the thing beloved, which the Passion of Jealousie doth not, thwarting the most innocent inclinations of a creature, and framing suspicions upon actions. But it is easie to answer to this objection, and to say, that never hath any one of understanding had the opinion that Jealousie might proceed from a generous and well rectified Love; and nevertheless it followeth not, that it doth not proceed from a Love of concupiscence, bad and inordinate. For it is very reasonable, the definition of S. *Thomas* stand good, as being the most judicious, who said, That Jealousie is nothing else but Love impatient of a Corrivall. And it is to no purpose to say, That there are many jealous Husbands to be found, who notwithstanding love not their Wives. For if their passion be without Love, it is not properly Jealousie, but Malignity, and Envy; because they envy them the sweetness of conversation, the good and honour they might derive from the honest conversation of persons of merit, and do resemble the Dog who eats no hay, nor suffereth the Ox to come near it. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of anothers contentment; and the Jealous cannot suffer it, through the over-much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing least communication of love may not tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have right to possess. This passion ordinarily is framed out of a dull feaver of indiscreet love; and taketh its originall in minds too greatly in love with themselves, greedy, weak, and interessed; upon one side they have a most strong imagination of the excellency of the thing beloved which they excessively affect; on the other, a certain distrust of their own small capacity, and of the uncertainty of love, which makes them perpetually to apprehend the loss of that which they love. A lover (in *Plato*) seeing the creature he most loved, did use to behold the stars; wished he were heaven, to look on her with as many eyes as there were stars. These eyes in my opinion, would be very proper for good love; but Jealousie is a monster with a hundred eyes which are enkindled with certain flames like to those of hell, dark and mischievous. And besides, it hath very many ears continually hearkning and receiving all which any one will pour into them. Its loves are rages; benefits, snares; thoughts, crimes; words, outrages; designs, follies; and events, tragedies. So soon as it observeth in the things beloved the least inclination to another, suspicions are framed, distrusts and giddy fantasies in a man who would willingly number his wives hairs on her head, for fear lest she should have laid apart some of them to give them to a lover. And if these suspicions be fortified by some ill accident, or some reports of a venomous tongue; then do we see anger, anxiety, fury, and despair to come forward, which many times run to fire and bloud, to precipices and halters. What is more ugly or monstrous then this passion? Think you not you see the pit of the Abyss, whereof S. *John* speaketh in his Apocalyps, when he saith, *That the pit of the Abyss is open, and the smoke comes out of it as from a great fornace, wherewith the Sun is darkned, and in the midst of this smoke strange grashoppers are seen which waste and consume all that is verdant.* What is the pit of the Abyss, but Jealousie? And what are those smokes, but its suspicions? and what is the darkned Sun, but Reason all over oppressed by Passion? and what are those grashoppers, but the evil effects of cruel Jealousie which over-runneth mankind? Ah! How many innocent Ladies have been wounded by this monster in their honour, more precious with them then life! Ah! How many miserable wives have served for victims to the fury of enraged husbands, who have thrust a sword through the moiety of their own flesh to satisfie their barbarous Tyranny! Our eyes are still moistned with this bloud, and our minds cannot speak of it but with horrour. All the Jealousies men entertain for the goods and persons of the world, have this proper that they presently make their deformity appear in the disorder of sundry passions which tosse and turmoil them.

Description of Jealousie.

Compared to the pit of the Abyss. Apoc. 9. 2.

The Jealousie of marriages, which may hold the first place among the envious.

Definition Jealousie according to S. Thomas.

Who could see a jealous heart, should behold a huge swarm of disturbers and suspicions which issue thence, as spirits of Hell, and hasten to whisper in its ear; she becometh cool in love; she was in such a place to watch an opportunity to see such an one. If she be simple, she dissembles; if she be prudent, she is cunning; if she be pensive, she contriveth plots; if she be lightsome, she figureth fruition to her self. Never did a more detestable plague come out of the Abyss to trouble the peace of Marriages; never was any thing seen so unjust, never any thing so cruell. An innocent creature who abhorreth sin as hell, sees her self wounded in reputation, more dear to her then life, transfixed with mortall arrows all covered over with ordure and bloud in the soul of a passionate man: afterward this unhappinesse stretching farther, first filleth the house with division, then the neighbours with curiosity, and the whole City with a tale which trotteth on tongues.

The havock it makes in the heart.

Advice to women.

Many times they pass from sport to actions tragicall, direfull, and diabolicall. It hath happened that Jealous women running up and down the streets and fields, to discover their husbands loves, have been torn in pieces by wild beasts: and husbands have been hanged and strangled for having sought by infamous wayes into the secret of confession. Many times banishments and murders have followed which have put all into combustion: witness *Theodosius* his apple, and *Mariamne*, of whom I have spoken very amply in the first volume of this Book. It is undoubted, that a husband makes his wife loyall, by accounting her such, and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Never doth a generous husband slightly fall into

Plato in Anthol. Grac.

into these weaknesses. Women also are most injurious when they give cause of suspicion by a licentious life which striketh the understanding of the most stupid man. It is to cast oil into the flame, and to wish it may not burn, when one in all occasions carrieth her self ill, and cannot endure suspicions, which ordinarily wait on actions too free, as the shadow on the body. And that which is more insupportable is, that certain women chaste enough in their conscience, will needs many times appear Libertines to increase the distrusts of a husband, and to hold his soul in a hell of torments; when they should by all wayes endeavour to divert his Jealousies.

A woman is ill advised to complain of the Jealousie of her husband, when she thinks it sufficeth to have a husband for the Sacrament, and a friend for her own liking; and so that she preserve her self from the extremity of Infamy, that all is permitted her in wedlock. When she imagines it a decent thing to be alone, and (in the obscurity of darkness with men who are not reputed Angel-*Raphaels*, guardians of Chastity) to roam and run up and down the streets, orchards, and gardens; to hearken after appointments, walks, and junketings; to receive and write love-letters; to be quaint, and to desire to be esteemed such; to serve others in their humours, and to wish to be alike served; to wear a wanton garment; to be bare-brested; to talk freely; to live wantonly; to despise all that is said to follow her own pleasure. Doth not all this tend to prostitution of Honour, and to shipwrack of Chastity?

§. 3. *Two other branches of this stock, which are Indignation, and malicious Envy with Calumny its companion.*

Two other sorts of the envious Indignation.

But let us lay aside that which concerneth the Jealousies of marriage. There are others plunged in this passion, who have a perpetual indignation to see those to prosper who are really wicked, or whom they in their thoughts do imagine to be so. They would willingly call God in question, and see not (to speak with S. *Augustine*) that the fish which they esteem happy in the bait, hath the hook already in his throat. I behold others who afflict themselves, and are unquiet, not for these considerations onely, which were more tollerable; but because others are far more excellent then they, either in wit, industry, beauty, or in estate, desirous (out of an irregular appetite of proper excellency, and most palpable ambition) to stand in all things transcendently conspicuous, to the prejudice and abasement of others: and such Envy (saith the most eminent of Doctours) is of all, the most perfect and absolute; and is ordinarily to be found among concurrencies of age, of fortune, and profession. We see others who are not content with simple thoughts, but thrust their passion forward to wretched effects; and I observe that these are disposed to evil by divers motives. Some have a dark and cloudy Envy; as the Philistims who went and secretly filled the pits with earth, which the Patriarch *Abraham* had made with much labour for the benefit of many: so we behold them, who silently seek to frame obstacles against all the good works which they observe to be begun, casting the stone of scandall as far as they can, then pulling back the arm which threw it. Others are possessed with a furious and fantastick Envy; as that of *Saul*, who setting himself loose to the extravagancies of his maligne spirit, sought to transfix *David* with his Launce to the wall, when he for his Recreation plaid on the Harp: so we see mischievous souls, who out of a transportation of frenzy, do brutish acts against such as wish them well. Others have a determinate Envy, and a formall habitude, which proceedeth to rage, to glut themselves in bloud and massacres; such was that of *Joseph's* brothers, and of *Cain* who embrewed his hands in the bloud of *Abel*, out of the jealousie of a sacrifice.

August. in Psal. 91.

1 Reg 11. 11.

It seldome happens, but that this Fury concludeth in some execrable Tragedy. At least, it hath calumny for a perpetuall companion, which is a hideous monster, whose picture antiently *Apelles* drew. He figureth it unto us a Woman (for it is a feminine vice) to skirmish with the Tongue in the want of courage and virtue. It hath by its sides two waiting-women, one whereof is called *Surprizal*, and the other *Deceit*, because these are the two vices which make Calumny prevail; the one surprizing credulous spirits; the other sophisticating and disguizing Truth. It is very curiously decked and pranked up; for who would not abhor it, if it had not some exteriour attractive to surprize the unwary? It nevertheless shews in its countenance passion and rage; for it is as hard to hide Love and Hatred, as a Cough or Fire. It holds in one hand a Torch, like that of the Furies; and who hath not heard that a great personage called it the *Phaëton* of the world, because it sets all afire, and in combustion? With the other hand she catcheth a poor man by the hair, as if she were ready to strangle him; and albeit he implore heaven and earth to his aid, there is not any one to deliver him out of the hands of this murthereſs. These are the effects of the tyranny of this passion. Before it marcheth a vast fellow, dry, frightfull, and lean, whose eyes are sharp: He is Envy's Agent, and the inseparable companion of Slander. On the right hand is seen a man with great ears, such as were *Midas's*, who makes a shew to receive this impostress with open arms. Ignorance and Suspicion (seeing the disposition and inclinations he hath) do put a yoke about his neck, and lead him by the nose. Behold just so they are composed who readily hear Detractions. They for the most part are open-eared to receive all poured in; but otherwise suspicious and ignorant. Lastly, Repentance cometh behind, all mourning, and ill clad, saying, What have we done? This creature was innocent; and then with a finger sheweth Truth, which in the Evening presenteth her self to enlighten darkness. It is the misery of humane things, that one never almost repenteth a wickedness, but when it is remediless. Nothing may be added to the conceit of this excellent Painter, so happily he hath hit it. I will onely say, that if you desire to know the officers and inferiour ministers of this tyrannicall Passion (they are not all equall in qualities or vices) I find three principall Orders of them.

Lucian, The picture of Slander.

Lipsius de Calumnia.

The first is, of those who slander of purpose to vilifie the actions of others, and to weaken their reputation, whether they be disposed thereto by some motive of pride which cannot endure any thing eminent but it self, or through some jealousie; (as it happeneth in concurrencies of professions and conditions) or out of some pretension of interest. These are not gone so far yet, as to black Slander: for they do not report any criminall matters; but content themselves to fall upon some defects, sometimes slight, and sometime sufficiently

Divers degrees of Calumniations.

ently apparent: yea, they seem to be reserved in matter of Slander; for they do as the Spies of the Land of Promise, who first told its beauties and singularities, before they mentioned its monsters: They lick the person before they bite, they know the number of his virtues and perfections, as if they had undertakē to make Panygerick of them, saying, this man is witty, is sober, is temperate, is just, and other such like; nevertheless there is always a conclusion, which in the end marrs all. You see likewise of this sort, who cover the praises of another under a sad silence; others, who ascribe to chance that which was out of virtue; others, who by comparison of excellent men extenuate the acts of him whom they would blame; others, who punctually decipher all the defects of a good action; others, who say they have great compassion of his imperfections of whom they speak, and would have supplyed them at their own charge, if it were in their power. To conclude, all such have some honest cloke for their Passion.

The second order is much more dangerous; for it comprehendeth those who publickly and confidently speak of defects not common and incident, but important and notable. So you find an infinite number of them in the world, who seem to have studied the lives, the estates, the families, and genealogies of a whole City; and as nothing can exempt it self from the curiosity of their eys, so none escapeth the poison of their tongues.

The third order is that of the Devil, the father of Calumniatours, and containeth such as invent mischiefs and crimes with defamatory libels, to brand the reputation of persons most innocent, and many times very virtuous. And as it is said, that the ink of the Cuttle-fish poured into lamps, maketh the bravest pieces of Painting to be seen with horrour; so these wicked tongues, when they have cast their poison upon the lights of a life the most innocent, make it appear with hideous deformities. One cannot say how damnable this vice is, for it proceedeth from a source of Hell, to ruine and extirpate all the members of humane society: and if there be a disorder which deserveth that all men detest it, and by common consent make war against it, This stands in the first place. Such as forge Calumnies are extremely detestable; but those who lend their ears to receive them, and do easily believe all which is suggested to their credulity (against the same persons whom they have loved, without hearing their justification) grievously offend the divine Majesty, and shew they have little judgment, but much wilfulness. An ear very hard to evil reports, is needful in a time when the tongue is so soft, and streaming in an overflow of words.

§ 4. *Humane remedies of Envy.*

Humane remedies against Envy.

IF you at this present seek for humane remedies which may be applied against the poisonous passion of Envy and Jealousie; I can then tell you that this evil lies hold very often by the eys; and that it is expedient to guard them with a careful heed, and to divert them what one may from objects which are of power to excite many inordinate motives in the soul in this kind. To what purpose is it to be so curious in the affairs of one, towards whom you have no affection; since by understanding his prosperities, you very often learn your own disasters? you look on his lands, his houses, his bravery, his pomp, his family, his alliance, his friends, and all that (entring into your heart through the curiosity of your eys causeth therein fits of a lingring feaver) which wastes and consumeth you. The amorous eye sucketh in a sweet poison, and the envious eye feeds it self with a venome which is full of bitterness. It (peradventure) expecteth, that beholding the parts of the person it hateth, it shall see the mischief it wisheth; but God permits it there, to find what least it would, and that those envenomed aspects serve for a torment to the soul.

S. *Gregory Nyssen* in the life of *Moses* saith it resembleth the Vulture whom carrions nourish, and persumes kill. All the evil it meeteth, prepareth a refection of Serpents for its mind, and all the good, afflicteth it to death. Greg. Nyss. in vita Mosis.

Accustome not your self likewise easily to believe those tale-tellers, who (to gain your good liking by base servitude) relate the vices and disasters of the party whom you envy: for, that much avails to foment your Passion. *Prosper* hath sagely said, that the envious are ready to believe all the evils in the world which the tongue of a complaining spirit telleth them touching the mishaps of such as they hate; and if any one by chance (not knowing the disease) happen to speak good of them; they sufficiently witness by their contradiction, that they believe not what they say. Prosp. l. 3. de contemplat. c. 9. *Omne malum quod mendax fama citavevit statim credunt: secus aliter es, qui illud verum non esse probare voluerit, contradicunt.*

Secondly, it is very behoofful incessantly to labour in the mortification of pride, and the exorbitant appetite of ones own proper excellency, as being the principal root of the passion of Envy, as affirmeth the fore-alledged Authour, saying, that Sathan became envious out of pride, and not proud through Envy; we must infer, Pride is not the fruit of Envy, but Envy a sprout of Pride. The ambition you have, every where to have the highest place, to be in great esteem, to possess a petty sovereignty in all favours, necessarily makes you envious and jealous; so that one cannot praise any body in your presence, but that this commendation instantly seems to tend to the diminution of your reputation: Your heart bleeds at it, and the bloud flieth up into your face; nature arms her self to beat back a good office (which a charitable tongue would render a person of merit) as if it were a great injury, and a suit commenced against you. It is a sign you deserve little praise since you cannot endure it in another. How would you be esteemed, since you first of all betray your own reputation, shewing your self to be of so weak a judgment that one cannot speak a good word of another, but it ministers matter of an evil thought in you? Were you as rich in merits, as your mind figureth to you; you would no more be moved, when a good word is spoken of another, then a man infinitely wealthy, to give a small piece of coine to a poor creature who were in want. *Non superbia fit ullus invidus sit, sed invidia de superbia radices processit.* Prosper. ib. *Multis abundat virtutibus, qui alienas aspernat.* Vincen. Bel. l. 4. c. 7.

I add also a third remedy (that many have found to be very efficacious) which is, to know, and much to esteem the gifts God hath given us; to content our selves with what we are, and with the state the divine Providence allotteth us, without attempting on forreign hopes, which would (perhaps) be great evils unto us. S. *Chrysologus* saith, that Envy once shut up Terrestrial Paradise with a sword of fire: but I may say, it daily stoppeth from us the sources of many contentments which would plentifully moysten all the parts of our life: that many would be happy, if they could tell how to manure their fortune, could content themselves with their own mediocrity, and take the felicities which Nature presenteth them, without being troubled at others. Miserable that they are, not knowing how to be happy, unless another be unhappy! unfortunate *Paradisi ostia ensis ardens flammeo circumdedit.*

that

that they are, to forſake Roſes which grow in their Gardens, to haſten to reap thorns in their Neighbours! *Tertullian* writeth, the *Pagans* in his time were ſo inraged againſt the Chriſtians, that all their comforts ſeemed nothing to them in compariſon of the pleaſure they took to hate and torment them. This is the fury which many envious now a days practice. All their proſperities fade, all their joys languiſh, and all their good ſucceſſes never are accompliſhed, whileſt they ſee thoſe to flouriſh whom they perſecute. It grieves them they are what they are, that God hath fixed them in a mean condition, and that they are not born to be of thoſe great Coloſſes, which ſhrink and daily fall by the ſole burthen of their weight. If they knew the black phantaſms of cares which leap on the top of ſilver Pillars, and go athwart gilded Marbles (to find out theſe pompous lives who moſt commonly have but the bark of happineſs) they would every day a thouſand times bleſs their condition. but this malign ignorance which ſealeth up their eys, makes them complain of all that they ſhould love, and cauſeth them to love all they ought to complain of.

Tanti non eſt bonum, quanti eſt odium Chriſtianum.

Laſtly, to remedy the bitings of Envy, you muſt entertain a ſpirit of love and correſpondence, often repreſenting unto your ſelf, that a man who loveth none but himſelf, and wholly lives to himſelf (not able to endure the proſperities of another) is a piece unlooſened from this great Univerſe which altogether bendeth to the unity of our Sovereign God, who is one in Eſſence, and who gathereth all creatures into the union of his heart. What would this jealous man have, who is ſo deſperately paſſionate concerning this creature? Doth he not well ſee, that loving ſo inordinately he takes the courſe to be no longer loved by her, and loſeth all he deſireth moſt, by the violence of deſiring it? A woman out of a deſire to be beloved, would not be tyrannized over. She wiſheth love, not fury; fire of Seraphins, not of Devils. Theſe Courtſhips are offences to her: theſe ſuſpicions, injuries: theſe prohibitions, rigours; theſe ſolitudes, impriſonments. How can ſhe love a man, who loves not any but himſelf, who will play a God in the world, who will fetter the freedom of creatures, which is, the Will: for which God himſelf hath made neither bands nor chains? How can ſhe affect an *Argus* who obſerveth her, who watcheth her, who reckoneth up her words, who queſteth at her thoughts, who prepareth racks of the mind for her in the moſt innocent pleaſures? The ſole conſideration of the ruines and miſeries which envy and jealouſie do cauſe to themſelves, were able to ſtay theſe exorbitancies, were it once well conſidered: but if theſe humane reaſons ſeem yet too weak, raiſe your ſelf to divine.

§. 5. *Divine Remedies drawn from the Benignity of God.*

Remedy by the conſideration of the firſt model.

God doth all by ſeeing and by being ſeen.

O Man! Behold (for a firſt remedy, among all the divine ones) thy firſt model, and contemplate the benignity of God oppoſed to thy malice. It is an excellent thing to conſider againſt an envious ey; that God, who will reform us to his likeneſs, doth all the good to the world by ſimple ſeeing, and by being ſeen. For by ſeeing, he giveth Eſſence and Grace; and by being ſeen, he cauſeth Heaven and Beatitude. Thus doth Saint *Auguſtine* aſſure us, that the Science of God is the cauſe of all things, which draweth Being from the Abyſs of nothing, and brings the ſhades of death into light. The World is known by us, becauſe it is; but it is, inſomuch as it is known by God, ſo efficacious this knowledge is. O what a goodly thing it had been, to ſee this great World, how it diſplayed its ſelf in all its pieces, and ſmiled in all its manſions under the ey of God! The Heavens were ſtretched forth like a Curtain, the Stars were enchaſed in the Heavens as Diamonds, the Clouds ſuſpended in the air as floating bodies, the Air was diverſified in Meteors, the eternal veins of Fountains began to ſtream, the Earth to cover its boſom, and liberally to afford us, out of its entrals, infinite many bleſſings from the benignity of his aſpects.

Tell me not that, which the natural Hiſtory mentioneth, that the Oſtritch hatcheth her little ones by the rays of her eys; yet never ſhall ſhe bring forth Eggs by looking on the earth: but the Ey, (that is to ſay) the Knowledge of God, hath ſuch virtue, that it is the maker of all creatures. O beauty! O greatneſs! O goodneſs! Beauty, to inhabit in the Idea of God, as in a Paradiſe of Glory. Greatneſs, to have a capacity infinite. Goodneſs, to reſt in the bowels of the mercies of the Creatour.

The differences of our knowledges from thoſe of God.

See (a little) the difference that is between our knowledges, and that of God: you think it a goodly matter to know a man, and to wiſh him well; yet he thereby becomes neither white nor black, hot nor cold, good, rich nor learned; for, our knowledges are ſmall in their capacities, limited in their effects, and inefficacious in their operations. How many brave Captains, and learned Authours are there, who are ſtill well thought of in the opinion of men! but whether they be living, or whether they be dead (if their Souls be in an ill ſtate) this knowledge, and this love nothing contributeth to their felicities. But ſo is it not with the knowledge of God (I ſpeak of an amorous knowledge:) It gives Being, and Grace: Being, becauſe all things known by God, are, in God, in a more noble manner, then in themſelves.

Here, we behold dying creatures who fade, wither, and ſhrink inſenſibly into nothing, were they not ſupported by the Divine hand: but, in the houſe of God, in the Palace of Eſſences, the Summers are of Cypreſs (ſaith the holy *Canticle*) inſomuch as all therein is immortal, vigorous, perfect, and incorruptible: and there it is, where the bleſſed (who have not here ſeen the world but by two eys of fleſh, and have ſeen it tottering, and altogether imperfect) behold it in God, fully ſtable, equal, and abſolute, in all its dimenſions. *The Saints perpetually have before their eys the incomprehenſible mirrour of the Divinity, in which they at eaſe behold all that which concerneth them, and may conduce to their greater contentment.*

Cant. 1.17.

Beatis pervium eſt omniforme illud diviſitatis ſpeculum, in quo, quicquid eorum intereſt, illuceſcat. Concil. Senonenſe.

I add, that this knowledge cauſeth Grace. For, what makes Predeſtination, but that preparation of grace and glory which God hath conceived from all Eternity in his underſtanding, to communicate it to his Elect? See what God doth, ſeeing; and, God ſeen; what doth he elſe but actually make Heaven, and Beatitude which conſiſteth in the clear viſion of God? So ſoon as a ſoul predeſtinated to enjoy without delay the glory of Heaven, is gone from out the bands of its body: it hath for guide, this divine ſplendour which Divines call the light of Glory, which is a quality infuſed into the underſtanding, that ſo elevates and fortifies it beyond its condition, that it is able to endure the lightning-flaſh of Eternal Beatitude. Is it not of this light, holy *Job* ſpake, when he ſaid, *He hideth light in his hands, and ſaith to his friend, it is his inheritance and poſſeſſion.*

Then

Then God (all good) communicateth himself to this Soul enobled with such a quality, not by some image or representation, but by its very essence intimately united to the glorified understanding, and from thence, what followeth, but an admirable transformation! The Soul is wholly absorpt in felicity: and, as a small drop of water poured into the Sea, instantly takes the colour, and tast of the Sea. So the Soul's tast is fully inebriated, and coloured with the Divinity: it is almost no longer in its self, but becometh wholly like to God, not by nature but by participation. *We know* (saith S. *John*) *when we shall see him, we shall be like him.* And S. *Gregory Nazianzen* dareth to call it God. And as we have two principal parts of the soul to content; the Understanding and the Will: so God all benign abundantly satisfieth them, making thither to stream, as by two Dugs of glory, all the delights and contentments proportioned to their condition. For the understanding which naturally desireth to know, is illuminated by a most excellent knowledge of things the most hidden which it seeth in God (as in an incomprehensible Mirrour) and seeth them, not in the manner of the wise men of the world, who flutter round about Sciences, as little Flies about Lamps that singe their wings, and make their tomb in the flames: but it seeth them with a vision sublime, calm, and delicious; which giveth to the Will (that is made to love) amorous eagerness, ever desiring, and ever having what it desireth. O what miracles doth the eye of God (enkindling with one sole aspect of many Divinities) when it maketh so many blessed ones, like unto it self! as if the Sun rising should in the Heavens, create a million of little Suns; and on earth, an infinity of Diamonds: all which should bear the image of this bright Star.

Joan. ep. 1. Greg. Naz. Hymn.

Avidi, & semper plenum quod habent desiderant. Pet. Damia. in Hymn. de gloria Paradis.

The blessed although unequall in glory are not envious.

All those blessed ones illustrated by this aspect (albeit they shine diversly according to each one's merit) are so far from envy, receiving the flames of eternal Goodness; that every one accounteth the felicity of his companion, for the accomplishment of his own. *There you shall hear no Speech of envy occasioned by inequality of felicity, where the union of Charity shall eternally reign.* Go to then, O thou Envious, O thou malign Man! God hath made thee to his likeness, to carry, as he, (in proportion) rays of love and compassion in thy eys, towards men; and thou there beareſt gall, bloud, and poyson. Nay, so far art thou otherwise, that if it were in thy power to make benefits to grow from thy aspects, thou wouldst rather desire the eye of a Basilisk, to poyson, burn, and consume the estate and person of thy Neighbour. O miserable Owle, where wilt thou find waters strong enough to wash a stain so criminally opposite to the sovereign bounty of the Creatour.

Non erit tibi aliqua invidia disparis claritatis, ubi regnat unitas charitatis. Augustin.

§6. *The merciful Eye of Jesus serves for an Antidote against all sorts of Envy.*

The eye of Jesus watching, sparkling, weeping.

LEt us next consider the second Model; and if we be stung by the bitings of Envy, let us cast our eys upon *Jesus Christ*, as heretofore did the *Israelites* on the brazen Serpent, to free themselves from Serpents of fire. The eye of *Jesus* was a gentle eye, and eye of love, of compassion, and of mercy, which opened (as the Gates of the *East*) to let in day-light, and the spirit of life. It always had in our cause the symptoms which Physicians gave a sick eye, which is, to watch, to sparkle, and to weep: yea, the eye of the Saviour of the World was to watch incessantly for our Salvation, even to the passing of nights in Oratories dedicated to God, as S. *Luke* observeth. Is it not this eye the Prophet *Jeremy* meant, when he said, *I see a waking rod?* The Interpreters think he alluded to the Scepter of the Kings of *Egypt*, which had an Eye pourtrayed upon the top of it: and that such was the Scepter and power of *Jesus* for our sakes; a power not harsh and imperious, but sweet and charitable: which spent it self without wast in the watches wherein it persevered for our salvation. Others, following the *Hebrew* letter, instead of a waking Rod, read a twig of an Almond-tree, which first of all other Trees, flourisheth, and expecteth not the Summer to tell us news of the Spring. So the eye of *Jesus*, so soon as it began to exercise the functions of life, was seen all in blossom, and in an amorous aspect for us. In blossom, when at his arrival, he caused the Angels to sing the Hymn of Glory and Peace; of Glory to God, and of Peace to men. In blossom, when, at the age of twelve years he so sweetly darted forth beams in the Temple of his Father. In blossom, when, from the top of a Mountain, he looked on his poor famished people who wandred through the Desarts, as Sheep deprived of their shepherd. In blossom, when he stayed upon so many miserable bodies, detained by incurable maladies, to give them health. O Eye of *Jesus*! Eye of the *Nazarean*! always flourishing and blown for the comfort of Mortals.

Et erat pernoctans in oratione Dei. Hier. 1. 11.

פיקד

I say, in the second place, this Eye sparkled when he was to give the example of zeal (which it behoved him to have) the honour of his heavenly Father: then it was when he was armed with terrours and lightnings, to cast astonishment into wicked souls, and to deliver those from their tyranny who thereby were oppressed: *There was seen I know not what of glittering and flaming to sparkle from his eys, and the Majesty of a Divinity did shine on his face*; saith S. *Jerom.* Have you heretofore considered the Angel of the living God, who was as a Centinel, in the great flaming pillar of fire which led the *Israelites* in the passage of the red Sea? Have you observed, how (placed just in the midst of two Armies, the one whereof was of the people of God, and the other of the *Egyptians*) he darted rays of favour on the heads of the Elect, which were all lighted with a Celestial light, notwithstanding the thick darkness of the *Egyptian* night; and at the same time he threw on *Pharaoh's* Diadem and on his warlike Horses the avenging Dart of God's anger, to involve them in remediless misery? So the eye of our Lord hath always beheld (and at this day likewise doth lovingly behold) such as fear his holy name, and do tremble out of the reverence they bear to his Divine Majesty: but as for perverse fouls, who have hands armed against Heaven, he hath sparklings sharp and quick, which are the messengers of his justice. As for thee (Libertine) this sparkling ey; for thee (Harpy) for thee (bloudy Devil) for thee wicked creature) it throws forth sparks of fire which in this life will begin to burn thy sinful soul: but as for souls (chast and loyal) he hath sweet influences, and mercies. In the last place, I likewise say, to shew the benignity of this eye, that it was almost always weeping, and dropping for us in tears a thousand times more pretious then those of Myrrhe. O what tears were those of *Jesus*! *Jesus* was the Firmament which divided waters from waters, heavenly tears from earthly tears. And seeing Interpreters say, that the mass of waters was divided into two substances, whereof the one, congealing into a bright Chrystal, made Heaven? and the other, remain-

Ignium quoddam, atque syderum adiabat ex oculis ejus. & divinitatis majestas lucebat in facie ejus. Hier. in Mat.

Exod. 14. 20.

ing on the earth, made the Sea; I may say, the tears of *Jesus* were all Chrystalline, and wholly celestial, as that Palace of God, which we see over our heads; but ours are salt, bitter, and storm like the Sea. *Jesus* yet walking on the earth was, towards the wicked and proud, a mount *Sinai*, which roared, thundred, lightned, and seemed to be as the Charriot of the God of Hosts; but in respect of the miseries of the earth, and the pains likewise which waited on sinners; he was a Mount *Lebanon* that ceased not to make the waters stream forth in the spring, which issued from the snows wherewith the winter had wholly covered it. *Jesus* the true *Lebanon*, in whiteness of innocency: *Jesus* the true *Lebanon*, in the continual waters of his eys, which can no more be dried up then the fountains of *Lebanon*. *Jesus* also the true *Lebanon*, in the sweetness of the odours of his eternal sacrifice. He burnt as the incense of *Lebanon*, and dissolved as the snow of *Lebanon*; at the same time, giving us fire and water; Fire to enkindle our love, water to wash our sins: O how these waters have quenched the flames of the sword of the Cherubim, able to burn all the earth with the fire of Justice! O how sweetly distilled these tears for us on the day of his birth, when he moistned the clouts of his poverty! O how often have these tears bathed his eys in the sacrifice of prayer! O how pitifully these tears bedewed the pomp of his triumph, when he wept over miserable *Jerusalem!* O how efficacious were these tears, when he offered them for us in the bloudy Sacrifice of the Cross, and rendred up his sweet soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, bleeding, and weeping, and looking this last time on the earth in his mortal conversation, to lift it up to Heaven!

Nunquid deficiet de petra agri nix Libani Hier. 18.

In diebus carnis suæ preces supplicationesque cum clamore valido & lachrymis offerens exauditus est pro sua reverentia. Heb. 5. 7.

§. 7. *A Detestation of Envy.*

WIll we not then enter into the joy of God by participation of the joys and prosperities of men, whence we shall take a holy and magnificent possession in the quiet we shall find in our hearts, perswading our selves that that saying is most true, *That he who loveth virtues in another, hath them abundantly in himself?* There is not any way more short or honourable to felicity, then to arrive thither by a contentment taken in the happiness of our likes. In wishing their hurt, we resemble the Thunderbolt, which to strike a Rock, breaks the cloud that bred it; we ruine our selves by our proper labours, and profit not but by the Justice of our punishment. But by loving in another, that which others envy, we shall become absolutely rich, and totally powerful in the Kingdom of perfect love. Let us not satisfie our selves with not envying any, and to take pleasure in the good success of good men; but let us have an eye of affections, a liberal hand, and a heart wide open to the exercise of charity, always remembring two rare documents given by two great Apostles, S. *Peter* and S. *Bartholomew*.

Multis abundat virtutibus qui alienas amat. Plin. Jun. *in Epist. ad* Cornel.

The first teacheth us that the virginity of the soul consisteth in brotherly love. *Rendring* (saith he) *your souls chaste in the obedience of charity, in the brotherly love, which you ought mutually to preserve.* The other hath in S. *Denis*, left us in writing this Royal Sentence, which saith, *Love is the greatest, and least Theology, because all is abbreviated in this great Word.* Who is it then would enter into the Hell of Jealousie, to rob himself of all the joys of chaste marriage, and to live like *Ixion* on the wheel of an eternal torment? Were is not much better,

1 Pet. 1.

Dion. c. 1. *de Myst. Theo.* Ἀγάπη ἔστι μεγίστη καὶ θεολογία ἐλαχίστη.

to tear away this frantick love, this troublesome curiosity, this easiness to believe tales, this rashness of judgment, and all that which fomenteth passion; then to raise matter of Laughter, of Comedies, and Tragedies, to defile your conscience, betray your bed, dishonour your children, and ruine your house?

Thou envious, and jealous creature! what dost thou answer to this eie of our celestial Father, which causeth by seeing, Essence and Grace, and by being seen produceth heaven? What dost thou answer to this eye of *Jesus*, waking, sparkling, and weeping for thee? Wilt thou yet have an eye of the Basilisk to scorch plants, break stones and kill men? Ah thou pusillanimous thing! to be envious against thy neighbour for a good which thou hast not, and which thou with excessive passion desirest. Thou dost envy profit, thou envyest credit, honour, riches, and the talent of nature, and all which thy jealous heart beholdeth. Thou wilt not (saist thou) bereave others, but dost only complain of the want thou findest in thy self. And how knowest thou whether these blessings (thou seekest for, with desires as ardent as fire) Would not be great evils unto thee? How knowest thou whether in prosperity and abundance thou mightest not lose thy self with ingratitude, forgetfulness of God, arrogance, and sin? How knowest thou whether the Saviour of the world hath not expressly deprived thee of these temporal favours, to assure thy predestination? Cease to envy, that, which God will not give thee. Ah! Thou on the other side, to be perpetually arguing with God about the prosperity of sinners, and out of petty infidelities to waver in the belief of his holy Providence. Ignorant of celestial blessings, and stupid admirer of the bread of dogs! who seest not that all these favours are rough obligations, and rich punishments, which will rather increase the misery of the wicked, then lessen their pain. God promiseth thee a Kingdom if thou be faithful; and thou longest for the dishes which sinners feed on at the table of the world, even tearing one another with a thousand torments, and as many disturbances. And thou on the other side, wicked as thou art, not only to envy the good of thy neighbour, but to desire, and work his hurt with impatient madness, one while biting his reputation, another while hindring his good; one while deliberately wishing his death, and another while having direful enterprises upon his life: what canst thou expect from this infernal passion, but an eternal damnation? Wouldst thou know whom thou are like? Behold (I pray) in Histories the Mount *Ætna* which rends and throweth forth its all-inflamed entrails, as if it would scorch and consume the flowers, which in the mean time flourish upon its top. Thou ceasest not to cry out, to storm, to thunder against this man; Thou castest forth fire and flames from thy throat, with which it seems thou art resolved to vomit up thy heart infected with poyson. What getteth thou by this brutish fury? This man whom thou wouldst swallow alive, by the permission of God shall flourish over thy head.

Joseph triumphant mauger the enraged envy of his brothers.

Let us go, let us go to seek in *Judea* for the cruel brothers of *Joseph*, and let us shew them the innocent, not any longer groaning under the weight of fetters, but borne on the wings of glory, and mounted upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, in a habit full of Majesty, and in a pomp which dazleth the eyes of those, who have now no other word in their monthes but *Abrech*, *Abrech*, which was an Acclamation of Joy, by which the People acknowledged him, as the Father and Protectour

of

of all *Egypt*, *Abrech*, *Abrech*. O wretches! know
Gen. 3. 19. you this man? This is he, of whom you said, *Behold our Lord, come let us kill him.*

Look well upon him; this is he, whom you inhumanely did despoil of his garments, to imbrew them in the bloud of beasts, and represent them to your deplorable Father, to give him the stroke of death. Acknowledge your own bloud; this is he, whom you threw into the bottom of an old Cistern, and banquetted over his head. Detest your fury; This is he whom you did sell to the Amalekites; Behold what your envy hath brought him to! Bend your knee with all the people who adore him, and say, O caitif Envy, the Hang-man of the envious! mayst thou never find any habitation but in hell, whence thou first cam'st to trouble the peace of men.

Heavenly Father, I beseech thee by that Eye which createth Heaven, and (thou word Incarnate) by that Eye which hath wept so many tears of compassion and love over us, banish this fury from our hearts, and make thy holy charities there to flourish, which shall by us for ever be as much adored, as they have been to mankind profitable, who hath no subsistance but in thy mercies.

The fourteenth Treatise, of MILDNESSE and COMPASSION.

§. 1. *The great Miseries of Man make Compassion necessary in the world.*

HEaven is replenished with Sanctities, and Felicities; with sanctities without blemishes, with Felicities without disasters: and hell is filled with ordures and miseries; Ordures, which never are washed off, miseries, which are without end. But this world wherein we live, as it hath sanctities which are not without hazard, and Felicities which cannot be without change: so it hath sins waited on by pardon, and miseries comforted by remedies; yet against iniquities God hath given us penance, and against calamities, mercy. God in heaven produceth another God, not in substance, but in person, and on earth a second image of himself, which is this divine mercy. It is an infinite goodness of the Father of nature and grace, to have here below seated this excellent passion, to the end great maladies might not be without great medicines.

Deum extra se offici, creaturis omnibus providendo, S. Maximus.

Of all living creatures there is none more miserable then Man, nor is there any likewise more merciful then Man, whilst he is man, and that he despoil not himself of that which God hath made him, to do that which ought never to be so much as thought on. And if he forget Mildness, and Compassion, which is naturall to him, our sovereign Creatour teacheth it him by his own miseries. Alas! How can one man harden his heart one against another? on what side soever he look, he seeth the tokens of his infirmities; and scarce can he go a step but he finds a lesson of humility against his vanities. If he consider what is above him; he beholdeth the heavens and the air, which so waste and change his life, that (yet) without them, he cannot live: If he cast his eye round about him, and under his feet; he sees waters, which in moistening him, rot him; and earth, which being spread as a Table before his eyes, fails not to serve him for a Tombe.

Man, as he is the most miserable of all creatures, so he is the most mercifull.

It is a strange thing that even evils are necessary for him, and that he cannot overslip things which kill him. Smelling, tasting, meat and drink, sleep and repose, do with his life what *Penelope* did with her web: what one hour makes, another unmakes; and the very sources of the greatest blessings are found to be wholly infected with mortall poyson. But if man come to examine himself; he finds he hath a body frail, naked, disarmed, begging of all creatures exposed to all the injuries of elements, of beasts, and men; and there is not a hand so little, which strives not violently to pull off his skin. Heat, cold, drouth, moisture, labour maladies, old age, exercise him: and if he think to take a little repose, idleness corrupteth him: If he enter farther into himself, he meeteth a spirit fastned to the brink of his lips, which is invaded by an army of passions, so many times fleshed for his ruine. And yet we must truly say that of all the evils of man, there is not any worse then man. It is he who causeth wars and shipwracks, murthers and poysons; he who burneth houses, and whole Cities; he who maketh Wildernesses of the most flourishing Provinces; he who demollisheth the foundations of the most famous buildings; he who reduceth the greatest riches to nakedness; he who putteth Princes into fetters, who exposeth Ladies to dishonour, who thrusts the knife into the throats of the people, who not content with so many manner of deaths, dayly inventeth new to force out a soul by the violence of torments, by as many bloudy gates, as it receiveth wounds. Good God! what doth not man against man, when he hath once renounced humanity? Now, what remedy would there be in so great and horrible confusions which make a hell of the earth? were it not that God hath given us this wholesome mercy, which it seems is come from heaven to unloose our chains, to wipe away our tears, to sweeten our acerbities, repair our losses, and re-beautifie our felicities! *Mercy tilleth the fields of heaven, and had it not descended on earth, all which God did, had been lost* (saith the golden mouth of the west.)

Man hath no greater evil then man.

Chrysol. ser. 41.

§. 2. *The Essence of Compassion, and how it findeth place in hearts the most generous.*

GOd (then) hath caused Compassion to grow in our hearts as a Celestial inspiration, which stirreth up the will to succour the miseries of another; and taketh its source (as Theology observeth) from a dislike we conceive out of the consideration of a certain dissent and disorder which we see in civil life, when we behold a man like unto us according to nature, so different in quality, and so ill handled by the mishap of the accidents of life. Thence it comes to pass that all good souls have tender hearts, and especially such as know what worldly miseries are (as learned men, and those who have had experience of them) and who think they may also feel them in the uncertainty of life and condition of humane things. The bowels of mercy open with some sweetness in the evils which nearly touch us: namely, when we see persons innocently qualified, delicate, well disposed, to fall into great calamities and ruines of fortune; Honourable old men ill used; young people snatched away in the flower of their age, & beauty; Ladies despised and dishonoured; afflictions without remedies; or remedies that come too late, when the evil is ended: and moreover, when those afflicted persons shew constancy and generosity in their affliction, it penetrateth into the deepest apprehensi-

The Essence of this passion.

ons of the Soul. Yet we still find, among so many objects of miseries, hearts which have no compassion; and (as if they were made of Rocks or Anvils) are never mollified with the sufferings of mortals. This proceeds in some, from a great stupidity, from a nature very savage: in others, from a narrowness of heart caused by self-love, which perpetually keeps them busied within themselves, never going forth to behold the miseries of another: in some, from long prosperities, which make them forget the condition of men: in others, from the nature of a Hang man who takes delight in bloud, in fire, and in all horrid things. Such kind of men think Nature did them wrong, in not having given them the horn of a Rhinoceros, the paws of Bears, the throat of a Lion, the teeth of Tygers, to crush, to quail, to devour and tear men in pieces. They supply, by a cursed industry, that, which by nature faileth them. They make themselves mouths of fire by the means of flaming Furnaces, and boyling Caldrons: hands, by the invention of Iron hooks; arms, with combs of steel: fingers, with Scorpions; and feet with the claws of wild beasts. You would say, these are men composed of the instruments of all torments, or rather Devils crept into humane bodies to create a Hell on Earth. Such are those Tonoes of *Japonia*, who study to saw, to hack asunder, to beat, and bray in a Morter the courage of Christians, thinking the greatest marks of their power to be Scaffolds and Gibbets, where are practised inventions of Devils to draw life, drop after drop, out of a miserable body.

Detestation of cruelty.

But not speaking at this present of these extremities of cruelty which arise out of Hell: it is evident that the hardness of heart, and the harshness of a nature devoid of Compassion, is a Monster in Humane Nature. All great Souls have (I know not what) tincture of goodness, which rendreth them pliant to the afflictions of such as suffer. It is a feeling which God hath poured into the mass of Mankind, and which he would have communicated by the prime men of the world, to all posterity. The tradition of the *Hebrews* holdeth, that the Patriarch *Noah* recommendeth mildness even among beasts, accounting it a capital Crime to tear off a member of a living beast. And the most sage Common-wealths have walked in the same ways, since, that, of *Athens* condemned to death a young Child, who took delight to prick out the eyes of Crows, and having made them blind, let them fly for his pastime: It judged this heart was base and bloudy, and practised its first Apprentiship of cruelty upon Birds, to exercise it one day upon men. The *Carthaginians* publickly condemned a very industrious Citizen for no other cause but for having made a Lion tractable, supposing that a man who had so great conversation among wild beasts would lose all he had humane in him, and put on the manners of a Tyrant.

Mildness of the first men.

Fabius Quintilian, l. 5. cap. 9.

Plin. l. 8. c. 16.

What can those answer to this call of Nature, who are ashamed to compassionate their Neighbours, seeing pity extends it self even to beasts? They fear, that by shewing compassion it may be thought their courage therby is greatly effeminate; & see not that to seem valiant, they cease to be men.

Compassion of great courages.

Conquerours have wept over their Laurels, as yet all verdant, blaming the just rigour of their Arms, albeit, they could not hate the glory. *Marcellus* desired to quench the coals of the City *Syracusa* with his tears. *Titus* seeing the City of *Jerusalem* all covered with dead bodies, found his heart much softned therewith, protesting it was an act of Heaven, and not an effect of his own disposition. There is some touch of Divinity in good natures: and God hath always been pleased that they who neareſt approach to him, should be the most humane. The first Images of the Saviour of the world, were ordinarily painted in the form of a Lamb; and it was likewise a Lamb of God which represented him in Great *Constantine*'s Font, and which poured forth the water of Baptism; to shew us that the fountains of his Bounty ran throughout the whole Church. The Holy Ghost hath never been seen in the form of an Eagle or of a Hawk, but of a Dove; to stamp on our manners the impressions of his bounty. It is an insupportable thing, when there is observed (even among those who approach neareſt to Altars, and who consecrate the Lamb of God in their hands) some to be of imperious spirits, and wills inflexible, who torment poor Subjects, and make them groan under their Commands. They resemble *Semiramis* who on her Banners bare a Dove, which in its beak held a bloudy Sword, as meaning to say, That under a woman's face, she had the courage and stern violence of tyrants. So their name, their character, and degree, testifieth nought but mildness; but their manners are full of rigour and acerbity, which wound hearts even to bloud. This happeneth to many out of a certain stupidity, in such sort, that it seems they ent ing into office, at that instant drink of the water of forgetfulness, which in them blotteth out the memory of all they were, to become that which they ought never to be. They forget their inferiours are men, who put their pretious liberty (to wit a good inestimable) into their hands as a pledge, and that they must very skilfully handle them, there being not a creature in all nature more tender or more sensible then the King of Creatures. They consider not that the power of one man over another, is a thing which is always somewhat suspected by nature on what side soever it come, and that it must be practised insensibly, so that the flesh be rather cast into a slumber, then irritated. To others, it comes from a most refined pride, which being under the Subjection of a Superiour, kept it self close in the interiour of the Soul, a Serpent inchanted, and fast asleep; but so soon as he sees himself armed with a Sword of Authority, he cuts with both edges, not sparing any one, as if the great mystery of making a dignity valuable, were to encompass it with all the Ensigns of terrour. Some are not of a bad nature, and do resemble the Sea, which is not by nature salt; but the Sun stirreth up unto it vapours, cold, dry, and terrestrial, which being burnt by heat, spread themselves on the superficies of the water, and cause saltnes: so these lights of Authority which inviron a man raise smoaks in him, which, being not well tempered by prudence, leave a bitter impression on manners, communicating some haughtiness to words and conversation. It is gotten in others by a long assiduity of superiority, which is the cause that beholding themselves perpetually with a head of gold, and a breast of silver, they consider not that being in some sort like to *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Statue, they yet have feet of clay. Others come thereunto, by an indiscreet zeal, & out of small experience of humane things, who are no sooner raised unto some degree; but they talk of reformation, of correction, of chastisements: and to see them, you would say, they were so many *Archimedes* who seek for a place out of the world, to set foot in of purpose to turn the whole world topsy-turvie. Their power is not always answerable to their purpose, wch makes them

Concil. 6. in Trul. can. 32. Damasus in Pontificibus qui est potius Anastasius Bibliothecarius.

Non dominantes in Clero sed forma facti gregis ex animo.

1 Pet. 5.

Revertamur ad pulmum nostrum à facie gladii columba.

Hier. 46. 16.

Rigour misbecometh persons Ecclesiastical. Its causes and differences.

Porta in Ch. 10.

them sad and dejected in their courage, causing them to fall back to the other extremity; from whence it cometh that they are one while harsh, and another time gentle; and by inequality in their manners, thrust all into disorder. That is it which Saint *Gregory* the great observed in *Abbot Urbicus*, saying, that his Monastery was in distemper, because he made himself unequal, one while flattering some, and another while reprehending the rest with immeasurable anger. Lastly, there are others who have a very good conscience, and whose manners are rigid, and they be not imprudent; but they have such a desire to frame the whole world to their humour, that out of the assiduity of their admonitions they render themselves somewhat burthensome to their inferiours, and authorize the saying of that Ancient, who affirmed an honest man was a great burthen. There are natures, like to Caper-shrubs, which grow worse by too much manuring, and are much better being left to the goodness of their own nature.

Gregor. M. in Epistola ad Urbicum.

Molesta sarcina vir bonus. Apud Joan. Eusebium.

§. 3. *Moderate Severity is necessary in Government, but it ought to be free from Cruelty.*

IT must of necessity be acknowledged that they who govern States and Common-wealths stand in need of severity in so great a corruption of mens manners; there being almost nothing so pitiful as the goodness of a Prince disarmed, who serves for a butt to reproaches, and a sport for insolency. The Senatour *Fronton*, who had experience of many Kingdoms, said it was a miserable kind of life to live under an Emperour who permitted nothing; but much more wretched likewise was the estate of such as live under a Prince who permitted all; as it happened in the time of *Nerva*, who caused those men to sit near him that had conspired against him, and presented them swords to give the blow, and asked them whether they were sharp enough. His over-faint goodness, which could not engage it self to punish any, made men almost to desire the rule of the most cruel; good men being unable to endure to be equalized with the most dissolute. Needs must Justice hold its place, to cut off rotten members, to repress the insolent, and to make honest men live in the sweetness of repose. But it being very hard to find this divine temperature which is between softness and too much severity, it is always far better to lean towards Mildness, then to incur the least suspition of Cruelty.

Dion. in Nerva.

Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*, seeing himself one day very civilly entreated by the Pope, and at the same time menaced by his Arch-deacon *Hildebrand*, who was a most severe Cardinal, answered according to *Plutarch*'s Fable, that heat dispoyled more then the North-wind. These stormy spirits are not always the most efficacious. It is not sparkling flames, but invisible heats which melt metals, and sweetest influences are those which cause the greatest effects in total Nature. Our Saviour, in the Prophet *Esay*, is called a Rod, and a flower; to correct some, and comfort others: but never is he termed a sword to kill and destroy. Power, which is given by God, ought to be managed according to his intentions; and as we cannot but see on all sides the effects of his bounty; so it is not lawful for a man to defile the Character of the Divinity by rigours insupportable. O what a brave thing it is to possess a great Kingdom in the hearts of men by bounty and munificence! to make one self a Throne of peace, to which love raiseth an eternal Basis, on which God raineth from above with full hand an infinity of Benedictions! A Prince which so liveth, findeth *Corps du gard* in the most unfrequented Wildernesses, assurance in perils, protection in battels, good hap in affairs, success in his enterprises, prosperity in his house, veneration abroad, and admiration among Forreign Nations. When he sleeps, a million of eyes wake for him; a million of mouths open at altars to carry thanksgivings to God for the favours he received from heaven: and were he not in his Throne, all his Subjects would make steps of their bodies for him to mount up unto it. His Joys are pure, his pleasures innocent, his repasts without fear of poyson, his repose dreadless, his life a miracle, and his memory a blessing. But what a spectacle is it to see Tyrants close hidden like old Owls in perpetual nights; with a mind beset with horrid fantasies, filled with suspicions, seized by distrust; for whom Thunders seem to roar, and for whom Heaven seems to prepare all its Thunderbolts! What a horrour is it to see them come in publick, cloathed with Iron, and despoiled of the peoples affections! To see them tear their members in the torments of their Subjects; to suck in bloud; to break bones; to make terrours to march before them; and after them massacres! What honour is it for them to be hated like plagues and poysons; to make a Hell of their life, a Tyranny of their manners, and a publick vow of their death? Lastly, the divine Providence (which sharpneth the sword of Justice with the tears of the miserable) falls on their heads; some have been consumed by strange maladies; others have been abandoned to the fury of people; massacred by a thousand hands, punished with a thousand deaths, dragged over lay-stalls, buried in dunghils; even stones and metals have been punished, which had no other Crime but to be insculped with their features: Their life hath been a reproach; their memory, the butt of all maledictions. All this is not of power to teach us, that there is not any thing so sovereign for the Government of minds as Mildness and Compassion.

The beauty and utility of Mildness.

Horrour of Cruelty.

§. 4. *The goodness of God beateth down the rigour of men.*

IF we be not fully convinced of this verity; Let us behold our first Model, against the infamy of this unnatural passion; and let us first see the benignity of our heavenly Father in natural and civil life; thence we will consider the mercy of *Jesus* in the life of Grace. God is sovereignly good, as *Theology* noteth, by three sorts of Goodnesses; of Nature, of Manners, and of Bounty: His Nature, and his Manners make him to appear good in himself: His Bounty out of himself in so many communications as he imparteth to all Creatures. The *Platonists* said, he had the understanding of a Father, and the heart of a Mother; to provide for the great Family of the World: and one of them, rapt with the Considerations of his Bounties cried out, *As for thee, O God of Sanctity, Saviour, and Conservatour of all Man-kind! thou hast the heart of a Mother, admirably to comfort the calamities of so many miserable mortals, and there is not a day, a rest, nor a moment, which is not replenished with thy benefits.* You would say he is perpetually bent upon the care of the very least creatures, to give them the contentment and satisfaction they can derive from their condition. He is in the feathers of the Peacock, to frame a Mirrour unto himself of his train In the throat of Nightingales, there to make Musick; in the innocent thefts of Bees, to lade them with booty;

Remedies.

Isai. 18.

Lib. 1. ep. 16.

Tu quidem sancte, & humanis generibus sispes & tutor perpetue, semper fovendis mortalibus nutrisice dulcem matris affectionem miserorum casibus tribuis, nec dies, quies ulla, aut nè quidem momentum tuæ curæ transmittis beneficium otiosum. Apul. 11. Metamor. Author Theolog. Ægypti l. 12. cap. 1.

booty; in the Husbandry of Ants, to maintain them in their little Granaries. The Authour of the Egyptian Theology saith, that the Eternal Father, willing to please all living Creatures, gave them bodies fashion'd to their likings and inclinations: and as there are other instruments necessary for a Taylour, others for a Smith; So he hath given other members to Lions; others, to Bulls; others, to Fishes, and Birds. He gives to a Lion (which is a predominant Beast) a Robustuous body, Eyes of lightning, a Roar of Thunder, a Gate Haughty; To Bulls, Horns to defend themselves; To birds, a little head and a sharp beak to cleave the air, feathers to cover them, wings to fly; To fishes, a Tail to serve them for a Rudder, and little finnes to be unto them as Oars.

S. *Basil* likewise observed, that this great Father of a family distributeth to birds of prey a body fit to seek out for their living, and to such as are of a more peaceable disposition, members sutable to their nature. So true it is that there is nothing in the world which is not repleniſhed with the wisdome of this great Master-workman. He provideth and armeth each one according to his Kinde; Some have naturall arms to resist such as assail them; others have a marvellous promptitude to fly from that which is contrary to them; others have an incomparable dexterity to defend themselves; some poize themselves in the air with their feathers; others grapple with their claws; others fortifie themselves with their horns: and if there be some which serve as a prey to the rest, God supplieth this necessity with a very great fruitfulnes which he affordeth those poor little creatures exposed to the violence of the stronger. Thus discourseth *Lactantius*. To conclude, There is not any creature so little which beareth not his own Mill, his chimney, his habit, his ware, and his shop about him: and, if this paternall Bounty continually open its hands to repleniſh all creatures with benedictions; what would it not do for man who so divinely and so happily busieth the divine providence, and is the rule of all the rest of the world?

S. Basil in Hexam. Lactant. l. de opificio Dei cap. 2.

It were to enter into a vast Labyrinth of discourses and reasons, to represent at this time before our eyes, how this eternall understanding maketh infinite many engines to concur in all the creatures of this great universe, to contribute to our benefit, our protection, and delight. I will onely expresse one thing very considerable which he powerfully doth above the ordinary nature of elements, to divert the inconveniencies of people, and to afford them favours beyond all humane hopes. Behold how under the torrid zone (which would otherwise be inhabitable, by reason of excessive heats) he causeth rain to fall so commodiously, that he seems to distill it through a Limbeck in rule and measure! Behold, how in *Egypt*, (when the Pharaohs covered the land with arms and chariots against his people,) he made *Nilus* most gently to overflow to supply the want of rain, which (as it is said) never falls in that Country! We will also tell you what modern writers have observed in certain Islands, where there are neither Rivers nor Fountains for the use of the living; God gives them certain trees which (at a time determinate by his Prouidence) fail not to sprinkle down water with so much advantage, that the thirst of man and beast thereby is sufficiently slaked? Who is he that considering all these works of nature will not cry out that God really is (what *Isidore* of *Peluſium* said) the common Magazine of all the people of the earth, from whence they incessantly derive an infinite number of liberalities, and the true Temple of sweetnes and benignity wherein altars are perpetually covered with victimes!

Isidor. l. 2. ep. 152. Ταμεῖον φιλανθρωπίας, &c.

What doth he not in civil life, to make men live in peace, abundance and tranquillity? What good Laws inspireth he not into them! what laudable instructions suggesteth he not, even to people adverse to his honour! what industries, and what inventions in all acts! what conveniencies in trade! what authority imprinteth he on the face of Kings and Magistrates! what obedience he causeth insensibly to creep into the hearts of people, so that bloudsuckers, and murderers do also adore some rayes of Justice! And forasmuch as he permitteth poor and miserable creatures in the world, (which seems to have some repugnance with his bounty;) we see by experience, it is so necessary that we may say of them what the glorious *Hanna* did in her Canticle, The poor of the Earth belong to God, and he hath laid the whole universe on their shoulders: without them, acts would fail, industries would languish, the services and benefits (which the rich derive from men who are their likes) would wholly cease; and, which is more, the two most eminent virtues of the world (Mercy and Patience) would be banished from the earth. Besides, God hath an incomparable care of those necessitous people whom we think to be wholly abandoned. He hath numbred their hairs, he hath taken the task to preserve all their bones, he moisteneth the dry bread of peasants in tastefull sweetnes, he diverteth them from the apprehension of their miseries, he fitteth them to their conditions, he comforteth their labours, he crowneth their patience. Lastly, to expres the tenderneſs of God's mercy in a word; there is not so much as our own tears from whence he doth not make us to draw sweetnes and consolation, for our solace. O ineffable Bounty! O greatnes unheard of! O inexhaustible liberality! And can we then beholding this model have a heart shut up against all manner of liberality? what a horrour is it to see men burn with enraged avarice which sticks to their bones as doth their marrow, and which shall sleep with them in their Tomb!

§. 5. *The Mercies of the Incarnate word are able to soften the harshest hearts.*

But with what admiration is not the heart of man seized on, when he entreth into the great Abysses which are discovered in the second model, in the Oeconomy of our Redemption?

Have we any proof more manifest then that which is so well weighed by Saint *Anselm* in these words? *What greater mercy can there be then to see a humane nature despoiled of the robe of Honour, and of the diadem of Glory, by a just chastisement of its rebellions, condemned to a prison of flames and darknes, even then when it was unable to free its self, and when there was neither Angel nor man could deliver it from the misery, whereinto it was plunged? to see it (say I) sought unto by God when it flew from his liberality, and to consider how the heavenly Father transported with unspeakable love, said unto it, Take my onely Son to redeem thee from so many remediless calamities, and that this only son disdaineth not to become its ransome, delivered himself for it to torments so enormous, and confusions so hideous.*

Quid miserio recordius intelligi valet, quam quod peccatori aeternis tormentis depntato, & unde se redimere non habenti, Deus pater dixit, accipe unigenitum meum, & da pro te, & filius dixit, tolle me & redime te? Anſel. l. Cur Deus homo.

The earth (saith S. *Auguſtine*) expecteth light and rain from Heaven, and we from a Messias expect truth and mercy: He came after so long expectations,

pectations, and had repleniſhed the earth with his knowledge, and the effects of his benignity. What ſhall we now admire in the ineffable myſtery of the Incarnation!

If we caſt our eys on the heavenly Father, we there ſee a work of the power of his Arm, wherein he ſeems to have exhauſted all his ſtrength. The Heavens and the Stars (ſaith Saint *Gregory Nyſſen*) were but the works of the fingers of this Divine Majeſty: But in the Incarnation he proceedeth with all the extent of his might, with all the Engines of his power, and all the miracles of his Greatneſs. It is a Maxime among Politicians, that a man, to appear very great, ſhould not waſt all his force at an inſtant; but ſtill to reſerve to himſelf ſomewhat to do, wherein he may make his ability to be ſeen, as it were by degrees, by daily ſurpaſſing himſelf. From whence it came that *Seneca* ſaid to *Nero* who had cauſed a certain Pavillion infinitely pretious to be made, that he therein had ſhewed his weakneſs; for if it ſhould chance to periſh, he could not recover it: and were it preſerved, it would be an everlaſting reproach to him, to have done to the uttermoſt of his power. Behold the proceedings of humane prudence. But our Celeſtial Father ſetting aſide all other conſiderations (and forgetting his Greatneſs, to be mindful of his mercy) did a work in our behalf which hath ſo limited his power, that we may truly ſay, That God cannot in the world in all Eternity make any thing greater then a Man-God.

Plutarch. de Ira.

And if we on the other part do reflect on the Holy Ghoſt, it ſeems that this third perſon (which in the ſphere of the Trinity had a myſterious barrenneſs) ſpringing from the incomparability of a new production in the divine emanations, would make recompenſe in this myſtery, pouring out at once, heats, lights, and beauties in the bleſſed Virgin, there to form the body of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to raiſe this holy Humanity to the union of the Word Increate. But what piece meriteth more admiration, then to ſee the perſon of a God-Man, then to ſee a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who in himſelf uniteth Divine and Humane Nature, who carries in himſelf the laſt lines of the love and power of his Father, who beareth the conſummation of all his deſigns for the government of man, who includeth all poſſible communications to an inferiour Nature in one inimitable communication, who makes himſelf the ſource of Grace and Glory in an Angelical and Humane Nature, as he is the ſource of life and love in the Trinity! O what a goodly ſpectacle is it, to behold how he bleſſeth by his preſence, how he repleniſheth by his greatneſs, how he governeth by his power, how he ſanctifieth by his influencies, both Heaven and Earth! If we yet doubt of his love and fatherly goodneſs, let us look on his hands, and we ſhall ſee that he hath written our Name with his nails: Let us ſee his heart which was opened for us by that Launce which at the latter end of his days digg'd from out his Entrails the remainder of his life: and we ſhall obſerve how we therein live, how we therein breath, and how we therein honourably burn, as in a great Furnace common to all intelligible Nature. *If you would know what you have coſt* (*and happily do not believe*) *your Creatour, ask your Redeemer and he will tell you.* Let us alſo behold the effects which have ſucceeded from the alliance of the Divine Nature with the Humane: and let us reverence the Divine Goodneſs which hath raiſed up all the great Maſs of men in a ſupernatural Being, to innocency, to felicity, to light, and to life eternal. Who was more deſtitute then Man, more brutiſh, and more ignorant in ſo great a night, and in ſo horrible confuſions of Idolatry? and *Jeſus* by his Incarnation hath revealed unto us the ſecrets and wiſdom of Heaven. Who was more unfurniſhed of wiſe direction? and he affordeth us his examples. Who was more forlorn? and he adopteth us for his Children. Who was more needy? and he gives us the treaſure of his merits. Who was more hungry? and he nouriſheth us with his fleſh and blood. Who was more unhappy? and he divideth his Beatitnde among us. If after ſo many benefits, we remain ſtill faithleſs to his fidelity; he expecteth us with a ſingular long forbearance: if we delay, he ſtirreth us up: if we fly, he followeth us: if we return, he ſtretcheth forth his Arm. He waſheth us in his bloud: he regenerateth in his love: he makes it his Trophey to have conquered us, as if he entred afreſh into the poſſeſſion of an Empire; and cauſeth our proper ſins to contribute to our glory. If we endure ſomewhat for him, he endureth with us; he weepeth over us; he prepareth eternal ſources of conſolations: and, as it is ſaid, that there is a certain Fiſh which ſweetens the water of the ſalt Sea in its mouth; ſo *Jeſus* mingleth all our acerbities in the inexplicable ſweetneſſes of his benignity.

Quam pretioſus ſis, ſi factori fortè non credis, interroga redemptorem. Euſeb. Gal. Homil. 2. de Symbol.

Faſten apud Maiolum.

And yet thou (O Man) wilt in preſence of this Model ſtill remain a little Tyger, as irreconcilable to Amities, as ſtreight-handed to works of liberality. Believe me, among all the Enſigns of Greatneſs which thou canſt have, there is not any more ſenſible then the charitable communication of one man to another by ways of liberality and alms, which God receiveth in the nature of Victims. It is a Divinity for one man by his benefits to oblige another, and this is properly the way of eternal glory.

The ſource of Charity.

Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *Deus eſt mortali bene facere mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

Who are they, in your opinion, that firſt of all deſerved the title of Cardinal, which is now adays accounted among the great Dignities of the Church? Do you think that Nobility of Extraction, Favour of Great-ones, Eminency of Wiſdom, Prudence in the government of Empires gave theſe Titles to the Primitive Church? I ſay all theſe qualities are very conſiderable; yet nevertheleſs it is true, that the firſt fourteen Cardinals who were called by this name, were fourteen perſonages of honour and merit, who under Pope *Silveſter* were ranged in as many ſtreets of the City of *Rome*, to take care of the poor. So true it is, that they who begat us to Chriſtianity placed the magnificence of men, not in Garments which are the food of Moths; not in pretious ſtones which are the excrements of the Sea and Land; not in Coaches and Horſes which are the notes of poverty and dependence; not in Titles which are imaginary felicities: but in the relief of perſons neceſſitous who are the Images of God. A learned Biſhop ſaid to a Pope; *He deceives himſelf who thinks that a conſcience ſo near to the Divinity, is tied to its Intereſts; For my part I imagine you do not believe there is any other gain for you, but that which takes birth from your liberality, and that you think you receive good, as oftentimes as you do it.*

From whence the title of Cardinals cometh. *Fabianus. Vide Concil. Rom. ſub Silveſtro. Lacerdam. adverſar. 6. 35. Cardinales à Cardinibus ſeu vicis Romæ.*

Errat qui Deo proximam conſcientiam credit commodis inviſibilibus, ſola puta lucra, quæ vobis de liberalitate naſcuntur qui divitias cum tributis accipitis.

But if there be no ſpur of honour which inciteth you to proceed confidently, and liberally to open your hands to men, to enter into the communication of the virtue and glory of ſo many Saints, at the leaſt ſoften your bowels from the neceſſity of times, and the calamities of ſo many poor people who ſeem to be the dregs of the earth, or froath of

Enod. l. 1. Ep. ad Symmachum Papam.

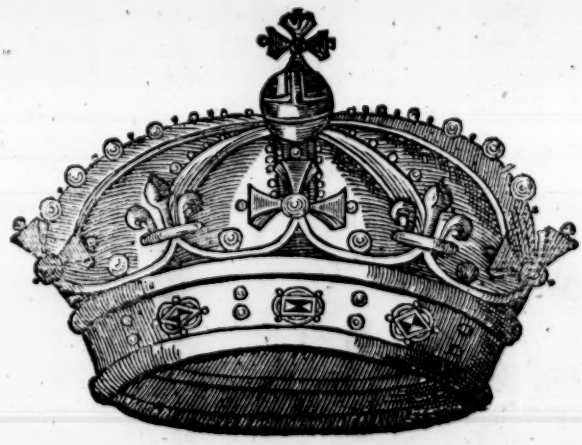
an enraged ſea. Inform your ſelf a little of the wants of Cities and Towns, and you ſhall find many (abandoned of all conſolation, and deſtitute of all neceſſaries) who yet are your fleſh, your brethren, and your co-heirs in *Jeſus Chriſt*: and now, whilſt all ſmileth in your houſes, and all is reſplendent with a luſtre of fair accommodation in your own perſons; there are poor old men couched on ſtraw among cobwebs; there are women afflicted with long and irkſome maladies, environed with very many children whom they ſee dying before their eyes, not having any means to give them a bit of bread.

They are forſaken by kindred, friends, and all manner of aſſiſtance, as if they were ſome monſters of nature thrown on the ſhore by the ſea's anger. There are Virgins for whom dayly ſnares are laid, that they may fall into ſin under colour of poverty. There are ſome who have been heretofore very fortunate according to the world, who are faln into great wants, and at this preſent (when they have ſo many tears to bewail their miſery under the covert of ſome poor cottage) have not a tongue to complain; for, having loſt all, they yet retain ſhame which tieth the hands of their poverty, and hindreth them from ſtretching them out to the cruel rich, from whom they expect nothing but denial. Know we not, how in certain places men many times have run up and down the ſtreets armed with Fury and Rage for bread, and have ſnatched (as it were) out of bloud and flames a nouriſhment worſe then death? Know we not, there are many who have been divers days without bread? And how often have others eaten ſuch, as they were fain to ſhut their eyes when they put it in their mouths? Are we ignorant, that certain Mothers have proſtituted their Daughters out of a curſed and vitious conſtraint to help their miſeries? Their hands peradventure had been more merciful, if they had hewed them in pieces before they ſacrificed them to diſhonour; but, behold whether the tyranny of Avarice and Prodigality have tranſported the affairs of Chriſtendom! What Rock would not be mollified among ſo many direful Objects? What eye of ice would not melt amidſt ſuch ſpectacles of diſaſters? Will you not then in your houſes eſtabliſh the ſacrifice of Mercy, which God would have to be perpetual? Will you not conſider what you may do without much prejudicing your Revenues? Will you expect death to do good, and to make your Torch to be carried after you? They who have renounced Faith, Truth, and Light (I mean Hereticks) have not renounced Mercy: they exhauſt themſelves for their faction, and many times do acts of liberality to ours, who help the poor. But what ſay I? Hereticks? The *Turks* in their ſalvage life give the Tenth part of their goods to the poor. There are ſome who build Fountains, and pay men wages to give drink to Paſſengers; and ſome thereto add Camels to carry their fardles. Will it not be a great honour to you at the day of Judgment, if perſiſting in this inhumanity, you ſee your ſelf worſe then the Infidels, and that the Character of Chriſtianity hath ſerved you for no other purpoſe, but to reproach you in the eternity of your pains with the exorbitance of your Infamy? Good God, divert this miſery from thy ſervants: and ſince thou ſo freely haſt opened thy heart unto them; Let them never ſhut up the bowels of their Compaſsion againſt thy brethren who are the poor.

28 MR 59

HISTORICAL

HISTORICALL
OBSERVATIONS
Upon the four Principall
PASSIONS,
Which are as four DEVILS,
DISTURBERS
OF THE
HOLY COURT.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the READER.

DEAR READER,

I Here find that which Job, *the first Writer of the world, saith, that our thoughts are as the Branches of our soul, which multiply and extend as far as their root giveth them vigour and nutriment. You see, the affection you have shewed to these Books of the* HOLY-COURT, *hath served for vital humours to my wit; to produce many discourses; and with much labour to undertake that which I supposed to be profitable and satisfactory for you, which I have ever more esteemed then my own repose.*

When I thought I was at the end of my design, you have caused me to set forth a fourth Tome, wherein I conceive I have comprized all the secrets of humane life in the moderation of Passions. It would here have been fit for me to end, were it not that some Lords and Ladies, who make up a part of this innocent Court by the good example of their lives, are not fully satisfied unless I afford them Histories. This then hath moved me, to crown these Treatises with most select Historical Observations, to expose to view the disorder which ill rectified Passions introduce, and the profits they bring when they are ranged under the Laws of discretion. I meant expresly to have drawn them almost all out of our own History, for two Reasons; whereof the one is, That the Passions of Infidels of Antiquity, and even those of many other Christian Nations have passages too full of horrour and brutishness: But ours, albeit they have extravagancies inconsiderate enough, are more within limits ordinary to nature corrupted by sin. The second is, that writing this to the Court of France, *I propose to my self I should more efficaciously perswade by domestick examples, which are partly already known to our Country-men, then by forreign and unheard of Histories.*

Now all Passions of the Court relate to four Principals, which are Love; Desire of Honours, and Pleasures of the world; Anger alwayes animated to Revenge; and Envy which draggeth along with it the black Passions of Jealousie, Sadness, and Despair: I will content my self to pursue these Tracts, scoring out unto you the disasters of such as have yielded to these Motives, and the felicity of others who have gloriously surmounted them; And to add a pleasing variety to this last piece, I will conclude with many short and remarkable Examples suited to those four mentioned Passions.

THE DISASTERS

Of such as have yielded to the PASSION OF LOVE.

AND

The Glory of Souls, which have overcome it.

1. LET us begin with that Passion which is the Source of the rest, and which in all times hath caused trouble among men, to give a ground to our discourse.

The children of great *Clodoveus*, became not so soon tractable to the severity of Christian manners, but suffered themselves very often to be transported with very violent exorbitances, and particularly with unlawful loves; which caused ill example in their house, and great disorder throughout their Kingdome.

Gregory of *Tours* observeth sordid and shameful affections in the person of King *Caribert* Grand-child of *Clodoveus*, which cast an Eclipse upon the lights of the Diadem of this great King, and could never be rooted out but by patience, by prayers, and by the effects of the puissant hand of God. *Gregory of Tours l. 4.*

Queen *Ingobergna*, who knew the humours of her husband to be addicted to inconsiderate love, and who was jealous enough of her bed, took not among her attendant Ladies those Nymphs of the Court *The Plot of Queen Ingobergna to cure her husbands passion, succeedeth ill out of too much affectation.*

Court which are full of attractiues, and deserve admiration: but purposely chose out base and despicable wayters, thinking it was a singular remedy against the Kings malady. She had at that time in her Court and service two daughters of a Cloth-worker, the eldest of which was called *Marcovessa*, and the youngest *Miresleur*. *Caribert* (whose love was more lustfull then ambitious) became desperately in love, and courted them to the prejudice of his honour and wedlock, which wounded the soul of the Queen with a very sensible arrow, seeing the havock this passion made in the mind of this Monarch. Jealousie suggesteth her a trick which seemed sufficient to divert him from this infamous servitude; if this passion might be cured by another, and that a jealous woman did not irritate the wounds of love by its proper remedies. She calleth the Father of her two servants, and commanded him secretly to practise his trade in some corner of the Court, whither she very cunningly brought his Majesty, to make him see the base extraction of his Mistrisses, and to throw shame and confusion upon him. But he (who at distance saw this wile comming towards him, and the solemn preparation of it) was displeased, saying, that if nothing were wanting but nobility to render these maids worthy of his love, he would sufficiently ennoble them by his person, and that it onely belonged to him to raise inferiour things, by loving them: and as great ones will rather be flattered in their pasions, then censured; instantly he made a shamefull divorce with the Queen contrary to laws both divine and humane, to take to wife the younger of these sisters which was *Miresleur*. But, love (which being of its nature a slave, faileth not to be disdainfull) quickly put a distaste of her unto him, to make him look after the elder who seemed the more modest, and wear a religious habit; whether desirous to inflame love by this pretext, (which ordinarily is eager to pursue all it can least obtain) or whether she did it to give less advantage and suspition to the jealous spirit of Queen *Ingobergna*: The fire of Concupiscence (which spareth not to inflame Linsey-woolsey, aswel as Satin) continually blowed by the wind of ambition (which promised this creature a giddy Fancy of a Crown) burnt so strongly; that this spirit (which had more cunning then beauty) caused so much madness to creep into the heart of this miserable King that he resolved to marry her; which he did, qualifying a prodigious whoredome with the title of wedlock. The Queen was ready to dye, and addresseth her complaints to God, and men.

The Bishops, who were assembled in the Council of *Tours* in favour of her, made Canons against incestuous marriages; but the Canons at that time were not strong enough against the arrows of love. S. *German* Bishop of *Paris* sent forth thunders of excommunication; but passion armed with authority made no more account of them then of flying fires, which are quenched in their birth. God thereto put his hand by the prayers of the Church, and took away this religious woman by a horrible and sudden death which affrighted the King, and he in the end conceived shame and sorrow for his fault, deriving his salvation out of necessity, since he could not gain it from the glory of his resistance. That which remained him of life was short and miserable, and his passion having rendred him contemptible to his own subjects, he quickly left Crown and Scepter to pay a tribute to his Tombe.

Gregory of Tours. l. 5.

2. Another kind of sottish love appeared in the government of young *Merovens*, which I will here relate, as being able to minister matter of terrour to youth which takes liberty in clandestine marriages. King *Chilperic* his father happened to bear away the bloudy spoil of his brother *Sigebert* who had been traiterously murthered by the subtle practices of *Fredegond*, when he was come to the Eve of his triumph. The famous *Brunhault* widow of the deceased King (as yet very young) was become a party of this miserable booty, and saw her pretious liberty enthralled in the hands of her Brother-in-law, and sister, who was born for vengeance, and exercised in massacres. Her fortune represented nothing unto her but a thousand images of terrour; and the cruelty of her adversaries made her apprehend all that which notable mischievous wickedness can do, when it hath the sword of power in hand. Yet her bloud was spared to consume her with languors, sentence of her Captivity was pronounced by giving her the City of *Roan* for prison. A trusty man was sought for, to execute this Commission, and the King cast his eye on his son *Merovens* a young Prince, of a nature sweet and facile, and endowed with excellent parts which made him to be beloved, and beheld (as a rising star) by all the eyes of *France*. This was to put fire too near to stubble, not considering that the calme of such natures is ordinarily the most turmoiled with storms of love. So soon as *Brunhault* (who according to the relation of S. *Gregory* of *Tours* was a very beautifull and well-spoken Princess) began to unciel her eyes which had hitherto been drenched in a deluge of tears; she appeared to *Merovens* as a blushing Morn which riseth the more fair after a shower; and the arrow of love sharpened by compassion made such flames to sparkle in his heart, that he was enforced to quench them with his bloud. He saw himself the captive of his fair prisoner, and already well felt he was not born to be predominant over a beauty so triumphant. The easiness of his nature suffered him not to be long in resolving to give way to his passion. He instantly declares himself, and coloureth his request with the title of marriage. *Brunhault* gives ear (whether for the love of *Merovens*, or whether out of the hatred of *Fredegond* his mother) supposing it was an opportunity to carry fire very far into the Royall race.

A notable example of *Merovens* to divert youth from licentious marriages.

They secretly marry, the Nephew espouseth the Aunt, by a crime unheard; Love is their Pope and King, from whom they take dispensation and leave. Fury conceiveth this marriage: Temerity signeth it but misery sealeth the contract. *Merovens* returneth from *Roan* still hiding his fire under the ashes. He gives account of his commission. The King his father resolveth to send him to take possession of *Guyenne*, which he judged to be fallen unto him by the death of *Sigebert*. He feigneth to depart from the Court with intention to go to *Bourdeaux*, but the counterpoise of love insensibly carryed him to *Roan*, and he fastneth to Court his pretended spouse, and forgets all cares and affairs, to please his passion: which being not kept within the limits of moderation, made a great noyse, and was carryed to the ears of the Court. King *Chilperic* went to *Roan* with an Army to quench the fire in its beginning, thinking there was some notable plot contrived against his state; but he finds these lovers had no other arms, but those of Cupid; and that the excess of their pasion had given them so little leisure to think on their own safety; that seeing themselves beset by souldiers, they had recourse to altars which were then secure refuges; for the miserable *Chilperic* durst not violate Sanctuaries in the presence of *Pretextatus* Bishop of *Roan*, a man courageous and zealous for things divine.

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He promised himself to take this new married Couple by the want of victual, and other natural necessities. But he seeing the business to be drawn, at length patience slips from him, and he made them to come out of the Church, with promise of impunity. His soul was softned, seeing a young Queen, a widow; and miserable by the cruelty of his wife. Nature pleadeth in his heart for his own blood, he embraceth them both with tears in his eyes: and (not to affright them) entertains them with fair hopes; and whilest they little think of it, he sends *Brunhault* into *Austrasia* her own Countrey, and keeps *Merovens* under good and sure guard, judging one could not well trust him if he were at his own dispose. In the mean time *Fredegonde*, immeasurably displeased with the proceedings of this affair, and supposing the King her husband went on too remisly, made it a great crime of state, and of manifest conspiracy: wherein she involved the Archbishop *Pretextatus*. He was *Merovens* his God-father, and could not but have some tenderness towards this Prince his God-child, which being sinisterly interpreted, drew much misery upon him. He with his movables and papers were seized on, where they found certain packets of Queen *Brunhaults*, which strengthned the suspition they cõceived to his prejudice. He is sent for to an assembly of Bishops; where the King coming in, chargeth him with the crime of rebellion, accusing him to have withdrawn the people from their obedience, to crown his son; and thereupon roundly required the Prelates that justice might be done according to holy Canons. The witnesses are heard, and confronted, who do not througly enough prove the crime whereof he was accused. *Pretextatus* justifieth himself by a solemn protestation of his innocency, which caused compassion in many. But these Prelates assembled were partly weak, and partly sold to serve the Kings passions; there was almost none but *Gregory* of *Tours*, who having an invincible spirit in a little body, encouraged the whole Assembly to the defence of the truth; the menacies of the King, and murthering flatteries of Queen *Fredegonde* being unable to shake his constancy; Other batteries were likewise made to ruine a man half dead, by stirring up against him divers calumnies from which he very happily vindicated himself; untill at length some treacherous Bishops counselled him to accuse himself (by way of humiliation) of the offence of state which was objected against him. They told him he must not appear too just before his Master; that it was not reasonable the King should receive an affront in this affair; that he was a mild Prince, who would *Pretextatus* should ow his safety to his clemency, & that he no sooner could speak one word of confession but he should be freed from this vexation, and restored to his Dignity. The unfortunate Prelate (giving ear to the hissing of serpents) made his tongue the snare of his soul, & owned an imaginary crime, to undergo a real unhappiness. He had no sooner pronounced the word, but the King transported with excessive joy prostrated himself on his knees before the assembly of Bishops, demanding that his robe (for ignominy) should be cut off, and the execrations (thundred against *Judas*) to be pronounced over him. The cõpassiõ of some procured moderation therein. Nevertheless he was instantly degraded, condemned to banishment, & delivered to the Kings guard, who led him to a little desert Island near the city of *Constance* in *Normandy*, whence he escaped to be in the end massacred by the practises of Q. *Fredegonde*.

This step-mother was not content to see *Merovens* cõfined to a prison, but she violently urged he might be shaven, & shut in a Monastery, which was executed. But it is a great error to think to make a religious man by holding a ponyard to his throat & by taking hair frõ his head, when the cõsent of his heart cannot be had. The thoughts (which according to the Interpreters of Scripture, are as the hairs of the soul) were not taken away by the root frõ this miserable *Samson*. They much persecuted him about his passed loves, that he quickly forsook Cowl & Monastery, to begin new stirs. He went directly to *Tours*, (which gave much trouble to good S. *Gregory*) & spent nights upon the tomb of S. *Martin*, fasting & praying to have a revelation which might promise him a crown. But seeing *Chilperic* pursued him with armed hand, he fled from town to town, and from Sanctuary to Sanctuary, finding not any one who would support his rebellion. In the end he gets into *Austrasia*, & returneth to the embracements of his Spouse, as it were to end himself in those eyes which had enkindled his first flames. But the cunning Queen (considering that her subjects were raised in alarms upon his coming, and fearing she might draw upon them the total storm of *Chilperic's* arms, preferred reasons of State before those of love,) besought him to retire. They of *Tours* (who were suspected by the King for having first of all favoured his flight) thinking not to find their own safety but in his ruine, called him back again under color to support his arms, & to become of his side. The Prince (in whom passion caused a continual drunkenness of reason) being more easie to believe, then prudent to examine reasons, turned towards them; and presently found himself caught in their snare. When seeing himself betrayed, and ready to be delivered into the hands of his father, and step-mother (whom he more feared then a Panther) he addressed himself to *Geilan* his confident friend, and prayed him to give an end to his miserable life, sith having found so much infidelity in his beloved, treachery in his friends, and cruelty in his father, there nothing remained for him but a Tomb to bury all his miseries. The other thinking to do him great service, thrust his sword into his body, and separated his soul. Which may be a fearfull example for youth, to make them for ever to abhor the charms of love.

That of *Carloman* was as light, (although it had not so long a sequele of accidents.) *Paulus Æmilius* recounteth that this young Prince, accustomed to sottish and sordid love, having in a street perceived a creature which to him seemed handsom; he began to follow her, being mounted on his horse; but the maid very chast (to avoid his courtships) cast her self speedily into a house, whether *Carloman* (spurring his horse) desperately followed her, not observing that the door of the house was too low; which smote him, and strok him down so unfortunately, that he left both love and life. It was a direful thing to see so great a Prince to die in jeast: but the sports of this passion are ordinarily bloody, and *Venus* came from a sea of water, to swim in a sea of bloud. *Paulus Æmilius.*

3. I will here also let you see the effect of a passion (to all extremity) dissolute & scandalous, which made a great noise throughout all Christendom, and will serve to make men detest the wickedness of such as break conjugal bands, to satisfie their lust. The young Emperor *Lotharius*, grand-child of *Lewis* the Courteous, loved in his younger years a Lady, much mentioned in the Epistles of Popes, under the name of *Valdrada*. She had a commanding beauty, was of a humour full of attractives and wiles, which surprized the young Prince with an affection so strong and catching, that after a thousand crosses he could not be unlooosed from it, but by death. Nevertheless, *Concilia Gallicana* tom. 3.

Scandalous love of the Emperour *Lotharius* and *Valdrada*.

Time and reason inviting him to think upon a lawful marriage, he espoused *Theutbergue* a beautiful & virtuous Princess, who was thought fit to quench the fire of his unchast love, and hereafter to enkindle his heart with flames more chast and happy. But fascinated by his evil Genius, he presently took an aversion against his wife, being seldom personally with her; and perpetually in mind, and affection with her, who had laid hold of his first love. Whether it were that this audacious woman imperiously ruled over him, (as a man timorous in his passions, who durst not yet confidently do a mischief) or whether he were sufficiently disposed thereunto by the violence of his love he undertakes a very scandalous business, which was to unmarry himself, falsly imputing adultery & barrenness to his wife. The criminal process is handled in the Ecclesiastical Court; *Gontier* Archbishop of Colen, who had great power and great faults, supporteth the Princes part what he might, and having won *Theutgard* Archbishop of Trew on his side, he drags along souls set to sale by a torrēt of authority to which none make resistance. The innocent *Theutbergue* is condemned in two pestilent Synods, and handled as a prostitute, the Crown is taken from her and put upon *Valdrada's* head, who appeared with a marvellous pōp, whilest the other groaned under the ashes of a publick penance. The chast Princess, who not so much regarded eminent wedlocks as the honour of her purity (which she meant to preserve to her tomb) appealed to the Pope, which at that time was *Nicholas* the first, and wrote mournful letters to him, able to rent rocks asunder. The common Father of Christendome heareth her complaints animated by truth, and deputeth two Legates to do her right. These Prelates had not courage enough to decide the matter; and seeing themselves upon one side assailed by their conscience, and on the other, besieged by the powerful contentions of *Lotharius* and two Archbishops, they found out a way how to wash their hands frō this judgment. They shew, that since two Provincial Councils had passed upon it, and that the Archbishops *Gontier*, and *Theutgard* had born sway therein; it were good that the same men took pains to go to Rome to let the Pope see the acts of those two assemblies, and to justifie all their proceedings. These two Prelates (who thought nothing was impossible to their credit) refused not the commission. They go armed with impostures and tattle, to oppress truth, and overwhelm innocency. The Pope, a clear-seeing and charitable man, intressed himself in the cause, & in ful assembly discovereth their jugling with such vigour and perspicuity, that all the Fathers cast their stone at them. The mischief they meant against the innocent *Theutbergue* falls back upon their own heads; they are excommunicated, degraded, deprived of their offices and benefices, to be reduced to the communion of Laicks. Never did men practise a mischief with more unluckiness and less success. A Legate is dispatched to annul all they had done, wch was the courageous *Arsenius*, who caused all the process to be reviewed, drave away the impudent *Valdrada*, restored her honour to Q. *Theutbergue*, & tied her marriage with an indissoluble knot. Nevertheless this judicious Lady, well forseeing that those loves (wch are re-enkindled with the fires of S. *Peters* thunders, would neither be happy nor faithful for her) saith, she was satisfied to have put her honour into safeguard, & that having observed so much evil disposition in her husband, and treachery in the world, she desired to spend the rest of her days with God. *Lotharius* was transported with joy upon this news, and addressed an humble supplication to the Pope, shewing he had obeyed his commandments; being dutifully bent to take his wife again: but since the piety of this Princess, who is not born for worldly matters, is suggested with the thought of entring into religion; it would please him to favour her generous purpose; & to give him leave to marry *Valdrada*, wch would be a means, to take away all the sin & scandal of his miserable life. The holy Father answers, that he much commended the charity he had towards Queen *Theutbergue* his spouse; but that it was fit this good affection might begin in himself, & should he throughly resolve to enter into a Monastery, the permission he required for his wife should hinder nothing. This answer confounded him, and seeing that of two wives, he was despised by the one and interdicted from the other, he lived in the world as a man without soul or contentment. Mean while, he hoped that God calling *Theutbergue*; he at least should then have all facility in his marriage with *Valdrada*: but the Pope, considering the evil practises of this lustful love wch had scandalized all Christendom, and the former usage of his wife; he let him understand that this match was for ever forbidden. Provoked desire burns to fury: and he again beginneth a most notorious whoredom, since he could not colour it with the title of marriage. Thereupon menaces & thunders from Rome follow, and the name of *Valdrada* is mentioned in all excommunications reiterated one after another. The miserable *Lotharius* seeing himself crossed by God and men, perpetually pricked with remorse of conscience, resolved to take a journey to Rome; and to present himself to *Hadrian* the second, successour of *Nicholas*, & to get his absolution, and to mediate the affair of his marriage; his heart still propending towards her, whom he so unfortunately had loved. The Pope harkened to him, and received him to penance, & disposed himself to say Mass, wherein he was fully to finish the affair of his reconciliation. When he came to the instant of Communion, he takes the venerable Hoast in his hand, and addresseth himself to King *Lotharius* and all his complices ready to communicate, and sayes to them, Sir, if it be true, that, having renounced your unchast loves, you this day do present your submissions to God and to the Church in all sincerity; cōe near, you and yours, to this blessed Sacrament with all confidence in the mercy of God; but if you still retain the old leaven of your inordinate affections, get you from the Altar both you and all those who have served you in this business, if you will not be involved in the vengeance of God. This speech was a stroke of thunder that affrighted the King and his followers, and which made many of them instantly to retire. *Lotharius* was ashamed to go back; and albeit he yet felt the flames of his love to burn in his heart; yet failed he not to pass further with his greatest intimates and friends. From that time not anyone of those who had unworthily cōmunicated, had any health; all miserably died, & the poor *Lotharius*, returning from his voyage, found the end of his life & direful passion in the city of Placentia: *Valdrada* submitting her self to a just penance obteined absolutiō from Pope *Adrian*. *Gontier* and *Theutgard* seeing thēselves deposed without hope of recovery, armed their pens against the Pope to no purpose. But afterward, *Gontier* made great submission that he might be reestablished; yet obteined not what he desired: for it was answered him that it was from respect of honour & temporal gain that all these humiliations proceeded; & therfore it were much better for him to persevere in the exercise of his penance, wch was so much the more bitter unto him for that he had in the be-

beginning of this business prostituted his Niece to King *Lotharius* under the hope of marriage, which his ambition figured to him. So true it is, that God chastiseth vice with a rod of Iron, in such as too near approach the Sanctuary.

Valdrada is not alone (among the Ladies of the old Court) who hath made her self to be talked of in so ill a sense. Love appeared as weak and shamefull in *Ogine* Queen of France, Mother of *Lewis Outremer*, who transported with foolish affection married her self to a young gallant named *Heribert*, son of him who had betrayed and imprisoned *Charls* the simple, her husband.

Annals of *France.*

5. The like passion was scandalous in the time of *Philip le Bel* in three noble Princesses married to three sons of France; who were all accused of unchastity by their own husbands, and fell into horrible disasters, to teach women of quality, in what account they ought to hold the honour of chastity.

6. But verily never any thing in this kind did equal the exorbitancy of Queen *Eleanor*; who renounced France which had eyes too chast to tolerate her disorders. She going along to the conquest of the holy land, with King *Lewis* the young, her husband, lost piety and reputation, resigning her self to the love of a Sultan Saracen, the turbant, nor dusky colour of a hideous man being able to stay the fury of her passion. She was the daughter of *William* the last Duke of *Aquitane*, who in his time was a scourge of mankinde; he alone at one meal did eat as much as eight men; and this vast body filled with wine and viands burnt like a Fornace, throwing out flames of choler and lust on all sides. S. *Bernard* knocked him down like a Boar foaming at his feet, presenting the holy Hoast before him, and by that miracle made a Hermit of him. His daughter imitating his evil habits, had no part in his conversion, living in all liberty. Which was the cause that the King, under colour of affinity, made his match with her to be broken, and restored *Guyenne* to her which she brought. This bold woman, not amazed at this divorce, espoused *Henry* of *England*, a man as passionate as she, where she found a terrible business, when (her unquiet spirit, powerfully bustling in affairs of state, and the interests of her husbands children) she saw her self shut up in a prison, where she lay for the space of fourteen years in rage and languours, which put a penance upon her more irksome to her humour, then it proved profitable to her soul.

Good God! what heavy horrours, what Tragedies, and what scourges of God do alwayes fall on sin! What a pleasing spectacle it is to see, amidst such confusions, victories gained over evil love!

The honour the *French* have borne to the virtue of Chastity.

7. It is very true, that he who would recount the remarkable acts of chastity, resplendent in the Court of *France*, and especially among Ladies, for one (who ought to be forgotten) a thousand might be found, who had lived with very singular testimonies of Integrity: but it is certain that Historians have an itch to set down mischiefs and crimes rather then virtues; which is the cause, that when so many honourable women walk in the beaten track of a well ordered life, we no more admire it then the ordinary course of the Sun: But if one step awry, all curious eyes look on her as on a star in Eclipse.

Yet in so great a negligence of Historians to write the rare effects of modesty, we do not want good arguments which testifie the love our nation hath in all ages born to purity.

8. *Nicetas* a Greek Authour (in the lamentations of the city of *Constantinople* taken by the *French*) cannot hold from admiring *Baldwin* the conqueror thereof, who, entring into a vanquished City wherein there were many beauties, never did he cast so much as one wanton glance; beginning his triumph from the victory he got over himself: and that which he practised in his own person, he caused to be exactly observed among his attendants, commanding his Heralds twice in a week to proclaim throughout the Imperial Palace, that all such as should have any ill purpose towards the chastity of Ladies, and meant to debauch the wife of another, were to take heed under grievous penalties never to lodge within the circuit of the house. Verily this is a rare example of integrity, able to shame the nobility so much defamed by giddy & base luxury, which hath blasted the lustre of its conquests, & not spared to raise up bloudy tragedies which still make Historians to lament.

9. *Clodoveus*, who brought not virginity from Paganisme, so much honoured virgins, that, in the liberty of arms, he permitted not any to touch either their bodies, or lands. He bare a singular reverence to S. *Geneviefue* who made profession of this angelical virtue; he willingly gave ear to her request, and often granted her what he had denied the greatest in his Kingdom, even to the drawing of offenders from the gates of hel, who had already the executioners ax over their heads. Baronius *ad annum.* 499.

10. *Gontranus* his grand-child made himself much worthy of praise by a notable act he did in the behalf of Chastity. It happened that in his time, one *Amalon* Count of *Champaigne* (who no more spared the honour of Virgins then his own, of which he was infinitely prodigal) caused a Virgin as fair as chaste to be taken, that he might dishonour her. Whilst he expected the success of this theft, he feasted and drank (according to his custom) immoderately. Wine, which enkindleth concupiscence, quenched it in him by reason of his excess: and whilst he more thought upon sleep then love; this poor unfortunate victim was stoln into his bed with all menaces and violences that fury could invent. The poor Virgin seeing this *Holophernes* was fast asleep, thought it were not amiss to renew the History of *Judith*, to vindicate her honour from this gulph whereinto the craft of this treacherous man had precipitated her: she takes a sword which hung at the beds-head, draweth it out of the scabbard, and gave him a wound on the head, which awakened him from this dead-sleep, and made him cry out Murder. His servants speedily ran thither, and were ready to knock down this Amazon, when the other, touched with remorse of conscience, hindred it, and gave her leisure to escape through the throng of the people. The wound (being mortal) quickly carried him out of the world, after he had had some time to detest his sin. But his kindred and allies sought for nothing but to cut this young *Judith* in pieces, who had dared to lift up a sword against a man of so eminent quality. Wherefore she had recourse to King *Gontranus*, & prostrated her self at his feet, telling him all the story which had passed between the Count & her. The King hearkned to her, and freed her, taking her into his protection, against all such as would enterprise upon her life, or honor. *Greg. Turon.* l. 9. c. 27.

11. *Lewis* the Courteous consecrated his Kingdom by the honour he gave to chastity, resolving not to enter into his father *Charlemaignes* palace, untill it was sanctified. He instantly banished thence all those plagues, which laid snares for the honour of the Princesses his sisters, replenishing his whole Royal palace with a holy odour of virtue and reputation.

12. S. *Lewis* may serve for an Example to all Princes, inasmuch as may concern the continency of the married. To banish all Love-toyes from his heart, he *Vita S. Ludovici.*

Conjugal of Chastity of S. *Lewis.*

resolved perfectly to love the Queen his wife, whom he espoused in his most tender years, & both of thē lived & conversed with so much integrity, sweetness and admiration, that one would have thought them a pair of Angels on earth. The husband secretly stole into the chamber of his dear spouse; and much he feared to be met by the Queen his mother, who seemed (to such as did not well understand her intentions) to be somewhat jealous to see them together. But to say truely, she managed these interviews in their tender youth, that their health might not be prejudiced, and their marriage might become the more fruitful. And the good King, to give her no cause of suspicion, had little dogs in the lobby of purpose that they might bark and afford him leasure to save himself and not be surprized by the diligence of *Blanch*, in the Queens chamber. His love was accompanied with so much respect & confidence, that he dispatched not any business without communicating it with her; in such sort, that when he was to conclude the conditions of his deliverance with the Saracens; he freely told them, he could not sign them without the advice of the Queen his wife, who was not far off. At which these Barbarians were much amazed; but he answered them, it only belonged to them to account their wives for slaves, and that his, was his Lady and Mistris.

13. Our most Christian King (an imitatour of S. *Lewis* in the virtue of purity) possesseth it in such a degree, that in him it more dependeth on a gift from God, then the temper of man. Praises are often given to Princes, wch are as colours in the air, and have no foundation in their merit; but this hath taken such an incorruptible root in the integrity of his manners that it will never dy; which might minister matter for me here to enlarge, had I resolved to write a Panegyrick, and not a History which treateth of things past; as Prophecy, tho se which are to come.

14. I think I have sufficiently touched in the first & second Tome the notable acts of *Charles* the Eight, and *Chevalier Bayard*; and I am confident, History will never suffer the austerities of holy K. *Robert* to dy; who to mortifie concupiscence sometimes lay on the boards the seven whole weeks before Easter.

Helgandus Monachus Floriacensis.

15. I do not account thē contemptible, who having not had the happiness to live in this great purity of S. *Lewis*, have not spared to resist love which had formerly mastred them. *Dagobert*, a young King bred in all virtue, by the care and zeal of S. *Arnold* his Tutour, took liberty in vice very irregularly, so soon as this grave directour had obtained leave to retire from the Court. There are spirits which resemble the wooden Dove of *Archytas* the Philosopher, wch flew by engines whilst they had their operation, and soared in the air; but so soon as they ceased, it trailed the wing on the earth. Such was our *Dagobert*, who perpetually having this worthy man *Arnold* by his sides; he spake as an Oracle, and lived like an Angel. There was not any thing more chast, more devout, and more affable: which was the cause his Tutour, thinking there was no more need of him about his person, urgently entreated he might be permitted to withdraw into the Country, which the King gain-said even to the expression of anger, if he spake any more of this retreat. Nevertheless, redoubling his importunities, he prevailed; and so soon as he was separated from his scholar; he, who before, was a dove with wings of silver, & who in acts of virtue took a strong and confident flight, suffered himself to fall into the mire with a scandal as shameful, as the excess was violent. Lust assaulteth, and on all sides besieges him. Licentious youth takes possession of his soul, and continually blows love and beauty into his ears. It many times hapneth that the pasions of young men which have been too severely restrained, so soō as they have found passage, do the more violently overflow, as if nature went about to take reverge upon art and precepts. They must sometime be shewed the world with contempt; they must be enured against its assaults, they must be prepared against its deceits, that they be not like foolish pigeons which have never seen any thing but suffer thēselves to be taken with the first baits. S. *Arnold*, who was a man that breathed nothing but wildernesses, in my opinion held the spirit of *Dagobert* in a life too much restrained, wch, in the first approach of liberty, flew out into most violent extravagancies. He presently took an aversion against Q. *Gomatrade* his wife, & in a liberty of doing all which flatterers told him fell to him as an inheritance; he durst to repudiate her, and take a young Lady named *Ragintrude*, whom he most affectionately loved. Lust is the throat of hell, wch never sayes, it is enough; and when shame hath no bridle to withhold it, it makes no difference between things sacred and prophane, and the greatest crimes pass with it, as matters indifferent. This love is not content with common pasion, he entreth into Cloysters, and takes a virgin out of a Monastery, who had begun to dedicate her self to God. To her he addeth many others, and makes a little Seraglio of his palace. All *France* groaned to see so sudden and deplorable a change of life in their King. S. *Arnold* is invited by some good men again to visit his young plant, & to take in hand the rains of the Kings direction, which he had forsaken, but whether he were charmed by the sweetness of his solitude, or whether he feared he should have no favourable admision after so solemn a leave; (which he with so much importunity had begged) he would not hearken to it rather choosing to send his sighs to the ears of God then the King S. *Amand* determines to undertake the matter, which he did with Eccleasiastick vigour, and a most undoubted confidence; but the sick man was too tender to endure a tongue armed with sword and fire; so far was he frō disposing himself to remedies, that he could not suffer so much as the presence of his Physician, causing him to be sent into another country. *Pepin* of Landen, who was the prime man in the Court, thought fit to instil some good counsel & sage words as occasion offered. but the King transported with the exorbitancy of his youth, told him he was a troublesom man, of whom it were fit to rid the world, since he was so hardy as to censure the innocent delights of his Master. For which cause, this great pillar of state, shaken by the storm of a violent pasiō much tottred, & was very near to have been thrown down. The Reverence wherewith his virtue was honoured, (which proceeded almost to veneration) saved him to reserve his reasons for a better disposition. During this time the Q. dieth, and the affections of *Dagobert* began to slacken either out of satiety or shame. This good Counsellour lays hold of his opportunity, & takes him on the Bias; shewing him, his honour & repose joyned with the good of the state required of him a happy posterity; and that it was a very easie matter for him, since he had honoured *Ragintrude* with his affections for her exquisite beauty and the excellent gifts wherein she surpassed, that he might take her to wife, & limit his love within lawful wedlock, wch would draw upon him the blessings of heaven, & the love of all his people. This speech happily entred into the Kings heart, and he resolved to follow the Counsel which was presented him by good a hand. He dismisseth all the women wch had tyranni-

Notable victory of *Dagobert* against love *Paulus Æmil. Haymonius*

rannized over his affection; he marrieth *Ragintrude*: and, as if in an instant some charm had been taken away; he in himself (by the hand of God) made such a change, that his life was a Rule of virtue, and his conversion, a miracle. The Court wch commonly followeth the inclinations of the Prince, took with him a quite other face; vice & vicious are thence banished, & all virtues thither brought chastity as in triumph.

Ricordus. 16. I verily think, it is many times an act as hard & heroick, to free ones self frō a miery bog wherein to one by mischance is fallen, as to live perpetually innocent. For which cause, I much esteem the resolutiō of *Philip Gods-gift*, who being in the beginning distasted with *Engelbergue* his wife, after he had repudiated her, & taken *Mary* the daughter of the Duke of *Moravia*, out of a violent affection which long had embroiled him; he was suddenly converted, and laid hold of the occasion of his salvation. The Complaints of the scandal he gave, flew to *Rome*, & returned with Censures and Thunders, *Census* and *Meilleur* (two Legates sent by the holy see) durst not touch this wound which they judged to be incurable. *Peter*, Cardinal of S. *Mary* absolutely incensed him, putting the Kingdom into interdict, and the King into despair, who vomited nought but choller and flames. Two other Legates deputed for a third trial proceeded therein with much sweetness, which so gained the soul of *Philip*, that he began to submit to reason. Yet the charms were so violent, that his reason thereby became infirm, and his constancy wavering. His business was lastly decided by a Synod, and it was dangerous lest it might stir up a storm, when this Royal heart (which was come to plead before the Council, and to dispose of his affections to the heighth of his contentment (there wanting not too men of authority who flattered his passion) was suddenly touched, takes the Queen his wife, reconcileth himself to her, sets her behind him on his horse, carries her to his Palace, and caused to be said to the Legates, and the other Prelates assembled, that they had no more to do to trouble their heads any longer about his business; for he had happily determined it. If *Henry* the eighth, King of *England*, had taken the same course; love would have been disarmed, innovations hindred, concord established, and all the disasters banished out of *England*.

Great Triumph of Philip Gods-gift over himself.

Lastly to conclude this discourse, I verily think, never woman better managed love then Queen *Blanch* mother of S. *Lewis*. She was very lovely: and among those great lights of perfection which encompassed her on all sides, she wanted not beauty, which was the cause, that continuing a widow in a flourishing age, there were Princes in her kingdom who durst promise themselves, that she would reflect on thē for a secōd marriage. Among others, the Count of Champaign proposed this good hap to himself, more then was to be believed, & ceased not to play the Courtier, even to the fitting his gallery with verses and Emblems of the Queen. This prudent widow, who had to do with great ones in the beginning of her authority of Regent, engaged not her self to any, nor did she likewise rejects their suits: but so soon as some of thē perceived she had no purpose for thē, they presently took arms to disturb the Kingdom, & lessen the authority of the young King. The Count of Champaign saw himself by necessity embarked in the faction, but he had much ado to defend himsef from the affection which possessed him for this exqnisite beauty. For which cause he pleaded like a lover, & betrayed his faction, discovering the things most important; which gave Queen *Blanch* a great light to guard her self frō the wicked enterprises of her enemies, and dissipate all factions.

Observations upon the passion of DESIRE.

Wherein we may behold the misery of ambitious and turbulent Spirits.

Marvellous effects of the passion of desire.

THe winde, which is an invisible power, and which appears before our eyes no more then nothing, maketh tall ships to move, pulleth up trees by the roots, overthroweth houses, exercising on land and sea powers too-too visible. Desires, and hopes likewise (which, to say truely, are but imaginations almost unperceivable) vex Empires, embroil States, desolate Cities and Provinces, and make havock, such, as we cannot in thought conceive, nor can our eyes ever sufficiently deplore.

It is a strange thing, that from a little fountain-head which onely distilleth drops of water, great rivers grow; and from a desire which invisibly hatcheth in the heart of man, lofty ambitions, burning avarices, and enraged covetousness proceed, which destroy mankinde.

Our first desires respect body and life, which is the foundation of all the blessings we can hope in this world; and here it is, wherein those who flourish in Empires and eminent fortunes, shew passions and care, able to make them immortal, if humane nature might reach to such a state.

Strange desire of life in Lewis the eleventh.

We all know that *Lewis* the eleventh was a Monarch, who by the greatness of his wit and power, darkned all the Kings of his time; but we likewise cannot be ignorant, that he had most ardent Passions which gave him infinite disturbances, the cōsideratiō whereof may serve great ones for the establishment of their repose. Never any man more loved life, nor more feared death, then this mighty Prince; who seeing himself laden with infirmities, and assailed by old age, (a disease incurable) employed the whole power of an ample Kingdom to hold together a poor thread of life. There was not any remedy in the world wch. he tried not; there was no secret in physick which he opened not: his profusion caused him to give a Physician 1000. crowns a month: and although this Monarch were one of the most eminent of his time, and that he sought nothing but to climb over the heads of Princes; yet he made himself a slave to *Hippocrates* his disciples, to idolatrize health. It is to be thought, if *Medea* had in his days returned into the world, he would have put himself into her hands, of purpose to wax young again, like another *Peleus*. So soon as he heard speech of a man who cured maladies by certain extraordinary wayes; needs must he come from the utmost limits of the earth: and for this cause he called S. *Francis de Paula* who drave away feavers & plagues from humane bodies with so much ease; yet could he not prolong the Kings days, whom God would punish by the privation of that he most loved. He also took the holy viol of Rhemes to keep it in his chamber, and therein to find treasures of life, which was bootless; to teach us, there is no greater a Hang-man of our hearts then inordinate ill-rectified desire. The desire of life transported him to extraordinary actions. For having been all his life time very plain in apparel, towards his latter days when he went out of his chamber, he sumptuously cloathed himself, he shuffled his officers & changed them out of a certain desire of novelty, that it might be known, he was yet alive: he cared not to be cursed, so that men believ'd him to be living. Yet, if he had done all this to lead the life of a man, and of a King with some reasonable contentment; his cares might have been the more excusable. But all this great endeavour was but to drag along a miserable life among the distrusts of his nearest allyes, among

mong jealousies of his own son, among woodden and Iron cages wherein he kept a Bishop of Verdun for the space of fourteen years, among chains and cloggs of Iron, (which he called his threads) among disconsolate sadnesses, which they sought by all means to sweeten; one while making Clowns to sport before him, another while furnishing out a musick of Hoggs, ranged under a pavillion of velvet, whith they pricked through the ears with bodkins to make them chant forth their goodly warblings. What inventions doth a passionate man finde out, to prolong his punishments!

Next unto life, the most ardent desires are for wealth and honour, which make turbulent and busie spirits to disturb the whole world, without enjoying one hour of repose. One might as soon number the stars and the sands of the sea, as reckon up the souls of this kinde, with which the Histories of all Nations are stuffed. For, in matters that concern particular ends, you on every occasion see children bandied against their Parents and Kindred in mutiny one against another, who bely their bloud, betray nature, and devour lands, bloudy and smoaking for imaginary pretensions in the matter of their inheritance.

2. But it would be very hard to finde a spirit more covetous, more factious, (and more tempestuous to encrease his estate) then was that of *Lotharius* the son of *Lewis* the Courteous: Hence it was that he shamefully degraded, shaved, and shut the King his Father in a Cloister: Hence, that he contrived so many matches, and plotted so many Conspiracies: Hence, that he levyed so many Armies, and gave so many battels: Hence, that he ransack'd so many Churches, put the Clergy to ransom, threw down Justice, and exhausted the Nobility: Hence it was, that he had alwayes an eye towards the field, and an armed hand to ruine the inheritance of his brothers: Lastly, hence proceeded that bloudy battel of Fontenay, where an hundred thousand men of account died in the place; so many rivers and seas of bloud must an outrageous ambition swim in, which is wedded to particular ends, and covetousness.

Prodigious victory which in the end *Lotharius* gained over himself after a great storm of passions; in becoming Religious.

But howsoever it were, he by an unexpected miracle became victor over these two passions, when (after he had embroiled his whole life) he was sensibly touched with a divine inspiration, and forsook the Crown of an Empire, to take that of a Cloister, changing his pride into humility, his impiety into devotion, and his ambition into penance. It it an Act which only appertaineth to a Hand wholly divine, to draw light out of a Chaos, and pull this serpent out of his cavern; but it was likewise a most incomparable happiness, to see him to dy a good Religious man at the years-end, and to receive the Crown in the beginning of the Career, although it be not likely, that those grievous sins were so soon expiated, but that a good part of them were reserv'd for purifying flames.

Shallow and Fantastick ambitions.

3. For as much as concerneth the diversity of ambitions, there are some shallow and fantastick which resemble that of a silly Trades-man in *Constantinople*, who gave all the wealth he had gathered in his whole life, that he might (but so much as one hour) wear the Crown on his head, and play a King of the Cards on a stage, where he was used with all manner of scorn: Even so many Courtiers suffer themselves desperately to run into certain barren vanities, busying themselves about Genealogies, Marriages, Extractions, right and left Lines; to finde, in the Ashes of *Troy* the great, an ally of their bloud, and to make themselves diadems in picture.

Codinus in Eclog.

Lucianus in Peregrino.

Others are a little *Hyposondriack*, and have humours not unlike those of *Peregrinus*, who presented a Letter of challenge in a great assembly of Grecians, inviting all the world to come and see him burn alive, wherein he failed not, throwing himself into the fire to gain the glory of a generous man. All our Gladiatours are in this state, who desire to make themselves famous by infamous Duels, and have a greater appetite to live in the fantasie of men (such as themselves) then in their own bodies.

The ambitions of Ecclesiasticks and Religious much more subtle.

4. There are other covert desires of honour which sleep in the bosom of men consecrated to God, and enkindle their flames with the fire of the Incensory, which are much more subtle, and which devour, as fire from heaven.

Clodielde daughter of King *Caribert*, a Religious woman, raiseth many troubles by her ambition.

5. This was verified under the reign of *Clotharius* in the person of *Clodielde* a religious woman of the Monastery of St. *Croffe* of Poictiers. She was daughter of *Caribert*, and following the example of the Queen St. *Radegonde*, she had generously despised the world, to take a husband in the house of God: But, as these kind of persons are commonly treated with much honour and fair entertainment; their passions sleep like the silk-worm foulded up in its threads, which in the end breaks its prison, becomes a butterfly, and flies aloft in the air.

She had a violent desire to hold the highest place, and to yield to none, as far as her power would extend. She patiently enough endured S. *Radegonde*, because she had been a Queen: but so soon as death had closed up her eyes, and that she saw, without any regard had of Royal bloud, *Leuboese* was chosen and confirmed for Abbess of the Monastery; she brake her bands of silk, which so tenderly tied her to the Cross, awakened all her sleeping passions, took the wings of such an exorbitant ambition, that having opened the locks, & broken open the doors, she went out accompanyed with *Basines* her Cousin and forty others, Religious Libertines, to provide for her self at Court, and to procure to be chosen Abbess.

The good S. *Gregory* of *Tours* relateth, that she coming unto his City throughly wet, and much tired with her journey, besought him to take her and her virgins into his protection, against the violences of the Abbess of Poictiers, who had treated her with all manner of indignity. She added that for this purpose she was going to the Court, and prayed him, that expecting her return, he would be pleased according to usual charity to provide for the entertainment of all her religious women. The good Bishop, who was very busie about his studies, and the function of his charge, would not undertake the trouble of maintaining so many virgins, which he feared as much as a vast army; but entertained her very canonically, saying he could not approve her going forth, & that if she were offended with her Abbess, she ought not therefore to forsake her Monastery without leave; but peaceably to inform *Moroveus* the Bishop, who, by the obligation of his place, was to order all their differences. She, who would not hear speech of this man, answered; He marred all, and that order cannot be expected from the Authour of disorder; so that, seeing S. *Gregory* nothing disposed to feed so many mouths; she provided elsewhere, and went directly to her Uncle King *Gontran*, leaving all her religious under the charge of *Basines*. *Gontran* received her very courteously, as his niece, and gave her many gifts; but, having well considered her business, he would not meddle with it, saying, It was an Ecclesiastical affair; and that he would recommend it to the Bishops of the Province; which he most exactly did, without prescribing them any thing to the prejudice of right, or the dishonour of their dignity. *Clodielde* thereupon returning to *Tours* found her sisters much impaired,

impaired, and knew, by experience that religious women dissolve in secular life, as salt in water, although thence it took its original. They were so chargeable to all, but especially to S. *Gregory*, that he prayed and made vows for their departure, which caused them to hasten their retreat to Poictiers, where instead of entring into the Abbey, they withdrew into the Church of Saint *Hilary*.

In the end, *Godegesillus* Archbishop of Bourdeaux arrived with his Suffragans, to decide the matter: but these Mistrisses (who had good noses, smelling that this assembly was not to favour their faction) levied a regiment of souldiers to defend them, of which they make *Childeric* to be the Captain; a wicked & a most resolute fellow, who failed not to be well followed, such store there was of Frizlers and effeminate youngsters who put themselves into this army of women. The Bishops failed not to march directly towards them, accompanied with the Clergy, and a great multitude of people, to summon them to re-enter into the Monastery; but this Amazon instantly commanded her souldiers to strike, which they did with so much violence, that the Crosiers and banners seeing themselves so unexpectedly charged, began to totter; the Bishops, Priests and Deacons fled: there was a general dissipation of the people, and many were wounded in the place, the Church it self being stained with humane bloud. *Crodielde* running on to the higest degree of insolency, as if she had been puffed up with her victory, entreth into the Monastery with her Hacksters, & takes her Abbess, who is dragged by the hair, used with all hideous extremities, and confined to a prison. She caused all the religious women to come who had opposed her, she torments them with sundry tortures, layes hold of the Charters, seizeth on all the papers, maketh her self Abbess; and bearing a barbarous soul in the heart of a woman, exerciseth rigours and cruelties which struck horror into all the world. The Bishops had no other defence, but the Thunders of Excommunication, of which these creatures, abandoned by God, made very little account. *Macon* Governour of Poictiers was entreated to use a strong hand, but he excused himself, saying, he would not contend with the daughter of a King, without commission. But it was not fit, matters should so continue; and honest men unable any longer to see the Church groan under an unheard of Tyranny, implore by most humble supplications the aid of three Kings, *Clotharius*, *Gontran*, and *Childebert*, who being sensibly touched with these disorders, gave large Commissions, power, aud commandment to Governours to assist the Bishops of Tours, Colen, and Poictiers, who were appointed to determine this difference. Order is at this time well observed, Justice is there supported by force: the gallants, who had adhered to the faction of the Nuns, scatter under the terrour of arms & Royal authority. This Empress of Rebels is taken, and carried to the Council to give an account of her deportments. She comes thither in an audacious manner: retaining still some-thing of her arrogancy and insupportable haughtiness, even in her depression; and after she had employed arms, she skirmisheth, what she could, with her tongue; which was by falling on the life and manners of her Abbess, whom she accused of many trifling things, reproaching her (among other points) to have made a garment for her niece of a Cope taken out of the Treasury of the Church, which was false; to have caused secular persons to eat at her Table, to have a bath in the Monastery and to play at Chess. For this required to have her deposed, that she might be put in her place: wherein it plainly appeareth, that ambition is not only furious, but blinde in its fury. She who swallowed Camels, maketh an anatomy of a fly: she who was defiled with the crimes of Tyrants, reprehendeth slight recreations which had been permitted under the government of S. *Radegonde*. The Abbess replyed very modestly to all her objections, and made her innocency appear as bright as the rayes of the Sun, whereupon she was re-established with honour and applause in her dignity; & the other condemned to ask her pardon, and to submit to her commands: To which she stoutly answered, she would never do it, and that they should rather advise upon the means of putting the Abbess to death, then to use her in such sort. But she persisting in this obduratenes is again deprived of the communion of the Church, separated from all her complices who are placed in diverse Monasteries there to do penance: yet she still finding herself to be supported by some, by reason of her noble extraction, on a time stole her self from the just punishment of evil carriage, and fled with her Cousin to *Childebert's* Court, where being not able any longer to raise storms, she was constrained to be quiet, rather for want of force, then through the defect of courage. One may by this proceeding see the Tempests which arise from ill rectified desires, when they are underpropped by some manner of power, and that there is nothing so sovereign, as in their root to mortifie them.

Ambitions which bud in hearts of base extraction are most insolent. The example of a Chirurgion of S. *Lewis* wisely repressed and chastised by the prudence and justice of *Philip* the 3 King of *France*.

5. But they never are so insolent, as when they bud in the hearts of people of base extraction, who behold themselves unexpectedly raised to some extraordinary favour.

S. *Lewis* had taken into his friendship his Chirurgion named *Peter la Brosse*, because, besides the experience he had in his profession, he had made himself praise-worthy for the goodnes of his wit and great loyalty. This favour mounted much higher under *Philip* the third, successour of S. *Lewis*: for he not content to honour this man with a particular affection; bestowed benefits upon him with such an inestimable profusion, that he raised him to the dignity of Chamberlain, and conferred honours and largesses upon all his kindred. This fellow, seeing the young King had not the moderation of the father, to proportion his affections to his reputation and the good of his state, usurped upon his spirit, entred into all his secrets, and needs would intermeddle in State affairs, from which his birth and the much limited capacity of his wit ought to have deterred him.

The King had in a second wedlock married a most virtuous Princess, *Mary* of *Brabant*, who held in his heart that place which the Law of God and the Sacrament of Marriage gave her. It is a wonder, how this child of the earth entreth hereby into jealousies, and thought the tender affections of the King towards his dearest spouse might lessen the good favours of his Master, whom he was desirous to possess in the title of a Sovereign.

He sought to cast the apple of discord into so happy a marriage: &, seeing this knot could not be broken but with much labour, having a soul fold to Iniquity, it is thought he found means to poyson *Lewis* eldest son of *Philip*, and of *Isabel* his first wife. This young Prince is by a sudden death taken away to the infinite grief of all the Court: Physicians being consulted with upon it, judge his life was shortned by poyson, not knowing the authour of so detestable a crime. The wicked man in the mean time gives close counter-blows, and under-hand fixeth this suspicion upon the innocent Queen. And, albeit, her behaviour (which did print innocency on the mild aspect of her face)

face) sufficiently freed her before all good men; yet the interest which commonly step-mothers have in the death of their husbands children, and the subtle slights of this devil (who coloured the matter with zeal of publick good) began to blemish a life which was as free from stains, as the brightest stars. The King is already half wavering, but loath to precipitate any thing in an affair of such importance, he resolved to consult with the Oracles of that time, & to have recourse to the lights of heaven, since they on earth were eclipsed. There was in those dayes a religious woman in *Flanders*, who was thought to be endowed with the spirit of Prophesie, and to tell the most hidden things; to whom he resolved to send the Abbot of S. *Denis* to satisfie him in the truth of the fact. *La Brosse*, who expected a more speedying dispatch upon his informations, began to be troubled, and fearing this Propheteſs might marr all, so wrought, that the Bishop of *Bayeux* his kinsman agreed with the Abbot to undertake the journey of *Flanders* with him. He being very subtle, sought to prevent the Virgin, & to accommodate her to his likings, wherein he could not prevail according to his wicked purpose; and it is likewise thought, she let him see presumptions pregnant enough against *La Brosse* his kinsman. But he, surprizing her by way of conscience enjoyned her silence, saying, It was not fit for her to speak, since her speech might peradventure be the cause of the death of a man whom she could not expose to this danger without mortal sin. The Abbot, being come to acquit himself of his Cōmission, found her wholly reserved, and could get nothing out of her, which made him to suspect some deceit. Both of them returned to the Court where the Bishop, being questioned by the King concerning his proceedings, saith, the religious woman had told him things under the secret of Confession, which was not fit for him to reveal. To which *Philip* readily replyed, that he sent him not to hear her Confession, but to know the revelations she had from God in the discharge of Innocents. The Abbot said aloud, he well perceived there was jugling in the Bishops proceeding, and that he went not sincerely to work, which was the cause that a second Embassage was appointed to this religious creature, whereof *Theobald* Bishop of *Dol* and *Arnulph* a Knight of the Templars, had the Cōmission, & they so wel understood how to handle the matter, that she spake in these tearms. *Tell the King, If any one hath spoken to him in an ill sense of the Queen his wife; let him not believe it: for she is truly, and sincerely good, and cordially faithfull towards him and his; her virtue cannot be obscured by the darkness of Calumny.* This answer cured *Philip's* mind in the matter of suspicion against *Mary*, and turned it upon his bad servants, although the want of proofe permitted him not, to hazard the punishment was due to them.

But God, who draweth brightness out of the bosom of darkness, discovered the mischief of *La Brosse* by a notable accident. One of his trusty friends passing by the Abbey of S. *Peter* at *Melun* is surprized by a sharp sickness; which made him think upon his last passage by the assistance of good Religious men of that Monastery; and finding himself touched to the quick with remorse of conscience, he declared his crime, and gave a little Casket to a Religious man who heard his Confession, charging him to give it to the King with his own hands, and to no other; which he very faithfully did; and when they had opened this box of *Pandora*, there were discovered all the mischiefs and practises of *La Brosse*, and his hopes to be dissolved. For he was presently put in prison and brought to his triall, which was followed by a Sentence that condemned him to be hanged and strangled on a gallows of Felons. Here it was where the ambitious desires of this disloyal soul were to determine, who found that worldly fortunes in which God is not, are gross smoaks that produce nought but tempests.

The *French* revengers of ambition.

6. To conclude; we finde (in the last order) bloudy and furious ambitions which cause revolutions of Empire, and shake the pillars of the earth: *Nicetas* observeth one very terrible, wherein the *French* were witnesses, arbitratours, and revengers.

During the expedition they made in the Land under *Philip Gods-gnift*, there appeared a strange accident, and a horrible confusion in the state of the Eastern Empire. *Isaac Comnenus*, who held the reins of the Empire, is menaced much misery by his neareſt allies, and those whom he had advanced to the greatest dignities. He thereupon consulteth with a South-sayer, who, amōg popular spirits; was in great reputation, but who, according to the opinion of *Nicetas*, was a cheating Impostor that sought to pass for a Prophet, although his words consisted of a thousand falshoods. The Emperour with much courtesie having saluted him; he disposed himself to leap, and to expreſs postures which savoured more of a man possessed and frantick, then of a Prophet: notwithstanding, without saying any thing else, he threw his staffe at the Emperours Image, and (for an ill presage) put out the the eyes of it. *Isaac Comnenus*, making no account hereof contemneth the South-sayer & in few dayes is deprived of the Empire and of his eyes (by a horrible conspiracy of *Alexius* his neareſt kinsman) and in this condition confined to a loathsome prison all the rest of his life. The tyrant (who had put out his eyes) takes his bloudy spoil, and finding no resistance, possesseth himself of the throne of *Constantinople*.

The furious ambition of *Alexius* (the Tyrant of *Greece*) punished by the valour and Justice of the *French*.

Alexis, son of the Emperour made blinde, escaped out of the chains and hand of the parricide his uncle, and goes to the *French* Camp, where he made a lamentable narration of his disasters. He prayes, he beseecheth, he conjureth these brave Conquerours by all things the most sacred, to take pity upon a miserable Emperour, and to succour his father against the most execrable treachery that ever was practised in the world, saying, It onely belongeth to them to trample dragons and monsters under-foot. Besides the glory of this action; he promiseth them wonders, arms, ships, munition, to advance the design they had for the conquest of the holy Land. The *French* were divided in opinion upon this business: some desiring to pursue their journey, others judging this occasion well-deserved to stay them; there being not any actions in the world more glorious, then to do justice to the afflicted, dispossess bloudy usurpers of Empires, and to restore true Kings into that rank which nature and the consent of people had given them. This Faction carried it, and ours, using the advantage which their first servours afforded them, put themselves presently in a readiness to take *Constantinople*. One who should well weigh the exploits of arms they did in six days, would think their army had consisted of Giants, who bare Mountains and piled them one upon another to over-look the strongest Citadels in the world. What they did exceedeth ordinary prodigies and will scarcely find credit with posterity. Two thousand foot, separated from the rest of the army, aided onely by five hundred horse, entred into a City wherein there were threescore thousand horse, and four hundred thousand souls able to bear arms. This so filled minds with terrour, that the tyrant, as timorous in warr as he had been violent

in peace, leaves his place without resistance, & putting his richest treasures into covert, he goes to Sea, in an instant to change a great Empire into banishment.

He went out at one gate, and young *Alexis* entred in by the other, causing his troops to march in good order, and was with applause received by the chief Citizens, who had used much compassion in the afflictions of his Father. There was then seen a strange alteration, when they went to take this poor blind Emperour out of prison, to carry him in triumph to his throne: he thought himself a sleep and in a dream, and imagined it so sweet, that he in his blindness feared the day-light. He learned from his son all the success of this negotiation, and the valorous atchievements of the *French*. He knew not what he should believe, what he might hope, nor what to admire. A world of wonders overwhelm his mind; and more then ever he bewaileth the loss of his eys, to behold himself bereft of the sight of these incomparable men who seemed to be sent from Heaven.

Finally, he saith, he is satiated with Empire and worldly greatness, and that he putteth all his state into the hands of his son. His son embraceth him with all unexpressable tenderness, calling him his Lord and Father, and protesting he will not intermeddle with any thing of the Empire but the cares, whilest he liveth, leaving the dignity to his discretion who had given him birth.

The Father, on the other side, answered, that the piety of his son was more to him then all Empires, and that he hereafter should repute himself the happiest man in the world, being enlightned by the rays of such virtue, in the deprivation of temporal light. This was an admirable strife, which made it appear, that if there be impetuous desires in the Courts of great men, there are likewise sometimes to be found moderations, which surpass all mens imagination. I am not ignorant *Nicetas* saith, that this affection afterward turned into jealousie: but we must note this Authour is passionate against *Alexis* and his father, by reason of the amity he contracted with strangers. The *French* judged it fit that the son should reign by the authority of the father, and in respect of his infirmities, take the whole government of the State into his hand, which he did, & all seemed to prosper in his beginnings; when, after the retreat of ours, who had made havock enough in the City, out of the liberty of arms: rebels stirred, who put the whole City into combustion, exciting it against the young Emperour, and saying, that under pretext of publick good, he had called in strangers to the saccage of his Country, which made him unworthy both of Empire and life. The conspiring was so violent, that *Alexis*, having no leisure to look about him, was betraied by one of his intimate friends named *Mursuflus*, who, pretending to put him into a place of safety, threw him into an ugly dungeon, where, twice having tried to put him to death by poyson, and seeing his plot succeeded not: he out of a horrid baseness caused him to be strangled. Deceitful felicities of the world! True turrets of Fayeries, which are only in imagination! Where shall your allurements prevail from henceforth.

The poor Father, hearing the death of his son, and the sudden alteration of affairs, saith;

Good God! to what calamity do you reserve my wretched old age? I have consummated evils, and evils have not yet ended me. I am now but a rotten trunk deprived of vigour, and the functions of life: and if I have any feeling, it is only of my miseries. Take this soul which is on my lips, and which is over-toiled with worldly Empires, and put it in a place where it may no longer fear either hostilities or treasons. Ah! poor son, thou art passed away like froth on the water, and Fortune did not raise thee within the imaginary circuit of her Empire, but to cast thee down headlong. I bewail not my blindness, it is the happiest of my evils, since it bereaves me the aspect of the horrible accidents which by heap pass through my ears. Dear son! thou hast out-stripped me; but, I follow thee with a confident pace into the shades of death, which shall for me hereafter be the best of lives.

He gave up the ghost in these anguishes, whilest the City of *Constantinople* was divided by a thousand factions, & turmoiled with fatal convulsions wch ministred matter of presage of the change of Empire.

The people weary of the government of the Angels (whose names were *Isaac* and *Alexis*) had already chosen one called *Canabus*, a man before unknown, who was quickly put down by the power and violence of *Mursuflus*. He was a Prince arrogant, incontinent, and more cunning then prudent; who kept not long that Scepter which he by such wickedness had usurped. For, scarcely two months and a half were past, but that the *French* returned, and besieged *Constantinople* which the new tyrant had already very well fortified. But the *Grecians* then were so cowardous and affrighted, that they made very little resistance, and flew before the *French*, and other *Western* and *Northern* people, as before so many Giants. *Mursuflus*, as faint-hearted in peril, as he had been adventrous to commit a treason, puts himself upon the Sea to fly into *Morea*; but is taken and slain by the Divine Vengeance, which perpetually hath an armed hand over furious and bloody ambitions. The City and Empire of *Constantinople* yield in the end to the *Western* power: and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders* is chosen Emperour by the consent of all the Army. *Nicetas* a *Greek* Authour, who lived at that time, deploreth this change with the Lamentations of *Jeremy*. But it was God's judgment, who would purifie the *Eastern* Throne defiled by so many wicked actions, making a Prince so chast to sit thereon, that *Nicetas* himself is enforced to praise and admire his singular continency, as I have observed in my first Treatise.

Throughout all these Discourses we now see how the desires of the ambitious are chastised, and how their hopes being vain, their joys are likewise short and unhappy.

7. Historians give most of our Kings this praise; that they never had turbulent and troublesom spirits; but loved Peace and maintained Justice. Moderation of the Kings of *France*.

The History of the Fathers of the *West* assures us, that in the general combustion of Wars between the *French* and the *English*, there was a good Hermite named *John of Gaunt*, who ceased not to beseech heaven to quench the fire of these fatal Divisions, and that he was sent by God to mediate peace between the two Kings.

He first went to our *Charles* the Seventh, whom he found infinitely disposed to all the conditions of a good Peace, and this gave him occasion to promise him infinite many benedictions from heaven, that he should have a Son (successour of his Estates) to crown his Felicities: which happened to him (as being a voice from God, and an Oracle of Truth.) But when the Religious man came to the King of *England*, he would in no sort hearken to him, but caused him to be used in a manner unworthy his person, which drew the anger of God upon his Kingdom, and occasioned him great calamities.

This subject is so plentiful, that I am willing to abbreviate it, ambitious desires being so frequent, that they have more need to be corrected, then sought into.

Observations upon ANGER *and* REVENGE.

BEhold here the Paſſion from whence ſparkles, flames, and coals proceed, which make horrible havock, unleſs Grace and Reaſon cauſe ſome temper.

There is not any devil more familiar in Court, more injurious to civil converſation, more pernicious to States, then Choler and Revenge. Pride, which is born with the moſt eminent conditions, nouriſheth it, flatterers enkindle it, inſolent tongues ſharpen it, fire and ſword end it.

In ſome it is haughty and cruel; as it appeared in *Dagobert*, a young Prince, ſon of *Clotharius* the Second, who in his tendreſt years, had (I know not what) of ſalvage in him, which ſavoured of the manners of Paganiſme, or the humours of his Grandmother *Fredegonde*; albeit, he afterward gained victories over himſelf. The King his Father had appointed him two Governours; *Arnold*, to rectifie his manners; *Sadrageſillus*, to breed him up to Arms and Court-like behaviour. The firſt governed him like the Sun; the ſecond, as the Nothern-wind.

Aymonius l. 4. *P. Æmilius.* Annals of *France.*

The one inſinuated himſelf with much ſweetneſs; the other undertook him with too proud and arrogant an approach, which in him rather cauſed Averſion, then Inſtruction. From whence it came to paſs, that he being one day invited to the Princes table, where he did eat apart, as the Kings ſon; he placed himſelf right over againſt him, took *Dagoberts* glaſs and drank to him: wherewith he was ſo deſperately offended, that inſtantly he fell upon him, and taking a knife on the table, cut off his beard, and moſt contemptuouſly diſfigured him.

Choler of *Dagobert* ſomewhat rough.

Sadrageſillus, in this plight, preſented himſelf to King *Clotharius*, who was likewiſe enraged, and cauſed his Son to be purſued, commanding his Guard to apprehend him: but he ſaved himſelf in the Sanctuary of *Montmartre* under the protection of S. *Denis*, until his fathers anger was pacified, who ſpared not to give him a ſharp reprehenſion, and to raiſe *Sadrageſillus* to great dignities, to take away the acerbities of the affront he had received.

Another time, S. *Arnold* asking leave of the ſame *Dagobert* to retire from Court, out of the deſire he had to paſs the reſt of his dayes in ſweet ſolitude; the King many times denied him: and he growing a little earneſt in a good cauſe; he furiouſly draws forth his ſword; threatning to kill him if he perſiſted in this requeſt. A Lord there preſent ſtayed the blow, and the Queen, ſhewing her husband the unworthineſs of his Choler, ſo gained him, that he came to himſelf, gave his Maſter full ſatisfaction and permitted him to go whither he thought good, moſt affectionately recommending his perſon and ſtate to him.

Seneca hath well ſaid, that Choler was not a ſign of a courageous but a ſwoln ſpirit: as it by experience appeared in *Dagobert* who was little war-like. For, being but in one piece of ſervice againſt the *Saxons*, where he received a very ſlight hurt; he made ſo many ceremonies about it, that he ſent a lock of his bloudy hair to his father to implore his aid. It is true that this Prince, being in his youth a little unruly, harkened afterward to the good reaſons of his Council, and became very temperate.

Generous anger of King *Clotharius.*

2. There are Martial angers which are generous and bold, when a heart upon a good occaſion is inflamed to the avengement of ſome Injuſtice; as it happened to *Clotharius* the ſecond, who coming to ſuccour his ſon *Dagobert* preſently appeared marching along the Rhine, & made himſelf remarkable by a notable head of hair: whereupon, *Bertrand*, Captain of the *Saxons*, darting ſome inſolent words at him; the King ſuddenly paſſed the river with great danger of his perſon, obſerveth his enemy, purſues him, ſtrikes him down from his horſe, and cuts off his head, which he fixed on the top of a lance, to fill the *Saxon* Army with terrour. Thus ſhould the anger of a great Prince be bent againſt proud and unjuſt adverſaries, not againſt his own Subjects. This ſpur hath ſometimes added valour to the ſweeteſt natures; witneſs *Charles* the Simple, who ſeeing that *Robert* had gathered together a huge army of Rebels againſt him, paſſed the river of *Aiſne* to charge him; and the other putting himſelf into a readineſs to reſiſt him, animating his own ſide, and braving in the head of his army; *Charles* looked him in the face, as the Butt againſt which he ſhould unburden all his gall, ſpurs forward directly towards him, and ſo ſucceſſully hits him with a thruſt of his lance in the mouth, that he tore out his tongue and killed him.

Valour of *Charles* the Simple.

3. Yet Choler is extremely dangerous in matter of Arms, eſpecially in things where ſome reſolution is to be taken with counſel and maturity. For it troubleth the art (ſaid an Antient) and many times cauſeth errours irreparable.

The paſſion of anger is very prejudicial to Military art in a General.

This is but too much verified in the fatal day of *Creſcy-field*, where *Philip* of *Valois*, one of the moſt valiant Monarchs which ever handled Sceptre, gave battel to *Edward* King of *England*. The *Engliſh* Army bravely encamped, heard Maſs, leiſurely took its repaſt, and coolely expected the enemy, to fight with firm footing: at which time, our *Philip* animated with anger, and above all, fearing leaſt the *Engliſh* might eſcape him, haſtned his Army what he could, cauſing it to march, and tyring it out on the day of battel. The Monk *Baſelus*, a man well experienced in feats of arms, ſhewed him, it were much better to expect till morning: on which he ſeemed to be reſolved; but this Choler had already put fire into his ſouldiers: and although ſome cried out, *Stay, Enſign-bearers*; yet thoſe who marched before; were ſo afraid to be out-gone by them who followed, that they had not the patience. When they came to join battel, the *Genoway* Archers who were in the *French* Army, proteſted aloud, they were not able to do their duty, and inſtantly diſbanded; whereupon the King grew into a freſh anger, and commanded to cut them in pieces, which with all poſſible violence was executed; ours being cruelly bent to devour their members, whilſt the arrows of the enemy fell upon them like hail, and the horſe gauled with ſhot, horribly neighing, ran away with their riders, and all the place was covered with dead bodies. This trouble of mind coſt the loſs of a battel, wherein (*Froiſſard* ſaith) were eight *French* againſt one *Engliſh*-man, and thirty thouſand men (where among others, the King of *Bohemia*, and *Charles* Count of *Alencon* the Kings brother) were ſlain in the place. Behold the diſaſters of an ill-governed Paſſion, which is never well known but by the experience of its miſery.

Philip of *Valois*, a great and a generous King loſeth a battel, out of a peeviſh humour of anger.

4. There are other nice and haughty Cholers, which are brought forth in the Curioſities of an imperious life, as it happened to many Emperours who took a glory in being angry, and to make their bruſtineſs famous by bloudy effects. *Bajazet* ſhewing one day the pleaſure of hawking to the Count of *Nevers*, cauſed almoſt two thouſand Falconers to be killed, for a hawk which had not flown well. He well deſerved to be ſhut up in a cage (as he was afterward) for ſporting with ſuch prodigality with humane

Barbarous anger of *Bajazet.*

humane bloud. It is much more intolerable, when Christian Princes flie out, as did *Lewis* the young, (who being offended by *Theobald* Count of *Champaigne*) entred into his territory, and made strange spoil, even to the setting of the great Church of *Vitry* a fire, and therein burning fifteen hundred men, who fled into it as into a Sanctuary. But this enraged Passion knew no distinction between sacred and prophane, and the confusion of this fancy confounded heaven and earth. Good French men abhorred an act so barbarous and S. *Bernard* (who then flourished) made the thunders of Gods judgments to roar in the Kings ear, wherewith he was so terrified, that re-entring into himself, he fell into a deep melancholy, which caused his mind to make a divorce from all worldly joyes, wherewith he became so dejected, that he was like to die, had not S. *Bernard* sought to cure the wound he gave, shewing that the true penitent ought to be sad without discomfort; humble, without sottishness; timorous, without despair: and that the grief of his fall should not exclude the hope of his rising again.

Lewis the Young admonished by S. *Bernard*, chastiseth himself for his anger) by sadness and penance.

But they are more tolerable who punish themselves with their own choler, as *H.* King of *England*, that bit his lips, gnashed his teeth, pulled off his hair, threw his bed and cloaths on the ground, eat straw and lay, to express his impetuous passion.

5. They who are arrogant, and given to contemn and flout others, draw fire and poison on their heads when they assail impatient natures, which have not learnt to feed themselves with affronts and injuries.

Danger of scoffing. *Polydor. Virg. l. 9.*

A word flying like a spark of fire raiseth flames; which are not quenched but with great effusion of bloud. *Philip* the First, hearing that *William the Conquerour*, who was very gross, would not suffer any man to see him, by reason of a corporal infirmity; It is no wonder (saith he) if this big man be in the end brought a bed. This being told to the other, who was of a capricious spirit, he protested he would rise from his child-bed, but with so many torches and lights, that he would carry fire into the bosome of *France*. And verily he failed not therein, and in this fury so heated himself, that he died in proper flames. A man hath little to do to enkindle a War at the charge of so many lives, for a jest, a cold countenance, a letter not written obsequiously enough, for a word inconsiderate.

William the Conquerour of *England*, very suspicious.

6. The *Flemings* were to blame, when revolted against *Philip* of *Valois*; they out of derision called him *The found King*, and advanced a great Cock on their principal standard, the device whereof was, that when he should crow, the Found King should enter into their city. This so exasperated his great courage that he waged them a battel, and with such fury defeated them, that *Froissard* assureth, that of a huge army of Rebels, there was not one left who became not a victime of his vengeance. *Lewis Outre-mer* was detained prisoner at *Roan*, for having in his anger spoken injuriously against *Richard*, the young Duke of *Normandy*. And *Francis* the First ruined all his affairs, for having handled *Charles* Duke of *Bourbon* with some manner of indignity, therein complying with the humour of the Queen his Mother.

History of *Froissard*. The scoffs of certain rebellious Flemings severely punished by the generosity of *Philip* of *Valois*.

7. The Anger of potent women is (above all) dreadfull, when they are not with-held by considerations of conscience, because they have a certain appetite of revenge, which exceedeth all may be imagined. Queen *Eleonor*, wife of *Lewis* the young who had as violent a spirit as ever animated the body of a woman, seeing her self repudiated by her husband, albeit upon most just reason, conceived such rage and fury against *France*, that being afterward remarried to *Henry* of *England*, she incessantly stirred up all the powers of that Kingdom to our ruin, and sowed the first seeds of war, which the continuance of 300 years, which, an infinite number of fights and battels, which, the reverence due to Religion, the knot of mutual Alliances, and Oath interposed in sixscore Treatises, could not wholly extinguish.

Anger of women.

Queen *Eleanor* an enemy of *France*.

Du Plein Annals of *France*.

8. There are other angers free and simple, which proceed from an indiscreet goodness, but which fail not to occasion much evil to themselves, when they assail eminent and vindicative people. It was the misery of poor *Enguerrand* of *Marigny*, who having governed the *Finances* under *Philip the Fair* (and afterward seeing himself persecuted by *Charles* of *Valois* unkle of *Lewis Hutin* heir of a Crown) was transported with so much heat, that it cost him his life.

Anger out of simplicity many times cause hurt for a word too free, witness that of *Enguerrand*.

For this Prince sharply asking an account of him of the treasures of the deceased King; he freely answered, *It is to you (Sir) I have given a good part of them, and the rest hath been employed in the Kings affairs.* Whereupon *Charles* giving him the lie, the other transported with passion, had the boldness to say unto him, By God, It is you your self Sir. This reply being of it self very insolent, and spoken at a time when all conspired to his ruine, sent him to the Gallows of Mountfaucon, which he had caused to be built in his greatest authority. Men cold, and well acquainted with affairs, who commonly think much, never speak ill of them that can hurt them.

9. All these extravagancies which we have produced, have proceeded from fervour; but there are others cold, and malign, as are Aversions and Hatred, which are no other then inveterate and hardened angers, so much the more dangerous as they proceed from a spirit more deep, and are plotted with more time and preparation.

So did *Lewis* the Eleventh who had many Labyrinths in his heart wherein he kept his revenges, and oftentimes took delight to send them abroad with ceremony and pomp, to take the more pleasure in them. So soon as he was King, he set himself to revenge his injuries, as if power given from heaven ought to be an instrument of passion He persecuted a good subject which was the Count of *Dammartin*) for no other crime, but for having obeyed and executed the order of *Charles* the Seventh who had sent him into *Daulphine*, to stop *Lewis* who then turmoiled and perplexed the King his father. He prevented this plot, and fled into *Flanders*; yet ceased he not afterward to hate this good servant; and albeit he prostrated himself at his feet, praying him to forget what was past; yet he caused his process to be made in Parliament, upon accusations, which did more manifest the Passion of the King, then any crime in the life of the Count. Notwithstanding, the close practise was so great that he was condemned to death: and although *Lewis*, terrified by his own Conscience and the general opinion, would not have it to proceed any further; yet he confined him to the Bastile, where he had spent the rest of his dayes if he had not found means to save himself. But whom would he spare who put away and deprived of Office his best servants, for having hindred him during his sickness to come near unto a Window, out of the care they had of his health? This passion was a Devil in the heart of this Prince, which made him odious to many, and filled his whole life with disturbance and acerbity.

Aymonius. l. 5. c. 9.

10. A revengefull spirit spares nothing to please it self, and oft-times openeth precipices to fill them with death and ruine. It is a strange thing, that one sole Abbot of Saint *German de Prez* named *Gaulin*, had

Wicked revenge of an Abbot, and of *John Trochyas* against the French.

Wicked revenge of an Abbot, and of *John Prochytas* against the *French*.

had almost ruined the whole Kingdom of *France*, for having been bereaved of an Abbacy. He many years revolved his revenge, and after the death of *Lewis le Begue* (under whom he had received the injury which he proposed to himself) he went to *Lewis* the *German*, whom he inflamed with so much cunning to the conquest of the Kingdom of *France*, that he set a huge Army on foot to surprize the heir of the Crown in the confusion of his affairs: and the trouble was so great, that needs must *Lorraigne* be cut off from the Kingdom of *France*, to give it to this Conquerour.

So did *John Prochytas* the *Sicilian*, who (having been deprived of his estate by *Charles* of *Anjou*) conceived a mortal enmity against the *French*, which made him contrive that bloody Tragedy of *Sicilian Vespers*. This unfortunate man, disguising himself in the habit of a *Franciscan*, went to *Peter* of *Arragon*, to shew him the means how to invade *Sicily*: and seeing that he, and his wife Queen *Constance*, bent all their endeavour thereto, he ceased not to stir up the Country, where he had much credit, and used so many engines, that in the end he caused one of the most horrible massacres which was ever projected. On an *Easter*-day, in the time of Vespers, the *French* had all their throats cut throughout the Island of *Sicily*. No age, sex, condition, nobility, nor religious, were spared. The black spirit of the Abyss drew men from the Altar to run to the sword, which they indifferently thrust into the bosom of their guests: nor were so many crys & lamentations, nor such images of death flying before their eys, able to wound their hearts w^ch^ one sole touch of compassion w^ch^ useth to move the most unnatural. Rage (blown by the breath of the most cruel furies of hell) made them to open the bellies of women, and to dig into their entrails to tear thence little Infants conceived of *French* blood. It caused the most secret Sanctuaries of nature to be violated, to put those to death, who had not (as yet) the first tast of life. Shall we not then say, that the passion of revenge, which hath taken root in a soul half damned, is the most fatal instrument that Hell can invent to overthrow the Empire of Christianity?

11. All these accidents well considered, are sufficient to moderate the passions which make so much noise among man-kind. But let us consider before we go off this stage, that Anger and Revenge are not creatures invincible to Courtiers, who yet retain some character of Christianity.

Glaber. *Robert*, one of the greatest Kings that ever ware the Crown of *France*, saw his two sons bandied against him, when (provoked by the practises of the Queen their mother, who ceased not to insult over them) they ran to the field with some tumultuary troops, and began to exercise acts of hostility which made them very guilty. The father (incensed by their rebellion, and forcibly urged by the sting of the mother's revenge) speedily prepares an Army, and entreth into *Burgundy* to surprise and chastise them. Thereupon *William* Abbot of S. *Benigne* of *Dion* goeth to him, and shews that these disorders were an effect of the Divine Providence which we should rather appease by penance, then irritate by anger: that, if his Majesty would call to mind, he should find that his youth was not exempt from errours, committed by the inconsideration of age, and the practise of evil counsels: that he ought not to revenge with sword and fire, that which he had suffered in his own person; and, that as he would not any should enterprise upon his hereditary possession; so it was fit, not to meddle with that which was

Great moderation in St. (King) *Robert*.

God's, who had reserved vengeance to himself. This speech had such power that the good King was instantly appeased; caused his children to come; embraced them with paternal affection, and received them into favour, tying their reconciliation with an indissoluble knot. What can one answer to the mildness of a King accompanied with so much power and wisdom, but confess, that pardon is not a thing impossible? since this great Prince upon the words of a religious man, lays down arms, & dissipateth all his anger, as waves break at the foot of rocks.

12. We must confess, that Regality was never seen allyed to a spirit more mild and peaceable; and that his actions should rather be matter of admiration, then example. He pardoned twelve murtherers (who had a purpose to attempt upon his life) after he had caused them to confess and communicate; saying, It was not reasonable to condemn those whom the Church had absolved, and to afflict death upon such as had received the bread of life. But what would not he have done, who, surprizing a rogue which had cut away half of his Cloak furred with Ermins, said mildly to him, *Save thy self, and leave the rest for another who may have need of it!* *Helgandus in vita Roberti Regis.*

13. This mildness is very like to that of *Henry* the First, afterward King of *England*, who seeing his father's body to be staied in open street (upon the instant of his Obsequies) and this by a mean Citizen, who complained the soil of the land where the dead (which was *William* the Conquerour) was to be interred, was his Ancestours inheritance: he was nothing at all moved, but presently commanded his Treasurer to satisfie the Creditour, and to prosecute the pomp of his Funerals.

14. *Lewis* the Eleventh did a King like act towards the ashes of the fair *Agnes*, who had possessed the heart of his father *Charles* the Seventh, and had persecuted him (the son) in her life-time. At her death she gave 60000 crowns for a foundation to the Cannons of *Loches*, to pray, and to build a Tomb for her in the midst of the Church. These men (prudent according to the world) accommodating themselves to the time, & honoring this rising Sun (mounted to the throne of the Kingdom, after the death of his father) presented themselves before him, asking, they might be permitted to demolish the tomb of this woman who had so ill used him: but he with incredible generosity answered, he made not war against the dead, & that so far was he from ruining the monuments of *Agnes*, that he would command his Treasurer to give them 6000 Florens to preserve them. Generous acts of *Lewis* the Eleventh.

15. Sage and devout women, albeit the Sex is too apt for revenge, fail not to re-enter into themselves and blame their proceedings, when passion hath transported them out of the lists of reason. *Anne* of *Britain* seeing King *Lewis* the Twelfth very sick and in danger of his life (upon the consideration that he left her no male-child) caused a Ship to be rigged out, laden with great riches which she sent into her dear country, of purpose to retire thither so soon as the King were dead. Humility & wisdom of Queen *Anne* to overcom the passion of anger.

But, the Marshal *de Gié* who commanded in a City of passage, judging that his charge obliged him to let nothing pass out of the Kingdom during the Kings sickness, did without any other order upon this resolution arrest all the goods of the poor Queen. She was a Bee w^ch^ lived in the sweetness of devotion, but yet had her sting: so that being much provoked by this act, she pursued the Marshal, and made him come to a trial at the Parliament of *Tholose*, where he was condemned to be banished out of *France*. But the good Queen calling back reason (after the stirring

of

of her choler) with-held the blow, granted liberty to the delinquent, protested he was a worthy Lord, and had proceeded in all he had done, according to the rules of state. Whence it appeareth, that those cruel souls are most unreasonable which persist in hating, because they have once begun; and never lay down a wicked hatred, for which they have no other reason but their own wickedness.

Great and magnanimous goodness of *Lewis* the Twelfth.

16. *Lewis* the Twelfth her husband might have taught her this lesson, who having received ill measure under *Charles* the Eighth his Predecessour when he was Duke of *Orleans*, some flatterers counselling him to ennoble his entry to the Crown by the beating down his adversaries, answered in this memorable manner.

That it was not fit for a King of *France* to revenge the quarrels of the Duke of *Orleans*; and for this purpose he marked with a cross all the names of his enemies written down on paper: Whereat many wondred, thinking this note promised them nothing but a pair of gallows; which made them presently fly, so much they were urged by their own conscience. But he assembled them all together, and let them understand he had signed their names with a Cross, that they therein might behold the lesson which the authour of life dictated unto us on the Cross, which was to forgive those who persecute us. *Francis* the First, his successour following these steps pardoned the rebellious Rochellers, moved by the pitiful clamours of great number of little children who cried for mercy at his entrance into the City. Our most Christian King hath renewed the examples of the like clemency. I speak nothing of the Christian generosity of *Henry* the Third, who seeing himself taken away from Throne & Life by a most detestable Parracide, left the revenge thereof to God in the sharpness of his wound. *Henry* the Fourth had a soul infinitely mild, and if we find in his life some humane defects, yet therein there are a thousand divine virtues which shadow them by their great lights.

Incomparable mildness of *Lewis* the son of *Charlemaigne*.

17. But, if we compare goodness with offence; scarcely shall we find (throughout all the histories of the Christian world) a Prince who in this point hath equalled the virtue of *Lewis* the mild, son of *Charlemaigne*. This name cost him an invincible patience, which made it well appear that a nature too easie is exposed to infinite difficulties. His own children (*Lotharius*, *Pepin*, and *Lewis*) rebelled against him, and (out of a horrible daring) took Queen *Judith* from his sides, whom he in a second wedlock had married, caused her by force to take the veil, and holding a dagger at her throat, made her promise to perswade her husband to forsake the world, out of their Ambition to usurp his Scepter, and pull the Diademe from his head with hands of Harpies.

The poor Prince saw himself in one night abandoned by his army which slipt away before his eies, and went to yield themselves to his unnatural sons; but, some honest men staying about him, he besought and conjured them to save themselves and to leave him alone in peril, since he was the victime of Expiation, and that his sins had reduced him to this Calamity: and verily he went like a victime to the Altar, accompanied with the Queen his wife and his grand-child *Charles*, to render himself up a prisoner into their hands, to whom he had given both livelyhood, and life. This heart truely-mild, said by the way to those who lead him, Let my sons do what they will with me, and all that God shall permit: I only pray you (since I have never offended them) not to expose me to the fury of the multitude which commonly are very unjust to those who are depressed, as you now behold me: and above all, I will ask this favour of them, that they abstain from maiming any member of the Queen my wifes body, whom I know to be most innocent; or pulling out the eyes of *Charles* my grand-child, for that would to me be more bitter then death. In this manner he came to his sons Camp, who hypocritically received him with all reverence, promising an usage worthy his condition: and in the mean time assembled a venomous Council of maligne spirits to degrade him. The sentence was given contrary to all form of Justice, by subjects against their Sovereign Prince; by children against their father; by guilty against the innocent, without hearing him, without seeing him; and on a sundain it was publickly executed at the Assembly of *Compiegne*. *Duplcix.*

This King, the best in the world, on his knees in the Church, in the presence of his vassals, among an infinite number of people, held a scroule in his hand, which contained the imaginary causes of his condemnation; they enforced him to read it himself; to open his mouth against his own innocency; to ask forgiveness of the Assembly which did him an irreparable wrong. Then, to conclude this cruel scene, he is constrained to take off his belt, and to lay it on the Altar; to despoil himself of his Royal Robes, and to take from the hands of certain infamous Prelates, a habit of penance, with which he was put into the hands of the Guard, and a few dayes after, led along in *Lotharius* his train.

All Histories mourn in the horrour of this narration, and there is not any who in his thoughts condemns not the Authours of this attempt. But this good King (being re-established by the endeavour of his best Subjects) did never pursue his injuries; witnessing in all occasions an extreme facility to be reconciled to his children: and when, afterward he was upon the point of death, he rallied together all he had of life, spirits, and strength, to forgive them, and asked of God that he would not take vengeance upon their crimes. This was to fulfil the whole law, and to do at the Court all that which the most perfectly religious can perform in a Cloister.

18. I will yet tell you for a conclusion, that there are certain industries, which they who are near great ones, may use to appease their Anger, and to divert the pernicious effects, by some delay, which is the best Counsellour this furious passion can have. *Argentre.*

Address of *Bavalon* to appease that anger of the Duke of *Britaigne*.

This is to be seen in the course that *Bavalon* took with the Duke of *Britaigne*. The Prince being offended with the Count of *Clisson* Constable of *France*, resolved to take him in a snare, & undo him. To compass this enterprise, he made a great feast, whereto he invited all the principal Lords of *Britaigne* courting *Clisson* with incomparable courtesie.

After all, he let him see his Castle of *Lermine*, where leading him from story to story, and from chamber to chamber, he brought him to the chief Turret, praying him to consider the fortifications, to reform the defects, whilst he spake a word to Seigneur *Laval*, brother in law to Clisson. He no sooner entred in, but he saw himself arrested by the Guard, and put into irons, with commandment given to Mounsieur *Bavalon* Captain of the Castle, to throw him (the next night) in a sack into the water. *Bavalon*, who perceived his Master was very quick, and thought that night might give him better counsel, resolved to do nothing. In the mean time solitude and darkness having recollected the Dukes spirits together, which had all day been scattered by the tempest of passion; he found his heart infinitely ballanced between the satisfaction of revenge, and the

the apprehenſion of the inevitable dangers which would wait on it, imagining the ſhadow of the Conſtable, already drowned (as he thought) would draw fire, bloud, and havock upon his deſolated Country. The hideous viſions which already pitched battel in his diſtempered brain, the diſplayed Enſigns, and Armies heaped together from all parts, drew deep ſighs from him, which were obſerved by the gentlemen of his chamber. *Bavalon* about break of day comes into his chamber, and being asked concerning the ſecret execution of his command, he anſwered, It is done, loth to open any more, until he could clearly look into his maſters mind. The Duke upon this word beginneth his ſobbs again, with beating his hands, which teſtified great deſpair in him. But he inſiſting, and many times demanding whether *Cliſſon* were drowned; The Captain replyed, He was; and that he about mid-night had buried the body, fearing it might be diſcovered. Then began the Prince afreſh to curſe, and to abhor his own anger which had tranſported him to this out-rage; and ſaid, Would to God, *Bavalon*, I had believed thee when thou didſt counſel me to do nothing, or that thou hadſt not believed me, when I ſo paſſionately commanded thee. His truſty ſervant ſeeing he ſpake in good earneſt, and that it was time to declare himſelf, aſſured him *Cliſſon* was alive; and that he had deferred his commandment, out of this conſideration, that, if he perſiſted in the ſame mind, he ſhould alwayes have means enough to execute him. The Duke (rapt with this prudence) embraced him, and gave him a thouſand florens, for finding out ſo excellent a remedy for his Paſſion.

Obſervations upon ENVY, *Which draweth along with it Jealouſie, Hatred, and Sadneſs.*

WE enter into black and Saturnian Paſſions, which are Envy, Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair, wherein we ſhall obſerve a venomous malignity which repleniſheth the heart with plagues, the life with furies, and the world with Tragedies. I will begin this order with two Court-Monks who in their time made a great noyſe: one of which being born for cruelty, and bred in maſſacres; his life was a continual crime, and his memory a perpetually execration.

Lamentable envy & enmity of *Ebroin* againſt S. *Leger.*

But the other (profiting by the experience of his evils) opened himſelf a way unto glory, and drew upon him the bleſſings of poſterity. Under the reign of *Clotharius* the third, *Ebroin* governed the State in the quality of the Mayor of the Palace, who was of a ſpirit ambitious, cruel, and ſubtle; valuing nothing above his own ends, and placing conſcience under all things in the world. He entred into this charge like a Fox, and ſwayed therein like a Lion; doing nought elſe but roar againſt ſome, and devour others; there being no power able enough to bend his pride, as if there were not riches enough in all the world to ſatisfie his avarice. God (who oftentimes ſuffereth not things violent to be long-laſting) gave an end to his tyranny by the death of his Maſter, whoſe reign was ſhort, and life moſt obſcure. He left two ſons, the eldeſt of which bare the name of *Childeric*, and the youngeſt was called *Thierry*. *Ebroin* ſeeing himſelf, like creeping Ivie (which ſeeks a pillar for ſupport) not to ſtand fair in *Childeric's* mind, whether this Prince were too clear ſighted, to diſcover his jugglings; or whether under the reign of his Father, he had otherwiſe uſed him then his condition deſerved; it made him arrogantly to adhere to *Thierry's* faction, thinking he had power and credit enough to make an alteration both in nature, and State-affairs. He then raiſeth a controverſie in a matter which was ſufficiently decided by birth, and aſſembleth the Eſtates to deliberate upon it; where there were ſo many creatures, whom he accounted to be obliged to follow his liking, that the palm of ſo doubtfull a battel ſeemed to him already abſolutely gained.

There was then in *France* one *Leger*, a man of great birth, of an excellent ſpirit, of an eminent virtue, accompanied with grace of body, and other parts which made him fit for the Court.

His Uncle, who was a great Prelate, had very nobly bred him, giving him admittance into the Palace and his affairs; but, the ſweetneſs of his nature, not born for much trouble, made him addict himſelf to the Church, and become a religious man, but was afterward taken out of his Monaſtery to be Biſhop of *Autun*. His degree and merit then obliged him to be preſent at this Aſſembly, where it was treated of making a new King: and ſeeing *Ebroin* inſolently ſupported the younger to the prejudice of Nature, and the laws of the Kingdom; he undertook to diſſolve his buſie practiſe, and to reduce miſled minds, unto reaſon. Notwithſtanding this violent Mayor of the palace ceaſed not openly to declare his deſign in full Aſſembly, in favour of *Thierry*; uſing many pretexts and colours which put a quite other face upon a buſineſs ſo unreaſonable. Good men, who more feared his bloudy countenance, and his irreconcilable enmities, then approved his reaſons, looked one upon another, expecting that ſome generous ſoul ſhould ſtand for truth: and all of them imagined, that having declared themſelves with much weakneſs, and ſmall effect, they might not ſerve ſo much for a ſupport to *Childeric's* cauſe, as for an object of *Ebroin's* revenge. Cruelties and Jealouſies often ruine many good affairs; and they took the way to overthrow this, if *Leger* had not riſen up, who ſpake with ſo much reaſon, grace, authority and courage, that he alone gave a countrepoiſe to *Ebroin's* malice, and drew all the ſoundeſt in the Aſſembly to his ſide: where *Ebroin's* adherents (ſeeing Truth carried as in Triumph by hands ſo courageous) did disband, ſtudying more their own preſervation, then to ſerve his ambition.

Childeric mounts up to the Throne which nature had prepared for him; *Ebroin*, who knew the main and manifeſt contradictions he had framed againſt his right, hath a ſoul full of affrightments, and already accounts himſelf for a dead man; he ſearcheth for ſome ſanctuary to hide himſelf, but findeth none more ſafe then Religion. Neceſſity makes a Monk, where piety could never make a Chriſtian. He comes and throweth himſelf at *Childeric's* feet, offers him his head and life with moſt humble ſubmiſſion, by which he begged of the young King, that (if his goodneſs permitted him not to moiſten the entrance into his Throne with the bloud of the guilty) his Majeſty would pleaſe to confine him to a Monaſtery, to bewail his ſins, and daily to die as many times, as he ſhould call to mind his own ingratitude. *Childeric* (who was not born to bloud, and who at that time had his heart buſied enough with the joy of his victory (which is a time when Mildneſs coſts him leaſt) permitted him to retire into the Monaſtery of *Luxeuil* in *Burgundy*. Mean time, *Leger* (who had given ſuch teſtimonies of his capacity, courage, and fidelity) is put into *Ebroin's* place, and undertaketh the abſolute government of all the affairs of the Kingdom.

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His virtue ſhould have diſpenſed with him at this time, not to give others occaſion to think that he had beaten down *Ebroin's* tyranny, of purpoſe to raiſe himſelf upon his ruines. But there are certain chains of Adamant in charges and Court-dignities, which oftentimes captive the moſt auſtere. His Rival burſts with anger to ſee him lifted up to this dignity, when his calamity enforced him to be tied to a Coul, which is a piece he never had thought was for his purpoſe. He was a ſtrange Hermit, like to *Nicephorus* (*Gregoras* his Fox) who, being blacked over with Ink, counterfeited the Monk, and told the Poultry, he much repented him to have uſed them ſo ill, but that hereafter they might confidently converſe with him, ſince his habit and condition permitted him not to live otherwiſe then innocently. This miſerable man had no other repentance, but that he had not proſpered in his ambition; no other poverty, then the impotency of taking away other men's goods: no other obedience, then the hypocriſie of his ſubmiſſion: no other ſinging, then the ſorrows of his fortune: and no other Religion, but his habit. All his prayers tended to nothing elſe but to demand ſome change of State, that he might change his fortune; whereas *Leger* (taking ways quite contrary in his government) made Religion, Juſtice, and Peace to flouriſh.

His zeal oppoſed impiety; his equity, injuſtice; his ſweetneſs, violence: and his authority carried all that was reaſonable. But, there is a certain unhappineſs in the manage of State-affairs, which makes a man hate his own quiet: and virtue too regular, is often troubleſom even to thoſe it intends to oblige.

Leger is offenſive to ſome, becauſe he makes them more honeſt then they would be: to others, becauſe his lights manifeſt their darkneſs; whileſt others think, that in the newneſs and change of a Miniſter of State, they ſhall better make up their own reckoning. *Childeric* himſelf takes a diſtaſt againſt the faithfulleſt of his ſervants: and whether that *Ebroin's* faction breathed this paſſion into him, or whether it proceeded from his licentious youth; or whether his humour felt too much conſtraint in the innocent ſeverity of the manners of his Mayor of the Palace: he ſhewed him not ſo pleaſing a look as he had accuſtomed. He, deſirous more efficaciouſly to ſound the King's opinion, moſt humbly beſought him to give him leave to paſs the feaſt of *Eaſter* in the City whereof he was a Biſhop, which *Childeric* eaſily aſſented to. But perverſe ſouls (who enkindled the fire of diviſion, undercolour of friendſhip) told the good Prelate, that the eaſineſs his Prince had witneſſed in this late occaſion, was but a bait to undo him, and that he had reſolved to cauſe his perſon be ſeized on, of purpoſe to murther him. One fears all from a power that taketh the liberty to do all; which was the cauſe that *Leger* entred into great affrightments upon this news, and reſolved to leave the Court, to free himſelf from Envy and the dangers which threatned him. He communicateth his intention with his greateſt confidents, who are nothing of his opinion, and they ſhewed him he muſt not yield to a little ſtormy guſt, but rather die in the midſt of the waves (holding the Helm in his hand) then to forſake the veſſel: that his flight would give matter of ſuſpicion to the King; of advantage to his enemies, and of confuſion to his own friends: and that (hitherto) there was not any ſign of diſgrace which might make him to begin, where the only extremity of evils might conſtrain him to end. Notwithſtanding, whether fear had taken too much hold upon this good Prelate's mind, or whether his conſcience reduced into his imagination, the repoſe of thoſe innocent days he had ſpent in the Monaſtery; he takes a ſudden reſolution, not to forſake the world by halves: but by laying down the government of the affairs of the Kingdom, to rid himſelf alſo of his Biſhoprick. The concluſion of this buſineſs is followed by a ſpeedy diſpatch; which made the King wonder, who ſent truſty perſons to invite him to return, and to give him aſſurance of his good affection towards him but his zeal had its ear in heaven, not to hearken to the perſwaſions of the earth. He goes to the Monaſtery of *Luxevil*, where he ſees *Ebroin*, who was there held as a fettered beaſt, and not in a condition to bite. The Abbot, who knew the differences that were in Court, fearing, leaſt hatred might hatch its egg by the help of a Religious habit, cauſed them to be reconciled, and to talk together, although he had ſeparated their abode: fearing that too frequent converſation might in them awaken their former averſions. Time ſlideth away very quietly with them, until the arrival of a very unexpected accident. *Childeric* (after the departure of S. *Leger*) uſeth the greatneſs of his power licentiouſly, and ſoileth both his Name and Dignity, with inconſiderate actions; which quickly made this great Miniſter of State to be deplored, and all the Envy to be caſt upon the King, for having ſo eaſily diſmiſſed him. The contempt of his perſon began ſo to creep into the minds of his ſubjects, that defamatory Libels went abroad upon his Paſſions and Government, which ſeemed to have no other aim, but the weakning of his Authority. He thought to quench a coal with flames, and entreth into courageous anger againſt thoſe whom he ſuſpected to raiſe any queſtion upon his actions.

He cauſeth a Gentleman named *Bodil* to be taken, and having cauſed him to be tied to a poſt, he commandeth him to be ignominiouſly whipped, contrary to the manner of ordinary puniſhments: which occaſioned ſo much acerbity in the Nobility, that all in an inſtant rebelled againſt him. *Bodil*, tranſported by the fury of his Paſſion, and encouraged by the number of his Complices, out of a horrible attempt, kills *Childeric* whileſt he was a hunting: and paſſing on to the Palace, extendeth his revenge (like a Devil fleſhed in maſſacres) to the perſon of the Queen (great with Child) whom he murthered. The Court is drenched in deep deſolation; the pillars of the State totter: there is need of able men to free them from this danger. The friends of *Ebroin* and S. *Leger* (who ſought their own ends in the employment of theſe two) invited them with urgent reaſons (covered with the good of the State) to return to the world; aſſuring them that all *France* went to ruine, if they ſupported it not. *Ebroin* (to whom South-ſayers promiſed wonders, and who, under hope he had to forſake the Monk's Coul, had already ſuffered his hair to grow, to be the better diſpoſed for all occaſions) ſhewed himſelf nothing hard to be perſwaded.

Saint *Leger* therein uſed more reſiſtance; but in the end ſuffered himſelf to be over-come, leaving the ſweetneſs of Solitude to enter again into the troubles of the world; which never paſſeth unpuniſhed, but in ſuch as do it by the Laws of pure Obedience. He is received into his Biſhoprick as an Angel, and his friends do all they can to bring him

to

to the Court, and to gain him a good esteem in the Kings mind, who seemed to stand in need of such a servant, to purchase the more authority among the people who with much satisfaction had tasted the sweetness of his Government. *Ebroin* (on the other side) seeing *Thierry* (*Childeric*'s brother) had taken possession of the Kingdom, was very confident of his return, having formerly been of the faction of the young King: But he being neglected, *Leudegesillus*, an ancient favourite of *Thierry*'s, had undertaken the government of affairs. The furious Monk storms like a mad-man for the dignity of Master of the Palace which he had possessed; and being unable to creep into it by mildness, he entreth thereinto by open violence. He rallieth together all his ancient friends; in this new change of State, he gathereth a tumultuary army, and flyeth into the field with so much speed, that he almost surprized the King with his Favourite, to use them at his discretion. Necessity enforceth to offer candles and incense to this devil; he is sought unto for peace; great recompences are proposed to his crimes: his ambition takes no satisfaction but in the object of his design. He draweth *Leudegesillus* to a conference under shew of accommodation; and (being a man without Faith or Soul) he killeth him, emptying his place by a murder, to replenish it by a Treachery. Notwithstanding, he lets *Thierry* know, his arms were not taken but for his service, and that he had no other purpose, but to reduce all powers under his Scepter. The other was in a condition of inability to defend himself; which made him resolve rather to take him for a servant, then to have him for a master. In the end; this horrible fury (hidden under the habit of a Monk) never ceased until it carried him to the neerest place of a Royal Throne. So soon as he was possessed of his former dignity, he bent all his powers to vengeance, and thought upon nothing but of ridding his hands of such as had crossed his fortune. S. *Leger* was the very first he aimed at in his wicked plots; he dispatcheth troops to make havock about the City of *Autun*, and gives commands to murderers, (executioners of his revenge) to lay hold of his person.

The good Prelate (who heard the lamentable cries of the people) afflicted by the detestation of these hostilities, went forth, and presents himself before these Barbarians, as a victime of expiation, to deliver himself over to death, and to stay the stream of the miseries which overflowed his Dioces. He was prepared to make an Oration, but (they as Tygers, which had no commerce with musick) presently fell upon him; and having taken him, they pulled out his eyes, to lead him in triumph to *Ebroin*. He had already poisoned the ear of the young King, having set forth this sage Bishop, as the most execrable man on earth, and the most capital enemy he had in the world. There remained nothing (but to produce him in this state) fully to accomplish the contentment his brutishness did aim at.

He at the same time caused *Guerin* (S. *Leger's* brother) to be taken, doubly to torment him in that he most loved: and having presented them both before the King, he beginneth to charge them with injuries and scorns; the Saints eclipsed eyes, and faces covered all over with bloud, nothing mollifyed the heart of this *Polyphemus*. Captivity tyed not the tongues of the two brothers, nor excess of miseries dejected their courages. They spake with all liberty what might be expected from their constancy; rendering thanks to God, that he in this world had chastised them with temporal punishments, as true children; and menacing *Ebroin* with an eternity of torments, which the anger of God reserved for the exorbitancy of his wickedness. This cruel creature, who expected some more pliantness in so great a misery, was immeasurably offended, and instantly commanded them to be separated, and *Guerin* to be speedily put to death.

He received the sentence of death with great fortitude, embracing his blind brother with all unexpressible tenderness, and encouraging him to the last conflict, with words full of the spirit of God. After this, he is bound to a pillar, and knocked down with stones. *Ebroin*, who would relish his revenge by long draughts, found out in his heart inventions of a hangman, to torment Saint *Leger*, causing him to walk on stones as sharp as razours, and appointing his face to be disfigured, by cutting out his tongue, his nose, his lips, to send him from thence a prisoner to the Monastery of *Fecan*. All this was executed; yet the patience of this incomparable man (by so hideous torments) no whit shaken, blessing God for all these things, and incessantly praying, and forming some stuttering inarticulate sounds, to instruct and exhort those who visited him.

A while after, he is called again before this Tyrant, who made a sport of his pains, and sought to make him end his life by despair, to kill the soul with the body. But when he perceived his heart was of so strong a temper, and that the dreadfull horrour of a poor body (carried up and down among so many tortures) made nothing for his reputation, he gave order to *Chrodobert* to put him to death; and instantly he was delivered to four executioners who led him forth into a forest, which retaineth the name of S. *Leger*. The blessed blind man perceiving his hour approached, said to them, I see what you go about to do; Trouble not your selves, I am more ready to die, then you to execute me. Thereupon, three of the murderers relenting, prostrated themselves at his feet, and craved pardon, which he very freely granted, and putting himself upon his knees prayed for his persecutours, recommending his soul to the Father of souls; at which time one of these four executioners persisting in his obdurateness cut off his head. The wife of *Chrodebert* took the body, and interred it in a little Chappel, where it did great miracles which have deserued the veneration of people. Some time after, the detestable *Ebroin* (continuing the wickedness of his bloudy life) was slain in his bed like another *Holophernes*, and suddenly taken out of the world, not shewing any sign of repentance; to be reserved for an eternal torment.

Behold all which Envy, Jealousie, and the Rage of a man abandoned by God can do; which letteth us manifestly see, that there are not any men in the world worse then those, who, degenerating from a religious profession, return to the vices of the world. And on the other side, we may behold in the person of S. *Leger*, that there is not any Passion which may not be overcome; nor honour which may not be trodden under-foot; nor torments which a man is not able to set at naught, when he with strong confidence throws himself between the arms of the Cross, there to find those of *Jesus Christ*.

LAUS DEO.

THE
HOLY COURT,

Written in French by N. CAUSSIN. S. J.

Containing the Lives and Elogies of Perſons of the COURT moſt Illuſtrious, both of the Old and New Teſtament, *&c.*

Divided into five ORDERS:

- *Monarchs and Princes.*
- *Queens and Ladies.*
- *Souldiers.*
- *States-men.*
- *Religious men.*

The Fifth TOME.

LONDON,

Printed *Anno Dom.* MDCLXIII.

To the READER.

HAving employed my first Volume in pious and profitable discourses, I have purposed to set forth in this fifth Tome a sufficient large Court to serve for example. Which I have done by uniting to the Histories which I have already published, these which I have here added a new; which are almost all taken out of the holy Scriptures, and handled in a style more solid and contract then specious and enlarged.

If this Work hath somewhat delayed its coming forth into the light, it hath been businesses other Wayes coming upon me, that hath staid it. We have had adversaries to deal with, very well known, that have by their Requests and by their Libels exceedingly troubled themselves to molest us. I have answered them in two Books after a long silence, for that the necessity did seem so to require, and Authority therein did expresly command my obedience. I have done it with the greatest modesty and sincerity that I was able: and I may with confidence say, that it hath been to the satisfaction of people of quality and desert.

Since, as I understand, they have continued their Replies, where they largely witness their sharpness, against me. But what offence have I committed, if in a Cause so good, and by order from my Superiours I have undertaken the Defence in general of a Society, in which I have lived near these fourty years, and have never learned any thing therein but Wisdom and Virtue? They have so little matter, that they are compelled to use old News-books against me, which have spoken nothing, but what hath been interpreted to my honour. I have served God, the King, the Queen, and all France, without ever offending any person, they might be ashamed to reproach me with that which hath been so much for my credit, and to imitate those people that threw their Gods at the heads of their enemies for want of arrows.

God keep me from losing so much time as to read their Writings, or any desire to answer them. I should seem to have lost my understanding, if I should busie my self in fighting against shadows and Lies put into Rhetorick, so fully refuted by our Justifications, and so manifestly condemned by the judgement of the Queen Regent and the rest of the Powers that have acknowledged and maintained the Innocency of this Society against all Accusations.

These Books of evil Language are intolerable to all honest people, and even odious to those that are rational of their own party; in so much, that I pity their Authours, to whom the pains of so great a Volume with so little success hath already served for a large punishment.

Instead of Replies to all those slanders, I do sincerely offer up Prayers to God for our Persecutours, that he may please to kindle in their hearts his holy Love, which may purge out this gall of bitterness, this carnal Wisdom, and cause them to bring forth the fruits of Truth, Justice, and Charity.

The which I have endeavoured to do in this Work, wherein I conceive that I have acquitted my self of the promises that I made to the Publick by treating on the true Histories of great Personages; and especially those whom the holy Scripture hath honoured by its style, for the edification of all the World.

It is in these illustrious Representations that the mind contents it self; it is here that it contemplates the Virtues of famous Persons, like the beams of the first Magnitude; it is here that it quickens it self to the imitation of their glorious deeds, and that it fore stalls the delights of its own immortality. It is here, that it learns to endure adversities without departing from the duties of its Calling, and firmly to keep its Constancy like the shadow in the Quadrants, that remains immoveable under the blasts of the most furious Winds, not forsaking the measures of the Sun.

Receive therefore (courteous Reader) the fruits of this my labour sprung up in the midst of a Tempest, that it may find calmness in thy favourable acceptance.

THE

THE MONARCHS.

THE wiſeſt of Monarchs ſpeaking in the holy Scripture unto the Princes of his age, and proceeding at large to give a full warning to all thoſe that ſhould bear part in their honour, and imitate their lives, delivereth theſe words by way of Oracle. *Hearken O Kings, not onely with an ear of fleſh, but attend with that of the underſtanding and heart, to give entrance thereby to the Spirit of God.* If you eſteem it a moſt glorious honour to govern innumerable people, and to behold from the throne of your Magnificence, Nations bending under your Scepters; Know ye, that this Power which lifts you ſo high above the reſt of mortals, is borrowed from Heaven, and is a gift which hath its original from God, who is the Sovereign of all Monarchs of the World. It is He that will examine all your works, and ſearch into the ſecreteſt of your thoughts. You forget that notwithſtanding all the ſervices that men render to you, you are but the Servants & Attendants of this powerfull King: You have not judged ſincerely; you have not kept the Laws which your ſelves have preſcribed, nor rendred juſtice to your Subjects, nor walked according to the commands of Him, whoſe perſon you repreſent. This is the reaſon, why He will appear to you ſuddenly and terribly, ſeparating your ſoul from your bodies. You ſhall ſee Him on His Throne of Juſtice, compaſſed with terrours; and you ſhall know that He exerciſes moſt ſevere Judgment over thoſe that bear rule over men. All thoſe poor people, which tremble under your power, ſhall be lovingly and mercifully dealt with by God; but the mighty ſhall be mightily tormented, if they behave not themſelves as they ought; and ſhall know that the greatneſs of their Sovereign Authority ſhall avail them nothing, but to ſerve to augment their juſt puniſhments.

The words of the wiſeman directed to the Kings of his time. *Sap. 6.*

There are no plagues more fatal to the deſtruction of Princes, then thoſe, who (under colour of raiſing their authority,) would make themſelves great by power to commit (and that without puniſhment) all kind of enormities. Royalty is an invention of God appointed not for the benefit of the Kings, but of the Common-wealth. It was not inſtituted for the vain-glory of men, but for the ſafety of the World; and Princes are more for the peoples ſake, then the people for theirs.

The end of Royalty.

All the great things were made to ſerve the leſſer. The Sun (the Prince of Lights, and the heart of Nature,) ſerves as well for the eyes of a little fly, as for thoſe of a Monarch. The Ocean within that its monſtrous extent of Seas and wonders, tenders its ſervice to the little Fiſh encloſed in a ſmall ſhell, which cannot ſubſiſt without its attendance: The one poſſeſſes not the leaſt beam, nor the other the leaſt drop of water, which it imployes not for the Commune.

Great things were made for the leſſer.

The Eternal Father would not that the great things ſhould be great in vain; but that they pay for their greatneſs, by the favours and cares they are to take for the little ones. Thus God commanded *Moſes* to carry all that great people that he had brought out of *Egypt*, to ſerve them all as a Mother: and (if we will believe S. *Baſil* of *Seleucia*) Kings are made to bear the World.

Orat. 2 in Adam.

In ancient time they were lifted up upon Bucklers on the day of their Conſecration, to cauſe them to underſtand, that they ought to ſerve for a Buckler for their whole Realm. Nature hath made neither King nor Subject amongſt Men. Kings are not born Kings, but by the conſent of thoſe people which have made themſelves a Law to obey him whom God ſhould declare to them by his birth, or whom themſelves ſhould make by Election. Royalty is a power of all the particulars united together in one man, to be applyed and exerciſed according to the Law.

When *Romulus* founded the Monarchy of *Rome*, compoſed of diverſe people that offered themſelves to him, he expreſly ordained that every one ſhould bring to him ſome of the earth & fruits of his country, whereof he compoſed a maſſe, and cauſed it to be buried in a great pit, which he called the word: intending to ſhew by this ceremony, that Royalty is a heap of Wills, of Powers, of Riches, united in one only power. This is a borrowing which Kings make without obligation to reſtore again, but with obligement to render it better. They ought to do as the Bees, which take of the flowers, to make Honey thereof. They ought to temper and bring to perfection the Virtues and Qualities of the whole Communalty in their own perſon, to compoſe thereof the publick happineſs.

The practice of *Romulus* to be noted. *Navar. l. 1. c. 5.*

Wherefore do you think that the ancient *Hebrews* planted trees at the birth of the children of their Kings, which they held as ſacred, and dreſſed them with carefull diligence, to make thereof one day thrones for thoſe little Monarchs, when they were come to the Crown; but onely to teach them, that they ought to cover the people with their protection, and to enrich them with goods, as the tree defends men from the tempeſt with its leaves and nouriſheth them with its fruit? They are not properly Maſters in a ſtrict ſenſe, for that the Maſter may do whatſoever he will with his goods without giving ac-

Targum & Navatinus. *l. 4.*

count thereof: But a King cannot uſe his ſubjects, but according to the law: he muſt intreat them, as the Goods of God, for that he is accomptable therefore to the Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, whoſe Steward he is for a certain time, and not proprietary for ever. If he abuſe this truſt, although the people cannot recall the authority, which they have given to him, and which hath been eſtabliſhed of it ſelf by a long preſcription; nevertheleſs he is anſwerable to the Divine Majeſty for all that he doth.

Navarrus in Manual. The Divines hold, that a King, which ſhould reign onely for his own honour and pleaſure, would ſin grievouſly, and put himſelf upon hazard of looſing his ſalvation.

Royalty a glorious ſervitude. To ſpeak then the very truth; Royalty is a very great obligement, & a glorious ſervitude, & he that ſhal wel conſider all its burthens, would not ſo much as ſtoop to take up a Diadem lying on the ground.

Doctor *Navarrus* and other Divines, that treat of the duty of Princes, ſay, That to be a King, is to be the peoples man, who is charged before God upon the peril of his ſoul, to take care of their affairs, and to maintain them in peace, as far as ſhall be lawfull and poſſible, to defend them from their enemies, to render juſtice to them by himſelf or his officers. That is, to chooſe men of ability and virtuous, to undertake thoſe charges; to watch over their actions and their behaviour; to chaſtiſe the evil ones that trouble the publick quiet, and to recompence the good ones. That is, to keep the Laws, to root out abuſes, to cauſe piety and good manners to flouriſh, to ſtop all injuſtice, corruptions and exactions. As alſo to facilitate trading, to order the conducts for Souldiers, to take care for the reparations of publick buildings, for Ammunition and proviſion, for the health and conveniency of his Subjects, and to exact nothing of them above their ability: and that which is exacted, to husband it for their benefit, to employ the cuſtoms with the greateſt fidelity, as the blood of men redeemed by the blood of Jeſus Chriſt: This is, to take order for the Education of Youth, to honour the Church, and perſons of deſert, to Authorize good Magiſtrates, to have a particular care of acknowledging the good ſervices of men at Arms, which do ſacrifice themſelves in a thouſand occaſions for the Common-weal. It is to have great compaſſion on the poor, eſpecially Widows and Orphans, to hear willingly the Petitions of thoſe that are afflicted and oppreſſed, to take thought for all, watch for all; to do that in his Realm, that the ſoul infuſed doth in the Body.

Royalty a marvellous profeſſion. It is too much power to ſay that which *Nero* ſaid by the tongue of *Seneca*; Among ſo many mortals, I am the onely one choſen in heaven to perform the office of God upon earth: I am the Arbitratour both of life and death, I am the diſtributer of fortunes, the favours that come from above are not beſtowed but by my mouth: I cauſe the rejoycings of cities and countrys, nothing flouriſheth but by my favour. If I ſpeak but a word I make a million of ſwords to come forth of the ſcabbard, and if I command, I cauſe them to be put up again. It is I that give, and take away liberty, which make, and unmake Kings, which remove Nations, which lay waſte rebellious Towns, which hold the happineſs or unhappineſs of men in mine hands.

What other thing is this that he vaunts, and ſo proudly boaſts himſelf of? but onely to confeſs himſelf reſponſible to God for ſo great an account: whereof this miſerable Emperour acquitted himſelf ſo ill, that having lived like a beaſt, he dyed like a mad-man. There is no man worthy to reign, but he that can tremble at the very ſhadow of Royalty.

Great Princes the workmanſhip of God. Great Princes are not made by the ſuffrages of men alone, but by the finger of God: they are born in Heaven by the Divine Decrees, before they appear upon earth by humane birth. To ſpeak the truth, there are wonderful qualities required to make a well-accompliſhed King; and this is a thing more hard to find then the Phenix neſt. When the children of *Iſrael* had this conceit, that *Moſes* was loſt, they repair to his brother *Aaron*, and intreat him to make them a God, to ſit in the place of their Conductour, as if they meant to ſay; after *Moſes*, no leſs will ſerve them then a Deity. Nevertheleſs, God hath never ſuffered that there ſhould be a perfect Monarch in the World, in whom nothing hath been wanting; for there would have been a hazard, leſt he ſhould have been taken for a God, and thereby have cauſed a perpetual Idolatry. Very rare.

The Heathens have made Gods of ſome Emperours vicious enough; what would they not have made of perfect ones, ſeeing that men naturally do bear a certain reverence towards virtue? Look a little narrowly into the life of the greateſt Monarchs of the World, as of *David*, *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Conſtantine*, *Charlemagne*; and you ſhall finde that all thoſe beauties, which have ſo dazled the eyes of the World, have had their ſpots, and the moſt part of the reſt have inherited a Renown but little commendable; that is, *To be none of the worſt amongſt many bad ones.*

Whatſoever excellency the moſt famous of them had, proceeded from the eſpecial gift of God: and whatſoever meanneſs was in them, proceeded from themſelves, who alwayes mingled ſomewhat of Man with the work of the great Work-maſter. Nevertheleſs, good Inſtructions are very uſeful for Princes, to rouſe up, and make active the endowments they have from above: yet it is not in thoſe Panegyricks ſo well compoſed, that they learn their duty; for, there they may ſooner learn to forget it (when being puſt up by thoſe flatteries) they think themſelves to be in deed, that, which they are there, but in flouriſh.

It is not my intent here to diſcourſe at large how Princes ought to govern themſelves, but to contract in a few words that which is neceſſary for their direction, and I am perſwaded that the Scripture, S. *Lewis* in his Teſtament, and *Lewis* the eleventh in that Treatiſe which he compoſed himſelf for the inſtruction of the King his ſon, have ſaid hereto ſufficient, and that the rules of reigning well cannot be drawn better from any, then thoſe that have been of the ſame profeſſion.

The perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within theſe five Qualities, Piety, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Goodneſs, and Valour. Piety fits him for God: Wiſdom, for himſelf: Juſtice, for the Law: Valour, for Arms: and Goodneſs, for the whole World.

Piety, or (to ſpeak more properly with S. *Thomas*) Religion is a true virtue, that appropriates Man to God, and makes him to render that honour that is due to him as firſt Original, and chief Lord of the whole frame of Nature. *Syneſius* in that excellent Treatiſe that he made for the Emperour *Arcadius* concerning government, ſayes, That this is the foundation on the which all firmneſs ſubſiſts. This is that ſpirit of life, which Kings do breathe from heaven, which fills their underſtanding with enlightning, their heart with Divine love and confidence, their Palace with holineſs, and their Kingdom with a bleſſing.

It belongs to a King above all, to be Pious and Devout towards God, even by the Title of Royalty

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it self. Who should honour that highest Majesty, more then his Vicegerent here on earth? Who should represent his virtues, more then his image here below? Who should render greatest thanks for his favours, more then he that receives them in the most abundance? besides the obligement that binds the Prince unto this virtue; he finds the chiefest interest there. Prosperity for the most part is found on their side, which honour the Deity, saith *Titus Livius* in his history. And *Aristotle* who proceeds by way of Policy only, counsels a Monarch to be exceedingly religious, for that thereby he will be more beloved and reverenced by his subjects, which expect lesse evil and more good from a Prince which is joined to God by Religion. This also procures him an assurance in his affairs; and makes his prosperity the sweeter, and adversities the lesse afflicting.

God who is the Master and Teacher of Princes, doth so strictly recommend this virtue to those Kings, that were made more especially by his own election, that he commands them to receive from the Priests a Copy of the Law of God, or else to transcribe it with their own hand, to carry it alwayes with them, and to read it all the dayes of their life, to learn thereby to fear the highest King, and to keep his instructions.

Now the Piety of a Prince ought not to be ordinary, but it ought to excell in three things chiefly, in an inward sense of the Deity, in his worship, and zealous affection. An Ancient said, That he which believes the Gods, makes them, and that they have no need of our Sacrifices, but that they would have our Heart. The King ought to acknowledge God with a very deep sense of piety, as the chiefest essence, the chiefest light, a Trinity within an Unity infinite, an Eternal Spirit, whose power is Almightyness, whose Will is the highest reason, and whose Nature is nothing but Holiness: That he is a Mysterious Silence, a Lovely Terribleness, an Immensenesse of Glory, which sees all, and knows all, from whom all Beings have their rising, which gives and takes away Empires, before whom the World, and all its Kingdoms, and all its Monarchs, are but as it were small atoms moving within that immoveable Beam. This sense will cause the Prince to tender his Crown and Person at the feet of God with a perfect humility, and whole dependence on him in all things: he will learn the mysteries of our faith, and all the great Maxims of Religion, not for disputation, but to believe and adore them.

The service of God.

In prosecution of this deep sense, it behoves him to profess the outward worship and service for the performance of his duty, and the example of his people: as by his assisting at divine Service with great reverence; honouring the holy Sacrament; shewing himself exceeding devout towards the most holy mother of God, towards the Angels and Saints; frequenting Confession and the Eucharist; hearkning willingly to the word of God, and regulating his prayers and daily devotions, by the advice of those that direct his conscience, and above all accounting it the chiefest devotion to be carefull of his people, just in his Government, and full of compassion towards the afflicted.

It is also expedient to take heed that the Prince in this do neither too much, nor too little; it is not fitting that he take upon him the devotion of a Priest or Religious man, which might a little diminish the credit of his profession, nor that he should likewise become too careless and negligent in Divine matters, for fear least he fall into Libertinism, which is the gulf of all misfortunes.

Zeal.

True Piety in a Monarch shineth forth most of all in zeal, which is a most ardent love of the honour of God; and to attain to this, he ought above all to keep the Law of God, avoiding all grievous and scandalous sins, and he ought continually to take care, that God be served in his own house, and throughout his whole Realm.

That Blasphemies, Sacrileges, Heresies, Simony, and all impieties be scattered & vanish by the beams of his power: That the Pope, which is the Father, and chief Shepheard of all Christendom, be respected with a holy Reverence. That the Bishops be honoured and maintained. That the Church be provided of good Pastours. That the Clergy live under Rule and comelinesse, & that it be maintained in its rights. That Hospitals, Monasteries, and Religious houses be protected & preserved in their estates. He ought not to suffer in any manner whatsoever, according to the order of *Lewis*, that sacred places be violated in the Warrs which may happen between Christian Princes. He ought to have an earnest zeal and indefatigable for the advancement of the Faith and Religion, and according as the times and occasions shall permit, to employ his arms and person to subdue the pride of Infidels, and set up the Standard of the Cross. This is the portion which God reserves for Christian Princes, which should never partake of true honour, but that which is enclosed within the glory of *Jesus Christ* (saith *Julius Firmicus* to the children of *Constantine*) Nevertheless in designs of war against the Infidels nothing should be too fervently hasted, under pretence of zeal, to the prejudice of the Realm; but to attend the coming in of God, which knowes the times and opportunities, and that sometimes gives in without much labour, which men at other times undertake without good advice, and with little success.

Wisdom doth very excellently agree with piety, as being a science of Divine and Humane things, not idle, but with an active relish and skill for the directing of our life. If a Prince do not study to get this wisdom, he is ignorant of his profession, and makes himself contemptible to his Subjects. He is given by God to his Kingdom, as the Soul to the Body, and how can he then subsist without understanding? He is given as the Eye, what can he do without Light? He ought himself to be the Light, and would it not be a shame for him to be covered with perpetual darknes? *The King shall reign and shall be wise*, Jer. 23. 5. saith the holy Scripture: this is the onely thing that *Solomon* desired of God at the beginning of his reign: and he gave him this request in such a manner, that he repleniſht him with a wonderful ability.

The greatnes of Wisdom.

Wisdom maketh a man more worth then a thousand, it multiplies it self into many heads, and gathers together the riches of the Universe into one onely heart. The Wiseman draws an harmless Tribute from the Learning of all Ages, he learns the lives of all, for to husband well his own; he enters into those great Labyrinths of time past, as into his own house; he makes use of so many rare inventions of the best wits of the World, as of his own Patrimony. You may say that the Soul of a learned Prince hath run through many Ages in diverse Bodies. Wisdom maketh him to pass through long wayes with small charges, and to discover the whole World without going out of his Closet: He learns, he discourseth, he judgeth, he approveth, he condemneth; that which is past, makes him profit by that which is to come: Good Counsels do enlighten him, and even the follies of others erect him a Theatre for Wisdom.

What the wisdom of a Prince should be.

Yet he must take heed, lest of a Prince becoming a Philosopher, he cease not to be a King: he ought not to study onely to know and dispute, but to have the knowledge and practise of Excellent things: To think to become wise by the reading of Books only, is like thinking to be hot by the remembrance of fire. He must of necessity traffick with his own understanding, with his own experience: and that he may profit by Teachers, he must be a teacher to himself. I would not that all Princes should be such Philosophers as *Marcus Aurelius* the Emperour, nor so eloquent as *Julian* the Apostate, nor so curious in every Art as *Hadrian*. It is a Science which comes very near to ignorance, to study for that which will profit nothing, and to take the pains to learn that which would be better unlearned.

Hillel Antor Hebraus. Exercitat. in Corona. 1. Lege.

Seeing that the Scripture is the Book of books, and that the Ancients called the Bible *the Crown*; a King ought not to be ignorant thereof; yet not to make himself a *Divine*, but thereby to learn his duty. Natural Phylosophy (which sets before us the great spectacle of the Creatures, thereby to ascend to the Creatour) is not unprofitable for a good understanding: that which teaches to reason & discourse is good for every occasion: but the Moral, Political, and History make up the best part of a Kings Library; and if he make a little digression, into Musick and Painting; it cannot but be commendable.

Promote that knowledg that puffs not up vain spirits; but that rather, which humbles the solid ones: for, by learning that which we know not, we understand our Ignorance; and know by experience, that one might make a great Library of that, which is beyond the knowledge of the most learned in the World. There are none but those that know little, and which know ill, who take upon them to have a sufficiency of knowledge: they crakle like little Rivulets, whereas the greater Rivers run quietly. That Prince, which by reason that he hath studied, will carry all his counsel in his own head, shews, that he hath little profited by his study: for in this mortal life, a man is so far wise, as he seeks still to become so: but, after that he thinks that he hath atteined it, and hath no more need of others help; then he begins to be out of the way. The use of wisdome is to become wise, as that of the eye, is to see.

The wisdom of a King may be seen by a reasonable tincture of Learning, by the knowledge that he hath of himself, and the frail flourishing of all humane things, by the discreetness of his words, by his modesty in prosperity, by his constancy in adversity. It will shew it self by a Greatness, without Affectation; a Majesty, without Pride; an Humility, without contempt; a Comelines, without Striving: where every thing declares a King, without any shew of making him seem so: it will shew it self by its Temperance, by the moderating of his passions, and by prudence in the government of his life and estate.

This is to have deeply studied; to be able to overcome his Anger, to disarm Revenge, to moderate a Victory, to overcome concupiscence, to regulate his Affection, to keep under Ambition, to restrain his Tongue, to over-rule his Delights, to asswage his Discontents, to live like a Saint, and speak like an Oracle. This is exceedingly to have profited in wisdom; to be able to proceed in all affairs according to the laws of true prudence. But, the false maketh that its principal which is but the accessary: it takes Greatness and pleasures for the chief aim of a Kings life, it consults little, it judgeth ill, it decreeth nothing. But the true prudence can look unto the end, can take a right mark in all businesses, it doth all things with advice, it brings Judgement without pasion in all occurrences, and gives an effectual order for the performance of all that wch hath been wisely concluded: the remembrance of that past, the nderstanding of the present, and foreseeing of that to come, makes up its whole perfection: a quick apprehension prepares, an acuteness works it, good advice orders, foreseeing confirms, and performance crowns it. It is by these steps that a Prince ascends to the Throne of wisdom, which is an unestimable Gift, and the true favour of the Deity.

S *Lewis*, whose life might have been the school of the ablest Philosophers, although he bore in his mind the best maxims of Empires, yet ceasednot to read good books, and as he had seen in the time of his imprisonment in the East, that a Saracen prince had a Library of the Books of his Law, he caused the like to be made at his return in his palace, where he spent many hours, and would converse freely with men of learning and desert: *Demetrius Phalerius*, advised Kings to instruct themselves often by reading, for that there one may learn of the dead, which they cannot know by the living.

The next to Wisdom followeth Justice, which performs in a manner the chief duty that is required of a Prince: and Royalty seems to be nothing else but an excellent science of Justice; as Justice is taken for that habit of virtue, by which we render to every one the right that belongs to him. *Tertullian* said, that Goodness had created the World, but that Justice had made the Concords thereof. This wise mother of Harmonies ceaseth not to open an ear to the dissents that are made in the World, to correct the disagreeing Voices by its own love, and to bring all to its own end: Ambition inventeth extravagant sounds, Covetousness sends forth enraged cries, tyranny makes an infernal Musick: but Justice corrects all these excesses, and if it meet with valiant and incorrupt souls to serve as an instrument, it sends forth incomparable Melodies, which delight the ears of God, and rejoyce the whole fabrick of Nature.

There are two great Virtues which make all the equalities of mans life; Truth equals the understanding to all the objects, and Justice, the hearts to that which is right.

Lying and Injustice make every where great inequalities which fill Kingdoms with Disorder: Consciences with Crimes, and the World with Confusion. But Truth and Justice render light to dark things, strength to feeble, certainty to doubtful, and order to the confused.

We naturally take a delight to behold the fair bow in heaven, which compasseth the air with a crown of glory: but *Alcuin* the School-master of *Charlemaigne* writes, That that which makes it the more admired is, for that amongst its other beauties, it carrieth the ensigns of Justice. It shews the fire and the water, in its red and blew colours, to instruct us that Justice holds the fire in its power to consume the wicked, and the water to bring refreshment to those scorching heats of calamities that trouble the miserable.

Justice is Gods profession; & an Ancient said, that his continual exercise was to weigh the hearts & the works of men, and to distribute rewards, and ordain chastisements according to the good and ill deserving of every one in particular. The Scripture saith, that

that he is glorious and magnificent, but that these magnificences are chiefly seen upon the mountains of wounds and robberies, when he beats down with an invincible arm the great ones of the earth, loaden with the spoils of iniquity. The *Hebrews* said, that God took such delight in Justice, that he had bestowed even the Saphires of his own Throne to engrave the Law thereon.

The Saviour of the world is named the Just by the holy Ghost in the writings of his Apostles, not in dissimulation, but by his Essence. All the great Imitatours of God have honoured this quality, and have held it in the number of their deerest delights. *Job* maketh it his crown and his garment: *David*, his virtue: *Solomon*, his wisdom: *Josias*, his love: *Augustus*, his exercise: and *Trajan*, his honour. The memory of so many Conflicts, Sieges, Battels, Conquests, Triumphs, whereby the life of this great Emperor was so famous, are found but in the record of a few lines: but that which remaineth engraven in the memory of all Ages, is an Act of Justice which he performed even then when marching forth of *Rome* in great state to go to the wars (as I have related in the first Volume) he harkned to a poor widow-woman which desired Justice of him; he alighted from his horse to understand her business at large, and restored her to her right before he departed thence. Which thing did so wonderfully astonish S. *Gregory*, that he prayed (as they say) for the soul of *Trajan*, and saved it: the which the D. *Alphonsus Ciaconius* justifies in a learned Treatise, although the Cardinal *Baronius* be of another opinion.

By all this, it is apparent and manifest, that a Prince ought to have especial care above all things, not onely to be just, but to make it appear both by his words and deeds that which he bears in his heart. He is the greatest King, according to the Philosopher *Diogenes*, which is the justest; and if he be without Justice, he is nothing but an empty Name, and a shadow of Royalty. The most excellent thing that a King can do in that his Dignity (said the Wiseman) is to worship the Deity; to ordain Laws; to conduct Armies; and all this is to be done Legally, according to the rule of Justice. The people feel it not if he be devout, if he be sober, if he be discreet, if he be chaste: but if he be unjust, this is a publick mischief, this all presently feel, as if the Sun should go out of his bounds, or if some malign Constellation should cause burning, or floods to happen upon the earth. King *Nebuchadonozor* is represented in the Prophet *Daniel*, by a Tree, under the which, the fowls made their nests, and under the which, the other living creatures remained under covert; to give us to understand, that Princes ought to stretch forth their Power, even like branches, to protect their Subjects by rendring them Justice.

A true Prince (to speak as *Cassiodore* doth) ought to serve for a Temple to Innocency: for a Sanctuary to Temperance: for an Altar to Justice. You therefore (O Monarchs!) that take delight in the glittering of your Crown, know ye, that it is given you from above, to be Gods Vice-gerent, rendring to every one that which belongs to him. You ought to watch like an Angel over your whole Estate, and not to suffer at any time that the smallest things should be destitute of your tenderest cares. Hearken to that which God speaks to you by his Apostle, *Masters, render that which is just and right to your servants; seeing that you cannot be ignorant, that you have a great Master in heaven, to whom you must give an account of your actions.* Hearken to that which he commands you by his Prophet: *Do Judgment and Justice, deliver those that are oppressed from the hand of the persecutours: Take good heed you afflict not the stranger, the orphan, nor the widow.* The Justice of private persons is manifest in their particular commerce, but that of a King hath other Kinde of beams to make it appear and be beheld in its glory. Jer. 21.

If you be a true King, as nature hath not given you an hundred mouthes to speak, nor a hundred hands to do all that is necessary with your Government; it is fitting that you make a good choice of those to whom you commit the managing of your Arms, of your Revenues, and of your Laws. Never suffer you, that your Name which is sacred, and your Authority which is inviolable, should serve for a pretence to wicked ones to oppress your Subjects. The huntings of men are for the wilde Boar, the Wolves and the Foxes; those of Princes ought to be after the Outrageous, the Robbers, and Tyrants. Acts of Justice in punishment and reward.

All offences are but the overflowings of Injustice: there can be nothing chaste (saith Saint *Augustine*) where adulterers are; nothing safe, where robbers; nothing out of danger, where murderers. If the sword of the Prince, the revenger of iniquities, do not stop the audacious, cities become forrests, and forrests everlasting terrours; if there be not Laws for men, and punishment for offences. Corrupt nature would never make an end of offending, if Government restrained not its enterprizes. The chiefest care of him that is set over people, is to take away the evil, and the evil-doers, that honest people may live in safety: for this cause are Kingdoms, Magistrates, Arms, Laws; the world would be nothing but robbery, and the life of man confusion, if Justice did not suppress the violence of disordered affections. But to speak the truth, the Prince that should be severe in punishments, and should have an heart lockt up at rewards, would be as it were lame of one arm: he ought equally to be ready to chastise offences, and to recompence well-doing. When the Government of Kings is so loose, that vices come in request, and those that commit them; it is almost a kind of sin, then to do well: and when virtues are so unhappy, as to be deprived of the honour which is due to them, it is a scandal of that age, and the shame of Crowns.

It is not sufficient to appoint Judges to hear and determine of suits, he must be well informed of their proceedings and their actions, he must sometimes imitate S. *Lewis*, which gave judgment under an Elm about the differences of his Subjects, and consecrated the Woods and the Fields by the sincerity of the Oracles that went forth of his mouth.

The Emperours of *Constantinople* heard likewise the controversies of their people; and as *Codin* saith, when one party pleaded, they held one ear uncovered, and covered the other; to signifie, that they kept it for the adverse party.

It is a weakness of judgment to go about to decide a business, having heard but one party; one ought to have an ear somewhat hard at such diversity of reports, which are made by parties diversly interessed in a business, otherwise it is to be feared, that a long repentance will quickly follow a short determination.

Civil Justice is exercised within Bars, and on Judgment-seats; but the Military hath been oft very much neglected by some former Princes in its time, when having lost the opportunity of making a good Peace, they have afterwards made an unhappy War.

Those Judges that buy Justice, it is a very great chance if they do not sel it, and those souldiers which are

are not paid by the Taxes levied for that end, are as it were authorized to pay themselves by the permission of spoils and plunderings. Our Laws & our Age may blush, when the *Roman* histories tell us, that one *Scaurus*, conducting an Army, oftentimes lodged in the fields, where there were trees loaden with fruit, and yet the souldiers durst not lift up the hand to gather one onely: the passing by of a great army left every thing in the same order in which it had found them. And amongst Christians one Regiment onely of Souldiers hath often made a desolation in the Country, an affrightment in the towns, and as many sackings, as quarterings. Those which sit at the Stern of Empires and Common-wealths, are greatly accountable to God for that which hath past in this business. Kings ought not onely to maintain Justice by their Arms, but to teach it by their behaviour, & to consecrate it by their examples. The Doctor *Navarrus* hath set down diverse sins against Justice, by the which, Princes, Common-wealths, & Lords may offend against God mortally; as, to take unlawfully the goods that belong not to them, and to keep them without restitution. To govern loosly and negligently their Kingdoms and Principalities. To suffer their Countries to be unprovided of victuals and defence necessary, which may bring their Subjects in danger of being spoiled. To wast and consume in charges, either evil or unnecessary, the goods which are for the defence of their estates. To burden excessively their Subjects with Imposts and Subsidies; without propounding any good intent therefore, & without having any necessity (not pretended, but) true and reall. To suffer the poor to die with famine, and not to sustain them with their Revenues in that extremity. Not to hearken to reasonable conditions for a just Peace, and to give occasion to the enemies of the Christian name, to invade their Lands and root out our Religion. To dispense either with the Law of God or Nature. To give judgment in the suits of their Subjects according to their own affection. To deceive their creditours, to suppress the Liberty and Rights of the people, to compel them by threatnings or importunate entreaties to give their goods, or to make marriages against their wills, or to their disadvantage. To make unjust Wars; to hinder the service of the Church; to sell offices & places of charge so dear, that they give occasion to those that buy them to make ill use thereof. To present to Benefices with Cure of Souls, persons unworthy and scandalous. To give Commissions and Offices to corrupt and unfit officers. To tolerate and permit vices, filthiness, and robberies by their Servants, and to condemn to death, and cause to be slain unjustly without due order of Law, and to violate the marriage-beds of their Subjects.

All these things and others which this Doctour hath noted, cause great sins of Injustice in the persons of great ones, unto which they ought especially to take heed: and to prevent the same it is most necessary that they be instructed in the duties of their charge, and in the estate of their affairs, bending themselves thereto as the most important point of their safety: and seeing that the passion of Hatred or Love, which one may bear to some person, will trouble the judgment and pervert Justice; S. *Lewis* counselled the King his Son, strongly to keep his heart in quiet, and in the uncertainty of any differences, alwayes to restrain his own affection, and to keep under all movings of the spirit, as the most capitall enemy to Reason.

Many Princes have often lost both their life and Scepter for giving themselves to some unjust action; and there is no cause more ordinary, for which God translates Kingdoms from one hand to another, then Injustice; as on the contrary, those Princes which have been great Justiciaries do shine as the stars of the first magnitude within God's Eternity, and even their ashes do seem as yet to exhale from their Tombs a certain savour, which rejoyceth people, and keeps their memory for ever blessed.

Goodness, its Excellency.

But one cannot believe the rare mixture that Justice and Goodness make joined together: Goodness is an essence profitable & helpfull, which serves as a Nurse to Love; it hath its originall in the Deity, and from thence disperseth it self by little veins into all created Beings, and mixeth it self with every object, as the light with every Colour. It drives away, and stops up evil on every side, and there is no place, even to the lowest hell, where it causeth not some beam of its brightness to shine. Beauty which amazeth all mortall eyes, is but the flower of its essence; but Goodness is the fruit thereof, and its savour is the savour of God which all creatures do taste and relish. God, which as *Cassiodore* saith, is the cause of all Beings, the life of the senses, the wisdom of understandings, the love and glory of Angels, having from all eternity his happiness compleat in his own bosom hath created man, that he might have to whom to do good, as *Gregory Nyssen* writes: and S. *Cyprian* saith, that this eternal Spirit did move upon the waters from the beginning of the world, to unite and appropriate the Creature to its self, and to dispose it for the loving inspirations of its Goodness.

The Prince, which according to the obligement of his Charge, would make himself an Imitatour of God, ought to be exceedingly good, with four sorts of Goodness; of Behaviour, of Affability, of Bounty and of Clemency. I say, first of Behaviour, for that there is small hope of any great one, which is not good towards God; which keeps not his Law, and rules not his life thereby: if he have any virtues, they are all sophisticate, and if he do any good, it is by ebbing and flowing, by fits, and for some ends. No person can be truly good towards others, which doth not begin with himself; he must needs have Christian Love, without which no man shall ever see God: if he possess this virtue, he will first have love of honour to those which have begot him, a conjugall love for his wife, a cordial love to those of his bloud, and all his kindred: from thence it will spread it self over his whole house, and through all his estate, and will cause him to love his Subjects with a certain tenderness, as his own goods, and as the good Shepheard cherisheth his flocks. He will imitate our Lord, which looked from the top of the Mountain upon the poor people of *Judea* that followed him, and his heart melted for them: with singular compassion. Herein doth truly consist the virtue of Piety, which gives so great a lustre to the life of Princes.

Now, according to the Goodness that is in his heart, he must needs pour it forth upon all his, by these three Conduit-pipes that I have said, of Affability, of Liberality, and of Clemency: Affability, which is a well-ordered sweetness both in words and converse, ought to increase together with a prince from his tender age. This is a virtue which costeth nothing, and yet brings forth great fruit; it procures treasuries of hearts and wills, which do assist great ones, when need requires.

A good word that cometh forth of the mouth of a King, is like the Manna that came from heaven, and fell upon the desart. It nourisheth and delighteth his Subjects: it hath hands to frame and fashion their

hearts

hearts as it pleaſeth him: it carrieth with it chains of gold ſweetly to captivate their wills. The command that cometh with ſweetneſs is performed with ſtrength invincible, and every one naturally delights more to obey him, that ſeemeth to entreat in commanding, then a power that cometh with an armed hand and threatens to root out that which refuſeth it.

It is fitting, nevertheleſs, that the Prince diſpenſe his favours according to the deſerts of his Subjects: for it would be a great inequality to be alike to all the world. Affectation oftentimes ſpoils the profeſſion of courteſie, and when one gives too many words at too cheap a price, and almoſt indifferently to every one, it maketh one think, that they are none of the ſincereſt: falſe gold is too high in colour, and a diſſembling courteſie is too glorious in appearance: this deceiveth ſome which are not accuſtomed to it, and have no great skill in diſcerning, carrying it ſelf like the Ivy, as fairly over crackt pillars, as ſound ones; but thoſe which are better adviſed are quickly wary of empty courteſies, when they with good reaſon expect better effects. Kings, although they are great, are not able to enrich the whole world, there are very many which muſt be contented with good words, but to think alwaies to eſcape paying with this coin, is to deceive himſelf and the whole world.

There are ſo many hungry ones, which cannot feed upon flowers, which expect gifts and rewards, after they have been at great charges, and run through great hazards for the glory of the Prince and the good of the State, that it is neceſſary, really, to acknowledge their ſervices.

The Prince which thinks himſelf bound to give nothing or very little, betraies his birth, ſhews himſelf to be lowly minded, and of as low a fortune, having little reaſon to expect a great harveſt from that field where he ſowed nothing; he declare his too much gredineſs after temporal goods, and if he knoweth little what the love of his Subjects is worth, he heaps up the Indian clay, and neglects that patrimony of hearts, wherewith God, as rich as he is, contents himſelf: it happens oft that he finds himſelf afterwards in the midſt of thorny affairs, where his ſilver without friends ſerves for nothing but to loſe.

But although it behoveth him to give, one can hardly ſay how difficult this profeſſion is to do it rightly; there can be no greater loſs then to give away all, and to give unadviſedly to thoſe which deſerve leaſt. He that gives too much and above his ability, deſtroies his liberality intending to confirm it, for that by giving too much, he taketh the way to be able no more to give any thing. *John Michel* in his Anatomy of a Body Politick, ſaith, that the Doctour *Bricot* in an Oration which he made to King *Francis* the Juſt, ſhewed him that he was like to S. *Francis*, whoſe name he bore; that his hands were pierced, and could hold nothing, as it were, which he gave not away; and if that he took not heed, this would conſume all his Revenues, and that thereby he would make more poor in his Kingdom, then S. *Francis* had drawn to his religion.

Thoſe Sovereigns that ſtarve their people to nouriſh the unſatiable greedineſs of ſome particular, are like thoſe Mountains that bear fruit, not for the uſe of men, but for the birds of prey; they give to a few, that which they take from the whole, and oftentimes fatten full monſters and abominable ones with the blood of the Publick, that they make the ground to tremble under their feet, and the heaven to thunder upon their heads. Others give that which they can hold no longer; as *Manuel Comnenus*, which offered his ſilver to his Souldiers then, when he was in the hand of the *Saracens*. Others give after an evil manner, more for that they are not able any longer to deny, then with intent to gratifie. Others give ſlowly and little, in ſuch a faſhion, as after they have long time fed men's hopes with wind, they pay them at length almoſt with ſmoak. Others repent themſelves preſently for having given that which they could hold no longer, and have no other content by their liberality, then to repent of their haſtineſs. He that would be truly liberal and magnificent, will avoid all theſe rocks, he will give with good advice according to his ability, and with a comely grace, to the poor Gentry, to the Souldiery maimed by his ſervice, to Churches, to Religious perſons, to people of Virtue, Knowledge, and Deſert, which do ſhew themſelves profitable for the Publick.

But to ſay truth, it is a great gift to pardon that by Clemency, which one might juſtly puniſh by Juſtice: this is that admirable quality that Kings have, and neareſt approaching to God: they cannot create, they cannot raiſe men from the dead, and yet to give ſafety and life to a man, is to give him, as it were, a ſecond Creation; it is to give him a being without a not being, and to beſtow on him a Reſurrection without cauſing him to taſt of death.

What would a man do which ſhould ſuddenly be made an half-god, and which ſhould be tranſported amongſt the ſtars? What would he dream of? In what buſineſs would he take moſt pleaſure, unleſs it were to do good, and amongſt all good, to give and preſerve the foundation of all the reſt, which is life? There is nothing more glorious then to be able and not willing to revenge an injury: the power makes the greatneſs of Majeſty, but the good will giveth its perfection.

The *Hebrews* ſaid, that the chiefeſt work of God was Mercy, that he dwelt in his Tabernacle from the beginning of the world, unto the day of judgment; and that giving all the reſt of the time to Clemency, he reſerved but one day for Juſtice.

Away with thoſe Kings of the *Macedonians*, that would appear in their ſtatelieſt walks with the head of a Lion; this was not to ſhew their greatneſs, but to teſtifie their brutiſhneſs. *The heart of the King*, (ſaith the Scripture) *is in the hand of the Lord:* within that hand that doth nothing but open it ſelf to fill every creature with a bleſſing from heaven to earth; how can it take then there any thought unto it ſelf of rage, of killing, or of ſacking? It ought to be merciful even in puniſhing, taking great heed to do nothing by way of revenge, but doing all by Goodneſs.

Clemency doth not exclude Juſtice, but moderate it, and if it ſuffer the life to be taken away from one that is faulty, it is to preſerve a thouſand Innocents. It is a cruelty to pardon nothing, but it is a double cruelty to pardon all; ſeeing that one cannot equal the evil to the good, in ſo great an equality of lives and manners, unleſs one overthrow a whole State. It behoves him wiſely and with good advice to diſcern, that which is worthy of pardon, and that which is worthy of puniſhment. There are peſtilent crimes, ſcandalous, and which draw great conſequences with them, which the Prince cannot leave unpuniſhed without condēning himſelf. There are other faults committed by error, by frailneſs, by ſurprize, by ſtrong inducemēts, mighty temptations; & thoſe that have yielded once ther-

to have done a thousand other worthy actions, to blot out the memory of one ill. If Clemency hath no place in such occasions, it will have nothing to do about a Prince, and if it find no employment with him, it is to be feared that the vengeance of God will find work there to busie it self.

The wisest of Kings is of opinion, that this virtue is the foundation of thrones; whence it follows, that that Prince which is unprovided thereof, puts his own person in danger, and his estate into shaking.

It is to deceive ones self to think, that a Prince may be secure there, where there is nothing secure against the violence of the Prince. Despair of Mercy hath often caused horrible cruelties to ensue, and it is needful alwayes to take heed of the force of a last necessity. There are some things which ought to be pardoned, by the contempt of punishing them; others by the profit, and others by the glory, and it is alwayes to be remembred, that we have a Judge over our heads, which suffers us to live by his only goodness, being able every moment to punish us by his Justice.

At last, to conclude this little Treatise, Valour procures an high reputation to a Monarch, making him terrible to his Enemies, and amiable to his Subjects. Greatness maintains it self by the same means which gave it its beginning; and it renews new vigour by those qualities which have been the Authours of its original. Our first Kings attained to this dignity by their valour; and by that stoutness which they had to expose their courageous persons to very many hazards for the safety of the publick: this made them admired, and lifted them up at last upon the Target to be shewed throughout the whole Army, and chosen by general consent to command over others by the title of their deserts.

The fame of Valour doth so easily run through, and with such approbation, the minds of people and valiant men, that it sufficing not it to make Kings upon earth, it hath made amongst the Heathens Gods in Heaven. They have deified an *Hercules*, and a *Theseus*, for having cut off the head of *Hydra*'s, and overcome *Minotaurs*; and not contenting themselves to have consecrated their persons, they have put wild beasts and monsters amongst the Constellations, for having served as objects of their victories, chusing rather to eternize beasts amongst the Stars, then to diminish any thing of the eternal glory of those valiant men.

Alexander being crowned King by his father *Philip*, before he took possession of the Kingdom that fell to him by the decease of his Predecessour, assembled together all the great ones of his Kingdom, and said to them, that he would counsel them to chuse such a one as should be most obedient to God, which should have the best thoughts for the Publick Good, which should be most compassionate towards the Poor, which should best defend the right of the weak ones against the strong; but above all, that should be the most Valiant, and should adventure himself most boldly for the safety of his Country. And when they had all confirmed to him that which his birth had given him, he took an Oath, that he would keep all he had propounded, as he did, testifying in all his actions his Goodness and Valour above all the Kings that had gone before him.

A Monarch shall give some proof of himself, by diligently studying the art of War; in often frequenting the exercises thereof; in being able to judge of places and Armies, of Captains, of Souldiers, of Defences, of On-sets, of Polices and Stratagems, of Fortifications, of Arms, of Provision, of Munition, and giving exact order for every thing that belongs to Military affairs. He must often shew himself in the Army, by exhorting, encouraging, consulting, resolving, giving orders, and causing them to be executed, by shewing readiness of courage in dangers, and an invincible heart in the midst of bad success. But he ought not at any time to mix himself therein without great necessity, seeing that the hand of one man can do very little, and the loss of a King brings a dammage unrecoverable.

The young King *Ladislaus* thrust himself into danger at the Battel of *Varna*, against *Bajazet* the Turk when he had there lost himself, and that they had taken away his head, and put it upon the end of a spear, as a sad spectacle to the Christians: This caused their whole Army to be routed, which before was half victorious, and gave the victory to the Infidel.

War is a long and difficult profession, and one of the most dangerous, which never ought to be undertaken but upon necessity. I cannot, neither ought I hear to teach it by words, reserving that to the skill of the more understanding, and to the experience of perfect ones.

I am only obliged to advertise, that great heed is to be taken, lest any one take rashness, or salvage rage instead of true valiantness. Those are no Bravado's nor terrible looks that give the most valiant blows in Armies. It pleaseth not God, that a Virtue that doth such wonders upon earth, and places the *Hero's* in the heaven, should be accomplished by such feeble means. This is no effect of boasting, nor of ignorance, nor of fury: this is a branch of generousness, which teacheth the contempt of dangers and of death it self, for the glory of God, for the defence of ones Country, for the subduing of the impious Infidels and wicked ones, for the exaltation of the true Faith, of Religion, and the glory of ones Nation.

Oh the excellency of this divine Virtue, which protects so many people with the shadow of its branches and laurels; which causes a calm to be be found in a tempest; safety in the midst of dangers; comfort in disasters; an upholding in the midst of weakness! Happy are the wounds of the valiant, whence flows more honour then bloud. Happy their immortal Souls which flie hence into heaven, carried upon the purple of so generous bloud, and which flying hence, leave to posterity an eternal memory of their prowess.

Time hath no sythe for them; Death is unprovided with darts; Calumny loseth its teeth there, and Glory spreads (throughout) the Ensigns of their Immortality.

THE MONARCHS.

DAVID. SOLOMON.

David is a great mixture of divers adventures, of Good, of Evils, of Joyes, of Griefs, of Contempts, of Glories, of Vices, of Virtues, of Actions, of Passions, of un-thought-of Successes, of strange Accidents and Marvels. It is not my purpose to set forth his Life here, which is exactly contained in the holy Scriptnre, but to make some reflexions on the principal things therein, that concern the Court. We will consider him in a twofold estate, of a Servant, and of a Master, and will observe with what wisdome he preserved himself in the one, and with what Majesty he behaved himself in the other.

The whole beginning of his History is a continual combat against an horrid monster, which is the jealousie of *Saul*, which torments him a thousand waies, for to adorn him with as many Crowns. An Antient said very well, That the greatest secret of ones life was to undergo destiny, and endure patiently the ordinance of God concerning our lives and estates; for by learning Patience, we learn to forget our misery: but by bearing the Divine appointment with Impatience, we row all our life against a torrent which swallows us up.

A great secret of life.

Anthrolog. φέρε τὸ φέρον ἡ φέρῃ.

David was at the heart of God, but he was not at the heart of *Saul*: God had made him for to command, and *Saul* would not allow any waies that he should be obeyed: He sought his life, when as God had appointed his Crown for him: He desired his death, and procured for him immortality.

God and man did strive, who should exalt or depress this man, but the counsels of the one were immoveable, and the endeavers of the other were violent in their on-sets, and feeble in their effects.

The qualities of *David*.

As soon as *David* was seen, one might see some Divine thing, a little body well made, enlivened with a great spirit; a comelineſs which could not be learned at school, but which was a gift from above; a mildneſs without weakneſs; a behaviour without affectation; a valiantneſs without ostentation; a gallantneſs without vanity; a virtue that was made to be admired by all, and imitated but by few.

Men of God.

All flowers have their being from the earth by their roots, but they have influences from heaven much different. Men also are all of *Adam's* clay, but the gifts of God do manifest themselves in some so visibly, that it is wisdome to give them place, and but headineſs to fight against them. This little boy neglected, which fed the sheep, and whom the father would not so much as reckon amongst the number of his sons, this is He, whom *Samuel* chose for King by Gods direction, who commands not to measure Kings any more by their stature, but by their endowments from heaven.

David's entrance into the Court.

He comes first to the Court under the quality of a player on instruments, there he makes himself known for a good Souldier; admired as Commander of an Army; and crowned as a Conquerour. *Saul* was tormented with an evil spirit, which was maintained by his melancholick Humour, and nourished by his passion. They seek out for him a fair young man, which withall was skilfull in playing on the Harp, for to make him merry. One of his servants said, that *David* the son of *Jesse* would be very fit for that employment; he is sent for in the Kings Name, he comes, he pleaseth while he played on the instruments, but he displeases while he handled his weapons, when as Envy begins to cause his valour to be reputed for a fault. Such kind of enraged asps never sleep at the sound of Musick, his devil is offended at this comelineſs, is incensed by those gallant actions, and even vomits its poison against those which cast flowers at it. *Saul* knew not that God prepared

Envy never sleepeth.

him this little Muſician for to be his heir, if he had known that which Heaven intended to do with this child, that would have ſufficed to have troubled all the Muſick.

He was at that time happy in his blindneſs, and his firſt miſchance was to have eys which could not endure the luſtre of another's virtues. This young Shepherd, which in his apprenticeſhip had learned to fight with Lions and Bears, would go to the Wars as well as his brethren, who do blame that his curioſity, and deſpiſe his perſon.

There muſt always be ſome famous exploit for to put a man at firſt in great credit at the Court, all that which is humane goes on very ſlowly; and an ability is not gotten but by long experience. But when God will put to his hand, he gives to a man in one happy moment, that which thirty years pains could not obtain. The Combat with *Goliah* was that, that raiſed *David*: Heaven had prepared this Giant for to ſerve for a trial of his valour, and for an ornament of his proweſs. One man alone, which had affrighted a whole Army, nine foot high, and armed with five hundred pound weight of iron, continues for the ſpace of fourty daies his ſtately bravado's, challenging the ſtouteſt of the *Iſraelites* to combate.

Goliah.

All their hearts are frozen at the ſound of his terrible voice: there is not his like in the world which dares come forth againſt him. The King propounds great riches, and his Daughter in marriage to him, which would take away this blemiſh from the people of God printed on the face of the whole Army by this Philiſtim.

David hereupon preſents himſelf, and goes forth to fight with him, not with the gilded Arms of *Saul*, but with a Sling.

The Giant ſcoffs at him, and finding him ſufficiently armed to defend himſelf from dogs, but not for to ſet upon men, he looks now upon this little body as a fit prey for ſome bird of rapine. But this Champion of the Lord of Hoſts, reads a leſſon firſt to him of Religion, before he ſhews him his skill in fencing. Thou comeſt to me (ſaith he) with a ſpear, a ſword, and a buckler; but I come to thee in the name of the God of Armies: of the God of the hoſts of *Iſrael*, at which thou this day haſt ſcoffed with ſo great inſolence.

It is written in heaven, that this great God will deliver thee into mine hands, and that I ſhall take away thy head from off thy ſhoulders, and that I ſhall make a great feaſt for all beaſts of prey with the fleſh of this monſtrous body, and this ſhall be the means for thee to learn that there is a God in *Iſrael*. He ſaith it, he doth it, he ſtrikes his adverſary with a blow of the ſling in the midſt of his fore-head, and makes this mighty tower of fleſh to fall in a moment, this terrible Giant, cutting off his head with his own ſword; which put the whole army of the Philiſtims to confuſion & lifted up the glory of the choſen people to an incomparable heighth.

Behold the fountain of all great evils that *David* ſuffered afterwards: all the Laurels that he gathered in the field of the battel, carried an evil tincture of *Saul's* envy. The great ones admire him, the people applaud him, he is the ſubject of the Songs of the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, which ſet him above *Saul*.

The horrible envy of *Saul.*

It is this muſick that enraged his evil ſpirit, and would not give him any reſt: *Goliah* overcome in the opinion of all the world, is ſtill upon his legs to torment him: here is the cauſe of his rage, as it was before of his fear. *David* muſt be deſtroyed, becauſe he hath ſaved the Nation, he muſt be put to death becauſe he hath reſtored the people to life, he muſt be diſhonoured for having upheld the honour of the King, he is ſufficiently faulty, becauſe he is too virtuous.

They ſay, that Love and Tears are learned without any maſter; and I may ſay, that there is no great need of ſtudying at the Court, to learn Envy and Revenge. It is a ſtrange thing that *Saul* of a ſimple country-fellow, ſhould become ſo malicious and ſubtle a Courtier, as to practiſe the moſt refined diſſimulations of the Court. He had reſolved to deſtroy *David*, and yet conceived that this Duel with *Goliah*, had ſet him in too high an eſteem in the opinion of the people: and that if he ſhould openly attempt againſt his life, he ſhould bring his own into danger. He thought beſt to beſtow on him a chief place in the army, under pretence of honour, which might be moſt ſubject to the violence of the Philiſtims, believing that his courage would carry him into dangers, and that the Philiſtims being incenſed by the death of their country-man, would no waies ſpare him, and that by this means his death would be imputed to his Deſtiny, and not to the envy of *Saul*.

Envy is eaſily learned at the Court.

But after that he ſaw that he returned from the manifeſt dangers with a crowned head, with the applauſe of the people, and that he behaved himſelf within the Kingdom with very great wiſdom; he began to ſuſpect him more then before: he took heed of beſtowing great riches on him, and married his eldeſt daughter which he had promiſed to him, to another, uſing him by this means injuriouſly.

Nevertheleſs, for that his honour was engaged therein, and that one might juſtly complain of his faithleſnes, he took advice to marry him to his younger, which was *Michol*, with very harſh & dangerous conditions, making him to buy a thing that was due to him, by the death of 200 Philiſtims, conceiving that by ſo great a number of men, and ſo many fights reiterated, he might be entangled in ſome miſchance; or if he ſhould eſcape that, the beſt that could hap was only to gain a woman of a coſtly humor wch would be to him but for a reproach, and much diſcontent.

Behold how man's reaſoning doth propound: but God which catches the ſubtle in their devices, and overthrows the deſigns of the malicious to eſtabliſh his own counſels upon their ruines, cauſed the victories and the marriage of *David* to ſucceed to his good content, together with the good will and admiration of all the Court. *Jonathan* the eldeſt ſon of *Saul* was ſo aſtoniſhed with his valiant exploits, his rare virtues, and his incomparable brave carriage, that he loved him as his own heart, and bereft himſelf of the moſt precious things that he had, to adorn him withal. *David* likewiſe ſwears unto him reciprocally an immortal friendſhip.

Humane wiſdom overthrown by the power of Heaven.

The love of *David* and *Jonathan.*

Theſe two ſouls, to ſpeak according to the phraſe of the Scripture, were united together with an indiſſoluble affection. Their hearts were two furnaces which continually breathed forth flames of ſacred love, & might ſooner be found without any thoughts then to be without thinking one of the other. Their ſeparations were as ſo many dyings, & their meetings again did prevent their Paradiſe. The longeſt daies were but as a ſmal moment while they lovingly converſed together, then they never perceived that the time ran away; and they never departed from each other, but with promiſe to viſit again aſſoon as may be. Each of them in their abſence ſeemed to it ſelf a wandring ſoul without habitation, and without a body; their ſpirits made wonderful tranſpirations for to joyn themſelves together, and talk to each other as in an Idæa, when *Saul* hindred their viſits.

Poor

The good offices of Jonathan.

Poor *Jonathan*, which was of an incomparable mildnes, declared to his father, as much as he could, the Innocency of *David*, and the great services that he had done for the Crown; and when he saw his spirit moved against him, he was almost ready to die; therefore he ceased not to represent to him with horrour of mind the monstrous impiety that it would be to sacrifice such a personage as he, which had so often devoted himself for the safety of his Country, the out-cry of the people, and the vengeance of God. At other times he dealt with him with sweet and perswasive language, causing him (as it were) to touch with his fingers the brave carriage and excellencies of *David*, and assuring him, that there was not a man in his whole Kingdom which was of a more harmless and pleasing a conversation, and that it was the joy of his heart and his only safety to have him alwayes at his side.

Saul cleared for a while, again returns to his evil spirit.

Saul suffered himself to be overcome with these his discourses, whether it were indeed that he was perswaded, or whether he feigned himself to be appeased, and suffered *David*, whom he had driven far of, to return again near his person. But this mad-man, upon a day when he plaied on the Harp in his presence, took his launce, and endeavoured to strike him through therewith, which he had done, if *David* by his nimbleness had not avoided that evil blow; and lest that any should charge him with this perfidiousness, he excused it by the distemper of his spirit. *Jonathan* endeavoured yet another time this reconciliation, but having been repelled by *Saul* by pricking words, and with threatnings to kill him, if he did not give over this his friendship with *David*; he saw clearly, that there was no more safety for his friend, and gave him the counsel which was for himself the sharpest of all, causing him to retire.

David goes from the Court, and makes a sad departure from his friend, for to avoid the unmerciful fury of his father.

These two dear souls on the day of this sad departure were pierced with a thousand darts of grief and were a thousand times upon their eyes and lips for to fly from thence, and to mingle themselves one with the other. The time past caused them to remember that which they had lost; the present, that which they were to lose, and that to come, was unto them a bottomless pit of terrour and affrightment. They apprehended the one for the other, as many dangers as there are upon the earth and sea, and they could not promise themselves any thing but dayes without comforts, and nights full of terrible dreams and torments. They poured out so many tears, and fetched so many sighs, having no other eloquence but that of their hearts mutually wounded in their lodging, that it was a thing worthy of compassion, even of *Saul* himself.

David is pursued, and escapes.

This mad-man seeing that he was escaped out of his bloudy hands, would have caused him to be taken and sent forth souldiers for to bring him back. But his wife *Michol* having descried the evil intent of her father, advertised her husband of it, and made him depart suddenly in the deep silence of the night, putting in his place an image in his bed. The house failed not to be set upon, the next morning; and the Guard of *Saul* entring by force, passed on unto the bed and found there the counterfeit. *Michol* was accused hereof and chidden by *Saul*, but she excused her self, saying, That her husband had compelled her to do this, threatning to kill her, if she would not obey, and that the presence of so manifest a danger had forced her to procure this invention. He ceased not to encrease his anger, and to invent every day new means to destroy him, whom he ought to have preserved above all men.

The life of *David* in banishment.

In the mean time, *David* knew not whither to retire himself, and saw himself every day, amongst the nets, hunted like a poor beast, which caused him to pass a life, so worthy to be esteemed by the whole world, in very many bitternesses. He would have taken the boldness to have gone to *Samuel*, who was yet alive, but this his interview would have been prejudicial both to the one and the other, in the mind of *Saul*, which turned all its suspicions into fury.

His arrival at *Nob* causeth great disaster to the High-Priest.

He removed himself from thence unto the town of *Nob*, to the high Priest *Ahimelech*, who seeing him in very small equipage, was somewhat amazed at his arrival: But *David* for to confirm him, told him, that he went about a certain urgent business, which the King had given him in charge, and that it was necessary that it should be done without noise: the which had compelled him to take but few people with him, which were come forth very suddenly, without having leisure to take order for necessary things for their journy; whereby, he should do him a great pleasure to give him some bread, and to help him to some weapons, which the haste of the business would not suffer him to take.

The Priest answered, that he had no other loaves then those of the shew-bread which were consecrated, but that they might make use of them, if they were purified, and especially if they abstained from all converse with women: of which *David* having assured him, he gave them those, and having no other sword then that of *Goliah*, which was kept in Tabernacle for a Monument, he presented it to him, wherewith he was very well contented, judging it the best of all, and so went forward in his way.

Saul having heard a report that *David* had appeared, entred into great forrests, and going through a wood with a lance in his hand, being compassed by his Captains and Officers, sharply complained of the unfaithfulness of his servants, asking them with reproach, What it was that *David* had promised them, and whether he would give them every one Lordships, or make them Captains, or Camp-masters, that they had thus forsaken their Prince? That it was a pitiful thing to behold him betrayed of his own children, for to uphold a rebel, which sought nothing but an occasion to get his Crown from him.

Doeg accuseth the high Priest being innocent.

Hereupon *Doeg*, master of the shepherds of *Saul*, an Idumean by nation, and of barbarous behaviour, having been at *Nob* when *David* passed by there, and desirous to get favour with his Master, accused *Ahimelech* the Priest, with all his company, for having helped *David* with weapons and provision, and having testified a good affection to his party: which caused *Saul* to send for him presently, and handle him with great anger, reproaching him with villany, and suspecting him of treason. The other answered very wisely, that he being retired from the knowledge of business at the Court, and of the Bed-chamber, he could not know the intents of *David*, but knowing very assuredly the good-will that the King had testified towards him, the great charges & commissions wherewith he had honoured him, the favour that he had shewed to him by so nearly allying him to his house, he could not, nor he ought not to drive him away from his lodging, having received no command from the King, & not being able to understand by any the offence that *David* had incurr'd.

Bloudy effects of the jealousie of *Saul*.

This excuse was very just and lawful. But the violent are never contented with reasons, intending to be masters of the Laws, although they are slaves to their brutish passions. *Saul* commanded without any other

other form of proceedings to kill him with those of his company, which the souldiers did very much abhorr, and there was not found one that durst lift up his hand against those sacred persons. But *Doeg* that villanous butcher, which had a long time been bred up in slaying beasts, having gathered together the small rabble of his servants, set upon the high Priest and the Priests which accompanied him, to the number of 85. which were all murdered in one day, and this curst servant stretching further yet the command of his Master, drave on his murderers to the sacking of the Town of *Nob*, which they filled with fire and bloud.

What will not the jealousie of State do? what will not tyranny, rage, and fury, when they are seconded by evil servants which blow the coal able to devour both men and Towns? *Saul*, the plain Countryfellow, the cordial man, the child of one year, after he had suckt the breath of this serpent, kills the high Priest and the Priests, buries the smoaking Towns in the bloud of the miserable Citizens. A thousand poor bloudy sacrifices stretched out upon the cart, pleaded sufficiently before God with the voyce of their bloud, for to pull down this inhumane Tyrant, for whom all the furies prepared their pincers and torches.

Poor *David* having understood by *Abiathar* the son of the high Priest all that was past, was pierced with a most bitter grief, accusing himself as the cause of the death of those unhappy ones, and took along with him, him that brought him this sad news, using him as his own brother. He perceived well, that the spirit of *Saul* was wholly envenomed, and in despair of remedy, he saued himself in the cave of *Adulla*, where he thought he had been hid from the eyes of the whole world. But his father and his brethren flying the persecution, ceased not till they had found him therein, and did wonderfully pierce his tender heart, lamenting for the change of his fortune, because they perceive not any more in him a *David* triumphant, the object of all the thoughts and discourses of all tongues. But he comforted them, promising not to forsake them, and recommended all that was deareſt unto him, which was the person of his father with that of his mother, to the King of *Moab*, untill that he knew what it would please God to do with him.

David saves himself in the eaves of the desart, whither father and mother go to seek him.

His piety towards them.

At the same time, all the banished, all that fled for safety, and all the miserable betook themselves unto him, unto the number of 400. men, which entrenched themselves in a fortress, going forth every day for to rob, to maintain themselves thereby. In the midst of all these misfortunes, the good Prince kept alwayes in his heart a true love of his Country, and knowing that the Philistims had laid siege before *Keilah*, he failed not to go to help it, and to deliver it, although this ungratefull City was intended to deliver him to *Saul*, if he had enclosed himself therein; the which he would not do, having consulted with the Oracle of God, but retired himself to the desart of *Ziph*, whither *Jonathan* that burned with a great desire to see him, came to find him secretly, and they were for some time together with unspeakable expansions of heart. This good friend comforted him and assured him, that he should be King after his father, and for himself he would be content to be his second; which sufficiently witnessed the wonderfull modesty of this Prince, and the incomparable love that he bore to *David*.

Banished men repaired to him.

The visit of *Jonathan*, secret and very profitable to *David*.

But the Ziphims, men for the time that would provide for their own safety, sent their deputies to *Saul* to advertise him, that *David* was retired into their quarters, and if it pleased him to follow him, they would deliver him into his hands. At the which *Saul* was exceeding joyfull, and entred the chase to entrap him, compassing him on every side, and hunting him like a poor deer chased by men and dogs with great out-cries. The danger was very manifest, and *David* in great hazard to be taken, had it not been for a happy message, it may be, procured by *Jonathan*, that advertised *Saul*, that the Philistims had taken the field, and made great waste upon his lands, at which he returned to bring remedy thereto, deferring his former design till another occasion.

In the mean while, *David* ran from desart to desart, with his troops, and was hardly able to live, which made him have recourse to *Nabal* a rich man, and that had great means, entreating him for some courtesie for to maintain his people, which had used him with very great respect, defending his house, his flocks, and all his family against the spoilings of robbers. This *Nabal*, that was clownish and covetous, answered the deputies of *David*, that he knew not the son of *Jesse*, but that he was not ignorant, that there were evil servants enough, which were fled from their masters, and that he was not in case to take the bread from his hired servants for to give it to high-way men. This word being told to *David*, incensed him so much, that he was going to set upon his house for to rob and sack it. But *Abigail* the wife of *Nabal*, better behaved, and wiser, without busying her self to discourse with her husband, that was a fool and drunk, caused presently mules to be loaden with provision necessary for the men of war, and went to meet *David*, to whom she spak with so great wisdom, comelinesse and humility, that she turned away the tempest, and stayed the swords already drawn out of the scabbards for to make a great slaughter in her house. *David* admiring the wisdom and goodnesse of this spirit of the woman, married her after the death of her husband. It is so true, that a good deed bestowed on a high person in time of his affliction, and when he hath most leisure to consider it, is a seed-sowing which in its time brings forth and bears fruits of blessednesse.

The rudeness of *Nabal* towards *David*.

The wisdom of *Abigail* his wife.

A good deed done to a great one afflicted is of much value.

After that *Saul* had driven back the Philistims he returns to the pursuit of *David*, accompanied with 3000. men, with a purpose to take him, although he should hide himself under ground, or should fly through the air. And indeed he crept up rocks unaccessible, which were not frequented by any but by wild goats; and as he passed that way, he entred into a cave for some natural necessity, where *David* was hid, with a small number of his faithfullest servants, which failed not to tell him, that this was the hand of God, which had this day delivered his deadly enemy into his hands, and that he should not now lose time, but to cut him off quickly, whilst that he gave him so fair play, and this would be the means to end all those bitternesses, wherewith his life was filled by the rage of this barbarous Persecutour.

David furiously pursued by *Saul*.

This was a strong temptation to a man so violently persecuted, and whose life was sought by so many outrages. Nevertheless, *David* stopping all those motions of revenge, resolved in his heart, by a strong inspiration of God, never to lay his hands upon him which was consecrated King, and contenting himself with cutting off the skirts of his coat, he went out of the cave after *Saul*, and crying with a loud voice, he worshiped him prostrate on the earth, holding in his hand the piece of his cassock, and saying to him, Behold my Lord, my Father, and my King, the innocence of my hands, and do not believe them any more which filled you with

His generousnesse in pardoning his enemy, very admirable.

suspicions

suſpicions of poor *David*: you cannot be ignorant at this time, that God hath put you into my power, and that I could have handled you ill, and by taking away your life have ſaved mine own. But God hath kept me by his holy grace from this thought, and hath preſerved you from all evil. I never yet had any intent to hurt your Majeſty, having always reverenced and ſerved it, as your moſt humble ſervant and ſubject; whiles that you ceaſe not to perſecute me, and to torment my poor life with a thouſand afflictions: Alas, my Lord, what is it that you deſire? Againſt whom are you come forth with ſo great furniture of Arms and Horſes? againſt a poor dead Dog, a miſerable little beaſt? I beſeech the living God to judge between us two, and to make you to know the goodneſs of my cauſe.

The greatneſs and benefit of clemency.

One may avouch, that great and glorious actions of Clemency do never hurt Princes, but that often they do place or keep the Crown upon their heads, God and men concurring to favour that goodneſs that approaches ſo near to the higheſt. *Saul* was ſo amazed with this action, that he ran to him, and embraced him weeping, and ſaid to him, this is a ſure ſign, O *David*, which I acknowledge at the preſent, and whereby I know for certain that you muſt reign after me, ſo great a goodneſs not being able to be rewarded but by an Empire. I do pray and conjure you only to have pity on my poor children after my death, and not to revenge your injuries upon them: hereupon he ſwore to him, to deal with him afterwards peaceably.

David goes out of the kingdom, and retires himſelf among ſtrangers.

But as this ſpirit was unequal, and did oftentimes eaſily depart from reaſon for long ſeaſons; *David* reſolved to go out of the Kingdom, and to betake himſelf to *Achiſh* King of the Philiſtims: Some may ſeek occaſion to blame his behaviour in this matter, and may think it ſtrange, that he ſhould retire himſelf to the Philiſtims, the ſworn enemies of the people of Iſrael, eſpecially after this reconciliation and oath paſſed between him and *Saul*. But it muſt be conſidered, that his life was no wayes aſſured within the Kingdom, and that *Saul* at another time having given ſo ſolemn a promiſe to *Jonathan* for the ſafety of his friend, yet would have killed him with his own hand: and further, that he was every day in danger to be ſet upon by arms from the other party, with effuſion of bloud both of the one and other, and that it ſeemed better to him to avoid the occaſion, then to ſee himſelf perpetually obliged by ſo miſerable a neceſſity to defend himſelf.

Further he conſidered, that he brought his chiefeſt friends into danger, not being able to retire himſelf amongſt them, without making them guilty of treaſon, and expoſing them to ſlaughter: laſtly he found not ſo much ſecurity amongſt other Kings, which having no war with *Saul*, would have made ſome difficulty in entertaining him, or might have delivered him up, after they had received him, for their own commodity.

This made him reſolve to take his refuge amongſt a Nation, that bore an irreconcileable hatred againſt *Saul*. But foraſmuch as ſome have thought, that he bore arms for *Achiſh* againſt the people of God, this is manifeſtly convinced of falſhood, by the Text of the Scripture, where it is expreſsly ſaid, that *David* did invade the Amalekites, and other people Infidels, although that *Achiſh* perſwaded himſelf, that he would do the like to the Iſraelites, after he had been ſo evilly uſed by his own Nation. But he uſed diſſimulation herein, for to maintain himſelf in good favour with the King, as the Doctour *Toſtatus* hath very well noted; And this was the cauſe that the great ones of the Kingdom, which perceived this diſſembling of *David*, would never ſuffer him to be in the Army-Royal, in the day that the battel joyned againſt the people of Iſrael, ſaying openly to the King, that he would betray the party, and would reconcile himſelf with his own men by the price of the lives of the Philiſtims, unto the great diſadvantage of the whole Realm; which was the cauſe that *Achiſh* gave him leave to depart fairly, excuſing it upon the ſuſpicions which the Noble-men had taken of him.

1 King 27.

Saul being in great perplexity conſults with the ſoul of *Samuel*.

At the laſt, the fatal day of *Saul* drew near, and he ſaw the Philiſtims which came thick & threefold upon him with the chiefeſt forces of their Empire, he felt the remorſe of conſcience; and the bloud of ſo many Innocents undeſervedly ſhed, ceaſed not to leap up againſt his faulty head. In theſe confuſions of a troubled ſpirit, by the repreſentation of his crimes, he ſought unto the Divine Oracles, to learn what he ſhould do in ſo preſsing a neceſsity. But this unhappy Prince, that had uſed *Samuel* ſo unworthily in his life, and driven away as far as he could all honeſt men from his councils, for to let looſe the reines of his fury, ſought after the dead in vain, having trod under feet the admonitions of the living.

I have declared in the Maxim concerning the Immortality of the ſoul, the whole diſcourſe about his conſulting with the Witch at *Endor*, and it is not my purpoſe here to trouble again any Reader with the rehearſal of thoſe things. We may only note, that the ſoul of *Samuel*, having appeared before that the Sorcereſs could employ the charms of her profeſſion, rebuked *Saul* for having diſquieted it, and foretold him the routing of his Army, his Death, with that of his Children; at which he was ſo affrighted, that he fell down in a ſwound, having eaten nothing all that day. Whereat the Sorcereſs having pity, and having prepared ſomewhat to eat, was urgent with him to take ſome little refreſhment, which he did, and condeſcended to her intreaties, and thoſe of his ſervants.

He marches againſt the Philiſtims in battel and is overthrown.

After he went from her table, he marched all night, that he might come to the Army, whether it were that he did not firmly believe that his laſt miſhap, or whether he would willingly ſacrifice himſelf, without any contrarying Gods appointment. The next morning he perceived the Army of the Philiſtims wonderfully increaſed, and with full reſolution to fight, and on the contrary the Iſraelites exceedingly weakned, and which ſeemed already to carry the picture of their diſaſter printed in their faces. The enemies gave the onſet with very great violence, & overthrew the van-gard, in which *Jonathan* was with his two brethren, all which ſealed the laſt proofs of their valour with their bloud and death. The miſerable father ſaw carried away before he died, all that might have obliged him to live, and preſently perceived that the whole body of the Army of the Philiſtims was faln upon him, and yet for all that he had no deſire to retire, not willing to overlive thoſe his misfortunes. He was ill handled by thoſe of the forlorn hope, which ceaſed not to let fly their arrows very thick upon the Troops where he was, and which fell with ſuch violence & multitude, that they ſeemed to imitate the hail in a great tempeſt, which furiouſly beats down the hopes of a poor husbandman. He ſaw his braveſt Captains dy before his eyes, which ſacrificed themſelves with deſpair of better fortune, and although he were wounded with many wounds, and that he had loſt almoſt all his bloud, yet he ſtoutly upheld himſelf, deſiring nothing ſo much as to dy in the bed of honour. But as forces failed him, &

The end of Saul.

the

the violence of his adverſaries redoubled, fearing leſt they had a purpoſe to take him alive, he commanded his Target-bearer to make an end of him, and to give him his deaths-blow, before he ſhould fall into the hands of the Philiſtims. The other excuſed himſelf wiſely, ſaying, That he would never undertake that againſt his Majeſty, and upon ſo ſacred a perſon; and that one ought to expect the deſtiny, and not to prevent it. Then *Saul* ſeeing that he could not dye ſo ſoon as he deſired, neither by the hands of his friends nor of his enemies, ſuffered himſelf to fall upon his ſword, and made it enter into him, vomiting forth both his ſoul and bloud, with ragings and griefs unſpeakable. The Philiſtims having found his body amongſt the dead corps, took off his armour, and cut off his head, which they carried through the Towns of *Paleſtina*, for a pittifull ſpectacle, making many thankſgivings in the Temple of their Idol for this victory. And not content herewith, they took the body of the King, with thoſe of his three children, and hung them upon the walls of *Bethſhan*, where they were ſeen, untill the time that certain valiant men of his party took them away by night, and gave them burial. Such was the end of this unhappy Prince, whom impiety, diſobedience, love of himſelf, and the jealouſie of State accompanied with his ordinary ragings, threw head-long into a gulf of calamities.

David receives the news thereof.

At the ſame time that this unhappy battel was fought, *David* was purſuing the Amalekites, which in his abſence had ſacked the Town of *Ziklag*, which was the place of his retireing, that *Achiſh* the King of the Philiſtims had beſtowed upon him. He was ſo happy that he overtook thoſe robbers loaden with their prey, and took out of their hands his two wives *Ahinoam* and *Abigail*, whom they had taken away. As he came from this battel, a young Amalekite preſents himſelf, and brings him the news of the death of *Saul*, of *Jonathan*, and of his other ſons, affirming that he himſelf had ſtood by at the death of the King, and had helped him to dye, by order which he had received from him, cutting off the thread of his life, and delivering him from thoſe deadly pains that cauſed him to languiſh: and for a proof hereof he ſhewed him his Crown and bracelet, which he preſented to *David*, hoping for a great reward from him.

But this virtuous and wiſe Prince, as well for conſcience ſake, as his reputation, took great heed of receiving or manifeſting any joy at this accident, but on the contrary, being moved with extream grief, he tore his garments, & put all his Court in mourning, he wept, he faſted, he made funeral Orations for the honour of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and ſet forth lamentations which cauſed as great eſteem of his virtue, as they moved pitty to his Country. Not content herewith, he cauſed the Amalekite that brought him the news of the death of *Saul*, to dye by Juſtice, which he himſelf had helped to confirm (according as he had avouched) by obedience and compaſſion, not enduring that he ſhould lay hands upon a King, for to take away his life from him, by any pretence whatſoever that he could alledge.

It ſeemed that after the death of this unhappy Prince, *David* ſhould forthwith have taken poſſeſſion of all his eſtates, but wiſdom hindred him from proceeding herein ſo haſtily: They knew that he had not aſſiſted at the battel for to help his people, that he had retired himſelf into the hands of the capital enemies of *Iſrael*, and many might very juſtly think, that he had borne arms for *Achiſh*, which might diminiſh much the great opinion that they had of his virtue. Further alſo, although that *Saul* was not ſo much loved in his life-time, yet his death might very well have defaced that blemiſh of hatred that many had conceived againſt him. They conſidered that he had ſacrificed himſelf with his three ſons for the publick ſafety, and had ſpared nothing for his Country. They had pity on the evil uſage that the Philiſtims had done unto his body; his former good actions in time paſt, the dignity of a King, his laborious life, and tragical death, did quell all the envy that any could have at his fortunes.

Hence it was that *Abner* his chief Captain, who was a man ſufficiently upright, would not loſe any time; but ſeeing there remained yet a ſon of *Saul* named *Iſhboſheth*, aged forty years, although he was but of little courage, and as little underſtanding, he made him preſently to come into the Camp, and cauſed him to be declared the true and lawfull Succeſſour of the eſtates of *Saul*, not ſo much for the eſteem that he had of his ſufficiency, or for the love that he bore him, as intending to reign by him, and over him. All the people gave unto him the oath of Allegiance, except the kindred of *Juda*, from which *David* was ſprung, which gathered together in favour of him, and crowned him King in *Hebron*, where he reigned about ſeven years, before he poſſeſſed the whole power of the Empire.

The Kingdom of *Judah* was then one body with two heads, the houſe of *Saul* and *David* claſhing againſt each other, not ſo much by the inclination of the Maſters, as by the ambition of the Favourites and Servants which would reign at their coſts. The Kingdom divided by the ambition of the favourites.

Abner was high and courageous; *Joab* alſo the chief Captain of *David*, ſtern and violent, which would gain the favour of his Maſter by devouring him, in the which he did not ſucceed well, for that the ſpirit of *David* was not ſo feeble as to comply with ſuch behaviour; and it was nothing but neceſſity which cauſed him to paſs by many things. *Joab* and *Abner* do ſeek for the government.

Theſe two chief Captains full of jealouſie, the one over the other, meeting together at the Fiſh-pond of *Gibeon* with the chief of the Nobility, *Abner* began firſt and demanded a combat under pretence of play; unto whom *Joab* which had no need of a ſpur, eaſily conſented. Preſently one might ſee the young men of each ſide nimbly to beſtir themſelves, whoſe fingers did itch to be at it, and did not fail quickly to ſurpriſe one another. The ſport growing hot, by little and little came to a full combat, and at laſt to a battel where many remained dead upon the place. Their combat.

Joab's party was the ſtronger, and that for twenty which he loſt, he killed 360. of *Abners* men who was conſtrained to retire himſelf.

But *Azael* the brother of *Joab* a nimble runner followed him lively with his ſword at every turn ready to wound him, the other which had no deſire to ſlay him, being not ignorant that if it ſhould come to that, it would prove the ſeed of an irreconcileable enmity between him and *Joab* his brother, prayed him twice to depart from him, and to content himſelf with the ſpoil of ſome other, without being ambitious of his. *Azael* would not hearken unto him, but deſired to make himſelf famous by getting the better of the Captain of the Army. At laſt he ſeeing him inſolent unto that extremity, turned back and ſtruck him through with his Launce. *Joab* and *Abiſhai* his two brethren incenſed with that his ſlaughter, followed *Abner* with all their force, who ſaved himſelf upon a hill, where a great ſquadron of the family of *Benjamin* encompaſſed him, and cryed with a loud voice unto *Joab*, ſaying, ſhall the ſword devour for ever? and would he make of a ſport ſo deadly The death of *Azael* by his raſhneſs.

deadly a tragedy, as if he were ignorant that it was dangerous to drive them to despair? *Joab* caused a retreat to be sounded, making a shew to do that for courtesie, which he agreed to for necessity.

The disagreeing of *Abner* and *Ishbosheth*.

Abner laying aside his warlike humour, fell in love with a Concubine of *Saul* named *Rispah*, which was a woman well bred and of good courage. *Ishbosheth* was offended thereat, for that he had done this without telling him of it. But *Abner* for one poor word spoken to in a very mild manner, entred into a rage against his King, and said that it was to use him like a dog, to quarrel with him for a woman, after so great services as he had done for the Crown, reproaching his Master, for that he held both his life and his Kingdom of him. But seeing that he used him in this manner, he would take a course with him, and would translate the government from the house of *Saul* to that of *David*.

The insolence of *Abner*.

Masters should not give too much authority to their subjects.

The poor Prince held his peace, and durst not answer one word only to this bold fellow, which was a pitiful thing to see him thus devoured by his own servant. The houses of Great ones are very often filled with such servants, who having been honoured with an especial confidence of their Master in the administration of their affairs, whether they be their Receivers or Stewards of their families, take upon them authority, & not contenting themselves to govern the goods, enter upon the right of their Lords, leaving them nothing, but a name and shadow of the Power, which is due unto them.

He treateth with *David*.

Abner grew so hot with anger, that he dispatched his Messengers to *David* to desire his friendship, and promiseth him to bring the whole Kingdom of *Ishbosheth* into his hands. *David* answered, that he was content to make peace with him, so that he would cause his wife *Michol* to be restored him, whō they had married to another after his departure, which was readily agreed to him, for they took her away from the hands of her husband that followed her weeping, this woman with her lofty spirit had some pleasing behaviour, wherewith *Davids* affection was taken.

In the mean while *Abner* powerfully sollicits the people of Israel to betake themselves on *Davids* side, shewing them that God had committed their safety and rest into his hands, and that it was he wch should unite together all the families under his obedience, for to compose a Monarchy, which should become happy to his people, helpful to his friends, and terrible to his enemies. This discourse did very much shake the principal ones of the Nation, which were not ignorant of the smal hopes that were in the person of *Ishbosheth*, which was disparaged both by nature and fortune. This stout Captain following the business, came to meet with *David* in Hebron, who made him a feast hearkened unto his propositions, and conducted him back with honour.

Joab's jealousie over *Abner*.

Joab who was at that time absent, at his return quickly understood of the coming of *Abner*, whereat he entred into a furious jealousie, fearing lest *David* should be of the humour of those, wch delight more in making of friends, then keeping of those that are made, and that the friendship of a man which seemed to draw a whole Kingdom after him, might much prejudice his fortunes. He enters roughly into his Kings chamber, telling him that this was but a deceiver, which came but to spy out his secrets, and to do him some ill turn, that he should lay hold of him, seeing he was come under his power. And for that *David* answered him nothing, seeing him in a hot anger, he went out furiously, and without authority sent a message to the chief Captain *Abner*, to entreat him to return to Hebron, under colour of treating more fully with *David*. He lightly believed it, and came back the same way, when as *Joab* that lay in wait for him, took him treasonably and killed him at the gate of the City.

The death of *Abner*.

David tolerates *Joab* in his fault upon necessity.

David was indeed very much perplexed hereat, & uttered grievous curses against *Joab*, and his whole race: nevertheless, as the wisest did judge, that there was a great interest in this death, and that his chief Captain had become the executor thereof, this made some to think, that there was some design, & though that suspicion was false, *David* did all that he could to deface the blemish thereof, assisting at the funerals of *Abner*, very near to the corps, protesting against the cruelty of those that had taken his life from him, and highly setting forth the praises of the dead: yet he caused not process to be made against *Joab*, conceiving that he was not able to destroy him, in such a time, when it was dangerous to provoke him. Nevertheless, he kept the resolution to punish him even to his death, but *Joab* contemned al upon the confidence that he had that none could go beyond him, and measured his own greatness by the impunity of his great offences.

David cannot be excused upon the treaty made with *Abner*, if one have not recourse to the secret and over-ruling will of God,

It is hard to excuse *David* upon this treaty that he projected with *Abner*, traytour to his Master, if one have not recourse to the secret and over-ruling will of God, or to the right that he pretended to have to the Crown, in consideration of his first anointment made by *Samuel*. He knew that the Edicts of his royal dignity were written in heaven, and for this cause without endeavouring by any criminal way, he expected the work of Providence, and applyed himself to the events, for without any thought of his, *Ishbosheth* King of Israel was slain by two murtherers *Rechab* and *Baana*, which kill'd him as he slept upon his bed at noon-day, and brought his head to him, at which this great King was so highly incensed, abhorring this barbarous act, that he condemned them presently to death, and after he had caused their heads and feet to be cut off, he made them to be hanged at the fish-pond of Hebron.

David absolute by the death of *Ishbosheth* son of *Saul*.

The death of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*, ended the difference which was between the two Royal houses, and the other families yielded themselves to *David*, by an universal consentment. It was then that he began to reign absolutely, and to make to appear, as in a glorious light, the admirable qualities, and Royal virtues, wherewith he was adorned. And it is certain that of all the Kings of Juda, there was none hath equalled him in all kind of perfections. He was one that feared God without superstition, religious without hypocrisie, valiant without any sternness, liberal without reproaching it to any one, a good husband without covetousness, stout without insolency, vigilant without unquietnesse, wise without subtlety, courteous without loosness, hūble without cowardliness chearful without too much familiarity, grave without fierceness, and kinde without any complement.

The Royal qualities of *David*.

His zeal to religion.

He united all those things together which ordinarily make Princes great & proved in each of them so advantageous, as if he had been endowed with that only quality. Above all, he shewed himself all his life very zealous for religion, and wonderfully affected towards divine things. He removeth the Ark of the Covenant with great & stately Ceremonies, he prepared infinite treasure to build the house of God, he cōposeth Hymns for his people, which have astonished all ages, and which serve for perpetuall springs of devotion in the Church. He ordained the Quires of Musick & singers, wch have prescribed the

law of praises in consort for all Nations. He perfectly honoured the Prophets and Priests, mainteining a very great intelligence with and amongst them.

His valour and his wars.

All these exercises no ways diminished in him actions of valour, he overthrew the Philistims in two great battels: he made war on every side; in the East against the Moabites and Ammonites; in the West against the Phœnicians; on the South against the Amalekites, the Arabians, and Idumeans; in the North against the Syrians, the Sabeans, and Mesopotamians, and was happy in all his enterprizes. Besides this he made leagues with the Kings his neighbours for the benefit of commerce; gaining them all either by friendship or subduing them by force.

His justice and good husbandry.

He rendred Justice exactly to his Subjects, he favoured Arts, he enriched and fortified the Towns, he made himself stately Palaces, and drew the Kingdom of Juda out of servility, which had not yet known what magnificence was, he was honoured by the great ones, beloved by the Priests, admired by the wisest, and as it were adored by all his people.

His vices. The love of Bathsheba.

But as all light in mortal things hath its shadow; God suffered him to fall into a great offence, which served to humble him, and caused very much trouble in his house. His mind being loosed from the cares of war, and businesses, had too much inclination to the flesh, more then it used. He was sleeping upon his bed, and being awaked in the afternoon, he walked on the top of his house upon the covering made in platform, and delighted in the fair prospects that he had from his Palace, from whence de descried a woman that bathed her self in her garden, he enquired of her name, her kindred, and her qualities, and became in love thereby, sends for her to his house, and had company with her.

How dear did this unhappy cast of his eye cost him! and how many damned are there, that shal one day bewail with eyes of fire the concupiscence of their fleshly eyes! This fountain where *Bathsheba* washt her self, ran with flames and poyson, which entring by the senses of a Prophet, empoysoned his heart, blinded his reason, infected his thoughts, and overthrew his whole soul. This creature was neither Bear, nor Lion, nor *Goliah*, nor Philistim, and yet she overthrew in a moment, him that made but a sport of Bears, which conquered Lyons, subdued Goliahs, and marched over the heads of Philistims. All conspired unto the mishap of poor *David*, the season, the hour, the sleep, the solitarines, the prospect, the object, a woman very fair; and smoothly composed; for it seemed that this unlucky one did ly in ambush and made it her glory to triumph over a Saint and one of the valianteſt men that was at that time upon the earth. Perhaps she would only have given an occasion of love, but not have taken; had she been like the Sun, that scorches all here below, and yet remains untoucht in the midst of his flames. When one doth more then he ought in this blind passion, he goes further then he thought.

Tanlubrosius l. 3. Concubitu regnum ab Alexandro redemit.

It is a great temptation to a woman to be beloved of a King. *Cleophis* by this means gained a Kingdom in a night. *Bathsheba* looked more upon the greatness, then the pleasure. When love & ambition blow at the same time in the head of a woman, she hath two great Devils to fight with. She might honestly have refused this visit, she might have deferred it, have gained time, and turned aside the occasion. There is no need sometimes but of a spiders web, to beat back the darts of love, that at other times the Ramparts of *Semiramis* are not strong enough against it. But she was ready to sell, and to yield, that had already laid aside her honour, with her attire. She failed not speedily to send news to *David* that she had conceived; and that her husband having not seen her, might very well conceive that that was none of his doing.

The death of *Uriah*.

The honour of this lost creature must now have a cover: the King sends for her husband, under some other pretence; he comes from the Army; he is very kindly entertained; they are earnest with him to go take his ease at his house, and to go to see his wife: But the good man refuses it, saying that it was not fitting for him to ly in a bed, when the Ark of God and his Captain *Joab* were under Tents. He lyes upon the ground before the door of *Davids* chamber, and so passeth the night, having no other desire then to return speedily to the army.

The blindness of *David*.

Alas poor *Uriah*! a harmless sacrifice; thou wast but too faithful to faithlesness, & therefore thou must water with thy bloud the loves of thy master! *David* takes the pen, and love dictates to him a bloudy letter, by wch he sends to *Joab*, that he should place *Uriah* amongst the forlorn-hope, that they might so fairly be rid of him, for such was his pleasure. *Uriah* carrieth this deadly packet, *Joab* without enquiring any further, obeys, the innocent is massacred; and the false liberty of these two lovers thinks it is now in surety enough. *David* remains nine months covered with this filth, and this bloud, without coming to the knowledge of himself, until that *Nathan* takes away the veil that thus blinded him.

The carriage of truth costs dear at the Court

Truth is one of the excellentest cōmodities that is in all nature, but the carriage thereof casts dear, wch makes that many will not take it up to bear, especially when there is any question about carrying it into a Kings Palace: one saith that it is not yet time; another, that it will not be useful; others, that it is of no great force obliging. One will daub over businesses, another seemes to make a conscience, one studies for reasons, where little is to be found, for to please the humours of great ones, but there is danger, that those that would preserve themselves by fair-speaking, do not ruin themselves by flattery.

The Prophet *Nathan* sheweth himself courageous in this point; for although he was not ignorant, that it was a thing dangerous enough to speak freely to a King, and to a lover, of that which he least did love to hear: yet he resolved to shew *David* his sin, and took a very right course therein, preventing him with a Parable of a rich man having great store of sheep, that had violently taken one only Ewe from a poor man, which *David* finding very strange, judged him worthy to dy.

The other hits him home, and tells him that it was himself, that had caused poor *Uriah* to be slain, after he had taken his *Bathsheba* frō him. He brought to his memory the good things that he had received from the Divine Bounty, even from his infancy, and how by this action he had ill rewarded them, with so great ingratitude. Whereupon he declared to him the mischances that should happen to him, to his house and posterity. *David* awaking, as it were, out of a dead sleep, acknowledged his sin, with a true humility, and submitted himself to all the chastisements which it would please that great Judg to draw forth for his unfaithfulnesse.

David's repentance.

He entred at that very present into great grief for the fault cōmitted, not so much for the punishment that he should receive therefore, as for the love of his so good master, accounting it the greatest punishment of sins, to have offended. He was presently chāged into another man, he was no more that amorous *David*, but a penitent exceedingly humbled, a heart bleeding, eyes weeping, a sad and disfigured face

a body made thin, ſighings redoubled one upon another, joints pined away with faſtings & auſtereneſs, a continual avoiding of all Society, of the light and day which reproached him with his offence, and a fixed love of Solitarineſs and Tears: His Harp hanging up knew no more what ſongs of Triumphs meant, and was wholly imployed in expreſſing his griefs. This heart dying to all mortall things of the earth, was upon the coaſts of the ſea of Repentance, which he made to eccho with his groanings, & ſwell continually with his weepings: whereby he fell into a great ſickneſſe, and God beginning the puniſhments of a ſin pardoned, cauſed the child conceived in adultery to dye, and ſuffered him not to bring up any young one of *Bathſheba*, before he had eſpouſed her by lawfull Marriage.

Puniſhment upon the houſe of *David*.

A year after, thoſe pitifull Tragedies of his houſe began, which covered it with horrour, and filled his heart with terrours. *Amnon* the eldeſt ſon of *David* fell in love with his ſiſter *Thamar*, a very fair Princeſs, and which was of the mother's ſide as well as of the father's, of the bloud-Royal. The more hinderances that he ſaw in that his love, both by his quality, and virginity, and kindred, and the inclination of the maid: the more was his concupiſcence inflamed. This kind of paſſion ordinarily covets that which it ſhould leaſt of all deſire, and that which it can leaſt bring to paſſe. This was a ſubtle poyſon breathed forth by the contagion of the fathers example, which had poſſeſſed the brains of this miſerable one. His burning luſt was that which tormented him moſt. The King his Father goes to ſee him, to take order for his health There is but one meditine, ſaith he, that could heal him, which is, that his ſiſter *Thamar*, who hath the skill of making excellent broth, may prepare ſome with her own hand, for to cauſe him to have an appetite. This is very readily granted to him. The poor maid which ſuſpected nothing, is ready to give him content; for the better recovery of his perſon, he cauſes all others to avoid the place, and prayes her to ſtay in the chamber for to give him to eat, but without any other counterfeits he takes away the Mask and declares to her his deteſtable paſſion, at which *Thamar*, who was a Maid of Honour, conceived as great horrour as could be, alledging unto him, that this was a deed unheard of amongſt the people of God.

But this barbarous one proceeded on to force her, and deflowred her body, without getting the conſent of her minde. The paſſion was no ſooner evaporated, but that he entred into as furious a repentance, not enduring to behold her with his eyes, which cauſed him to remember his heinous crime. He drives her out of his houſe with reproach, where ſhe would have left her life with her honour: her mourning attire, and head covered with aſhes, teſtified the funeral of her virginity.

At laſt ſhe caſt her ſelf under the protection of her brother *Abſolon*, who was born of the ſame Mother, and rehearſed to him the diſaſtre that had happened unto her. Her brother comforts her, and injoins her ſilence, having in the mean while no vein in his body that did not ſwell to revenge this diſhonour. The report thereof came to the knowledge of the Father, who, remembring his own offence, durſt not cenſure that of his Son; beſides that, he loved him with too tender an indulgency, and feared to grieve him, the which made him ſeem to wink at all that had paſſed, wherein he cannot be excuſed from having committed a great fault, which proceeded from a vicious mildneſſe.

Abſolon ſeeing that *David* ſaid nothing, continued in great diſſmulation, never complaining of *Amnon*, but reſolved to do himſelf juſtice with his own hands. And having kept two years his deſign faſt-lock'd up in his breaſt, to avoid all ſuſpicion thereof, he prepares a Royal Feaſt, to which he invites the King his Father and all his brethren: *David* excuſes himſelf, and the other earneſtly intreats, that his eldeſt brother *Amnon* might ſupply his place, unto which the Father conſents.

The brethren enter joyfully into the Hall where the banquet was, where the Furies had prepared a bloudy Spectacle, and horrible Sacrifice. *Abſolon* gives the word to his Servants to take the time, wherein his brother *Amnon* had already drank plentifully, and to kill him in the middle of the Feaſt, without any fail, ſaying that it was ſufficient, that it was he that had ſo appointed it, and that he would provide for their ſafety. The Wine, the good Chear, and heat did let looſe their tongues to merryment, when as Swords drawn out of the Scabbards glittered before the eyes of the Gueſts: fear came upon all, but the danger was onely to *Amnon*, who was ſuddenly maſſacred, his bloud leaping on his brothers table for a juſt revenge of his ſhameſull luſt.

The brethren affrighted get up upon their Mules, and get to the Town, the report mixing falſe with true, brings ſad news to *David*, and gives him to underſtand that *Abſolon* had ſlain all his brethren. The poor King caſts himſelf on his face upon the ground, weeping, & all the Court tear their cloaths, and put on mourning. *Jonadab* in the mean while certifies, that there was none but *Amnon* that remained upon the place, in revenge of the offence committed againſt *Thamar*. *David* returns a little to himſelf, and his other children preſent themſelves before him, affrighted and weeping for that which had paſſed. *Abſolon* ſaves himſelf in the houſe of his Grand-father by the Mother, the King of *Geſſer*; where he remains three years, without dareing to ſee the King his Father, who would no wayes pardon that his enteprize.

Abſolon out of favour.

Joab labours very adviſedly to reconcile the Son to the Father, by the mediation of a very diſcreet woman of *Tecoah*, which came with a counterfeit pretence, and complained to the King, that ſhe being Mother of two ſons, the one in a hot quarrell had ſlain his brother, and that they would conſtrain her to deliver up the other to juſtice, that proceſs might be made againſt him, to the end to extinguiſh all her race. And therefore ſhe intreated his Majeſty to be gracious to ſave her ſon that remained, and not wholly deprive her of all comfort in the world. The which *David* having agreed to, ſhe declared to him, that he ought to practice the ſame towards his own ſon, which he would have done for one of his ſubjects: that we were all mortall; and that we paſſe away here below as the current of a ſtream, that we ſhould imitate the goodneſs of God, which loves our ſouls, and would not that they ſhould periſh.

His reconciliation by the means of *Joab*.

As this woman ſpoke with ſo much diſcretion, *David* was in doubt that *Joab* had inſtructed her, & made her underhand to act this fine play, the which ſhe affirmed, & ſo much gained the heart of *David*, that he gave full permiſſion to *Joab*, to fetch back the baniſhed to his houſe, although it was for the ſpace of 2 years without ſeeing him. *Abſolon* grew ſo melancholick, by his being ſo far from the Court, without ſeeing the King his Father, that having oftentimes ſent to *Joab* to put an end to his buſineſs, ſeeing that he would not come to him for friendſhip, he cauſed his corn to be ſet on fire, to make him come for anger, for the wch he excuſed himſelf & entreated

him to ask of *David* in his behalfe, either that he might dye, or that he might have leave to see him.

Absalom's revolt.

This good father could no longer dissemble the movings of nature, but having sent for him, he embraced him, and gave the kiss of peace, and re-establishes him in the court. The spirit of this Prince was lofty, tempestuous, movable, which could not contain it self any longer within the bounds of obedience. For the space of the five years of his removall from the Court he had leisure enough to bite the bridle; and as it is credible, he had projected already the design of reigning, his ambition seemed to him sufficiently well founded: *Amnon* his eldest brother was dead, *Celeab* the son of *Abigail*, the second of his brethren, made no great noise, he saw himself under-propt on his mothers side, by the King of *Gesher* his grand-father: This was a Prince well made, upright, pleasing, courteous, liberal, secret, courageous, and capable of great undertakings. He saw his father upon the declining of his age, who had lost very much of that vigour testified so many times in his battels. *Adonija* was too much a fondling, and *Solomon* yet a childe and not able to oppose him. He conceived that the Empire could not slip out of his hands: And indeed there was great hopes for him, if he had had so much patience to stay for it, as desire to command.

His designs.

He made too soon to appear what was in his mind, causing himself to be encompassed when he marched forth with souldiers, and a guard, which was a sign of Royalty. Further also, he ceased not to gain the hearts, and secretly to get the good will of all his fathers subjects. He was up betimes in the morning, and set himselfe at the entrance of the Palace to take notice of all those that had any business to propound to the King. One never saw Prince more prodigal in courtesies, he called them to him, he embraced them, he kissed them, he enquired of their countrey, of their condition, of their suit, and of that their negotiation. He did justice to all the world, and said, that there was no other mishap, but that the King was old and tyred with businesses, and had not a man to hear the complaints of his subjects, and to render them justice, and that if one day he had the charge which his birth deserved, he would give full satisfaction to every one.

His ambition.

By this means he made himself conquerour of hearts, and traced out great intelligence throughout the Provinces, guiding himself by the counsels of *Achitophel*, who was the most refined spirit, the best dissembler, and most pernicious that was in the whole Kingdom: *David* did not sufficiently watch over the actions of his son, and the secret workings of this evill Counsellour; the evil increased, and their party was already framed: *Absolon* asketh leave of the King his father to go to *Hebron* under pretence of performing a vow, but with an intent to proclaim himself King. That which he desired was granted to him, he marches under this coverture with a train and splendour, carrying many people with him, and sacrifices to offer. He gives order in the mean while to all his confederates, that at the first sound of the Trumpet, they should march forth into the field to go to meet him, and to bring him all the Troops that they could gather together.

Absolon caused himself to be proclaimed King.

All this was readily performed, and without further dissimulation he declared himself, and caused himself to be crowned in *Hebron*: the news came quickly to *David*, which brought him word that his son *Absolon* was revolted against him, and had got possession of *Hebron*, and that all the forces of the Kingdom run to him.

Here one may see a great example of the judgment of God, of the weakness of a man left to himselfe, as also, the beams of an high and profound humility. To speak according to man, all that *David* did in this encounter of affairs, was low and feeble. He might have taken the field with the Regiments which he had, which amounted at least to 6, or 7000 men, and have unwoven this web of conspiracy, at its springing forth. And if he had not perceived himself strong enough, he had sufficient means to maintain himself in *Jerusalem*, to entrench and fortifie himself there, and to tire out those spirits of his Rebels. He might have entertained him with good hopes, promises, and treaties, and have cooled this first heat, by rallying by little and little the affections of his subjects to his own party. And if he had conceived his affairs to be in ill plight, he should have been the last that had taken notice of it, after the manner of those great Captains, which carry hope in their faces, even then, whē they have despair in their heart, to keep together their troops in their duty.

A great example of the weakness of mans spirit, when it is left by God.

But this poor Prince at the news of this Rebellion, talked of nothing but flying, & leaving his chief City, and saving himself in the by-paths of the wildernesses: he is the first that goes forth without a horse to ride on, on his bare feet, his head uncovered, with tears in his eyes, affrighting all the world, & left ten Concubines to keep his palace, which was very ill advice according to the world, for what could these women do being forsaken by men and strength, but only to prostitute themselves to the soldiers, & yield up all the honour they had left, as a prey to them?

Further also, he sent back the Ark of the Covenant which *Zadock* and *Abiathar* had brought into his camp, which might have put very much courage into his army, & obliged it to defend a thing so honourable & so precious to this nation. Whence do we think then, that this ordring himself, in a king, to whom neither valour was wanting, nor wisdom, nor experience but only that he saw clearly that this calamity was an ordinance of God, wch had been foretold by the Prophet *Nathan*? and in pursuit whereof, this virtuous Prince had no other thought then to suffer the work of providence, and to submit his whole heart, in the ful extention thereof, to the chastisement of his judg, and to kiss the rods which beat him. He marched like a penitent and not like a captain, he adored the judgments of God upon him, he enlarged his pains going a foot, & that bare-foot, to exalt the justice of his sovereign Master: He esteemed himself unworthy to look upon the Ark of the Covenant, & used himself with all kind of rigour, to honour the design of Heaven for his abasement. This is the cause that he endured all, & complains of nothing, bearing with a deep patience the enraged tongue of *Shemei*, who seeing him in this estate, in which the most barbarous would have pitied him, persecuted him with bloody injuries, and went about to have stoned him: *Abishai* offered himself to have cut him in pieces at the present, but *David* sharply reproved him for it, & would that they should suffer him to exercise his rage at his pleasure, not being ignorant that all which happened to him was designed from above. He contented himself with saying. If God will be mercisul to me, he will call me back, & make me to see again his Ark and his Tabernacle, But if he cause me to know that I am not fitting any more to please him, nor to serve in the estate of a King. I am ready to obey all his pleasure, seeing it belongs to him to do whatsoever he will with me. These words alone were more worth then all crowns, and brought him again into the favour of God, by bearing that his affliction with so great humility.

Whence this small courage came, when *David* proceeded.

The patience of *David* towards *Shimei*.

His great humility and humble words.

In

The pernicious counsel of Achitophel.

In the mean while *Absolon* entred into *Jerusalem* without resistance, with his pestilent Council of State; *Achitophel*, which, the surer to engage him in the war, and an irreconcileable hatred against his Father, give him most detestable counsel, and which could not have been inspired but from the blackest of the bottomless pits; he perswades him to abuse all the Concubines that his Father had left in the Palace, the which this disloyal Son would execute, most erroneously causing a pavillion to be set up in the sight of all the people, & going publickly there into to accomplish all his incests. Behold the politick wisdom of this mischievous servant, whom they esteemed as a God in counsels: who is there that saw not, that this action, besides that it drew upon *Absolon* the wrath & vengeance of God, made him odious & abominable to all his people, & to all those which had any feeling of Religion or publick honesty.

The wisdom of Chushi the servant of David in the council of Absolon.

After he had begun so villanously, he assembled his Council, for to give order for the affairs of the warr. *Achitophel* counselled him to take twelve thousand men of the best exercised, to pursue his Father the same night, and to take him in that disorder and wearinesse, and to make him away, assuring him, that if that one man alone were down, all the Kingdom would be for him. In this private council there was by good chance one wise man named *Chushi*, a secret friend of *David*, and his confident, which was come to join himself in appearance to *Absolon's* party, closely to counterpoise the counsels and authority of *Achitophel*. He saw well that if God had permitted the execution of this first advice, that *David* had been lost without any recovery: this was the reason, that after he had insinuated himself into the heart and friendship of *Absolon*, testifying that from henceforth he would serve him with the same fidelity that he had done to his Predecessour; he declared unto him, *That they should do nothing hastily, for that his Father was an old Captain which knew all policy in warr, and that he had still in his Army men full of counsell and valour, that he should not rouze up the Bear in her wood after he had robbed her of her young ones, and that despair is a valiant piece in warr, that it stood not with his honour to give battel, unless he were assured of the victory; for that, If at his first encounter he should have the worst, yet disadvantage would be of dangerous consequence, able to abate the courages, and put the whole Army to a rout. But if he would stay awhile, the people would gather together about him in a great number, as the sand on the Sea-shore, and that he being in the midst of so mighty an Army might overthrow the Cedars, and pull up Towns by the roots, without any body being able to resist him.*

This Counsel was rellished and preferred before the first, whereat *Achitophel* entred into such a rage, that he suddenly went forth of the Chamber, and retired himself to his house, where, after he had disposed of the estate of his family affairs, he took unto himself an unlucky cord and strangled himself, by the most manifest justice of God.

After which, *Absolon* seeing himself sufficiently well accompanied, passes ouer *Jordan*, takes *Amasa* for his chief Captain, and intends to give battel to his Father. *David* which had had a little leisure to recollect and fortifie himself, takes courage again, divides his Army into thre parts, names Lieutenants and Captains, and appoints three for Chief, *Joab*, *Abishai*, and *Ittai*. He would also have been himself in the Encounter, but his Council beseeched him to retire, which he did after he had encouraged his people to do their duty well: but above all, that in case they should gain the Victory, that they should guard his Son *Absolon* without doing him any hurt.

This being done; the Trumpets sound, and the Armies approach. *David's* people enter into the field of the Battel, as Lions, their Masters good cause gave them such confidence. It seemed that the victory that day had taken a pledge to follow their Colours, and that it was enough if they did but shew themselves to conquer. The Rebels tormented with the affrightments of their conscience, and which had not such entertainment as they were promised, first were put into disorder, after to flight, and then to a rout. It seemed that on the one part, there were men that came to kill, and on the other, sheep that came to be slain. As soon as they were mingled the one amongst the other; the sword on the one side made great Massacres, on the other, the falls & tumblings headlong carried them away, in such manner, that there remained twenty thousand upon the place.

Absolon gives battel to his Father where he is overthrown & killed.

Absolon taken with a great astonishment, is left by all the world, and betaking himself to flight, gets up upon a Mule. It happened that passing through a Forest, his head was catched, and wreathed within the branches of a Tree, insomuch that his carryer having left him, he remained hanging between heaven & earth, where he made a very fitting amends both to the justice of God, and the goodness of his Father: *Joab* had notice thereof, who nevertheless although *David* had forbidden, stroke him through with three Darts, and when as yet he seemed to have life, ten young Souldiers of the Troups of *Joab* ran to make an end of him; he feared so much that if he should return into favour and authority, lest he should take vengeance upon him, because he would not follow his party. The body was interred in a pit under a great heap of stones, for to convince the vanity of him, which had caused a stately Monument to be built for himself, which he called *Absolon's* hand. Behold an horrible end of an evil Son and a rebellious Subject, which is sufficient to make posterity afraid throughout the revolution of all ages.

The death of Absolon.

While all this was doing, *David* enclosed in a little Town, expected the event of the battel, and and when as the Posts brought him the news of the Victory, he shewed not so much rejoycing as fear: asking every moment in what estate his Son *Absolon* was, which caused that diverse durst not bring him the news of his death, seeing the trouble of his mind. At last *Chushi* uttered the word, and said, That they should desire *Absolon's* end to all the King's enemies. He understood well what he would say, and was pierced with so violent a grief, that he could not be comforted, losing all courage, and crying every moment, *Absolon my Son, my Son Absolon, Oh that this favour had been done for me, that I might have dyed for thee!* Every one cast down his eyes for pitty, and the whole victory was turned into sorrow, the Palms and Laurels were changed into Cypress.

Joab alwayes bold and insolent towards his Master, instead of receiving reproaches for his fault, casts them upon *David*, and thinks that the means to justifie himself, was to speak the more stoutly. He enters into the Chamber of his King, and reproves him sharply, saying to him, *That he would put to confusion all his good Servants that had that day saved his life, his house, and all his estate; That he was of a strange nature, and seemed to have been made for nothing but to hate those that loued him and to love those that hated him: That it was very clear, that he bore no good affection to his*

Joab's insolency.

his Captains, and good Souldiers, and if they all had perished to save the life of one rebellious son, he would have been very well satisfied. Further, he swore to him by the living God, that if he did not rise and go forth to see and entertain those that returned from the battel, that there should not remain one man onely with him before the morning, which would prove a greater displeasure to him, then ever he received in all his life. He presseth him so vehemently, that the King without daring to answer him one word, rose up, and did all that he would have him.

This great grief diminished by little and little, & the rejoycings of those that came on every side to carry him back to Jerusalem in triumph, gave him no leisure to think upon his loss. He endeavoured to drave to him again all those that had separated thēselves, pardoning all the world with an unspeakable meekness, being ready even to give *Joab's* place to *Amasa* that was chief Captain for *Absolon*.

David's mildness very great.

But *Joab* quickly hindred this, and kild with his own hand, him that they had purposed for his successour. After that he began to pursue one *Sheba* a Captain of the Rebels, who was retired into Abela with some remainder of the mutinous, and as he was about to besiege it, and destroy the City for to take him, a woman of discretion and great in credit amongst her people, which had made composition with *Joab*, caused him to be slain, and threw his head over the walls, to put an end to this whole bloudy war.

The last acts of Davids life.

After this re-establishment of his Estate, *David* reigned about eleven years in ful peace in continual exercises of Piety, of Devotion, of Justice, and caused a general Assembly of the States of his Realm, where he made his son *Solomon* which he had chosen, to be confirmed; and encouraged him to build that great Temple, which shōuld be the marvel of the World, whereof he shewed him the platform, the beauty, ying and the orders, in the Idea.

Two things do a little astonish those which do seek an exact sanctity in this Prince: the first, that he dyed, haying unto the last hour a maid of rare beauty by him; and the other, that he recommended to his son *Solomon* punishments and deaths by his Testament.

But there are that answer to those that may be offended with these actions: That God hath permitted this to make us the better to relish and admire the perfections of his Evangelical law, whereof the Word Incarnate was made the Law-giver, and bringer, above all the excellencies of the presents and virtues of the Mosaical law. And that one ought not to expect from *David* the chastity of a Saint *Lewis*, nor of a *Casimire*; but that one ought to measure things according to the manner of the time, according to the law and custom. Nevertheless I should rather say, that the plurality of women was not an offence, seeing that it was approved of God: so that it caused not a weakning of the vigour of the spirits and mortifying their divine functions by too much commerce with the flesh. *David* sinned not in causing the Shunamite to ly besides him; seeing that she was in the place of a spouse, and approached unto him not for the pleasure which his great age had totally extinguished: but for the entertainment of his Royal person. Lastly, there are other actions that do set forth his virtue, besides this which is more worthy of excuse then blame.

And forasmuch as he ordained by his testament, the death of *Joab* & of *Shimei*, this doth something trouble those spirits which have an inclination to m ldness; they say that *Joab* was his kinsmā, his faithful servant, the best of his Captains, the chief Commander that had followed him from his youth, accompanied him through infinite dangers, and upheld the Crown a thousand times shaking upon his head. He never medled in the factions that were raised against the King, he was always the first that dissipated them by the vigour of his spirit, resolution, counsel, of his Arms, and of his Sword. If he slew *Abner*, it was in revenge of his Brother which the other had slain. If he stabbed *Amasa*, it was the chief Captain of the Rebel *Absolon*, whom they would have put in his place, for to lay then great faults of the State upon him. if he spoke freely to *David*, it was always for his good, and for his glory; in the mean time at his Death he recommended him to be punished, after that in effect he had pardoned him all his life.

But to all this I say, that the last actions of so great a King, are more worthy of honour then censure. The punishment of *Joab* proceeded, not from a passion, but from a Justice inspired by God, which would satisfie the voice of bloud, the which cryed still against the murders cōmitted by this Captain. Further also there was a secret of State, as saith *Theodoret*, wch is, that this *Joab* shewed himself against the re-election of *Solomon*, and was ready to trouble the peace of the Realm.

And as concerning *Shimei* to whom he had sworn that he would not cause him to dy, he kept his promise to him faithfully, abstaining from doing him any evil while he lived, although he was in absolute power for to hurt him: but as his oath was personal, he would not extend it upon his son, and ty his hands, contenting himself to recommend unto him that he should do justice, according as his wisedom and discretion should direct him. It is very fitting that we should think highly of this Pro het; and that we should rather search out the reason of many of his actions, from the secret inspiration of God, then from the weakness of humane judgement.

He lived near upon threescore and twelve years, reigned fourty, and dyed a thousand and thirty two years before the birth of our Saviour, leaving infinite treasures for the building of the Temple, and eternal monuments of his devotion and understanding. It was a special favour to him, that the Saviour would be born of his bloud, and that his birth was revealed to him so many days before it was known to the world; He hath often set it down upon the title of his Psalms, and was in an extasie, in this contemplation, by the fore-tast of that his happiness. Men are accustomed to take their nobility, and their names from their Ancestours that go before them. But *David* drew it from a Son which is the Father of Glory, and Authour of Eternity. The industrious hands of men have taken pains in vain, to carve him out a Tomb. Death hath no power over him, seeing that he is the Primogenitour of life. All things are great in his person; but the heighth of all his greatness is, that he hath given us a *Jesus*.

SOLO-

SOLOMON.

Solomon's entry into the Realm, full of troubles.

Solomon was he that ordered the holineſs of the Temple, and yet he can hardly finde place in the holy Court. The love which gave him the Crown by the means of his mother *Bathſheba*, hath taken from him his innocency. The *Gentiles* might have made him one of their Gods, if Women had not made him leſs then a man. His entrance into the Throne of his father was bloudy, his Reign peaceable, his Life variable, and his end uncertain. One may obſerve great weakneſſes at the Court at his coming to the Crown, confuſed deſigns, deſperate hopes, a Prophet upright at the Court, a woman full of invention, an old Courtier overthrown, and little brotherhood, where there is diſpute of Royalty.

David was upon the fading of his Age, and his Throne looked at by his Children, which expected the diſſolution of their father. He had taken the authority upon him to decide this queſtion by his commands, not willing to be ruled therein by nature, nor to prefer him whom ſhe had firſt brought into the world, but him which ſhould be appointed by God, and beſt fitted thereto by his favours. *Bathſheba*, a ſubtle woman, that had carried him away by violence of a great affection, and kept her ſelf in her poſſeſſion, and had more power over the mind of the King, then all his other aſſociates. Amidſt the kindneſſes of an affectionate husband, which is not willing to deny any thing to her whom he loves; ſhe drew this promiſe from *David*, that he would take her ſon *Solomon* to be ſucceſſour in his Eſtates.

Bathſheba fitly inſinuates her ſelfe, and procures the Crown for her ſon Solomon.

Solomon's infancy pleaſing.

This was a little miracle of Nature in his Infancy; and it ſeemed that all the Graces had ſtrove together to make a work ſo curiouſly poliſht. His mother loved him with infinite tenderneſs, and his father could not look upon him without amazedneſs. He was married at the age of nineteen years: and *David*, before he departed from the world, ſaw himſelf multiplied by his ſon in a ſecond, which was *Roboam*.

Ariſtotle hath obſerved well, that children which are married ſo young, do ſeldom bring forth great men; and this obſervation was verified in *Roboam*, who made as many confuſions in his life, as he had made rejoycings at his birth. This ſtrengthned *Solomon* at the beginning, in his own and his mothers pretences.

But *Adonijah* his brother, which immediately followed *Abſolon*, was before him in the right of Elderſhip, and promiſed himſelf to have a good part of the Empire.

Adonijah competitor of the Crown, and his faction.

The example of that unfortunate brother, which had expired his life in the deſpair of his fortune, was not ſtrong enough for to ſtay him, which treading (as it were) in the ſame ſteps, went on infallibly unto his laſt miſchance. *David* endured too long for him; and it ſeems to him that the greateſt kindneſs that a rich father could do for his ſon, when he came to die, is to ſuffer himſelf to die.

He had ſufficiently well knitted his party together, binding himſelf cloſely to the chief Prieſt *Abiathar*, and to *Joab*; It ſeemed to him, that having on his ſide the Altars and Arms, he was invincible.

The fault of Adonijah in his Council of State.

But in that burning deſire that he had to reign, he committed very great faults, which put an end to his life by an event very tragical. He did not ſufficiently conſider the power of his father, who governed himſelf by the orders of them in the diſpoſition of their Royalty; and ſaw not, that to undertake to ſucceed him without his good will, was to deſire to climb to the top of the houſe without going up by the ſtairs. His experience might have made him weigh, what the jealouſie of an old man may do; who deſires the more honour and life, the nearer he ſees them to their ſetting. His reaſon might have taught him to judge, what the artifices were of a woman beloved, how imperious over a husband. He thought of nothing but climbing, without endeavouring to take away the hinderances which he had about his feet.

Other wayes alſo he contented himſelf to have the favour of ſome without ſeeking that of others, which it may be, had no great deſire to ſet him forward; but were of a real power to hinder him. There are ſome which hold themſelves offended, becauſe they are not intreated, and which endeavour to hinder a buſineſs without having any other reaſon, but that they were not employed in it. *Adonijah* contented himſelf to have *Abiathar* and *Joab* for him; but he conſidered not, that *Nathan* the Prophet, and *Zadock* the Prieſt, and *Benaiah* the Captain, whom he contemned, were mighty, and able to trouble his pretenſions.

Further, for fear leſt he ſhould fail in the buſineſs, he made too much haſte of it, taking into his company, ſouldiers and a guard, in imitation of *Abſolon*. And when as he ſhould have kept himſelf, retired and recollected within himſelf, he opened himſelf too much, and publiſhed his deſigns, which were like to thoſe pearls, that in ſtead of a good ſubſtance, had nothing but an outward rind.

He made a great feaſt, to which he invited all his brethren without ſpeaking of *Solomon*; he called *Abiathar* and *Joab*, without making mention of *Nathan* and *Zadock*. The one made great chear, and created a King amongſt their pots and glaſſes, whilſt that *Nathan* and *Zadock* vented all their ſecrets, and countermined all their deſigns.

Amongſt theſe exceſſive joyes of *Adonijah*, *Nathan* plotted together with *Bathſheba*, declared to her the news of the pretenſions of the imaginary King; exhorted her ſtrongly to oppoſe him, and ſhewed her the means thereto. They take their counſels together, with a reſolution to make the proceedings of *Adonijah* to ſound aloud in the ears of *David*. It is agreed that *Bathſheba* ſhould enter into the chamber of the King firſt; and that *Nathan*, without underſtanding any thing of their conference, ſhould winde in, as it were, upon a ſudden, and as it were to ſtrike up the buſineſs, when as ſhe already had well proceeded in the diſcourſe.

Nathan and Bathſheba's advice.

All this was artificially executed, *Bathſheba*; with many honied words cauſeth *David* to remember his promiſe, repreſented to him the enterprize of his ſon *Adonijah*, and ſets forth before him the pitifull handling that ſhe with her dear ſon muſt expect, in caſe that the deſign of the Rebel ſhould take effect.

Nathan, an eloquent ſpeaker comes in, as if he were amazed, and without ſhewing that he bore any affection to any party, he laid chiefe hold on the authority and pleaſure of the King, which he comes to underſtand, as the true oracle of the Realm, to conform himſelfe thereto, and without falling into paſſion againſt *Adonijah*, he cauſed him to ſend his ſecret intelligences and carriages, avouching, that if he had undertaken

that,

that, without communicating it to him, he makes his proceeedings very ſtrange.

This was to intereſt *David* in the buſineſs, in ſuch a manner, as he failed not preſently to command *Nathan* and *Zadock*, to ſet *Solomon* upon his mule, to cauſe his guard and his old Regiments to accompany him unto *Gibeon*, and there, without any delay to conſecrate him King, and to give the people to underſtand, that he had choſen him for his lawfull ſucceſſour.

Solomon is declared King.

All this was executed with vigorouſneſs incredible, when as a woman ſo ardent had taken it in hand. And while *Adonijah* was yet drinking with his confidents, the Trumpet ſounded through the Town, with great out-cries of joy, and unſpeakable clapping of hands. He had thought that all this had been done for him, but *Jonathan*, the ſon of the High Prieſt *Abiathar*, put them all beſide this belief, and told them with lamentation, together for their overthrow, what that was which was done, and that *Solomon* was coming preſently to be conſecrated.

All their hearts failed upon the news of this chance, and they ſeparated themſelves as much as they could from each other, to take away the ſuſpicion of a conſpiracy, which was but too manifeſt. *Solomon* is brought back to the Palace with ſtrong acclamations, and all the officers and ſervants entring into the chamber of *David*, gave him a thouſand benedictions for the choice that he had made, wiſhing to the new King all the greatneſs and all the proſperity of his father.

Adonijah ſaw well that he was gone too far, and fearing leaſt *Solomon* might make the firſt trial of his power at the coſt of his life, he fled unto the ordinary refuge, taking hold of the horns of the Altar, and entreating *Solomon* for his life, who gave it him upon ſuch condition, that he ſhould keep himſelf within his duty, and would not ſpot a day ſo glorious for him by ſhedding the blood of his miſerable brother. *Joab* and *Abiathar* diſſembling their intelligence with *Adonijah*, ran to worſhip as well as others, him, whom willingly they would have devoured, ſeeing that their ſafety conſiſted at that time in hiding their intention.

The death of *David*, and the bloudy entrance of *Solomon*. *Adonijah* deſired the *Shunamite* which completed his misfortune.

But after that *David* had his eyes cloſed up, and that *Solomon* ſaw himſelf confirmed by the general conſentment of all orders; thoſe waves at the Court, which as yet had made but little frizlings, began to raiſe a great tempeſt.

Adonijah, after he had loſt a Kingdom, endeavoured to get a woman, and goes directly to *Bathſheba* the Queen-mother, to uphold his requeſt. She was not unwilling to ſee him, fearing that he had ſtill retained ſome bitterneſs in his heart, upon the things that had paſſed: behold wherefore, ſhe preſently asked him whether he came as a friend; to which he anſwered, that all was quiet, but that he had one requeſt to make to her, knowing well the credit in which ſhe was with the King her ſon. The Queen having ſhewed him a good countenance, and a free willingneſs to ſerve him, he opens the matter to her, and ſaith, That ſhe was not ignorant that the Kingdom did appertain to him by the right of Elderſhip, but ſeeing that God had otherwiſe diſpoſed of it, that he did willingly acquieſce, and deſired nothing of the King, but that it would pleaſe his Majeſty, to give him *Abiſhag* in marriage, that maid which ſerved *David* his father in his old age.

It is clear that this Prince was good, and of an eaſie nature, that could content himſelf with ſo ſmal a thing, and his requeſt was not uncivil, ſeeing ſhe was but a ſervant, & never the wife of his father, which had no other commerce with her, then to receive the ſervice and aſſiſtance neceſſary for his health.

Bathſheba was very glad that his ambition did here bound it ſelf, and promiſed to ſpeak to the King thereof very willingly, which ſhe did, going expreſly to viſit him. *Solomon* went forth to meet her, made her very great reverence, received her with moſt courteous entertainment, and having aſcended his Throne, he cauſed another to be ſet at his right hand for his mother, which ſaid to him, That ſhe came to make a very little requeſt unto him, upon which it would be a diſpleaſure to her to receive any denial.

The ſon aſſured her, and ſaid, That ſhe might boldly demand, and that he was no wayes intended to give her any diſcontent. As ſoon as ſhe had opened the buſineſs, and named *Abiſhag*'s name, *Solomon* entred into great anger, and ſaid, ſhe might have added thereto the Kingdom, ſeeing that he was his eldeſt brother, and that he had *Joab* and *Abiathar* on his ſide; and without giving any other anſwer, he ſwore, he would make *Adonijah* die before it was night: whereupon, he preſently gave order to *Benaiah*, who ſupplied the office of Captain of the Guard, which failed not to ſlay this young Prince.

Solomon's rigour.

He cannot well be juſtified for the murder of his brother.

Thoſe that think that *Solomon* might do this in conſcience, and that one may conjecture that God had revealed it unto him, take very ſmall reaſons to excuſe great crimes, and ſee not that whoſoever would have recourſe to imaginary Revelations, might juſtifie all the moſt wicked actions of Princes. There is not one word alone in the Scripture, that witneſſes, that after the eſtabliſhment of *Solomon*, this poor Prince did make the leaſt trouble in the State, he acknowledged *Solomon* for King, he lived peaceable, he was contented with the order that God permitted: for the comfort of the loſs of a Kingdom, which according to the Law of Nations did belong to him, he deſired but a maid ſervant in marriage, and he is put to death for it.

The juſt puniſhment of God upon *Solomon*.

Who could excuſe this? I am of opinion of the D. *Cajetan*, who ſaith, that this command was not only ſevere, but unjuſt; & I believe that hence came the misfortune of *Solomon*, for that having ſhewed himſelf ſo little courteous towards his mother, & ſo cruel towards his brother, for the love of a woman; God to puniſh him, hath ſuffered, that he ſhould be loſt by all that which he loved moſt. After this murder, he ſent for *Abiathar* the chief Prieſt, and gave him to underſtand, that he was worthy to die, but forasmuch as he had carried the Ark of the living God, and had done infinite ſervices for the King his father, even from his youth, he gave him his life, upon ſuch condition, that he ſhould be deprived of his dignity of the high Prieſt, and ſhould retire himſelf to his houſe. The Scripture ſaith, that this was to fulfill the word of the Lord, which had been pronounced againſt the houſe of *Ely*; but yet it follows not for all that, that this depriving was very juſt on *Solomon*'s ſide, being done without mature conſideration. And although God ordains ſometimes temporal afflictions upon children for the puniſhment of the fathers; yet one cannot nevertheleſs infer from this, that thoſe which torment and perſecute them, without any other reaſon then their own ſatisfaction, ſhould not any wayes be faulty: for otherwiſe one might avouch, that the death of our Lord having come to paſs by the ordinance of God, *Piſate* and *Caiaphas* that did co-operate unto this order without any knowledge thereof, ſhould be without offence. As for thoſe that think that the

Abiathar the High Prieſt deprived of his dignity by a very violent action.

Levites

Levites were accusers in those proceedings, it is a conjecture of their own invention: and if indeed it were so, one might yet further reason, by what law could the Levites bring accusation against their chief Priest? This jealousie of government is a marvellous beast, and those that would excuse it, find, for the most part, that there is no stronger reasons, then swords, and prisons, and banishments.

In the mean time the news comes to *Joab*, that he was in great danger for having followed the party of *Adonijah*; and as he saw himself on the sudden forsaken and fallen from the great credit that he had in the *Militia*, he had recourse to the Tabernacle, which was the common refuge, and taking hold of the Altar, he asked mercy and his life. *Benaiah* the executour of the murther, goes to him by *Solomon*'s order, and commands him to come forth, for which he excuses himself, protesting that he would rather die then forsake his refuge, which was related to King *Solomon*; who, without regard to the holy place, caused him to be massacred at the foot of the Altar, to mingle his blood with that of the Sacrifices. Behold what he got from the Court, after fourty years services; and one may affirm, that if it had been sometimes a good mother to him, now it acted a cruel step-mother at the last period of his life.

The death of *Joab*.

There remained no more but *Shimei* to make up the last act of the Tragedy; and although *David* had given commandment for his death, *Solomon* seemed yet to make some scruple upon the promise of impunity that was made to him: and this was the cause that he appointed him the City of *Jerusalem* for a prison, with threatning, that if he should go forth thence, and only go over the Brook of *Cedron*, he would put him to death. The other that expected nothing but a bloody death, willingly received the condition, and kept it three years; until the time that on a day having received news of his servants that were fled to the Philistims, it came into his mind to follow them, without taking heed to that which was commanded him, which caused that at his return, he was murthered by the commandment of *Solomon*, by the hand of *Benaiah*.

Behold the beginning of a Reign tempestuous; and one must not think to find Saints so easily at the Court, especially in those which have liberty to do what they please: many things slip from them, which may better be justified by repentance, then by any other apology. That which follows in this history of *Solomon*, is all peaceable and pleasing, even unto his fall, which may give cause of affrightment.

A wonderful Dream of *Solomon*.

The third year of his Reign, he had an admirable Dream, after the manner of those that are called Oracles. It seemed to him that God appeared to him, and spoke to him: at the which he was in an extasie. And seeing himself so neer to him that could do all, he desired of him with incredible ardency, the gift of Wisdom to govern his people; the which pleased so much the Sovereign Majesty, that not only he gave him a very great understanding above all the men of the world, but further also added thereto, Riches and Glory in so high an eminence, that none should equal him.

His knowledge.

There are those that dispute here, though beyond their sight, concerning the learning of *Solomon*, and would prove that he composed Comedies & Satyrs. But although we cannot deny that he was filled with abundance of learning: yet we must affirm, that his Political Science had the chiefest place, and that all his knowledge of Natural things tended but to that intent, seeing that he specified it in his Prayer, that the desire of Wisdom that he professed was only for the government of his Kingdom.

Whether learning be profitable for Princes.

And hence we may gather, that Learning is an Instrument very necessary for the accomplishment of great Princes, although that the ignorant may conceive otherwise. They say, that this makes them too lofty, curious, and self-conceited, and that hence they take the boldness to rest upon their own belief, and deifie all their opinions; a great Authority being sufficiently able to raise up a little sufficiency. They bring the examples of *Nero*, and *Julian* the Apostate, both which, having so well studied, they govern ill, and came to an unhappy end.

But I shall avouch to them, that knowledge and judgment without piety is an unprofitable commodity, and sometimes pernicious to Kings. Hence it is that they take occasion to move extravagant questions, to undertake dangerous businesses, to authorize their faults by apparant reasons, and to be pricked forward with a conceit which causes them to despise all counsels. Nevertheless it is an insupportable abuse to blame good things in those, which either have but the counterfeit thereof, or which make an evil use of them. I esteem not *Nero* nor *Julian* to have been very learned men, because they had skill in Poetry and Rhetorick, without ever well attaining the knowledge of their principal profession: and if they having learned good precepts among humane Writers, have abused them, shall one say for that, that they are naught, and dangerous for a Prince?

The learning of a Prince defended.

By the same reason we might condemn the Sun, because that *Phaëton* burnt himself in those heats: and take away the water from amongst the Elements, because that *Aristotle*, as they say, was drowned therein.

Lastly, we might bring an accusation against Nature in general, and so find nothing to be good of all that God made, because it may be corrupted by the wickedness of men. But for two or three Princes somewhat learned, which have used their skill evilly; how many ignorant ones shall we find which have done far more cruel and barbarous things then these: as, *Diocletian*, *Licinius*, *Maximian*, *Bajazet*, and *Selim*?

Nature hath placed all the Senses, which are the principles of our knowledge, in the Head, to give us to understand that all the lights ought to be in a Prince, which is the Head of his Realm. The Soul is not more necessary for the body, then Understanding for a King. He is (as *Philo* reports) to his people, that which God is to the creature.

And what doth God, but only shed forth his clearness throughout the whole world, visible, and invisible? and what ought a Monarch to do, but to make himself the fountain of good counsels that should maintain his estate?

What can a Prince do which sees not but with others eies; which speaks not but by the mouth of another; which hears not, but with borrowed ears; but only lose his estimation in the minds of his Subjects, and yield up his Authority as a prey unto those, that knowing his insufficiency, take the boldness to enterprize any thing without punishment?

I confess there are those, which having not studied, have a very good understanding, which they have polished by the experience of things in the world, and by conversing with great personages: but how can we say that those are ignorant which know as much as the books, and might serve for examples to Philosophers? their modesty doth yet make them affirm and acknowledge, that if they had received a deeper tincture of good learning, they should have drawn therefrom the more grace and advantage.

I would in no wise that a Prince should be like to

Knowledg ought to be moderate.

the Emperour *Michael Paripanatius*, which had always Table-books in his hand, and a pen, composing of Verses, or making Periods to run smooth.

I do not so much esteem such petty shews of superfluous knowledg, and ill ordered, in a great one; but to see a man at the government of people, which hath laid a deep foundation of true piety, knows the secrets of Philosophy, the best purified, is no ways ignorant of Divine and Humane Laws, is skilful in the Histories of all Nations, with very diligent Observations and particular applications to his own government. A man that can judge, speak, and act, that can express himself with clearness and majesty of words, fitting to his estate; this is it which makes him appear as a God amongst men; which gives him authority amongst his people, which makes him esteemed by his equals, feared by his inferiours, terrible to his enemies, and honoured by all the world. It is by these means that *Augustus Cæsar*, *Trajan*, *Vespasian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Antoninus*, and so many others, whereof *Tiraquel* reckons up eight and thirty very famous in his Book of Nobility, have attained to that heighth of reverence which hath made them honoured throughout all ages.

The judgment of *Solomon* on the contention of the two women.

For a proof of this, we see the great reputation that *Solomon* got in judging of the two women, which disputed whose the little infant should be. Both of them said equally, that she was the true mother; the one acted it cunningly, the other proceeded therein with truth. It was needful to know which spoke from the heart, and which from the tongue only. There are counterfeits so well stuft out and neatly coloured, that many able men cannot know, nor are able to distinguish the true from the false. *Parmeno* counterfeited so perfectly the cry of a young chicken, that one would have thought that nature could not have set out any better comparison of him. So many skilful men, so many gray heads were at that time in the Court of *Solomon*, which lost themselves in this counterfeit, without being able to discover it; and when he commanded a sword to be brought, and to divide the little infant, all the world was amazed: some thought his judgment was gross, that it was cruel and bloudy; but *Solomon* had studied in the bosome of nature the affections of a true mother. When he understood that the one approved of this command, and was urgent that the infant should be divided in two, he drove her away as an impudent one; but when he saw that the other was moved and wounded deeply at her heart, and that she cried with a pitiful voice, that they should rather give the infant all whole to that wicked one, then to make two pieces of it; when he considered the affrightment on her face and all the veins of her body swelling at this design, he pronounced with the voice of an Oracle, that she was the true mother, which was avouched and acknowledged publickly. All the assistants were so taken with this expedient that their King had invented, that they extolled him to heaven, and promised themselves all, such a discerning, and equity semblable, in their differences. Who doth not see then that Understanding is the Eye of a Prince, and the light of his people? This reputation of understanding, and lofty knowledge of *Solomon*, was spread abroad amongst strange Nations, and drew the Queen of *Sheba* unto *Jerusalem*. This is a story which hath afforded recreation to divers, that have exercised their pens thereupon, and curiosity, throughout the whole world. Every one would baptize her and give her a name; one calls her name *Nicaula*, another *Nitocrisse*, another *Maseda* and others will have her name to be *Candacse*. There is nothing more certain in all this then uncertainty, and it is very hard to give her a name without making a lie thereby.

The Queen of Sheba.

And yet can one less know that of her husband, nor whether she were a maid or a widow, or a married woman. There is some appearance that if she were within the bonds of marriage, she was like unto those Dames that bare rule over their Husbands, and do all that please them in their own house. Her husband was very patient, if it be true which *Pineda* saith, that she stayed a whole year at *Jerusalem* in Pastimes, and to propound Riddles. But *Claudian* that assures us, that the *Sabeans* are governed by women, will make us rather believe that she was free, and without subjection. She came from the country of the *Sabeans*, which make a part of *Arabia*, and are very rich in gold and perfumes. This is the reason that she entred into *Jerusalem* with a great train, and spared not the riches of her country for *Solomon*. She propounded many questions, whereof the Scripture doth not touch one, which hath given occasion to many to invent at their pleasure; & divers have set down so ridiculous ones, that if the Queen of *Sheba* should have come so far to have learned so little, there might be an appearance, that coming loaden with so great riches, she had forgot to put in a little Judgment amongst them.

Her qualities.

Claudian in Eutrop. Levitasque Sabæis imperat hic sexus.

Women amongst the *Sabeans* command over men.

The question of the Queen of *Sheba*.

That which *Baronius* saith is somewhat more credible; that she was of a country where she might learn the Prophecy of *Balaam* touching the birth of the Messias, and that understanding afterwards the greatness of *Solomon*, she had a desire to know if this were not he, whom that prediction looked at. And it is very true that she found the shadow of him in *Solomon*, but not the body; yet she was so much amazed beholding only his figure, and viewing the temple of God which was now built after five and twenty years; in considering the Palace, the Officers, and the order of the whole house of *Solomon*, that she thought to leave her whole spirit behind her in *Jerusalem*, having nothing elsewhere able to content her.

Those which do judge of the inclinations of *Solomon*, do conceive, that all these great discourses with a woman, could not pass without strains of love, and produced him a child by the Queen of *Sheba* named *David*, from whom *Prester John* is descended; but they should have considered that *Solomon* was not yet so inclined to women, and it was not likely that he should begin with her, causing her to return as one forlorn, which came thither with honest behaviour, and of whom the Gospel speaks honourably.

There are many things in which the Scripture would not content our curiosity; those which would learn more from thence then it hath taught them, are like to those Painters, which account themselves very brave men, when they have the skill to go beyond nature.

His zeal to the building of the Temple.

And so much for that concerns the Wisdome of *Solomon*, which caused a great part of his miracles. But one cannot sufficiently commend the Zeal which he bore, from the first year of his reign, to the building of the house of God. Herein it is that he hath testified a singular Piety, and a great Wisdome of a States-man; for to say the truth, and to speak according unto the mind of *Aristotle*, it doth much import that a Prince be religious, for that he is thereby the more loved and feared by his people, which do not so easily offend him, whom they think to be under Gods protection.

Further also, he was to content a Nation more religious

religious then any other, and greatly ceremonious, which he could not better do, then in causing them to behold so beautifull a Temple, which should be the marvel of the whole Universe.

All men are naturally stirred up with a resentment of a Divinity, and they think that the means to testify their affection and service thereto, is to erect Temples, and offer Sacrifice unto it.

Emulation doth often mingle it self with Religion, and great ones do find their glory, in lifting up that of the Divinity. *Pliny* makes mention of the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, whose length was 425. foot, and the bredth 220. with 137. Pillars made by as many Kings; and saith, that all *Asia* joyned together to build it, and spent thereupon the space of two hundred and twenty years before it was fully finished. Whatsoever he saith of this Temple, we are obliged to believe that it was not of value with this of *Solomon's*, which is recommended to us by him to whom it was dedicated, *The living God*; which had not then upon earth any house but this where he was acknowledged. Further also it is to be prised, by reason of its founders, which were two great Princes: for, its greatness, (which is compared in the Scripture to a City, the number of offices was so great; Allies, Porches, Houses and Divisions) was very great there; and above all, the number of the attendants, which did amount sometimes between seven and eight hundred ministers. Add hereunto the heighth, which was upon the top of two high mountains, the beauty, and the riches which was found there, you will avouch, that it was greater then it is reported. It is a prodigious thing which *David* saith of himself, in the first of the Chronicles, that he offer'd for this design out of his poverty, a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver, which make in all, according to the supputation of our *Villalpand*, two thousand one hundred twenty and three millions of gold, without comprehending therein that which the people offered freely of their own, which amounted to seventy one millions of gold, eight hundred and fourscore thousand crowns; and the two sums taken together, make one thousand one hundred ninety four millions of gold, eight hundred fourscore thousand crowns, and all this but to serve for that which should be wrought in gold and silver for the use of the Temple.

Plin. l. 36. c. 14. The Temple of *Ephesus.*

Villalp. in Ezekiel 3. apparat. Paral. 1. 22. Tyrinus his mille quingentos & 50 aureorum ex eodem Villalpando.

Joseph. l. 8. cap. 3. *Josephus* also in the eighth Book of his Antiquities saith, That there was numbred there fourscore thousand cups, and as many plates of gold, twenty thousand censers of the same material, two hundred thousand trumpets of silver, and forty thousand instruments of musick, fashioned of gold and silver; garments of linnen and surplesses, to the number of ten thousand. Lastly, the whole Temple, from the top to the bottome, and the pavement it self, was covered with plates of gold, fastned together with nails of gold which weighed every one five and twenty ounces.

To say the truth, some Interpreters of the Scripture have taken that very high, making the value of their monies according as they will, in this great obscurity of those that have written of the diversity of their values, according to the diversity of their Ages and Nations: but one may not doubt of the truth of the Scripture, which raises this Temple to a heighth of magnificence, which exceeds all other works.

After that the House of God was established, *Solomon* made a solemne Dedication thereof, for the which he sacrificed 2200. oxen, and 200000. sheep. He prayed to God aloud before all the people with a wisdom and zeal unparallel'd. He blessed all his Subjects with an incredible joy; so that the face of *Jerusalem* that day seemed an anticipated Paradise. He busied himself after in building for himself; he made himself a palace, wherein he spared nothing for gloriousness, with the most sumptuous Kings of the earth. When as the Scripture relates this with a plainness of its style, it ceaseth not to fill our spirits with amazement: and if we had not recourse to the sovereign power of God, which doth all which pleaseth him; we should scarce be able to believe, that the Kingdom of *Judea* having begun but in *Saul*, by so miserable beginnings that there was hardly found any iron to make swords of, and that at sometimes there was but two to be found in a whole Army, that it should on a sudden rise to so great an increase, that silver was there as common as stones.

This gives a large entry to all sorts of delights and pleasures of stately Princes of the earth, which *Solomon* soon caused to enter into his palace; and which ruined him by a far greater disaster, then ever the armies of the Philistims, Ammonites, and Moabites could have done. And as *Juvenal* said, That luxury had taken room, and had reserved unto it self the vengeance for all the evil usage wherewith the Romans had handled so many Kings and People of the habitable world: So we may say, That the Licentiousness of *Solomon* did revenge all the injuries of the Nations stirred up against the people of the Jews.

The fall of *Solomon.*

He which should see a star fall from heaven into the dirt, for to be trodden upon by the feet of men and beasts, after it had shined amongst the celestial globes; would he be more affrighted and amazed, then in considering *Solomon* thrown down from the beautiful firmament of glory where the hand of God had placed him, into those opprobrious passions, labirynths of errours, and unexplicable confusions?

Solomon that was as high lifted up above other Kings, as Kings are above common men, this man of wonders and miracles, the well-beloved of God, which had wisdom for his spouse, virtue for his delight, happiness for his companion, and glory for the assistant of his throne; to disgrace, by a detestable old age, all the comelines of his life, to deface all the rare inventions of his mind, to eclipse all the weak lights of his understanding.

O women, alwayes fatal to the ruine of great men! who will hereafter think it strange that you have changed the Gods of the heathens into beasts, seeing that you have transported *Solomon* into a monster? It is not almost imaginable into what a gulf of destruction Love plunged this miserable Prince: and that Philosopher *Antisthenes* said true, that if there were such a *Venus* as the Poets have made, he would be her hang-man: If there were such a *Cupid* as they have painted out, he would pull off his wings, and throw him down from the Heaven of heavens, where they had placed him, into the deepest of the bottomless pits, for that this is the frenzy of the understanding, the poison of the heart, the corruption of the manners, and the desolation of our life. O true God! how ought all good understandings, and all persons that make profession of knowledge, of honour and virtue, look upon *Solomon*, as a mast broken on the top of a mountain, which God hath placed there above to make them take heed of the shipwracks of Love!

One doth seldome begin wickednesses at the top: vices have their degrees as wel as virtues, *Solomon* at first began to grow cool in the worship of the true God

The beginning of his debauchednes.

God, his converſations with him, were not ſo often nor ſo pleaſing, the pleaſures of the world invited him, the delights of the Court charmed him; actions that are too free, ſoon become evil, and evil ones turn themſelves into cuſtom, and cuſtom into an habit. This child of God ſaw the daughters of men, theſe ſtrange beauties which pricked him by their novelty: he became man, and made of them his goddeſſes. The Daughters of the *Amorites*, and of the *Moabites*, thoſe of *Egypt*, of *Sidon*, of *Idumea*, and ſo many others, whereof God had forbidden him any alliance, were the Idols of his heart, after they had been the plague and poyſon of his underſtanding.

He which had pronounced ſo many excellent parables againſt love, which had ſo many times advertiſed youth, that the lips of an unchaſte woman diſtilled honey at the beginning, but at the end they gave a potion of wormwood, was taken by the eies, enchained with infinite affections. His love was pompous; his luxury ſumptuous: he loved as much for glory, as for concupiſcence: he would act the King in his unchaſtneſs, as ſtately as in the furniture of his Temple. He had about ſeven hundred women, which were as his Queens; and with that three hundred Concubines, which is according to the account of the Scripture, a thouſand Wives, which he had ſhut up in a *Seraglio*, for the pleaſures of his eies and of his fleſh: and of ſo many loves, there is but one Son to be found, *Rehoboam*, void of wiſdom and underſtanding.

What could a Prince do amongſt ſo many delights, ſo many allurements, ſo many charms, and ſo many bewitchings! A man is oft-times much hindred by the troubleſom brain of one woman only: what ſerious buſineſs then could he ſet himſelf to, that had them multiplied by hundreds!

Their Artifice. Theſe ſtrangers came each of them with all the inventions of their Nation, for to ſurprize him: there was one that would gain him to her; another that would keep him; another that would draw him from one ſin to another, even unto the bottom of Hell. It is far more eaſie to become a fool with a woman, then to make her wiſe: he had endeavoured perhaps, to convert them to his Religion; but they perverted him, and drew him to theirs. He took their loves, and afterward their behaviour, and at laſt their Superſtition.

He is perverted in Religion.

Every one of theſe women would bring her god into eſteem; and thought not her ſelf to have any credit in her love, if ſhe did not make her falſe Deity to partake thereof: they made ſuch gods as had no honeſter title then the ſins of debauched women. As ſoon as he had made an Idol for one, he muſt do the like for another: all there went by the Emulation of their brains, weak in reaſon, and ardent in their paſſions. They reckon about ſix Temples built round about *Jeruſalem*, to the gods of ſix principal Nations. But it was not ſufficient to make theſe gods; they muſt be adored, and preſented with Sacrifices and Incenſe, to content his Loves. And he did not all this in ſhews only, nor diſſimulation; but his heart (as the Scripture ſaith) was wholly turned aſide from the true God; and fell (as Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith) into the depth of the gulf of Idolatry. What might the admirers of his great Temple have ſaid; or rather the true Worſhippers of the great God? What diſcourſe might ſo many Kings and Queens have held, that had had in ſo high eſteem the wiſdom of *Solomon*? The report of his Loves and his Superſtitions ran throughout all Kingdoms, as a ſtory unheard of, which cauſed laughter enough to wicked ones, as tears to good people, and aſtoniſhment to the whole World.

The diſtipation of his eſtate. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O fair Star of the morning! Thou faithful fore-runner of the King of Lamps, which wert adorned with the pureſt and moſt innocent flames of the firmament: who hath made thee to become a coal? And who could bury thy lights in a dung-hill?

This lamentable King loſt that great wiſdom that made him eſteemed over the whole world, and became ſtupid, leaving the care of all the affairs of his Kingdom. All thoſe great riches were exhauſted, and caſt, as it were, into the gulf of Luxury. He began to over-charge his people, to maintain his infamous pleaſures, which made all their minds revolt againſt him. The Prophets and Prieſts could not reliſh with him, by reaſon of his changing Religion. All the underſtanding Nobility did abhor him, ſeeing him ſo plunged in his filth. The Commons deſired nothing but to ſhake off the yoak that they could no longer bear. God raiſed him up Rebellions on every ſide, which prepared themſelves to overthrow his Empire. But no man took it ſo much to heart, as *Jeroboam*, an able and ſubtle man, whom he had advanced, and employed in gathering his Tributes for him. It was he to whom the Prophet *Ahijah* gave ten pieces of his Garment, fore-telling him, that he ſhould reign over ten Tribes of *Iſrael*: and that was the cauſe that the King would have put him to death, but he fled into *Egypt*, and returned under weak *Rehoboam* the Succeſſour of *Solomon*: who, deſpiſing the counſels of the Antients, that exhorted him to give his people content, truſted to that of the young ones without brains, which perſwaded him to hold his own, and that the people would not be brought under but by rigour. Which made him to be forſaken by ten Tribes at once, which caſt themſelves into the arms of *Jeroboam*, who made a change of Religion and State in *Samaria*, without ever being able, either himſelf, or his ſucceſſours, to bring them unto obedience again. See here how Kingdoms change their Maſters for the ſins of laſciviouſneſs, impiety, and oppreſſions of the people, which are then greatly to be feared, when deſpair hath brought them to fear nothing.

The eſtate of *Solomon* in the other world. One may ask, for a concluſion, what became of this wiſe *Solomon*? Whether he died in his ſin? or whether he repented? Whether he were ſaved, or damned? This is a common place that hath exerciſed many excellent pens which have handled this ſubject curiouſly and eloquently. I love not to do things done already: I ſhall ſay only, that we may alwaies take the moſt favourable opinions, which can with any likelyhood defend themſelves in favour of the ſafety of great perſons. There are ſome number of the holy Fathers which ſpeak very openly thereof, and perſwade themſelves that he repented. S. *Jerom* upon the Prophet *Ezekiel* ſaith; That although the founder of this great Temple ſinned, yet he was converted to God by a true repentance; and for proof hereof, he alledges the Book of the *Proverbs*, in the four and twentieth Chapter, that ſaith, *Noviſſimè ego egi pœnitentiam & reſpexi, ut eligerem diſciplinam*: that is, *At the laſt I repented and looked back, that I might chooſe inſtruction.*

Although

Although these words are not found in our Bible; as he also draws them from the Septuagint. And to uphold his opinion, he will have *Solomon* to have written the Book of the *Proverbs* after his fall, which is very hard to verifie.

And elsewhere also, the same Authour upon the first Chapter of *Ecclesiastes* saith, That this Book is the repentance of *Solomon*, according to the Hebrews. S. *Ambrose* in the second book of the Apology of *David*, Chap. 3. puts *Samson*, *David*, and *Solomon*, in the number of sinners converted: *Erraverunt tamen ut homines, sed peccata sua, tanquam justi agnoverunt.* Behold here that which is most formal, without collecting many ambiguous passages. S. *Gregory* the Great, in the second book of his Morals, Chap. 2. S. *Prosper*, S. *Eucherius*, and amongst the Modern, *Tostat. Bellarmine*, and *Maldonat* condemn him. *Tertullian*, *Augustine*, *Cyril* of *Alexandria*, *Gregory Nyssen*, *Isidore*, *Bernard*, *Chrysostome*, and *Rupert*, leave this question doubtful and undecided. And to say truly, this is all which can be said modestly and humanely; and also the truest in a matter where there is nothing more certain then incertainty.

Prosp. lib. 2. de praedest. cap. 27. Solomon elatus in secessu, fornicatus animo & corpore, Domino ipsum deserente, male obiit.

For to say that he hath composed the Book of *Ecclesiastes* after that he was deprived of his Kingdom, and of all the Vanities, is a story of the *Rabbins* which are little to be believed; further also, this Book is properly a Dialogue of divers men that dispute one against the other, and bring forth good and bad sentences, although the Authour of the Book doth take the good part. To say that which *Bonaventure* saith, that not one of the sacred Authours was damned; if it be true, the reason is, because they lived well, and not because they have written well, *For the kingdome of God* (saith Saint *Paul*) *doth not consist in words.* To build upon the Promises which were made to *David* concerning *Solomon*, if there be some favourable, there are also others that say, that if he leave God, he shall be cast away by God for ever. To alledge that he was buried in the Sepulchre of his father, how many of the damned have had a quiet death, and a stately burial? To bring forth all the kindnesses and favours of God towards him, are but so many reproaches of his unthankfulness.

1 Par. 2. 9.

The argument which is drawn from the negative which they esteem ordinarily very weak, is here too strong for his condemnation. For whence comes it that *Nathan* his Master and *Partizan*, who wrote the Books of the *Kings*, or caused them to be continued by *Aziah* and *Haddo* his disciples; whence comes it, I say, that Authours so affectionate to *Solomon*, so zealous for the honour of their Nation, having undertaken to give us his story, and having forgotten nothing of the least things, even to the numbering of *Solomons* horses, after they have so expressly spoken of his sin, have not added his repentance? This thing was too much important for the glory of God, for the reputation of their Master, for the edification of their people, for the example of other Kings, to pass it over in silence. Surely we might well accuse them either of great malice, or of gross stupidity, a thing which cannot happen to Prophets which write by the inspiration of God.

Further, who knows not, that repentance ought to be followed by outward actions, and conformable to the movings of the heart? Who will not avouch that it ought to be testified by a renouncing of sins, and all things that have drawn us to offend? Where is it then spoken that *Solomon* had dismissed one only of his thousand women, which were those nets of his destruction? Where is it written that he destroyed the Temples, and beat down the Images which he had erected at the solicitations of his Mistrisses? We know all the contrary, that these Abominations remained standing until King *Josiah* who caused them to be overthrown. That which causes the more fear, is, that by how much the more a man comes near the great understanding which they attribute to the devils, by so much also he takes the greater part in their punishment, when he falls into any grievous sin. The great lights of these rare Spirits, turned themselves into the flames of their punishments, and their knowledge serves for nothing but to nourish the more the worm of Conscience.

Now as *Solomon* was advantaged by understanding and wisdom above other men, and that he fell into the sin of Apostacy, and turning from God; there is great danger lest God turned from him his Mercy, which is used more ordinarily towards those that sin by ignorance, although culpable.

Add unto all this, that those which in their old age continue in the sins of unthankfulness which they have contracted by long habits, are very hard to cure, because that old men become more hardned in evil, more despising all admonitions which are made to them, by presuming on the authority which they think is due to their age. Further also, their luxury is not only a sin of the flesh, which then less feels the violence of great temptations; but a spiritual sin, which proceeds from a spiritual and enraged concupiscence, which makes them offend professedly rather then by frailty. He that shall well weigh this, shall find, that it is better to leave to the secret mercy of God, that which one cannot attain by reason; and to fear every thing in this life, even to the gifts of heaven and ones own sureness thereby.

The conclusion touching *Solomon's* salvation.

JUSTINIAN.

CHARLEMAGNE.
Or, CHARLES the Great.

PRovidence is an excellent work-woman, which renews yet every day in the world that which God did in the terrestrial Paradise. He took clay to make man the most excellent piece of all the Creatures, and she takes some men of the earth to make them Sovereigns and Demigods in the Universe.

This Emperour that hath filled the world with his brave Deeds, and the Ages with his memory, was of a very base extraction, which served to him as a cloud of glory, & caused a marvellous day to spring out of the deep of his obscurity. The beginning of his Nobility came from his Uncle *Justine*, who having been born a Cow-herd, mounted by the stairs of Virtue and of Valour even to the Throne of the Emperours of *Constantinople*. Nature had furnished him with a good understanding, with a body well made and robustuous; and God had inspired into him from his most tender years a particular grace of Devotion, which rendered him good, officious, and charitable, towards all the world. As he was keeping the Cows, he saw passing by some men of war, who were going in an expedition against the Infidels: he perswaded himself that he was very fit for that employment, and stout enough to give good strokes to the enemies of God and his Religion. Upon this thought, he sold a Cow that was his own, buyes a sword, and the rest of the small equipage of a Souldier; bids adieu to his kindred, goes and lists himself, and suddenly (of a Peasant becomes a man of war. Yet *Procopius* makes him so poor, that he gives him nothing but a little bread in a scrip when he entred into *Constantinople*. He passed through all the proofs of a long and laborious warfare, in which he behaved himself with an exact discipline, a great dexterity, a courage invincible, and above all, with a discretion that made him lovely, and gained the hearts of all the world. He came to the office of an Ensign, of a Lievtenant, of a Captain of the Guard, of a Colonel, of a General, and in the end was put amongst the Counts of the Court that were the greatest Lords of the Imperial house.

Anastasius at that time was Emperour; happening to die, *Amantius* his high Chamberlain, who was a very rich, and a great monied man, had a very earnest desire to make himself Emperour. But he was disfavoured by nature, having not been born a perfect man; he thought therefore that he should never be liked by the Militia, in so high a dignity, and would needs make it fall upon *Theocritus* who was his creature, that he might reign in him, and by him, with a full satisfaction of his whole desires. To this end he opened his treasures, and resolved to make great distributions of mony to the souldiers, committing the managery of the horse-men to the Earl *Justin.* who he knew was well affected by all the world, and very capable to favour his canvasing. But the men of war looking upon the hand that gave the gold, and not upon the coffer from whence it came, nor the design of him that did it, unexpectedly proclaimed *Justin.* Emperour; whereto, the Senate and the People shewed a strong inclination, forasmuch as he was most Catholick, & that they feared, lest the Chamberlain and his favorite held yet some of the leaven of *Anastasius* that was an Heretick.

The Cow-herd being then set upon the Throne of *Constantine*, *Amantius*, that had merchandized the Empire, seeing himself so shamefully faln from his pretensions, plotted a mischievous conspiracy against the new Emperour; but he succeeded in it so ill, that his design being discovered, he lost his life together with his complices, after he had lost his honour and his mony. *Justin.* that was endowed with a great goodness, did not grow proud and scornfull when he was arrived to the top of honours, but having married a woman very mean in her first condition, he caused her suddenly to be crowned Empress, changing her salvage name of *Lupicia* into *Euphenica*. He consecrated the beginning of his reign by the return of the Bishops, and of all the honest men which he caus'd to be call'd back from the exile to which the Heretick Emperour had condemn'd them. He caus'd Religion to flourish again on all sides, and express'd a most ardent zeal

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to render justice to his people, without sparing himself in the toyls of war, though he was already very aged. He enjoyed the Empire eight or nine years, and being a man extremely humble, he loved his kindred though of base condition, and seeing he had no children of his own, he chose his sisters son to make him his Successour, and gave him even the Crown, before he quitted the Sceptre and the world, after a reign of nine years.

Behold the original of our *Justinian*, of whom Histories speak very diversly; seeing that the admirers of his actions give him high commendations, and the enviers of his great fortune (who might perhaps have experimented the effects of his severity) have scattered imputations on him in their reviling Histories, that have passed even to this age. But the most understanding men having well examined every thing, put him in the rank of the most illustrious Monarchs of all Christendome.

And indeed, it is a wonder how a spirit extracted from the life and condition of a Shepherds, took so high a flight in the Temple of glory, that having taken in hand all the great designs that may fall into the spirit of a Monarch, he prospered in all with a marvellous success. He maintained his dignity against the most horrible conspiracies that ever set upon an Empire in the revolution of so many kingdoms. He made wars in *Asia*, in *Europe*, and in *Africa*, which he ended by most eminent victories. He recovered *Africa* out of the hands of the *Vandals*, he powerfully plucked the Capital City of the World out of the tyranny of the *Gothes*, he published eternal Books, he erected buildings that remain yet, after they have passed more then ten ages. He encountred the greatest Captains, and the most able States-men that have been ever in the world, in the person of *Belisarius* and *Trebonian*. And although that when he took the government of the Empire, he was five and fourty years of age, yet he reigned thirty nine years, God crowning all his good actions with a long continuance, which serves infinitely for the accomplishment of all great designes.

I will tell you in few words his Nature and his Manners, before I come to his deeds of valour, according to the most true relation that I have been able to extract out of Histories, without passion, and not according to the Idea's of *Procopius*, who hath horribly disfigured him, by a manifest hatred, in his railing History.

This Prince was a man that feared God, and firm in the faith of Christianity; and although he was at certain times surprized with some errours by the artifices of his wife the Empress: yet the Learned men of the West, and Pastours of the East, that have so highly praised him, after his death testifie sufficiently that his spirit was purged of all the wicked beliefs that his Doctours had endeavoured to infuse into his soul, and which he had approved by an excess of a too credulous zeal. Hereticks and Libertines were the object of his hatred and his choler; but good Church-men caused in his soul a certain veneration, and he studied by all ways to assist and protect the Churches and the Hospitals: his Liberalities were extended every where in works of piety by great buildings, and magnificent alms.

He was most chast, contenting himself all his life with her that God had given him for a companion: and his most violent enemies have not been able to tell us one only womans name that hath possessed his heart to the prejudice of his Bed. He could not endure wantonness, and especially that, that brings a shame to nature, which he chastised with most rigorous punishments. He detested and punished by his laws, all those that laid snares to the modesty of Virgins and of Women, to corrupt them.

His manner of life was extreme austere, and *Procopius* himself, the most cruel of his revilers, acknowledges, that he was most sober, and that he would cause the table to be taken away when he had scarce touched the victuals, seeking nothing exquisite therein, but denying oftentimes to nature even her necessities. He hath seen him, he saies, fast the Lents with such an austerity, that the devoutest of all his people could not reach it, for he would be eight and fourty hours without eating or drinking, and at the end of that he drank nothing but water, contenting himself with a little bread and a sallade; yet he was endowed with a body so well composed, and so happily tempered, that after his long abstinencies, he appeared yet ruddy; from whence it came, that that Calumniatour instead of acknowledging the blessing that God gives in this extraordinarily to some of his servants, said, that he was a Devil and not a Man.

Further yet, he slept very little, and the same man adds, that often an hours repose sufficed him, and that he bewailed the time that he allowed his body. He made long prayers night and day, and employed the rest of his time in his affairs, without admitting any other recreation. Those that have published that he could neither write nor reade, have abused the belief of men, taking the name of *Justinian* for that of his Uncle *Justine*; for the Historian his persecutour confesses, that he wrote his Breviats and all his dispatches, without troubling his Secretaries. He was of a most easie access to all the world, and was not offended at the importunities, no nor at the incivilities, that those that were ignorant of the fashions of the Court committed in his presence. He heard willingly the differences of his people, and he himself pronounced the sentence to determine them: his patience was extreme, he never was moved in handling any businesses, and decreed even the most rigorous punishments with a cold visage, and a tone of a moderated voice.

He was a true observer of order, who managed in his closet with incomparable justice, what ere should be produced in the whole universe. When he undertook any business of importance, he fasted and prayed extraordinarily, and caused it to be recommended to the devotions of the good servants of God; when he had a good issue of it, his thanksgivings were seen in all places on all occasions. He neglected nothing, and when men thought him overwhelmed with the greatest businesses of war, they were astonished that amidst them he took his time for some petty Ordinance of Policy.

He loved Learning, especially Divinity and Law. This was it that made him conceive a magnificent design to leave monuments of it to posterity, that should last longer then the Temples and the Pyramids of *Egypt*. And for this purpose, being a man very judicious, he made choice of the most able men in the whole Empire, to collect all the Laws of the Emperours his Predecessours, which he augmented and enriched with his own, so that this Book was called *Justinian's* Code. Afterward, he gave a charge to *Trebonian*, who was accomplished in that profession, to compile all the Resolves of the antient Lawyers, which he did with a most exact diligence, & at length composed those famous Pandects or digests divided into fifty Books. He caused also the Institutions which contain the Principles of Law

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and are as it were the elements of that excellent doctrine, to be added to them. And for what concerns Divinity, he publiſhed a certain work of the Incarnation, and abundance of Ordinances for the government of Eccleſiaſticall perſons, wherein *Baronius* finds fault, that he entred ſometimes a little too far into the Sanctuary.

He was not muchadvanc'd in the years of his reign, when an horrible conſpiracy was raiſed againſt him, which was on the point to ruine all his affairs; and although I have already touch'd it in my firſt volume in the Hiſtory of *Eulogius*; yet I will decipher here more particularly the reaſons and the remedies of it.

Many have attributed the total cauſe of it to the new Subſidies, that the Emperour impoſed upon the people to maintain the war that he had already enterpriſed; but there was yet more poiſon, and which ſprang from an higher ſource, which was, that the houſe of the Emperour *Anaſtaſius* (which had preceded *Juſtine* the Unkle of our *Juſtinian*, and which cheriſhed alwayes the moſt violent paſſion to continue themſelves in that Empire) was not quite extinct, but had two principal Chieftains, *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, who thought they had heads well enough made to wear a Diadem. Theſe men when they ſaw that the affairs of State were diſpoſed to a commotion, and that the Malignant Vapours were gathered together on all ſides to make up clouds, did as the Sorcerers do, who mix the work of the Devil to aſſiſt the effects of nature. They knew that the Emperour began to be ill-beloved, both for the impoſts, and for the rigid and inflexible ſeverity that he uſed in the government of his Empire; which ſeemed inſupportable to the ſpirits of ſo many Libertines, who would live according to their own diſcretion in the permiſſion of all crimes. They fail'd not to lay hold on this opportunity, and under-hand to ſowe in the ſpirits of men the ſeeds of Diviſion. There was then in *Conſtantinople* two popular factions of men belonging to the Theatre which were called the Green and the Blew, by reaſon of the Liveries by which they were diſtinguiſhed. State-Policy ſuffer'd them, and choſe rather to foment the one againſt the other, then to extinguiſh them. But the conſpiratours for that time united them by artifices and by mony to bandy them againſt *Juſtinian*. The Chieftains ceas'd not to ſcatter venomous ſpeeches amongſt the people, and to ſay,

What? are we then made to ſuffer eternally the Empire of theſe Cow-keepers? the Unkle is dead, and the Nephew hath ſucceeded him, which is a Crow hatch'd of an evil Egg. Was it not enough that he learned in governing beaſts, to handle us as a Sheepherd, but he muſt become a Butcher, and be pleas'd with nothing, but with the fleaing and the maſſacring of his people? What have we any more to hope for under him, ſince he hath put us in a condition of fearing every thing? Do we expect that the Empreſs, which is the worſt of Furies, ſhould give him counſels of mildneſs for us; or that *Beliſarius* which is the fatal inſtrument of his cruelty ſhould deliver us out of his hands? All our ſafety is in our ſelves, all our good is in our reſiſtance. Shall we doubt to obey neceſſity which conſtrains us and the juſtice of our cauſe which is our guide? We ought to ſet upon this goodly Emperour while his ſtate is yet tottering and ill-ſettled, without ſtaying till he fortifie himſelf to our ruine. We have amongſt us the bloud of the true *Ceſars*, *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, the Protectours of the people, and the moſt accompliſh'd of all Princes; it is thoſe that we ought to reverence, and that we ought to carry upon our ſhoulders to the Empire.

Theſe words at length inflamed the ſedition which began by a ſmal handfull of Mutineers, which a Provoſt of the City endeavoured to ſuppreſs, and apprehended three that were the ring-leaders of the Rebellion, but the people ran ſuddenly in an huddle and plucked them out of his hands by violence. The Alarm was given to the Palace, and the Emperour diſpatch'd inſtantly ſome ſouldiers to quell the Mutineers, but they were beaten back; for the number of the ſeditious grewgreater every moment, as a ball of ſnow that rouls from the top of a Mountain. Behold in a little time the whole City in arms, with a rage ſo violent, and a fight ſo hideous, that it ſeemed that Hell had opened it ſelf that day to vomit out all its Furies upon the earth. The men ran to fire and ſword, the women with their hair about their ears, and howling like ſo many *Megara's*, made themſelves arms of what ere they met with. There was not any, even to the children that did not ſeem to be little devils flying athwart the flames. The Regiments of the Herules, (which the King a little before had converted to Chriſtianity) were at that time quartered in the City of *Conſtantinople* who failed not, according to the orders of the Emperour, to oppoſe themſelves againſt the fury of the people. Theſe having been barbarous ſouldiers, without all compaſſion made at firſt a greater maſſacre. The incenſed Citizens fall upon them on all parts to beat them out; their courts of Guard are burned by the hands of the ſeditious, and their companies much worſted, ſome were run through with Partiſans, others knock'd on the head with Leavers: the affrighted women from the tops of the houſes, make themſelves parties in the quarrel, and ceaſe not to throw down boyling water, and ſtones upon them. Theſe wild-Boars thus chaffed, ſeeing the bloud of their companions run in rivers through the ſtreets, rally all their forces, and take Torches to fire the Churches and houſes, which they performed with ſo much violence, that one might ſee in an inſtant the whole City in flames. The Temples were burned with the moſt ſumptuous ſtructures, the pictures, the ſtatues, and the moſt beautifull works of the Antient Maſters crackled in the fiery coals, which none extinguiſhed but by humane bloud. The moſt religious of the Clergy being come forth to appeaſe the tumult, in ſhewing them the books of the Goſpels, the images of the Saints, and the Shrines of their reliques, although they marched at that time in a Proceſſion, were trod under foot, and in part murdered by the Herules. This redoubled the fury of the people, who had yet ſome good ſenſe of their Religion, and could not endure the contempt of ſacred things. The Maſſacres began afreſh on both ſides, and the images of death fly up and down on all parts.

The Emperour was for that time ſhut up within his Palace with his wife the Empreſs, accompanied with *Beliſarius*, who was newly returned from *Africa*, with *Narſes*, and with *Mundus*, and the Regiments of his Guards. His heart bled within him to ſee thoſe horrours; and he was ſo courageous, as to be willing to go forth and preſent himſelf to make an Oration to his people, and to pacifie the ſedition. But the Empreſs throwing her ſelf at his feet laid hold on him, and conjured him by all that he had moſt dear, not to commit himſelf to an evident Butchery, which cauſed him to be contented to ſound the Ford, and to ſend Meſſengers to the people to promiſe them all ſatisfaction, if they would aſſemble themſelves peaceably in the Theatre to hear their Prince. The factious began to cry, that it was a ſnare to intrap them, and that they had no

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reaſon to hearken to a Tyrant that had ſold their skins to the *Barbarians*, that there was, no more ſafety now remaining for them but in deſperateneſs. Thereupon they take *Hypatius*, & having lifted him upon a great Buckler carry him a croſs the multitude, place him upon a Throne in the midſt of the great Market-place, and proclaim him Emperour. He was as it were altogether aſtoniſh'd between hope and fear, when he ſpake theſe words with a feeble voyce.

Friends, I am your work, I come to live and dy with you. I know well what ye have made me be, but I know not what I ſhall be, if you bring not as much force to preſerve me, as ye have teſtified affection to elect me: In a word, the life of *Juſtinian* is incompatible with mine, and your arms muſt decide this day w^ch of the two you will keep, either the Prince that ye have choſen, or the Tyrant that ye have ſworn to deſtroy. The Aſſembly anſwered confuſedly with great clamours, Let *Hypatius* live, Let *Juſtinian* dy; and the ſtouteſt men amongſt them take a reſolution to aſſail him in his Palace. But this Prince after he had call'd upon the name of God, the Protectour of Kings, took this perillous buſineſs into deliberation. *Narſes* was of opinion, that it was beſt to fortifie the Royal Palace, to damm up the entrances, to prepare themſelves for aſſaults within, and not to truſt themſelves without. That all rebellions were ſtrong and invincible in their firſt heat, and that time ought to be given to ſome to think upon their fault, and to others to declare their good affection.

Beliſarius liked not this opinion, and deſired nothing but to march and to fall upon the Rebels. The Empreſs *Theodora* who held the upper end in all the counſels of *Juſtinian*, intermeddled very far in this buſineſs as Hiſtorians obſerve, and ſpake with a loud voice.

What ſeek ſecurity in diſhonour? Endure a ſiege of our ſubjects and of the dreggs of the people without taking other arms then thoſe of walls? It is a counſel that will give boldneſs to *Hypatius*, and fear to all thoſe that are yet for us. I aſſure my ſelf, that the Tyrant wholly trembling in this novelty, and that there is not a more ſovereign remedy then to prevent him. Let us rather dy then leave a blot upon our reputation. The name of Emperour and of Empreſs ſound well in an epitaph, and ought never to be quitted, but with life.

She animated the whole company by her diſcourſes: The Emperour himſelf had a mind to go out amongſt them, but it was concluded that he ſhould ſuffer *Beliſarius* to advance with the moſt reſolute Regiments which he did very courageouſly, and removed himſelf into the place where was the hotteſt of the combat. The *Herules*, that had puiſſantly ſuſtained the firſt furies of the enemies, took new forces and joyned themſelves to the Emperour's Court of Guard. They began altogether to charge the Rebels with ſuch an Impetuouſneſs, that they ſeemed Lions and not Men. The Faction was no longer equal, the heart of the Revolted failed them, & they let themſelves be killed as Sheep; whilſt the fury of the Souldiers fleſhed in bloud, ſlackened nothing of its vehemence.

Juſtinian touched with pity, commanded that they ſhould ſpare the reſt; and to perſwade them more efficaciouſly to their good and ſafety, endeavoured to gain the faction of the Blew-coats, and to divide it from the Green by force of Courteſie and of Money.

This being done, *Hypatius* found himſelf much aſtoniſhed, and wiſhed then, that he had rather put his hand on Thorns, then on the Pearls of a Diadem. He fights now no more for honour, but for his life; he ſeeks out holes to hide himſelf; but thoſe that knew that their ſecurity conſiſted in nothing, but in producing him, ſeize upon his perſon, and deliver him into the hands of the Emperour, who cauſed ſuddenly the law to proceed againſt him, together with *Pompey* and other great Lords that were their Complices, who were all put to death. After which the Emperour endeavoured with all his might to Rally his people, and to declare to them the pernicious effects of ſedition, which were but too viſible. The City being all waſted by the fire, and fourty thouſand men (as *Zonaras* tells us) dead upon the place.

Behold one of the moſt hideous Hiſtories that I find in all Antiquity, and which ought to teach people, to adhere firmly to their Sovereign; and never to lend an ear to wicked counſels that cauſe ſo lamentable Tragedies. It admoniſhes alſo great men to enterprize nothing againſt their lawful Princes; and to place their Principal Honour in Obedience.

This Monarch ſeeing himſelf ſettled in his Kingdom by ſo ſenſible a protection, gave all the thanks of it to God, and bent the vigour of his cares to the advancement of his glory. An hundred years had already paſſed, ſince the *Vandals*, a barbarous people, and *Heretick Arians* had poſſeſſed themſelves of *Africa*, after they had torn it from the *Roman* Empire. Three Kings were already dead, and the fourth that then reigned was a Tyrant named *Gilimer*, revolted from the true King *Hilderic* his Lord and Kinſman, whom he left in a cloſe priſon, after he had put himſelf into poſſeſſion of his Sceptre. *Juſtinian* that was a friend and Protectour of him that had been Depoſed, Demands an account of that action, and reſolved to re-eſtabliſh the true King in his right; becauſe that, beſides that juſtice would have it ſo, he was much more favourable to the Catholicks. The other anſwered that he had diſpoſſeſſed a Sit-ſtill, and a Traitour to the Religion of the *Arians*; and that the *Greek* ought to look to his own buſineſs without intermedling with the Kingdoms of another.

This Arrogance netled more the Emperour, who now ſaw himſelf perſwaded by all reaſons to enterpriſe a War againſt an *Heretick* for Religion, againſt a Tyrant for Juſtice, againſt an Adverſary for his Goods. He ordered all this buſineſs with a marvellous prudence; for he ſowed firſt diviſion in *Gilimer's* Kingdom, intereſſing as much as poſſible, every man to his party; the *Catholicks* for his protection; the Kinſmen of *Hilderic* for Revenge; the Zealous men for Piety; the Underſtanding for Reaſon; the Souldiers for the Booty, and all the world for the ſweetneſs of the tranquillity under his Government.

He choſe *Beliſarius* General, to whom he gave an Army more Valiant then numerous, of Souldiers well tried; and charged him to uſe the *Africans* as his own people, and as his children. One cannot believe the effect that this moderation wrought: The people began to look upon the Armies of that brave Captain, not as upon thoſe of an enemy, but rather of a Liberatour. *Tripolis* rendred it ſelf quickly to him, and the Iſle of *Sardinia* revolted againſt the Tyrant. He diſmantled all the ſtrong Holds that might defend him from the Enemy, as if he had been aſſured to live in perpetual peace; which cauſed that *Beliſarius* in a ſhort time marched even to the gates of *Carthage*. The Uſurper as fearful in

War, as he was bold in wickedneſs, was aſtoniſhed and ſurpriſed, having not had ſo much leiſure as to fortifie the place of his abode. He ſuddenly diſpatches his brother *Amaras* to cut off all the Avenues from the *Greeks*, but he was encountred by *John* the *Armenian* who led the Van-guard of the Imperialiſts, and who hotly gave him battel, in which the *African* loſt the Victory and his life.

The Tyrant, whether out of rage or out of fear, caused *Hilderic* his Maſter, which he kept in priſon, to be murther'd, and went out with his beſt Troops to meet *Beliſarius*, all dipp'd as he yet was in innocent blood, and troubled with the image of his crimes. He met with the *Grecian* General a little ſcattered from the reſt of his Army; and might have defeated him, if art and activeneſs, or rather happineſs had accompanied his deſigns. But while he ranges his ill-trained ſouldiers, *Beliſarius* ſurpriſes him, kills his beſt troops, and conſtrains him to put himſelf in flight. He ſeeing his army much leſſened, ſends for his Brother *Zaron* who led ſome troops near the coaſts of *Sardinia*, to come and joyn with him, which he did readily; but in the mean time, *Beliſarius* following the paths that good fortune trod out for him, enters *Carthage*, which cries for quarter to him without reſiſtance. The two brothers rallyed together, made as though they would retake it; but ſeeing themſelves vigorouſly repulſed by the Imperialiſts, they more thought of a Retreat then an Aſſault. This cauſed all the people to deſpair of their party; ſeeing they themſelves had forſaken the ſeat of Empire. They withdrew themſelves to a place called *Tricamerum* about eight Leagues from *Carthage*, whether *Beliſarius* after he had taken order for the ſecurity of the conquered Countrey, ſoon followed them, and commanded *John* the *Armenian* to paſs the River, for whoſe advantage they were encamped there, and to charge them. He obeyed and executed very courageouſly his General's commands; But *Zaron*, *Gilimer's* brother ſuſtains his onſet, and twice beat him back, till ſuch time as *Beliſarius* re-enforced his Van-guard with new Troops, who defeated the enemy, and killed the chief Commander in the Combat. His head was cut off, and ſhewed the *Affricans*, who fell into a great deſpair of their affairs. Ah, my brother, ſayes *Gilimer*, the moſt valiant man on earth, could I not be miſerable without loſing you, and without ſacrificing you to my fortune? It is now that I perceive the diſaſter of my Nation; It is now that the bloud of *Hilderic* rebounds againſt me. In the mean time *Beliſarius*, who lead up the battalio, paſſed alſo the River which was foardable, and aſſaults *Gilimer* who made but a ſmal reſiſtance, but taking with him his domeſticks ſaved himſelf by abandoning his Camp, where nothing was heard but the cries and ſighs of the Captives that lamented their Misfortune. The unhappy King ſaved himſelf in Rocks ſituated upon high mountains, where there was a Fortreſs almoſt inacceſſible, but unfurniſhed of Victuals and Munition, whither *Pharas* had order to follow him, in the place of *John* the *Armenian* who was unhappily killed by accident by a Captain that ſhot at a Bird. *Gilimer* that now thought that there was no greater enemy in the world then Hunger, was quickly weary of the place to which he was retired; and ſeeing himſelf ſollicited every day by his friends to render up himſelf, he ſends to *Pharas* to demand three things for the capitulation of the Treaty, which were, ſome Bread, a Sponge, and a Lute; ſome Bread, becauſe he now knew not what it was to Eat; a Sponge, to wipe off the tears that he continually powred out upon the Tombs of his brothers and the Funerals of the Countrey; a Lute, to give ſome truce to his anguiſh by its Muſick. This diſaſtrous man, which had never well played the King, would now play the Philoſopher at the end of his days, and expreſs a contempt of all things. *Pharas* eaſily granted him what he demanded, and having taken him, conducted him to *Beliſarius* who was retired to *Carthage*.

This General contemplated the Principal object of his Conqueſt with delight, and had a great curioſity to entertain him, but he did nothing but laugh with a forced and unpleaſing laughter. All his treaſures fell into the hands of the Conquerour, who ſuddenly carryed him to *Conſtantinople*.

A Triumph after the manner of the Ancients was ordained in honour of *Beliſarius*, who entred in great pomp into the City with all the ſouldiery, cauſing the proud ſpoiles of *Africa* to be borne before him, and dragging after him the priſoners among wch was *Gilimer* in chains, who was brought before the Emperour and the Empreſs ſeated upon their Thrones on an high Theatre with an unparalel'd magnificence.

Gilimer, as ſoon as he ſaw a far off this pompous ſplendour, cried out, Vanity of Vanities, and every thing is Vanity: afterward began again his laughings, which he did, in my opinion, that he might paſs for a Fool, and ſo have his life. He did obeyſance to *Juſtinian* with moſt humble ſubmiſſions, who uſed him with much clemency, giving him a Place in the Lands of the Empire, to finiſh there the reſt of his days.

The Booty was divided with much equity; and the rich Veſſels of the Temple of *Jeruſalem* that the Vandals had heretofore found, and pillaged in *Rome*, were ſent back again to the Place from whence they had been tranſported by *Titus Veſpaſian*.

This war was finiſhed in three months with an Army of ſix thouſand men; ſo eaſie it is to row when God conducts the veſſel.

But that of the Weſt was very long in its continuance, Obſtinate in its Reſiſtance, Malignant in its Deſignes, and Lamentable in its effects. *Theodoric* King of the *Goths* (as I have ſaid in the life of *Boetius*) had made himſelf Maſter of *Rome*, and of all *Italy*, where he reigned with great authority. He left for ſucceſſour *Athanaric*, ſon of his daughter *Amalazunta* (at that time but nine years old) under the Protection of his mother. She was the moſt accompliſhed Princeſs of her age, and moſt worthy to govern an Empire. Nevertheleſs ſince ſhe ſaw her ſelf environed with thoſe *Goth* Princes that were of an humour ſufficiently cruel, and that did not eaſily brook her domination; She honoured with her confidence *Theodate* one of the principal of them, becauſe he was of the bloud Royal, and appeared the moſt moderate of all the reſt, playing rather the Philoſopher then the Captain. This ungrateful man, after the death of the little *Athanaric* who was not of a long life, was moved with ſo furious a State-jealouſie, that by the baſeſt of Treaſons he cauſed that poor Princeſs to be ſtrangled in a Bath; fearing leſt ſhe (as being far more able then he in the managing of affairs, and he holding the Sceptre onely by her favour) might take too great a ſhare in the Government. But this unnatural man that thought to ſettle his Crown by the

the death of that innocent Queen totally ruined his affairs, and could not avoid the vengeance of God that purſues Traitours even to the gates of hell.

The Emperour *Juſtinian*, that had already projected to recover his City of *Rome* and all *Italy* out of the hands of the *Goths*, hearing the rehearſal of that horrible baſeneſſe committed againſt the perſon of *Amalazunta*, that had fought Alliance with him, failed not to take the occaſion, and to declare a warr againſt *Theodate*, thinking that it was then a good time to ſet upon an Empire, when he that governs it begins to be forſaken of God for the enormity of his Crimes.

This cowardly King was ſo much aſtoniſhed at this news, that at firſt he humbled himſelf by very great ſubmiſſions, offering the Sovereignty to the Emperour of the Eaſt, and contenting himſelf to reign under him.

But the other ſeeing him ſo wicked and ſo weak, deſpiſed him, and cauſed *Beliſarius* to advance with his Army into his Territories, who ſuddenly poſſeſſed himſelf of *Sicily*.

Theodate although an Arrian Heretick, had recourſe to the *Pope*, and invited him, as well by Intreaties as by Menaces, to make a Voyage to *Conſtantinople*, to Treat a Peace between the two Crowns. *Agapetus*, who was then ſeated on Saint *Peter*'s Chair, was ſo Poor and Indigent, that he had not wherewith to furniſh himſelf with Proviſion for the Journey, that he was fain to pawn the Sacred Veſſels of Saint *Peter*'s Church to bear his Charges by the way; He failed not to tranſport himſelf into the Eaſt, and was received by *Juſtinian* with all the reſpects due to ſo high a Dignity; but when he came to touch upon the point of Peace, the Emperour told him, That the buſineſſe was already too farr advanced, That that Warr was an Holy Warr againſt the Enemies of God and his Church, which ought not to be hindred by the Counſels of a Pope, and that he need fear nothing that *Theodate* could do, who was more able to threaten then to hurt.

The Pope ſuffered himſelf eaſily to be perſwaded; and quitting the Intereſts of that King, buſied himſelf about the Government of his Church. It is a wonder, that he had ſo much Authority, as to depoſe *Anthimus* Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, who had been brought in by Faction, and to ſubſtitute *Menas* in his Place, in ſpight of the Empreſs *Theodora* who had not at that time all the power that is attributed to her over the ſpirit of her Huſband.

The Good Shepheard, after he had courageouſly done the duty of his Charge, dyed in *Conſtantinople*, where he left a moſt ſweet odour of his ſanctity.

In the mean while, *Beliſarius* purſues the Conqueſt, enters into *Pou*, and takes *Naples* by night, uſing a Stratagem of Warr, that made him put on three hundred men through ſubterraneous places, where there paſſed nothing but water. The taking of ſo flouriſhing a City gave aſtoniſhment and rage to the *Goths*, who conſpired againſt their King *Theodate*, and ſubſtituted by Election *Vitiges* in his place, who was not of ſo Noble a Family, but who ſeemed to them Bold and Generous to repair the Ruines of the State.

As ſoon as he was choſen, he ſuddenly cauſed *Theodate* to be ſlain, who was ſurpriſed in his flight, and waſhed away by his bloud the Murther of *Amalazunta*.

This Prince was agitated with two contrary Paſſions, with the deſire of ſolitude, and with the motion of his ambition; the one counſelled him to quit the Empire, the other to retain it; while that he would content them both, he contents no body, and was ſurprized in his irreſolution.

In this conjuncture of affairs, the *Grecian* General advances and marches ſtreight to *Rome*, which receives him with open Arms, ſome through love, and others through impotence.

Vitiges deſirous to make his Crown renowned by ſome illuſtrious Act, and to confirm by his Valour the judgement of thoſe that had choſen him, aſſembles from all parts the *Goths*, ſpurring them on, both with the Glory of their Nation, and the neceſſity of their affairs, in ſuch manner, that in a ſmall time he lay ſiege to *Rome*, with an Army of an hundred and fifty thouſand men.

It is in this occaſion that the Valour of *Beliſarius* was made viſible in all its advantages; for with an Army of ſix thouſand men, he ſuſtained that prodigious number of *Barbarians*, amidſt ſickneſſe, hunger, and a thouſand other incommodities. And when the *Romans* wanted Arms and Ammunitions of Warr, he made Arrows of the Statues of the Gods and of the *Cæſars*, to throw at the head of his enemies.

In the end having ſollicited with diligence, and expected with conſtancy the ſuccours that came to him from the Eaſt, he raiſed the ſiege, and ſcattered all that thick Cloud of Armies that environed him.

Vitiges is conſtrained to retire into *Ravenna*, where he beſieges him, and preſſes him ſo ſtrictly, that he forces him to deliver to him his City, and even his own Perſon.

He was carried away Priſoner, with his Wife, and abundance of Lords to *Conſtantinople*, preſented to *Juſtinian*, and ſerved for a Pompous object in the Triumph of *Beliſarius*, who was received with the full ſatisfaction of all the Nobles, with the admiration of the wiſeſt, and with the generall acclamation of all the World: The Emperour alone began to be pricked with jealouſie, and to entertain him with coldneſſe.

In the mean ſpace, the *Goths* make Elections of two Kings, one after the other, who lived but awhile, and did nothing; but the third, named *Tetilas*, was endowed with ſo eminent and lovely qualities, that he raiſed up all their hopes: and his coming to the Crown of the *Goths* was as the infuſion of a new ſoul into a dead body.

He puts himſelf ſuddenly into the field, with all that he could rally of the wrack of *Vitiges*, and at firſt he was ſo happy that he defeated *Beſſa*, and *Vitalius*, The two Generals of *Juſtinian*, left by *Beliſarius* for the Guard of all the Country of *Italy*.

After that he took *Spoletum*, diſmantled *Beneventum*, planted a Siege before *Naples*, and won it by valour and by patience.

But beſides, he ſhewed ſo many proofs of his Moderation, and of his Goodneſſe toward the conquered, that with all their hearts they wiſhed for nothing more then his Government. He gave great order for the comfort of the people, that were at that time oppreſſed with a cruel famine, he provided for the ſecurity of the Goods of his Subjects, chaſtiſing rigorouſly the thieveries of the Souldiers, he preſerved the modeſty of Women and Maids with ſo much ſeverity, that he cauſed his Generall to be beheaded for having violated a Gentlewoman.

By these so commendable wayes he rendred himself Master of all *Pou*, and from thence transported himself to *Rome*, which he held a long time besieged, and which was at last delivered to him, by the treachery of a Court of Guard of *Isaurian* and *Cilician* Souldiers.

He used his Victory with so much clemency, that he caused to be proclaimed that the Churches should serve for a Sanctuary, forbidding expressly to touch those that should retire themselves thither: He used the Pope *Pelagius*, and all the sacred persons with great respect, the Ladies with Honour, the Citizens with Courtesie, contenting himself onely to demolish the walls of *Rome*, without hurting any thing within. He rendred himself so absolute a Master of the City, and peoples hearts, that every one confessed they had never seen the like, and published him worthy of the Empire of the World.

The Emperour *Justinian* fortifies his Courage against this ebb of bad successes, and withdraws *Belisarius* from the war with the *Persians*, to send him back to *Italy*, believing that all the happiness of his Arms subsisted wholly in his hands.

But it seems that Felicity was weary to follow alwayes the Standards of that valorous Captain; the affairs of War quite changed their face; all good Successes now are onely for the *Goths*, and misfortune seemed to be fastned to all the enterprises of the *Romans*.

Belisarius was as a man forlorn in the hands of an evil destiny, that darkned his Prudence, froze his Courage, weakned the strength of his Arms, and made him unprofitable to all things, so that he seemed to have passed back into *Italy* for nothing, but to be the spectatour of his own disasters. At last he was called home again, and *Narses* the Eunuch was sent in his place, who mended the business, and defeated *Totilas* in a pitched Battel, who dyed suddenly of his wounds.

Providence, (if it be permitted here to lift up the veil, and to enter into your secrets) whence could this change proceed? We know that *Belisarius* was the most accomplished of all the Generals of Armies that were at that time under Heaven; He was endowed with a lively and luminous spirit, with an inventive understanding, with a profound judgment, that had nothing like it, but his Courage. Providence for the future, and Activeness for the present, contended in him which should carry away the Palm; his Valour was incomparable, and his Experience compleat in all sorts of business, his Prosperity without Insolence, and his Adversity without Discouragement. He was Prudent, Sober, Chaste, even to a wonder; Affable, Gracious, Liberal, Charitable, Just, Merciful, Happy. Not onely the Souldiers respected him, but even the Labourers looked upon him as their Protectour, and the Father of their Quiet. From whence then came it, that he made a wrack at the end of his Life, and that he saw all the eminent lustre of his Glory bleaked even in his hands?

Here may Great ones learn a wise Instruction for the Governance of their Actions, and have cause to admire the Judgments of God. And for that purpose, I shall enlarge my self upon the causes of the miseries that happened to the fortunes of the highest Lords of the earth, and the more curiously search into this History in its source.

I confess that this Secret one of *Procopius*, is too rayling in many places, where it speaks things incredible: but it is not deceived when it tells us, that two women, *Theodora* the Empress, and *Antonina* the wife of *Belisarius*, were the two *Helen*'s of the Empire, and the Torches that consumed mankind by their flames.

Behold (saith he) from whence began the Misery of *Belisarius*, that ruined his bravest enterprises, and plunged him deep into great displeasures.

He had in his house a young Gentleman named *Theodosius*, whom he loved with a sincere affection, having converted him from Heresie, and procured him to be Baptized at *Constantinople*, whose God-father he himself would be. He put him so far in the good esteem of his wife, that they having no children of their Marriage, resolved both of them to Adopt him. *Theodosius* conquered by so great a courtesie, rendred himself obedient to *Belisarius*, and above all observant to the humours of *Antonina*. She loved him at first with a tender affection, but honest enough, which gave occasion to the more curious sort of people to think, but permitted not the wiser sort to speak.

At last, as the best Wine degenerates into Vinegar, so the chastest Love of the spirit (if heed be not taken) changes it self to flesh.

The conversation of the young *Theodosius* in the *African* voyage, the graces that smiled upon his face, the sweetness of his speech, the wittiness of his discourses, his good offices, his observances, his confidence, and the secrecy of the place, kindled so great a fire in the heart of *Antonina*, that she cherished no more that object as a Mother, but loved him as a frontless woman, that sells her prostitution.

Happy are the women that reject the first thoughts of such miserable designs, as the sparkles of the fire of Hell.

She gave at first too much command to her passion, and too much overture to her unhappiness. Her Caresses seemed already too soft to the young man that strived to pay them with respect, feigning himself not to understand that language of Love, for fear he should make her faulty in his thoughts. But she ceased not to pursue him, and kindled continually her flames by the liberty of her life. Conscience, Honour, the fear of an Husband, contended for a time in her heart: but in the end quitted the place. She forgot all Divine and Humane Laws, and abandoned her selfe to her passion, and openly sollicited *Theodosius* to sin.

She acted the part of *Potiphar's* wife, but she met not with a *Joseph*. He was not yet wicked, but capable to become so; he went not to seek sin, but sin sought him, and he wanted strength to resist it; the respect of a woman took from him that of God; he consented to evill that he might not offend her, and betrayed his soul to content the heart of a woman past all regard of her honour and salvation.

A man ows not obedience in this case to the most qualified and the most beneficial personages; he ought to fly from them; he ought to break off with them; he must not think upon pleasing them, in a thing that may displease God.

Both of them at last habituated themselves in their crime, and at first acted it secretly enough: but the impudence of *Antonina*, and the great confidence she had of her husbands love, took from her her shame, and discovered her dishonour.

Belisarius began to be doubtful of it, but he feared his own thoughts; & that he might not render his wife criminal, he made himself stupid. Behold! at length a poor maid-servant, a Macedonian by Nation

tion comes to him and tells him, My Maſter, I put my life into your hands, I have great things to tell you, but I am a dead woman if you ever open your mouth of them: promiſe me upon your oath to keep my counſell, and I will tell you that which concerns the honour of your houſe. The Maſter ſwears, the ſervant ſpeaks, and accuſes her Miſtriſſe of an infamous converſation with *Theodoſius*.

Beliſarius, that would not believe his ſhame and miſery, asked her if there were any other witneſſes, ſhe produces two Grooms of the houſe that depoſe the ſame.

It is too much (ſayes he) Ah *Theodoſius*, unfaithfull *Theodoſius*, Have I then made thee my Son, to become now my Torturer? Have I put thee into my houſe to defile my Bed? Have I given thee Life to take away my Honour? Deceitfull Man! Where is that Modeſty that was painted upon thy Countenance? Where are thoſe Artificial words that thou haſt ſo oft employed to ſeduce my Goodneſſe? Thou ſhalt now receive a Reward worthy of thy Wickedneſſe. What do I ſay? Kill my Son of Adoption? it is to condemn mine own Judgement, and to tear out my heart. But it is his Crimes that deſtroyes him, and not I; He muſt dy, and there is no pardon for him.

Conſtantine his intimate friend perceived his ſadneſſe, knew the cauſe of it, and counſelled him rather to rid himſelf of his Wife, that had ſeduced *Theodoſius*, and which was the Plague and Fury of his Houſe; but he loved her paſſionately, and would by no means hearken to it. He called inſtantly a Souldier of thoſe that were moſt engaged, and having greatly obliged him to ſecrecy, commanded him to kill *Theodoſius*. He knowing how well he was beloved of the Lady, asked counſel of the buſineſſe of a friend of his, that told him that *Beliſarius* was mutable in that matter, and that *Antonina* was the Miſtriſſe, that it might happen that ſhe might regain the ſpirit of her husband, and might be a very bad enemy to him that ſhould undertake to kill her Minion. The Souldier was afraid, and inſtead of doing the Act, gave ſecret notice of it to *Theodoſius*, who fled to the City of *Epheſus*.

Troubles are in the Houſe; the Husband ſad and penſive, believing that the buſineſſe commanded was already executed: the Wife in fears, and paſſions impoſſible to be related: yet her pain was ſomewhat mitigated when ſhe knew that *Theodoſius* was yet alive.

But *Beliſarius* that thought him dead, and knew no way to content his Wife, endured a torment unſpeakable. Where is then your Son? (ſaith ſhe) Where is mine? Whence comes it that he is ſo long without appearing? They are your ſuſpicions that have deſtroyed him. Is it This then that I have merited of you, for having loved you more then my own ſelf? He trembled every joynt, and durſt not come to the point of the command that he had given: To deny it appeared to him impoſſible, and to confeſſe it ſeemed to him worſe then Death. The Lady takes up the diſcourſe again: Tell me, What is become of him? If you have cauſed him to be murthered, let me cauſe his Body to be ſought for, to give it Burial. The poor Innocent is no longer in the World, you have ſacrificed him to your jealouſie, well knowing, that the ſword that paſſed through his Body, hath brought a mortal wound into my Heart. What advantage have I got by being faithfull to you, if I have not been able to eſcape your ſuſpicions which you have ſprinkled with the bloud of your dear Adopted? But I will pardon you all, on condition, that you will tell me thoſe that have brought this unhappineſſe upon you, either by their falſe reports, or by their damnable counſells.

This wicked woman gave the Rack without ceaſing to the ſpirit of her husband, who, with all *Sampſon*'s ſtrength, could not keep in a ſecret, no more then he. He named the *Macedonian* wench, and the two Grooms: Whereupon ſhe had ſport enough, by reaſon of the perſons, ſaying, That it was an horrible thing to put her honour to an arbitration upon the report of Slaves, and uſed recrimination ſo cunningly, that ſhe made all their accuſation paſs for a calumny.

She ſeized inſtantly upon the poor Maid and the two men, which ſhe delivered up to her Hangman, and after ſhe had cauſed their tongues to be cut off, ſhe commanded that they ſhould be thrown in a ſack into the water, where they finiſhed their life by the deteſtable hatred of that *Megara*. She found out alſo the Counſel that *Conſtantine* had given, and ſtreightway cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated; ſo great a deſire had ſhe and ſo much power to purſue her vengeance.

Soon thereupon after it was publiſhed every where abroad, that *Theodoſius* was alive, and he was ſuddenly called back to Court, but he ſeemed to be cold in it, making the wicked deſigns that ſome had undertaken to deſtroy him, his excuſe; and feigning himſelf ignorant of the ſecret command that *Beliſarius* had given of his death, he layes all upon the head of *Photius*, He was the Son of *Antonina*, born of her firſt bed, a brave man and very accompliſhed, who was in the chiefeſt offices of the Empire, and had conceived an extream diſpleaſure at the debaucheries of his Mother, not being able to endure that *Amoretto*, to whom ſhe made a profeſſion of her goods and honour.

This unnatural woman forgetting both her bloud and duty, ceaſed not to raiſe calumnies and troubles againſt her own Son in the favour of her Adulterer, and to make uſe even of the moſt deteſtable inventions, to take him out of the World, in ſuch a manner, as that he, not thinking his life ſafe enough againſt the ſword and poyſon, was conſtrained to chuſe a voluntary exile, to give place to *Theodoſius*. *Beliſarius*, by a moſt infamous obſervance that he rendred to his wife, employed his credit and his Letters to compaſs his return. He comes now to ſeek his Miſtriſſe in *Italy*, where ſhe was with her Husband, and from thence they all returned to *Conſtantinople*, where this crafty artificious woman had the leiſure to ſatiate her ſelf with the ſimplicity of the one, and the love of the other.

But it is a ſtrange thing, yet true, that That kind of Love is nouriſhed with Oppoſition, whereas the full enjoyment renders the ſeeds of Iniquity leſſe Active and more Languiſhing.

Theodoſius now began to feel a great remorſe of Conſcience for his infamous Life. He was fully perſwaded that he could not eſcape the diſaſter of ſome violent death, if he continued that debauchery; that the patience of an Husband ſo many times provoked would break out at length in ſome evil end; and that, happen what would, he could not eſcape the judgements of God neither alive nor dead. Upon theſe thoughts, he ſteals away ſecretly from the Court, tranſports himſelf to *Epheſus*, enters into a Monaſtery, and makes himſelf a Monk, cauſing thoſe handſome locks to be ſhaven off, that were the ſtrings that tied *Antonina*'s affection.

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This unhappy woman hearing the news of it, put on mourning as for a publick diſaſtre, deprived her ſelf of all cõpany, perſecuted her own life by a horrour of eating and drinking, and not contenting her ſelf with weeping for her Beloved, ſhe howled and ſent out cryes that affrighted the whole World.

It is a thing ſufficiently remarkable, that Love encamped in that Fryars Cowle, darted more ſubtle fires, and ſharpened his Arrows with the Aſhes of Repentance, Imitating the Sorcerers that employ the Maſs and Bible to fortifie their Enchantments.

The Paſſion of *Antonina* was ſo deſperate, that *Beliſarius* pitied her, and ſo wrought, that by the Authority of the Empreſs, *Theodoſius* was fetched back again from the Monaſtery, and brought unto her houſe. It is true, that he made a great reſiſtance before he would come forth, whether it was feignedly, or really, it is doubtful, but he yielded to the violent purſutes that were made for him, & quitting the Altar of *Jeſus*, made himſelf again of a Monk an *Adonis* to ſacrifice himſelf to his *Venus*.

One would have thought that the flames of that curſed paſſion would have been totally extinguiſhed, & that there had been no danger to be feared in ſuch a converſation. But, O God, who knows not that the preſence of Lovers, eſpecially after a long abſence makes love ariſe again out of its own aſhes, & extracts ſparks of fire even out of ice and ſnow? *Beliſarius* marches in an expedition towards the coaſts of Perſia, where *Photius* his ſon in law comes to ſeek him, who reſenting in his heart the bitter diſpleaſures that the perſecution of his mother cauſed him, was reſolved to pluck out her Minion from between her arms, or to dy in the attempt. He diſpoſes his Spyes at Conſtantinople, to obſerve diligently what ſhould paſs in their Converſation. He hath news ſent him from all parts that the fire is again kindled, and that *Triclareſſes* continue to the ſcandal of the whole City. He cauſes a very underſtanding man and moſt faithful to the ſervice of *Beliſarius* to go to him, and tell him from point to point that which he leaſt deſired to hear.

His diſpleaſure was ſo greatly kindled that the very ſame moment, he goes to ſeek out *Photius*, and ſayes to him, My ſon, it is now that you muſt ſuccour your miſerable father, if you would not have grief ſend him to the grave; you are not my ſon by nature, but you are by love and by election. I have given you goods and honour, I have not ceaſed to oblige you all my life-time; yet I deſire to paſs by whatever I have done hitherto, on condition that you will revenge me upon that diſloyal *Theodoſius* who hath placed again diſhonour in my bed. *Photius*, who deſired nothing more then that diſcourſe, comforts him, and promiſes quickly to diſpatch him of his enemy. They both of them ſwear upon the Goſpels, mutually to keep cloſe the ſecret. The other to acquit himſelf of his promiſe takes his time, learns by his Spyes the day wherein *Theodoſius* was to make a Voyage to Epheſus, and tranſport himſelf thither with a company of reſolute ſouldiers. The Adulterer doubting that all that commotion was againſt him, ſaved himſelf in Saint *John's* Church, as in a ſecure Sanctuary. But he was drawn out from thence by a Trick, and delivered by the Biſhop himſelf of the place, into the hands of *Photius*, who being of a very ſweet nature would not kill him, but contented himſelf to ſend him away into Cilicia, to the utmoſt bounds of the Empire, and to keep him in cloſe priſon, under the guard of men, very much engaged to him, in ſuch a manner as he ſhould be never heard of any more.

He was ſeaſoned a ſufficient time in this Priſon-hole, which worked an enraged ſadneſſe in his *Antonina*, who found no better remedy then to implore the aſſiſtance of the Empreſſe, with whom ſhe was ſo familiar, that ſhe depoſed even her loves, and immodeſties in her boſome. She makes an horrible perquiſition of *Theodoſius*'s buſineſs, and by misfortune it happened that one *Calligonius* (who was the Confident of *Beliſarius* his wife, having been taken and ill uſed by *Photius*, to make him diſcloſe to him all the ſecrets of his Miſtriſs) made an eſcape and came ſecretly to Conſtantinople, where he charged the Son of having attempted ſomething upon the friend of the Mother. *Theodora* ſuffers him to come to Court privately, and when he dreamed not of it, cauſes him to be apprehended, confines him into a ſecret place, and unknown to all the World, where he was put to the Rack without having any regard to his Great Quality or even to the infirmities of his Body. He kept *Beliſarius* his counſell in his ſharpeſt torments, but he told them the place where *Theodoſius* was deteined, from whence the Empreſs cauſed him ſecretly to be fetched, and commanded that he ſhould be brought to *Conſtantinople*, without noyſe, to drown in a ſudden and unhoped for joy the ſpirit of her Confident. She kept him ſome dayes in her Palace to put him in better liking, and told her dear *Antonina* (who was very curious in her pearls) that ſhe had a rare Jewel to ſhew her, which made her haſt to the Palace with a great deſire to ſee what it was.

The Empreſſe, after ſhe had a long time ſuſpended her hopes, cauſes *Theodoſius* to come forth out of the chamber of one of her Eunuches, and caſts the whole Sun into her eyes. She fell down in a ſwoune at that ſight, and was like to dy, but at length when ſhe had been ſuccoured, and was come to her ſelf again, ſhe had ſo much ſtayedneſs, as not to caſt her ſelf haſtily upon her friends neck, before ſhe had kiſſed *Theodora*'s feet, to whom ſhe ſaid with tranſports of an unparall'd joy; Madame, You have been hitherto my Empreſs and my Miſtriſs, but I ſhall now in time to come eſteem you as the Goddeſſe of my ſafety, ſeeing you have withdrawn my Son out of the bottomeleſs pit of Hell, whither his enemy had precipitated him. There were nothing then but Careſſes, but Dalliances and diſcourſes upon the adventures of *Theodoſius*.

But God, whoſe juſt anger follows always ſinners at the heels, waited till the Offering was fat to ſacrifice in.

He permitted them to make ſo many Banquets, ſo many Dancings, and ſo many youthful debaucheries for the return of that Minion, that he ſuffering himſelf to be carryed to exceſſes above the ability of his Body, fell ſick of the bloudy-flux, by which he was carryed within few days into the other World, to render an account to the Sovereign Judge, of his Unfaithfullneſs and Diſſolute life.

Antonina remained near the Corps, as the Ghoſt of the Body, but a Damned Ghoſt and deprived eternally of all ſhe loved moſt. God gave her a life long enough, and prolonged her Hell among the living, to anticipate that of the other life, ſeeing that we know her crimes, and know nothing of her Repentance.

In the mean while poor *Photius* was three years in a black Dungeon, out of which having twice eſcaped and ſaved himſelf in Churches which ſerved

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for a Sanctuary, he was taken again, & shut up close, without being ever able to get forth but by a Miracle, which discovered to him in a Vision the Prophet *Zachary*, who drew him out of that deep pit wherein he was, and conducted him to *Jerusalim*, whether indeed he went, and made himself a perfect Votary to accomplish the Vow that he had made, if ever he did obtain his dear liberty.

Behold here the springs of *Belisarius* his misery, which *Procopius* hath observed in his secret History.

It is believed, that it is but a Fable to say, that he had his eyes put out by the command of *Justinian*, and was reduced to beggery: but it is true that the Emperour had a jealousie of him, as if he had aspired to the Empire, and that *Theodora* who had a minde to persecute him to favour his wives wicked humour, who yet cherished in her heart some poison against him for the business of *Theodosius*, made him to be disgraced, his offices were taken from him, his goods confiscate; the souldiers that he had trained up given to other Captains; his friends interdicted with a prohibition to speak to him. This brave General, who before, drew the whole world in throngs after him, was forsaken, and walked through the streets of *Constantinople* with two or three poor servants, as a man that had out-lived his Funerals, to serve for a spectacle of Pity.

One day as he went to do his Courtship at the Palace, the Empress shewed him a bad countenance, whereat he was so affrighted, that at his coming forth, he expected nothing every hour but murderers to assassinate him. He returns into his lodging, being dismayed above all that can be imagined of so generous a man. He presently throws himself upon his bed trembling and sweating with fear. One comes to tell him, that a Gentleman is at the gate with a message from *Theodora*; he prepared himself already for death, when the man gave him a Billet from the Empress which imported thus: *Belisarius*, thy conscience tells thee that thou hast offended me, and that thou deservest to be punished, but I give thee to thy wife, to whom I am obliged. It is from her that in time to come thou shalt hold thy life, thy goods and thy honour. I shall know how thou shalt behave thy self towards her, and with what submissions thou shalt acknowledge and thank her for her benefits. He instantly kisses the Letter, and in the presence of him that brought it to him, enters into his wives chamber, throws himself down at her feet, kisses sometimes one, sometimes the other; professes that he ows to her his life; and that he will no longer hold the rank of an husband, but of a slave. The Lady receives him into favour, and goes and thanks the Empress.

But is it possible, that *Belisarius*, that thunderbolt of war, that had made the East, and the West, and the South to tremble; that had led two Kings in triumph; that shaked not before armies of an hundred and fifty thousand men, having but a little handfull; *Belisarius*, before whom the mighty Powers of the earth crawled along in dust, was so basely subjugated by women? *Procopius* assures us that it was a Charm that caused that perturbation of his minde, and stole him from himself, and needs must it be a work of the Devil, that could quite change upside-down, and best so great a personage.

Yet may we affirm, that it was not onely the wicked spirit of *Antonina* that made that Tragedy, but that the person of the Popes violated by that General, who was too basely obedient to the Empress, brought on him an infinite number of miseries, that broke out at last upon *Justinian*, and upon the whole Empire.

Here is a great Theater of Providence, where Princes may learn, that it is very dangerous to be observant to womens wicked humours, and to seize even on sacred persons to satisfie their Revenge.

Behold then the Prime and most capital fury of the Empire, *Theodora*, who made her husband fall into Heresie, who made the Popes be plucked out of their Sees to put therein her servants, that turned topsie turvie all Divine and Humane Laws to content her Passion.

Procopius speaks shamefully of the original of this woman, and saith, that she was the daughter of a Bear-keeper, a Comedian by her trade, a Prostitute by her Publick profession, and abandoned even to the little boys of the Theatre from their infancy. He adds also, that she had a very good grace in puffing up her cheeks to receive boxes on them, and to gain money by that pastime; and that in her little youth, she was debauched by one *Ecebolus* who kept her for a time, and afterward was weary of her, which made her, having now nothing whereon to live, run from place to place through the whole East in that shameful prostitution; and afterward returning to *Constantinople*, *Justinian* made love to her as to a famous Courtisan, and finding her to his liking, married her, in the life time of the Emperour his Uncle.

It appears clearly, that this Author enraged against the memory of *Justinian*, invented execrable lies that pass in the approbation of those that nourish themselves willingly with poison, and that think, that one cannot speak too much ill of great ones, and that those are the best Historians that relate their most abominable vices.

But we ought to consider that this wicked man (who appeared more a Pagan in his Writings then a Christian) after he had highly praised his Master in publick, when he had not the recompence he expected, and was perhaps punished for his looseness and his demerits, sets himself to write a secret History wherein he speaks fearful things which never came into the thought of so many other Historians that wrote after him, and in a time when they had a full liberty, who would not have omitted so many remarkable things, if they had had any foundation in truth.

That man must be of a belief either simple or malicious, that can perswade himself that *Justinian* who was a cold Prince, considerate in all his actions, extremely ambitious of glory, and careful of his reputation, who never was tainted with the vices of youth, should marry a caytiff-wench, cried out upon by the whole world, when he reigned already with his Uncle, and governed the whole business of the Empire. It was he that before his marriage published a Law, by which it was forbidden to the Senatours to ally themselves with mean and dishoneſt women. Who can believe that he should teach the transgression of his ordinances by his own example, without fearing the severe honesty of the Emperour his uncle, the reproaches of the Senate, the advantage that he might give to his competitours by so ill an action?

All that can be said most truly, is, that *Theodora* was the daughter of the great Huntsman of the Emperours, whose office was to cause wild beasts to be taken and kept for the spectacles of the Amphitheatre, which was not a mean or dishonourable employment. It is not read in all other Historians, that she had

had any ſtain of immodeſty in her converſation, but quite contrary, that ſhe was ſuch a capitall enemy to women and maids of an ill life, that at one time ſhe cauſed five hundred of them to be ſhut up, to take from them the occaſion of doing ill, and to be trained up in the exerciſes of honeſty: which is a thing that *Procopius* himſelf could not conceal, not conſidering, that if ſhe had been in former time ſtained with the ſame vice, ſhe ſhould have expoſed herſelf to the laughter of all the world; ſome blaming her cares, and others her rigours, which would have renewed the memory of her infamy, whereas ſhe ſhould have endeavoured to have buried it in ſilence.

She was certainly too ſtately to be a Proſtitute; thoſe that have ſeen her, ſay, That ſhe was a little woman, that had a face full of Majeſty, eyes burning, and caſting out lightning in their anger, a lively and piercing wit, a ſolid judgement, an expediteneſs in buſineſs, and the activity of fire. She was ſo diſcreet, that ſeeing that *Juſtinian* could not be gained by the fleſh, ſhe took him by the ſpirit, which ſhe adorned carefully with excellent and ſublime knowledges; cauſing her ſelf ſecretly to be inſtructed in State-affairs, which gave her a facility to ſuggeſt advices to the Emperour her husband, which he reliſhed wonderfully, and did nothing in all the buſineſs of the Empire without communicating it to her, calling her, even in ſome ordinances, his Venerable Spouſe, the aſſiſtant and companion of all his Counſels.

It is then the poiſon of the Serpent that ſerves for inck to *Procopius*'s pen, when he writes extravagant fables of the birth of *Theodora*, and when he ſayes that *Juſtinian* was the Son of an *Incubus*, a true Devil in an humane ſhape; that the Servants of his Chamber have ſeen him often in the figure of a Devil; that ſometimes his head hath been perceived ſeparated from his body with mounting it ſelf up to the ſieling of his Chamber, and the ſame body walking on another place without an head; and that a certain Frier coming to ſalute him, was altogether aſtoniſhed, for that he ſaw *Lucifer* in his Throne. After this, he makes him the Murderer of a great number of millions of men; he attributes to him the Comets, the Conflagrations, the Deluges, the Plagues, and the Sterilities of the earth. He complains that he would have reduced all ſorts of ſpirits to the union of the Catholick Belief; that he tormented Hereticks and Jews; that he cauſed ſumptuous Churches to be built; that he took too much care for the protection of Biſhops, Prieſts, and Monks.

This Authour ſpitting out his gall, even againſt the Light it ſelf, with ſo much impudence, and inſerting in his writings ſuch enormous tales, ſhews ſufficiently, that he was altogether filled with the curſed fury of Revenge: a man without Faith, and without Religion, a bloudy ſcoffer, which was more fit to write a Romance of the *Cyclops*, then the life of our *Juſtinian*. He is ſo contrary to himſelf, that having made him the moſt ſubtle, and the craftieſt of all men, he ſayes in another place, that there was nothing ſo eaſie to be deceived, and abundance of other contradictions that deſtroy his credit. We need not then wonder, if a famous Hiſtorian of theſe times, who takes many pieces out of *Evagrius*, who hath tranſcribed a part of this Calumniatour, deals ſometimes ſeverely with the memory of this Monarch, without regarding the great virtues that might counterpoiſe his faults.

That which *Procopius* ſpeaks moſt probably of *Juſtinian*'s imperfections, is, that he was an extreme diſſembler, crafty in his actions, cloſe in his hatred, the Maſter of his countenance, and even of his tears; inconſtant to his friends, inexorable to his enemies (had not Chriſtian Piety made him flexible) covetous of money, and more inclining to rigour then to clemency; obſtinate in his reſolutions, and not conſtant enough in his promiſes when there intervened reaſons of State. Theſe are ſpots ordinary enough to Great ones, which, it is good to correct by the counterpoiſe of God's Law. As for *Theodora*, it cannot be denied, but that ſhe was ſcornfull, proud, revengefull, an intermedler, ſevere, even to the exceſſe and flitting in matters of Religion, which cauſed much trouble to the conſcience of them both.

I have ſaid before, that Pope *Agapetus*, after he had depoſed *Anthimus* the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, died in the ſame City. The news of it being carried to *Rome*, an Aſſembly was made to proceed to the Election of a new high Prieſt. *Theodate* King of the *Goths*, partly by intreaties, and partly by threats, cauſed *Sylverius* to be choſen, that was the Son of Pope *Hormiſdas* by a lawfull Marriage before his Prieſthood. As ſoon as he was choſen, the Empreſſe *Theodora* commanded him by an expreſſe letter to re-eſtabliſh *Anthimus*, and to put *Menas* out of his Chair that had been ſubſtituted in his place. As ſoon as the Pope had opened that letter, he ſaid ſighing, that it was the fore-runner of his death, and anſwered that the depoſition of *Anthimus*, having been made Canonically by his Predeceſſour, he could not in conſcience change any thing in that buſineſſe. *Theodora* was furiouſly provoked at his refuſal, and gave charge to *Beliſarius*, who was then in *Rome* with his Wife *Antonina*, to ſeize upon the Pope, and to ſend him to the Eaſt. *Beliſarius* was very ſcrupulous at firſt, but being encouraged by that wicked woman, he reſolved himſelf, ſaying, That it was their duty that commanded, to render an account of their actions to God, and as for him, he pretended to no other thing but to the glory of Obedience.

There was at that time at *Rome* a Deacon named *Vigilius*, an ambitious and factious man, who knowing that the Popedom of *Sylverius* was tottering, and no way ſettled, offered himſelf to that wicked *Antonina*, deſiring to be introduced into the favour of the Empreſſe, promiſing that he would do nothing in the exerciſe of his charge but by her orders; that he would put *Anthimus* again into his Chair; and beſides all this, would make a preſent to *Theodora* and to *Antonina* of a good ſum of money. The Lady, paſt all reſpect of Conſcience or Honour, cauſes his offers to be accepted, and urges her huſband (as much as ſhe could) to the execution of that attempt. *Vigilius* keeps the buſineſſe warm as much as poſſible, and produces two witneſſes, the one a Lawyer, and the other a Souldier, that accuſe *Sylverius* of having endeavoured to betray the City of *Rome*, and to deliver a Gate to the *Goths*. *Beliſarius* was very doubtfull, that there was ſome calumny in all thoſe Proceedings; nevertheleſſe, fearing that if he ſhould uphold the lawfull Pope, he might be involved in a crime of State, as having been a favourer of the party of the *Goths*, he ſends for him to his Palace to hear him, with promiſe to ſend him back unto his houſe, which was performed after he had been pleaſed with his Defence.

But he was called for the ſecond time, and brought into the chamber of *Antonina*, who was ſeated on her Pallat, and *Beliſarius* at her feet. The proud woman uſing this holy man as a Groom, ſayes to him with

with a disdain, and the guise of a Prostitute. Ha, *Sylverius*, what have we done that we should be sold to the enemy? It is time that you should be punished for your treason. Thereupon she makes him pass into another chamber, where she commands that he should be stript of his habit, and cloathed with a Monk's Gown, and sent to the *East*, from whence he was banished to *Patura*. The Bishop of the place knowing the innocence of this Pope, went out to meet him, and received him with all the submissions due to his dignity. Furthermore being lamed, with a great zeal, he had the boldness to transport himself to *Constantinople*, and stoutly to tell the Emperour of the oppression of the head of the Church, which would pull down the vengeance of God upon him, if he did not remedy it. *Justinian* was much astonished at this discourse, and gave command, that the Pope should be carried back again to *Italy*, and preserved in his dignity, with this reservation, that if he should be convicted of having intelligence with the *Goths*, he should not live in *Rome*, but should choose some other dwelling; which sufficiently testified the moderation of the Emperour in that business, when he acted according to the justice of his own thought.

But *Theodora*, who would not stop there, knowing that the Pope was re-conducted into the *West*, writes to her confident that he should not do a business by halfs. On the other side, *Vigilius* ardently solicites, saying, that he could not perform his promise if he did not mount up to S. *Peter's* Throne. He presses so violently, that the Pope was delivered into his hands, whom he instantly caused to be carried away into the Isle of Palmes, which was an Augury of his Martyrdom. This sacred high Priest had so much vigour in the extremity of miseries, that having assembled as many Bishops that lived thereabout, as he could get together, he excommunicated *Vigilius* and all his adherents. He having a mind to revenge himself upon him, and to make sure his Chair, made an end of him with hunger, with vexations, and with torments in that desart Island, where he quickly gave up his victorious spirit to God, gaining the Crown of Martyrdom.

Vigilius his persecutour, who had entred into S. *Peter's* Chair like a Lion, transformed himself into a Lamb, changing totally his wicked manners; so that he was confirmed by the *Romans*, and held for lawful Pope. God, that would not destroy him, gave him for a punishment, the accomplishment of his desires; and caused that all that he had most passionately sought for, was the source of all his torments. *Theodora* the Empress failed not to challenge him of his promise, for the re-establishment of the false Patriarch *Anthimus*: but he answered, that he had committed a sin in promising; and that he should commit two if he should perform what he had promised. This furious woman provoked with that answer, declares him an usurper of the Apostolick See, and follows the law against him, accusing him of the murther of *Sylverius*: whereupon, she causes him to be seized on by the violences of one *Anthimus*, and to be brought in chains to *Constantinople*, where she presses again very earnestly the restitution of *Anthimus*. *Vigilius* was so generous and constant, that he protested, that he would rather suffer a thousand deaths, then do it: and when he was violated with injurious words and armed commands, he spake aloud; *I thought I had been come to* Justinian's *Court, but I well perceive that I am in* Diocesian's.

That speech cost him full dear; for *Theodora's* Ministers, who held him not for lawful Pope, beat him so cruelly, that he was almost dead upon the place: yet he scaped out of their hands, and saved himself in S. *Euphemia's* Church, from whence he was suddenly plucked out, and led through the streets of *Constantinople*, with an halter about his neck as a thief, then put in prison, and entertained with bread and water, forsaken of all his Clergy, some of which were banished, and others constrained to labour in the Mines. All this was done by a just judgment of God to expiate the stain of *Sylverius* his blood: but yet the Empress that ordained these violences (in part) to content her passion, should have clearly informed her self upon the point of his character before she should have proceeded to such indignities.

The *Romans* that at his departure from their City, when he was carried away prisoner, loaded him with injuries, so far, as even to throw stones & sticks at him, were touched with repentance; after they had heard of all the usage that he had at *Constantinople*, with the admirable patience that he expressed in his pains, sought for him again, avowing him for the true Pastour of the Universal Church: which coming to the knowledge of *Justinian*, he suddenly commanded that he should be delivered, and the spirit of *Theodora* her self was appeased and reconciled with him. All the Priests and Deacons that had followed him, were rallied together, and so he was sent back to *Italy* with honour. But the poor Pope, after he had surmounted a million of torments and inconveniences, died of the stone in *Sicily*, before he arrived at *Rome*. O phantasms of honour, how painful are ye to those that sue for you! How traiterous are ye to those that possess you, and dolorous to those that leave you! Unhappy are those that prize you through errour, that Court you through vain glory, and obtain you by iniquity. It were better to put one's hand in flames, then to lay it upon *Tiara's*, or on Crowns covered with injustice and with blood.

Theodora died about the same time, carrying into the other World a great account to give to God, for having embroiled the estate of the Church; for having behaved her self imperiously: and for having alway sought with ardency the satisfaction of her Revenge. It is probable that she passed out of this life in the Catholick Belief, and in Repentance. But as concerning the death of *Antonina* her confident, it is buried in a great obscurity, and it is to be feared, that her life extremely dissolute even to her old age, and her damnable practises, have cast her headlong into an eternal misery.

Justinian languished a long time after *Theodora's* death: having seen all his designs of War, of Law, and of buildings perfected, bestowed his whole time afterwards in serving God, and expired the rest of his life in Devotion, to which he ever had a very strong inclination.

It is held, that about the end of his daies, he fell into two errours; the former whereof was, That he should not die, and indeed it seemed to all the world, that death had passed him, since he had already attained to the age of fourscore and four years, which is very rare in an Emperour, and not conformable to the Scripture, which saies, That the life of Mighty men is ordinarily short enough: nevertheless, it is not probable, that in the solidity of his judgment, which endured even to his end, he should suffer himself to be perswaded with such a vanity. The other fault which he committed, is more true, which is, That by a zeal not

discreet enough, that he had conceived for the humanity of our Lord, he would believe that it was not subject to our miseries, but impassible and incorruptible, even before his Resurrection. He was near of publishing this opinion, and authorising it by his ordinances, but yet he never did it, and repented of it at his last hour; calling back in his Will the Patriarch *Eutychius* that he had driven away for opposing this his errour. So *Nicephorus* writes manifestly; and every equitable judgment will conclude with him for the salvation of this Emperour. We have very considerable proofs of it; first, his name hath never been blotted out of the Ecclesiastical Tables, out of which it was a custome to deface the memory of Heretick Emperours. Secondly, S. *Gregory* the Great, who speaks always very correctly, calls him Emperour of pious Memory. In the third place, Pope *Agathon*, writing after his death, saith, that he was an Emulatour of the sincere and Apostolick faith. Finally, he was commended in the sixth universal Council with an Elogy worthy of a most Catholick Prince. Even some Patriarchs of *Constantinople* have caused his memory to be yearly celebrated with acclamations of happiness, and publick Orations in his praise. His great Austerities, his magnificent Alms, his Churches, his Devotions, his Laws, his indefatigable pains for the Publick, have defaced the spots that so easily slide into the lives of great ones. Let us not rashly condemn that which we may excuse with Justice, and let us not be evil with Ours, if God will be good with His.

I confess, that this end somewhat troubles me, seeing my self constrained to follow an opinion different from that of a great modern Historian which handles this Emperour with much severity. It is true that I have alwayes had a venerable esteem of that Authour, knowing well, that by the rayes of his virtues, and of his learning, he hath surpassed the lustre of the most glorious purples. Yet the respect which I bear to Truth, and the honour which I ow to the memory of great men that have so much obliged the Publick, give me permission to say here, that *Justinian* hath never been so black as he hath painted him, being ill informed by the writings of *Procopius* and of *Evagrius* his enemies, or following opinions that by a false intention and manifest equivocation are insinuated into the spirits of men many Ages since. Fables easily surprise us, and when they are authorised by a long time, and by the belief of many persons, they pass oftentimes for truths.

That which I say is manifest in that which *Baronius* himself writes touching the opinion which he had of the gross ignorance of *Justinian*, whom he reproaches often in his History, that he could neither write nor read; and yet it is now more then visible, that it is an errour crept in by an equivocation of Names, and a fault in Printing, which hath caused the name of *Justinian* in the text of *Suidas*, to be taken for that of *Justine*, as I have already said. This is so clear, that the Commentatour of *Procopius* (an enemy to *Justinian* as well as the Authour) hath not been able to dissemble it, but confesses that he hath observed in History, that oftentimes the name of *Justinian* hath passed for that of *Justine*; and that by this means, the ignorance that agreed to his uncle *Justine*, hath been attributed to this Monarch; and farther yet, the accident of the troubles of mind that befel his nephew *Justin.* That which I say is proved after an excellent manner by the great *Cassiodore* (who might have seen *Justinian* when being young he came into *Italy*) who calls him aloud *The learned Prince, and most wise Emperour.* And that grave Authour *Agapetus*, who dedicated to him the Treatise of Reigning well, which *Baronius* highly commends, says openly, that he was created Emperour Philosophizing, and that in the Empire he ceased not from Philosophy. And *Procopius* his calumniatour avouches, that he spent ordinarily a good part of the night in his closet, to study upon the sublimest Sciences; and that he could discourse of them pertinently with the ablest Scholars of his age. After this, judge if there be any reason to set him forth as a Peasant, without Learning, and without Letters. Now, as this illustrious Authour was overtaken in that which he spake concerning the wit and the capacity of *Justinian*: so (as being a man) might he be mistaken in that which he hath written of his manners, following some pieces of the slanderous History of *Procopius*, which he had read in *Evagrius*, and in others like him.

But I intreat my Reader yet once more to see and consider, whether it be reasonable to believe that obscure Libel of an Authour enraged against the memory of that Prince, to the prejudice of so many grave and judicious persons that have quite contrary opinions of him. It is evident, that this *Procopius*, was a Libertine, and a true Atheist, who hath spoken and written in his first book of the History of the *Gothes*, that it is a folly to trouble ones self about the belief of Divine things, and that it should be left to every one, whether Priest or Lay, to believe all that shall seem good to him, rather then disturb the Common-wealth, being extreme angry that *Justinian* tormented the *Pagans*, the *Jews*, the *Samaritans*, and endeavoured to reduce the whole world to the Christian and Catholick Belief. Judge (my Reader) hereupon what faith a man deserves to have, that making a shew to be a *Christian*, acknowledges not their God. Further yet, being a *Philistim* by Nation, a Sophister by Profession, an Impostour by Artifice, he hath been able easily to make some of the pranks of his trade, slip into his History. Add to this, that being but a mean fellow, he was advanced first by *Justine*, and afterwards by *Justinian* to great offices, yet being a man extremely jealous and ambitious, he thought himself not high enough, and bore a mortal hatred to *John* the superintendent of Justice; to *Trebonian* the great favourite of *Justinian*; and not content with tearing them in his History, he falls upon the Emperour that had honoured them with his favours.

Every one that hath the common sense of a reasonable man, sees plainly that it is a most unworthy thing, that a servant, a domestick, taken from the dust of the earth, raised even to the great Offices of the Empire, should leave a Railing History to posterity, written in an hole, and by a singular treason, against his Lord and Master, of whom he held his life and honour. And beyond all this, that he should speak things in his Book, that must needs have been very publick and visible to all the world, that so many other Historians who were near that time, and might speak with all freedom, do not so much as mention.

To this it will be answered, that it is not only a *Procopius* that condemns *Justinian*, but that he himself hath blacked himself eternally by the ill usage which he shewed the Pope *Vigilius*, and by the heresie which he fomented and authorised about the period of his life. To speak truth, there being nothing to be preferred before the fidelity which we owe to our

our Religion, the honour which we ought to render to the common Father of all Chriſtendome, and to the Apoſtolick See; if this Emperour were directly convinced of theſe two crimes, and dyed without Repentance, I ſhould be the firſt man that would ſubſcribe to his condemnation: But there is a notable difference between that which eſcapes by errour and by ſurprize, and that which is practiſed by deſign and obſtinacy.

It is true that the Pope *Vigilius* was at firſt hardly uſed at *Conſtantinople* by the Empreſs *Theodora*, but his Election being not held at the beginning for Canonical, he being one whom the Romans had chaſed away with ſtones, and whom he himſelf had depoſed and baniſhed from the uſurpation which he had made upon *Sylverius* his Predeceſſour by a bold attempt, cauſing himſelf afterward to be Canonically choſen; it is no wonder, if in this doubt of his dignity, and certainty of his crime committed againſt the perſon of a lawfull Pope, he was not honoured as high Prieſt, but accuſed as guilty. It ſuffices, that as ſoon as *Juſtinian* knew that he had been afterward declared the ſovereign Paſtour of the Church by the ordinary Forms, he rendred to him the reſpects due to his Character, and permitted him to exerciſe his Functions with all liberty in *Conſtantinople*. It is true that he had alſo ſome difference with him about the condemnation of three Articles, or rather of three perſons, *Theodore*, *Ibas*, and *Theodoret*, but in the end the Emperour yeilded, and permitted all to the diſcretion of the Pope.

As for the Hereſie which is objected to him, it hath rather been an errour of ſurprize, then a reſolute opinion with obſtinacy againſt the deciſions of the Church, without which it cannot be a formal Hereſie. There aroſe in his time an Opinion that held, That the body of our Saviour was incorruptible even before the Reſurrection, and that he was not ſubject to the natural and irreprehenſible paſſions of other men. Many Biſhops, many great learned Friars, and abundance of illuſtrious perſons profeſs that Belief; and *Juſtinian*, deceived by a zeal not well regulated, which he had to the perſon of our Lord, fell into it, not that he doubted but the two Natures were in Jeſus Chriſt, and that his body was conſubſtantial with ours, but he could not endure the word Corruptible, when the fleſh of our Lord was ſpoken of. If he had onely meant an exemption from the corruption and rottenneſſe to which our bodies are reduced, his opinion had been but commendable; but to intend to take away from the Son of God the natural paſſions of hunger, thirſt, wearineſſe, and other like, is to be far wide from the Catholick Faith. Yet ſince that that opinion had not been yet by name, and expreſly decided by the preceding Councils, and that many Biſhops had the ſame thought, and that the Pope very much buſied by the wars of the Goths, had not yet interpoſed thereon, it is not credible that it was an Hereſie framed in the ſpirit of the Emperour, but rather an errour. And ſince that he abſtained from promulgating it as he had projected; and ordained by Will that the Patriarch *Eutychus* that had been baniſhed for oppoſing this Opinion, ſhould be called back by *Juſtin* his Succeſſour; It is evident that he repented at the laſt period of his life, and that *Evagrius* who had a ſtrong tincture of the venom of *Procopius* did him wrong to condemn him to hell: for I leave it to every judicious man to weigh, which we ought rather to believe, a mean Hiſtorian angered, or the voyce of a general Council aſſembled after *Juſtinian's* death. No man certainly can call it into doubt, but that the authority of a Council infinitely paſſes the opinion of one onely man. Now it is ſo, that beſides the teſtimonies of S. *Gregory*, and Pope *Agathon* heretofore alleadged; The ſixth Council ſpeaking of the Emperour *Juſtinian*, calls him alwayes *Moſt Chriſtian Prince, Emperour of pious Memory*, And in the end, *Holy Monarch, and who is in the number of the Bleſſed*. The German that hath Commented upon the railing Hiſtory of *Procopius*, is conſtrained to confeſſe that he hath read even in the beſt Copies of that Council, Ἰουστινιανὸς ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, Juſtinian *that is among the Saints*. But he being an enemy of his memory eludes that Epithete, and ſayes that it hath been attributed to moſt wicked Emperours, pretending by this means to diminiſh the luſtre of *Juſtinian*. I acknowledg that the word ἅγιος, *Holy*, or *Sacred*, ſometimes ſignifies that which is Inviolable; and that in this manner it was given to all the Emperours. But I defie him to find one ſole Text that ſaies of a dead Emperour, ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, *He that is in the company of the Saints* who is not reckoned amongſt the Bleſſed that live in heaven.

This onely is enough to ſtop the mouth of all thoſe that are of a contrary opinion, and to maintain this great Monarch in the poſſeſſion of an high and happy renown, which he hath ſo juſtly purchaſed.

It is he that above all the Emperours hath expreſſed a moſt ardent Zeal towards the perſon of our Lord, to whom he dedicated the ſtatelieſt Church which was at that time in the whol Univerſe. It is he that conſecrated an Altar to him compoſed of all the moſt glittering ſtones, and of all the moſt magnificent rich materials that were then to be found in all the world. It is he that had a moſt tender care of all the Churches of his Empire. He that every where enriched the houſe of God. The Purveyour for the Hoſpitals; the refuge of all neceſſitous perſons, and the Sanctuary of the afflicted. It is he that governed the whole world by moſt holy Laws; who hath revenged, perſecuted, and puniſhed thoſe crimes that tended to the infection of the Publick. It is he that warred all his life time againſt Hereticks, and that upheld the Glory of the Roman Empire, which ſince *Conſtantine* was faln into an horrible decay. It is he that diſplayed his Enſigns, in *Aſia*, *Europe*, and *Africa*, under the name of Jeſus Chriſt with a force incomparable, and ſucceſſes that could not but come from heaven. It is he that baniſhed from Chriſtian ſociety, Sorcerers, Immodeſt, and Infamous perſons, and that planted every where good manners. It is he that made Learning flouriſh, that rewarded men of Merit, that eternized Laws, that bore Arms to the heighth of Reputation. It is he, that alwayes ſhewed himſelf a moſt ardent adminiſtratour of the Juſtice of God, giving audience very often in perſon to parties with an indefatigable toil. It is he that pardon'd injuries, and received even into Grace thoſe that had attempted upon his life. He, that God preſerved from a thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ambuſhes. He, whom God crowned with great age, and an infinite number of bleſſings.

CHARLEMAGNE,
OR,
CHARLES the GREAT.

IT is not flattery that hath given to our *Charles* the name of *Great*, since that truth it self may attribute to him the title of three-times-thrice Great, for his Piety, for his Arms, and for his Laws. All that *Persia* respected in *Cyrus*, all that *Greece* vaunted in *Alexander*, all that *Rome* honoured in *Augustus* and in *Trajan*, all that Christians have commended in the persons of *Constantine* and *Theodosius*, is found included in our *Charlemagne*.

Ptolomy said, that great Personages are never born into the world without a conspiration of the heavens which collect their best Constellations and most favourable influences to salute them, as soon as they salute the day. We cannot know the quality of the stars that ruled over this happy birth; but we know that Providence which infinitely out-passes the effects of all the celestial Globes, hath taken the care of forming this incomparable Prince, and of making him a Master-piece of her hands to shew him to all Ages. Nature was employed to build him a Body capable to sustain the impressions of that Divine Spirit that God would lodge therein. She made him a stature so advantageous, limbs so well composed, so handsom, and so strong; she engraved so much Majesty upon his countenance; she sowed so much lightning and attraction in his eies, that they triumphed over hearts, before his valour had laid hand upon the Empire. It is not alwaies, that felicity is so prodigal of her benefits; she contets her self in some to adorn the house without troubling her self for the inhabitant: and if there be a fair appearance on the out-side, there is little Sense within. But in our *Charles*, every thing was Great, and his soul never belyed the beautiful spectacle of his Body. His understanding was quick and piercing, his memory most happy, his judgment clean and solid, that discerned exactly good from evil, and truth from falshood. He that saw him in Letters, thought that they were made for none but him: and he that contemplated him in Arms, perceived that he would be one day the chief of Conquerours. He studied Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetry, Philosophy, Law, Astrology, and the rest of the Mathematicks. He learned the *Latine*, the *Greek*, the *Hebrew*, the *Syriack*. He had some tast even of Divinity it self, and succeeded in all Sciences so advantageously, that he might have held the Empire of Letters, if God had not destined to him that of the world. He respected his Tutours all his life-time, as the Fathers of his Soul: he made his Master of *Peter* the Deacon, when the Law of Arms might have made him his slave. He drew *Alcuin* out of *England*, to learn of him the secret of the Arts, honoured him with great benefits, and at last, founded by his counsel the University of *Paris*. His meals were seasoned with the reading of some good book, or with the conference of the ablest men of his whole Kingdom; loving to refresh himself from busines in their discourses, without taking any other directions in his pains, then the change of one labour into another.

That which spoils many great ones, is, that they cannot endure any serious thing for a long time; and yet this King made his Recreations even of those whereof others might have made an hard study: and the grace of it was, that he did all this without pain, and that his spirit was no more disquieted with Sciences, then the eie with the most delightful colours. This occupation that he took in Letters by the orders of the King his Father, served extremely to the fashioning of his manners; because he saw in books, & especially in History, as in a true mirrour, all the stains that flattery dissembles unto Princes that heed not to be in a resolution to wash them off, since they are not in a condition to know them.

It is a marvellous thing to see how Nature seemed to sport her self in reproducing *Martel* and *Pepin* in the person of *Charles*; she moderated the fierce valour of the Grandsire by the sweetnes of the father, and made in him an heavenly temper by the happiest of mixtures. His Devotion was not soft nor feminine; neither was it large or lukewarm: but it gently spread its Divine Lights in the soul of this Monarch, without deading the fire of his courage.

He had most sublime knowledges of God and apprehensions very Religious. He offered to him his duties both in publick and in private, with a very sincere piety. He burnt with a great zeal to carry his name into all places whither he could extend his Arms. He was ardently affectionate to the holy See, to which he gave respects and incomparable protections. He honoured the Prelates, and filled the Church with Benefits.

He held, that Justice was the Rampart of Kingdoms, the peace of the people, the policy of manners, the joy of hearts; and that neither the gentle temperature of the air, nor the serenity of the Sea, nor the fruitfulnes of the Earth, were any way equal to its sweetnes. He made a manifest profession of it in the inviolable verity of his words, in the sincerity of his proceedings, in the duties which he rendred to God, to the authours of his birth, to his kindered, to his Country, and universally to all the world. He gave audience often in person to the differences of his people; and even at his rising out of his bed, he caused the Provost of his house to enter into his chamber with the parties that pleaded, to terminate their Law-suits by his Verdict. His principal care was to commit Justice unto innocent hands; but the horrour of his thoughts were perpetually against the unjust, and against the violent: thinking that his Authority and his Arms could have no better employment then in the destruction of tyrants.

But on the contrary, he had goodnesses of heart inexhaustible for honest men, and a wonderful care of the quiet and commodity of his people: his access was easie, his words gracious, his caresses full of attractions, his command sweet, his answers judicious, his orders so just, that they seemed all consorted in heaven. He denied with sweetnes, and gave with measure; although his hands were seas of Liberality and Magnificence that were never dry. He had all his life-time the possession of his soul by a singular moderation that retained his mouth, his tongue, and his anger: but it could not pluck back Love by the wings, which caused some spots to be seen in this Sun, although they were afterward washed away again by a strong Repentance.

That which was most resplendent in all the parts of his life, was an high generosity that never forsook his heart,

heart, and that found exercise continually in all his actions. He contented not himself with middle Virtues, but he carried them all even up to the altitude of their Glory. He had a Spirit incessantly bent to great designs, and a soul always filled with a strong confidence, which he had seated totally in God, of whom he thought himself to be beloved. He never was kept back by any obstacles from generous enterprises; he exposed himself to all dangers, even to the most terrible, for the glory of his sovereign Master. Prosperity had no charms upon him, and adversity found not any darts that were able to abate his resolution.

All these virtues marched in him under the conduct of a great Reason, and failed not to be followed with an happiness that had no equal but his Prudence. God having ennobled him with so eminent qualities, ceased not to furnish him with Objects to put them in practise, as well by the condition of his Birth, as by the divers occurrences of Affairs.

It seems that Providence made him be born on purpose at *Ingelheim* upon the river of *Rhine*, and on the Borders of *France* and *Germany*, as the man that should unite those 2 estates under one Sceptre. He found a Monarchy at his birth, which his Grandfather touched upon, and which his father openly possessed, that had much need of being settled by his power, and husbanded by his cares. He enterprised for this purpose divers wars, but he never waged any one that he was not led to by strong reasons of Piety and Justice. His first Arms were imployed against the *Saxons*, who were at that time *Infidels* and *Pagans*; and who, besides, rebelled against the lawful Power that ruled them. One may say truly, that that Nation was the *Hydra* of our *Hercules*; whose heads continually were born again, and whose bloud so often shed, was but the seed of a new War, even to infinite. Never did the Arms of the *Romans* dare to attempt any thing upon this people which they desired rather not to know then fight with. Their Standards had never resolution enough to see, that which *Charlemaigne* had power enough to beat. They were warlike even to a wonder, and obstinate even to all extremity. The business was not only to conquer the Lands, and to gain the men: but to overcome their superstition, and to disarm the furies of despair. This is that which our *Charles* performed in nine Wars, as cruel as possible, and in the space of three and thirty years; so much Constancy had he against stubborness, and so much Power against madness. He defeated them in many battels; he subdued their Cities, and took their principal Fortresses; he demolished the Altars of the pernicious *Irminsul*, so many times besprinkled with humane bloud; he plucked all the other Idols also out of their demolished Temples; and at last, constrained the brave *Vitiguinde* their King to yield to the happiness of *France*, which made him find the kingdom of God in Baptism, by the loss of that of the *Barbarians*.

But it is true that this magnificent Conquerour found not any where a Theatre of his deeds more famous then that of *Italy*, whither, the Church groaning under the chains of the *Lombards*, called for him incessantly. Above all, Pope *Adrian* the first, whom *Charlemagne* loved afterwards as his brother, conjured him to help him speedily, and to recover the Patrimony of Jesus out of the hands of so many unjust usurpers. He transported over into *Italy* with an Eagles wings and a Lions strength, marching upon his fathers steps that exhaled yet the odour of his generous piety. He took at first the City of *Verona*, then that of *Pavia* after a long tedious siege, and appeared victorious with an Army of fire in the champains of his enemies. *Didier* King of the *Lombards*, that was more ready to do an injury to a disarmed power, then to ward the blows of an adversary, was seen, conquered, and taken prisoner, rendring the Church her liberty by his captivity.

It was a sight filled with Magnificence and Piety, to see him arrive at *Rome*, where the heavens seemed to be all in blessings over his head, and the earth all in respect under his feet. He would have marched with a little noise, and prevented the Pope, not desiring to make his entrance with great pomp. But *Adrian* that watched over his march, perceived it, & sent out very far to meet him abundance of the Nobility and Officers for a Convoy; and when he was near enough to *Rome*, the Souldiery, with all the Citizens appeared in Arms. But that which was most delightful was a Procession of little Children, well chosen out, that carried boughs and sang, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*: Blessed be he that comes in the name of God. The Pope desiring to honour the lively image of the Saviour by some kind of honours that had been heretofore rendred to the original. When the King saw the Crosses of the Senatours, and that came also out to meet him, he alighted off his horse, and walked afoot as far as S. *Peter's* Church, where the holy Father was at the door to receive him, with his Cardinals, and all his Chair. *Charlemagne* by a Ceremonious devotion, and great respect that he bare to S. *Peter* and his successour, would kiss every stair of the ascent of the Portal, before he would close with *Adrian* that received and embraced him with extasies of joys, and the King kissed his hand amongst a thousand acclamations of cheerfulness and happiness which the people ceased not to redouble. They went both of them into the Church to render thanks for the favours that God had done them on that great day, which was on holy Saturday; and which gave not place for that time, to the triumphs of the Resurrection. The Feasts of the Passeover were spent amidst powerful Devotions pretty Ceremonies, and infinite merriments. The King not contenting himself with having broken the chains of the capital City of the World, made great presents to her Church; and after he had been crowned King of Lombardy by the hands of that great Pope, who offered him also the dignity of a Senatour, the fore-runner of the Imperial, he returned to *France*, leaving to all *Italy* an approbation of his deeds, and a great desire of his Domination.

On the other side, the Christians of *Spain* that suffered an Age since, insupportable outrages under the tyranny of the *Saracens*, had also recourse to this invincible Monarch; who, as one always ready to exalt the Standard of the Faith, and to succour the afflicted, passes happily over the *Pyrenean* mountains, takes the City of *Pampelona*, crosses the river *Ebro*, seizes himself of *Sarragossa*, and afterwards of *Barcelona*, plucks the Mahumetans out of the fortresses that they possessed, and re-established the Christian Faith in all the places from whence the fury of that *Barbarian* had banished it. His zeal alwayes burning carried him by the same means to the Conversion of the Infidels, of which he caused innumerable multitudes to be baptized; so true it is, that every thing gave way to the Arms and to the perswasions of that incomparable Prince, whom God seemed to lead by the hand to the Possession of the *Roman* Empire.

Here

Here is the great work of the Providence of God upon his well-beloved *Charles*, that he did him this favour to wear the first of all, the Diadem of the *Cæsars* in the house of *France*, and to have transmitted it to a sufficient long posterity.

I pray you, Reader, to observe here the sacred traces of that wise Governess of Empires, and to consider how she insensibly collected all dispositions necessary to set this great King upon the Throne of the Emperours. The Conquest of Kingdomes resemble often that golden bough of *Virgil*, which one could not pluck off from its tree by main force: but might be easily taken off by an hand that had good fortune on his side. There are many Princes that to take Cities and Provinces by violence, have covered the earth with Arms, and the sea with Vessels, with a noise that astonished the whole world, without ever compassing their designs; whereas others have come to Crowns with as much haste as easinesse, without troubling themselves, and almost without stirring, because the hand of God was in the mingling of their affairs.

This is the proceeding which we visibly discover in the advancement of our *Charles*, whilst he dream'd of nothing but on the means of exalting the Glory of God, and succouring afflicted Nations. Heaven labours for him in the East, in the West, and raises him occasions, which without his thinking of it, set the Diadem upon his head.

It was already a long time since the Eagle of the Roman Emperours clapt but with one wing; *Italy* having been so many times pillaged by the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Lombards. The courageous wisdome of *Justinian*, that thought he had freed it from oppression, did but change, not break its chains. The East had enough to do to defend it self against the incursions of the Barbarians, and could no more contribute any thing to the West but unprofitable compassions and griefs, to lose that which it could no longer keep. It happened, that to aggravate the evils of the successours of *Constantine*, there sprang up an Heresie of the *Iconoclasts*, or Image-breakers, which was worse then a plague of *Egypt*, and which being fomented even by those that were upon the Throne, caused innumerable disasters, and shook the Pillars of the State.

The beginning of this unhappiness came from *Leo* the *Isauric*, who being of a very base extraction, took in hand the Scepter of *Constantinople*, which he soil'd much more by his furious deportments, then by his shamefull original. He had in his Privy Council a pernicious Jew that perswaded him to abolish the holy Images, promising him the Empire when he was yet but a private man, as the recompence of that Sacriledge; and for this reason, he afterward employed himself about it with fury, and cast out the roarings of a Lion which were heard from East to West. The Patriarch S. *Germain* opposed his Edicts, who was for that business deprived of his Dignity; and many great Personages horribly persecuted for the same cause, sealed with their bloud the Belief of the Church.

Gregory the Second thundred from S. *Peter's* Chair against that Lion, although he was under the Captivity of the Lombards, and declared him not onely Excommunicated, but had also forfeited his Imperial Dignity, and all the Demesnes he pretended to in *Italy*. The rage of his Revenge caused a Fleet to be prepared to go down to *Italy*, and to put this generous Pope in chains; but it was cast away, and death strangled his designs, so that he could never root out of the hearts of men the worshipping of Images.

Constantine, *Copronymus* his son, that defiled in the day of his Baptisme the waters that purifie all the world, continued *Leo*'s furies, and made himself the most abominable of all men, a professed enemy of the most holy Virgin the mother of God, and of all the Saints, till such time as he was consumed by the leprosie. He left an heir of his Scepter and Impiety, which was called by his Grandfathers name *Leo*; a prophane and unhappy Prince, who being much in love with pearls and precious stones, took away from the treasures of the Church a magnificent Crown that the Emperour *Maurice* had dedicated to God: but his crime was followed suddenly with vengeance; for scarce had he set it upon his head but it was covered with impostums and sores, accompanied with a violent fever that took him away in few dayes, after a reign of four years and a half.

He had a son named *Constantine* who began his Reign at the age of ten years, under the protection of his Mother *Irene* who was declared Regent of the Empire by her condition, and because she was a woman of great discretion and courage, the daughter of a King, skilfull in holy learning, endowed with a perfect beauty, and accomplished in many graces and virtues that rendred her Government pleasing to all the world. She gave the direction of her affairs to *Stauratius*, a man of sublime capacity, and an equal reputation, that seconded all her good intentions, so that she governed ten years with her son in great peace, and in the approbation of all honest men. Her Regency was greatly remarkable for the Zeal which she testified to the Catholick Faith, following the good counsels of Pope *Adrian*, and of *Tarasus* Patriarch of *Constantinople*, who perswaded her to cause a general Council to be held at *Nice*, where the memory of the proceeding Emperours that had authorized the Heresie of the *Iconoclasts* was condemned, the Images re-established, and the Devotions of the people inflamed to their veneration. The Council gave a thousand benedictions to the Empresse, even so far as to name her, The Revengeresse of the Cause of God; the Conquerresse of Impiety; and the Protectresse of the Catholick Faith. All businesses took a very happy course, and the State prospered visibly in the hands of that great Princesse.

But it seems, that disorder is fatal to the Courts of great Ones, and that virtue can never reign there without contradiction. The ambition that every one hath to promote his fortune, the impatience of good, the desire of novelty, the envy that alwayes follows the happy, cease not secretly to contrive wicked plots which are hatched at last into pernicious effects. The passages to the spirit of the Emperour could not be so well stopped up, but that he had about his person some young men, the most venomous pestilences of the Court, who by giving him suspicions of the Empresse his mother, involved his Dignity and his Life in a misery that causes horrour to my thoughts. They cease not to insinuate into his heart by cursed flatteries that gave him the taste of sin, and the love of a faulty liberty, that would no longer measure his Powers but by the impunity of all vices. They call'd him the perpetual Pupil, the shadow of *Stauratius*, and told him that the age of twenty years might have made him proceed Master of his affairs, and of himself; that it was an insufferable shame to him to indure servitude in a birth that gave him the Empire of the World;

World; that his mother loved his Sceptre and not his Person, and that she was so much used to Reign, that she would never quit the Sovereign Authority, if he did not express Vigour and Resolution to be that which God was pleased he should be born, without dependence on any one; that the Pedagogy of *Stauratius* was infamous to a Monarch that had thrice seven years over his head, and that he ought no more to play the child in a time wherein so many other Princes had plaied the Conquerours.

They talk to him of it so much, that he resolved to take away all Authority from the State-Officer, and to put his Mother out of the Government, and direction of his affairs, which he began to manage after a strange fashion, favouring the heresie of the *Iconoclasts* and all disorders, following the advice of that pernicious counsel of the youth that had began his ruine. *Irene* had an intention at first to marry him to the Princess *Rotrude* daughter of our *Charlemagne*; but some *Greeks* diverted that resolution, telling her, that that alliance would give too great a prop to his natural disposition that seemed already bad enough, and that if the *French* began to set a foot in the Empire, they would one day carry the Crown upon their head. This caused his mother to marry him to *Mary* the *Armenian*, who wanted not good qualities, but whether it was that the Emperour found her not to his liking, or whether it was to spite the Empress his mother that had given her to him, he made a very scandalous divorce from that Princess after he had lawfully wedded her, and married with a Chamber-maid of his Mothers, through the irregularness of his sensuality.

The Patriarch *Tarasius* had a good mind to oppose himself against it, but seeing that this *Prince* enraged with love and choler threatned to open the Temples of the Idols, if one crossed the phrensie of his passion, he held his peace, and let a business shameful to Christianity, pass by dissimulation. But *Plato* and *Theodore* who were then the two greatest lights of *Greece* in holiness and learning, much blamed his proceedings, and separated themselves from his communion, which made a great rent in the Eastern Church.

Constantine sullying also his Loves with humane bloud, caused the eyes to be put out of his Uncle *Nicephorus*, and of the General *Alexius* greatly renowned by his prowess, which drew much hatred upon the person and government of this Prince, yet he left not off for all that to continue, even so far as to take pleasure in cutting off the tongues of many that disapproved of the insolency of his manners.

Eight years were already passed in these disorders, and his mother retired into her private condition, was secretly solicited by many to take again the managing of the affairs to stop the Riots of her son. She hearkned to it, and with the assistance of *Stauratius* plotted an horrible conspiracy against the Emperour, whom she caused to be apprehended, imprisoned, and made blind, whereat he conceived so much despight and sadness, that in few days he quitted the Sceptre with his life. The wicked deportments of *Constantine*, and the good reputation in which *Irene* had lived till then, caused many even amongst the Church men, to find out reasons not only to excuse, but also to approve this bold attempt: yet I find it so enormous, so contrary to the law of nature, so injurious to the inviolable Majesty of Kings, that my pen passes over it with horrour and cannot choose but condemn it, not only with the Law of God that detests it, but with the heavens themselves which hid the Sun seventeen days together, veiled themselves with darkness, and wept for the inhumanity of that crime. Yet I rather believe that which Cardinal *Baronius* hath written, that his mother never consented to the making of him blind, although she had given command to seize upon him; but that those who feared the danger of that Commission, wished rather the death of him then the imprisonment.

But howsoever it came to pass, the Empress took again the Government in hand, and seeing that in that great confusion of affairs she had need of a strong prop, she sought for, by an express embassage, alliance and a marriage with *Charlemagne*, which was not any way disrelished, seeing all that had passed failed not to be coloured with fair pretences; and for that purpose sent back Embassadours to her to end the business; but when they arrived at *Constantinople*, they found that *Nicephorus* one of the Grandees of the East, an hypocrite and a traytour to the miserable *Irene*, had already seized upon the Empire, and banished her into the Isle of *Lesbos*, where she died soon after with the testimonies of a strong repentance, and a perfect disengagement from all worldly things. Yet this new Usurper knowing that our *Charles* had already been proclaimed Emperour in the West, treated him with great submissions, not for the love of his person, but for the fear of his credit, and of his Arms.

Behold how Providence disposed businesses in the East to make him mount upon the Throne of the *Cæsars*, she permitted also in the West strange revolutions, and abominable accidents, out of which by her extreme wisdom and goodness she extracted good for the advancement of this Monarch. After the death of *Adrian* the Pope, *Leo* the Third was set in Saint *Peter's* chair, but his Predecessours Nephews, that saw that the Pontificate had taken another visage since the City of *Rome* had been delivered from the chains of the *Lombard*, and that it began to be protected, and courted even by Kings themselves, were very liquorous after it, so that bearing an enraged envy to the promotion of *Leo*, they did in the heart of Christianity that which one would have horrour to commit in the salvage desarts of the *Scythians* and *Tartarians*. The arms of the City being in their hands, they take an infamous band of murtherous Souldiers, set upon the Pope in *Rome*, in full day, in the middest of a Procession, they seize themselves of his person, in an astonishment that put all the world to flight, and after they had laden him with wounds, and covered him with bloud, they put out his eys, and cut off his tongue, shutting him up in close prison.

But God having heard him by miracle, inspired also a generous resolution into some brave Cavaliers to pluck him out of that Captivity, which they did by an happy and magnanimous attempt, so that *Leo* got him to the City of *Spoletum*, and in time recovered *France* the ordinary refuge of the afflicted Popes. The King with all his Kingdom bearing as much compassion to his misery, as veneration to his Dignity, caused him every where to be received with great honours, and when he was arrived near his person, he rendred him all respects and favours possible so far as to enterprise an expedition to *Rome* to re-establish him in his seat. The Parricides that had so ill used him, failed not to colour with Reason, that which they had done with fury, & accused the Pope *Leo* of divers crimes upon which they desired that one should hear a Council. But the Bishops assembled spake aloud, that the highest throne could not be judged by any one, and that this

this buſineſs of neceſſity ought to be left to the judgment of God alone.

Whereupon the Pope mounting into an high and eminent place, to be perceived of the King that was preſent, & of the whole aſſembly, ſaid, that of his own good will, without any obligation, and without prejudice to his dignity, he was come to juſtifie himſelf, & therupon called the living God with his holy Angels, and all the Hoſt of heaven for witneſſes of his innocence which he confirmed by a ſolemn oath, terrible even to the moſt ſhameleſs of perjured men. Every one ſaw that ſincerity & innocence ſpake by his mouth, & all the ſtanders by threw themſelves down and proſtrated themſelves before him, with cries of joy and incomparable approbations of his Holineſs, avouching him for the true and lawful ſucceſſor of S. *Peter*. There was nothing now remaining as it ſhould ſeem, but to cut in pieces the Homicides that had ſo outrageouſly dealt with him; but he inſtantly begged their pardon of the King, which was the cauſe that men were contented with their baniſhment that they might not trouble any more the publick quiet.

The Pope inſpired powerfully by God, and being not ignorant of the conſent of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt* for the Imperial Dignity, which had been to our *Charlemagne* many years ſince, cauſed ſecretly a magnificent Diadem to be made, and taking the occaſion of a ſolemn day of *Chriſtmas*, and of a great Ceremony, put it upon the head of the King, who was praying upon his knees, when he dream't not of it, and before a great aſſembly of all the parts of Chriſtendom proclaimed him Emperour. This action was approved with an univerſal conſent, and followed with ſo ſtrong acclamations of the people, that it ſeemed that the letters of that Election had been ſent from heaven. *Nicephorus* who reigned in the *Eaſt*, oppoſed not himſelf againſt it, but being contented to poſſeſs that which he had uſurped, abandoned willingly to *Charles*'s pleaſure the Empire of the *Weſt*. And there was no doubt but that if *Charles* his moderation had not at that time planted limits to his happineſs, he might with one hand have held the *Weſt*, and extended the other over the *Eaſt*, it being moſt eaſie for him to put by an Uſurper, fearful and ſhaking, and yet troubled with the image of his crime.

In fine, our *Charles* entred into ſo high a point of veneration, that he ſeemed to be amongſt Kings that which Kings are amongſt private men. There was none amongſt the Sovereign Powers on earth that did not deſire his friendſhip or his Protection. *Aaron* King of *Perſia* ſent him his Ambaſſadors, & rich preſents, offering him the keys of the City of *Jeruſalem*, and of the holy Sepulcher, to diſpoſe of them according to his will. *Amiras* King of the *Saracens* of *Fez* in *Africa*, & *Idnabala* King of *Sarragoſſa* in *Spain*, ſought in like manner the honour of his favour; *Cagan* King of the *Avares* put himſelf under his protection: *Eardulph* King of the *Northumbrians* was re-eſtabliſhed by him in his Dominion *Hemingue* King of *Denmark* rendred to him his homages. *Achaic* King of *Scots* ſubmitted himſelf unto him, All Nations repoſed themſelves under the ſhadow of his Scepter, whileſt this great Monarch was as the Compaſs, which keeps one foot firm in the Center, and with the other runs the round of the Circumference. He watched perpetually at home over his Empire, and provided abroad that nothing ſhould ariſe to trouble his repoſe.

He was not ſo attentive to the affairs of war as not to give continual order to that which concerned the government of the State, and as not to make divers Rules for the good of Eccleſiaſtical and Secular buſineſſes. He cauſed five Councils to be held in the Cities of *Mayence*, of *Reims*, of *Chalons*, of *Tours*, and of *Arles*. He cauſed the Hereſie of *Felix* Biſhop of *Urgel* in *Spain* to be condēned. He wrote himſelf in the *Latine* tongue moſt excellent Ordinances, which he intituled *the Capitularies*. He cauſed great care and induſtry to be had in the correction of the Holy Writ, that had been altered by ignorance, or by Hereſie.

He ceaſed not to ſet times apart for pious works, giving great alms in all places, and keeping a ſecond Table for twelve poor people near his own, which he entertained with the victuals as his own perſon. He founded many Monaſteries, and built as many Churches as there are letters in the Alphabet.

God that would accompliſh in all points the happineſs of this Monarch, gave him a great age in a ſtrong body, and a ſound health, bleſſed him alſo with a numerous poſterity, and let him ſee his children in a maturity that rendred them already capable of the government of Empires. So he cauſed his ſon *Lewis* to be crowned after a general conſent of his Eſtates, and appeared on that day like a Phœnix, which is ſaid to receive a new life from his own aſhes. He walked to the Church in an high Equipage, held up by his ſon, and followed by all the Aſſembly, and having prepared upon the high Altar a Crown, after he had made a long and fervent prayer, proſtrated before God with his dear *Lewis*, he put the Crown upon his head, and ſaid to him;

My dear ſon, it is to day that I die to the Empires of the World, and that Heaven makes me born again in your perſon. If you will reign happily, fear God, which is the ſource of Empires, and the ſovereign Father of all Dominions: keep his Commandments, and cauſe them to be obſerved with an inviolable fidelity. Take the care and the protection of his Church. Love your young brothers and your ſiſters, rendring your ſelf good and officious to your kindred. Honour the Churchmen as your Fathers; cheriſh tenderly your Subjects, as your children; and be all your life-time the comforter and the Protectour of the poor. Chaſtiſe the vicious, and recompenſe the men of merit. Eſtabliſh not Governmēts, Judges, and Officers, which are not capable and without reproach, and when you have eſtabliſhed them, deprive them not of their charges without a moſt juſt cauſe. Serve firſt of all for an example to all the world, and lead before God and man a life irreproachable.

After this action he ſtaied about a year longer in the world, purifying continually his ſpirit by repentance, by good works, and by the contemplation of heavenly things. And when he ſaw himſelf infected with an extraordinary ſickneſs, he cauſed immediately the Sacraments to be adminiſtred to him, and died with a moſt pious and moſt exemplary death, at the age of ſeventy two years, the fourty ſeventh of his reign, and the fourteenth of his Empire. His Corps were expoſed in publick, cloathed after the manner of a King, with a Sword and the Goſpel, which he had ſo gloriouſly defended. Then he was interred with a ſtately Magnificence in the Church of *Aix*, the Chappel which he had built.

He was univerſally lamented by all the world, as the Father of the Univerſe, and the ſingular ornament of Chriſtianity. The *Pagans* themſelves wept for him abundance of tears, ſo true it is, that the goodneſs and ſweetneſs of a King towards his Subjects, is a ray of God that renders him lovely in his life, and gives ſplendour even to his aſhes after his death. He was afterward Canonized by *Paſchal* that was not a lawful Pope; but foraſmuch as the true ſucceſſours of S. *Peter* never retracted that action, he is held for a Saint, and honoured publickly in the Church, with the approbation of all ages.

Saint

Saint LEWIS

Lewis the 4th: King of France.

I Do not forget that I have already ſpoken of Saint *Lewis* in the firſt Tome; but becauſe that was by accident, and by the way, I will here extend my thoughts ſomewhat more largely, and give you a more compleat *Elogium* of him.

It is very true that an Antient ſaith, That great Goodneſs is ſeldom joined with great Power; and that well-accompliſhed Kings are ſo few in number, that their names might be comprehended all together within the circumference of a Ring. But I may add, that if God did take delight to carry this Ring in very deed, as the Scripture doth attribute it to him in an Allegory, and if he would engrave there the names of all the good Kings; that of great Saint *Lewis* would poſſeſſe the firſt place.

This Monarch was ſo like unto virtue, that if it ſhould have ſhewed it ſelf on the one ſide incarnate to mortall eyes, and Saint *Lewis* on the other, one ſhould hardly have been able to judge, which had been the Copy, and which the Original.

It is not my intention to write of his life here, upon which ſo many excellent pens have laboured very fortunately, but to make a reflexion upon ſome principal points of his Government. Great things do not alwayes cauſe themſelves to be known by a multitude, or great variety of diſcourſe, but oftentimes by draughts abbreviated. And no man in my opinion ought to conceive amiſs of this, ſeeing that we meaſure every day the greatneſs of the Sun by the ſhadow of the earth, & his goings, in the Dyals by a little thread. I know that heretofore three lines only repreſented upon a Table, did ſet forth an Idea of the perfection of the excellenteſt Painter in the world, in the underſtanding of the skilfull; and I will draw here three little draughts for to ſet before your eyes the beauty and bigneſs of the virtues of S. *Lewis*.

In one word, he hath done three marvellous things, whereof the firſt is, that he found out the means to joyn the wiſdom of State with that of the Croſs.

The ſecond, that he hath planted humility upon Scepters, where it hath ordinarily very ſlippery footing, and hath likewiſe placed it amongſt the Rubies and Diamonds of the Crown, where its luſtre is often darkened by the too ſtately glittering of the World.

A third is, that he hath joined the devotion of one conſecrated to Religion to the courage of the *Alexanders* and *Caſars*.

As for that which concerns the firſt conjunction, it is ſo rare; that *Tertullian*, who flouriſhed 200 years after the Nativity of our Lord, when as yet there had no ſpeech bin of any Emperour that had imbraced Chriſtianity, ſaid, *That if the* Cæſars *ſhould become Chriſtians, they would ceaſe to be* Cæſars; *and if the Chriſtians ſhould become* Cæſars, *they would ceaſe to be Chriſtians*.. He conceived, that poorneſs of ſpirit could not agree with ſo high & ſtately riches, nor humility with a ſovereign Empire, or the tears of Repentance with the delights of the Court; that the hungring and thirſting after righteouſneſs could not ſtand with the deſire of Conquerours, nor pitifulneſs with arms, nor pureneſs of heart with the converſing with moſt pleaſing beauties, nor peace would conſiſt with the licentiouſneſs of warr, and ſuffering perſecutions with an abſolute power to revenge ones ſelf: And nevertheleſs S. *Lewis* alone hath found means to joyn things together, which ſeem ſo contrary, in the higheſt degree that ever they were found to be in ſo kingly an eſtate. Amidſt the riches of a Kingdom ſo abundant; he was not rich but onely towards the poor, & if God had permitted him he would have as willingly covered himſelf with the habit of S. *Francis*, as with his Royal Purple. He did never conſider himſelf otherwiſe amongſt all the goods that he poſſeſſed, but as the Steward of *Jeſus Chriſt*: he left unto God willingly the glory of having given them him, to needy perſons the benefit of receiving them, and kept nothing to himſelf but the pains of diſtributing them. He aſſayed a thouſand times to enter into Religious orders, and yet ſtill anſwer was made him, that God would have him to be King: he wore the Crown by way of obedience, he uſed riches only for neceſſity, & had no other thing in his deſire then ſpiritual nakedneſs, and a perfect unlooſing himſelf from all worldly things. In the midſt of an Abſolute power he was ſo meek that his heart ſeemed a Sea, where a calm perpetually reigned. The Scarlet of his attire did never colour his face with the heat of anger. Arrogance did never puff up his words; he

The firſt marvel, the joyning of the wiſdom of State with the Goſpel *Tert. Apol.*

made it his glory to communicate himself to the miserablest; & although he was higher then all the Cedars: yet he humbled his eyes even to the smallest worms of the earth. If he appeared in publick with a splendour agreeable to his Dignity; in his retiring, he made his life a continual Repentance, which equalled the strictness of the severest Religious ones. The zeal of justice was so perfect in him, that he would not usurp a fingers breadth of Land upon his neighbours to the prejudice of his conscience, and his generousness caused him also to refuse the Empire, which the Pope and all the Princes of Christendom offered him with a general consent, after the deposing of the Emperour *Frederick*. The exercises of War did never stop up in his heart the pitiful bounties that were there towards the poor, not contenting himself to give them most liberally all that they could expect from his condition, but very often being ready at their hand to provide them with necessaries for their life. Amidst the great tumults of war he was alwayes peaceable, never making any war but for necessity, or for zeal of the glory of God, but carrying throughout all places peace with an exceeding meekness. His chastity amidst all the delights of so great a Realm was alwayes impenetrable by the darts of love; and his heart was like the bed of the *Phœnix*, which takes no fire but from the beams of the Sun. He was persecuted by the tongues of slanderers, by the arms of his kindred, by the chains and prisons of Infidels, by the ingratitude of those upon whom he had heaped good turnes, without having one least motion to revenge; rendring alwayes good for evil: and if justice did require of him reasonable punishment of the wicked, he paid the Tribute that Kings owe to the Sovereign Power, without ever altering the quietness of his minde, in such manner, as if you will judge rightly of that which I have said, you will finde that S. *Lewis* hath brought the eight Beatitudes to the Court, and hath happily joined the highest Maxims of the Gospel, to the Policy of a great Kingdom.

Nevertheless, some one may make himself believe, that he was not sufficiently refined in the Tenets of a great States-man, but that the excessiveness of his devotion must needs mollifie somewhat the vigour of his understanding, and that the tenderness of his conscience was incompatible with the Principles of those Politicians that are compleat in the managing of affairs. I intreat my Reader to consider here the great errour of the Politick ones of the world, that will be wise without God, and believe that the Empires and Kingdoms of Christendom being founded in Piety & Justice can maintain themselves happily, and increase by the subtleties and Maxims that are common amongst the *Pagans* and *Mahometans*. Let any one compare the *Fredericks* (Emperours) that flourished in the same age with Saint *Lewis* the King, let one weigh the Principles of the one and of the other, let him examine their proceedings, and look upon the successe, and they shall finde, that the honest wisdom of our King hath surpassed all the subtleties of those great brains, and that these lights have as far excelled those their false glances, as the eyes of the Eagles are far above those of the Owls.

The *Fredericks* aim was to look at themselves, to bring all to their own ends, to complain against the Pope, to contest with the Princes, to regard nothing but their own greatness, to have nothing in esteem but their own interest, to measure the true and the false by their own profit, to keep Religion under the State, to think that a good conscience was an hinderance to great designs, and that there was nothing unjust, of all that was profitable and glorious in appearance for so high a Monarchy, to employ all the subtleties and all rigour that might obtain their purposes, to beat down all that they might raise themselves, and to ruine all to make themselves great. S. *Lewis* on the contrary caused the glory and interest of God to march at the head of his actions, esteemed himself little, prized the benefit of the publick above all things, honoured the Pope with a singular reverence, entertained as much as he could Peace with the Princes of Christendom, never undertook any thing to the prejudice of his conscience, would not buy a Kingdom with the smallest lye, made even nothing serve for Religion, valued nothing great that was not just, nothing glorious that agreed not with equity, and measured all by the Law of God, and the benefit of his Subjects.

If it be true, which our Saviour saith, That we should judge of men by their deeds and by the fruits of their actions; who sees not, that those men with their refined politick Maxims did very ill govern themselves, seeing that after so general a dissipation of bloud, of men and of wealth, they buried their fortunes in the ruines of the publick? And this man with his honesty, which others do take for simplicity, did free himself happily from civil warrs, frustrated the subtleties of the craftiest, brought to the ground the strength of the mightiest, securing his Crown and Scepter in the hands of a woman against the enterprises of men subtle and interessed. He made forein warrs for the pure glory of God without oppressing his people. He governed his Kingdom in Peace, in Piety, in Justice, and in the abundance of all things, leaving a large posterity, which sits even yet upon the chief Thrones of Christendom.

May we not well affirm that this Prince was indued with marvellous wisdom; seeing that he knew God the fountain of all Essences, and judged of all things according to the Rules of the eternal truth? From this Fountain there ran down in his soul two Rivulets, which were, the great contempt that he had of the world, and the perfect union which he had with God, which poured forth a vigorous influence upon all his undertakings. From hence came that good choice that he took for the ordering of his life, mingling contemplation with action, which were as two sisters mutually helping each other. It happens sometimes to men, that some are carryed away with the world, and others flying from it, carry it along with them, The one let themselves run with the torrent of corruptions, the other retiring themselves to solitarineſs, carry with them all their worldly affections which do but sleep, and cast forth still sparkles under the ashes. But S. *Lewis* being within the world, was nothing less then of the world; seeing that amidst the meeting with so many people, which encompassed him every day, he built himself a desart in his heart; and in the midst of a great Sea of affairs, he lived as the fishes that are silent in the roarings of the waves, and keep themselves fresh amidst the briny waters.

The sweet familiarity that he had with his Redeemer, did not steal from him the care of his employments, and Government of his Kingdom; seeing that alwayes like the beams of the Sun, he touched the earth without leaving heaven.

The second marvel of S. *Lewis*, is, to have lodged humility upon the glittering splendor of his Diadem, & to have preserved this place for it, amongst all the occasions which might invite him to make use of his greatness. One may avouch that this virtue in what place soever it is found, is alwayes great, and S. *Paul* justly

The second marvel, the union of humility and royall greatness.

juſtly calls it, the virtue of *Jeſus Chriſt* by excellency: but when it mingles it ſelf with the eſtate of Great ones, it carryes away the admiration of mankind. We are all born with the deſire of honour, and this appetite deviated from its propes excellence is found even in the loweſt perſons. In the age paſt, there was found in *India* a people called the *Verrais*, of ſo groſs an underſtanding, and uncomely in body, which lived ſo baſely that they eat nothing but roaſted Ants and Crocodiles tails, and nevertheleſs they were ſo proud, that when they ſpake to them of baptizing them, they asked if they ſhould be baptized in the ſame water with other people, and if they would have no reſpect to their quality. If preſumption doth take ſuch hold on ſuch baſe ſouls, I leave it to you to conſider what effect it might have on thoſe that are lifted up in all qualities above the common ſort. There is no doubt that ambition ruleth over all our actions; and that to ſee a Prince humble amidſt the flatteries of the Court, modeſt with an abſolute power, victorious over vanity in the midſt of the great mortifying of truth, which comes into the cabinet of Kings, like money into their coffers, with very much diſguiſing and diminution, is a wonder almoſt as rare as if one ſhould ſee the ſtars to walk on the earth.

And nevertheleſs S. *Lewis*, as he had very great wiſdom and a perfect knowledge of the life of man, was a ſoul the moſt humble, the moſt meek and moſt amiable that ever converſed amongſt men in the like eſtate. Princes have had at all times an high ambition to carry in their titles great names. There are ſome which have cauſed themſelves to be called the brethren of the Sun, & coſins to the Stars, others would be the Arms, the Eyes, the Rubies of the world, and ſome the Saviours and the Gods: but our Monarch named himſelf *Lewis of Poyſſy* the humble ſervant of *Jeſus*, accounting it, that the higheſt greatneſs of a Scepter was to ſerve God. Hence he deſired nothing ſo ardently, in all his behaviour, as to humble himſelf before God, by a perfect examination, without retaining any thing more of himſelf then this high point of humility. When he entred into *Damiata*, the firſt town that he conquered in his voyage to *Egypt*, he cauſed not himſelf to be carried in a chariot drawn with Lions or Elephants as the *Roman* Captains uſe to do, but he cauſed the Croſs to march before him, and followed it with a bare head and naked feet. And when at the Council of *Lyons* they ſpoke of giving him the name and quality of an Emperour, he avoided that honour like a tempeſt, and choſe rather the extremity of ſufferings amongſt the *Saracens*, then to aſcend into the throne of the *Ceſars*. He carryed his Royalty, as it were a mountain on his back; and there was no greater ſervitude in the world to him, then his greatneſs. When he could free himſelf of the neceſſary ceremonies in publick for a perſon of his quality, and that he had full liberty to converſe with inferiour ones, he was as a fiſh in his water. This wiſe humility cauſed that he entertained the whole world, every one according to his degree with great conſideration. He honoured the Queen his Mother all his life time with a reſpect which approached near to reverence. He was wonderfully kind to all his kindred, & courteous to all thoſe that came to him, which he did without ceremonies, without conſtraint, but with an unparalleld cordialneſs; for that his humility was rooted in a deep charity which gave all the motions to his ſoul. He walked oftentimes in publick in a plain garment of chamlet; and if he had ſeen the riot that now reigns in our behaviour, he would have taken our converſation for ſome *Maſcorade*. He converſed not only with the plaineſt, but abaſed himſelf continually even to the feet of the poor, & that the moſt ill favour'd. He was ſeen to bow himſelf, & to make clean the ulcers of the leprous, ſo horrible that people caſt bread to them afar off, not any one daring to come near them. He was ſeen in the champians of *Aſia* and *Africa*, to ſeek out the bodies of his poor ſubjects all ſtinking with corruption, to bury them with his Royal hand. O what a triumph of humility is here! O what ardency of charity! and where is it that God can place the condemnation of our pride and hardneſs of our hearts more high, then upon the perſon of this great King?

The third marvel his devotion and courage.

Laſtly, the third miracle that we obſerve in the life of S. *Lewis*, is, that he hath joined the devotion of the moſt perfect religious ones, with the courage of the moſt invincible conquerours. Here it is that I do challenge all thoſe brave ones in appearance, all thoſe Phantaſms of valour, for to teſtifie unto them that S. *Lewis* was one of the moſt valiant & moſt courageous Princes that ever bore Scepter in Chriſtendom. For where is valiantneſs placed, according to *Ariſtotle*, if it be not conceived in the underſtanding? & if it tend not to virtuous actions, would you that I ſhould account it an action of courage & ability to hew men in pieces, & to fill the world with maſſacres, for to cõtent the rage, for to nouriſh an ambition, or ſatisfy a revenge? God forbid that we ſhould judge ſo baſely of a virtue that makes thẽ demigods. If the intentions thereof be not right, if the actions thereof be not juſtifiable, if its effects be not cõmendable, its is a ſpirit that ſeduces us, and not a perfection that rectifies us.

The valour of S. *Lewis* was the effect of a lively faith, of an incomparable wiſdom, of a ſtrong and puiſſant charity; faith filled him with confidence, wiſdom with moderation, & charity with boldneſs. This valour was enlivened by three loves, which the Divines do obſerve, which are, the love incomparable, the love ardent, and the love indefatigable. The love incomparable, cauſed him to forſake a great and flouriſhing Kingdom, (filled with peace, contentments, and delights, where he might have lived under the ſhadow of his Palm-trees in all happineſs,) to tranſport himſelf into the Land of the *Saracens*, & there to ſuffer all the inconveniencies of nature. The ſame love cauſed him to carry the Queen his wife young and tender, amongſt ſo many foaming rocks, ſo many ſeas, ſo many monſters, and ſo many tempeſts. The ſame love perſwaded him to embark the Princes his children in their tender age in this voyage, conceiving that he ought not to ſpare any thing which the ſervice of God might require. The ardent love cauſed him to expoſe his Royal perſon, not onely to wearineſs, but to the moſt dangerous blows of battels. There is a certain jealous ſtrictneſs of judgment, in the underſtanding of men, which would not that any one perſon ſhould be excellent in the degree of Sovereignty in too illuſtrious qualities. The reputation of Arms took away the high title of eloquence from *Julius Ceſar*; and we may ſee that S. *Lewis* contented himſelf with his rare devotion, without taking that high part that he deſerved in valour. But this is the truth, that he was courageous, heroical, and valiant above all thoſe brave ones whom the opinion of men do often deifie without very much deſert. Together with all his devotion, he ſeemed to have obliged himſelf to take up arms againſt his enemies, even from his tendereſt infancy. He made wars both by Sea & Land in *Europe*, *Aſia*, & *Africa*. He was ſet upon in his minority by the neighbouring Princes, & by the greateſt Lords of his State, from which he freed himſelf, both by wiſdom and valour, marching forth into the field, with the aſſiſtance of God, and good counſel of

his Mother. He disarmed *Philip* his Uncle by courtesie, the *English* by force; he vanquished the inconstancy of *Theobald* by his stedfastness, & the self-conceitedness of *Peter de Drues* by his patience. After he had pacified his Kingdom, he undertook the Holy War, by a p ous generousness of heart, in the which he shewed marvellous valiantness of his person.

Joinville that was present saith, that he stoutly ventured himself into the hottest conflicts of the battalions, & fought fiercely with his own hand, scattering and overthrowing the *Saracens* that opposed his enterprizes. They speak much of the valour of *Attila*, that visiting a certain place, was set upon by two souldiers, that had a purpose to kill him, & escaped both the one and the other by his valour and mention. But S. *Lewis* on a day having gone aside from the Army, was set upon by six whom he put to flight by a victorious resistance. When they were in some doubt about going a shore in his first voyage to *Africa*, he was the first that threw himself upon the Coast of the Enemies with his sword in his hand without any amazement, although he was up to the neck in water. When he was seen at the beginning of the battel arrayed in his Royal Arms, he appeared like a Sun to the whole Army; but as soon as he began to enter into the fight, he was like a lightning that made a wonderfull flashing upon the Infidels, together with all the misfortune of the time, wherewith he was overborne: he took the great and famous City of *Damiata* in his first voyage, he discomfited the *Saracens* in two battels, he fortified four great places in *Syria*, he compelled the Emmiers of *Egypt* to restore him his prisoners, he provided for the safety of all the Christians that were remaining in *Palestine*. In his second voyage, he vanquished at the first onset the *Africans* which had anciently made *Italy*, *Greece*, and *Spain* to tremble, and had so long time disputed for the Empire of the world with the *Romans*; and if he had not been hindred by sickness, he had forthwith made himself Master of *Tunis* and *Carthage*.

Behold what this ardent love did by his hands. But the love indefatigable, the true and faithful character of a great stoutness of courage, caused him not to be amazed at any thing & that he continued with an invincible magnanimity, under the most burthensome accidents that contraried his enterprizes. This love caused him to make tryal of another voyage, after the sad accidents of the first: this love caused that the seas filled with terrours, the Lands with Ant-heaps of *Saracens* formed into Battalions, the air that seemed from every part to let fly arrows of pestilence, the wayes which were full of toils, the wars of terrours and massacres, the encounters of evil success, and the champions of a million of divers kinds of death, never altered the constancy of his invincible heart. The very day of his captivity, after he had lost a great battel which overthrew all his affairs, when as he saw the wayes covered with the dead bodies of his servants, when he saw the river *Nilus* smoaking and bubling up the *French* bloud, when as the arrows of the *Saracens* did fly round about his head, like the hail on a Winters day, when as he was taken and carried to the Aunt of the *Sultan*, & that he heard the clamours of those outrageous mouths, that he saw so many infernal faces that might shake a soul of the stoutest temper, he remained still in a great tranquillity of mind, and asked his Page for his book of prayers, which being ready, he began to perform the duty of his Orazons, which he p erfect every day to God, with as quiet a spirit as if he had been returned from taking a walk in his gardens. The very day that he was seized upon by the pestilence, he beheld death coming upon him, with a settled countenance, he disposed of the affairs of his Kingdom and of his house, with a great judgement; gave very excellent instructions to the Prince's children, comforted all his good servants, strengthened himself with the Sacraments, entred into extasies of divine love, which drove out of his heart all the cares of this present life. The poor Prince sooner failed of his life then he could fail of his constancy and faithfulness to his high virtue.

It is here, O Providence, that you cover with a canopy of the night & darkness the great events of the affairs of the world, it is here that we acknowledge your government. This Prince so wise, so humble, so holy, which deserved that the world should bend under his Laws, & to have constrained good fortune to fly no where but about his colours, in the mean while was handled by you, as it seems to many, not like to an indulgent Mother; but as by a step-mother, severe & rigorous. Alas! the Lands haue often undertaken the yoke, and the seas have spread their back with coverlids by a pleasing calmness under the arms & vessels of Pirats. Was there none but this Monarch to whom all creatures ought to have serv'd as a defence, that could deserve to be so evil handled at your hands? In the first of his expeditions he lost his liberty, and in the second his life. What is the meaning of this, O Providence? draw the curtain a little, uncover your secrets, and unseal our eyes to behold them.

She answereth, that the general truth hath revealed to us in the Gospel his judgment on this point, when he said to the *Jews*, which were come to take him, behold your hour, & the power of darkness. It is true, that by a certain order of God, & for causes very reasonable, well known to his Providence, the evil spirits have their reign & their time, wch good men are not able to hinder, no more then the winter & the night; and that the sovereign Creatour & Governour of all things hath limited their powers and their endurings by certain celestial periods, wch being not yet come to an end, do make all the endeavours which can be used to destroy them unprofitable. This is the cause why there is not taken in hand with such eagerness as might be, Wars in the East and *Africa*, nor that we should undertake great designs against the powers of darkness, if we cānot see by very evident conjectures that God directs us as by the hand. Nevertheless, as he reveals not alwayes to the Saints, the times, & seasons of Empires, it happens, that those that with great zeal, and very rational prudence, do embark themselves in generous designs to advance the glory of God, should not justly alwayes be commended even in the default of good success. And I may very well say, that the most glorious actions of S. *Lewis* was his prison and his death: For to kill the *Saracens*, to make mountains of dead bodies, rivers of bloud, to overthrow Cities all in a smoak; this is that which *Chamgy* & *Tamerlan* have done. But to do that wch S. *Lewis* hath done, it is it which hath no compare it is that which the Angels would do willingly, if they could merit it by a mortal Body. God which had drawn him from his Kingdom with the faith of *Abraham*, which had led him through so many dangers with the guiding of *Moses*, gave him in the end, to seal up his great actions, the patience of *Job*. And to counterb lance that, which the world esteems mishap, he would have him to govern a great Kingdom a long time, with an high wisdom, & profound peace, an exact justice for the good & repose of his people, & an uncredible sweetness of spirit, which hath made him the most amiable of all Kings on the earth, and a great Saint in Paradise, by the consent of all mortals, and the Universal approbation of the Church.

JUDITH.

JUDITH. HESTER.

EXpect nothing Feminine in this Woman, all in her is Male, all in her is Generous, all in her is full of Prodigies. Nature hath put nothing in her but the Sex, ſhe hath left to Virtue to make up the reſt, who after ſhe had laboured a long time in this her Maſter-piece, incorporated her ſelf in her work. Never was beauty better placed then upon this face, which bears a mixture of Terrour and of Love: Lovely in its Graces, Terrible in its valour. What a Court-Lady is this, that came thither for nothing but to draw the ſword? Her hand did much by deſtroying an 100000 men in one onely head; but her eye did much more then her hand: it was that, that firſt triumphed over *Holophernes*, and with a little ray of its flames burnt up a whole army. O what a magnificent employment had Love in this act of hers! and to ſay truth, he conſecrated his arrows; never was he innocent in his Combats, never was he ſo glorious in his Triumphs.

Repreſent to your ſelves a *Nabuchadnezzar* in the flower of his age, in the vigour of his Conqueſts holding a ſecret Council wherein he makes a reſolution to ſubdue the World. After a ſhort concluſion of an affair ſo great, he calls *Holophernes*, and commands him to march towards the Weſt with an Army of 100000 Foot, and 12000 Horſe. All the Captains aſſemble themſelves together, and in all places ſouldiers ſwarm. It ſeems that that brave General did nothing but give a ſtamp with his foot to procreate armed men. Behold him already environed with Legions all glittering with fire and flames; his Army is on foot with an horrible Artillery of military Engines, and a great preparation of Victual and Ammunition. It ſeemed that heaven looked upon this Hoſt with affrightment, and that the earth ecchoed at every ſtep under the clattering of its Arms. The motions of it give terrour to the ſtouteſt ſort, and confuſion to the weaker; before it marches Noyſes, Affrights, and Threats; after it, Weepings, Ruins, and Deſolations.

Holophernes is in the middle as a Giant with an hundred arms, wch promiſes to himſelf to demoliſh ſmoaking Cities, to overthrow Mountains, and to beat all Arms to powder with the lightning of his eyes. Ambaſſadours of all Nations are ſeen waiting at his gate, who preſent unto him Crowns, who offer Tapers and Incenſe, deſire peace and mercy of him, and beſeech him to grant them ſervitude. But this ſupercilious General would march upon the heads of men, and make himſelf a river of Bloud to water therewith his Palms.

Fame that publiſhing with an hundred mouths the waſts that that Army made on all ſides, failed not to fly unto *Jeruſalem*, and to carry that ſad news unto the people of God. Nothing was then heard but the ſighs and groans of a ſcared people, who beholding that furious Tempeſt coming afar off, had neither heart nor arms to oppoſe themſelves againſt it. Their courages were diſmaied, their hands weak, their tongues mute; they had no other defence but their tears which they powred out in abundance to begin the funerals of their Countrey.

Manaſſeh reigned at that time in *Jeruſalem*, ſeven hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord, who ſeeing no expedient to divert this miſery, abandoned himſelf to ſilence, and to darkneſs. But *Joachim* the High Prieſt, executing a Captains office together with a Prieſts, encouraged his poor people, & wiped off their tears to make them ſee the firſt ray of hope which they conceived of their dear Liberty.

He diſpatches Poſts to all parts, and commands the cities that were menaced with the marches of that army to contribute all that they were able, of Mony Iron, Men, and Victuals, to beat back the common Enemy; and above all to prepoſſeſs themſelves of the ſtreights of the mountains, to ſtop up the paſſages, where a few men would be able to do much, rather then to expect them in the champian, where ſo great forces would ſwallow up all that could be oppoſed againſt them.

After this he commands publick prayers to be made, where the Altar of God was covered with ſackcloth, and the Prieſts with hair-cloth, all the people were at their ſupplications, tears, and faſtings, even the children proſtrated themſelves on the earth and cryed to implore the mercy of God.

This excellent High-Prieſt not being ignorant that

that with Piety we ought to move the hand, contented not himself onely to weep before the Altar, but visited in person the Cities and Burghs, comforting the afflicted, stirring up the slack, strengthning the weak, and doing that which the infusion of the soul doth in the Body, in giving life and vigour to all the members of the State.

The news comes to *Holophernes*, that the *Jews* prepared themselves to make resistance to his Army whereat he entred into great fits of choler, and called the Princes of the *Ammonites* and of the *Moabites* that were in his army with him, to know what forces that people might have that were disposed to make an opposition. Then *Achior* Prince of the *Ammonites* rose up, and made him a long narration of the original and qualities of the *Jews*, telling him by piece-meal how that Nation came from the *Chaldeans*, and separated themselves from them by reason of Religion, despising all the Gods of the *Gentiles*, and believing but one God the Maker of Heaven and earth. He added how they went into *Egypt* when there was a great famine, and that they were there so exceedingly multiplyed, that they began to give terrour to the *Egyptians*, who ceased not to torment them. But that God revenged their injuries by horrible plagues from Heaven, that made havock of all *Egypt*, so that their Land-Lords were constrained to let them go whithersoever it seemed good unto them.

But *Pharaoh* the King having made a resolution to pursue them, and to destroy them utterly, was buried with all his Army in the red-Sea, through which that people had passed on dry-foot. From thence they journeyed through the barren deserts of *Arabia*, where their God miraculously nourished them, giving them food from heaven, and commanding the Rocks to open to them springs and fountains. Furthermore he advertised *Holophernes* that when things were well between their Master and them, they were invincible, which visibly appeared by the victories they obtained over the *Amorites*, the *Jebusites*, and the *Peresites*, and other, Nations which they had devoured as fire would do the chaff, possessing themseves of their Lands, and estates. But if it happened that they were defiled with some iniquity, there was nothing more weak then they, by reason that they were then forsaken of heaven, and left to their own selves: and therefore he advised him not to hazard any thing against them, before he knew the condition wherein they were at present, because that if they were well united to the Deity, wch they worshipped, he should carry away nothing but confusion.

Holophernes's Captains hearing *Achior*'s discourse, loaded him with reproaches; for that he had so much as a thought that so small an handful of people, and ill trained, should be able to resist a Royal Army of *Nabuchadnezzars*. The General holds him for a mad man, and commands him to be delivered to the *Jews* since he was a *Jew* in heart & affection. And indeed, the souldiers having taken him and bound him to a tree, left him to the discretion of those of the City of *Bethulia*, who carryed him away, and having presented him to the Priests that governed, and to all the Assembly of the City, enquired of him of all that had passed about him. He straightway made them a long discourse, and exalted the Testimonies that he had given to the Majesty of their God, whereat all betook themselves to weep for joy, and praised the Divine Goodness, prostrating themselves on the ground, and promising all favour to their Prisoner.

In the mean while *Holophernes* causes his Troops to advance to surprise the little *Bethulia*, but he saw himself combated by men invisible, hidden in the mountains, that much gauled his Army, being cooped up in very narrow passages. His captains counselled him not to torment his souldiers unprofitably, but to seize onely upon the Channels of the fountains that carryed the water to the City, and that would be a means to take it without putting himself to much trouble. This was performed, and it proved very effectual; for the people seeing themselves deprived of the commodities of those fair sources that gave them drink, begin to murmur aloud against the Priests, who by their rashness had resisted so prodigious a power, against the example of so many Nations, and cry out that they were better render themselves to the *Assyrians*, then see their wives & children buried in the same tomb. *Ozias* in the absence of *Joachim* appeased them by his tears, & caused them to resolve on a patience of five days.

This City of *Bethulia* had within the circuit of its walls a great Treasure, whose merit it was not yet sufficiently acquainted with. It was the valorous *Judith*, in whom heaven had put rare qualities, & God had chosen her to give safety to her Countrey. She was of an high extraction, of the Tribe of *Reuben* three years and an half a Widow, beautiful even to perfection, of a chastity and reputation inviolable, extream rich, but above all, devout and virtuous. She had built on the top of her house a little Solitude whither she with her maids retired themselves to be vacant to things Divine; there was her Oratory, there her intercourses with God, and from thence mounted to Heaven her prayers that carried up the groans of her people even to the throne of the most High.

The holy Lady had her innocent flesh loaden with a rough hair-cloth, fasted every day, except the Saturdayes, and the solemn feasts that were amongst the *Jews*, her heart was inflamed with an incredible zeal of the glory of God, and touched to the quick with the miseries of her people.

When she understood what had been resolved on at the Assembly, and that the City was to be yielded in five days, if it had no other relief; she spake to *Ozias* the Prince of the people, and to the Priests that governed, and made them a most excellent advertisement upon what had passed at their last convention. She told them; That it was to tempt God, to prescribe to him the time of his mercies, and not to expect it of his Providence; that it did not belong to men to dispose of heaven, who are reserved to the disposal of their Sovereign Master; that they ought onely to think upon the performance of an exact repentance for the sins of their life past, and imploring the divine clemency with the effusion of tears, which well knew how to find a remedy to so great necessities. She made them understand that good men are necessarily proved by divers Tribulations, & that those that bear them with patience are at last glorious before God; But those that disquiet themselves and murmur, have no profit by their afflictions, & provoke wrath from on high that redoubles scourge upon scourge to punish their rebellion.

In the end she perswaded them, that seeing they were the Heads of the People, and that so many souls breathe not but by their breath, they would not fail to exhort them to a further patience. The principal men of the City were ravished with a mouth that spake so divinely; and the words that issued from so fair a source, had a grace incomparable to subdue the most obdurate hearts. They all avowed that she was a woman according to the heart of God

God, that had ſpoken worthily, & there was nothing deficient in her diſcourſe. But ſhe ſubmitted her ſelf by a great humility to their judgments, and beſeeched them to leave one of the city gates free for her to go out at that very night, accompanied with her ſervant, for ſhe had ſome good work in her heart for the ſafety of her Countrey; and intreated, that it might be recommended to the prayers of the whole Aſſembly without curiouſly inquiring what it was that God would do by her means. *Ozias* anſwered her that ſhe might go in peace; and that he prayed that her action might ſucceed to the good of the univerſal people.

Here perhaps may ſome men be aſtoniſhed, that a woman ſhould take the boldneſs to go and adviſe the Magiſtrates, and the Prieſts; and the ſeverer ſort of cenſurers will ſay, that by right *Judith* ſhould have been ſent home to her diſtaff. They will alledge, that the *Jews* give every day thanks to God in their prayers for that he had not made them be born Women. Antienly, they were placed in the Churches on the *North* ſide, from whence the Scripture makes all the evil of the world to come. *Chryſologus* hath alſo ſaid, that woman was the Way of Death, the Title of the ſepulcher, & the gate of Hell.

But this ought to be underſtood of thoſe that follow the ſteps of the firſt of Women, & not the wayes of the chief of Virgins. Thoſe who abandon themſelves to luxury, to vanity, and to diſſolute pleaſures are no way fit for great affairs, being too delicate for labour, and too ambitious of honour. But many others that have taken pains in the regulating of their paſſions, have rendred great ſervices to Kingdoms and Common-wealths. *Rome* had never been *Rome* without the *Sabine* women. The people of the *North*, by the report of *Tacitus*, have been governed in their Wars and in their Polities by women; profeſſing that they perceived in them a certain prophetick and divine ſpirit. *Plato* in his Common-wealth hath judged them capable of Offices, their ſouls being of the ſame ſpecies or kind as men's. Wherefore then ſhould we think it ſtrange that God made uſe of a virtuous woman to counſel men and to deliver her Countrey?

Before ſhe undertook that great work, ſhe was a long time proſtrated before God in her Oratory, with ſackcloth upon her back, and aſhes upon her head, ſaying, with an amorous heart.

My God, the God of my Fathers, to whom nothing is impoſſible, look down now upon the camp of the *Aſſyrians* with that eye of lightnings and of thunders that thou heretofore didſt caſt upon the army of *Egyptians* when they were buried in the bottom of the Sea. Let the ſame happen to thoſe here that truſt in their chariots of war, in their ſpears, and in their ſwords, and know not that thou art the God of heaven that breakeſt in pieces the mighty powers of the earth with one ſole look of thine eyes: lift up that ſame arm that hath made it ſelf renown'd from all antiquity by ſo many wonders: and tread underfoot all their ſtrength by thine for ever dreadful forces. Suffer them not to violate thy Temple, and to ſack the Houſe where thy Name is from all time invoked. Cauſe this barbarous Colonel, who promiſes himſelf our ſpoils, to be taken by me through the ſnares of his eyes, that his own Courtel-ax may divide his ſoul and body. Strike him with the grace that thy bleſſing ſhall make to flow upon my lips, and with the eloquence that it ſhall give to my ſpeeches; animate my heart, and ſtiffen my arm to make that great blow that ſhall be thine, and carry away an eternal honour for having pulled down that *Coloſſus* by a womans hand. Thy ſtrength is not in the multitude of ſouldiers, nor in the valour of Cavaliers. It is not thoſe proud warriours that ought to expect the ſuccour of thy arm: but it is the Prayer of the humble that gains thy heart, and draws thy forces to their protection. God of the heavens, creatour of the waters, and the God of all nature, hear thy poor ſervant that preſumes nothing but from thy mercy. Remember thy Covenant, give counſel to my heart, words to my mouth, and ſtrength to my hands, for the defence of thy Houſe; and that all the Nations of the habitable world may know, that there is not any other God but thee.

Such were the Arms and Engines of this excellent woman; ſuch was the confidence ſhe had in the God of hoſts. After this prayer, ſhe riſes from her Oratory, comes down from her chamber, & calls her maid to dreſs her. She puts off the ſackcloth, ſhe waſhes her ſelf, ſhe perfumes her ſelf, & quitting the mourning habit which ſhe wore in her widow-hood, ſhe puts on her gayeſt cloathing. The treſſes of her long hairs are combed out with a delicate hand, and her head covered with a ſtately tyre; her handſome body appeared a little taller by the favour of her patins, ſhe hangs on her pendants at her ears; ſhe puts on her bracelets, her chain of pearls, her rings, certain jewels made in form of flower-de-Luce's, and all her richeſt ornaments. It ſeemed that God took a pleaſure that day to render her fairer then ever ſhe had been, and that all the graces ſmiled in her countenance; becauſe ſhe had adorned her ſelf through virtue and not through wantonneſs.

She cauſed her meat & drink to be carryed by her maid, fearing to pollute her body with the viands of the Infidels; and inſtantly ſhe went out of her houſe, and betook her ſelf to the city gate, where ſhe found *Ozias* the Prince, together with the Prieſts, that were raviſhed with the luſtre of her heavenly beauty. Yet no body curiouſly inquired whither ſhe was going, but were contented to wiſh that God would make her deſigns ſucceſful, that ſhe might be one day the honour of *Jeruſalem*, and that her name might be put in the rank of thoſe great & holy ſouls that had rendred to God moſt renouned ſervices. She departs out of the city, calling again upon the name of God, and reciting ſome prayers with her ſervant.

As ſhe went down the mountain upon the break of day, the ſouldiers having perceived her, failed not to run to her, and ſeeing her ſo excellently beautiful, were at firſt dazled in their eyes more by the ſplendour of her viſage then by the firſt rays of the day that then was upon its birth. They inform themſelves of her country, of her journey, & of her intentions; whereto ſhe anſwered, that ſhe was of *Bethulia* and that ſhe had that day forſaken that miſerable city, that was obſtinate in its miſery, & that, for having reſiſted the triumphant legions of the *Aſſyrians* deſerved to be deſtroyed by the thunder-bolts of heaven and earth. That ſhe would have no ſhare in their crime, no more then in their diſaſters; and that her deſire was to preſent her ſelf to *Holophernes* to reveal to him the ſecrets of the city, and to teach him the means how to take it without looſing any of his men.

Theſe men were raviſhed at the hearing of theſe diſcourſes, and aſſured her that ſhe had taken an excellent courſe to live in quiet, and in honour, & that ſhe would be very welcome to their maſter of whom ſhe ſhould receive all poſſible courteſies.

Some men will marvel at all this proceeding of *Judith*: A woman ſo handſome & ſo capable to tempt men, to go into the midſt of Souldiers without fear-

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ing to expose her modesty that was so dear to her, not considering that she kindled love, and that she was yet in the fair season of her years capable to admit that which she moved in others: Who had told her that the *Assyrians* would let her freely pass without attempting any thing upon her honour? What security could there be in a dissolute Militia, that propound to themselves the ravishing of women for a recompense of their toils? And suppose she had promised her self, that in case she should be forced, her soul should remain incorruptible in the corruption of her body; yet sure an honest woman would hardly ever expose her body to the least affront, although it were to save a City.

If we consider all this according to man, it cannot be defended: but who should dare so to condemn that which was done by a manifest inspiration of God, and of her good Angel that led her, as by the hand, and made her walk securely upon the tops of precipices, and kept her always green as the Ivie in the ruines of old decayed walls?

With all this she was skilful in the art of dissembling, and deceived those souldiers that took a singular pleasure to hear her talk. And who would make a scruple to speak words with two meanings to deceive an enemy in war, and to save his life, seeing that some Divines and the Lawyers agree that there are deceits that are good and commendable, being done to a good end, and by lawful means?

She was then conducted to the General *Holopherner*, whom she found seated, on his Throne under a pavillion of gold and purple, all bestudded with Emralds, proud as a peacock that spreads in the sun the mirrours of his tail, for which alone he seems to have been created. She suddenly prostrates her self on the earth, and makes him a reverence of civility, and not of adoration. He failed not to be taken with her at first sight, just as she had plotted, and to make of his eyes the snares of his soul.

Those that were about him began to say with admiration, that the land that bore so handsome women, deserved to have no labour spared in its conquest. *Holophernes* caused her instantly to be raised up again, and because she feigned that she had some fear, and that she was seized with a profound reverence at the aspect of that great General of an Army, knowing well that he was vain, and that it would conduce much to surprise him. He speaks to her with an incomparable sweetness, assuring her that he was not so terrible as men would make him, and that since that he had had the arms of that great Monarchy in his hands, he never did hurt to any one that rendred himself to the obedience of his Master; that he bore no ill will to her Nation, but that if they had reduced thēselves to their duty, he would not have permitted so much as that a sword should have been lifted up against them. And therefore he desired to know from whence it came that she had forsaken her City and was come to his Camp.

Then that Lady holily-deceitful began to speak to him after such a winning manner, that an hundred *Holophernes*'s would have had work enough to defend themselves against such batteries of Love. She beseeched him to hear with attention, and to take her speeches in good part, by which God would accomplish a great affair.

That she knew well that *Nebuchadnezzar* had been chosen of God to be King of the whole world, and that all the puissance of his Monarchy was included in *Holophernes*, where it lived and triumphed magnificently for the safety of the good, & the chastisement of the wicked. That she was not so ignorant of humane things, as not to have heard of the Prudence & valour of an *Holophernes*, who hath the honour to be the only man in the Kingdom of *Nebuchadnezzar* that is arrived to so high a degree of Power, as that it cannot be equalled by any thing in the world, but by the goodness of his disposition: for he desires to be powerful for nothing but to do good, & all the Provinces well know the good order that he hath put to all the businesses of the Realm. She declared to him, that she had heard of what had passed in *Achior*'s person, and told him, that he truly discovered the weak spirit of her Nation, and that he might do good upon it at the present, now God was provoked against it, & had threatned by his Prophets to destroy it. And therefore they were all seized with an unspeakable affright, besides that hunger & thirst conspired together to their ruine, & they had taken a resolution to kill all the cattel to drink their bloud and not to spare even the things consecrated to the divine Majesty, wch is a sign of a manifest reprobation. And this was the reason that she had left that abominable city, and was come as a messenger from God, to give him this advice. She added, that the God which she adored was very great, and that she would not fail to pray him to make known his will, and to tell her the time that he hath determined for the utmost misery of that unfortunate City, with intention to inform him of the news, that at last she might lead him even to the gates of *Jerusalem*, delivering up to him all that people as sheep without a shepherd, and that there should not be so much as a dog that should bark against him; it being very reasonable that men and beasts should submit themselves under a power so formidable, conducted by the hand of the most High, and by the orders of his Providence.

Holophernes that had already been taken by the Eyes, was now chained by the Ears with the sweetness and profit of that discourse. His heart was no more his own; he courts her, and promises her that her God shall be his God, and that he will make her great in the house of *Nebuchadnezzar*, & renowned through all the earth. At the same instant he causes her to enter into the chamber where his treasures were, to shew her his Magnificence, and ordered what should be given her day, by day, from his own table for her diet. Whereto she answered, that it was not yet permitted her according to her Law to enter into a community of table with those that are of any other Religion but her own, and that providing for it, she had caused what was necessary for her to be brought with her. But when your provision comes to fail (sayes *Holophernes*) what shall we do with you? She replyed that she hoped to accomplish the business that had brought her thither, before that her ordinary food should be spent. Thereupon, he commanded that she should be conducted into a fair chamber to repose her self, but before she entred into it, she desired a courtesie, which was, that she might go out before day to address her Prayers to the God she worshipped, according to her custome, and passe up and down in his Camp with all freedom, which was granted to her.

She went therefore in the silence of the night to wash her self in a secret fountain, that she might purifie her self from the commerce of those Infidels, and prayed God incessantly, that it would please him to prosper her design for the deliverance of her Countrey.

She had now passed four days in the Army watching

ing an opportunity to execute that which she had projected, when *Holophernes* would needs entertain himself with mirth, and make a magnificent feast, to which he resolved to invite his guest, thinking good cheer and jollity would dispose her to that which he had a mind to have of her. But because the *Assyrians* hold it a great dishonour for a man to make love to a woman, and not to win her, he would not hazard himself so much as to make an overture to her of such a discourse himself, but gave the Commission of it to a *Vagoa*, the chief Gentleman of his Chamber, who used to serve him in such a business. He failed not to make her know that she was very far in the favour of his Master, and that, that very day he made a Banquet, and desired to see her in particular, and that she should take heed of making a scruple of obeying; for it was one of the greatest honours that she could receive in her whole life: He added, that she ought a little to be merry, and pass away her time without engendring melancholy: she understood well what he meant to say, and answered, that she was wholly disposed to obey his Lords commands, and would have no other will but his, and straight-way adorns and dresses her self the most pleasingly she could, to wound him in the eies, and so passes into her Chamber.

As soon as he saw her alone and near him, his heart was totally overthrown; and it seemed that the lightning that issued out of the eies of that beauty, had crushed it to powder. His passion permitted him not to speak much, he was so much moved: he contented himself only with inviting her to be merry, and assuring her that she had gained his heart. The holy woman prayed him, that it might seem good in his eies, that she might entertain her self after her own fashion, and that she might eat of that which her servant had prepared for her, which he consented to, being willing to leave her in a full liberty, that he might not scare nor trouble her.

Now behold him the happiest man in the whole World. He drinks with large draughts, make himself exceeding merry and wonderfully pleasant, whereat *Judith* expressed that she had great content to see him in so good an humour, and said, That she had cause to reckon in time to come that day for the happiest of all her life. The other to please her, drank so much the more, so that he made himself drunk with a dead drunkenness. It appears plainly, that this man was an honest hog, and took not the way to bring about his design, depriving himself of reason when he had most need of it. *Vagoa* that had the word, does his office, brings his Master to bed, gets him gone, shutting the door to leave him alone with *Judith*. All the servants had so well liquoured themselves, that they desired nothing but repose. *Judith* alone was well awake, and made a sign to her servant to stay for her before the door, and not to leave her.

She contemplates this brave General who was now in a dead sleep; she stands still for a certain time by his bed-side, praying God ardently in her silence that it would please him to accomplish by her hand that great stroke that she had destined. From thence she goes to the Pillar where *Holophernes*'s Cimetre was hanged, and draws it boldly out of the Scabbard, then laies hold of her man by his long hair, saying only in her heart, *My God, it is now, strengthen my arms:* and instantly having turned him for her best advantage, she strikes with a masculine hand, and cuts off his head at two strokes, carries away his Pavillion, and tumbled down his body as a log. She gives suddenly his head to her waiting-woman, who puts it up in the same bag that she had brought her victuals in, and both of them pass through the midst of the Army without being staied by any one, by reason of the permission that they had from the General *Holophernes*.

They come by night to the Gate of the City, and cry afar off to the Centinels; *Open, God is with us that hath done wonders in* Israel. They run to advertise *Ozias* and the Priests, who come in hast to receive her. All the City from the highest to the lowest assemble themselves about her, thinking that she had been lost, and looked upon her as a woman come from the other World. She causes instantly Torches to be lighted, and gets her up into an high place, from whence they were wont to make Orations to the people, and after she had made a silence, she thus spake. Sirs:

Praise God our Lord, who never forsakes his own, and hath through his grace accomplished this day by me his most humble servant, the promise which he hath made to his chosen people; for this night he hath slain by my hands the common enemy of our Nation.

And as she was saying this, she drew out of the bag that horrible head of *Holophernes*, pale and bloody, and shewed it to the whole Assembly, adding; *Behold the head of* Holophernes *the General of the Army of the Assyrians.* And then she spread abroad the Pavillion, saying; *Behold the Pavillion under which he reposed himself in his drunkenness, and where God struck him by the hand of a woman.* I call that living God to witness, that by the protection of his holy Angel, he hath preserved me pure, going and coming, and in the abode which I made in the Camp, without permitting any one to attempt any thing upon my honour. And now he hath brought me back glad of his Victory, of my own safety, and of your deliverance. It is to him that we ought to give all the praise, because his goodnesses and mercies are inexhaustible.

The people felt transports of joyes, and seeing that head by the help of torches in the silence of the night, thought that it was a Dream: but the multitude of those that beheld all one and the same thing, present and real, made them plainly see that it was a truth. They prostrate themselves all on the earth, adoring the living God that was the worker of those great wonders, and then turning themselves to *Judith*, gave her a thousand blessings with triumphal Acclamations, protesting that she was their Mother and their Deliverer.

Then *Ozias* the Prince of the people of *Israel* in *Bethulia*, said to her; *You are this day blessed my Daughter, and glorious above all women that are in the habitable World. Praised be the Creatour of Heaven and Earth, who hath so well guided your victorious hand to the ruine of the Capital of our Enemies, and who by the same means hath so glorified your name, that he hath rendred your praise immortal in the mouth of men that shall have any sense of the wonderful works of God. Every one will remember how you have not spared your life to draw your people out of the ruines wherein they were almost buried.*

Thereupon *Achior* was called, and *Judith*

ſhewing him the head of *Holophernes*, ſays to him, You have loſt nothing by the teſtimonies you give to the power of our God, for behold the head of the Collonel of the Unbelievers which God hath cut off this night by this hand of mine. Behold him that threatned to make you dy when he had taken *Bethulia*, but ſure now he will let you live in great quiet. This man was in ſuch an extaſie at this news that he fell down in a ſwoon, and when he was come to himſelf again, he caſt himſelf at the feet of *Judith*, and gave her a reverence that was near to adoration. And by her means was converted to the true Religion, and rendred all glory to the God of *Jeruſalem*.

Judith purſuing this her conqueſt, counſelled her people to make a ſhew of ſallying out of the City in arms at the break of day as if they would give battel, which would make the *Aſſyrians* haſten to the Pavillion of *Holophernes* to awake him, and ſo ſeeing what had paſſed, would be ſeized with ſo great a fear that they would ſell their lives at a cheap rate. This was executed, and the Captains failed not to repair unto the General to receive orders. It was already forward days, and he was yet aſleep with the ſleep of death, from whence there is no waking, unleſs by an extraordinary power. Every one was aſtoniſhed that he appeared not, but no body durſt take the boldneſs to awake him, ſo greatly was he feared. They preſs *Vagoa* to enter into the chamber, who refuſes at firſt to trouble the pleaſures of his Maſter: but when the time was drawn out in length, he entred, and made a noiſe, not as by deſign, but accident; and ſeeing that no body ſtirred, he went near the bed, thinking that he was yet with *Judith*. At laſt, when one told him that the enemy appeared in arms, he drew the curtain very gently, and ſaw the body of his Maſter weltering in his own bloud.

He therefore became ſo furious, that he rent ſuddenly his cloaths, and ran to *Judith*'s chamber to make her ſuffer a thouſand deaths; but when he could not find her, he ſent out frightful cries, and ſpake aloud, that that ſtranger-woman had filled the houſe of *Nebuchadnezzar* with confuſion, and that ſhe had aſſaſſinated their General, who was now nothing but a trunk without a head, plunged in his own bloud. All ran to this ſpectacle, and the whole Camp was filled with aſtoniſhment, with fears, with deſpair, with tears, and with howlings. At the ſame time appeared the head of *Holophernes* hanged up upon the walls of *Bethulia*; and all the Army of the *Aſſyrians* ſurprized with a panick fear, and, as it were ſtruck with a ſcourge from heaven, began to ſcatter themſelves, every one ſeeking his ſafety in his flight.

The *Iſraelites* purſued them, making a great noiſe, as if they had drawn forth numerous troops; and as if their ſquadrons had marched compacted, and in good order. It was eaſie for them to vanquiſh run-aways, who had already delivered up to fear all the hope of their life and fortune. All the neighbouring Cities came out to take a ſhare of this glory, and caſt themſelves into the fields on all parts to entrap their routed enemies, of whom they made moſt horrible maſſacre.

All the Camp of *Holophernes* was pillaged, where was found ſo great a quantity of booty, that it was a thing prodigious. The noiſe of this victory was ſpread unto *Jeruſalem*, the high Prieſt came to *Bethulia* with his other Prieſts to ſee *Judith*, to whom every one gave a thouſand bleſſings. One could hear nothing but ſhouts of joy and acclamations, that publiſhed her, *The Glory of* Jeruſalem, *the Joy of* Iſrael, *the Honour of her People, the gallant Woman, the Chaſte and Valiant Princeſs, the incomparable Lady, whoſe Reputation ſhould live as long as Eternity it ſelf.*

A moneth paſſed wherein there was nothing heard but joys, but conſorts of muſick, but trophies amongſt the people. They gathered every day ſome new ſpoils, whereof the moſt precious in gold, in ſilver, in purple, in pearls and jewels, were preſented to the victorious *Judith*. She compoſed a ſong of Triumph, which was ſung ſolemnly with the admiration of the whole world. After all, they went (as it behoved them) to *Jeruſalem*, to render to God the Vows of the whole people, and to make great Offerings, where three moneths more were ſpent in an incomparable chearfulneſs. There was not a day that was not Feſtival, nor a face that did not wear the lineaments of the joys of Paradiſe.

Judith offered in the Temple the Pavillion of *Holophernes*, that the memory of it might never be defaced by oblivion. At laſt, all returned home to their own houſes, and the holy woman remained in her little City of *Bethulia*, always in her widowhood, honoured of all the world as the moſt glorious ſoul on earth. She made her ſervant free, and lived even to the age of 105. years amongſt her people in a profound peace. She appeared abroad the Feſtival days in a magnificent glory, ſpending the other days in her ſolitude, and living with great examples of Virtues and Devotion. The day of that happineſs was marked with white, and reckoned in the number of the greateſt Feaſts of the *Jews* to all poſterity. God, who is the worker of ſo many wonders hath taken a care alſo of this Hiſtory.

It is an eternal monument of the virtue of his arm, that ſhakes the mountains, that cleaves the rocks, and overthrows in a moment thoſe ſons of the *Titans*, who make war againſt heaven it ſelf, and would walk upon the wings of the winds. A General of an Army that vaunted himſelf in the midſt of an hundred thouſand ſouldiers environed all about with ſteel, with fires and lightnings; who ſaid, I will go, I will do, I will level with the ground; who held a fatal council, where he decreed the firing of Cities, the ſacking of Provinces, where ſo many dragons drank up the tears of Nations without being touched with any ſenſe of pity. A Giant, that heaped mountain upon mountain to aſcend through fire and ſword, even to the throne of the moſt high; behold, now conquered, ſlain, maſſacred, tumbled in his bloud by a woman that makes a play-game of his head; and an Army that cut their paſſage through the Rocks, that drank up Rivers, that ſhadowed the Sun by the multitude of their flying arrows, overthrown, ſcattered, torn into a thouſand pieces by the enterpriſe of a Jeweſs. *Judith* gives not her ſelf the praiſe of this work; it was God that acted in her, who was the direction of her hand, the ſtrength of her arm, the ſpirit of her prudence, the ardour of her courage, and the ſoul of her ſoul. O how great is this God of gods! O how terrible is this Lord of hoſts! and who is there that fears not God, but he that hath none at all? What *Coloſſus*'s of pride have faln, and ſhall yet fall under his hands! What giants beaten down and plunged even into hell, for kindling fiery coals of concupiſcence, ſhall ſmoak in flames by an eternal ſacrifice which their pains ſhall render to the Divine Juſtice!

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THE holy Scripture ſets before our eyes in this Hiſtory, Greatneſſe falling into an eclipſe, and the lowneſſe of the earth elevated to the Stars; Humility on the Throne, and Ambition on the Gallows; Might overthrown by Beauty; Love ſanctified, and Revenge ſtrangled by its own hands. It teaches Kings to govern, and people to obey, great Ones not to rely on a fortune of ice, Ladies to cheriſh Piety and Honour, the Happy to fear every thing, and the Miſerable to deſpair of nothing.

All that we have to diſcourſe of here, happened in the Kingdom of *Perſia*, during the Captivity of the Jews in *Babylon*, about fourhundred and ſixty years before the Nativity of our Lord, and under the Reign of *Ahaſuerus*. But it is a great Riddle to divine who this Prince was to whom *Heſter* was married, and which is called here by a name that is not found in the Hiſtory of the Perſian Kings, and which indeed may agree to all thoſe high Monarchs, ſignifying no other thing but *The great Lord*. *Mercator* ſayes, that it was *Aſtyages* Grandfather of *Cyrus*; and *Cedrenus*, that it was *Darius* the Mede. *Genebrard* is for *Cambyſes*; *Scaliger* for *Xerxes*; *Serrarius* for *Ochus*; *Joſephus* and *Sailian* for *Artaxerxes* with the long hand. The wiſe *Heſter*, that was ſo much in love with Chaſtity, is found to have had fourteen husbands by the conteſtation of Authours, every one would give her one of his own making; ſhe is married to all the Kings of *Perſia*, ſhe is courſed up and down through all the Empire, and her Eſpouſals made to laſt above two hundred years. But as it is eaſie enough to confute the Opinions of all thoſe that ſpeak of her; ſo is it very hard to ſettle the truth of the Chronology amidſt ſo great obſcurities. The Scripture ſayes, that *Mordecai* with *Heſter* was carried away out of *Judea* into *Babylon*, under the reign of *Nebuchadnezzar*; and if we are of the opinion that marries her to *Artaxerxes*, if we reckon well all the years that were between thoſe two Kings, we ſhall find that this yong and raviſhing beauty of *Heſter*, which caught ſo great a Monarch by the eyes, was already an hundred and fifty years old, which is an age too ripe for a maid that one would give for a wife to a King. It is impoſſible to get out of this labyrinth, if we do not ſay that *Mordecai* and *Heſter* were not tranſported in their own, but in the perſons of their Anceſtors; and that that paſſage means nothing elſe, but that they iſſued from the race of thoſe that were lead captives with King *Jechonias*, deſtroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*: ſo we will take *Artaxerxes*, and not divide that amiable concord of Authours united in this point.

Repreſent then to your ſelves, that from the time that the Jews were diſperſed into *Babylon*, into *Perſia*, into *Media*, and through all the States of thoſe great Kings, they ceaſed not to multiply in Captivity; and that ſervitude which is wont to ſtifle great ſpirits, produced ſometimes amongſt them gallant men. Amongſt others appeared upon the Theater the excellent *Mordecai*, a man of a good underſtanding and of a great courage, who by his dexterity and valour delivered all his Nation from death and total ruine. He then dwelt in *Shuſhan*, the capital City of all the Kingdome, and bred up in his houſe a little Niece, the daughter of his brother, an orphan both by father and mother, which was named in her firſt child-hood *Ediſta*, and after called *Heſter*.

Now as thoſe great ſpirits that are particularly governed by God have ſome tincture of Prophecie, he had a wonderfull Dream, and ſaw in his ſleep a great tempeſt, with thunderings and lightnings, and an earth-quake, which was followed with a combat of two Dragons who were fighting one againſt the other, and ſent forth horrible hiſſings, whiles divers Nations aſſembled together, ſtood and looked upon them, expecting the iſſue of the combat; thereupon he perceived a little fountain which became ſuddenly a great River which was changed into a Light, and of a Light, transformed it ſelf into a Sun, that both watered and illuminated the earth.

He knew not what his Dream did mean, but he learned the Interpretation of it in the great combats he had with *Haman*, and in the exaltation of his little Niece that was promoted to ſo high a ſplendour, as to give both evidence and refreſhment to all the people of her Nation.

This *Mordecai* being a man of good behaviour and quality, found means to advance himſelf to Court, and to make his beginnings there in ſome inferiour office, expecting ſome good occaſion to make himſelf be known. He had an eye always open to diſcover all that paſſed without any bragging of it. He conſidered the approaches of divers Nations that lived in that Court; the humours, the capacities, the buſineſſes, the obligations, the intricacies, the credit, the induſtry of every one; omitting nothing of all that might advance the benefit of his Country-men.

He quickly diſcovered the ſpirit of *Haman*, who was at that time a mean Cavalier of fortune, but ambitious, cloſe, crafty, revengefull, bloudy, and capable to embroil a State. He had an averſation from him, although he had not yet been offended by him; and began to diſtruſt him, fearing leſt he be one day fatal to his people. Nevertheleſs, *Haman* with the times took an high aſcendant, and *Mordecai* feared his greatneſſe as one would do the apparition of a Comet.

It happen'd that two perfidious Subjects, *Tereſh* and *Bigthan*, uſhers of the door made an abominable conſpiracy againſt King *Artaxerxes*, which *Mordecai*, who was not a drowſie ſpirit, ſoon perceived, and began careſully to watch them, obſerving their goings out and comings in, their words and their countenances, their plottings and their practiſes. He gaue notice of it very opportunely, ſo that being taken, arreſted, and put to the rack, they acknowledged the crime, and were led away to puniſhment. The King gave hearty thanks to *Mordecai*, commanded him to live in his Palace in a certain office which he beſtowed upon him, and cauſed the day to be ſet down in writing, wherein he had been preſerved from the conſpiracy of thoſe unhappy ſervants, to recompenſe, as opportunity ſhould be offered, the good ſervices of his Deliverer.

It is credible that *Haman* had an hand in that execrable deſign, ſeeing that he gave ſo little thanks to *Mordecai* for having been the diſcoverer of it; but the diſſimulation that he brought to cover his fact, and his mighty power that rendered him ſo terrible, ſuffered him not to be involved

in the ruine of thoſe wretched men. Theſe two Courtiers had an eye to one another, and ſought nothing but each others ruine: the power of the one being alwaies ſuſpected by the other; when God, without *Mordecai*'s thinking of it, ſent him a great ſuccour by the choice which was made of his Niece to be the King's wife.

The Hiſtory ſaies, that *Ahaſuerus* would ſhew his Magnificence, and make great feaſts for the ſpace of an hundred and fourſcore daies, in which he entertained the Princes, the Governours of Provinces, and all the Nobles of the Realm. He would have the people too to have their ſhare; and for that purpoſe he cauſed to be ſet up at the entrance of his Gardens (which he was wont to dreſs with his own hands) abundance of great Pavillions of Sky-colour, born up with marble pillars, and tied together with ribands of red ſilk, and rings of Ivory. He cauſed alſo certain beds of gold and ſilver to be ſet up upon a pavement of Emerald and other precious ſtones, ranged by a proportion made, after the *Moſaical* faſhion, which had a very fine grace. Thither he invited all the people of that great City of *Shuſhan*, and cauſed them to be ſerved in veſſels of gold and ſilver, with moſt exquiſite Viands, and delicious Wine, and left every one to drink according to his ability, without conſtraining any one.

Vaſthi the Queen, on the other ſide made a Banquet for the women in the Royal Palace, wherein ſhe forgot nothing to equal the ſtately Grandeurs of the King her husband. This merry life laſted the ſpace of ſeven daies, in the laſt of which the King being very jolly and inflamed with Wine, commanded the Eunuchs that were about him to cauſe the Queen to come with the Crown upon her head in her moſt gorgeous attire, to make a ſhew of her beauty in the preſence of all the people. The Queen took no pleaſure in this command, and refuſed to go: in which, ſaies *Sulpicius*, the wife was wiſer then the husband, in that ſhe was not willing to make a ſpectacle of the beauty of her body to men full of meats and wine, and deſerved ſo much the more commendation, as ſhe was more conſtant to keep the Laws of modeſty and comelineſs.

But this was not taken that way as that ſacred Hiſtorian preſents it: they imagined that ſhe had ſome of the diſpoſition of beautiful women, that ſhe was a little proud and ſcornful, which cauſed that ſhe was not ſo well beloved of the Grandees of the Court, who, as it is credible, having long ſince a deſire to do her ſome ill office, laid hold on this occaſion. They cauſed that refuſal to be reported very harſhly by the Eunuchs to the King, when it might have been ſweetned and moderated; they made uſe of his wine, as of an inſtrument of their iniquity, and exaſperated him alſo by the diminution of his Authority, whereof Princes are very jealous if they have not much ſtupidity.

As ſoon as the Anſwer of the Queen was publiſhed, the King turned himſelf about to the ſeven principal Counſellours of his State who were alwaies by his ſide, and governed the Kingdom; and demanded their advice, what he ſhould do to repreſs his Wife's pride. *Memuchan*, which was the laſt and the raſheſt, made of this denial a crime of State, and ſaid, That it tended to the diſorder of all the other women, becauſe that other women, every one in her condition, framed themſelves after the example of the Queen, and would draw a licentious advantage over their husbands, founded upon that affront done to his Royal Majeſty, and that every where they would domineer, which would over-throw the order of Nature, and cauſe great troubles in all houſes: and therefore he was of that opinion, that the Queen ſhould be divorced by the King her husband, and that an Edict ſhould be made to be ſent through all his Kingdoms, touching the obedience that women owe to thoſe that are their heads.

The man perhaps was ill dealt with in his lodging by his wife, and under ſhadow of policy would revenge his wrongs. It is very true that the Law of God ſtrictly recommends the ſubmiſſion of the Wife towards the Husband: but it ought to be underſtood in things good and reaſonable: for if a Wife were bound to render a blind obedience to all the extravagancies of a Huſband that hath but little wit and much paſſion, ſhe ſhould be the moſt miſerable of all ſlaves. There were many reaſons that might make *Vaſthi*'s action be excuſed: but becauſe they ſaw that *Memuchan* had pleaſed the King by his diſcourſe, all the reſt of the Counſellours of State ran to ſervitude and condemned her to a long torment by a ſhort ſentence.

She was degraded and divorced, which was a thing ordinary enough to thoſe Kings who made no great account of loſing a Wife, ſeeing that they had ſo great a number of them in their *Seraglio*. The Edict was alſo made in the terms that the other had required it, and the name of that poor Queen went up and down the whole Kingdom as a ſad ſtory, and a true portraiture of an abaſed greatneſs.

God permitted all this to make way for *Heſter*, whom he had deſtined to *Ahaſuerus* his Bed, not for her ſelf, but for the ſafety of her people. After the divorce and the diſaſter of poor *Vaſthi*, a new Queen muſt be ſought out, and the King comforted about his loſs. A great culling is made through all the Provinces of the Kingdom of the handſomeſt Virgins to be brought to Court. This little *Heſter* is found very delightful, being endowed with a perfect beauty, and a natural grace that ſurpaſſed all things. She is carried amongſt abundance of others, and as ſoon as the King caſt his eies upon her, he liked her, and commanded *Hegai* the Eunuch that had the ſuperintendency of his *Seraglio*, to have a great care of that young Damſel, to ſpare nothing on her, and to give her ſeven waiting Maids with all neceſſary Equipage. Thoſe Virgins that were thus choſen for the Prince's Bed made a Novitiate of twelve months, in which time they had all leiſure to fit themſelves, and to learn the Civilities of the Court. After this, they were preſented to the King, who took thoſe that pleaſed him moſt, and when any one had paſſed a night in his Chamber, ſhe was ſent in the morning into a new *Seraglio*, unto the charge of another Eunuch, and returned no more to the King, if ſhe was not asked for, and that by name.

Heſter ſpent but ten months in her preparation, and was incontinently conducted to the King, who liked her above all the Maids that he had ever ſeen, and declared her Queen in *Vaſthi*'s place, putting the Crown upon her head. *Mordecai* was raviſhed at this choice, and walked every day from the firſt beginning that ſhe was brought to Court, before the *Seraglio* to heare newes of her, having recommended her to a certain Eunuch his Confident, that

that had of her a very particular care. He ſent her very opportunely neceſſary advice, to teach her how to behave her ſelf; and above all, he was ſo wiſe, as to recommend to her not to declare the Nation whereof ſhe was, and to make no diſcovery that ſhe had any relation to him, which he judged to be to the purpoſe, for fear leſt *Haman*, who was in ſo great favour, and who hated naturally the Jews, ſhould ruine her before ſhe had taken rooting in the Kings heart.

Behold a wonderful ſport of Providence, which took a little ſtone with an intention to beat down a great *Coloſſus*, and makes in one inſtant of an earthen pot a veſſel of gold. Men ſtand now amazed to think what wind drave this poor Jeweſs to the Crown of the chief Monarchy, that was at that time in the whole world. They think that ſure it was a great chance, but God knew that it was a great counſel digeſted from all eternity in his thoughts. For if command is due (according to *Ariſtotle*) to perſons that are moſt accompliſhed, there was ſome foundation in the excellent qualities of *Heſter* on which to ſet a Crown: for beſide the beauty of her body, and the ingeniouſneſs of her mind, ſhe had great gifts of virtues that rendred her lovely to all the world, and might ſerve for models to all Ladies.

She was not a lump of fleſh, or a body without a ſoul, nor a worldly woman that had no other Idol but her Beauty, nor other Deities but Pleaſure and Ambition, as it happens ordinarily to moſt women, who ſeeing themſelves elevated to the top of the grandeurs of the age, ſtrangely corrupt their manners and diſhonour their condition. *Heſter's* chief and principal virtue that made a moſt pure ſource of pleaſures flow into the reſt of her life, was, that ſhe was devout, and that being young of age, frail of ſex, high of condition, in a Court of an *Infidel* King, amongſt ſo many other *Pagan* women, ſhe never forgat God, but obſerved punctually, as far as it was lawful and poſſible for her, the exerciſe of her Religion, making her prayers with an incredible ardour, and retaining a faith inviolable in the midſt of the Empire of impiety. She brought the King her husband to the worſhip of God, and to the love of her people, as far as ſhe could perceive any diſpoſition in him. She erected a Temple in her heart, having not yet the power to build one in her Kingdom, and directed all her Devotions to the ſacrificing of her ſelf.

She was alſo greatly to be commended for the little care ſhe had of her Body, againſt the nature of that ſex, which often preſers their fleſh before God and all Paradiſe. This appeared evidently at that ſeaſon when ſhe was to preſent her ſelf to the King the ſecond time, ſince that in an occaſion ſo important wherein all other women would have had an infinite care of their habit and attire, ſhe contented her ſelf with ſo ſmall a thing: and yet in her natural grace, juſt as a roſe adorned with its own leaves, ſhe obſcured all other beauties, even the moſt tricked and pranked. Her art was to have no art at all; to take what nature had given her, and to render all to God.

Furthermore, ſhe brought to Court a great Humility and a perfect ſubmiſſion, which ſhe never quitted, being as obedient to her Uncle when ſhe had the Crown upon her head as in her loweſt age; ſhe hearkned to his advice, ſhe put it in execution, ſhe deſpiſed no body but her own ſelf. The habit of a Queen was to her a burthen almoſt inſupportable, and ſhe never found more joy then in her ſolitude. There are few women that are born without ſelf-wilfulneſs, and without opinions that augment themſelves with age, and increaſe exceſſively in high conditions, which makes us admire this woman in contemplating nearer her deportments, and ſeeing how little ſhe relied upon her own ſelf; but although ſhe was endowed with a rare wit, yet ſhe hearkned to reaſon, and without much ado yielded to good counſel, which rendred her demeanour very happy, and all her negotiations moſt advantageous.

Beſides all this, as God had choſen her for great things, ſo he gave her the prudence of the Saints, accompanied with a good judgment, with docility, with providence, with diſcretion, with circumſpection, and with expediteneſs in the execution of affairs.

To this prudence was joyned a courage, and an incomparable generoſity, even to enterpriſe by a motive of virtue, actions ſo dangerous, that ſhe could expect nothing from them that was leſs then death. And for to crown all theſe virtues, ſhe poſſeſſed (farther) an illuſtrious patience, taking every thing from the hand of God, and ſuiting her ſelf to his will in all the ſucceſſes and events of the buſineſſes of the world.

Behold the principal qualities that adorned this Princeſs, and that may be ſeen in thoſe women that God hath gratified with his favours. In the ſequel of this ſtory he makes us ſee the brave employment that he gave her in that Court of *Ahaſuerus*, to bruiſe the head of a great Serpent, and to deliver her Nation from a gulf of great and horrible calamities.

Princes and great men would be happy, if without dying by procuration, they might live in perſon. They are born often enough with moſt excellent qualities; they are calm ſeas, and killed with riches that might do good to all the world, if the winds would but let them run according to their own nature. But as the Beauties of women are courted by many Lovers; ſo high conditions have their flatterers, that under a ſhadow of themſelves Adorers, make themſelves Maſters; and under colour of Service, exerciſe an Empire even over thoſe that think they command the whole Univerſe. Their name by this means ſerves for a paſſport to all miſchiefs; their Authority for a ſanctuary to crimes; their Taxes for tinder to concupiſcenſe; their Power for an inſtrument to revenge, and for a ſcourge to mankind.

This may be manifeſtly ſeen in the ſequel of this Hiſtory, where it is ſaid, that *Ahaſuerus* exalted *Haman* above all the Princes and Nobles of his Kingdom, and took the wickedſt man of the earth to make of him the moſt puiſſant; that Crimes might have as much aſſiſtance, as this Monarch had power and riches. His goodneſs was ſeduced in this point, and his too eaſie ſpirit was gained by great appearances that ſtole him from himſelf, and left him nothing but a meer apparition of Dignity.

This *Haman* which he thought at firſt to be a *Perſian*, an honeſt man, an able, and affectionate to his ſervice, was partly an *Amalekite*, and partly alſo a *Macedonian*, a ſon of the earth, that had neither God nor conſcience, a ſpirit full of labyrinths, captious, ſuſpitious, great in appearance and little in reality; a Lion in proſperity, and an Ape in adverſity, whoſe life was a perpetual crime, whoſe avarice was a gulf, ambition an abyſs, and fortune a ſcandal, and an injury to Providence.

Yet for all this he entred ſo far into the friendſhip of the King, that he ſaw not, but by his eyes; heard

heard not, but by his ears; walked not, but by his steps; and governed not, but by his counsels. He called him his father, and believed him the most excellent, and the wisest man in his whole Kingdome, commanding every one to acknowledge him for the second person of the Empire, and to give him the greatest reverence. This Court, that was full of slaves, carried many candles to this Idol; some through fear, as to a mischievous Devil, and others through hope and expectation to be preferred.

The poor *Mordecai* felt a most bitter grief to see over the heads of men, him, that would bring the whole world under his feet; and in that slavery so general to all men, he chose rather the loss of his life then of his liberty. He would never bow the knee before that *Baal*; and although his enemy persecuted him in that business by fury, and his friends by importunities, he remained unmoveable, resolved to suffer much rather then to do any thing that was base. *Haman* that was at the beginning giddy-headed by the fumigations of the incense that was presented to him on all sides, and that regarded men but as the little gnats, took no heed to it at first; but when he was advertised by his flatterers that there was but one onely man at Court that refused to be an adorer of his fortune, he was inflamed with choler, and esteeming it but a small game for him to cause one man to die, he made a resolution horrible and bloudy to root out a whole Nation.

He goes and tells the King that the Jews dispersed through all the Provinces of his Kingdom, were divided by Religion and by Laws from the rest of all the world, and by affection, from his Person and his State. That they were a people most pernicious to an Empire, that alwayes sate a brood upon some poison, and that if they seemed moderate, it was not but through impotence, being disposed at the first occasion to cast themselves into Rebellion and Insolence. He added also, that the great care which he had of the good of the State, put these words into his mouth, that would cause the universal quiet of all his Monarchy, and that after consideration had of the great perils wherewith his Crowns and Life were menaced by that faction, he hath found nothing better then to prevent them, and to cut them off in time, before they had fortified themselves to the prejudice of the publick. That if the Treasurers of the Exchequer feared by this a diminution of the Tributes he would give with all his heart ten thousand talents of his proper goods to recompense the Levies, so much he took to heart that business that concerned the safety of his King, and the benefit of his people.

This Serpent plaid his game with so much artifice, that he perswaded whatsoever he had a mind to in such a manner, as that poor *Ahasuerus*, who was of a mean and credulous spirit, without examining any thing, plucks his ring from off his finger, puts it into *Haman's* hands, with a full power to do as he in his discretion should think fit. Behold the great confusion of the State, of the Spirit, and of the Conscience of Kings, when they suffer themselves so easily to be led away by evil counsels, and will not so much as know what passes in the government of their people.

It is an horrible thing that in the turn of an hand this miserable Prince should abandon to the vengeance of a pernicious man, so many millions of lives, without making one sole reflexion upon what he sayes, or what he grants. He had no imagination whither that did tend, and his ordinary idleness suffered him not to take any further cognizance of it which rendred him doubly culpable, to permit so many murders, and to be ignorant of it. *Seneca* sayes, that when *Claudius* was in the other world, some men reproached him with abundance of murders done under his name, and yet he knew not what they meant; then *Augustus* rose up and said, Thou miscreant, we talk not here of the slaughters thou hast committed, but of those thou hast not known; for it is a more shamefull thing to a King to be ignorant of the evil that passeth in his Kingdome, then to act it.

Turpius ignoratti quàm occidisti. Sen. in Ludo de morte Claudii.

The sister of one of the *Ptolomy's*, King of *Egypt*, seeing that her brother as he was playing at dice, caused some criminal Processes to be read to him to decide them in the last Appeal, snatched the papers out of the Clerk of the Assize's hand, and said to her brother, that a dye fell otherwise then the head of a man. One cannot bring too much consideration when there is a question of shedding a mans bloud, be it in peace or war.

Yet *Ahasuerus* trusts this proud *Haman*, as one that would trust the wolf with the lives of the sheep. He triumphs with joy for having obtained the King's ring; he relishes and digests his vengeance with ceremony. He causes a great vessel to be brought him, into which he throws twelve little billets which bore the name of every month, and causes the month to be drawn out by lot in which he should execute his pernicious design. The lot fell upon the last, although it was cast in the first, and he would not change it, whether through an old superstition of his Country, or through the great confidence he had, that what time soever he took to make the projected Massacre, the Jews could not possibly escape him, so impotent they were; and he thought to keep them as beasts shut up which one chases when one will.

It was a pleasure to him to shew them the glittering steel a year before they should die, and to make them perish a thousand times by fear, before their life should be once taken away by sword. He assembles all the King's Secretaries, and dictates to them a bloudy letter, whereof he causes a great many copies to be drawn to send into all the Provinces, and the tenour of them was, That the thirteenth day of the last month, which was that of *February*, the Jews should be massacred in all the Cities and Provinces that were within the utmost limits of the Empire; and that from the least even to the greatest, without sparing either man, woman, or child, all should be put to the sword without remission, and that their goods should be confiscated and exposed to pillage. The Letters marked with the seal and arms of the King, flew as ill-boding Birds through all the extents of the seven and twenty Provinces of that great Kingdome. It was an Edict of Death, not of the death and of the ruine of one man; or of one City, or of one Province, but of a whole nation. The evil was universal, and carried on all parts, Menaces, Bloud, Slaughters, Fears, and Affrights, from *Euphrates* even to *Nile*. The terrour began at the capital City *Shushan*, where the Edict was seen and read by all the world, hanged upon the pillars and on the walls of Publick places, bearing these words.

Artaxerxes the Sovereign Lord and King of all the Nations, that are from *India* as farre as *Ethiopia*, to the Princes and Governours of the seven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting:

Since

Since the time that I ſubdued the univerſe under my Laws, it was never my will to abaſe the greatneſs of my Power, but I have deſired to govern my good Subjects with all clemency and ſweetneſs, making them enjoy a peace and tranquillity to be wiſhed for by all mortals; and for this purpoſe, inquiring of the means that I might uſe for the effecting of this deſign, Our moſt dear *Haman*, the ſecond perſon of our Kingdom, which exceeds all the men of the world in capacity and fidelity, hath repreſented to me, that the *Jewiſh* people diſperſed through all the Provinces of my Empire, being ſeparated both by Religion and Laws from all the other Nations, deſpiſe our Edicts, and ceaſe not to render themſelves troublers of the publick Quiet. Which having been well and duly conſidered, we have ordained and do ordain, that they be puniſhed according to the orders of our moſt dear *Haman*, who is the Superintendent of all our Provinces, and whom we honour as our true father. Furthermore we will and intend that this Edict ſhall be put in execution, the thirteenth day of the Moneth *Adar*, the laſt of the year, to the end that all the wicked deſcending into Hell in one and the ſame day, may render peace and quietneſs to our good Subjects, which they have troubled by their Factions. Such is our good pleaſure.

Given at Shuſhan *the firſt of the Month* Niſan,

Behold how *Haman* and his Complices, workers of Iniquity, cut their Furies Quills, and dipped them in Bloud, to make the King of the *Perſians* ſay what ever pleaſed them, having his Seal and Authority in their hands. Poor *Mordecai* ſeeing the great Tempeſt that was ready to fall upon the heads of all his people, having read that Edict, and knowing that *Haman* was at the Table with the King, who was not ſeen by any, endeavoured to move the whole world to pity, cloathing himſelf with Sack-cloth, and covering himſelf with Aſhes, together with all his people that wept and howled about him.

This ſad ſquadron marched even to the Walls of the Palace, without entring in; for it was not permitted not ſo much as to *Mordecai*, to be ſeen at Court in ſo deplorable a Condition, which would have offended the eyes of the delicater ſort. Bad news hath Wings to fly, and abundance of Voyces to make it ſelf be heard. The frighted Maids and Eunuches fail not to tell Queen *Heſter* of what ever had paſſed, whereat ſhe was much amazed, and hearing that her Uncle was at the Gate, covered over with Aſhes, with Sack-cloth upon his back, ſhe ſent him ſecretly a Sute of Cloaths, which he refuſed, judging it not ſutable to his fortune, which made her diſpatch another Meſſenger, which was *Athac* the Eunuch that waited on her, who went out of the Caſtle, and inquired of *Mordecai* of all the ſtate of ſo ſad a buſineſs. The other made him a ſhort Narration of it, and gave him a Copy of the Edict to preſent unto the Queen, praying him to tell her, that ſhe muſt neceſſarily go and ſee the King, and act powerfully with his Majeſty for the deliverance of his people.

Athac returns readily to his Miſtriſs, and faithfully relates to her what he had heard of *Mordecai*. The poor Princeſs was in an equal ballance greatly racked in mind; She durſt not go to the King without being ſent for; and to reject the intreaty of her Uncle in an accident ſo preſſing, it was another death to her. She ſends *Athac* back again to repreſent again to the good *Mordecai* the danger of that Negotiation, and to tell him that there is a Law eſtabliſhed by the Prince, that ordains, that whoſoever ſhall preſent himſelf before his eyes, without being called for, ſhall be puniſhed with Death, unleſs that by his mercy he holds out his Sceptre to him in ſign of ſafety, and that thereupon ſhe had not ſeen his Majeſty theſe thirty Dayes, not knowing in what poſture ſhe is at preſent in his heart; that if ſhe ſhould find him in ſome ill humour, there were an end of that Life, which ſhe ſeeks not to preſerve but for the ſafety of her People.

Notwithſtanding all theſe Remonſtrances, her Uncle ſends to her to go; tells her, that if ſhe neglected to negotiate in ſo important an occaſion, God would find other means to ſave his people. But ſhe ſhould had need to take great heed, leſt her Fathers houſe, and her ſelf alſo ſhould periſh, by too great a care of their Preſervation; and that ſhe ought to think that perhaps the Divine Providence had placed her where ſhe was, it may he for that only reaſon.

Here one knows not what one ought to admire moſt, whether the Authority that *Mordecai* took over the Queen, or the Obedience that the Queen rendred to him. She had no ſooner heard that Reply of his, but ſhe ſaid, it is concluded, I will go, and ſacrifice my ſelf to Death with all my heart, to obey my Uncle, and ſave, if I can, my Nation. Go to him, *Athac*, and bid him aſſemble all the *Jews* that are in *Shuſhan*, let them keep a Faſt of three dayes for the ſucceſs of this Attempt, with continual Prayers. I will do the ſame on my ſide with my ſervants here, and afterward we will adventure upon the buſineſs.

Behold how we ought to proceed in great Negotiations, making God alwayes to march in the head of them, who is the ſource of all good Succeſſes. There was then an admirable Conſort of Devotions, both within and without the Palace; *Mordecai* was in the midſt of his People, lifting up his hands to Heaven, and ſaying;

Great God, whoſe Empire hath no limits, and whoſe abſolute will ſuffers no contradiction, Your hands have formed both Heaven and Earth, with all the beauties that are included in their boſome, and there is nothing that can reſiſt the puiſſance of your Arm. My God you know every thing, and are not ignorant that the refuſal that I have made to reverence the proud *Haman*, proceeds not of Pride or Vanity that is in me; for from this preſent time I would kiſs the ground whereon he treads for the ſafety of my people. But I have been afraid to tranſfer the honour of the Creatour to the Creature, and to give a companion to your Majeſty; and therefore I beſeech you, O the God of our Fathers, to cauſe one ray of your mercies to ſhine upon thoſe poor afflicted ones. You ſee the rage of our Enemies, who have all ſworn our Ruine. Deſpiſe not your Inheritance, that you have Redeemed from *Egypt*. Shew your ſelf propicious to your People, that is, as it were, the Lot of your Empire; Change our Mourning into Joy, and ſhut not the Mouthes of thoſe that ſing your Praiſes. This Prayer was followed unanimouſly by all the people.

But the Divine *Heſter* on the other ſide, ſhut up in her ſecret Cloſet, layes aſide her precious habits, and all the attires of the glory that environed her, taking a mourning ſute, and covering her ſelf with

with Aſhes. She was in prayer day and night, and mortified her body with Faſtings and Auſterities. Care made thoſe Roſes of her beautiful face to wither, and the places that had been the complices of her joys, were for that time watered with her tears. She ſaid to God with an amorous heart:

My God, You know the neceſſity that oppreſſes me, and you are not ignorant that I deteſt with all mine heart, that proud Diadem that glitters upon my head, when by conſtraint I muſt appear at Court. I have never worn it in the Holy-days of my ſilence, and of my dear ſolitude which I prize above all the Empires of the earth. You are not ignorant, O my Lord, that ſince that I was tranſported to this Palace, my heart hath never joyed in any thing, but the conſideration of your bleſſings. I am here alone, and forſaken of all friends and kindred, expecting no other ſuccour but that of your Arm. Lo, I hold my life and my ſoul now in my hands, to loſe it for you, or to ſave it for you. Thoſe that have reſolved to pull down your Altars, and to deſtroy the glory of your Temple, are the men that have ſworn our death. But give not, O Lord, your Scepter and your Power to thoſe that have no name amongſt your faithful people: Make their own Arrows return upon their own faces, and keep us alwaies under the protection of your Divine Hands. Seeing that I muſt be the Prolocutreſs for the good of all your Nation, and of mine, Inſpire me with the diſcourſes that I ought to make in the preſence of that Lion. Soften for us his heart, and make him turn his gall on the ſide of our Enemies, that we may render to you our Thankſgivings, and offer to you immortal praiſes.

The third Day being expired, ſhe puts off her Mourning, and adorns her ſelf with her richeſt Dreſſes, to ſharpen the Arrows of her Beauty which ſhe had ſo worthily conſecrated to the great Buſineſs of the preſervation of her Nation. And although ſhe had an heart filled with cares about the event of an Embaſſage of ſo great importance, yet ſhe appeared with a Countenance as flouriſhing, as the fair dawning of the Day; calming the tempeſt of her heart by the force of an invincible ſpirit. After ſhe had once more invoked the Authour and Finiſher of wonders, ſhe went accompanied with two Maids, one of which held her up, managing exactly the delicacy of her body, and the other carried the train of her Gown largely ſpread abroad. She paſſes from door to door, from chamber to chamber, and at laſt arrived at the King's, who was ſeated on a Throne, in a Sute all laid with Diamonds, and a pomp unparalell'd. He was ruddy of face, and had eys very ſparkling, and it ſeemed that he took a kind of pleaſure in rowling them up and down, to dazle thoſe that looked upon him, by the lightnings of his Majeſty. At firſt, his look appeared a little terrible to this new Wife, whether he did it by an amorous Careſs, or whether he was moved with ſome choler to ſee her enter, without calling for. The wiſe *Heſter* knew alſo well enough how to play her game, and to ſurprize where he was weak, in which he thought himſelf moſt ſtrong. She uſed a mute Eloquence, and a fear wherein there was much quaintneſs and gentleneſs of the Sex. The Carnation of her cheeks inſtantly took a pretious paleneſs, that came ſo opportunely as if one had called for it; and as if ſhe had been Thunder-ſtruck with the eys of that mighty Monarch, ſhe let her ſelf fall down in a ſwoun into the boſom of the Maid that held her up.

This wonderful King that deſired ſo much to terrifie, took for himſelf what he would give to others, and felt his own heart aſſaulted, by the fear he had leſt his Countenance had wounded the heart of his deareſt Spouſe. He quits the dreadfulneſs of a King, and takes the ſervitude of a Lover: he comes down from his Throne faſter then a pace, runs as well as others to eaſe her of her ſwoun, and cries aloud, *Heſter*, my Siſter, what ails you? The Law that I have made, is not for you, but for the reſt only of my Kingdom: And when ſhe yet gave no anſwer to that Speech he takes his golden Scepter, gives it her to touch and handle, and kiſſes her with a great affection, conjuring her to take courage, and to come again to her ſelf.

Then as if ſhe had returned from the Country of the Dead, ſhe ſpake with a languiſhing voice, and interrupted words, ſaying to the King that he need not be aſtoniſhed at that fear of hers; for ſhe had ſeen his face as the face of an Angel; that he was truly terrible: but withal lovely above all the Princes of the World, ſo many Graces he had and beauties upon his Viſage. This was to take him where he was eaſieſt to be conquered: and to better colour yet that ſpeech, ſhe let her ſelf fall again upon the boſom of her ſervant. All the Court had work enough about her, and the King above all did what he could to ſettle her. At laſt ſhe came fully to her ſelf, and *Ahaſuerus* told her, That if ſhe came to make any Requeſt unto him, ſhe ſhould ask boldly, yea, though it were even the Moity of his Kingdom, for he was now on terms to deny her nothing.

It was a large promiſe, and one would think that now was the time for her to diſcover her ſelf. Yet ſhe had ſo much reſervedneſs, and ſo great a power over her ſelf, that ſhe advanced not yet her Buſineſs, but waited for the hour of his Repaſt, wherein ſhe knew that the King *Ahaſuerus* was ordinarily more free and merry. She told him only that ſhe came to make a ſmall Requeſt unto his Majeſty, and moſt humbly to beſeech him to be pleaſed to honour her with his Preſence, together with *Haman*, at a little Banquet which ſhe had prepared for them. The King was very joyful at it, and cauſed *Haman* to be called, whom he commanded to do whatſoever *Heſter* ſhould deſire, which was moſt pleaſing to him, being one that loved nothing ſo much as that which flattered his vain-glory.

They failed not to be both of them at Dinner with the Queen, who entertained them very handſomly, and with great Magnificence, & this Entertainment pleaſed ſo much her husband, that he ſummoned her again to ask what ever ſeemed good unto her, for there was no requeſt but ſhould be granted, that proceeded from her mouth. The Queen that would give her ſelf leiſure to conſult with her Uncle firſt, that ſhe might effectually diſcloſe that great affair, put off the offer till the morrow after, and ſaid to the King, That ſince his Majeſty had expreſſed ſo great a ſatisfaction for her little Dinner, and that the cheerfulneſs of his heart redounded to the benefit of his health, ſhe would preſent to him again with all humility the very ſame Petition, and convince him by his friendſhip, which ſhe prized above all things in the World, to eat again the following day of the Viands that ſhe ſhould make ready for him, and with the ſame Company.

This was fully granted her, and after ſhe had prepared the ſpirit of the King by theſe diſpoſitions, ſhe reſolved to open her whole mind, with the

counſel

counſel and art of *Mordecai*. *Haman* went out of the Palace gloriouſly triumphing and accompanied with a great train: but when he perceived *Mordecai* at the Gate, who made as though he did not ſee him, when all others killed themſelves to make him Reverences, he felt himſelf moved with fury, and went ſuddenly to his houſe, to conclude upon the Death of that innocent man.

Good (ſay the Philoſophers) is never Good, if it be not intire and perfect; which is the cauſe that there are few felicities in the World, where all Light hath its Shadow, all Fruit its Worm, and every Beauty fails not to have its embaſement and Allay. And this is it, that proud *Haman* experiments in the higheſt glory of his Fortune. He makes a conſultation with his Wife and Friends, and tells them; that he is this day, according to the World's eſteem, one of the happieſt men upon the Earth. If he looks upon his Riches, they are welnigh infinite; If he caſts his eys upon his Houſe, he ſees it under-propped with a good company of children; If he conſider the favour of the Prince, never man was in a like degree. His Counſels are the Felicities of the State, his Words are Oracles, and his Altitudes are Raviſhments that dazle the whole Earth from *Euphrates* even as far as *Nilus*. Yet he confeſſes to them ingeniouſly, that in this high heap of Honours, and of Bleſſings that environ him, he hath no content at all, as long as he ſees himſelf out-braved by that beggarly Raſcal *Mordecai*, who vouchſafes not ſo much as to do him any Reverence. All the Joys that he hath in his Houſe, and all the Applauſes that he receives every day in publick, gives him not ſo much Pleaſure, as that ſole Affront pours bitterneſs into his heart, which he cannot digeſt. And therefore he prays them to adviſe him on ſome means that he ſhould uſe, to rid himſelf of that Villain, and ſacrifice him to his vengeance. He added, that he had Dined with the King and Queen, and that he was to go thither again the morrow after, which was a favour that none could hope for after him; yet he loſt all the ſenſe of it when it entred into his imagination, that he muſt ſee a *Mordecai* at the Palace-gate, to reproach to him his impotence: and that there was no more life for him, as long as that curſed fellow, that was to him as an ill-boding Bird, remained at Court.

The Wife that was of the ſame humour with her Husband, pronounced a ſhort ſentence, and ſaid, that if there were not Gallows enough at *Shaſhan* to hang a Raſcal, he ſhall cauſe one to be ſet up of fifty Cubits high, and ſhould deſire the King, that *Mordecai* ſhould be ſuddenly faſtned to it, and that this being done, he might go with a purified ſpirit to the Banquet of the Queen. This counſel pleaſed him very much, and he reſolved to forward it; but Providence prepared for him far other buſineſs to diſpatch, to make him know, that no body thinks upon the ruine of another, without haſtning of his own.

The Angel of God that governs Kings, gives them thoughts not fore-ſeen, and raiſes to them occaſions of Virtues and great Actions, ſometimes even when they leaſt dream of it. The King was laid upon his Bed to repoſe himſelf, and could not ſhut his eys the whole night, without having the leaſt appearance of care or trouble in his ſpirit. He calls for his Reader, and bids him read to him ſome book or other to entertain him. He reads in his preſence the Annals of the kingdom, and particularly, that which happened in his time: he comes without not thinking on it, to the year that made mention of *Tereſh* and *Bigthan*'s Conſpiracy, diſcovered by *Mordecai*. The Kings heart that was in the hand of God, changed in an inſtant; the remembrance of that good ſervant begins to enter into his mind with ſome tenderneſs and compaſſion: that ardent and inconſiderate love that he had had to his friend *Haman*, grows cold again inſenſibly, without having any reaſon for it. It ſeemed as if there had been a charm raiſed ſuddenly by an heavenly hand. He reſumes thoughts of conſideration, of juſtice, and affection towards honeſt men.

He asked what recompenſe *Mordecai* hath had for ſo great and notable a Service that he did his Perſon and all his Eſtate. It was found that he had gained nothing by it, but promiſes and hopes. The King demands of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, who was in the Ante-chamber? they anſwered *Haman*, that was come according to his cuſtom, to diſcourſe with him while he was riſing, and to preſs hotly *Mordecai*'s ruine. He commands them to bid him enter; he enters with a boldneſs that promiſed it ſelf all things, and ſets himſelf to his Complements and his ordinary merriments: yet all that had pleaſed the King heretofore, in the converſation of that man even to a Rapture, begins to diſpleaſe him now, and he ſeeks nothing more then the means to humble him.

He frames to himſelf in Idea's, a man of Fortune riſing from nothing, that hath prevailed over the ſimplicity of his ſpirit, that hath made great Magazines of gold and ſilver out of his Levies; that diſpoſes of all the Offices of his kingdom; that makes himſelf adored of great and ſmall; that is followed as himſelf, and more then himſelf; that hath his Privy-Seal and all his Authority in his hands; that hath ſo much money to lay out, as to offer ten thouſand Talents to ſatiate his Revenge, and that authorizes all wickedneſs, by the Name, and avouching of his Maſter, if at leaſt he hath one on this top of glory whither he is mounted. He hath now a mind to undo him, and feels a powerful motion puſhing him forward to it; and which permits him not to deliberate of it any more; nor to conſider with what ſecurity he might execute ſo great a buſineſs.

He knew that he was hated of all the World, by reaſon of his pride; and that his Adorers themſelves would have eaten him up with a very good will, if they might have had but the permiſſion given them: he ſaw that he ſubſiſted not, but by his favour which he abuſed ſo baſely. He reſolved to pick a quarrel with him, and asked him inſtantly, What might a great King do, that would honour a Favourite to the higheſt point? *Haman* thinking that that Queſtion was not made but in favour, and conſideration of him, anſwers with an immeaſurable impudence; That to honour worthily a Favourite, and to ſhew in his perſon what a great Maſter can do that loves with paſſion, he muſt cloath him with his Royal Cloak, put the King's Diadem upon his head, ſet him upon his own Horſe, and command the greateſt Prince of the Court to hold his Stirrop and his Bridle, and lead him through all places of the City, and to cauſe an Herald to proclaim before him; That it is thus that *Ahaſuerus* honoureth his favourites.

The Prince was aſtoniſhed at this inſolence, and to make him burſt with ſpite, ſaid to him, that his Opinion was very good; and therefore he commanded him to render all thoſe honours preſently to *Mordecai* the Jew that was at the Palace-gate. This

Devil of Pride was seized with so great an amazement at that Speech, that he had not so much as one word in his mouth to reply; and as he was Vainglorious and Insupportable in his Prosperity, so there was nothing more Amated or more Base in Adversity. He extremely racks his spirit to dissemble his discontent; The fear of death and punishments due to his Crimes, if he did resist the Pleasure of the King, made him swallow all the bitterness of that Cup.

A strange thing! Poor *Mordecai* that was all nasty, covered with Sack-cloath and Ashes, is fetched, is washed, is trimmed up, and clad after the fashion of a King. *Haman* presents himself to hold the Stirrop of the Horse, and to lead him by the Bridle, while his Enemy was shewed in Triumph to the eys of the whole City of *Shushan*. How much Resistance do we think he made, not to accept this Honour? What thoughts came into his head, whether it was not a trick of *Haman*, that would give him a short Joy to deliver him to a long Punishment. He could not believe his Eys nor his Reason; he thought that all this had been a Dream. In the mean while the whole City of *Shushan* beheld that great Spectacle, and could not be sufficiently amazed at so extraordinary a Change.

Haman, after the Ceremony was over, returns very sad unto his House, deploring with his Wife and Friends the sad sport of Fortune. The Confusion of their troubled spirits suggests nothing to them but Counsels of despair, and they say, that since *Mordecai* hath begun, sure he will make an end, He was very loath to go to that Feast of the Queens, he feared that it would prove a sacrifice; and that he should be the offering.

Hester that saw that her sport was spoiled if he was not present, caused him secretly to be engaged, and pressed by the Eunuchs of the King, who under colour of Civility, conduct him to his final Misery.

He enters into the Chamber of the Feast: The King dissembles all that had been done; there was nothing talked of at the first, but of passing merrily the time away; Every thing flourished, every thing Laughed; but Poyson was hid under the Laughter, and Venome under the Flowers.

At the end of their Repast, the King Conjures the Queen to tell him at last what it was that she desired of him; because he was fully resolved to divide his Crown and Sceptre with her. Then sending forth a great sigh, she cried,

Alas Sir, I do not sue to your Majesty for any of all the Honours, or the Riches of your Empire; but I desire of you only my own and my poor peoples lives, which some would overthrow, destroy, and massacre by an horrible and bloudy butchery. Sir, I ought no longer to disguise any thing to your Majesty; God hath made me be born of that Nation, which is given for a Prey under your Authority, and destined to the Shambels. It is me that they aim at; If they had gone about only to make me and my People Slaves, I would have held my peace, and stifled my groans. But Sir, what have I done, that my throat should be cut, after I shall have seen the bloud of my neareſt kindred shed before mine Eys, to be thrown as the last Sacrifice, upon a great heap of dead bodies, and buried in the Ruines of my dear Country? Alas, Sir, shew us Mercy, You that are the Mildest of all Princes, restore me my soul, and the lives of my whole Nation.

The King entred into an Admiration of Extasie upon these Words, and said to the Queen,

I know not to what this Discourse tends, or where the Man or the Authority is, that dares do this without my command.

Then she replyes, He, to whom your Majesty hath given your Seal, that Traytour, and perfidious *Haman*, It is he that hath caused bloudy Letters to be written through all the Provinces, to deliver me and my People up to Death, and know Sir, that his cruelty redounds upon your head.

Haman quickly perceived that he was a lost man; and the paleness of Death came at the same instant into his Face. The King rises from the Table, and walks into the Garden, that was hard by, to chew upon his Choler.

The Queen that had put her self into a Melancholy, casts her self down upon the Bed. *Haman* throws himself at her feet; and as a man that is drowning, lays hold on what ere he meets with, He beseeches her, he urges her, he conjures her to shew him Mercy; and in saying so, bowed himself down upon the Bed, and approached very near unto her.

The King entring at the same time into the Chamber, and finding him in that Posture; How (says he) will he also violate the Queen, my Wife, in my Presence, and in my House? Let some body take him away. Instantly they come, and cover his Face, as they were wont to do to those that were carried away to Punishment, and one of the Eunuchs thought of, saying, that he had prepared a pair of Gallows of fifty Cubits high, for *Mordecai* the Preserver of the Kings Life.

It is that which is his Due, (answered *Ahasuerus*) and let him be hanged suddenly upon the Gibbet that he hath set up.

This was executed without delay, there being no body that was not extreme joyful of his ruine. *Mordecai* was called to the Palace, to take his Place, and to Govern all the Household of the Queen, that now acknowledged him in the presence of the King her Husband, for her Uncle.

Hester afterwards beseeched the King, to command Dispatches to be sent through all the Provinces, to countermand and to make void the Letters of Death which cruel *Haman* had caused already to be spread through all the kingdom. This was found very reasonable, and they were forthwith Expedited in these termes.

Artaxerxes the Sovereign Lord and King of all the Nations that are from *India* to *Ethiopia*, To the Princes and Governours of the seven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting.

Many abusing through their Pride, the Goodness of Princes, and the Honours that have been given them, do not only endeavour to oppress People, but also by a detestable Felony, to attempt upon the Life of their Benefactours, not being able to bear the Weight of the Glory, to which they are Exalted.

They are not contented to be Ingrateful for Benefits, and to violate the Laws of Humanity; but perswade themselves, that, though they run out into so great Crimes, they shall escape the Judgments of that great God, from whom nothing is concealed. Their Fury is so irregulated, that though they be defiled with all sorts of Vices, they accuse those that are Innocent, and observe punctually all the Justness of their Duty, endeavouring to ruine them by the Artifices and Juglings of their Lies. And for this they surprise the Ear of Kings, who have an Heart full of Goodness and Sincerity, measuring

those

those that are near their Persons by their own Dispositions.

The proof of this may be found in Antient Stories, and even in those of our Dayes too, which shew sufficiently how the good Intentions of Kings are Corrupted by the wicked Counsels of their Ministers and Servants.

For this Reason, we ought to give order for the Peace of our Provinces; and if we are Constrained to make you a Countermand, know, that it proceeds rather from the necessity of the Times, then from the inconstancy of our Resolutions.

It is necessary, that you should understand that *Haman* the son of *Amadatha* a *Macedonian* by Nation and Affection, after he had been promoted by our Goodnesse to the second place of our Kingdom, hath defiled by his Cruelty the effects of our Piety, and hath puffed himself up with so great an Arrogance, as to have dared to attempt to deprive us of our Scepter, and of our Life. For he resolved to cause *Mordecai* to dye, to whose Fidelity I owe my preservation; and to destroy with him *Hester* the Companion of our Bed, and of our Scepter with her whole Nation, by Inventions pernicious, and till this time unheard of.

He hoped by this means, that having taken away our Conservatours, he might surprize us in a Dereliction, and translate the Kingdome of the Persians to the Macedonians.

But we have discovered, that the Jews destined to death by this wicked Villain, are without fault; That they use good Laws; and that they are the true Children of the most High, most Great, and Everliving God, by whom the Empire is given and preserved to us.

And for this Reason, we make void and disannul the Letters that he hath directed to you in our Name, to cause them to be Murthered, making you to know that the Authour of the Lye hath been hanged upon the Gallows at the Gate of *Shushan*, God rendring to him that which he hath deserved.

Furthermore, we Will and Ordain that the Jews live in all our Provinces according to their Law and Ceremonies; and that you assist them in bringing their Enemies to Punishment the same day that they had determined to destroy them; seeing that the God Almighty hath turned to them into Joy, that day of Tears and Grief.

And since that that is Important even for our Life and Preservation; We Command that that Day be put in the number of the Feasts, that Posterity may know the Recompenses of our Faithfull Servants, and the Punishment of those that oppose our Will, and make attempt upon our State.

And if there be any Province or City that refuses to solemnize that very Day with Joyes and Chearfulnes befitting it, we Will that it be destroyed with Fire and Sword, and that it be made inaccessible to Men and Beasts to perpetuity, to give an Example to others by the punishment of their contempt and Disobedience.

The Commands of the King were diligently executed, and the Jews Dreaded and Honoured in all places by reason of the great Credit that *Mordecai* had with the King his Master.

It seemed that the Sun was risen a new for these people heretofore afflicted, and that Heaven poured down upon them blessings in abundance. There was nothing every where but Joyes, but Dances, but Feasts, in Testimony of so publick an alacrity. But it is clear that *Hester* held yet somewhat of the Old Testament in the searching out of the enemies of her Nation, and in the Revenge that she caused to be exercised every where upon them that had sworne her Ruine.

Haman's House was given her, and ten of his Sons hanged to accompany the punishment of their Father. Five hundred men were slain in *Shushan* for having adhered to that miserable man; and through all the rest of the Cities of the Kingdome, much bloud was shed on the same day that had been assigned for the Massacres of the Hebrews.

We must avow that this History is wonderfully Tragicall, and one of the most wonderfull Revolutions of Fortune that ever arrived to Great ones, to make Posterity fear the Judgments of a God whose Hand is as weighty in the Chastisement of Crimes, as his Eye quick-sighted in the descerning of hearts.

JOSHUA. JUDAS MACCABEUS.

HE muſt be ignorant of the chief and moſt viſible of beauties that knows not *Joſhua*. One cannot ſee the Sun without remembring thegreat commerce that this valorous Captain had with the King of Stars. All the World lift their eys up to it, but none hath ever lifted his voice as far as it, to make himſelf be heard, and to make himſelf to be obeyed. The Stars knew *Joſhua*, becauſe he bore the Name of him that formed them: It is he that firſt gave us the fore-taſtes of the name of *Jeſus*, at which the Heaven, the Earth, and Hell, do bend the knee.

What lovely thing had not this generous *Joſhua*, ſeeing one cannot name him without mentioning Salvation, which is the wiſh and content of all men? Who would think that ſuch a ſpirit had been born and bred in ſervitude? And yet he was *Pharaoh*'s ſlave, he was as the reſt in the chain, that was at that time common to all his people. Thoſe were very patient that could endure it, but he was far more valiant that found a means to break it.

When in his little infancy he played upon the banks of the River of *Nile* with the other priſoners, he then ſtrook terrour into all its flotes, and the Angels of *Ægypt*, knew that he ſhould tread under his feet the pride of *Pharaoh*, & carry away the ſpoils of that proud kingdom, ſo many times cemented with the blood of his brethren. He did every thing by *Moſes*'s orders, and *Moſes* did nothing without him. If one was the eye of his people, the other was the arm; if one was the Conductour of them, the other was the Protectour. If one had the Providence, the other reſerved to himſelf the execution which is ordinarily the moſt difficult piece of Prudence.

Moſes lifted up his hands to Heaven, and *Joſhua* his Arms upon the head of the enemies of God; the one combated with the lips, and the other with the ſword: the one poured out oyl and wine upon the Altars, the other ſhed the blood of the wicked to make a ſacrifice to the juſtice of the Sovereign Monarch.

He was inclined to war by the diſpoſition of God himſelf, he received the ſword as from his hands, and wore it fifty ſeven years always in aſſaults, always in defences, always in various encounters, and in bloody battels, for the ſafety and the glory of his Nation.

He hath reaped more Palms, then heaven hath ſtars, he made as many combats as journeys, and gained as many victories as he gave battels. Happineſs never deliberated whether ſhe ſhould follow his undertakings. She was under him as a Souldier in pay, and whither one carried his Standards, the other incontinently diſplaied her wings to cover them. They never brake aſunder; and hazard that hath often a foot ſo ſlippery, found firm ground when it was covered with the arms of *Joſhuah*.

He affronted Giants that ſeemed to have been born only for the terrour of mankind. He tumbled down towers of fleſh, and trod under feet Monſters that the moſt valiant durſt not ſo much as look on. He took Cities whoſe Walls and Citadels were ſo high that they ſeemed to be loſt in heaven.

The Plains of *Makkedah*, of *Libnah*, of *Lachiſh*, of *Debir*, of *Hebron*, of *Gilgal*, of *Gezer*, and of *Jericho*, bear yet the ſeeds of his Lawrels. *Eglon* and *Ai* preſerve his Tropheys which are yet ſtanding after they have ſeen the ruines of the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*. But *Gibeon* carries away the price of his victories, ſeeing it was it that ſaw the Sun ſtand ſtill upon his Conqueſt.

Plato and *Ariſtotle* that hold the heavens and the ſtars, animated; *Julius Firmicus* that believes them filled with ſence and with prudence, would not have failed to tell us here, that it was the love and the admiration of the valour of that great Captain, that tied the Sun by inſenſible chains in the midſt of his firmament, and that he could not endure to ſet before he had ſeen the end of that famous battel: he could ſee nothing amongſt our Antipodes that came near this ſpectacle; he eſteemed his Light more noble and more precious for that it had ſhone that very day even upon the Valour of the moſt rare Man of the whole Earth.

But

But the Scripture teaches us, that the chiefe of the Luminaries of heaven ſtood for that time immovable, not by any underſtanding that it had, but by obedience that it rendred to its Creatour; ſeeing the Creatour himſelf would obey the voice of a man. All the Militia of heaven deſired to be of the Party, the Moon and the Stars waited upon their King, and would not move one ſtep that was not troden according to his meaſures.

After this do we think it ſtrange that the Rivers turned about their Paſſages to favour *Joſhua*'s, and that the ſacred *Jordan* was ſenſible of the foot-ſteps of a mortal man, to whom the heavens themſelves gave ſome veneration?

Millions of men grew pale with fear when they ſaw one ſingle man with his ſword in hand; The walls of Cities fell to the ground, though he did not touch them but with his eys.

The only preſence of one *Joſhua* was worth an hundred Regiments; The ſouldiers thought nothing impoſſible under him, and by him the enemies eſteem'd themſelves vanquiſh'd as ſoon as ſeen.

What may one ſay of a General that ſubdued thirty and one Kings, that brake ſo many Sceptres, that ſaw ſo many Crowns and Diadems at his feet? One ſole Victory carried away upon a Monarch, cauſed the *Roman* Captains to be ſeen in a Chariot of Ivory drawn by white Horſes, and ſometimes by Elephants and Lions: *Seſoſtres* King of the *Egyptians*, four Kings to be tied to his Coach, for that he had conquered them in battel. But our *Joſhua*, a ſubduer of pride as well as men, deſires no exteriour pomp to honour his deeds of valour. It ſufficed him that God triumphed in him, and would not have any other glory, but to be under the feet of him that marches upon the wings of the winds, and upon the head of Cherubins.

He was not only a valiant Souldier, and wiſe General, but at laſt the Judge and Prince of his people. Great in Arms and in Laws, and accompliſhed in all ſorts of virtues. The *Iſraelites* thinking one day that *Moſes* their Conductour had been loſt in the Wilderneſs, deſired the High-Prieſt *Aaron* to make them a God to ſupply his default; But after that *Moſes* was dead, and that they beheld *Joſhua* ſeated in his place, they deſired no more any other Deity, becauſe they perceived in him the livelieſt impreſſion that man can have of God upon the earth.

Virtues that ſeemed moſt contrary were reconciled in him, and made but one ſole viſage of perfection. Piety made nothing ſoft in his Courage, nor Courage any thing fierce in his Piety. Heighth of Spirit found that ſhe was compatible with Meekneſs. Activeneſs went the ſame pace with Providence, and the moſt Illuſtrious of glories repoſed in him under the ſhadow of Humility. Juſtice in him did not offend Clemency; He imitated the living God that is merciful even as far as Hell. He puniſhed Crimes with a zeal mixt with ardour and compaſſion; and when he cauſed *Achan* that ſacrilegious man to dy, at the time that his hand was ſtiff to hold the ballance of Juſtice in an equality, he felt in his heart a tenderneſs that made him give death to the culpable as a benefit, though others took it for a puniſhment.

But let us remember while we ſpeak of *Joſhua* that God hath covered him with the rays of glory; to teach us, that we are conſtrained to cover his brave acts in ſilence.

To conclude, He to whom nothing was wanting but immortality, died as a ſetting Sun, animating his people with the ſpirit that went out of his body: and ſome hold that the *Hebrews* put upon his Tomb the figure of a Sun, as if they would ſay that he was amongſt men that which the Sun is amongſt the Stars, and that there is nothing even as far as the ſhadow of death, that hath not kindled for him lights of Immortality.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

WHatſoever Virtue hath of Great, whatſoever Valour hath of Generous, met in the perſon of *Judas Maccabeus* to make a marvell of his life, and an Immortal memory of his Name.

God cauſed him to be born in a deplorable age, in the time that King *Antiochus* ſurnam'd the Illuſtrious, raiſed that horrible perſecution againſt the *Jews*, that made the heavens to weep, and the earth to bluſh with bloud. It was a ſport to that barbarous man to prophane holy things, and a continual exerciſe to flea and roaſt men, or to throw them into boyling Caldrons, without having any other crime, but dying for the true Religion. The cruelty of the torments overcomes the weak, and ſhakes even the ſtrongeſt; The Altars overturned upon the bleeding Prieſts, the children ſtrangled in the boſom of their ſighing Mothers; the flames that without diſtinction devoured the ſacred and prophane, the Houſes that ſeemed now but dens of Beaſts, preſented to the world an hideous ſpectacle that gave more deſire to dy, then courage to live.

Amidſt theſe deſolations was found a gallant old man named *Mattathias*, the father of many ſons all men of valour, who went out of *Jeruſalem* to retire himſelf in the City of *Modin*. There he aſſembled all thoſe of his Family, who were followed of whatſoever remained yet of moſt courageous to oppoſe themſelves againſt the fury of the Tyrant, and to retain the remnants of the true Piety. As ſoon as the *Infidels* had heard that a little handful of men aſſay'd to ſubſtract themſelves from their puiſſance, and refuſed to make open profeſſion of the Religion of the *Pagans*, they failed not haſtily to ſend unto them a Lievtenant of the Kings, that ſummoned *Mattathias* to render up himſelf with all his men, and to offer Incenſe to the Idols. But this virtuous man aſſembling his ſons and his allies, ſaid thus unto them,

It would be, to be too much in love with Life, to be willing to ſpare and keep it in the loſs of the true Religion. I am ſorry that I ever entred into the world, when I conſider the time to which God hath reſerv'd my age to ſee the diſaſters of my people, & the deſolation of holy *Jeruſalem*, abandoned to the pillage of rapinous hands, and to the prophanation of the impious. Her Temple hath been handled as the object of all reproaches, and thoſe Veſſels of Glory that ſerved for the Miniſtery of the Living God, hath been taken away by violence. We have ſeen her ſtreets covered with dead bodies, and the little children having their throats cut upon the Carcaſes of their Fathers. And what Nation hath not poſſeſſed our heritages, and is not enriched with our ſpoils? The holineſſe of the Temple hath not ſtayed ſacrilegious hands, and ſo many ſlaves

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of that proud City, have not been able to preſerve themſelves from flames. After this, what intereſt can we have in life, unleſs it be to revenge the quarrel of God? I am promiſed all the honours, and all the goods that I can reaſonably hope for, If I will obey the King *Antiochus*, and range my ſelf on the party of thoſe that have ſo baſely betrayed their faith. But God forbid, that I ſhould ever fall into ſuch a proſtitution of Judgment or of courage. When all thoſe of my Nation ſhall have conſpired to forſake their Law, to obey the time, and to accommodate themſelves to the Prince's will, I can anſwer for my ſelf, and for my children, and for my brothers, aſſuring my ſelf of their Generoſity that they will never do any thing that is baſe. Let all thoſe that ſhall have a zeal to the true Religion joyn themſelves to us, and know that amongſt ſo many miſeries there is nothing better, then to mark with their bloud the way of Safety and of Glory, to give example to Poſterity.

In the mean time the Kings Commiſſioners preſſed every one to declare himſelf, and to ſacrifice; whereupon a man of the people of the Jewes, whether he was frighted by the terrour of the puniſhments, or allured by the promiſe of rewards, ſtepped forth to ſacrifice upon an Altar ſet up in publick, and dedicated to the falſe Deities. But *Mattathias* having looked ſteddily upon him, felt his heart inflamed with a violent heat of the zeal that poſſeſſed him, and running to that Apoſtate, killed him with his own hand, and laid him dead upon the Altar, making him ſerve for an offering in the place to which he came to be a Prieſt. He added to him alſo that Lievtenant of the King that commanded them to offer thoſe ſacrifices of abominations, and declared open war to all the Infidels that would conſtrain them to forſake their Law.

It is a wonderfull thing to conſider the power of a man in zeal that contemns his life, and is ambitious of death. This holy old man began an army with five ſons that he had, and a few kinſmen. He quitted the City of *Modin*, where he could not be the ſtronger, to entrench himſelf upon a Mountain, whither thoſe that were zealous for the defence of the antient piety arrived from all ſides with their wives, their children, and their flocks; all reſolved to live, or to dye with the Illuſtrious Maccabeans. *Mattathias* ſeeing his army every day increaſe, did brave exploits of war; ſo that he was not contented to beat back the Infidels: but aſſaulted them even in their trenches, and chaſed them away, which gave him all liberty to demolliſh the prophane Altars that they had erected in many places, to cauſe circumciſion to be adminiſtred to little Infants, and to recover the ſacred books out of the hands of the enemies.

In fine, this valorous Captain, after many combats, ſeeing his laſt day approach, made a long oration to his children, inflaming them to the zeal of their Religion againſt the Tyranny of King *Antiochus*; and after he had given them *Judas Maccabeus* for their Chief, and *Simeon* for their Counſel, bleſſed them, and ſhut up his life by a moſt glorious end.

Judas, that had been a good Souldier under his Father, became a great Commander amongſt his brethren, and continued the deſign that had been traced out unto him by the virtue of their Anceſtours, employing all his power to raiſe again the Trophies of the God of Hoſts that had been thrown down by the fury of the Infidels.

I find that this great Cavalier founded his whole life upon Conſcience, and Honour, which he always eſteemed above all that is precious in Nature, and recommendable to Greece. He believed even in perfection a God Sovereignly Almighty, that hath an eye alwayes open upon the actions of men, that is the diſtributer of Glory, and the Revenger of Iniquities; and held firmly that he was to be acknowledged and adored by the worſhip, and the Ceremonies ordained in the law of his Fathers; and therfore embraced with an Incomparable ardour the true Religion, uſing his uttermoſt endeavour to practice, defend, and maintain it, to the prejudice of goods, life, honour, and of all that is eſteemed deareſt in the world. He yeilded himſelf to be totally conducted by Providence, which he held to preſide in all Battels; ſo that he meaſured not victories by the multitudes of ſouldiers, by arms, by fortreſſes, by ammunitions of war: but aſſured himſelf that there was a ſecret Providence from above, that made all the happineſs and miſery of men.

From thence it came that he had a wonderful confidence in the Divine Protection, believing himſelf to be beloved of God, whom he loved reciprocally more by ſincerity of affection, then by exteriour Pomp; He never went to fight but he fore-armed himſelf with ſtrong and ardent prayers; he never undertook to give battel, but he exhorted his men to implore the aſſiſtance of God upon their Arms.

He alſo ſhewed himſelf very ſenſible of the favours of Heaven, and deſired that God ſhould firſt of all triumph in all the good ſucceſſes that accompanied his Standards; which he expreſſed viſibly, when, having defeated the Generals of King *Antiochus* in manifold aſſaults, and gotten a little reſt to his dear country, he took a preſſing care to cauſe the Temple to be repaired and cleanſed, that had been horribly prophaned by the Infidels.

It was an incomparable joy to all the people when after ſo many deſolations that had preceded, he celebrated a Triumphant Dedication, by which he cauſed the hopes of his Nation to reflouriſh. His cares extended even beyond the World wherein we live, and one may well affirm, that he was the firſt of the Antient Fathers of the Old Teſtament, that expreſſed more openly the charitable offices that ought to be rendred to the ſouls of the Deceaſed. This manifeſtly appears in an encounter which he had with *Gorgias* General of the Army of the Enemy, in which he loſt ſome Souldiers; and when he came to viſit the field of battel to view the Dead, and to cauſe them to be carried to the Sepulcher of their Fathers, he found that ſome amongſt them had in their cloathes certain pieces of the offerings preſented to the Idols, thinking perhaps that it was lawfull for them to accommodate themſelves with it for their uſe, though in effect the Law forbad it. This gave a ſhock at firſt unto his conſcience that was very delicate, and he deplored the unhappineſs of thoſe forſaken people, that had loaded themſelves with prophane Booties; yet when he thought that that befell them more for want of conſideration, and by the hope of ſome little gain, then by any conſent that they had given to Idolatry, he ſent twelve thouſand Drachmes into *Jeruſalem*, to cauſe Sacrifices to be offered for the reſt of their Souls.

This made him to be honoured with very particular favours of heaven; for he hath been ſometimes ſeen in a combat environed with celeſtial virtues that watched for his protection, and filled his enemies with terror. His very dreams were not without a myſtery, witneſs that which ſhewed him the Prophet *Jeremy*, and the high Prieſt *Onias*, who prayed before the face of God for the ſafety of the People; the former of which two put into his hand a gilded

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ſword, telling him that it was that wherewith he ſhould bring down to the earth the enemies of his Religion.

The great love that he had for God, reflected it ſelf continually towards his neighbour, on whom he contemplated the image of the firſt beauty. He bore in his heart all that were afflicted, and burned with a moſt ardent love for the good of his dear country. The zeal of Juſtice poſſeſſed his ſoul, and he had no greater delights in the world, then to ſuccour widows, orphans, and all neceſſitous perſons. They ran to him as to their true Father; they ranged themſelves under the ſhadow of his virtue, and found there a refreſhment in their moſt parching heats. His converſation was ſweet, his ſpeech affable, his manners without avarice. He never ſold his Protection, nor made any Traffick of his Valour. He knew not what it was to buy his neighbours lands, to build palaces, to plant orchards, to make gardens, and to heap up treaſures. He was rich for the poor, and poor for himſelf, living as a man untyed from all things elſe, and faſtned to virtue alone by an indiſſoluble knot of duty.

His Temperance paſſed even to admiration, ſo greatly did he contemn thoſe pleaſures and delights that others regard as their chief felicity. He never dreamed of cauſing the beautifull women priſoners to be preſerved for himſelf; becauſe he was skilful in the trade of defending Ladies honours rather then aſſaulting them. He never had any Miſtriſs, being perpetually Maſter of himſelf; and one ſhall have work enough to find out his wives name: it is not read that he had any other children but Virtues and Victories. He lived as an *Eſſen* eſtranged from all the pleaſures of the fleſh, and taſted no other contentment in the world, then to do great actions. He never enterprized the war againſt King *Antiochus* to make himſelf great, and to reign but for the pure love of his Religion and dear Country.

Traytours and corrupted ſpirits blame him for having taken up arms, ſaying, That it behoved them rather to ſuffer the Deſtinies then to make them. That it behoved them to obey the Powers that God had ſet over their heads. That it was a great raſhneſs to think to reſiſt the forces of all *Aſia* with a little handfull of ſouldiers; that it could not chuſe but provoke the conquerours, and draw upon the vanquiſhed a deluge of calamities.

The world hath been full in all times of certain condeſcending Philoſophers, who accommodate themſelves to every thing, that they may not diſaccommodate themſelves for virtue. They care not what viſage is given to Piety, ſo that they find therein their own advantages. By how much the more mens ſpirits are refined to ſearch out reaſons to colour the toleration of vices, by ſo much the more their courages are weakned, and neglect to maintain themſelves in duty. There are ſome that had rather lie ſtil in the dirt, then take the pains to riſe out of it.

Judas conſider'd that King *Antiochus* was not contented with having brought the Jews to a common ſervitude, but would overthrow all their Laws, and aboliſh entirely their Religion. He did not believe that it was lawfull for him to abandon cowardly the intereſts of God. He thought that there are times wherein one ought rather deſtroy ones ſelf with courage, then preſerve ones ſelf with ſluggiſhneſs. He looked not ſo much upon his ſtrength, as upon his duty. He perſwaded himſelf that a good Cauſe cannot be forſaken of God, and that we ought to eſſay to ſerve him, applying our wills to his orders, and leaving all the ſucceſs of our works to his diſpoſal.

This great zeal that he had of Juſtice was accompanied with a well tempered prudence. As he never let looſe himſelf in that which was abſolutely of the Law, ſo did he never uſe to rack himſelf by unprofitable ſcruples, that are ordinary enough to thoſe that are zealous through indiſcretion. Some of his Nation ſhewed themſelves ſo ſuperſtitious, that being aſſaulted by their enemies on the Saturday, they let their throats be cut, as ſheep, without the leaſt reſiſtance, for fear of violating the Sabbath, if they ſhould put themſelves upon a defence. *Judas* following the example of his father *Mattathias* took away that errour, which tended to the general deſolation of his Country, and ſhewed by lively reaſons, that God who hath obliged us to the preſervation of our ſelves by the Law of Nature, had never ſuch an intention as to give us for a prey to our enemies by an indiſcreet ſuperſtition. That it was a good work to defend the Altars and ones Country againſt the Infidels, and that it was not to break the Sabbath, but rather to ſanctifie it.

Following theſe paths, he was the firſt of all the Jews that made a League with the Romans, which hath ſeemed a little harſh to *Rupertus*, and ſome other Divines. But we muſt conſider what Saint *Paul* ſaith, *That if all commerce with the Gentiles had been forbidden to the Jews, and to the firſt Chriſtians, they ſhould have been conſtrained rather to go out of the world, then converſe in it.* Never did this great Captain in his moſt preſſing neceſſities cauſe the Roman ſouldiers to come into *Paleſtine*, fearing leſt their approach might bring ſome damage and prophanation to an Holy Land. But foraſmuch as he ſaw himſelf environed all round with Kings that bowed under the puiſſance of the Roman Empire, he thought that it would be convenient to endeavour to gain their friendſhip to obtain more eaſily Juſtice againſt the oppreſſions of his neighbours. He employed the power of the Infidels not to torment the faithfull, but to ruine infidelity. He ſought to thoſe into whoſe hands God had put the Power, to have the exerciſe of it to the glory of him that had communicated it to them; this was not a crime, but a moſt exquiſite piece of prudence.

The falſe high Prieſt *Alcimus*, *Judas*'s adverſary, did not uſe the matter ſo, who cauſed the Armies of *Antiochus* to come to the deſtruction of the Altars, and to the maſſacre of his brethren, which cauſed him to be ſmitten with a ſtroak from Heaven, and rendred him execrable to the memory of men.

But we muſt acknowledg, that of all the great qualities that hath ſhined in this ſo famous man, Valour hath alwayes held one of the upper ranks. He was made for Military virtue, and furniſhed with all the neceſſary conditions that make Generals of Armies and Conquerours. An elevated birth, an happy beginning that he made under his father, ſcience of War, Authority, Happineſs, Vigilancy, Activeneſs, Boldneſs, Government, and whatſoever is beſt in the profeſſion of Arms, had contributed to make of him the wonder of his age. He was a Lion's heart, that found ſecurity in dangers, and would not have even Crowns themſelves, if he did not pluck them out of the midſt of thorns. One cannot read without admiration the two books of the *Maccabees*, in conſidering the great progreſſes that he made in ſo little time, and ſo many various encounters. In the ſpace of ſix years he ſuſtained the great and prodigious forces of three Kings

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of *Asia*, opposing himself with a little flying Camp against Armies of fourty, sixty, an hundred thousand men, which he put into disorder and confusion. He defeated in ranged battels and in divers combats, nine Generals of the Infidels, killing some with his own hand, and carrying away their spoils.

The first amongst them was *Apollonius*, who was of an high repute in *Antiochus* his Reign; because that he had been employed in the principal businesses of the Realm, treating with the *Romans* and the *Egyptians* for his Master. It is the very same that entred into *Jerusalem* with an Army of two and twenty thousand men, and under pretence of Peace made there an horrible spoil. Assoon as he heard that *Judas Maccabeus* had put himself into the field with a strength very little considerable, he thought that being Governour of *Syria* and of *Phenicia*, and at that time upon the place, the business concerned him above all others: and therefore he collects together great troops to stop the progress of the *Jews*, and to succeed with all security. But the valorous *Maccabeus* prevented him so vigorously, that he had not the leisure well to bethink himself: he gave him battel, wherein his men, seeing the assaults of the faithful people that seemed the assaults of Giants, began to stagger. Whatsoever pains he took to rally them, fear had so far gained upon them, that they destroy'd themselves for fear of being destroyed. *Judas*, by *Joseph Gorian's* report, made that day the heads of his enemies to fal under his courtle-ax, as fast as the ears of corn fall under the hook of the Reaper. He chose *Apollonius* out of the middle of his best souldiers and ran to him, challenging him to a Duel, in which the other was overcom in the sight of a trembling Army, and *Judas* took away his sword, which he used the rest of his days in so many glorious Combats.

Seron that was Lievtenant under *Apollonius*, pushed on with vengeance, and with glory that made him long since seek out an occasion to make himself renowned, thinking that *Apollonius* his defeat was but a stroke of Fortune, and that he should quickly bring *Judas* into good order, rallied all his forces, increasing his Army as much as possibly he could; which gave at first a great terrour to the *Hebrews*, seeing that the heads of that *Hydra* which they thought had been cut off pushed forth so suddenly. They had journied and fasted the very day of the combat, and seem'd all discourag'd; but *Judas* exhorted them with an ardent speech that put fire and spirit into all his Army. It fell so opportunely upon the enemy, that *Seron* thought he had to do rather with hungry wolves then men; and although he came with a great deal of bravery to the encounter, he quickly perceived that he had sung the Triumph before the Victory, and had very much ado to retire with a whole skin, contenting himself to run away after he had had the hope of conquering.

Lysias, that was the Almighty under King *Antiochus*, grew mad to see himself out-braved by so small an Army of men contemptible, and knew not what account to give the King his Master, to whom he had promised to root out the remainders of the Jewish people, so that there should not be any memory of them left behind. He chose on divers occasions three of the best Generals of all the Armies, which were *Ptolomy*, *Gorgias*, and *Nicanor*. *Ptolomy* made not any great braga; *Gorgias* was vain enough to promise himself the victory, and perswaded himself that he was very dreadful. But *Judas*, though he had then but three thousand men badly armed, defeated him, and took his camp which was filled with great riches, which gave a great temptation to the Jewish Army that desired nothing but readily to throw themselves upon the booty. Yet their Conductour that knew the art of War, and that many busying themselves about the spoils had lost their honour and their life, gave a strict command that they should not touch that pray of the *Infidels* before the defeat was perfected; and thereupon set himself to pursue his enemies that were in a disorder, and after he had killed a good number of them, put the rest to flight.

Nicanor that was the third of those Generals, after he had experimented the valour of *Judas* with the loss of his men, resolved not to commit his reputation to the incertainty of combats, but put off the Lions skin to take the Foxes, endeavouring to surprise *Judas* by treachery, seeing that he was impregnable by force. He made as though he sued to him for Peace, and under colour of friendship to draw him to a parly, wherein he had a design to seize upon him, thinking that it was the shortest way to end the War. But *Judas* took good order for the security of his person, and diverted that wicked design that the other had upon him. The Agreement, that was esteemed a meer dissembling, failed not to succeed: the two Generals saw each other, and having promised faithfulness to one another, *Nicanor* entred into *Jerusalem*, and expressed much cordialness to the *Maccabean*, whether he was taken with the admiration of his virtues, and the charms of his conversation, or that he employed all those caresses to deceive him; Yet they were so visible, that they gave a jealousie to the King by the reports of some ill tongues, that rendred the familiarity of *Judas* and *Nicanor* suspected to the State. He was constrained to take a journy to the Court to justifie himself thereon, and was dismissed with an express command to send the *Maccabean* bound in chains unto the City of *Antioch*, if he would that his justifications should be believed. He returned then into *Judea* continuing always his impostures, but *Judas* having been advertised of it, distrusted him, and left *Jerusalem* to retire himself unto *Samaria*. *Nicanor* caused the Priests to be summoned, to deliver him up alive or dead; and in case they did refuse, he threatned to prophane the Temple, and to make a dedication of it to the false Deities. The Priests having protested to him that it was not in their power, since *Judas* had forsook their City, he retired with an intention to make an exact inquest after him, and to carry him prisoner to the King.

But he seeing that the danger was very great, stifned his courage, and resolved himself rather to die like a gallant man, then to let himself be taken like a sit-still. He disposed his whole Army by extraordinary devotions and exhortations, that were all of fire, as being to enterprize one of the most important Combats. *Nicanor* caused his troops to march who were of a great number, and concluded to give battel on a Saturday, believing that the day of Rest would make him a better market of the enemies blood. He had in his Army some *Jews* that followed him, either by a voluntary Apostacy, or by necessity, that at that time advertised him that he would do well to defer the day of so dangerous a battel, by reason that it was dedicated to Rest. But he demanded thereupon who he was that had ordained that day of Sabbath to countenance their sloth? They answered him, that it was the God of Heaven that had destined it for his Glory; whereto he replyed, That that God of Heaven should content himself

himself to make Laws in his own Dominion, but that he, that was the Almighty here on earth commanded them to march for the busines of the King. He was carried away with choler and precipitation, which are two very dangerous rocks in the beginning of a battel, besides the vengeance of God pursued him as the cheif of all blasphemers. He fought so ill, that having been defeated by *Judas*, he left thirty and five thousand dead upon the place, whose number he augmented, finding himself involved in the common misery. The Conquerour causes his body to be sought out, and commanded that his head should be cut off, and the hand that he had stretched out against the Altars; ordering them to be hang'd up in the very remarkable places to be beheld by all the world: the Tongue that had blasphemed against God was plucked out of his palate, and given for a prey to the birds of rapine. Such was the end of that blasphemer, who hath made us see, that a man never despises God in his life but he experiments the arrows of his vengeance at his death. He should make a long discourse that would follow in the trace, all the valorous acts of *Judas*. I content my self, my Reader, to set before your eys all that is most illustrious, and to make you see how God fought for *Judas* and his brethren under the Reign of six Kings, with whom they had great busines to scuffle for.

The first and the most capital of their enemies was that *Antiochus* surnamed the *Illustrious*, who was a factious spirit, turbulent, and enraged, that had undertaken to destroy the whole Nation of the *Jews*, because they had rejoyced at the presages of his death. One onely expedition that he made unto *Jerusalem* to revenge himself, cost the liberty or the life of fourscore thousand souls, the entire desolation of the Temple, pillaged, ransaked, and prophaned, even so far, as that there was seen in it a Statue of *Jupiter Olympian* upon the Altar. After all these disasters he left *Lysias* his Lieutenant to extirpate the remainder of the *Jewish* people, and drew away to the coasts of *Persia* to make some new pillages. It was a King that *Daniel* calls the Impudent, because he had neither God, nor Conscience, nor Faith, nor Government, alwayes carried away by an impetuous flux of his own passions, that transfigured him into the savagest of all beasts.

After a Reign of twelve years he finish'd his life by a most horrible end, which made it visible enough that God combated for his *Maccabee*, and for all the faithful people. The Scripture saith, That that wicked man that often passed from profusion to necessity without ever separating himself from an insatiable avarice, having heard that there was a Temple very rich in the city of *Persepolis*, and that it was filled with gold and silver, and all the most exquisite rarities that *Alexander the Great* had left there, resolved to take the City, and pillage the Temple, as he had done that of *Jerusalem*: But the inhabitants having had intelligence of his design, beat him back with much confusion and great loss of his men, in the ruin of which he saw himself almost overwhelmed.

As he return'd from that voyage in a very shameful disorder, he heard of the great successes of our *Maccabee*, and of the routing of the Lieutenants, and of the forces that he had left behind him in *Judea*. This news arriving at a crosse time struck him upon his wounds, and pierced him to the heart with a lively and pricking grief. He fumed against heaven, he detested his fortune and his life, and swore that he would make no more of *Jerusalem* but a common tomb of all the inhabitants of the City.

He hastned with great marches for that effect, and was smitten with a stroke from heaven as invisible as it was afterward incurable. He that had plucked out the bowels of so many innocents, felt himself tormented with a furious collick, and with a multitude of infernal pains, that in a moment deprived him of his appetite, of his rest, and of all the joys of life. And as evils ordinarily enough come upon the neck of one another, it happened that whiles he caused himself to be drawn in his Caroch with too much precipitation, he fell, and got a wound by that fall, wherein corruption and worms suddenly arose, that infested that miserable body after a strange manner. The stink of it was so great that all the Army sented the infection of it, and he himself had very much ado to endure himself.

Sometimes he entred into great choler that made him vomit out execrable blasphemies, sometimes he suffered himself to be carried away by lamentation unseemly to his dignity, deploring the losse of that estate which was so beautiful, so stately, so triumphant, filled with honours, with health, with contentments and delights. Sometimes he passed into black affrights, and felt stinging remorses for his life past, saying, that all his misery came from having prophaned the Temple of *Jerusalem*, and made so bloudy a butchery of that poor people; that he perceived at present, that there was a sovereign power in heaven to whom all Kings do owe obedience, and that it is an unmeasurable folly for men to equal themselves with God. Furthermore, he protested, that if he recovered his health, he would make reparation for all his faults by an extraordinary piety, filling with riches the Temple that he had pillaged, and using the *Jews* with all courtesies and all liberalities possible for a great King; adding to all this, that he would make profession of the *Jews* Religion, and would become a servant of the true God. This wicked man had his mouth open to sorrows, and to vows; but God had no ears for him, and it was in vain to seek for mercy after he had so many times despised it. At last he rendred up his criminal soul after a Reign of twelve years, to suffer an eternity of punishments.

One may observe in many Histories, that some very bloudy Tyrants have not ended by the sword; but that God hath laid his hand upon them by some strange malady and visible strokes, that have made them die slowly, and rendred them spectatours of their own dishonour, and of their own funerals. So died *Herod*, and *Tiberius*, *Alcimus*, *Copronymus*, and *Leo*.

This miserable King left a son behind him of a very small age, named *Antiochus Eupator*, who was as soon successour of his fathers miserie as of his Empire. It is a pitiful thing that the children of Sovereign Princes that are born so great should not alwaies be born free. Many are like those creatures that bear purple, pearls, and musk; all that they have of Rich is the cause of their destruction; men cease not to torment them, and to hunt after them; and if they love them, it is onely to have their spoils. *Eupator* for that he was born a King became a slave to two of his fathers servants that contended for the Regency, and fell together by the ears to possess that unfortunate pupil. It is true that *Antiochus* when he was dying in a strange country, called *Philip* one of his great favourites and gave him the diadem, the purple royal, and the ring to carry to his son, and recommended him to him as in quality of a Tutour. But *Lysias* that had bred up this young Prince from his tender infancy, and held him yet

under his Government, thought himself to be in a good possession, and would by no means give it up.

He put off now that countenance of Governour, which bare by necessity of duty some lineaments of severity, and took one of a principal Officer of State, full of attractions and complacency towards his King, who esteemed himself very happy that he was got out of his Wardship, and had his liberty. He gained him to him by the taste he gave him of his greatness and delights, accompanied with a thousand fair promises to make him live the most contented and the most triumphant Monarch under heaven.

Eupator, that found his words true in that manner of life which *Lysias* let him lead, and who durst not anger him, imagining him yet to be his Master, shewed himself entirely for him, rejecting the pretensions of his Adversary. And that which aided more yet this design, was; that the Army of *Antiochus*, that seemed should have upheld *Philip's* party, was found weak, after it had been evil entreated in a long and tedious voyage. But *Lysias* had great forces on foot in *Palestine*, *Phenicia* and *Syria*, who yielded themselves to his disposal, seeing that the young King declared himself openly for him. His competitour then began to flatter, considering him guarded both with favour and with force; but he ceased not to foment his ambitions which made on that occasion a great havock.

The new Regent, whether through the hatred that he had against the *Jews*, or whether through the desire that came to him of giving lustre to the Arms of his young Prince, or whether he was moved to it by the complaints that ordinarily did beat upon his ears about the incursions and progresses of the *Maccabee*, made a great preparation of Warr, and came to fall into *Judea*. His Army was composed of an hundred thousand foot, twenty thousand horse, two and thirty well-trained Elephants that were distributed into diverse legions, and carried wooden Towers with great Engines upon their backs. Thirty women combated upon them, and about them marched five hundred Cavaliers with a thousand foot-men.

Judas had the hardiness to get him out of the fortress wherein he was to go and view them, and to oppose himself against their designs. But as soon as he was perceived, the adverse Army ranged themselves into a *Battalia* in the presence of the young King, who was very early up that day, beginning to relish the trade of Warr with some alacrity. The trumpets began to sound, and the Legions instantly were spread over the Mountains and over the vallies all round about *Jerusalem* with such a pomp, as that the earth trembled under the burden of the arms and of the engines of so great a train of men of Warr. They provoked then their Elephants to fight by shewing them the juice of grapes and mulberries squeezed out. Nothing was heard but shouts of soulders, but neighing of horses, but clashing of lances and of swords, and just at the break of day, as the Sun appeared in the Horizon, the guilded bucklers cast out so great a light, that all the neighbouring mountains seemed to be filled with burning torches.

It is a prodigious thing, that the great heart of the *Maccabee* should march in the head of his army and begin to charge the enemy, which he dealt roughly with, killing at first five hundred men of the Kings van-guard without any loss of his. But that which seemed most fearfull, was, that *Eleazer* a Jewish Captain, having perceived an Elephant well armed and pompously adorned above the rest, imagined that the King *Eupator* combated upon it, and was pricked forward with a generous glory to assault and overthrow him. He passed through all the ranks of the army of the Infidels that were opposed against him, and arrived even to that terrible beast, under which he slipt himself, and pierced it with his sword, but finding himself cooped in by the multitude of men that were about and over him, he could not make a retreat soon enough, but was (as Saint *Ambrose* said) buried in his triumph.

Yet *Judas* having perceived the puissant forces of the King, saw well that the party was not tenable, and made an honourable retreat into *Jerusalem*. *Lysias* failed not to follow and besiege him in his trenches with abundance of engines of stone and fire. The other defended himself very courageously, resolving rather to bury himself in that place, then to yield it up by any sort of baseness. The besieged after some time were reduced to some extremity, being combated by arms and hunger in a year of rest, wherein the *Jews*, according to their custom, had sowed nothing, & were no more in hopes to gather any fruits. There was every where a very great desolation, but (as the favours of heaven happen often to good men in the bottom of their miseries) behold an unexpected accident, that provided far other business for *Lysias* and his Pupil! *Philip* took his time, and seeing his Rival busied in that Jewish warr, was resolved to ruine him; and to make *Eupator* a companion of his misery, seeing he had rendred himself the instrument of his will. The deceased King had a brother named *Demetrius*, who was at that time at *Rome* given in hostage, having not the liberty to return unto his Kingdom. *Philip* pricked with jealousie against *Lysias*, failed not to solicite that young Prince to seize upon the Empire, businesses being not yet well settled in the Nonage of King *Eupator*. It was an injustice and perfidiousness against the sovereign; but for as much as *Antiochus* the last dead father of *Eupator* had hereunto supplanted his Nephew by the same artifices, *Demetrius* left not to hearken to it.

In those fair hopes of the Crown, and in his captivity he was as a Bird that torments himself in his cage upon the arrival of a spring, and burned with a strong passion to have his dismission from the *Roman* Senate, to put in order as he said, the affairs of the Kingdom, and to assist the King his Nephew after his Fathers death. But the *Romans* that took pity on the Pupil by reason of Justice, and that feared least this man would embroil the State, denyed him the liberty that he desired. *Philip* failed not to possesse himself of the City of *Antioch* the Metropolis of the Kingdom, and to tread out the way for *Demetrius* to his Nephews Throne. There were men suborned that ceased not to sow amongst the souldiers and people, That it was not a fundamental Law in the Kingdom of the *Seleucides*, that the Nephew should precede the Uncle; and although men had a minde to introduce it, that the Father of the pretended King had abrogated it, usurping the Scepter upon his Nephew; that one should do his race no injury to render it the same usage; that there was no reason to refuse a Prince of four and twenty years of age, well made, full of spirit, of courage, and authority, to take a Child that had neither strength nor counsel, nor industry, and which was born for nothing but to ruine all. To this was added, that it was not the bloud of the *Seleucides* that was upon the Throne, but that *Lysias* Reigned, and went about to render himself usurper of the Crown of *Asia*, which was the uttermost of reproaches

that

that ſo generous a Nation could endure to ſee a man of nothing, inſolent, ſavage, to make himſelf Maſter of the moſt conſiderable part of the world, and to exerciſe a tyranny upon men of honour and merit, that oppoſe his pernicious deſigns.

Theſe complaints often redoubled ceaſed not to ſtirre up ſpirits, and to procure the change of State that followed. *Lyſias* ſaw well that it was not now a time to be obſtinate on the ruine of the *Jews*, nor to buſie himſelf about the Siege of one place, when the whole Realm was a tottering. He thought on nothing, but on getting ſpeedily out of that Warr with ſome little honour, thinking it not convenient to provoke a people, mutinous enough, in that commotion. He cauſed the young King to look upon them with a quite other countenance, and told him that it was beſt to let them live in peace, without diſturbing them in the matter of Religion; aſſuring him that in all other caſes they would contain themſelves within their duty; and that good ſervices enough might be drawn from them. Yet that he might not diſcover any lightneſs in this change, he laid all the fault upon *Menelaus*, that was an Apoſtate *Jew*, and an enemy of his Nation, who, he ſaid, had been the cauſe of all the confuſion by his railing ſpeeches; and therefore he made him ſerve for a ſacrifice to that treaty of Peace, in which he ſingularly obliged the *Jews*, and waſhed away the blot, that the favour expreſſed by him to this wicked villain had printed upon his face. He ſhewed by this action the counſel that Politicians give their Sovereigns, to abandon thoſe to the publick hatred that have carried them to reproachable exceſſes, to diſburden themſelves of the envy; and if he had practiſed this example towards him that then made himſelf the teacher of it, his Scepter had been more ſecured, and his life moſt laſting.

Lyſias, before he raiſed the Siege of *Jeruſalem*, made an Oration publickly before the Principals of the Army and all the Souldiery, alledging fair pretences for that reſolution, but taking great heed not to diſcover the chief cauſe, for fear leſt that news ſhould wave the mindes of thoſe that inclined enough already to the ſide of novelty and ſedition. He uſed a wonderfull diligence to render himſelf before the City of *Antioch*, into which he entred, and *Philip*, who found not himſelf yet ſtrong enough to hold out a long ſiege, quitted to him the place, and fled away to *Egypt*. This firſt ſucceſſe puffed up the heart of *Lyſias*, who became exceeding haughty, and conſidered ſo little the *Romans* in that high puiſſance that made the earth to tremble, that he permitted an Embaſſadour, ſent to him by the Senate, to be aſſaſſinated, without ſhewing any reaſon.

In the mean time, one *Diodorus* that had bred up *Demetrius* in his infancy, tranſported himſelf from *Syria* to *Rome*, and animated him by a great vigour of words and reaſons, to render himſelf an uſurper of the Crown. He certified him that his Nephew *Eupator*, which was a child but nine years old, was not any whit conſidered; that *Lyſias* was the object of the publick execration; that he had confidence in no body, nor any one in him; that all the Souldiery and people ſought a new Maſter; and that he was aſſured, that if he did onely ſhew himſelf, though he ſhould be followed but with one Servant onely, all the world would run to him to carry him to the Throne. He kindled ſo ſtrongly the ambition of that young Prince, that he ſecretly ſtole away from *Rome*, and made account to go to the Conqueſt of an Empire, accompanied onely with eight perſons. He failed not upon the way to write to the Senate of *Rome*, making great excuſes for his ſo ſudden a departure, renewing the offers of his ſervices, and the oaths of his fidelity, with a proteſtation that he went not to trouble his Nephew, but to oppoſe *Lyſias* that was an inſolent fellow, and would bring under the ſubjection of his Tyranny both the King and Kingdom; he forgot not to charge him with the Murder of *Octavius* a *Roman* Embaſſadour, that had been newly ſlain, adding that he would become the Revenger of ſo cowardly a Treachery.

The *Romans* ſeemed neither to be aſtoniſhed nor angry at his going: but attended the ſucceſſe of his affairs to make him anſwer. He quickly got as far as the City of *Tyre*, and ſent ſecretly *Diodorus* into *Antioch* to hear the reports, and ſound the ſpirits of men, which he found very much diſpoſed to a change.

Whereupon *Demetrius* declared himſelf, and took the Diadem with a generall applauſe of the *Tyrians*, that made a great faction for him. *Lyſias* with his *Eupator*, found himſelf much ſurpriſed at the news; and deliberated a long time, whether he ſhould go out of that narrow paſſage to meet and fight with him, or intrench himſelf in the City of *Antioch*, or expect him with ſure footing. This laſt advice ſeemed the more ſecure: but it was leſs glorious, ſuddenly to ſhut himſelf up upon the firſt bruit of a ſedition, and as a fearfull creature to run into his hole to hide himſelf. It was repreſented to him, That the ſovereign remedy againſt thoſe tumults, was to fly ſpeedily to them, whereas delay would ſerve for nothing but to augment the boldneſs of the inſolent; that ordinarily they were very much amated when they were ſet upon with vigour, before their conſpiracy was ſettled; that many that were yet but half engaged, would retire from them at the leaſt rumour; that the Majeſty of Kings bore ſomething of great and ſacred, that aſtoniſhed the Rebels. In fine, that it appertained to the dignity of ſo high a Prince, and to the prudence of a Miniſter of State, to endure nothing baſe: but to put themſelves ſuddenly into the field to defend their honour and their Kingdom, which are two things whoſe loſs is irrecoverable.

Thoſe that deſired moſt the ruine of *Lyſias*, were the firſt to flatter him concerning Courage and Generoſity, wiſhing nothing more then to ſee him in the field. This made him go out of *Antioch* to go meet *Demetrius*. But he that had ſeen himſelf ſo well accompanied in proſperity, found himſelf almoſt all alone in danger; for he was betrayed and ſold by his own Souldiers, who ſeized upon the young King and him, to deliver them to *Demetrius*, who was yet in a great uncertainty of ſucceſſe, and ſaid to thoſe that had elected him.

Companions, I am your work; and the queſtion of my life, of your honour, of your goods, and of all that a mortall man can fear, or hope for, is this day to be decided. If ye perſiſt in the good will ye bear to me, I eſteem my ſelf ſufficiently, and ſufficiently rich. The Scepter is nothing to me in compariſon of the approbation of your judgements and of your choice, which ought now to be verified by your courage and by your arms: We march under the favour of the Gods of the *Roman* Empire, againſt a Tyrant that hath poſſeſſed himſelf of that young Prince and of the Crown, to aſſaſſinate the one and rob the other. It is time either to defend Juſtice by our bloud, or to conquer the Empire by our ſweat.

As he was upon these discourses, the news came wholly to him, that *Lysias* had been apprehended (with his Pupil) by the consent of all the Legions, and they were to be brought to him Prisoners. This grand word gave him joy mingled with some doubt, which made him meditate how he should use his fortune. He shewed that he had a very great sense of the honour that had been bestowed upon him; but he desired not to see *Lysias* nor his Nephew (as the Scripture assures us) whether it was that his heart was mollified with some tenderness by the compassion of his bloud, or whether it was a wile of a Politician who would not seem to doe that which he procured to be done, that he might have lesse blame in that action, and that he might the more easily justifie himself to the Roman Senate about the death of the young King. The Souldiers finished that which he had begun, slew *Lysias*, and laid their bloudy hands upon the person of poor *Eupator*, without having any regard either to the innocency of his life, or to the tenderness of his age, or to the character that he bore: so true it is that ambition is filled with a contagious venome that spares nothing for the satiating of it self.

Demetrius saw himself King by a generall consent of all the orders of the Realm, and had no more any thing to fear, unless it was from the *Romans*, the distributers of Empires and of Glories. And therefore he employed all his cares to appease them by great submissions and reasons, that made them plainly see, that it was more for the interest of their State to preserve then to destroy him. He sent them for this purpose a solemn Embassage with with great presents; and above all, a Crown of an high price, for a mark that he submitted his Royal dignity to their discretion. Further yet, to testifie how he embraced their loves and their revenges, he caused *Leptines* and *Isocrates* the Gramarian to be put in chains, that were accused to have had an hand in the murdering of *Octavius* their Embassadour, and sent them away to *Rome*, to receive the sentence of the Senate. The *Roman* relished well all those references, and confirmed the new King in his pretensions upon the protestations that he made, that he was not stained with his Nephews bloud, whom he said to have been taken away by the misfortune of a Sedition raised against him, without having any means to save himself; and if he had not made a search after the crime, he excused himself by the generality of the culpable, as being a thing ordinary enough, that sins that have an infinite multitude of Complices, have not any punishment.

He was no sooner upon the Throne, but he saw himself involved by mishap in a warr against the *Maccabees*. *Alcimus*, that was a disloyall Jew and Traitour to his Nation, pricked forward by the ambition of the Pontificate, and jealous, even to rage, of the great Progresses of *Judas*, failed not to prepossesse the spirit of the King, who was a man of an easie belief, to make black his Adversary by most horrible Calumnies, and to interest all the Kingdoms of *Syria* to his ruine. This Forger of Warrs and Battels obtained all that he did desire by detestable Artifices, and caused Armies to go to the ruine and desolation of his Countrey. *Judas Maccabeus* upon this change, kindled again his antient vigour, and rallied all his forces to oppose the Generals of King *Demetrius*; so that at first, he defeated some of them with a very famous rout, which more inflamed that Monarch, not being able to endure that his Arms should be cryed down at the beginning of his Reign; this made him send into the field Army upon Army with so great impetuousnesse, that there was no more any means left to make resistance.

Yet the great heart of the *Maccabee* could not yield, but sailed against winde and tide, the thoughts of his valour making him forget those of his danger. He had yet three thousand men very resolute fellows, with which he promised himself to continue his Victories; but when *Bacchides* the Generall was seen appear with an Army of two and twenty thousand men, many withdrew themselves for fear of the danger into which the *Maccabee*, following the ordinary Tracts of his courage, was about to precipitate them. These runawayes beginning to wheel about to the other side, stole away so handsomely from the Army, that of three thousand there remained but eight hundred. The *Maccabee* felt his heart much pierced, seeing himself forsaken of his brethren and of his friends in his greatest need; he burned with a desire to charge his enemies, but when he considered the small forces he had about him, his heart bled within him. It was an evident peril to approach the enemy, and death to retire from them; diverse thoughts about this Combat contended in his heart, but those that favoured his boldness had the upper hand. Let us go (sayes he to his men) and try our fortune; let us essay whether we shall have heart enough to encounter the Army that comes against us. The most considerate men replyed, that they wanted not any courage, but that their small appearance would not be able to affront an Army of two and twenty thousand men, with a Regiment not compleat; and that it was expedient for them to retire that day to rally some new Troops, and to return to the Combat with hopes of greater Advantages. God forbid (replyed the *Maccabee*) that our enemies should have that contentment to see us turn our backs and fly before them; this is a thing I could never yet be taught since I took up Arms. Ha! Where is that gallantry that I have alwayes seen in you? Ought we to be so much in love with life? If our hour be come, let us dye valorously for our brethren, and let us not leave a blemish upon the lustre of the honour that we have acquired.

He carryes them away all by his Authority, and they are already resolved to conquer or to dye. The Trumpet sound on both sides, the Earth eccho's with the noise of the Arms, and shouts of the Souldiers. *Bacchides* causes his Dragoons, armed with Arrows and with Slings, to advance, who began the skirmish, and led up a great Battel that endured from the Morning to the Evening, the one combating by Number, and the other by Valour. And when the *Maccabee* saw that the best Troops were on the right point about the person of *Bacchides*, he resolved to make his way thither, which he did, with a prodigious violence, making them lose their footing, and beating them back with much confusion. But those on the left point, that were yet fresh, seeing the disorder of their Companions, came to fall upon *Judas* and upon all his Troup that were extremely wearied with having laid upon the place so many bodies of the Enemies. These defended themselves valiantly, but the multitude of those that set upon them on all parts, overwhelmed them, and the incomparable *Maccabee*, by having received many wounds, opened as many bloudy-gates to his generous soul to fly away into the other world.

There are neither *Colossus's* nor *Pyramids* that can

can equal the deeds of this gallant man. Never did any man fight better, or for a better Cause. His heart was a source of generous flames; his hand was the thunder it self, his valour a miracle; his life an example; and his death was like to be that of his whole countrey that would have buried it self in his tomb, if his brothers, *Jonathan* and *Simon* had not enlarged his conquests by the imitation of his prowess.

The good party was much weakened by the decease of him th at was the soul of his whole Country and it seemed that *Juden* would quickly be swallowed up by the great forces of King *Demetrius*: but the succouring hand of the God of hosts was not wanting to his servants in the extremity of so many miseries. The pernicious *Alcimus* that had raised that whole storm, when he thought himself to be above his hopes, was smitten with a stroke from heaven, and died suddenly of a strange malady.

Demetrius after a Reign of some years saw a great faction raised against him from that coast whence he least expected it, which deprived him of his Scepter and his life. His scornful and haughty nature made him disdain the Kings his neighbours, even so far as to offend them, by ways of words and deeds. He was also little affable and courteous to his Subjects, that loved naturally to be caressed of their Prince; and although at first he was of an humour good enough, yet he was so much changed, that having built a very sumptuous Castle near his Capital city, he lived there constantly to take his pleasure, and let himsef be seen by very few. His people of *Antioch* that was on the other side arrogant enough, were incensed and wearied with his Reign. They began to raise rebellions that were fomented under hand by the Kings of *Egypt*, of *Asia*, and of *Cappadocia* that distrusted him, and thought to find him a successour.

He was quite astonished, when he saw one *Pompalus*, a young man, before that time unknown, that called himself the son of *Antiochus* the *Illustrious*, and brother of *Eupator*, come and demand the Kingdom of *Syria*, as appertaining to him by right of birth. Many Historians hold that it was a pure fiction, and that that pretended was suborned by the artifice of those three Kings, and namely of *Ariarathes* the *Cappadocian*: yet since the Scripture names him the son of *Antiochus* the *Illustrious*; I find that it is very probable to follow that which others have written, and to say that that *Antiochus* had heretofore made love to a young *Rhodian* woman named *Bala*, on whom he had begotten this natural son with his sister *Laodice*. He failed not to shew himself at *Rome*, and to make himself be somewhat taken notice of by the practices of one *Heraclides*, a wise and crafty man in managing businesses. The enemies of *Demetrius* embraced this occasion to disturb him, and carried (as much as they were able) this man to the throne, not by reason of Justice, but becaus they believed they should have a better market for their pretensions by making a new creature, then suffering any longer him they had rendred more absolute, then they desired he should be.

It is a strange thing that a man of nothing, found instantly Cities, Armies, and a Kingdom at his devotion. It was now that *Jonathan*, the brother and successour of *Judas*, was sought after, and sued to by those two adversary Kings with extreme earnestnes. *Pompalus* that took the name of *Alexander*, wrote him letters ful of honour, offering him the Principality and Pontificate of his Nation, qualifying him with the name of friend, and sending him a purple Robe with a Crown of gold. *Demetrius*, whom necessity had rendred very courteous, made him also on the other side a thousand fair promises to draw him to his party. He exempted him from all Tributes, he took away the Garrisons, he gave him places of importance by a free gift, he received the Jews to offices & governments, he restored all those of their Nation that he held in hostage, He granted them an intire Liberty in their Religion and Policy, and Revenues also for the Temple; so that there was nothing more to be desired.

Yet *Jonathan* would never range himself under his Standards, but (as injuries being yet fresh, smart more then old ones) the *Jews* chose rather to give themselves to the son of their most cruel persecutour, then to *Demetrius* that had taken from them their dear *Maccabee*, and held yet their liberty under oppression. The party already made against that miserable Prince, fortified it self every day; and although he took all the good order that his affairs seemed to require: yet he could not divert his unhappiness that dragged him to a precipice. It is true that he got the better in some small encounters; but when the great battel that was to decide the controversie of the Kingdom was to be given, he saw himself very much forsaken, and his enemy assisted with the best forces of all *Asia*. He failed not for all that to fight with all possible valour, and although his Army was scattered, he would never fly: but cast himself in the hottest of the mingling, killing many of his enemies with his own hand. His horse having taken a false step slipped himself into a slough whence he could not get out; but he suddenly quitted him, got himself on foot, and made a great spectacle, a King covered with dirt & bloud, with his sword in his hand, that laied about with a stiff arm, and without remission sustained the hail of arrows that the enemy let fly upon him, standing in flexible against all those disasters of his evil fortune. In fine, he would not quit his Crown but with his life, and buried himself in honour.

Every one bows under the happiness of that false *Alexander*; he mounts suddenly upon the Throne of his adversary, where he receives the services and adoration of all the world. *Philometer* the King of *Egypt*, that had much upheld his party, in which he sought his own interests, gives him his daughter *Cleopatra* in marriage, whose wedding was magnificently celebrated in the city of *Ptolomais*, in the presence of the two Kings, the father-in law & the son-in law, where *Jonathan* was also present that was caressed of both the two by extraordinary favours, and managed the businesses of his State with all possible advantages.

Alexander seeing himself in unexpected riches, & amidst so many ornaments of a borrowed fortune, could not contain himself, but let himself flag in a sluggish and voluptuous life, abandoning all the affairs of his Kingdom to the discretion of one *Ammonius*, a young brainless fellow, who carried himself most insolently, & incensed the Queen *Laodice*, & all the Nobles of the Court in such a manner, as that he was at last set upon, & slain in the habit of a woman which he had put on to secure himself, God thus taking vengeance of his filthy and effeminate life. The *Antiochians* were first weary of the dissolute life of their Prince that was alwayes in the midst of wine and women, which made them believe that he was a supposititious King that had nothing in him of generous. They began to regret *Demetrius*, whom they had seen dy with so much courage, and knowing

that

that he had left two ſons yet very young, one of which bore his Fathers name, and the other was called *Antiochus Sidetes*; They invited the elder of them, giving him aſſurance that he ſhould have the Crown.

Philometar that was aſhamed of the deportments of his ſon-in-law, and that under pretence of moderation deſired nothing leſs then to add the Diadem of *Syria* to that of *Egypt*, well knowing that ſo many changes of Maſters make a State ſhake, and give fair advantages to thoſe that would invade them, upholds this Rebellion, forſakes *Alexander*, and by a notable affront takes away his daughter from him to give her to the young *Demetrius*. And to colour his inconſtancy, he made a Manifeſt that publiſhed, That his ſon-in-law (by an execrable diſloyalty) had made an attempt upon his Kingdom and upon his life, which made him break the friendſhip that he had ſworn with him. Under this pretence he ſeizes on ſome places, which it was eaſie for him to keep whiles he made himſelf authour of the fortune of the new King. The miſerable *Alexander* awaking out of his ſurfeits, ſaw the *Egyptian* and all his Subjects bandyed againſt him, and a great Army that was coming to fall upon his head, which he reſiſted feebly, and quickly forſook his party, going to hide himſelf in the bottomes of *Arabia*, where he was hunted after and entrapped by *Zabdiel* the *Arabian*, who cut off his head, and carried it to the King of *Egypt*, who contemplated it a long time with a ſpirit more then ſalvage; for which he was puniſhed of God, and dyed three days after of the wounds he had received by a fall from his horſe at the defeating of his ſon-in-law.

Behold marvellous ſports of fortune, and great revolutions that ended not at this point yet. *Demetrius*, young of age and government, was not a man to ſettle a Kingdom ſhaken with ſo great concuſſions. He thought more of taking the pleaſures of Royalty, then of bearing the burthen of it; buſineſſes were to him as many puniſhments, and paſtime a continual exerciſe. This was the cauſe of new factions and great ſeditions that were raiſed in his Kingdom. The *Maccabees*, whom he gained to his party, rendred him very good offices, although he was more ready to receive them, then liberal to reward them.

In the weakneſs of this new Government ſtarted up the diſloyal *Tryphon*, who had been Captain of the Guard to the falſe *Alexander*; and having ſeized himſelf of a little childe that his Maſter had left behind him, he had the boldneſs to propound him for King and true Succeſſour of the Crown. When he ſaw that *Jonathan* already obliged to *Demetrius* was able to oppoſe his deſigns, and to unravel the web of his ambitions, he ſurpriſed him by a deteſtable treachery, and cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated with his children, after he had received the money that he had demanded for his ranſome.

The young King altogether aſtoniſhed at the party that was made againſt him, withdrew himſelf to the King of *Parthia*, to deſire aſſiſtance of him; where it happened, that by the calumny of his enemies, he was clapt up into an honourable Priſon as if he had come to make an attempt upon the Kingdom of his neighbour. His ſpirit, that was alwayes wanton, made love even in that captivity, and debauched a daughter of that King his hoſt, whom he was conſtrained to wed, although he was already married; and when he had ſtoln out of priſon, he was caught & brought back again to this new wife.

Tryphon knowing what had befaln him, cauſed his Pupil to be murthered by an execrable cruelty, feigning that he had been taken away by a natural death, and took the Diadem, profeſſing himſelf to be the revenger of the Tyrant, and the lawful King of *Syria*. After ſome time, the liberty of the young *Demetrius* was mediated, but his wife *Cleopatra*, that had a crafty and proud ſpirit, vext with the inconſtant loves of her husband, and wearied with his looſeneſs, raiſed up againſt him puiſſant enemies that maſſacred him. And ſome are of opinion that ſhe her ſelf was one of the complices of that attempt; and that *Demetrius* his brother, whom ſhe married afterwards, was not innocent of it. My Pen hath horrour at theſe bloudy tragedies, and paſſes over them as upon burning coals.

Antiochus Sidetes ſeeing himſelf on his brothers Throne, eagerly purſued *Tryphon*, and beſieged him in the city of *Dora*, where finding himſelf extremely ſtraightned, and out of all hopes of ſuccour, he killed himſelf with his own hand, and yet could not deface by his bloud the villanous ſtain of perfidiouſneſs that remained upon him by the death of the young King.

The Conquerour perceiving himſelf above his buſineſſes, ſaw that the *Maccabees*, in the troubles of *Syria* poſſeſſed by ſo many Kings, had made great progreſſes, would repreſs them; and made warre againſt *Simon* that ſucceeded his brother *Jonathan*, and who was afterward aſſaſſinated at a banquet by *Ptolomy* his ſon-in-law. the King, as 'tis thought upholding by his favour that cruel baſeneſs. Two of his ſons were involved in the miſerie of the father, and the murtherers were already diſpatched to add to them *John Hyrcan* ſon of the ſame *Simon*. But he, having had intelligence of that firſt deſign, ſtood upon his guard, and governed *Judea* the ſpace of more then thirty years with much prudence and happineſs; outliving a long time that laſt *Antiochus*, that was ſtoned to death as he was going to pillage the Temple of *Mannea*.

Hyrcan had for Succeſſour his ſon *Ariſtobulus* who took the Diadem, and reſumed the name of King among the *Jews*, after a long diſcontinuation, which happened an hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord. Thoſe of his race failed not to continue the Regall Dignity in their houſe, till that *Hyrcan*, which was ſo cruelly ſpoiled and maſſacred by *Herod*, as I have ſaid in the hiſtory of *Mariamne*.

Behold how the virtue of *Judas Maccabeus* extended it ſelf through many Ages, and without thinking of it, put the Crown upon the head of thoſe that were of his family and of his name, God recompencing his Zeal and Juſtice beyond the fourth generation. I have endeavoured to make in this diſcourſe a little abridgment of that which is contained in the two books of *Maccabees*, and relate it to you (my Reader) in a ſtreight line, & a method clear enough, hoping that you will have content and edification to ſee the Juſtice of God reign over ſo many crowned heads, who ceaſes not to puniſh the wicked, and to render to the good, ſafety and glory for a recompenſe of their virtue.

GODFREY

GODFREY of Bovillon.

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

IT was not the voice of a man, but an Oracle of the holy Spirit that Pope *Urban* the second pronounced, when he gave to the Crosier for a Device, *God will have it so* : This speech was the soul of all the Intentions of *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*. It was the Butt of all his actions. God never made the prodigious effects of his power more visibly appear then in the conduct of this most Illustrious Personage. It was a Captain formed in his Bosome, and instructed by his hand, that was to break the chains of the Christians, and to pull down the pride of the *Saltans*,

So many other expeditions were almost all splitted, but this of *Godfrey* bore a *God would have it so*, and nothing resisted its Good hap. Many men torment themselves all their life-time in great designs that are as the Dragons, and Chimera's, and armed men, that our fancy shapes upon the body of a Cloud. The wind drives them, the divers postures confound them, the Aspects change them, and all that we behold with admiration in the Heavens, falls in water upon our head, and makes mortar under our feet.

How many Princes have made great preparations both of Men and Elephants, of Horses and of Ships, of Arms and Ammunitions, out of a design to make great Conquests! and all this hath vanished for want of a *God will have it so*. There are certain impressions in great affais which are never found without the favours of heaven. One *God will have it so*, will make us sail in the Sea upon an Hurdle or upon a Tortoiseshel, one *God will* not *have it so*, wil drown us in a well Rigged Ship.

It was a *God wills it*, that seised in an instant the spirit of the most excellent *Cavaliers* of *Europe*, to undertake a voyage into the Holy Land; It was a *God wills it*, that made them followed by innumerable multitudes of Mortals. But it was also a *God wills it*, that made them cast their eyes upon *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, as upon the most valiant, the most happy, and the most able to pluck *Jernsalem* out of the hands of *Saladine*.

The King of the Bees appears not more visible in the middle of his swarm, then this great Captain appeared amongst an infintie number of *Cavaliers* assembled to revenge the holy Sepulchre. There was not one onely ray of the eyes that beheld him, that did not expres some favour to his Merit; he had as many approvers as Spectatours, and every man signed him his Commissions even by his silence.

That Illustrious bloud of the *Heroes* that ran in his veins, that advantageous Stature that raised him the head above so many Millions of men, that face that Majesty had chosen for her throne, that tongue that carried insensible chains to captivate mens hearts, that comelines of the forehead that was at once modest and bold, that valour that was painted on all his limbs, that courage that kindled a delightful fire in his eyes, all the Virtues that seemed to march about his Person, and in fine, that finger of God that had imprinted on him the Character of Conquerour, made him be chosen as the first Mover of that wonderful design.

There was nothing but his Modesty that opposed the desires of all the World, and that would make him yield to some other man that which every one conferred on him. But the consideration of the publick good carried him away, and made him load upon his shouldiers a burden that might tire the Giants. It is true that *Hugues* the King of *France* his brother held the first range by the highnes of his House: but counsel, execution of great designs, and experience compleated in all sorts of accidents, gave to *Godfrey* the managing of the Arms.

Our Army was found to be three hundred thousand Foot, and an hundred thousand Horse, that seemed to carry away the Mass of the earth; yet the *Saracens* were not discouraged but assembled themselves on all sides with so prodigious a Multitude, that it might, as it seemed, equal the veins of the Abyss, and the sands of the Sea-shore.

The controversie was for Religion, Honour, and goods, between two Nations that aspired to the Domination of the World, and that esteemed all sharing inconsistent with their Greatnes. The one came thither moved by their superstition, that had gained a marvellous advantage over spirits possessed by errour, and inchanted by the charmes of a

false

falſe Prophet. The other was carried by the true Religion, perſwading themſelves, that they had all Juſtice to pluck the Sepulchre of their Maſter out of the hands of Infidels; and that it would be an immortal Glory to them to loſe their Bloud in the ſame place that *Jeſus* had honoured with his.

Man's ſpirit is overwhelmed with the Number of Wonders that are read in the Hiſtory of this Warr. The Hiſtorians cannot follow them; and we muſt averr, that the brave *Godfrey* having far ſurpaſſed the deeds of *Achilles* and of *Hector*, hath had the misfortune to want an *Homer*.

He gave more then an hundred Battels before he ſaw himſelf at the end of his deſign; He fought with two Nations, that ſeemed Furies which Hell had vomited upon the Earth; he combated with Hunger, Thirſt, Sickneſs, and all the damnable Artifices of *Negromancers* that oppoſed his Valour. The eternal ſnow of the Mountain *Taurus*, the inacceſſible rocks, the Rivers died with bloud, the Seas armed with Tempeſts and with Monſters, did never abate his ardour.

He was ready to enter for the love of his Saviour into Regions where Nature is nothing but a benummed maſs, where the Sun hides it ſelf, and the night reigns without a Peer, where the moſt ſalvage Barbariſm makes us believe that it is ranged even as far as the Gates of Hell.

The City of *Nicea* that bore the name of victory it ſelf, was the firſt that preſented Palms to this our Conquerour. It was there, that *Solyman* one of the moſt Illuſtrious Generals of the *Barbarians* was beaten and quite vanquiſhed, all his Army being put into a Rout, with an exceeding Maſſacre, that filled *Aſia* with the terrour of the *Chriſtian* Arms. It was there that the Valiant *Godfrey* killed with his own hand a *Rabſhakeh* that braved it upon the wals of *Nicea*, with an immeaſurable preſumption of his ſtrength. The City was won; and the vigorous ſtorms of the beſiegers beat down before them all the reſiſtances of the beſieged.

The proud *Antioch* followed quickly after. And although that *Corbanes* was come to its relief with innumerable troops of *Parthians*, *Medes*, *Aſſyrians*, he could not ſtop the current of the proſperities of this invincible General: but augmented by the loſs of all his Legions the terrour of that victorious arm that overthrew ſmoaking Cities, and made in all places a deluge of the bloud of the *Barbarians*.

The *Caliph* of *Egypt* that was now advanced to divert the Fatal day of his Sect, ſaw himſelf involved in the ſame ruines that he thought to have repaired.

All their attempts now remained but for the City of *Jeruſalem*, which was the Object and Deſire of our heavenly *Argonauts*. It was aſſaulted and defended with a vigour that never yet had its equal. But in the end it yielded to the Arms of the *Chriſtians*. It was here that the Illuſtrious *Godfrey* was ſeen to combat upon an engine of wood that he had cauſed to be raiſed, to enter into the City. He appeared that day, not as a Man, but as a Demy-God, all flaming in the brightneſs of his Arms, whiles the Hail of Arrows flew about his Head, and his Arm mowing the *Turbants* of the *Saracens*, made way through fire and ſword. He entred firſt of all in bright day in the ſight of the Army into *Jeruſalem*, and pitched the Standard of the Croſs in the place where *Jeſus* had conſecrated it with his bloud. What acclamations! What Congratulations! What Palms and Laurels! The *Turks* fled as the pale Ghoſts of Hell, and the *Chriſtians* erected on all parts the Trophies of our Redeemer upon their ruines.

It was then that all the Princes proclaimed him King of the conquered Country, thinking that there was not any one more worthy of it, in the reſt of the whole world; ſeeing that he had joyned to that prodigious Valour, the virtues of Religion, Piety, Juſtice Prudence, Liberality, Magnificence, Goodneſs, Clemency and affability.

They failed not to offer him a royal Crown richly adorned with Pearls and pretious ſtones; but this good Prince filled with the zeal of Devotion ſaid, What! ſhould I bear the name of King in the place where my maſter hath been covered with reproaches? Should I take the Sceptre in my hand, where he hath taken the Croſs upon his ſhouldiers? Should I ſuffer a Crown of Gold to be put upon my head, where he hath received one of Thorns? Sure I ſhould then hold my ſelf for vanquiſhed, if ſuch a vanity ſhould be victorious over my heart. It is God that hath inſpired into us theſe deſigns, it is he that hath conducted them, and that hath Crowned them. I pretend to no other honour, then to hang all honours at the feet of his Croſs.

He contented himſelf with the name of *Duke*, and ſet himſelf preſently about labouring in the Civil Government, to purge the City of all its Infamies, to pull down the *Moſqueta's* to build Churches, to give a luſtre to the *Clergy*, to cauſe the Goſpel to be preached, to found Hoſpitals, to adminiſter Juſtice, to order the Militia for the defence of his Conqueſt, and in a word, to do all the duties of a moſt accompliſhed Monarch. But (can we ſpeak it without a Groan?) his Reign laſted but a year, and ſo many fair hopes were mowed down in their flower, by the pitileſs ſythe of Death. O impenetrable ſecrets of Providence! There was nothing beyond *Jeruſalem*, there was nothing beyond *Godfrey*, but God and Paradiſe, that could limit his deſigns, and bound his Conqueſts.

GEORGE

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

O Ye Tombs of the *Grecians*, whoſe Aſhes ſeem yet to exhale Valour, rejoyce now, and hide not the names you bear, for fear they ſhould ſhame Poſterity that hath degenerated from their Virtues. Brave Anceſtours! the Glory of your Nation is not yet extinguiſhed; It is raiſed again in one ſole Man, who hath recollected in his Perſon whatſoever generoſity had ſown in ſo many hearts, and whatſoever Honour hath ſtuffed in ſo many Tropheys.

I ſee in *Caſtriot* a certain object greater then *Leonidas* and *Themiſtocles*; I ſee *Pyrrhus*; I ſee *Alexander*: and if his Enemies have been more ſtout then the *Macedonians*; his Valour ought not for that, to ſeem the leſs.

He was a Souldier as ſoon as he was born a man; Nature pleaſed to engrave a Sword upon his body, at the ſame time as ſhe inſpired courage into his heart.

That Stature ſo proper, that Countenance ſo filled with Majeſty, thoſe Limbs ſo ſtrong and ſo robuſtuous, thoſe Eys that mingle the Rainbow with the Lightning, thoſe Hands that ſeem to have been made for nothing but to bear the Thunder, thoſe Feet that move not one only ſtep that ſavours not of a King, hath told betimes that which fame hath afterward related to all Ages.

Little Eaglet! that beganneſt in thy moſt innocent years to play with Lightning, thou oughteſt not to have been ſo valiant; or thou oughteſt to have had a more happy Father. Shall we ſay that fortune was unjuſt, in that it prepared chains for this young virtue, when ſhe ſhould have planted Laurels? Let us rather ſay, that Providence was very wiſe, in that ſhe found out matter for this great heart, that would have conſumed it ſelf in its own flames, if it had not met with ſome obſtacles to reſiſt it.

It was meet that this *Hercules* ſhould begin to ſtraugle Serpents from his Cradle: It was meet that he ſhould be bred in the middle of his enemies, to combat from his Infancy with that which he was to abate in his riper age.

His Father *John Caſtriot*, who had little ſtrength and much miſery, was conſtrained to give him for an Hoſtage to *Amurath* the Turk, to be brought up at his Gate.

Moſes now is in *Pharaoh*'s houſe, and *Conſtantine* in *Dioclefian*'s: but the Path is here more dangerous, becauſe it leadeth to the ruine of Salvation, and of Honour. His proud Maſter, that loves him with a love worſe then all the hatred in the world, would fit him for himſelf, and for his infamous pleaſures. He aims at the one by the Circumciſion that is imprinted on his fleſh by an unhappy violence, he purſues the other by ſhameful courtings which are to the gallant child far bitterer then death. He had, (as 'tis reported) courage enough to take the Sword in hand againſt him that purſued him with nothing but with flowers: He drew blood from him, when nothing could be expected of him but tears; and put himſelf in danger of experimenting the horribleſt torments that the cruelty of thoſe inhumane people could invent, rather then to deliver voluntarily his Soul to ſin, and his Body to diſhonour. His cruel friend was aſtoniſhed at ſo brave a reſolution, and turned the furies that he had prepared for his Innocence, into the admiration of his Valour.

The *Seraglio* impoſes on him the name of *Scanderbeg*, that is the ſame as *Alexander* which he took by a good omen, to fill up therewith the whole capacity of his brave exploits. He was educated in all the exerciſes of War in the Academy of the *Turks*, where he ſucceeded with ſo much force, art, liking, and approbation, that every one carried him in his eys, every one looked on him as a ſingular prop of *Mahomet*'s Empire. But he bore always *Jeſus* in his heart: he always thought on the means that he might find to break his chain; he felt in the bottom of his moſt generous Soul flames, that burned him inceſſantly with the zeal he had to raiſe again the levelled Altars of the Chriſtians, and to deſtroy the eſtate of the *Ottomans*.

Amurath ſaw ſome ſparkles of it flying in his converſation, although he endeavoured to cover his deſign with a great prudence. The Maſter began to fear the Slave, and was affraid to nouriſh in his Court a Lion that might be able to ſhew him one day his teeth.

He endeavoured to deſtroy him in various Encounters, making the exceſs of his courage contribute to the hazard of his perſon. A reſolute *Scythian* came to *Amurath*'s Court, challenging the boldeſt to fight all naked with a Poniard in the incloſure of a perilous Circle, where of neceſſity one muſt die, or conquer. That man had carried away already many bloody Palms, and put ſo much confidence in his ſtrength, that they were (according to his ſpeech) but the ſacrifices of Death that dared to attend the thunder of his Arm. Every one trembled for fear when as the valiant *Caſtriot* undertook him, and putting his Thruſt aſide with one hand, killed him with the other, with the acclamations of joy of all thoſe that envy hindred not from applauding Valour.

This Combat having not ſucceeded well for *Amurath*, he raiſes at another time a *Perſian* Cavalier that kept a ſtir to fight on Horſe-back with a Launce. He was a man accompliſhed in that Trade, who with much cheerfulneſs of heart tranſported himſelf into Cities and Provinces, where he promiſed himſelf that he ſhould find Adverſaries to exerciſe his Arms, and encreaſe his Reputation. He curvetted up and down in the Liſt proudly plum'd, and his flaming Arms made him appear that day as the great Conſtellation of *Orion* amidſt the leſſer Stars.

A *David* was needful for this *Goliah*, our young *Alexander* aſſaults him, falls upon him as an Eagle, handles him very roughly, and at length laid him on the ſand, where he vomited out his ſoul and blood, doing a ſad homage to valour by a juſt puniſhment of his raſhneſs.

But *Amurath* that plaied the part of *Saul*, failed not to find out ſome new occaſions to exerciſe his *David*. He gave him all the moſt hazardous Employments of the War, wherein he had ſtill ſo good ſucceſs, that he changed all the Subjects of his ruine into Tropheys, and returned crowned with Laurels even out of the bottom of Abyſſes, and out of the throat of Lions.

The perfidious *Sultan* entertained him with good words, but handled him with bad deeds. He promiſed him to reſtore him his eſtates after his Fathers Death, but *John Caſtriot*'s laſt hour made it appear, that if his words were full of artifice, his promiſes were but wind.

Scanderbeg impatient to ſtay for that which ſhould never come, pays himſelf by his own hands, and ſeizes himſelf of his Kingdom of *Albania*, playing the crafty fellow, by a Counter-Craft. The Alarm of it is in the Court, and all *Amurath's* Paſſions tend to nothing but Revenge. *Haly Baſſa* is ſent with an Army of Fourty thouſand men to diſpatch the Buſineſs. But all his Troops are cut in pieces; and he had nothing more honourable in his Expedition, then that he was conquered by the brave *Caſtriot*. *Feria* and *Muſtapha* purſue the ſame deſign with new Forces that experiment the ſame fortune.

What ſhall we ſay more of *Schanderbeg's* Greatneſs? *Amurath* beſeeches, the *Turbant* is humbled; that viſage of the Tyrant that was the ſame as that of Cruelty it ſelf, is mollified and takes the Lineaments of a ſupplyant, after it had borne, during his whole Life, thoſe of Rigour. He deſires Peace, and it is denied him; and ſues for an agreement, and is ſlighted. His arrogance being ſorely pricked, vomits out nothing but whirlwinds of fire, and comes to fall before *Croye* the Capital City of the Valiant *Caſtriot*, with an Army of two hundred thouſand men. The other defends himſelf with ſix thouſand. One only place bays that great Deluge, the Storm is ſcattered, the Siege raiſed, the ſhame of it remains on the face of the *Sultan* with ſo lively a Tincture, that the ſhadow of death muſt paſs over it to blot it out. He that had lived with Glory, dyes with the ſadneſs of his ignominy, and carries with him into the other World the unability to revenge himſelf, and an eternal deſire of vengeance.

Mahomet his ſon, the Scourge and Terrour of the Univerſe, that overthrew two Empires, took two hundred Cities, killed twenty Millions of Men, comes to ſplit againſt the ſame Rock. Was there need of ſo much bloud to write upon *Caſtriot's* Trophies, the Title of Invincible?

Who would imagine that a mortal man ſhould have gone ſo far? who ſhould believe that thoſe exploits were the Actions of a ſlave? Truly we muſt avow, that he lent his Name to God in all this buſineſs, and that God lent his Arm to him. It is ſaid of him, that he never refuſed Battel, never turned his back, never was wounded but once very lightly. He ſlew two thouſand *Barbarians* with his own hand, which he cleft ordinarily with his Cour-tel-ax, from the head down to the girdle. *Mahomet* defired to ſee that Thunder-bolt that he bore in his hands, and had it in veneration although ſo many times bedewed with his Subjects bloud. He ſaw the Steel, but he never ſaw the Arm that gave it Life.

O brave *Caſtriot!* If the State of *Chriſtians* could have been delivered from the Tyranny of the *Sultans*, it ſhould have been by thy hands. We muſt now acknowledg, that our wounds are irrecoverable; ſeeing that our diviſions hinder us from enjoying the ſuccour of ſo Divine an hand. The Feaver that took thee hence in the City of *Liſſa*, in the Climacterical of ſeven and nine, the moſt to be feared by old men, extinguiſhed all our hopes by the ſame burnings that conſumed thy Body. After thou hadſt lived the moſt admirable of Captains, thou diedſt like a truely religious, melting the hearts of all thoſe that beheld thee by a moſt ſenſible Devotion. Thy victorious ſpirit ſoared up to the Palace of the Beautiful Sion, after it had performed in the Body all that was poſſible for a moſt eminent Virtue, and an Happineſs, to which nothing was wanting but imitatours. The moſt barbarous thy Enemies have kiſſed thy Sepulchre, have reverenced thy Aſhes, and ſhared thy Bones as the deareſt Reliques of Valour. And now thou haſt no more to do with a Tomb, ſeeing that thy Memory hath found as many Monuments, as there are Hearts in all Ages.

BOUCICAUT

BOUCICAUT. BAYARD.

WE need not ſearch the Catalogue of Saints and Martyrs for a Souldier Furniſhed before God and men with great and Divine virtues. Behold one among a thouſand, I mean the brave Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in *France* under *Charles* the Sixth. Thoſe petty *Rodomonts*, who boaſt of their Duels, but indeed meer cowardiſe varniſhed with a gloſſy colour of valour, durſt not behold this moſt excellent Cavalier, without doing that which was antiently done to the Statues of the Sun, that is, to put finger on the mouth, and admire. For, not to mention his other acts of proweſs, it is he who was preſent at that daring Battel which the Turkiſh Emperour *Bajazet* waged againſt the King of *Hungary*; the Duke of *Burgundy*, then called the Court of *Nevers*, with many other of the French Gentry, being there in perſon.

The Hiſtory relateth, that the Turkiſh Emperour comming to fight with dreadfull forces, began ſo furious a charge, the aire being darkned with a black cloud of Arrows, that the Hungarians, who were alwayes reputed good Souldiers, being much amazed with this fierce aſſault, fled away. The French, who in all Battels had ever learned to conquer or dye, not willing to hear ſo much as the leaſt ſpeech of the name of flight, pierced into the Turkiſh army, notwithſtanding a field of Pikes and ſtakes faſtned in the earth, did hinder their approch, and attended by ſome other Troops, brake the Van-gard of the Turks, by the counſel and example of this brave Marſhall; whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was about to retire, but that at the ſame time it was told him, that it was but a very little handfull of French-men that made the greateſt reſiſtance, and that it was beſt for him to aſſault them. The Turk, who kept his Battalions very freſh, returneth, and fell like lightning upon theſe poor Souldiers now extremely wearied. Never did an angry Lion exerciſe more violent force againſt the Hunters Javelins, then this generous Cavalier ſhewed proweſs which ſhined in the midſt of the adventurous Pagans. For, ſeeing himſelf at laſt negligently betrayed, he having no other purpoſe but to ſell his own life, and thoſe of his companions, at as dear a rate as he could, he with the French Cavalry, and ſome other people that ſtuck to him, did ſuch feats of Arms, that it was thought twenty thouſand Turks were ſlain in the place. At laſt this prodigious multitude, able to tire out the moſt hardy, although it had been but to cut them in pieces, did ſo nearly encompaſſe our French, that the Count of *Nevers*, with Marſhall *Boucicant*, and other the moſt worthy Perſonages, were taken Priſoners.

The next day after this diſmal Battel, the proud *Bajazet* ſitting under a Pavillion ſpread for him in the field, cauſed the Priſoners to be brought before him, to drench himſelf in bloud and revenge, which he alwayes moſt paſſionately loved.

Never was ſeen a ſpectacle more worthy of Compaſſion; The poor Lords who had wrought wonders in Arms, able to move Tygers, were led to the ſlaughter, half naked, ſtreight bound with cords and fetters, no regard being had either to their bloud, which was noble, or youth which was pitifull, or their behaviour which was moſt raviſhing; Theſe Saracens ugly and horrible as Devils, ſet them before the face of the Tyrant, who in the twinkling of an eye cauſed their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carouſe their bloud. A ſad ſpectacle.

The Count of *Nevers*, with the Count of *Ewe*, and the Count of *Marche* had now their heads under the Cymiter, and their lives hung as it were by a thread; when *Bajazet*, who had heard by his interpreters that they were near Kinſmen to the King of *France*, cauſed them to be reſerved, commanding them to ſit at his feet on the ground, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobility.

The valiant *Boucicant*, covered with a little linnen cloth, in his turn was brought forth to be maſſacred over the bodies of ſo many valiant men. He being wiſe, and in this extremity particularly

inſpired by God, made a ſign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, becauſe he underſtood not his Language, as if he would declare himſelf the kinſman of the Count of *Nevers*, who beheld him with ſo pitiful an eye, that it was able to have rent the moſt rocky heart. *Bajazet* being perſwaded by this deſign that he was of the Blood-royal, cauſed him to be ſet apart among the priſoners; where afterwards by his great wiſdom he endeavoured the liberty of thoſe noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think that the puny Novices of war of our time, will compare themſelves to the valour of this heroick man, accompliſhed with ſuch gallant proweſs.

Let us come, if you pleaſe, and look into his deportment and converſation, and conſider whether he were of the number of thoſe who profeſs themſelves wicked that they may ſeem valiant. Our *Boucicaut* was a man who whileſt in time of peace he governed the City of *Genoa*, heard daily two Maſſes, with ſo exemplar devotion, that he never ſuffered any man to ſpeak to him in the Church: where he ſaid the office with ſingular attention; for which he ſo accommodated his company, that you ſhould never ſee the leaſt action of unconlineſs in Divine Service, which he did not ſeverely puniſh. And the Hiſtorian addeth, that he who had beheld his people at Divine Service, would rather think he ſaw Religious men then Souldiers. Noblemen have power to draw their families to what poſture they pleaſe, were it not through puſillanimity of ſpirit; they many times give way to the torrent of nurture, and contenting themſelves to be good, make all the reſt naught by the eaſineſs of their natures. I mention not here a Canonized Saint, an Hermit, a Religious man, or a Prieſt: I ſpeak of a Marſhal of *France*, of a moſt ardent Warriour and valiant Souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether Piety be incompatible with Arms. This brave Captain happily made his Will, diſpoſing of all his devotions, his affairs, and charge: each day he executed ſome part hereof, doing all the good he could whileſt he lived, not expecting the caſual portions of others piety, as thoſe who cauſe Torches to be carried behind to light them when they have loſt their eys; and indeed never do well but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. This charitable Lord particularly informed himſelf of the neceſſities of the baſhful poor, and as the rareſt pieces of his Cabinet, ſet their names down in his Regiſter: he appointed on every ſide his Alms to the poor Religious, to Widows, to Orphans, to needy Souldiers, namely, to thoſe who through diſability of old age and ſickneſs could labour no more. He viſited Hoſpitals, giving according to his means round ſums of money to furniſh and accommodate them: if he walked in the ſtreets he ever had charity in his hands, that himſelf might give all he could; for he took therein a ſingular contentment; and never was he ſeen to be ſo merry, as when he had diſtributed good ſtore of money. This was to him as his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bear a ſingular devotion in memory of the Paſſion of our Saviour, towards the Friday: and whileſt he was able, did eat nothing on that day but Fruits and Pulſe, abſtaining from all which participated of the life of Beaſts and cloathed himſelf likewiſe in a moſt ſimple habit, deſirous to ſhew outwardly ſome taſt of the Reverence we ow to the blood of the Son of God. Beſides abſtinencies commanded, he faſted ordinarily on the Saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the bleſſed Virgin. He never fed at his repaſt but on one diſh; and though he had great quantity of ſilver Veſſels, he cauſed himſelf to be ſerved in Pewter and earth, being glorious in publick, but in his particular an enemy to worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to contemplate, how far this kind of life is alienated from the curious Nobility of our days, to whom ſo many Diſpenſations and Priviledges muſt daily be given, that it ſeems it is needful for their ſakes only to create another Chriſtendom, beſides that which hath been eſtabliſhed by the Son of God. A man would ſay, to ſee how they pamper their bodies, they were deſcended from Heaven, and that thither they would return, without paſſing through the Grave, they Deifie themſelves, and to fatten and gild a ſtinking Dunghil covered over with Snow, they ſport with the blood and ſweat of men.

Superfluity of taſt being ſo well qualified, all went in true meaſure in the houſe of this good Marſhal, his Retinue was well entertained according to his quality, and he had a very ſolemn cuſtom by him religiouſly obſerved, which was ſpeedily to pay his debts, and as much as he might poſſible, to be engaged to none. It is no ſmall virtue, nor of mean importance, to be out of engagement of this kind, If we conſider the Nobility at this time, ſo eaſily plunged in great labyrinths of Debts, which daily encreaſe like huge Snow-balls that fall from the Mountains, and require Ages and golden Mines to diſcharge them.

Is it not a moſt inexcuſable cruelty before God and man, to ſee a buſie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeys and ſteps before the gate of a Lord or a Lady, who bear his ſweat and blood in the pleits of their Garments? And inſtead of giving ſome ſatisfaction upon his moſt juſt demands, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and many times is menaced with baſtinadoes, if he deſiſt not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a *Tartarian*? Is not this to degrade one's ſelf from Nobility, Chriſtianity and Reaſon? Is not this to ruine, and, as it were, to cut the throats of whole Houſes and Families? Alledge not to me, that it is impoſſible for you to pay what is demanded at preſent, foreſeeing your weakneſs of eſtate, why have you heaped ſo many debts which cannot be diſcharged!

Why do you not rather leſſen your Port, and live more frugally? Why do you not caſt off many ſuperfluous things that might be ſpared? Are not offences odious enough before God, but you muſt encreaſe them with the marrow of the poor? From hence cometh the contempt of your perſons, the hatred of your name, the breaches and ruine of your houſes.

This man by paying his debts well, was honoured and reſpected of his Officers like a Demy-god; there was no need of making any queſtion or doubt, nor to make a falſe ſtep into his houſe. He would never ſuffer a Vice, or bad Servant, were it to gain an Empire. Blaſphemies, Oaths, Lyes, Slanders, Paſt-times, Quarrels, and ſuch like diſorders, were baniſhed from his Palace as Monſters: and if he once found any of his Family in fault, he put them away, leaſt they ſhould infect the other: yet he would not ſcandalize them, nor divulge their offences. At the Table he ſpake little, and did voluntarily entertain himſelf with the example of virtues which he obſerved in the

lives

lives of the Nobility: never discoursing of his own atchievements but with singular sobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himself most chastely; and had such an hatred against impurity, that he would not so much as keep a servant that had a lustful eye. Behold, how passing one day on horseback through the streets of the City of *Genoa*, as a Lady presented her self at a window to comb her hair, and a Gentleman of the Marshals train seeing her tresses very bright and beautiful, cried out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair!* standing still to behold her. This Lord looking back on him with a severe eye, said, It is not well done, it is not fit that a wanton eye should be seen to glance from the house of a Governour.

In this kind and all others which concerned the commerce and peace of the Citizens, he rendred so ready and exact justice, that it was a Proverb amongst the *Genoes* when any one was offended, to say to him who had done him wrong: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marshal will.* The other understanding it, ofttimes rather chose to submit to the right, then expect a condemnation, which was inevitable. By this means he so gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the City sent to the King, beseeching him, that he might continue the Government to the end of his days; which having obtained, it seemed to them, that they had procured an Angel from Heaven to be set at the Stern of their Common-wealth.

At that time when the Emperour of *Constantinople*, then dispossessed of one part of his Empire by the great *Turk*, came into *France* to desire succour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men defrayed for a year, many widow Ladies were seen at the Court, who complained of injustice and oppressions which were offered them after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marshal was so moved with compassion, that with much freedom he instituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he surnamed *The Order of the White Lady*; because they who made profession of it, bare a Scutcheon of gold enamelled with green, and thereon the figure of a Lady in a white Vestment: thus sought he by all occasions to do good, and shewed himself a great enemy of idleness, as being the very moth of great Spirits.

He ordinarily rose early in the morning, and spent about three houres in Prayer and divine Service: after that duty was performed, he went to Counsel, which lasted till Dinner-time. After his repast he gave audience to all those who would speak with him upon their affairs, never failing to behold his Hall dayly full of people, whom he speedily dispatched, contenting every one with sweet and reasonable answers: from thence he retired to write Letters, and to give such order to his Offices which his pleasure was should be observed in all his affairs: and if he had no other employment, he went to *Vespers*. At his return he took some pains or recreation, then finishing the rest of his Office, he ended the day. On Sundays and Holy-Days, he either went on foot in some Pilgrimage of Devotion, or caused the Life of Saints, or other Histories to be read, dayly more and more to dispose his life and Conversation unto Virtue. When he marched into the field, he used most admirable discretion, never oppressing any of his Company, nor would he permit even in the enemies Country, that the least disturbance should be done to Churchmen.

Behold you not here a Life worthy of a *French* Cavalier? O Nobility! This man was not a Petty Roister, that makes boast to fight in a green Meadow; But a Souldier, who during the Wars with the *English* kept the Field of Battel three times thirty days together, against those brave Souldiers who did oppose him; from whence he went out all sparkling with glory and wonder.

I would here willingly add a *Bertrand* of *Gueschin* Count of *Longuevil*, and Constable of *France*, whose Life Mounsieur *Menard* hath given us written by a Pen of that antient Age, in as antient Language. You should see a man, who after he had dedicated his Soul, Body, and Arms in the Offertory of a Mass at the Altar, fought six or seven times hand to hand in the Field, exercised strange Feats of Battel and Arms, stood in the midst of Combats unmoved and confident as in his Chamber, being otherwise furious, strong and stout in the press. You should see a man sage in Counsels, prompt in Execution, whom an Enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty miles off. A man in all things else free from Fraud or Dissimulation, chearful, courteous, obliging and liberal of his own, employing his Moveables and his Wives Jewels for the relief of poor Souldiers.

Then you may judge, whether by being Valiant you may live in the Court of a *Christian* Prince like a little *Turk*. Where is your Judgment? and where is your Reason?

BAYARD.

BAYARD.

BEhold a man whose life not long since hath been published to serve as a model for the Nobility: we yet touch him as it were with our finger, for he dyed under the reign of *Francis* the First, having served three Kings in their Armies, the space of two and thirty years. It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwise called Cavalier *Bayard* born in *Daulphine*. I willingly make use of his Example, both because one of our most warlike Kings, the son of *Francis* the First would needs be knighted by his hands, to witness the honour he bare to his valour; as also for that I see therein many noble passages which taste of the virtue of a true French souldier. He was a courageous Captain, of excellent direction, valiant and magnanimous, of whom it was said, that he had the assault of the wilde Bull, the defence of the Bore, and flight of the wolf. I set aside his warlike deeds, I take some of his virtues which here I will make use of. This royal courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the service of his Prince, and the honour of his profession, whereof we have an ample testimony in a short Elogy, which his secretary made upon him, saying, *That after these two and thirty years service, he dyed almost as poor as he was born.* Much is spoken in these few words; and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, then if he had borne the Dutchy of *Milan* on his back. He had the true piety of a good Souldier: for every morning he prayed to God most devoutly, and would not permit any man to enter into his chamber during his devotions: he was so obedient to those who commanded in the Army, that he never refused any commission imposed upon him. Yea, well foreseeing that the last charge enjoyned him by the Marshall *Bonivet* was most dangerous, and as it were impossible; yet he went thither, sacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lievtenant of his Prince, that he might not digress from his ordinary custom. There was he slain by the most generous manner of death that could happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lion in Arms, who with a choice company of men selected by him, and trained to his profession, wrought such admirable effects, that there was not any battel won, of which he was not ever the principal cause. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict; but out of it, it was said he was one of the most affable and courteous men of the earth: he was so ill a flatterer of great men, that to gain a Kingdom he would not be drawn to speak any thing but reason. His practise was to honour the virtuous, speak little of the vicious, less of his own atchievements, never to swear; to do favours to all that required them, as willingly as if himself were to receive the benefit; to give secret alms according to his ability, in such manner, that it is written, that besides his other acts of piety, he married at the least an hundred poor young maids. Behold of what elements his soul was inwardly composed. As for the manner of his carriage in the war, he as little cared for mony, as the dust of the earth, and desired not to have any, but to give: witnesse an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He took fairly by law of Arms a Spanish Treasurer, who had about him fifteen thousand Ducats: one of his Captains named *Tardieu*, enraged with choller, swore that he would have part of the booty, because he was in the Expedition. This good Captain smiling said unto him, It is true, you were of the enterprise, but are not to share in the Booty; and if it were so, you are under my charge, I therefore will give you what I think good. This man entred into more violent fury, and went to complain to the General, who having well considered the business, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He caused his Ducats to be carried to a place of safety, and commanded them to be spread on a Table in presence of all his people, saying to them, Companions, what think ye? Do ye not here behold fine junkets? Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretensions by expresse sentence of his Captains, looked on this mony with a jealous eye, and said, If he had the half of it, he would all his life be an honest man. Doth that depend on this? (saith this brave Spirit.) Hold then, I willingly give you that which you by force could never obtain. And so caused he at the same instant seven thousand five hundred Ducats to be told out to him. The other, (who in the beginning thought it was but a meer mockery, when he saw it to be in good earnest, and himself in possession of that he desired) cast himself on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eies, and cryed out, Alas my Master, my Friend, you have surpassed the liberality of *Alexander*: How shall I be ever able to acknowledg the benefit, which I at this time do receive at your hands? Hold your peace, (said this incomparable man) if I had power, I would do much more. And thereupon causing all the souldiers of the Garrison to be called, he distributed the rest of the Ducats; not keeping one sole denier for his own use.

Martial virtues of a brave French Souldier.

I ask of you, whether this were not a heart of true pearl, wherein there could not one least blemish of avarice be found? Yea also, when he passed through the Country, even in a land of Conquest, he payed his expence. And one saying to him, Sir, this mony is lost: for at your departure from hence, they will set this place on fire. He answered, Sirs, I do what I ought, God hath not put me into the world to live by Rapine.

Moreover, the excellency of this man appeared wel in an affair, wherein the life of the most eminent man of the world was interessed. For, he at that time being in *Italy*, was sent by the King to assist the Duke of *Ferrara*, against the Army of Pope *Julius*, then much opposite to *France*; although so many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. When one Monsieur *Augustine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, but yet a traitor and factious, went to the said Duke to perswade him to forsake the French Engagement, with intention to destroy them, and promised him that in recompence he would give him his Neece in marriage, and make him Captain General of the Church. This Prince would not seem in any wise to understand him; but he handled the matter so by his policy and advantageous promises, that he gained this *Augustine* who gave him his hand, that he in few days would destroy the Pope by a mischievous morsel which he could easily give him. The Duke of *Ferrara* having thus dived into his plots and intentions, went immediately to find out this our noble *Bayard* in his lodgings, and made a long discourse to him of the evil disposition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterprises he had both on his life, and on the French-men, of purpose to enkindle him for Revenge. Then he also pursued his opportunity, and made discovery to him

him of the treaſon of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard* looking amazedly at him, ſaid, How, Sir! I could never have imagined that a Prince ſo generous as you, would conſent to ſuch a wickedneſs; and had you done it, I ſwear by my ſoul, before night I would have given the Pope notice of it. How! anſwered the Duke, he would have done as much either to you or me. It is no matter (replied *Bayard*) this treachery diſpleaſeth me. Whereat the Duke ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and ſpitting on the ground, ſaith, *Monſieur Bayard*, I would I had killed all mine enemies in this ſort: but, ſince you diſlike it, the matter ſhall reſt, and you and I both may have cauſe to repent it. We ſhall not, if it pleaſe God, replieth the good Souldier: but, I pray you, put this Gallant into my hands that would do this goodly piece of ſervice; and if I do not cauſe him to be hanged in an hour, let me ſupply his place. The Duke finding in him this courage and fidelity, did all he could to wave and excuſe the plot, ſaying he had given him aſſurance of his perſon.

But, behold you not here a brave ſpirit in *Bayard*? See you not a man of a royal conſcience and of an honeſty in all things like to it ſelf? Away then with thoſe petty and baſe ſpirits of the Abyſs more black then ſpectres and infernal furies, who have neither loyalty for their Prince nor Commonwealth, but as it may concern their own intereſts: who ſwallow treaſons as big as Camels, to gain a fly. Such would make truth it ſelf to lye, were not Heaven's Providence awake to make their events as tragical, as are their determinations abominable and hideous.

All the braveſt Chieftains have ever held it to be higheſt of their glorious victories, to be crowned with Chaſtity. It was the Trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom, for this cauſe God gave all the treaſures of *Aſia*. It was the triumph of *Alexander*, who, in recompence thereof, had the Conqueſt of the *Perſians*. And, the Emperour *Julian*, who made profeſſion herein to imitate him, although he had apoſtatized and renounced all other ſacred ties, would never forſake Chaſtity, but wittily ſaid; *This virtue made beautiful lives, as Painters fair faces*. But, not to ſearch ſo far into the duſt and rubbiſh of Antiquity, I will draw one line more upon our *Bayard* in this point, whereon his Hiſtory dignifies him with a paſſage admirable and unparalell'd.

Some there were had adviſed to convey into his Chamber a Maid which was one of the faireſt creatures in the world; and indeed ſhe was endowed with an angelically graceful aſpect, ſave that at that inſtant her eys were ſwoln (above their ordinary orbs) with an extremity of tears: and that too beſpake rather the commendable virtue of her modeſty, then the blemiſh of her beauty. Whom when the Captain had well ſurveyed; How now fair Maid! ſaith he unto her; What ſayeſt thou? Why comeſt thou hither? The amazed Damſel falling on her knees, with that utterance her ſighings would afford her, ſhe thus anſwers him: Ah, Sir! My Mother hath commanded me I ſhould do what you would have me: yet (Sir) I am a Virgin, and never (truly) had I any diſpoſition to do ill, however a neceſſity enforced me hither; for, my mother and my ſelf are ſo poor, that we are nigh periſhing through hunger: but, I wiſh to God I might ſee death, thereby to be diſſolved from the number of unhappy Maidens, rather then to ſully my Soul with the leaſt unworthy and ignoble act. Which words of hers pierced ſo this generous Lord's ſoul to the quick, that they cauſed tears in his eys, aſſociated with this reply; Verily, pretty ſoul, I will not be ſo wicked as to take that from thee which thou ſo charily haſt kept for the ſociety of pureſt Angels. Thereupon he cauſed her to be veiled, leſt ſhe ſhould be taken notice of: and that ſhe might not be expoſed unto the rigid dealings of a rude hand, (not transferring the charge of her perſon to another's care) he, with a lighted Torch in his own hand, conducts her to her ſafe repoſe in the houſe of a virtuous kinſwoman of his, where he for that night leaves her. The day following, he ſent for her mother, and ſaid unto her; Are not you a wicked woman to betray the honour of your daughter, which ought to be more dear unto you then your life? Certainly for thus doing, you deſerve a puniſhment ſo much the more rigorous, as that I underſtand you are a Lady: and by a courſe ſo ſiniſter you wrong Nobility. The Lady hereat wholly confounded, knew not what elſe to anſwer, but that they were as poor as may be. Is there yet (ſaith he) no man that for her birth, beauty, and virtues ſake, who requireth her in holy marriage? Yes, truly (ſaith ſhe) an honeſt man, a neighbour of mine: had ſhe (as he with her demands) ſix hundred Florens, which I am in no capacity to raiſe or to procure.

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his Purſe, and ſaid, Here are two hundred Crowns (which are of more value then ſix hundred Florens of this Country) to marry your Daughter withal: which my will is you diſpatch within three days; and further, to enable you the better thereto: I alſo add one hundred Crowns more to adorn her with decent change of Apparel, and I give your ſelf an hundred Crowns, which well houſewived, may ſerve to ſtave you off from future unbecoming ſhifts and poverty. All which was done accordingly, to the unſpeakable joy both of the mother, and of the Daughter, who thenceforth lived in an honourable and comfortable condition.

O Nobility! I preſent not here an Hermit, but a Captain (who was a *French* ſouldier) who was moulded of no other fleſh, blood, nor bones, then are ye your ſelves; yet he performeth an act of a Religious man the moſt mortified: he exerciſeth the liberality of a King; he equalleth therein, yea, ſurmounted the heroical deeds of the greateſt Saints. True it is, Saint *Nicholas* ſaved the honour of Virgins, contributing thereto his gold and ſilver: as true it is, that in ſo doing he generouſly triumphed over the covetouſneſs of temporal goods: yet, he ſerved not in this action as a triumph to himſelf, which is verily the choiceſt piece of eminent virtues. But, behold a Cavalier who vanquiſheth both Avarice and Luſt (the two moſt dangerous rocks in the world.) *Bayard* commandeth his purſe in a fortune not the beſt accommodated; and that, meriteth no ſmall applauſe. But, *Bayard* in the high flouriſh of his age, of a body vigorous, commands the paſſions of his Soul and conquers them, even at the temptations of an object ſo amiable (as hath been repreſented here unto you) I beſeech you therefore let it be no longer ſaid, that Chaſtity is only to be found amongſt the truly moſt mortified retirers into Cloiſters; for, it is every where, where the fear of the omnipreſent God, & where generoſity or real virtue is. What then can ſo many wretches anſwer to this, who fill the world with ſins, the Nobility with diſgraces, their bodies with diſeaſes, their name with infamy, and load ſo many poor abuſed creatures with miſeries and deſpair? What can our ſpruce gallants deviſe for paſſable excuſe, who brave it through the ſtreets in their ridiculous oſtets of borrowed feathers

and

and in habits; remaining indebted to the Mercer for the ſtuff, and to the poor Taylour for the faſhion, paying yet neither the one or other? True Jack-daws of *Æſop*, who deſerve, that all other birds ſhould aſſemble to pull their plumes off which they have (thus no better then) ſtoln to catch and to be caught with vanity. What will here ſo many gluttons and gameſters ſay, who rent up and eat the entrails of men by their bloudy riots?

You ſee 'twas poſſible that this gallant Souldier, by unravenous hands had four hundred crowns, (a ſum in thoſe days held a huge one) yet all this he gives in one only alms; but, thoſe (whom I thus have taken to task) who in a bravery talk of nothing leſs then piſtolets, nor mind any thing elſe but their ſordid voluptuouſneſs, have not a denier to throw to a poor body.

Purſuing this courſe, he did an act (at the taking of *Breſcia* a City in *Italy*) indeed for ever memorable, which was thus; That being ſet in the front of the Perdues, he firſt entred and paſſed the Rampart, whence he received a hurt in the top of his thigh; ſo dangerous that the top of a pike wherewith he was thruſt, ſtuck in the wound. He, nothing terrified hereat, ſaid to one Captain *Molard*, I am ſlain: but it is no matter, let your men march on confidently, the Town's our own. Then, two of his Souldiers bare him out of the throng, who ſeeing his wound ſtreamed forth much bloud, they pulled off their ſhirts and rent them, binding up his thigh therewith; and in the next houſe they hit upon, they took a little door off the hinges whereon they laid their tenderly beloved Captain, to bear him the more eaſily. From thence they went directly to a great houſe which they ſuppoſed (in all likelihood) to be a very convenient repoſe, and for his accommodation (and ſo indeed it proved:) For, it belonged to an honeſt Gentleman who thence retired into a Monaſtery to avoid the fury which is ordinarily found from conquering Souldiers: for, the ſaccage of this City was ſo dreadful, that there were reckoned as well of *Venetians* who defended it, as Burgeſſes, to the number of twenty thouſand ſlain: yet, his wife (the Lady of this houſe) with her two daughters, fortunately had ventured to abide at home, who yet through fear had hid themſelves together under hay in a Barn, from whence the noble Matron made firſt her appearance to the two Souldiers knocking at the gate, which (arming her ſelf with reſolution) ſhe opened to them; when eſpying a Captain all bloudy, for whom they demanded a room in her houſe to retire in, ſhe conducts them with their carriage on that homely bier, (as is before related) into the faireſt and beſt furniſht chamber, where ſhe caſt her ſelf at his feet, ſaying, Sir, I freely make a tender of this houſe unto you, with all the furniture thereof, which you may call yours even by the law of Arms: However, this favour I only beg of you, you will be pleaſed to protect me and ſave mine honour inviolated, as alſo of my daughters (two poor Maids) grown up to marriage eſtate, whom I and my dear husband value as the pledges of our conjugal affection. The Captain anſwered, Madam, fear not, We Souldiers that muſt ſtand the ſhock of War, oftimes do meet with ſuch like caſualties as hath now betided me, which was the cauſe (not any deſign to wrong your perſons or diminiſh your poſſeſſions) that drave me hither: and whether I ſhall eſcape this wound, be a contingency remote as yet from my aſſurance; yet, this I faithfully promiſe you, that, whilſt I live, there ſhall not be done the leaſt injury to you nor your daughters, no more then I would have befal to mine own perſon. Only keep them in your lodging, and let them not be ſeen: ſend for your husband home again, whom you may aſſure and your ſelf too, ye have a Gueſt who will do you all courteſie poſſible. The Lady comfortably acquieſcing in the belief of his nobleneſs uttered by his word, ſhe goes about the orderly contrivance of her houſe-wife-affairs accordingly; and having emploied all her prudentialleſt care to give him good entertainment, ſhe ſoon perceived ſhe had lodged an honeſt man, (amongſt other his own perſonal civil manifeſtations) by the harmleſs and juſt deportment of the Duke of *Nemours* the brave General of the Army (*Gaſton de Foix*) who came daily (with his choiceſt Chevaliers) to viſit him; yet he, and all they (although it was then in a City of their conqueſt) made offer of paying for what ever proviſions they demanded for their repaſts. The good Hoſteſs therefore took her ſelf ſo much the more concerned to wait on her noble inmate (as indeed ſhe did) as on an Angel ſent her from Heaven: ſo much divine honour and virtue ſaw ſhe reſplendent in him. When he was well cured of his hurt, and ſpake of his diſlodging thence to be preſent at the battel of *Ravenna*, where that his General paſſionately deſired him no leſs for his ſociety then his ſervice; the Lady (who accounted her ſelf as his priſoner, with her husband and their two daughters, conſidering that if their Gueſt would rigorouſly uſe them, he might (according to the uſe and liberty of a Souldier) draw ten or twelve thouſand crowns from her,) reſolved to give him a preſent: and therefore went into his chamber with one of her domeſtick attendants who carried a little ſteel Cabinet, and preſently ſhe threw her ſelf at his feet but he quickly raiſed her up again, not ſuffering ſhe ſhould ſpeak a word till ſhe was ſeated by him, at which time ſhe made this ſpeech well obſerved by the Secretary of *Bajard*.

Sir, ſith it ſeemed good to the high Providence, that this City ſhould be deſtined to a captivity by your valour; the favour which God hath afforded me by ſending you into this houſe which is wholly at your ſervice, I thankfully contemplate as one which hath been no leſs then the preſervation of the life of my husband, mine own, and that of my two daughters, with their unattempted chaſtity which they dearlier eſtimate then their precious life. Beſides, your people have demeaned themſelves (to your own rare example, as well as to your lawfull commands, I attribute it) here in my houſe, that I have cauſe for ever to commend their ſober carriage and modeſty, and not deſerving the leaſt blame or complaint for any kind of injury committed by them. And, yet Sir, I am not ſo ignorant of the condition whereunto the miſery of war hath reduced us, as not very well to apprehend that my husband, my ſelf, and our children are your priſoners; and that all the goods in this houſe are in your power to be diſpoſed of at your liking and diſcretion. But withall, knowing the nobleneſs of your heart which is incomparable, I am come moſt humbly to beſeech you to take pity on us your poor captives, and to deal with us according to your manifeſted goodneſs and clemency, whereto we render as a thankfull ſacrifice this poor preſent, earneſtly deſiring it may be acceptable. Having thus ſpoken, ſhe took the cabinet out of her ſervants hands, and opened it before the good Captain, who ſaw it to be full of ducats, whereat he ſmiled, ſaying, Madam, how many ducats have you there? The poor woman,

man dismaied because she thought his smiling had proceeded from conceived discontent, answered; Here are but two thousand five hundred Ducats: but if you be not satisfied herewith we will procure you more. Nay, Madam, (replyed the Captain) I do well assure you, that should you give me an hundred thousand Crowns, you could not (for all that) do me so much good as you have benefitted me already by your courteous entertainment and virtuous offices of recovering me. In what place therefore-soever I shall remain, while God prolongs my life, you shall find you have thereby engaged a Gentleman ready to embrace occasions of serving your commands. And now, as for your Ducats, I will take none of them, but give you thanks, and so I pray you put them up again. For my part, I have ever esteemed people of honour more then crowns; and think not, Madam, but I go away as well contented from you, as if this City were at your disposition, and you had made me a present thereof.

She again humbly prostrating her self on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, she answered, No, Sir; I should think my self for ever the most unhappy woman of the world, if you accept not of this Present, which is nothing in comparison of the infinite obligations I ow to your worth. Well (saith he) sith you give it with so good a will, I accept it for your sake: but, cause your Daughters to come hither that I may bid them farewel. These virtuous souls following their mothers precedency, had also with her charitably assisted him during the time of his infirmities, cure many times touching their Lute whereon they played very sweetly, for his minds recreation. Upon this summon of his into his presence, they fell at his feet; the elder of the Daughters (in the name of both) made a short speech unto him in her mother-language, importing a thankful form unto him for his just performed preservation of their honour. The Captain heard it, yet not without a weeping-joy and admiration at the sweetness and humility he therein observed, and then said: Ladies, ye do that which I ought to do; which is, to give you thanks for the many good helps ye have afforded me, for which I find my self infinitely obliged unto you. Ye know, men of my profession are not readily furnished with handsom tokens to present fair Maidens withal. But behold! your good Lady-mother hath given me two thousand five hundred Ducats; take each of you a thousand of them as my gift, for so I am resolved it shall be. Then turning to his Hostess, Madam (saith he) I will take the five hundred to my self to distribute them among poor Religious women who have not had like happiness with you to be preserved from the Souldier's plundering pillage. And, as you better then any other may judge of the necessities which each one may by such accidents have befallen them: so I am confident I can depute none a more faithful Steward for the disposing thereof, then is your wise, ingenious, and charitable self, unto whose sole disposal I freely recommend it. The Lady touched to the quick with so rare and pious a disposition, spake these words unto him: O flower of Chevalry, to whom none other can be compared! Our blessed Saviour and Redeemer *Jesus Christ*, who for us sinners suffered death and passion, both here in this world, and in the other reward you. The Gentleman of the house who at that time heard the courtesie of his guest, came to thank him with a bended knee, making him (withal) a surrender of his person, and a sequestration of his whole estate: but he most nobly left him master of himself and of his estate. The young Gentlewoman who (amongst others their many accomplishing endowments) were skilful at the Needle, made him a Present of a crimson-sattin purse very richly wrought, and of two Bracelets woven with thread of gold and silver. He very graciously receiving them; Behold (saith he) I esteem these more then ten thousand crowns: and instantly he put the Bracelets on his wrists, and the purse into his pocket; assuring them that while these their respective remembrances would last, he would wear them for their sakes. Which civil ceremonies ended, he mounted on his horse, accompanied thence with his true friend the Lord *D' Aubigny*, and with about two or three thousand other Gentlemen and Souldiers: the Lady of the house, the Daughters, and the whole family, as passionately lamenting his departure, as if they should have been put to the Sword, although they had assurance from him by his undeniable protection under which he left them and their possessions to be unmolested after his departure.

If the Stars were to descend from Heaven, I would demand now whether they might find more love and respect then in this heaven-born piece of generosity did both receive and return. But, be ye your own judges, if your observations tell you not, it far otherwise befals those silly Fencers who in like times of advantages rush themselues into such well-feathered Nests, no otherwise then as fatal Comets portending fire and the destroying Sword, who make the props of buildings tremble with their loud blasphemies, who load whole families with injuries, without the least regard of age, sex, or honour, but make a sport at the blood and wounds over whom they tyrannize, pillaging them like ravenous Harpies fatted with humane ruines. However, should they do nothing else all their life-time but heap up Mountains of gold and silver; they could not arrive to the least part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who sought no other recompence from his fair way'd actions, but the satisfaction of his serene conscience, and the glory to have done so well. And thus it is (O ye who would your selves to be indeed ennobled) that hearts are gained: thus ye oblige (if I may so say) both earth and heaven to become due tributaries to your virtues, with blessings round about you here, and with a Crown of immortality hereafter.

THE SATES-MEN.

JOSEPH.

MOSES.

I Begin the Elogies of holy States-men with the Patriarch *Joseph*, who was the first of God's chosen people, that entred into the Court of an *Infidel* Prince, to make of his life an example of virtue, and of his demeanour a Miracle. Here is an high design of God, who transports a young child out of the cabins and condition of sheepherds, to make him the second person of a great Kingdome, to give him the heart and the treasures of his Master. the friendship of the Nobles, the veneration of the People, and the admiration of all the World. Those that look upon this History after a common manner, observe ordinarily therein the changes of humane things; the beginnings, the progresses, and the issues of worldly affairs: But if we would penetrate farther, we should find two great reasons and two admirable designs of Providence about the entrance and negotiation of *Joseph* in *Egypt*.

The first is, that according to the saying of the great S. *Leo*, it was reasonable that the Eternal Word that was to come for the salvation of the whole world should be divided through all Ages, and through all Nations, shewing himself to some in figure, to others in reality, giving himself to some by Hope, to others by Presence, and to many by Remembrance. He insinuated himself into the antient *Jews* by Prophecies; into the *Gentiles* by Oracles; into the Learned by Riddles; into the People by visible Figures; into the Saints and the Religious by Mysteries; into the Prophane and *Gentiles* by Government and Politick Prudence. This is the fashion that he held towards the *Egyptians*, making them see the first rays of the Birth-day of his coming in the person of *Joseph*, that wore very advantageously the Lineaments of his Divine Perfections, and merited to be called by advance, the Saviour of the world.

The second reason is, that God meaning to begin that Divine work of the persecutions and the wonders of his chosen People, transports *Joseph* thither, and makes of him a man of sufferings and of prodigies, to be as a grain of seed out of which one should see spring that numerous posterity that should equal the stars of Heaven. This eternal high Priest prepared for his Altars a great sacrifice of Tribulation and of Patience, which was to be honoured with so much bloud, and so many tears of the righteous, and would invite thereto the Saints by the imitation of a Patriarch that consecrated himself by his own evils, and mounted out of a deep pit to the triumphant Chariot of the *Pharaoh's*.

I have proposed to my self to represent this to you (my Reader) not relating at large his History which is sufficiently known; but by making some reflexions upon it able to make us admire the greatness of God, and to fashion the manners of Courtiers affected to virtue, by originals that God hath placed as upon the Frontispiece of his Palace.

Let us observe then (according to the pursuit which the Scripture makes us see in this narration) his entrance into the Court, his beginning, his progresses, his virtues, his negotiations, and his successes, from which we shall draw great lights and infallible proofs of the work of God upon those whom he embraces by love and by a very particular conduct.

Ambitious spirits have studied in all times the means to make a fortune at the Court of Kings, and have applied themselves strongly to this design, as to the study of the Philosophers stone, or to the conquest of the golden fleece: But they have had work enough to find out the true principles and causes of the good will of great ones, which is the reason that some seem to have the golden wings of fortune her self to flie to the palace of Honour, without labour, and without difficulty, while others with indefatigable pains grow old in disgrace and in contempt. *Lilius Gyraldus* a learned man digged out of the ground in his searches an antient picture of the industrious *Apelles*, wherein after he had painted *Favour* winged, blind, standing upon a rouling boul, environed

environed with riches, honour, disdain, flattery, and the impunity of all crimes; he places at her feet some Philosophers that studied her Genealogy, some making her the daughter of Beauty, others of chance, others of Industry, others of Virtue: but the ablest confessed that she was a bastard, and not begotten of lawfull Parents, but of an obscure and dark Confusion.

And indeed if we speak of the favour of Princes taken according to the world, we must acknowledge that it is very uncertain, having as many divers births as there are different humours in the mind of great ones; who are ordinarily subject to many changes, whether through an opinion of their greatnesse, or whether through the delicateness of their breeding, or whether through the diversity of those that approach them, and so many fantasticall conceits that proceed from the perturbation of their own felicities. Who is able to tell all the entrances into favour? seeing there are some that have been promoted highly, for having caused a little sucking pig to be roasted handsomely, as it happened to a favourite of *Henry* the Eighth's, King of *England*. It is true that there are some that insinuate themselves by beauty, and by a good grace, others by jesting and delightfull pastimes, others by understanding and the conduct of affairs, others by valour, others by science, others by the invention of crimes and infamous wayes of magick, by unseemly complacencies and unworthy services which they render to the revenges, or to the pleasures of their masters.

But (not to speak of other proceedings that are less clean) those that give precepts of rising at the Court will tell us, that he ought to be of a good birth, of a pleasing behaviour, very dextrous in all sorts of exercises fit for the Nobility, of a gentle wit that hath some tincture of science, of a polished conversation, full of civility, affability, and prudence. In a word, he must be a man of conscience, of understanding, of courage, of service, and held up by some powerfull friend, that will gain the good will of great ones, and to open to himself a large way to the honours of the age. This is said with much prudence; but we must avouch, that beside all these rare qualities, there is a secret push of an invisible hand that thrusts forward the favourites, which some have attributed to the stars, others to destiny, others to a good temper: but which I think with reason to be an effect of the divine Providence, and the operation of the Guardian Angels, who in prosperous affairs, procure often Counsellors and officers to Kings by high and sublime wayes, of exquisite gifts, and profitable to second the good genius of the Prince, and to advance by the same means the favourite.

This is that which may be observed clearly in the person of *Joseph* (whose Elogy I have undertaken to give you.) There is required in a man of a secular State, the birth of a Gentleman, to make a fortune at the Court, and this man was the son of a shepherd; a skilfulness at weapons, he had never handled, or perhaps seen any; a gentleness in the exercises of the body, he knew no other but those of shepherds; a grace of speech, he was a stranger and a barbarian to the Egyptians; Military valour, he knew no other combats but those of the Rams and Bulls; politick prudence, he came from a savage life where he had had no other conversation but that of trees and beasts. What was it then that promoted him in the Court of *Pharaoh*, and made him rise so high? Must we not acknowledge with all submission of spirit, that there is an Heavenly hand that takes a charge of this business, and that it is our Tutelar Angel to whom God having given Commission of our lives and fortunes? It is no way credible, that he neglects us in these great occurrences of exercises, and of conversations that are to compose the happiness or the miseries of our life.

Yet it is true that God destining a man to some great design, fails not insensibly to furnish him with necessary qualities for that disposal, though they are elevated above the opinion of the world, and sometimes even contrary to the ordinary practices of Courtiers; from thence it came that Providence had made *Joseph* of a good mind, and of a grace fitting for conversation, of a sweet and pleasing humour, of a spirit capable of business. She gave him a marvellous gift of Prophecy, and of Interpretation of Dreams, which wrought the principall effect of that high fortune, in a King curious to know the things that were to come, and a Nation much inclined to Divinations and to the knowledge of the secrets of Nature, and above Nature. Here is a point of Doctrine necessary to be observed, as well for the Science, as for the Conscience, since the observation of Dreams, which many make by Superstition, was made by Mystery, to the honour of the Interpreter, and to the profit of all the Nation, as the History will shew you clearly in its sequel.

We know that a Dream is a vision which is made in sleep, caused by the remainders of the images of the things which we have received in our senses and in our imagination when we were awake: and is as the Eccho which brings a repetition of the actions of the day. Our soul hath this mark of its immortality, that it is in a perpetuall motion, without any interruption, after the manner of the Heavenly Globes, and of the Intelligences. When the body is laid fast by the charming sweetnesses of sleep, and the night makes a league with all the actions of the day, the soul makes not any with its operations; it meditates, it reasons, it speaks, it is in action, it negotiates, and without parting from its body flies beyond all lands and seas to enjoy a friend. She opens her self with joy, pricks her self with sorrow, interesses her self in businesses, and not being able to use the members of her body, serves her self with her own members and her own faculties for the satisfaction of her desire. And as sword-players cease not sometimes to fence without arms, and to use gestures as if there passed a real combat; so our spirit, whiles we sleep, carries her self away, and does every thing in Idea, as if it were seconded by the body. Such is the state and natural condition of Dreams, as *Tertullian* hath well explained it in his Book concerning the Soul. But beyond this, it is expedient to note that there is something in them of extraordinary and Divine, which made the Stoicks say, that Providence carefull of our preservation, gave us Dreaming, as a domestick Oracle, to inform us of our good and evils. This cannot be understood commonly of all Dreams, the truth being such that there are five sorts of them which *Macrobius* following the Antients names the Phantasme, the Raving, the Vision, the Oracle, and the figurative Dream; we ought not to relie much upon Phantasmes which are as shadows, which present themselves to our imagination in the very first cloud of sleep, nor of Ravings, which follow ordina-

ordinarily the ſtate of the paſſions and affections of our ſoul and of our body, as *Artemidorus* reaſons in the beginning of his work; but much on Viſion, which without following the paths trodden the day before by our ſenſes, make us ſee and diſcover things in our ſleep which we experiment, when we are awake, to be the ſelf ſame which we ſaw when we were aſleep. And as for Oracle, which expreſſes to us apparitions of God and Angels or certain grave perſons that ſeem to ſpeak to us, and to advertiſe us of what we have to do, or not to do, it cannot be but very conſiderable; as alſo the figurative Dream, which ſhews us under Figures and Symbols the divers accidents of things profitable either to the common good, or to our particular conduct.

I have been willing to clear this with more day, to make us know the excellent gifts of the Divine Goodneſs communicated to our Patriarch in that interpretation which he gave to Dreams. To ſpeak truth, it was a kind of Prophecy, which being properly a manifeſtation of truths elevated above the ordinary knowledge of man, clearly diſcovered it ſelf in *Joſeph*, in the declaration which he made of things ſo hidden, and ſo little penetrable to the underſtanding of the moſt learned men of *Egypt*. Saint *Thomas* diſputes touching the excellency of Prophecies, and ſays, That thoſe are more ſublime that are purely intellectual, then others that are made by ſimilitudes. But although thoſe of our *Joſeph* were revealed by Riddles and by Figures, yet they mount for all that to an high point of excellency: foraſmuch as they were by this means more proportioned to the capacity of a Nation that loved them more when they were involved in the ſhadows and in the clouds of thoſe Figures, then if they had been naked and totally unmixt with corporal Idea's. And I think that the great excellency of a maſter and of a teacher, is to accommodate himſelf to the ſpirit of thoſe to whom he would perſwade the verities of his Doctrine.

Now it diſcovers to us at preſent, that this firſt Courtier of the choſen people had ſomething of Divine that prepared him to great actions, inaſmuch as from his little childhood he was exerciſed by thoſe myſterious Dreams, and amorous of Heaven, and of the Stars that enlightned him in the ſilence of a delicious night, and brought him the preſages of his future greatneſs. God hath often ſpoken to his moſt faithful ſervants by the means of Dreams: as, to *Mordecai*; to the Wiſe-men of the *Eaſt*: to Saint *Joſeph* the Spouſe of the moſt holy Virgin: and the obſervation of them is not bad when one perceives in them ſome extraordinary thing, and which tends to a good end by lawful and commendable means.

It is true that *Ariſtotle* thought, that Dreams came not from God, becauſe if that had any likelyhood, that favour would be for none but for the Philoſophers and for eminent perſons; but we muſt pardon a wiſe worldly man, if he knew not the admirable commerce and the ſweet diſcourſes that the ſpirit of God is pleaſed to make with ſimple and innocent ſouls, which being empty of themſelves are filled advantageouſly with the Deity. Such was little *Joſeph*, when he ſaw in a Dream his ſheaf of Corn that exalted it ſelf above thoſe of his brethren, and when he beheld the Sun, and the Moon, with the eleven Stars that came to worſhip him and do him reverence. This probably ſeemed to him a preſage of a great happineſs, ſeeing that according to the Maximes of *Aſtrampſichus* in his book of Dreams, it is a mark of felicity to ſee the Stars in one's ſleep. He had not been then refined at Court when he boaſted of that Dream by a childiſh innocence, and related it to his brothers, who conceived ſo much jealouſie from it, that they reſolved upon his deſtruction.

Here is a ſecond work of Providence which pleaſes her ſelf in doing the works of her Trade, and in conducting to the haven thoſe whom ſhe hath taken in charge by turning her back to them. His brothers, ſaith S. *Gregory*, ſold him, for fear leſt he ſhould be worſhipped according to his Dream; and he was worſhipped becauſe he was ſold. Envy (which is properly a ſadneſs for the honour and welfare of another; foraſmuch as that it ſeems to us to tend to the diminution of ours) finds objects in all places: it enters into *Jacob's* family, a family of Saints, to teach us (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) that the ſervants of God have not eſcaped Paſſions, but conquered them. He that in the Government of all *Egypt* found nothing but admiration amongſt ſtrangers, meets with envy amongſt his brethren, and amongſt thoſe of whom charity ſhould have been adored, though ſhe had been perſecuted in all the habitable world. There is not a more ſubtle poyſon then that of Aſps, nor a more deadly envy then that of brothers, and eſpecially of thoſe that make profeſſion of wiſdom and of holineſs. This animal paſſion, that makes at length a ſin of the ſpirit, feels her ſelf moſt conveniently lodged in the heart of ſpiritual men: ſhe ſleeps in their boſom as in her neſt; and becauſe that ſhe is always a companion of ambition, and that ſuch kind of perſons are ordinarily extreme deſirous of the glory that proceeds from the reputation of virtue and of learning, it comes to paſs that ſhe hath in them more exerciſe and nouriſhment. This ill-boding Comet diſcovers in them without ceaſing, new vapours to be digeſted; and by how the more aged the envious are, by ſo much the more ſtrong are their habits to this ſin. The rays of virtue and of all perfection are darted continually into the eys of thoſe of the ſame houſe, which makes this iniquity increaſe by the frequentation of its objects. Little things prick as well as great, and thoſe Spiders find every where matter for poyſon. Good muſt be hid from them, that their evil may not be diſcovered; and virtue be put out of ſight, that ſhe may be put out of the danger of being envied: *Oleaſter* ſaith, That God covered *Moſes* with a Cloud in thoſe familiar Colloquies which he had with him; for fear, that that being perceived by the *Jews* who were at the bottom of the Mountain in its higheſt luſtre, might move envy by an object that merited nothing but veneration.

But how juſt is God to turn that fury of the Serpents againſt her ſelf, to cauſe her to promote whileſt ſhe abaſes, and to honour while ſhe inſults, and to ſanctifie whileſt ſhe perſecutes, thoſe on whom ſhe imprints the ſtrongeſt venome of her. Rage! O what a brave ſpectacle it is to ſee ſo many ſtorms poured down continually at the foot of the Mountain *Athos*, with an eternall deſpaire to cover it! And what an excellent Theater of Providence is it to behold envious men that envy without ceaſing, and that are never envied, becauſe they have nothing that merits envy! They caſt out their ſoam and their froth againſt a man whom Gods raiſes upon the wings of glory; and by making themſelves an hell in their entrails, they prepare for him a paradiſe.

Joſeph

Joseph sold to the *Ishmaelites*, is bought by *Potiphar* a great Prince of *Egypt*, who had the confidence of King *Pharaoh* and his Arms in his hands. He enters into the Court, a thing which he never had so much as thought on; he comes thither with a chain, to carry away one day the collar of gold; he is received there as a Slave, to become a Master, and submits his neck under the yoke of Servitude, to govern. He enters powerfully into the favour of his Lord, who finding him discret, industrious, and faithful, gives him the charge of all his house, of his goods, and of his revenues, which he causes greatly to increase, so much were his pains accompanied with an abundance of the benedictions of heaven. But the immodest love of his Mistris raised him great combats that served for an exercise to his virtue, to put it in the highest lustre of its glory.

Behold a point where God shews plainly, that one never loses any thing by being faithful to him; and that the greatest triumph of virtues, is, to have sin in ones power, and innocence in ones will. Those that would raise fortunes of glass upon the foundations of iniquity, would have thought that *Joseph* had had a fair opportunity in his hands to promote himself at Court; seeing himself beloved of one of the chief Ladies of the Kingdom, who was as much disposed to wish him well, as powerful to make his happiness. There was no need to woo her, and to gain her heart by many artifices; she loves, she desires, she presses: love hath robbed her of the quality of a Mistris, to make her take that of a Servant who offered to him her passion. That pleasing beauty of *Joseph*, which virtue placed upon the highest of the thrones of love, darted arrows at her that made her forget her self, to run after her slave.

What shall this faithful servant do, that sees that his beauty hath passed him Master in one day of his Lords house and bed? He is young, it is a vice, some one will say, pardonable to his age. He is a stranger, he hath need of an upholder, he is a man of fortune, he ought not to shut the door against her when she offers her self to him. It is a deed that will pass in an eternal secret; if he grants his Mistrisses request, wealth, content, authority, credit, are for none but him; if he denies it, he must fear chains, prisons, fire, and sword, and all that a woman will, and all that a provoked love can do. It was a great combat, wherein Reason had the upper-hand of Passion; Grace of Nature; and God of Man. *Joseph* would not be fair to the prejudice of another, thinking that that was not the true beauty that was adorned to the disadvantage of Chastity; but that which is preserved to the honour of Modesty. He settled his eys fast upon the Natural Law of God whom he adored; and although he seemed then to use him harshly in that captivity: yet he forgot nothing of his duty. He represented to himself the faithfulness that he had promised to his Master; the short pleasures that accompany sin, and the remorse that follows; he extinguished the flames of love; he brake all his darts; and in his slavery made himself master of him that hath captivated so many Kings.

He came out of the chamber where the snare was laid, as a ruby out of burning flames, without losing any thing of his integrity, and making his fair lustre glitter in the eys of heaven, his only witness. He quitted his coat, and thought it no more his own, after it had touch'd the hands of that immodest woman; he feared left that contagious venome of love might communicate it self to his heart by the simple touch of a garment; he stays not near her; he busies not himself so much as to make her a discourse of continence; he answers her by running away, and conquers the strongest of the passions by turning to it his back. O why were not all the Roses and all the Lillies that flourished in the Gardens of *Egypt* for that time employed to make immortal crowns for that Chastity that consecrated it self so highly even in the Kingdom of loves! O how well did he then merit to be mounted upon a Chariot drawn with horses whiter then the snow, and to be shown to all *Egypt*, as a tamer of monsters, and a triumpher over vices!

Nevertheless (the love of his Mistres turning it self into rage) he is accused of having attempted to ravish the honour which he preserved. His innocence is borne down by the artifices of a wife, and the credulity of a husband; he suffers for virtue all that the most faulty could expect in punishment of their crimes. He is put immediately into the dungeon, loaden with irons, used with all possible rigours, without being defended or succoured of any one; he expects nothing every moment but an ignominious death to put an end to the miseries of his life.

Eternal Wisdom! (saith *Tertullian*) you cut your childrens throats and use them as sacrifices, as if you could not crown them but by their torments, as if you could not honour them but by their punishments. But why do we complain (said a learned Father of the Church) *Joseph* is free in this Captivity; if his body groans under the irons, his spirit walks with God, philosophizes with God, and thinks that the recompence of a good action, is, to have done it.

Behold the exact method that Providence keeps in the conduct of her chosen ones; One deep must call upon another deep; the deep of afflictions calls for that of glories, and the heighths of honour are prepared according to the measure of tribulations. It is the gold that (according to *Job*'s speech) comes from the North; it is that divine crystal that is congealed under the breath of God; it is those burning arrows of the Lord of hosts that cause those combatants to let fly their colours; and that make wounds by communicating lights. *Al aquilone aurum venit: flante Deo concrescit gelu.* Job. 37.

Joseph's prison was a school of wisdom where God spake, and his servant hearkned to him, having his ear in heaven, and his heart in that of his Master. A certain Grace that proceeding from the interiour of his soul spread it self upon his visage, and made it self be heard in every one of his words, gained him the heart of his goaler that used him kindly, having already an high esteem of his innocence and of his virtue. There are some men so happy that they find Empires every where, which was the cause that this holy Patriarch obtained by merit the charge of all the prisoners that were companions of his misery; and made himself by love the Governour even of him that held him in captivity.

It happens in this accident, that two of the King's officers, his Butler and his Baker, were brought into the same prison, and given in ward to *Joseph* to administer to them things necessary for life. He comforted them in their adversity, and entertained them with good discourses; and as he saw them one day very melancholy he inquired after the cause of their sadness, and perceived that they disquieted themselves about their Dreams. The Butler had dreamed that he saw a Vine with three branches,

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which at one time was adorned with leaves, with buds, with bloſſomes, and with ripe grapes; and that after he had gathered of its fruit, he ſqueezed it into *Pharaoh*'s cup which he held in his hand, and preſented it unto him. Whereupon *Joſeph* foretold him that within three dayes he ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed in his office. The other had ſeen himſelf in his Dream carrying three panniers of meal upon his head; and it ſeemed to him, that in that which was the higheſt of all, there was abundance of the delicacies of his trade, which the birds of prey came and ſnatched away, which made his Prophet denounce to him an ignominious death. The effect was anſwerable to the predictions in the limited time, and the one dyed upon the gallows, and the other was re-inveſted in his place.

But, that being very true which S. *Thomas* hath obſerved, that there be four ſorts of people that eaſily forget a courteſie; Proud men, to whom one does ſome ſmall diſpleaſure, though they have been at other times greatly obliged in divers accidents. Baſe and mean perſons that are unexpectedly raiſed to ſome degree of honour. Children, that are become men; and Priſoners that are ſet at liberty. The Butler was ſo raviſhed with his change of fortune, that he was no longer mindfull of his friend; the enjoyment of a preſent good making him loſe the remembrance of the Prophecy, concerning the time to come.

Yet providence that would exalt *Joſeph* to the higheſt top of honour, at the time at which ſhe had deſtined it, ſent Dreams to *Pharaoh* about the ſtate of his Kingdome, which cauſed great troubles in his mind, there being no body that he could find able to reſolve his doubts. It was then that the Butler ſpake, not being ignorant that this news would be moſt pleaſing to the King, and told him the dreams that had happened both to him and his companion when they were in priſon, adding the interpretation given upon them by a young ſlave, an Hebrew by Nation, kept in the ſame goal, and the effect that had followed the Oracles of his mouth. Whereat the King being much joyed, commanded that he ſhould be inſtantly fetched out of priſon, and be brought to be ſeen and heard by his Majeſty, which was readily performed. For after they had trimmed his hair, and cloathed him with a befitting habit, he was preſented to the Kings eyes, who received him with much courteſie, and having related to him his Dreams, which were of ſeven kine, fat and wonderfull fair, that had been followed and devoured by other lean ones, and as much as could be, out of fleſh; as alſo of ſeven ears of corn extremely well filled, that had been eaten up by other empty and barren ones, he deſired him to give him the Reſolution of them. Whereupon, *Joſeph* ſhewed a ſingular modeſty, telling the King, that the true explications of Dreams, and all certain and infallible Prophecies, came from God which is the father of lights; and at length opening his opinion, ſaid, That *Egypt* ſhould have ſeven years, ſuch as never were, for abundance and fruitfulneſs, that ſhould be followed with ſeven others, over which ſhould reign ſuch a barrenneſs and famine through all the land, that it ſhould deface the memory of all that great fertility that had gone before. And therefore he would counſel his Majeſty to find out a prudent and active man to give him the ſuperintendency of all the land of *Egypt*, which ſhould have Commiſſaries under him through all the Provinces, that ſhould cauſe diligently the fifth part of the fruits, and the revenues of corn that ſhould proceed every year out of that fecundity, to be laid up and kept in the King's granaries and magazins, that ſhould be diſtributed in divers Provinces for that purpoſe; and that this would be a moſt ſecure means to remedy the great famine that ſhould follow that long proſperity.

The interpretation of *Pharaoh*'s Dream was admired, and the advice judged exceeding good; which cauſed the King, thinking that there was no man in all his Realm more capable of that deſign then he that had given the invention of it, to eſtabliſh from that time *Joſeph* in that Charge ſo important to the whole Nation. It is a marvellous thing to conſider the honours that this Prince did him, and the high titles wherewith he qualified him (God being pleaſed to ſhew in this, that he multiplies the conſolations of his faithfull ſervants above all the meaſure of the diſpleaſures that they can have received) for he did not content himſelf to give him the ſilk Robe, the collar of the Order, the ring off his Finger, to procure him a rich marriage, by cauſing him to be eſpouſed to the daughter of an high Prieſt of the city of *Heliopolis* conſecrated to the Sun; but he cauſed him to be called The Saviour of the world, and commanded that he ſhould be carryed through the capital City upon his triumphant Chariot, and that the Herald of Arms ſhould cauſe men to bend their knees before him, that he might be acknowledg'd of all the people, and that all the world might underſtand that nothing was done but by his orders.

Where are thoſe admirers of the fortunes of glaſs that happen to the wicked? where are thoſe adorers of the Coloſſus's of dirt that appear by the help of ſome falſe gildings, and are immediately reduced to duſt? Let them ſee, and let them conſider that the God of heaven and earth which we adore, is the God of honour too, whereof he gives a ſhare to his, when it pleaſes him, with magnificences that ſurpaſs all whatſoever one can imagine. For a priſon of three years *Joſeph* is exalted to a principality of fourſcore, with an authority ſo abſolute, that it never yet had its equal ſince the foundation of the Monarchy of the Egyptians.

It now remains to obſerve for the inſtruction of Courtiers the deportments of *Joſeph* in that charge. And although the Scripture ſayes very little of that buſineſs, enlarging it ſelf principally upon the narration of his reconciliation with his brethren; yet it omits not to give us ſomething whereon to meditate, and whereby to inſtruct our ſelves about his demeanour at the Court.

In the firſt place, he is greatly to be commended for having preſerved through his whole life a piety inviolable in the Religion of his fathers, without altering the ſervice of the true God by any bad tincture of the ſuperſtition of the Egyptians. Repreſent to your ſelves a child about ſeventeen years of age, that was in a ſtrange Nation as the Morning-ſtar, whereof the Scripture ſpeaks, in the midſt of clouds, without a father, without a mother, without a governour or a teacher, without a Prieſt, without a Sacrifice, without a Law, without Precepts, and without example; that ſaw himſelf allured and powerfully ſolicited to quit his Religion, by that complacency which he deſired to give his Prince by the conſideration of his fortune, by the friendſhip of the great ones, by the condition of his marriage, and by the liking (which he might aim at) of a people extremely faſtned to their errour, that could not eaſily endure thoſe that had any other opinion of their Gods then their madneſs did preſcribe. And yet, in an age ſo tender he holds his own by conſtancy

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of mind againſt the mighty, by reaſon againſt the Sages of the Country, by warineſs againſt his own wife, by ſweetneſs and by prudence againſt the people. He remains alone, amongſt ſo many millions of ſuperſtitious men, an adorer of the truth in ſpirit, without other ſacrifices or ceremonies which were not lawful for him to uſe. To ſpeak truth, he that ſhall weigh all theſe circumſtances will find a marvellous weight of virtue and conſtancy in this holy perſonage. We may ſee many of the yong Gentry ſufficiently well educated at the firſt, that coming to breathe the air of liberty amongſt the Hereticks, and having not the frequentation of the Sacraments ſo free as formerly, eaſily forget their duty, and without having any other corrupter to ſolicite them, corrupt themſelves of themſelves through the want of courage and wearisomneſs of virtue. But if there be any baits of pleaſure or of honor that allures them to the ſide of impiety they tread oftē-times under foot all that there is of divine and humane, for the ſatisfying of their ſenſuality. But this young man that ſaw every day before his eys a thouſand ſtumbling-blocks in a Nation that was addicted to Idolatry above all the People of the World, and that had often torn in pieces thoſe that expreſſed any contempt of their Ceremonies, preſerves himſelf amidſt theſe enticements and theſe furies, as a fountain of freſh-water in the midſt of the ſalt-ſea. The true God always returned into his thoughts; when he was to combate againſt the paſſion of his Miſtriſs, when he was to preſent himſelf to the King, when he was to require an oath of his brethren, it was by the true God; and when he was ready to render up the Ghoſt, he conjured his children not to let his bones rot in a land of Idolatry.

Yet ſome men may wonder, that in ſo long a ſojourning as he made in *Egypt*, and in an authority ſo abſolute, he took care only of the Politick affairs, and advanced not the intereſts of his Religion. Some may marvel at the alliance that he made with a daughter of a Prieſt of Idols, which could not be without putting his conſcience in great danger, there being nothing more full of Artifice then ſuperſtition that is upheld with Love.

But to this I anſwer; that all that he could do then was to preſerve his Faith, without pretending to ruine the contrary. It was not expedient that the figure ſhould incroach upon the Body, and that *Joſeph* ſhould do the work of the Meſſias. This demolition of the prophane Temples, and this deſtruction of the Idols, was not due but to Jeſus Chriſt, and to the Deifying operations of the Evangelical Law, after the coming of the Holy Spirit. How ſhould *Joſeph* have been able to enterpriſe the converſion of the *Gentiles*, ſeeing that our Lord would not permit, no not his Diſciples, while he was yet on earth, to make incurſions, and miſſions into the Country of the *Heathens*, commanding them to ſtay for that ſpirit of fire and light that was to inflame the whole world with its ardours? And as for that which touches his alliance, there was not yet any Law that forbad the Marriages of the *Jews* with the *Gentiles*, and he had but newly ſeen the example of his Father *Jacob*, who had allyed himſelf with the houſe of *Laban*. This was done indifferently enough in the Law of Nature, by reaſon that God had not commanded any thing that was contrary to this practice, and becauſe that this People were yet but a little family in the middle of the world. But this faſhion was changed afterward, (as it is clear by the Scripture) and thoſe who produce the Examples of *Abraham* and of *Jacob*, to perſwade alliance with *Infidels*, ſhew that they have little Reaſon and much Paſſion.

In the ſecond Place, I ſay that the Modeſty of *Joſeph* is of a rare Example, and of a ſtrength of mind almoſt incomparable. Which will be eaſie enough to prove to thoſe that know how ſeriouſly to weigh the change of humour and of ſpirit, that honour ordinarily brings with it; and eſpecially when it is great and ſudden, and falls upon a perſon that is not accuſtom'd to it. There are ſome that are like the *Thracians* that make themſelves drunk, ſtanding about burning coals, by the odour of a certain herb which they throw into the fire; after which they dance continually, and forget all the functions of the reaſonable life. So may you ſee abundance of ſuch men, who perceiving themſelves raiſed upon the wings of fortune, fall into ſuch a madneſs of glory, that they are as it were dizzy-headed by certain venomous fumigations of ambition, and know themſelves no more. But this man ſees himſelf at his going out of priſon mounted to the higheſt point of honour that ever happened to a Favourite; He hath the King's Ring and Seal, he triumphs upon his Chariot, he ſees the Nobles in admiration of his Fortune, and the Commons in veneration, he ſees the applauſes, he hears the Clamours of thoſe that highly publiſh him the favour of the world; and yet for all this great preparation, there eſcapes not from him one only word of vanity. He expreſſes not any complacency in thoſe honours, and in that habit; and it is not read that after the day of the Ceremony he ever uſed them. He publickly avouches that he is the ſon of a Sheepherd, he cauſes his Father and his Brothers to come into the Kingdom of *Egypt*, not to give them the Offices of the Court, and the Treaſures of *Pharaoh*; but he lets them alone in their vocation, contenting himſelf to procure their quiet, and ſome ſmall commodities ſutable to that Paſtoral Life. He humbles himſelf before his Father, he acknowledges and makes much of his Brethren, he gains the heart of all the world, and bears ſo actively that high top of glory, that he ſeems to be no more laden with it, then a Bird is with his Feathers.

The third perfection of *Joſeph* is remarkable in the great and laborious ſervices that he rendred to his Prince, with an high Prudence, an exquiſite Diligence, and an inviolable faithfulneſs. He viſited in perſon all the Provinces of *Egypt*; and in the great fertility of thoſe fortunate years, when Corn was almoſt as cheap as ſand, he laid up a prodigious ſtore in the King's Magazins to relieve the neceſsities of the barrenneſs that was to come: and indeed it did not fail to happen, but indured the ſpace of ſeven years, with ſuch a violence, and ſo great diſaſters; that it ſeemed, that the bowels of the Earth were iron; and that God had reſolved to deſtroy mankind by a General Famine. It was then that all the People implored the mercy of the King, who ſent them back to *Joſeph* who cauſed the Granaries of all *Egypt* to be ſet open, and ſold Corn to all thoſe that had need of it; firſt for mony; afterward for Cattel; and at laſt when both mony and Cattle failed the *Egyptians*, they ſold their Lands in great number: ſo that all *Egypt* was ſubmitted to the diſcretion of the King, to avoid that raging Famine. They gave themſelves and their little Poſſeſsions with all their heart for Bread; But *Joſeph* taking pity of their great miſeries made them Conditions that were above all their hopes. This people was of a ſpirit bright enough, addicted to novelties & ſeditions, which made them often ſhake off the yoke, but *Joſeph* tamed them inſenſibly

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by their own neceſsities, and ſubjected all *Egypt* to his Maſter, cauſing him to reign peaceably, and with a great authority, and yet for all this drew no envy upon himſelf, but quite contrary he made his Government be admired, and his memory bleſſed!

Amongſt all this it is not ſaid that he enriched his houſe with the great treaſures that he heaped up for *Pharaoh*; and although that his Maſter had put all things into his power: yet he uſed them ſo moderately, that when he had a mind to offer preſents to his brother *Benjamin*, whom he loved as his own heart, he contented himſelf to give him five ſutes of Clothes, and three hundred Livers, making the ſame largeſs to his Father, with ſome Mules to tranſport their Baggage. Yet it is very true that he cauſed the Land of *Goſhen* to be given them; but it was, as it were, by way of loan, to dwell there, and to husband it, till the return that *Jacob* pretended to make to the Country of his Fathers. In a word, *Joſeph* plainly ſhewed that he was little affected to all the Riches of the Egyptians when he received of his father, and made reckoning of it, a little piece of land that he had gained from the Amorites.

A fourth quality of this wiſe Governour, which is greatly to be priz'd, is ſeen in the great prudence and ſingular ſweetneſs which he uſed in his Government, in ſuch a manner that he gained the affection of all the great men of *Egypt*. *David* ſpeaking of this diſcretion, and of this goodneſſe ſaith, according to the Hebrew Text, That he tyed them all to his heart, which is as much as to ſay, That he united them to his perſon by a great affability, by good offices, and by honeſt yeildings. They looked upon him as a Father, and as a Maſter, and had him in veneration: and yet for all this he was not puffed with Pride, nor inebriated with the opinion of his own ſufficiency; But in all the extraordinary favours that he received of the King his Maſter, he was communicable, and eſteeming himſelf as one of them, he ſaw them all under him. To ſpeak ſincerely, it is an admirable thing, That a ſtranger ſhould have held the Stern of a Kingdome the ſpace of fourſcore years in a Nation full of Spirit and ſufficiently ſeditious, without complaints, without diſcontents, and without intermiſſions in a calm ſo peaceable, a Peace ſo amiable, a Love ſo Univerſal. How many do we ſee in Hiſtories that being come to ſome dignity ſeem continually to hold a Wolf by the ears; and as they love nothing but their own Intereſts: ſo are they loved ſincerely of no body, which puts them in continual frights, and makes them fear even the very ſhadow of an hair! They think not that there is any ſecurity for themſelves, unleſſe they put the whole world in danger; nor ſafety, vnleſs it be in the publick Ruines. This makes them be hated of God, and Men; and cauſes cares to leap over Ramparts of Steel and Iron, to beſet their ſilver Balliſters, and to call them to an account at every moment for the Calamity of the Living, and for the Bloud of the Dead.

This was a fifth Lineament of his good demeanour, that he had Bowels of Compaſſion for the poor People in that cruel Famine, and general deſpair of all *Egypt*. And although one might imagine that he had promoted the Intereſts of the King in an exceſſe to the detriment of the Subject; yet is it true that he that will well conſider the eſtate and Lawes of that Monarchy, will impute to *Joſeph's* favour that which he would have taken at firſt ſight for Rigour in his Government.

It is certain, that according to the Antient Hiſtories which treat of the Policy of that Nation, the Revenue of *Egypt* was divided into three parts: the firſt of which was claimed by the Prieſts that were in great number, and in great eſteem in a ſuperſtitious Nation; and that portion was employed in the building of Temples, in the expence of ſacrificings, and in the maintenance of the Sacrificers and Miniſters that were preſerved in their inheritances and poſſeſſions by the Reverence that was borne to Religion. The ſecond was the Kings who was obliged to feed and pay the Souldiery, and thoſe that adminiſtred Juſtice. The third belonged to the Common people compoſed of Labourers, of Sheepherds and of Artificers, who ſeeing themſelves oppreſſed with famine, offered willingly their inheritances and their Bodies too for Bread. But *Joſeph* remitted all, gave them wherewith to ſow, and even the Cattle to Plow the Ground, on this condition, that they would render to the King the fifth part of the Increaſe, which they agreed to with a free will, finding their repoſe, their good, and their ſafety in that tranſaction. So that the holy Patriarch is free from blame in all theſe proceedings. For if upon the fore-ſight of the barrenneſs he made proviſion of Corn, it was Prudence; if he ſold it dear in a time that the want of it was great, it was juſtice: but if he exacted not of the Egyptians all that neceſſity preſcribed them, uſing them with more favour then the miſery of their condition did bear, it was mercy. And to make it evidently appear that *Joſeph* made himſelf beloved of the People, one may obſerve an excellent Treatiſe of *Julius Firmicus* an antient Eccleſiaſtical Authour that aſſures us, That the Egyptians finding themſelves infinitely obliged to his Providence and to his Courteſie, conſecrated him under the name of *Serapis* that carried a meaſure of Corn upon his head, to ſignifie that he was the God that had given them bread.

For a ſixth obſervation, one cannot ſufficiently admire that prodigious goodneſs which he teſtified in his reconciliation with his brethren. Upon which the ſacred Hiſtory extends it ſelf with magnificence and pomp; for he did that action with much preparation, and ſeaſoned it with a certain gentleneſs and memorable circumſtances to render it more ſolemn. He frighted them to ſecure them; he made them ſad to make them joyfull; he tormented them with fears and greifs, to make them taſte their felicity with a more delicious daintineſs.

An Antient ſaid alſo, That there is never any thing Good without the experience of Evil; and for this purpoſe he afflicts them at firſt by a feigned Rigour, to make them experiment a true Goodneſs. For to follow in this Hiſtory the paths of the holy Scripture, without any other amplification, ſuch as one may read in the Hiſtory of the *R. Fa. Talon*, who hath handled this ſubject with a flouriſhing and delightfull ſtile, conſider how, when they preſented themſelves unto him to buy Corn in *Egypt* by his permiſſion, he knew them without being known. He aſſumed a ſevere countenance, and harſh language, he uſed them as Spies that come to obſerve the defects of the Cities and of the Citadels of *Egypt* to make a report of it to the enemy. They very much aſtoniſhed, anſwered, that they were very far from all ſuch practiſes, being of a peaceable nature and condition, the ſons of a good man, the father of twelve children, the youngeſt of which ſtayed at home with him, and the other was dead many years ago.

Joſeph that had not his reckoning if he got not his dear

dear brother *Benjamin* that issued from the same Mother as himself, frighted them more to make them resolve to bring him, and told them, that he perceived well that they were Impostours, and that he would believe nothing of what they said, if they came not to produce that little brother of whom they spake; That these were but inventions to amuze him, but he would not be satisfied, nor put off with Fables. Thereupon he gave command that they should all be put in prison under a good and safe Guard. These miserable men lay three dayes in a place where they endured very long, and they began to think upon their conscience, perswading themselves that it was their brother's bloud that rebounded upon their heads. *Joseph* causes them to be brought, and questions them again, as to make ready their indictment, and to cause them to be put to death. The fear, wherein they thought themselves to be, gave them great remorses, and made them say amongst themselves; It is upon a just ground that we suffer now an accident so little expected by us; we well enough remember that we saw the anguish of our poor brother *Joseph*, when we held him in our cruell hands to kill him; we have sold him to the Infidels, and he dyed in slavery overwhelmed with miseries, It is of his bloud that God makes us now to give an account.

They said this with a low voice in *Joseph*'s and the *Egyptians* presence, thinking that their language had not been understood by any one; but all those words entred into the heart of their good brother, who was very much melted with compassion, and withdrew himself to let fall some tears which joy and pity forced from his eyes.

In fine, he commanded them to return unto their home, on condition that one of them should remain Prisoner till such time as they had brought their little brother. *Simeon* was chosen to be the sacrifice, and was bound in their presence, which they could not see without a sad displeasure. This done they were dismissed with their Loads of Corn; and the money which they had brought, secretly put up again into their sacks by *Joseph*'s order. When they perceived it, it astonished them, but being already far advanced upon the way, they returned to their Father, related to him faithfully all that had passed, and expect thereupon his counsels and commands.

But when the Good-man heard them speak of taking away his *Benjamin*, he felt himself touched in the apple of the eye, and said, that he saw plainly that all his children would be taken from him, that they should remember that one had been devoured by the wilde beasts, another lay in chains in a strange Countrey; and that instead of comforting him, they would yet carry away him that assisted him in his old age, and made him love more tenderly that little life that remained to him; That if this should come short home, it would precipitate his grey hairs to the Grave with most bitter griefs. It was pitifull to see the torment of that good old man, and he was not for that time to be pressed farther upon a point so sensible. They let some dayes slip away, and as the famine increased, and the Corn diminished, *Jacob*, without being brought to it by his children, begins again to speak of a Voyage into *Egypt*. They reply, that it was a superfluous thing to think on it, if he made not a resolution to send with them his son *Benjamin*; but when they spake to him of that, they opened the wound of his heart; and he said, that it was to make all the miseries of his unfortunate house fall back on him, and that they might well have omitted to tell the Governour of *Egypt* that they had yet another brother. Whereupon they informed him, that he himself had inquired particularly about the State of all the family, and that they had no list to lye, not being able to divine that he would demand that child.

The necessity of food, and the love of a father combated at the same time in that afflicted heart, and he knew not what to resolve on. His sons seeing him a little stagger, urge him eagerly, as one does those that are slow and fearfull when one would wrest any thing from them. *Reuben* offers him his two little sons in hostage, and would have him kill them, if he brings not back to him his *Benjamin*. *Judah* engages himself for him upon his head and life. The battery was too strong for him not to yield; he orders them therefore to take some of the best fruits of their Land to make presents to that great Lord of *Egypt*, and to carry their money double, to restore that which had been put into their sacks, lest it should have happened by an oversight; and also to take their little brother, seeing that such was the necessity. When they came to a departure, he felt great convulsions, and said to them, go then in an happy hour. I pray my God, the God Almighty, which hath never yet forsaken me, that he would render that great Governour of *Egypt* favourable to you; and that you may quickly bring back that poor prisoner, and my little *Benjamin*, which I put now into your hands upon the promises which you have made, to which I call heaven to witness. Know furthermore, that I am deprived of all my Children, and that I shall be as in the Grave, till such time as the happy news of your return shall give me a Resurrection.

This being said, they put themselves on the way, arrive at *Egypt*, and present themselves suddenly to their brother, who perceived that *Benjamin* was there, whereat he was wonderfully pleased, and commanded his Steward to make ready a dinner, because he would eat with those strangers. They are brought into the house with much courtesie, yet (as an evil conscience is ever fearfull) they perswade themselves that it is to put them in Prison, and to keep them in servitude by reason of that money which they had found in their sacks. They address themselves to the Cash-keeper of the house, very much scared, and beseech him to hear them; they relate to him with great sincerity all that had happened to them, protesting that that came not by their fault, and offering all that they thought they were indebted to him; The other made answer with great affability, that he had received of them good money, that he held himself satisfied, and that if they had found any in their sacks it was their good luck, and the God of their fathers that had a minde to gratifie them. He gave them notice that they were to dine that day with their Lord, who would suddenly return from his affairs to set himself at Table. They order in the mean time their present, and their brother *Simeon* is released who embraces them with a joy which was as the fore-runner of a greater. They are made to wash and repose themselves, and meat is also given to their Mules.

And when all this was dispatched, *Joseph* enters to go to dinner, they prostrate themselves before him with a profound reverence, and offer him their presents. He receives them with great courtesie, and asks of them at first sight, how their good Father did, whether he was yet alive. To which they answered, that God of his goodness had preserved to them that which they held most dear, and that he was in a very good condition. Then he fixed his eyes upon

his bro her *Benjamin*,& ſaid unto them, Is this then your little brother of whom you have made mention to me? To which they anſwer, that they had brought him with them, to obey his commands, & to juſtifie the ſincerity of their proceedings. His heart was raviſhed at him, and turning himſelf towards him, my child, ſayes he to him, I pray God to give you his holy graces, and to keep you in his protection. Upon this ſpeech, he felt his heart very much moved, and ran into his Cloſet, not being able any longer to hold his tears, and wept in ſecret, ſo great great an impreſſion had bloud and nature, and perhaps the remembrance of his Mother who had borne them both, made upon his Spirit.

When he had wiped his face, he returns with a merry countenance, he commands his men to wait. He dined apart, a little ſeparated from his brethren and from another company of the *Egyptians*, who were alſo at the Feaſt, and had no communication with the *Jews*. He gives charge above all that they uſe well the youngeſt of thoſe eleven brothers, wch ſay that they are all the ſons of one and the ſame father, and that they ſhould ſpare nothing on them. After all, he ordered that they ſhould fill their ſacks with Corn, and that they ſhould put again the money alſo in them, as they had done at their firſt journey, and ſpake to his Steward, giving him charge to take the Cup in which he drank, and to put it in the ſack of little *Benjamin*, which he did; and after they had well dined, they paſſed the reſt of the day in all tranquillity, expecting the morrow to put themſelves upon their way, and to return to their father.

When the day began to dawn, after they had bid their adieus, and given their thanks, they departed from the City very joyful, for that they had had ſo happy Accidents; But they were not very far before they ſee a man coming from *Joſeph*, that ſeems exceedingly to chafe, ſtops them, & ſayes to them that ſome body had ſtoln away his Maſters Cup with which he ſerves himſelf to drink in ard to Divine things hidden; that this could not happen but from them, and that they were very injurious, after they had been entertained in the houſe of the Governour of *Egypt* with ſo much courteſie, to render him evil for good, and to fly away after they had committed a Theft ſo baſe and ſo outrageous.

The brothers extreamly aſtoniſhed, anſwer that this cannot be, and that they ſhould be the wickedſt men upon the earth if they had as much as dreamt of ſuch an attempt; That there was no likelyhood that they that had brought back faithfully the money that had been put into their ſacks, would ſteal in the houſe of ſo high a Potentate; Furthermore, that there was no need of words, but that he ſhould come to proof, and ſearch every where; and that if any one of them was culpable of that ſacriledge, they were content to deliver him up to death, and to render themſelves all, the Governour's ſlaves for reparation of that fault.

The condition is accepted with moderation, that the faulty ſhould be puniſhed, and that the innocent ſhould go free. They are all ſearched in order, and the Cup was found in th e ſack of the youngeſt. The brothers are ſeized with a profound aſtoniſhment, and the poor child ſo amazed, that he hath not a word to defend himſelf. They begin all to afflict themſelves, and to rent their clothes, and return to the City, as Thieves taken in the fact, to render an account to the Govefnour. As ſoon as he ſaw them he reproached them of ingratitude, and ſaid to them, that they were much deceived to come to him to ſteal, ſeeing there was not a man in the whole world that had more news of ſecret things then he. All proſtrate themſelves on the ground, and do him Reverence; *Judah* takes the word and ſayes, That they came not to excuſe themſelves, that they had nothing to ſay, ſince God had rendred their iniquity ſo viſible, that they were come all to offer themſelves to him to be his ſlaves, with him that had done the deed. Nay, it ſhall not go ſo, ſaith *Joſeph*, but the culpable ſhall ſtay with me, and ye ſhall return all of you, at liberty to your houſe. Then *Judah* drew near, deſired audience with a profound humility, and declared how that child was his Father's heart and life, and that having received order from his Excellence to pluck him out of the arms of the old man, and to bring him; they had given him battels to make him reſolve on that Voyage, to which he would by no means hearken. But the deſire they had to give all poſſible ſatisfaction to his greatneſs, had made them preſs that buſineſs ſo far as to oblige themſelves life for life, body for body, and to deliver their little children to death, in caſe that they brought not back their brother *Benjamin*; that thereupon the goodman rendred himſelf with much difficulty; and that to go and tell him at preſent that his dear ſon in whom he lives, and by whom he breaths, is ſtayed priſoner in *Egypt*, for a caſe of theft, would be to give him a double death, and to ſend him to the grave with inconſolable griefs. And therefore he beſeeched his Greatneſs to ſhew them mercy, and to take him for a ſlave in the place of his brother *Benjamin*.

Joſeph could hear no more, ſo much love and pity did he feel in the bottome of his heart. He cauſed all the ſervants to withdraw, not being willing that any of the *Egyptians* ſhould be witneſs of this action, and then he lifted up his voice with a great ſigh, and a torrent of tears that glided from his eyes, and ſaid, I am *Joſeph*, is my Father yet alive? At that ſpeech theſe poor men ſtood ſo ſurpriſed, and in ſuch an extaſie, that they made him no reply. By how much the more he ſaw them aſtoniſhed, by ſo much the more did he make much of them, and making them approach very near him, he ſaid again, I am *Joſeph*, I am he that ye ſold to the *Iſhmaelites* to be carried into *Egypt*. Trouble not your ſelves; God permitted this for my good and for yours.. Two years of Famine are paſt, there are yet five remaining; and I have been ſent from on high into *Egypt* to nouriſh you, and to preſerve you in the rigour of the time. It was not by your counſels, but by the ordinances of God that I came into this Kingdom. And now behold, I am as a father to *Pharaoh*, the ſuperintendent of his houſe, and the Prince of *Egypt*. Go, haſte ye to return to my father, carry him the news of my life and of my dignity, relate to him all the glory and all the magnificence that environs me, and tell him that I expect him here, and that it is the will of God that he ſhould come to ſojourn in the land of *Goſhen*, where he ſhall have all that he can deſire for his children and for his flocks. This ſaid, he embraced them weeping, beginning with the little *Benjamin*, and then they took the boldneſs to ſpeak to him with open heart about all that had paſſed, thinking themſelves obliged above all meaſure to his goodneſs.

The fame of this acknowledgment ran in the houſe of *Pharaoh*, who ordered *Joſeph* to cauſe his father to come and ſojourn in *Egypt* with his brothers, diſpatching many chariots to carry all his baggage.

The children returned Triumphing, and gave him the

the news that his son *Joseph* was alive, and the second person of the Realm of *Egypt*, that had the managing of all. The Good-man thought that it was a dream, and the admiration of it held him so seized that he could not come to himself again; at length when he saw that it was all in good earnest, and that the Chariots, that were to carry away all his family, were at the gate, he said, that now there remained nothing more for him to desire, if his son *Joseph* was alive, and that he would see him before his death. Some time after, he departed, being encouraged by an heavenly Vision that promised him all good successes in that journey; and when he was arrived at *Gosben*, he dispatched *Judah* to give the news of it to his son *Joseph*, who at the same instant went up into his Coach to go to meet him, and seeing him, embraced him with close enfoldings, weeping for joy and tenderness upon his neck. His Father holding him between his arms said; My son, It is at this hour that I shall dy content, since God hath shewed me the grace to see you, and to leave you alive after me. The holy man was also presented to King *Pharoah*, who made him a great entertainment, and demanded of him his age; to which he answered, that he was but an hundred and thirty years old, that those dayes were few and evil, and were not extended to the age of his Fathers; He blessed the King, and his place of abode was assigned in the Land of *Gosben*, where he lived in a most full content.

And now I demand of my Reader, if there be any thing more magnificent, more sweet, and more benigne then the heart of *Joseph* in all the circumstances of that Reconciliation with his brethren? We see many Histories wherein the Grandees of the earth that mount up on their Throne, after they have been offended, who, have nothing so ordinary as to make Furies and Vengeances with squadrons of Hangmen march with them by their side, to ruine those that have done them any displeasure. But this man, after he had been so cruelly used, after he had been stripped of his cloaths, cast into an old pit of water, domineered over, and sold to *Barbarians* by his own brothers, with an intention to keep him in an hard slavery the rest of his dayes, not onely forgets all that had passed, but pardons them with a profusion of Charity. He does them good, he overwhelms with good offices those ungratefull men, and in obliging them, he hath but one trouble, which is, to see them shamefull of their crime. He weeps, while he embraces them one after another. He would not that that fault should be imputed to them. He sayes, that it was a design of God on which they should think no more, unless to thank him. These bad brethren, after their father's death, finding themselves pricked with remorse of conscience, and imagining that that pardon was but a dissembling, cast themselves at his feet, and beseech him to lay aside all the resentments of past wrongs; but he raised them, weeping, and promised them a Charity totally fraternal, and for ever inviolable. And though he was so puissant and so absolute, he never advanced his own children to the prejudice of his brothers, observing them, and respecting in every thing the right of Elder-ship, which nature had given them over him. Certainly a man that hath such a power over himself, ought to be looked upon on earth as a Star that should descend from heaven, and as the liveliest image of Divine Goodness: he merits not onely to triumph on *Pharoah*'s Chariots, but on the Heaven of Heavens, and to be beheld by Angels with admiration of his desert. Finally, that which was glorious in *Joseph* for the fullness of this perfection, was the strength and equality of an incomparable spirit; he was alwayes like himself, and saw all the changes of his fortune without changing: He descends into the deep pit with the same countenance as he mounts upon *Pharaoh*'s Chariot: He complains of nothing: He accuses no body: He stifles all the displeasures and all the resentment in nature in him. He is loved of his Mistris, without condescending to her passion: He is hated of her, without accusing her cruelty: He is accused, without defending himself; persecuted, without resisting. So many years roul over his head without writing one onely word to his Father, to the disadvantage of his inhumane brothers: He suffers with silence: He hides his evils with industry: He does good without affectation: He bears upon his shoulders all the cares of a great Government, without groaning under his burden: He communicates his glories and his pleasures: He reserves to himself onely the toils: He takes the bitter and the sweet, the hard and the soft, prosperities and adversities, as the sea that receives all the rivers without changing either colour or savour. All his life is but a picture that hath alwayes the same visage: and as the Deity does continually one and the same action without altering or wearying it self, he continues the exercises of his goodness without remission, even to the last Article of his life.

MOSES.

WHat spectacle is this here? A Cradle of Bulrushes floating upon the River *Nile*, and in it a little abandoned Infant, for whom his own Mother is constrained to make a grave of water to avoid the fury of the Murderers, that came to pluck him from the breast. His sister follows him with weeping eyes, and sayes to him, Go poor Child whether fortune shall conduct thee; Go, my dear brother, upon the floats of a furious Element, which perhaps will be more favourable to thee, then those inhumane men that seek thy life, when as thou knowest not yet what 'tis to live. This River will have pity on thee; or if it swallows up thy Cradle in its waves, it will lodge thy bones in its bosom, and cover thy death to sweeten the bittereſt of our evils, which is, to have eyes to look upon our misery.

But while that this poor maid weeps upon the bank of *Nilus*, and mingles her tears with the water of the River, Providence takes the care of that Cradle; she makes herself as the Pilot of that little Vessel, which is without Mast, without Rudder, without Cordage; she supplies all, and does all, she shews how one may finde life in death, and an haven in a shipwrack,

The Daughter of King *Pharaoh* comes with her female train, and in it is her intention to bathe her self; but in God's intention, that she might be made the Mother of that little Infant exposed to the mercy of the waters; and that since she could not be so by Natnre, she might be by Adoption. She discovers first of all that Cradle which was on the waters side, and dispatches one of her Damsels to take it up and bring it her, that she might see what was in it; she findes a very fair child which pleads his case before her by the eloquence of his tears and

of his cryes, and implores her mercy againſt the fury of the Infant-ſlayers. Her heart is melted in compaſſion towards it, and ſhe gives command that it ſhould be kept and nouriſhed; his ſiſter ſtanding opportunely by, ſayes unto her that ſhe knew where was a good Nurſe that would well acquit her ſelf of that duty, if it pleaſed her Majeſty that ſhe might call her; whereto ſhe having ſhewed ſome inclination, ſhe cauſes the mother to come that nurſed with all ſecurity her dear Infant, which ſhe had expoſed through diffidence.

This little body drawn out of the bundle of ruſhes, is he that God hath choſen to ſhake all Egypt, to overthrow the pride of *Pharaoh's*, and to draw his people out of Captivity.

The *Hebrews* were already multiplied exceedingly in the Kingdom of *Egypt* after the death of *Joſeph*, in the ſpace of ſixty five years; and began to make themſelves feared of their Maſters. The face of the Realm was changed, and he that was then upon the Throne, was a Prince that remembred not any longer the obligations that the Monarchy had to the Patriarch *Joſeph*: but blamed the counſels of his Predeceſſours for having permitted a ſtranger-people to have a dwelling in his Kingdom; that ſeeming to him, according to humane Policy, of pernicious conſequence, and thinking that that waxing ſtronger, as it did, every day, might be capable to make an attempt upon the State, or be ſerviceable to thoſe that had a deſign to make a commotion, and to embroil the affairs of the Kingdom. He judged not ill, according to the rules of Polititians; and for that purpoſe, he reſolved with himſelf to abate and to deſtroy them by what means ſoever it was don. The firſt was to conſume them amongſt ſtones and mortar in the ſtructure of thoſe prodigious *Pyramids* that are to be ſeen in *Egypt*. The ſecond was to command the Midwives to kill all the Male-children, which they did not execute through the fear which they had of God, and the horrour of that command. This made him adviſe upon a third means, and ordain, that all the Boyes from the day of their birth ſhould be drowned in the River *Nile*.

But God (that would teach Princes and State-Miniſters; that although one ſhould have in Idea any juſt and lawful deſign: yet one never ought to ſeek to compaſſe it by unjuſt and violent means) permitted not this unhappy Prince that gnawed himſelf with cares and unquietneſe, and tormented his life by ſo many new inventions of malice and of fury, ever to bring about what he had projected; and his ſucceſſour after a thouſand ſcourges, and a thouſand diſaſters of his Kingdom which he ſaw every day fall by pieces before his eys, was buried in the red Sea for drowning thoſe little Infants in the *Nile*.

The life of one onely man oftentimes coſts him dear that will have it by Revenge; what then do we think that it is to root out a great family, or a whole Nation to ſatisfie one of our appetites? All the veins of thoſe that are perſecuted bend themſelves to reſiſtance, and God (in fine) taking their cauſe in hand overwhelms all humane Policy in a crudity of undigeſted deſigns, and a ſhame to have tryed every thing and to have done nothing, to have exhauſted the ſweat and the blood of the people, the gold and the ſteel of great Kingdoms, all malices and all hell, and to obtain no other thing but a remarkable Confuſion through the weakneſs of ones power.

Seneca ſaid to *Nero*, that inflicted ſo many deaths by a jealouſie of State, that he killed men to good purpoſe indeed, and that whatſoever endeavour he uſed, he ſhould never put to death his ſucceſſour. When Tyrants torment themſelves without, and ſack ſmoaking cities, and mow off ſo many innocent heads; they have within, that which will deſtroy them. *Pharaoh* ceaſed not to ſtorm, and to make every day new maſſacres, to cauſe him to periſh that would make an attempt upon his State; and in the mean while his own daughter nouriſhes the moſt capital of his enemies, that was to make his Scepter fly in ſhivers, and bury him in his race under the ruines of his Empire.

Natural Hiſtory hath obſerved a ſtrange thing of the nature of the Helmet-flower, that it is a plant as venomous as poſſible, and that kills all thoſe that eat of it; and yet for all this, there are little flies about that plant which are nouriſhed with it, and (what is admirable) ſerve for an Antidote againſt its poiſon. The Court is a reſidence very prejudicial to Innocence; and that of *Pharaoh's* was without doubt a School of Murthers and of Maſſacres, rather then an Academy of Honour: and yet God permitted that *Moſes* ſhould be bred up there; and that without being touched with a venome ſo contagious to virtues, he ſhould give a remedy to thoſe that were offended with it.

He learned all the Arts and all the Wiſdom of the *Egyptians*; he conſidered all their Policy, all their Artifices, their Arms, their Levies, their Victual, their Souldiers, the Principles of their Government, the Effects, the Succeſſes, the Diſpoſition of King *Pharaoh*, the Eſteem, the Credit, the Capacity, and the Deſigns of the Great ones of the Court, the Means that had upheld that Monarchy, and the Things that might ruine it. He was reſpected and eſteemed of all, as the true ſon of the Princeſs, which gave him the liberty to know every thing, and to learn the ſecret myſteries of the Empire, not as a ſtranger, but as an originary.

He ſhewed from his infancy ſome glimpſe of the greatneſs and of the power to which God deſtined him, when (according to the report of the *Hebrews*) being at play one day with the Crown of *Pharaoh* he threw it on the ground, and trod upon it with his feet, which was eſteemed a very bad preſage, and gave much trouble to the King; but when they would diſcern whether that action proceeded from judgment and from malice, or from chance, they preſented to him on one ſide an apple, and on the other a coal of fire, to ſee to which of the two he would reach his hand; now the childe quitting the fruit, took the fire, as if he would put it to his mouth to eat it. Whereupon the Sages of the Nation informed the King, that there was no reaſon to put to death an Infant, adopted by his daughter, for an action of ſimplicity.

He was then trained up in the exerciſe of Arms, and *Joſephus* relates, that being come to maturity of age, he was a great warriour; and that the *Ethiopians* having made an inundation upon the Realm of *Egypt* with great forces, when the State was very much troubled with them, the King was counſelled by his Oracles to make uſe of an *Hebrew* Captain to ſtop the courſe of thoſe hoſtilities. The charge of the Army was given to *Moſes*, who led it with great prudence through places that others judged inacceſſible, and by means of certain Birds which he cauſed to be carried out of *Egypt*, purged the Country of the Serpents that were wont extremely to annoy the Souldiers. In fine, he chaſed the *Ethiopians*, and ſhut them up within the walls of their City *Saba*, which he puiſſantly beſieged. The

beauty

beauty of his countenance furnished him with darts and engines to take it, that were stronger then fire and sword. The King's daughter having seen him from an high tower as he gave orders for the siege, was so ravished with his valour, that she became passionately in love with him, and causes him to be sued unto for Marriage, on which condition she would deliver the City into his hands; which was executed, and the Nuptials followed, which changed the thunders of Warr into the songs of Love. The glories that this Conquerour gathered from these combats were the seeds of an enraged envy which the *Egyptians* had against him, ceasing not to persecute his virtue, so that he was constrained to get him out of *Egypt*.

Yet it is held that he was at Court till the age of fourty years, without advancing any thing in that great affair of the Deliverance of his people, so leisurely do mighty negotiations proceed, and are like the Planet of *Saturn*, which being the highest is the slowest too. He resented his bloud, and his originall, and had very much ado to digest the rigours that he saw continually exercised upon his brethren; yet as long as he was at Court his spirit seemed to be in an eclipse without producing the vivacity of those fair Lights that God communicated to him in the wilderness. The wise-men lost their Star at the Court of *Herod*; and *Moses* was deprived of his high revelations in that of *Pharaoh*. He was in a condition not to be able any longer to dissemble the evil of his Nation, and in an impotence to advance the good as he would have done; he made a resolution to leave that place that was so familiar to Crimes and inaccessible to Virtues. The clamours that he heard, and the miseries that he saw, rent his heart; He could not hold from making an insolent *Egyptian*, that tormented one of his brethren feel how much his hand weighed; for having already a secret Magistracy from God, he killed him and buried him in the sand.

A few dayes after, as he played the Moderatour between those of his Nation, an impudent fellow rose up against him, and demanded of him the virtue of his Commission, reproaching him with the murder of the *Egyptian*, which he thought had been very secret: yet when he perceived that it was known at Court; and that *Pharaoh*, that was a suspicious Prince, took jealousies of his courage and of his sufficiency, he quitted all the greatnesses and all the delights of the Palace of that Monarch, chusing rather to suffer with his Brethren, as saith Saint *Paul*: then to taste any more the sweetnesses of a temporal glory. It is an act of prudence to steel away from the fury of a wicked Prince, who holds for enemy all that there is of virtuous, and to hide ones self as those Rivers that go a long way under ground without being seen of any one, and then unexpectedly produce themselves, to water the Meadows, to bear boats, to serve for a knot to the commerce of men, and to make Islands and Beauties for the ornament of Nature. These retirings have been advantageous to many, whom they have hid for a time, with an intention to set them afterward in bright day. The fire, which devours every thing, hath no more to do with the ashes and the rage of Tyrants, that swallows up every thing, thinks no more on those that enter while they live (as it were) into the sepulchre of a life unknown to all the world.

Moses passed from one extremity to another without the middle, when forsaking the Court, after a stay of fourty years, he went to range himself in the life of shepherds, and remained as one lost in the world, to finde himself with God. He withdrew himself into the countrey of the *Midianites*, where he had at first approach a pleasing encounter that made him find a commodious dwelling, and a marriage according to his heart. The sacred History sayes that *Jethro* a Priest and Sheepherd in that Region had sent seven daughters whereof he was the father, to draw water at a Fountain for their flocks to drink; and that having met with other sheepherds insolent enough, that taking a pride to insult over the infirmity of that sex, ceased not to harry them, and to hinder them from the use of an Element that Nature had made to slide for the commodity of the publick. *Moses* (that had the quality of *Plato's* Magistrate, whom he would have to be zealous and courageous for the defence of Justice) could not endure the insolence of those wicked men, and takes the Maidens part whom he defended against oppression with so much successe, as that he chased away their Adversaries, and gave them free liberty to draw water. For which they thought themselves very much obliged, and failed not to make a large relation to their father of the courtesie of that *Egyptian* that had taken them into his protection. Their father received him into his house, and took so much pleasure in his conversation, that he gave him one of his daughters in marriage, and allied him to his family by an indissoluble amity.

This new Son-in-law accustomed himself to a country-life, and practised the laborious exercises of sheepherds; so true it is, that able men bend their spirit whether they will, and are good at doing every thing, habituating themselves to persons and to places where their lot hath ranged them, bearing equally want and abundance, and shewing by their example, that there is no life in the world so strange, that may not serve for matter to virtue. But without speaking yet of the great secrets that God kept hidden in this ordering of *Moses*, I finde that it was the means to make a great States-man of him, because that Philosopher which hath deserved the title of Divine sayes, that a good King is nothing else but a sheepherd of a reasonable flock; and that he ought to take his first Rudiments from the manner of ordering sheep, to succeed well in the Government of Kingdoms; that he ought to see the tender love, the cares, and the toils of the true sheepherds, to learn how he ought to demean himself towards his Subjects. *Moses* had all leisure to lay those grounds, tarrying as many years in his Country life as he had before passed at Court, and ceasing not to play the Philosopher, and to contemplate in that great Schole of Nature, where God spake to him, and taught him lessons through the veil of all the Creatures. O how little did the pompous pride of the *Pharaoh's* then seem to him! O how contemptible then did seem all those beauties of dust, and those fortunes of wind that are at Court! His heart dilated it self in the greatnesses of God, and became every day wiser then it self.

This long solitude having purged him from the impurities of the earth, rendred him capable of the visits and commerce of God; and the time destined to the deliverance of his people being now at hand; as he went along entertaining his thoughts, he was got farr into the Desart, and perceived that miraculous Bush all crowned with innocent flames that gave it a delightfull beauty, and the fire that consumes every thing seemed rather to dresse then to offend it. God, meaning to signifie by this the estate of his chosen people, for whom the burning coals of persecution prepared an high lustre of glory.

Moses

Moſes charmed with this Viſion draws near, and hears a voice out of the middle of the Buſh that calls him, and having commanded him to put off his ſhooes through reverence, ſpeaks with him, and declares to him its will about the going out of *Egypt*, which the *Iſraelites* were to enterpriſe and execute under his command.

To ſpeak truth, this was one of the greateſt Colloquies, and one of the higheſt Diſcourſes that was ever under Heaven, wherein the Sovereign Maſter ſeated upon a Throne of Fire, talked with the moſt excellent man of all Ages touching the means to break the chains of ſix hundred thouſand men, beſides women and little children that groaned under an horrible Captivity, and drowned every day a part of their life in their tears. *Moſes* that was totally accuſtomed to the ſweetneſs of his ſolitude, refuſed at firſt to be the Negotiatour of a buſineſs of ſo great importance, and to betake himſelf again to the Court of *Egypt* to treat with *Pharaoh*, alledging his inability, the incredulity of the people, and the impediment of his ſpeech, to free himſelf from that Embaſſage. But God having aſſured him that he was *He that is*, that is to ſay, The abſolute Being, the Independent, and the firſt Original of all Eſſences, that would be with him, and would give him for a companion, his brother *Aaron*, who was eloquent enough; & in fine, having confirmed him by prodigious Miracles that he cauſed to be done in his preſence won him, and made him conſent to his will.

Ariſtotle in the fifth of his *Politicks* hath ſaid, that of all the things that cauſe the ſubverſions of Kingdoms and of Empires, there was not any more pernicious then Injuſtice and Oppreſſion of the innocent, which may be obſerved clearly in this proceeding. For, behold the ruine of a great Realm procured by the cruelty of the Miniſters of *Pharaoh*, who by his conſent and orders turmoiled inceſſantly a people, miſerable and afflicted, above all meaſure. Their piercing clamours, ſo many times redoubled, clave the clouds, and were carried by the Angels even up to the Heaven of heavens, repreſented before the Throne of the living God with ſo much force and vigour, as they made tender the bowels of the God of mercy, that deſcends, and ſpeaks athwart the Flames and Thrones to bring about their ſafety.

Moſes and *Aaron* failed not to diſcover themſelves to the moſt eminent of the choſen people concerning the Counſel that God had taken of their liberty; whereat they were at firſt ſo joyed, that they proſtrated themſelves on the earth through reſpect, adoring the divine Goodneſs that carried himſelf with ſo much love to the eaſing of their miſery: but when this buſineſs proved thorny and full of obſtacles, their courage failed them, and had almoſt as live crouch in their Servitude, as buy their Liberty at the priſe of reaſonable pain. Yet *Moſes*, accompanied with his brother, courageouſly tranſports himſelf to *Pharaoh's* Palace, ſpeaks to him with a generous liberty from the living God, and declares to him his Commands, which were, to diſmiſs his people, and let them go out of *Egypt* to ſacrifice in the wilderneſs.

He that reigned at that time was one *Pharaoh Cenchris*, an haughty and inſolent Prince, who having never heard any ſuch language, ſaid, That he knew not that God, that intermeddled to make him ſuch Commands; and that he was fully reſolved not to let go the prey which he held in his hands; that all theſe diſcourſes of Sacrifices and of Devotions proceeded from nothing but a pure idleneſs fatal to the *Jewiſh* people, and that he would give them ſo much exerciſe, that they ſhould not have the leiſure to dream on ſuch fancies. And, in effect, he commanded the Commiſſaries that preſided over the labour of thoſe poor ſlaves, to redouble their Pains and augment their Burdens. The ſtraw that was furniſhed them before to make the brick, taken from them; they were conſtrained to ſeek for it where they could, and yet for all this the number of their bricks which they were bound to render every day was not diminiſhed. And though this was a thing impoſſible for them, yet muſt they expect rods and baſtonado's, and all imaginable rigours. This made a great noiſe amongſt the People, which began already to murmur againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, blaming their enterpriſe, and complaining that they would ſet them at liberty.

It is a moſt ordinary thing in all great affairs; there are ſpirits that are like thoſe watry clouds that never carry lightning, ſo cannot they ever conceive any thing that is vigorous: they would have good things, but they would have them looſely, and would willingly deſire that Nature ſhould renew for them the favours of the Terreſtrial Paradiſe, and ſhould give them roſes that ſhould never be compaſſed about with thorns. But as one ought not to be raſh and violent to puſh forward buſineſſes out of a giddy humour, ſo ought one not to be ſlack and effeminate in letting thoſe alone that oblige us by conſcience and by duty. *Moſes* deſiſts not for all this, but takes a ſtout reſolution to advance the work of God, even to the Point whether Providence would have it come. He had on one ſide men to combat with, that reſiſted their own good: and on the other, an impious, obſtinate, and cruel Prince: he gains the one by reaſons and by ſweetneſs, he brings down the other by threats & prodigies.

One may here manifeſtly ſee the paths that God hath trodden in the puniſhment of *Pharaoh*, when he would abandon a King or a great man for his demerits, and ſacrifice him to his Juſtice, letting him fall into a reprobate ſenſe, which is the laſt ſtep that one makes to enter into Hell. He permits him (to ſatiate an Ambition or a Revenge) to entangle himſelf in ſome great deſign under the pretence of Juſtice and of Honour; and foraſmuch as he is extremely thirſty after the greatneſs of the earth, puts him upon a pinacle in the higheſt dignities and the moſt magnificent negotiations, leaves him to himſelf, and to the wiſhes of his own heart; and although he be vicious, gives him great ſucceſſes and incomparable proſperitie that puff up his heart, and make him preſume upon his own conduct. He takes from him the taſte of Divine things, letting him ſlide into a contempt of the holy Word, and of all the admonitions that one can give him about his ſafety. If ſhe hath any faithful Counſellour, he puts him out, and ſubſtitutes in his place flatterers and inchaunters. If there come any ſcourge from heaven to overwhelm him, he is made believe that it is but a natural thing, and ordinary enough, and that he ought not to trouble himſelf about ſuch a buſineſs. If he be ſenſible of any evil that affrights him, men endeavour ſuddenly to ſcatter it, and to make him underſtand that that is not the wrath of God, but an order of Nature; and that he may mock at the tempeſt as ſoon as the calm returns.

All this is made viſible in this miſerable Prince. A great Kingdom, great Ambitions, Revenges hereditary againſt the choſen People, an immoveable deſign to root them out, a contempt of God,

succeſſe in his vengeances, and ſome ſatisfaction of ſpirit by the pains of thoſe miſerable ones, *Moſes* baffled, the Flatterers hirkned to, the Magicians adored, the Plagues of Heaven turned into laughters as ſoon as they were paſſed, an heart (at laſt) hardned by its own malice, and not by the work of God who doth no more make ſin, then the Sun makes the night. *Moſes* endeavours firſt to gain him by the force of reaſons, and by the ſweetneſs of words; whereto, when he ſhewed reſiſtance, he employed Miracles for the proof of his Commiſſion, which the King cauſed to be counterfeited by his Magicians, oppoſing the Shadow to the Light, and a Lie to Truth.

After which, the wrath of Heaven cauſed thoſe ten Plagues, related in *Exodus*, ſucceſſively to rain upon him. For that unfortunate Prince ſaw firſt of all the River of *Nile* all in blood, as if it had demanded Vengeance of God for thoſe little Innocents that had been caſt into it. He ſaw Frogs that came out of the ſame Stream by an impetuous ebullition, in ſuch a manner, as that they covered all the fields, entred into the houſes, filled the tables, mounted upon the beds, and gave horrour and torments to all *Egypt*. He ſaw thick clouds of Gnats, that were raiſed all on a ſudden, caſting themſelves upon the Cattel and upon the men, with ſo irkſome a trouble that their life was full of bitterneſs. He ſaw after that, armies of all ſorts of Flies, ſo different in their kind, ſo violent in their aſſaults, and ſo pernicious in their effects, that they defiled every thing with their venom. He ſaw a furious mortality of Beaſts, that fell every moment, and infected the Air by their corruption. He ſaw the bodies of his Subjects all laden with Ulcers, wherewith the Magicians themſelves, in puniſhment of their crimes were covered in ſuch a faſhion as that they could ſtand no longer in the preſence of their King. He ſaw the moſt horrible Hail fall from Heaven, that ſince *Egypt* was in being, there was never ſeen the like; for it ſuſtain'd it ſelf upon the wings of the Lightning, and the Fire and Ice agreed extraordinarily together for the puniſhment of thoſe perfidious men. He ſaw legions of Graſhoppers that made an inundation upon the champains, and made havock of the plants, finiſhing to deſtroy that which the Hail had begun. In fine, all *Egypt* was covered with thoſe palpable Darkneſſes that laſted for the ſpace of three dayes, during which, the *Egyptians* remained as bound with the inviſible chains of a night without repoſe, which had nothing better in it then to take from them the ſight of their diſaſter.

But that which terrified them above all the plagues was when the deſtroying Angel entring at midnight into all their houſes killed the firſt-born from the childe of the Millers wife, to the Kings ſon, and there was not an houſe wherein the firſt bloſſom of the Family was not lopped off by the pittileſs hook of Death. The fathers were touched with a ſtupid grief, the diſheveld mothers threw themſelves down upon the bodies of their infants, to gather from their mouths the remainders of their life; the whole family ſent out howlings rather then complaints, and the evil was ſo univerſal, and ſo preſſing, that that their was neither conſolation, nor remedy. *Pharaoh* ſighed at every Plague, and ſeemed to be willing to turn to God, but as ſoon as he had the leſt releaſe, he returned to his obſtinacy, which was a mark of a Reprobate ſoul. Yet his ſubjects ſenſibly touched with the laſt accident, urged the *Hebrews* to be gone, & would no longer oppoſe the counſels of God.

The day of departure is taken, and the ſix hundred thouſand combatants, with an innumerable number of women and little children, after the ceremony of the Paſchal Lamb, travel to the red-Sea loaden with Gold, with Silver, with ſuits of Apparel and with all the richeſt Spoils of *Egypt*. The pillar of Cloud and of Fire marched before them in the head of the Army, to give ſignal to the twelve Tribes that beheld it viſibly on all parts. Notice is given in the mean time to King *Pharaoh*, that thoſe fugitives were already ſtoln away, and gone enriched with the treaſures of his People. And although he had given ſome kind of conſent to their going, yet he enters again into his furies, aſſembles his light-Chariots, and all the flouriſhing Legions of *Egypt* to purſue the *Iſraelites*. They failed not to overtake them quickly upon the Sea-ſhore, ſo that the two Armies were in view of one another. The one of which was filled with a great number of people badly prepared at that time for a combat, valour forſaking their heart, and their hands ready to throw away their arms; The other was compoſed of ſprightful and well trained Regiments, to whom choler and the hope of booty gave a new vigour. The glittering of the Arms, the Clouds of duſt that were raiſed, the ſhouts of the Souldiers mingled with the neighing of Horſes, gave mortal ſtroaks to the hearts of that poor multitude which had now no other thought but to die murmuring, and to revenge their death on *Moſes* by their murmures.

Alas, ſaid they, What! were there no Graves in *Egypt* to bury our lives and miſeries, without leading us into the Wilderneſs to deliver us for a prey to the ſword of the *Egyptians*, and to the Birds of rapine? Did we not ſay well, that we ſhould have ſtay'd peaceably in the bondage wherein God had ranged us, without making theſe great proviſions, and ſhutting our ſelves all up as in a net, to deliver our ſelves to the diſcretion of our enemies? we have the Sea on one ſide, and on the other our incenſed Maſters that breath nothing but fire and blood: on which hand ſoever we go, we ſee nothing but images of death & infallible marks of the miſeries that threatens us.

All the Army was filled with fear, and the ſighs of the Wives and of the Children abated the courage of the Fathers and of the Husbands, who expected nothing any more but to be the ſubject of an horrible butchery. But the generous *Moſes*, although he had an heart pierc'd with grief to hear their blaſphemies, ran through the ranks of the army, encourag'd the Captains, animated the People, & as long as he had any voice or breath cried without ceaſing, Courage, my friend, ye are here aſsēbl'd to ſee the wonders of the God of Hoſts: behold thē onely, without troubling your ſelves, and God ſhall fight for you. See and conſider thoſe brave *Egyptians* your perſecutours, and believe that it is the laſt time that you ſhall ſee them, for they ſhall be no more. And after he had ſaid this, he ſpake to God with a ſilence that ſurpaſſed all clamours, and therefore God anſwered him, What haſt thou to do any more to cry thus after me? Lift up thy Rod, ſtretch forth thine hand, divide the floats of the Sea, and make thine Army march through the fair middle on dry foot. This was executed, and all that great people of the *Iſraelites* (animated by the ſpirit of God, and the voice of *Moſes* that marched in the head of them) deſcended with a firme footing and a ſecure countenance into thoſe Abyſſes where the water of the Sea retiring it ſelf apart made them ramparts of Chryſtal on each ſide, and diſcovered to them in the middle a path that the hand of God ſeemed to have laid

with

with Tapistry for to make them passage. The pillar of fire that was planted in the midst of the two Armies furnished them with unparalel'd lights to manifest the works of God, and on that side which looked towards the *Egyptians* it was horrible and dark, bearing already the presages of the funerals that attended them. The Angel of God shut up in this engine of fire, darted out Thunder-striking looks upon the Diadem of *Pharaoh*, and upon all those that encompassed him. Their courage failed them, and nothing now was left them but a rage yet fuming after blood. They threw themselves desperately into the Sea which they promised themselves to pass over on dry foot as advantageously as their adversaries. But the waters returning into their bed, with an impetuous course invelop'd those miserable men, there was nothing now but a confusion of men and horses, of Arms and Chariots, of bodies pestering one another, that disputed their life with the waves, and died expiring out the remainders of their fury. *Pharaoh* the King was drowned, the assistance of his Captains had not the strength to save him whom the hand of God would destroy. Nothing was to be seen but Bucklers and Turbants floating upon the water, and death painted in a thousand faces that made a mervellous booty. The *Israelites* being in an extasie at these wonders, thundred out a song in the praise of God that hath since ravished the heart and ear of all Ages.

After that *Moses* had drawn his people out of the captivity of *Egypt*, he imitated God that did not make so fair a world to abandon it, but governs it by a secret providence that insinuates it self into all the parties of the Universe. So this great Legislatour employed all his cares to the conduct of this great multitude, to which his presence produced the same effect as the infusion of the soul into the body. The chief and most ordinary pains that he took was to appease the murmures and seditions that were born at every season, and sometimes for very light occasions. But the greatest part was for the belly to which hunger gives a greedines, and the law gives no ears. When amidst the Desarts of *Arabia*, where they journied, they felt any mitigation in their pain, *Moses* was a man incomparable: but as soon as water and bred failed them, he was no more their friend, they longed inceassantly after the fleshpots of *Egypt*, and stirred up furious tempests.

We see examples of this in all Polities, Empires, and Republicks, where all those things that assault the life of the people make them send forth great cries, run to stones and steel, and tear men into little shreds. Those that would reign peaceably, think more of gaining the hearts of their subjects then the money, and take a wonderful order that the inferiour people may have wherewith to nourish and maintain themselves in mean commodities and all that is absolutely necessary to life. *Augustus Cæsar*, the wisest of the *Roman* Emperours, had so particular a care to provide for the City of *Rome*, that when he saw it threatned by any Famine, he would be like to die; and he took more pleasure to hear the poor Mechanicks commending his paternal sweetnes, and the happines of his time, then to behold Colossus's and Arches of triumphs erected in his name. Those that take a way quite contrary say, Let Clown grumble, and let Clown pay, that one ought little to care for the complaints and murmurings of a disarmed Communalty. They fill every place with menaces and with terrours; they authorise themselves by a great force of arms, seeing well that they cannot arrive to what they would have, by love. But besides that this fashion of governing provokes God which is the father of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted; It cannot subsist but by a great violence which cannot continue long either in nature, or in a civil life.

Moses took nothing from this people, to whom it was an injury in their opinion, to give nothing. It seemed as if he bore them all in his entrails, and that he was to nourish them as a mother; If he came to fail in it, they forgat all the benefits of the time past, and ceased not to grumble and murmur at the present. He had need have had the Magazins of God himself, to satisfie them in a Desart, where there was little to live, and much to suffer. So also the Divine goodnes was never wanting to them in their necessities; and this milde conductour, that made it his glory to overwhelme these ungrateful men with benefits, opened by his prayers the gates of heaven to cause Manna to be rained down for them. It is formed in the dew, when the subtler parts of the Earth mix themselves with the moisture, and when all this composition is purified and baked by the heat of the Sun to a convenient temper. It happens in certain places with profit enough, but if the blessing of God had not given an extraordinary virtue to this food, it was a Diet too dainty for hungry stomachs.

So were they weary of it, and desired flesh, crying with ful mouth, and forcing a man that had nothing, to do miracles to content their sensuality. This great conductour that pitied their necessities, and was not willing to destroy them, pacified them by a fashion full of modesty, a powerful speech, sweet promises and good performances, by making himself a Mediatour to God to obtain favours for them, when they merited punishments. They saw clouds of Quailes fall down upon the Army which God sent them very opportunely, but he failed not to punish afterward their intemperance by sudden deaths, and Sepulchers raised in the Wilderness that bore a long time the name of their concupiscence.

Another time as they were in great want of water, and made a great tumult for the thirst that tormented them, *Moses* assisted by the Divine power, opened the flanks of the Rocks, and made fountains to issue forth of them, that quenched the thirst of the whole Army. Their distrust caused the greatest part of their evils; and if they had nothing capable to afflict them, they themselves framed Spectrums of terrour to themselves, and found their torments in their own imaginations.

Above all, they exceedingly scared themselves at the return of the Spies from the land of Promise; a false Rumour being sowed in the Army, that it was a Land that devoured its inhabitants, and that it was inhabited by Giants of so prodigious an heighth, that other men being compared to them appeared no more then Grashoppers. Then they entred into strange fumes, crying all aloud, that they ought rather to create a General to lead them back to *Egypt*, then to go and sacrifice their wives and children unto Monsters. *Moses* and *Aaron* thinking themselves not able to appease that furious storm of words humbled themselves before them, & remained prostrated on the earth, while *Joshua* and *Caleb* renting their clothes, for the horrour that they had of that sedition, assured them that report was false, that the Land of Promise was very good, that it flowed all in Milk and Hony, and that by the help of God they would possess it, and over-master the

the Originaries which they would eat as bread. Notwithstanding all this they had run to stones, if God had not appeared in that high lustre of his glory, and threatned to consume them all by a general pestilence: but *Moses* laboured earnestly both with voice and prayers to appease the wrath of God, who punished at last the Rebels by the privation of the Land of Promise which they had spoken against with so much extravagancy.

These murmures that proceeded from fear and weakness of courage seemed more sufferable then those that came from pride and malice, as the sedition of *Corah*, *Dathan*, *Abiram*, which made an horrible havock. These men followed with two hundred and fifty of the Princes of the Synagogue, rebelled against *Moses* and *Aaron*, usurping the Censer, and publishing aloud that all the people was consecrated as well as they, and that they did wrong to claim to themselves an Empire over their brethren that belonged not to them: that that which had made them press this going out of *Egypt*, was nothing but an ambition that carried them to domineer over free-men, and that they exercised so great a tyranny over their subjects, that there remained nothing more but to pluck out their eyes. *Moses* very much astonished at such insolent language prostrated himself with his face on the earth, referring to God the decision of the controversie, and urged them to appear the morrow after to offer Incense, and to see how God would like their offering.

The Anti-Priests failed not to be at the door of the Tabernacle with their Censers in their hands to make a combination apart, and to oppose the Pontificate of *Aaron*. But the living God that authorises the true High Priests, appeared upon the Tabernacle after a terrible and threatning manner. The people that environed the Mutineers suddenly separated themselves at the voice of *Moses*: the earth opens it self under the feet of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, to swallow them up alive with their Pavillions and all their riches. The others were devoured by fire from heaven visibly with an extreme affright of the whole Army: and forasmuch as their remained some Rebels that mourned for the dead, and inflamed the division, the hand of God yet smoaking over their heads was ready utterly to destroy them, had not *Moses* prostrated himself before the Tabernacle praying for them; and had not *Aaron* holding the Censer, and beseeching the Divine Majesty between the living and the dead, appeased the wrath of Heaven. But the punishment of these miserable men left much terrour in the souls of the people, and an example of perpetual memory to all those that resist the Powers that are lawfully established by God.

There were Combats at home and abroad; for the *Amalekites*, a salvage Nation descended from *Esau*'s children, endeavoured to beat back the people of God, and gave them battel, which *Moses* accepted, and making *Joshua* General of the Army, contented himself to go to the top of the Mountain to pray to the God of the living, and to obtain the Victory. His prayers were darts of fire shot upon the Enemies; for as long as he kept his arms lifted up to God in prayer, the *Israelites* had the better: but if he slacked them never so little, they had the worst, which made *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up his arms to prevent a weariness in them, and by this means he desisted not till such time as the Adversaries covered with their dead bodies all the field of battel. Now because this great People would have been but a confused mass, had they remained without law and without policy, which is the soul of Assemblies: *Moses* was powerfully inspired by God to make laws, as well those that concerned Religion, as others that regarded the Civil. The Philosophers assure us, that every thing that lives in Nature, lives by the Light; and that all Life is nothing else but Light, which spreads it self into the whole Universe, and not content to gild it with its brightness, communicates to it quickning Spirits and secret influences which make all the productions in the bosom of Matter: That which the Light doth in the natural World, the Law imitates in the Civil. It is a participation of the first Reason of the Ordination and Providence Divine, which insinuates its self into the mass of Mankind, embellishes it with its splendours, and unites it in the point of Felicity, by invisible chains of love and obedience.

God's Reason is the Sovereign Law which resides in the Divine understanding, in the treasures of his Wisdom, and is as the *Primum Mobile* of all the regulated motions of the intellectual Nature. *Plato* says, That the World following that rule keeps an equal path, with all the fitness and all the measures requisite to its preservation. But as soon as it departs from it, it falls of necessity into great disorders, which cannot be surmounted but by the Divine Ordination that recals Nature to the point of its Felicity. And because the Eternal Law is so high and so sublime that it surpasses all our thoughts God has caused a Rivulet to flow from that source, which is the Law of Nature, a true light of right Reason imprinted in the understanding of all men. But it being so often darkned by the black vapours of the animal Passions, there was a necessity of humane Laws and Magistrates to put them in execution, by the punishment of the wicked, and the recompensing of the good. God gave then a strong inspiration to *Moses* to prescribe Precepts and Rules to his People, that have been admired by all nations.

The *Manichees* by the relation of S. *Augustine*, rejected the Law of *Moses*, as wicked and tyrannical; but in this they have been condemned by the Church: for there is no doubt but that (having been given by God that is the Father of all Goodness) it was good and profitable to keep the *Jews* as under a Pedagogy till the Grace of the Gospel. And S. *Paul* himself in the Epistle to the *Romans*, where he seems to go about to destroy it, calls it for all that Holy, Just, and Good: But if ye compare it to the Law of Grace, ye shall find it harsh and imperfect. The *Mosaical* Law, saith that great Doctor, contains Commands, but, that *Jesus* gives assistance: the one bestows light to know, the other strength to execute. In the ancient Law God says, *Do what I command thee*. In the new Law we say to God, *Give what thou commandest*. *Moses* divided that ancient Law into three parts; the first of which contained the Moral, and was included in the Decalogue: the second comprehended what ever belonged to Ceremonies, and was called Ceremonial: the third regarded Justice between party and party, and was Judicial. The first teaches how a man ought to carry himself with God and his Neighbour to obtain salvation. The second Treats of the Temple, of the Synagogue, of the High Priest, of the Priests, of the Levites, of the Prophets, of the Votaries, Nazarites, and Rechabites. It deciphers the instruments of God's Worship, as are the Tabernacle, the Ark of Covenant, the Propiciatory, the Table of Shew-bread, the Altar of the Perfumes, and of the Burnt-offerings. It prescribes the order of the Sacrifices, and of the Sa-

craments, of the divers obſervations of Vows, of Faſts, of Feaſts, of Jubilees, of ſhavings, of Habits. The third part ſpeaks of Kings, of War, of Peace, of Marriages, of Polygamy, of Divorce, of Crimes, of Theft, of Uſury, of Adultery, of Policy, of Menſervants, of Maid-ſervants, of Hirelings, of Strangers, and of the Poor. All this is read yet to this day in the Pentateuch, and is ſufficiently expounded by ſo many Interpreters of Scripture. It would be an infinite, tedious, and unprofitable buſineſs to go about to decipher it here peece-meal. Let us content our ſelves that as the Morning dies by bringing forth the Day, ſo the Law is expired by producing the light of the Goſpel.

Moſes undertook not ſo great a work by humane ſtrength, and truſted not to himſelf in ſo high an enterpriſe, God would conduct it with his Authority, and cauſed the people to be commanded to purifie themſelves, and to ſtand ready on the third day to hear his will. That day being come, from the morning were heard great Thunders, and abundance of Lightnings ſeen that iſſued out of thick Clouds at the ſound of an affrightful Trumpet that ſeized all the people with aſtoniſhment. They removed themſelves according to the Orders of their Legiſlatour to the foot of the Mountain *Sinai*, with a prohibition to paſs further. All the Mountain ſmoaked as a great Fornace, by reaſon that God was deſcended thither all in fire, which made it extreme terrible. But *Moſes*, his dear favourite aſcended to the higheſt top amidſt the fires, the darkneſſes and the flames in that Luminous obſcurity, where God preſided that ſpake to him face to face as to his moſt intimate confident. After all, that thundering voice of the Living God was heard that pronounced his Decrees and his Laws in that Chamber of Juſtice hung with fire and lights that trembled under the foot-ſteps of his Majeſty. All this Law was ſet down in writing with a moſt exact care, and is yet read every day in the five Books of the Law.

Now, Religion being the Baſis of all Policy, without which great Kingdoms are but great Robbings; This wiſe Law-giver applied his whole care and travel to the rooting out of Idolatry, and to the cauſing of the Adorable Majeſty of God to be acknowledged in the condition of a worſhip truly Monarchical, and incommunicable to any other; as appears in the puniſhment which he inflicted on thoſe that had worſhipped the golden Calf.

For the Scripture ſaith, that when the *Iſraelites* perceived that *Moſes* tarried a long time on the Mountain of *Sinai* in thoſe amiable Colloquies that he had with God, they grew weary of it, and ſaid to the High-Prieſt *Aaron*, that ſince that man that had brought them out of *Egypt* was loſt, they ought to dream no more of him, but make in his place Gods that ſhould march in the head of their Army. *Aaron*, that perhaps had a mind to make them loſe the reliſh of that deſign by the price to which it would amount, demanded of them the Pendents of the ears of their Wives and of their Children, to go to work about it; but their madneſs was ſo great that they deveſted themſelves freely of all that they had moſt precious, to make a God to their own phanſie. *Aaron* accommodating himſelf to their humour through a great weakneſs, made them a Statue that had ſome reſemblance of the Ox *Apis* that was adored in *Egypt*. As ſoon as they had perceived it, they began to cry, Courage, *Iſrael*, behold the God that hath drawn thee out of the ſlavery of *Egypt*. *Aaron* accompanied him with an Altar, and cauſed a ſolemn Feaſt to be bidden for the morrow after, at which the people failed not to be preſent, offering many ſacrifices, making good cheer, and dancing about that Idol. God advertiſed *Moſes* of that diſorder, and commanded him to deſcend ſuddenly from the Mountain to remedy it; although he intended to deſtroy them: and had done it, had he not been appeaſed by the moſt humble Remonſtrances and Supplications of his ſervant. He failed not to betake himſelf ſpeedily to the Camp, where he ſaw that Abomination and the Dances that were made about it, which inflamed him ſo much with Choler, that he brake the Tables of the Law written by the hand of God, thinking that ſuch a preſent was not ſeaſonable for Idolaters and Drunkards. He rebuked *Aaron* ſharply, who excuſed himſelf coldly enough; and not intending that ſo abominable a crime ſhould paſs without an exemplary puniſhment, He took the Golden Calf, and beat it into duſt, which he ſteeped in water, to make all thoſe drink of it that had defiled themſelves with that ſacriledge; and to make them underſtand that ſin that ſeems at firſt to have ſome ſweetneſs is extremely bitter in its effects.

After which he commanded that all thoſe that would be on Gods ſide ſhould follow him, and the Tribe of *Levi*, as being the moſt intereſſed, failed not to joyn with him; whereupon ſeeing them all well animated, he gave them order to paſs through all the Camp, from one door to the other, with their ſwords in their hands, and to ſlay all that they met, without ſparing their neareſt kindred. This was executed, and all the Army was immediately filled with Maſſacres; Rivers of blood ran on all ſides, accompanied with the ſad howlings of a ſcared multitude that expected every minute the ſtroke of death. God would have that this ſo ſevere a puniſhment be executed upō thoſe miſerable men to cauſe an eternal horrour of Idolatry which is the moſt capital of all ſins. And to retain the worſhip of God, a thouſand pretty Ceremonies were practiſed after the ſtructure of the Tabernacle of the Ark of the Covenant, of the Table of the Shew-bread, of the Altars, and after, the inſtitution of the Pontifical habits, of the Offerings, and of the Sacrifices that were celebrated with much order and a ſingular Majeſty.

Moſes alſo was indefatigable in rendring Juſtice, ſitting from the morning till the night on his Tribunal to hear the requeſts of all the particular men that came to him; which *Jethro* his father in law, that was come to viſit him, having perceived, ſaid to him that it was impoſſible for him to be long able to undergo ſo troubleſome a labour; and that he ought to chooſe amongſt all the people ſome puiſſant men, fearing God, true; and enemies of covetouſneſs to adminiſter Juſtice; and that it would be ſufficient to reſerve to himſelf the controverſies that ſhould be of greateſt importance. *Moſes* believed his counſel, and eſtabliſhed an handſom order for the deciſion of the differences that ſhould ariſe amongſt the people. He paſſed fourty years in the wilderneſs in divers habitations, partly in war againſt the enemies, partly in preſerving peace amongſt his people, and confirming all the Laws which he eſtabliſhed by the command of God. In this exerciſe he lived to the age of an hundred and twenty years, ſeparated himſelf from all things of the world, and was ſo united to God, that it ſeemed that even his Body it ſelf paſſed into the nature and condition of an immortal Spirit. In fine, God having ſhewed him upon the Mountain *Nebo* all

all the Land of Promiſe which he had got to by ſo many good counſels and ſo much pains, he dyed in that view without entring into it; was mourned for thirty dayes by the Iſraelites, and interred of ſet purpoſe in a ſepulcher unknown to the eys of men, for fear leſt he ſhould give an occaſion of ſome Idolatry to that people that would have held him for a Deity.

Never had man a Birth more forlorn, a Life more various, or a Death more glorious: of an expoſed Infant, he became a Kings ſon, of a Kings ſon an Exile, of an Exile a Sheepherd, of a Sheepherd a Captain, of a Captain a Prophet, of a Prophet a Law-giver, of a Law-giver a Sovereign; the God of Kings, and the King of all the Prophets: Active at Court, Devout in Solitude, Victorious in War, Happy in Peace, Wiſe in Laws, Terrible in his Arms, a man of Prodigies, that opened Seas, Manured Wilderneſſes, Commanded things Senſible and Inſenſible, and exerciſed an Empire on all Nature. He was Indefatigable in his Travels, Zealous for the honour of God, diſobliged from his own intereſt in the puniſhment of the Sacrilegious, Patient in his own Injuries, Familiar to few, Courteous to all; a Companion of Angels, the Favourite of God, of a Life very long, and of a Memory that ſhall have no end.

SAMUEL. DANIEL.

Samuel that ſeemed to have been born for nothing but to pray, and to paſs away his life in the Tabernacle of God, got very forward at Court, and in the managing of the great affairs of State. His Birth is a Miracle, his Life an Example, and his Death the immortality of his virtues. He was one of thoſe infants that are expected a long time before they come, that are the ſons of ſo many vowes, and that pay the expectation of their Nativity by the happineſs of their life. It belongs onely to great things to be ſeen before they are, by preſages, by deſires, by hopes, and to make themſelves be ſeen, after they are no more, by an eternal memory.

Hannah his mother barren in children, but fruitful in virtues, conceived him rather by her ſighs, then by her pleaſures. He was a gift of the Tabernacle which ſhe rendred to the Tabernacle; and as ſhe had obtained him by ſupplication, ſhe made of him a man of prayer, devoted from his infancy to the Divine Miniſteries, and a Nazarite by expreſs vow which lived in abſtinence, and had no other profeſſion but contemplation. It is by theſe exerciſes that God raiſes great Perſonages, and we cannot chooſe but expect brave actions on earth, from a man that hath much commerce with heaven.

So God began betimes to communicate himſelf to him, and to make him partaker of his ſecrets. He informed him of the deſtruction of his Maſter, *Eli* the High-Prieſt, and powerfully fitted him for his Service. This *Eli* was a reverend old man, a Judge of the People, that had lived in an high reputation and great glory amongſt the Iſraelites, but his reign being too ſoft, his children that were now great, abuſing his authority, practiſed a petty Larceny even as far as unto the Sacrifice it ſelf, and committed impurities and debaucheries of women; which are moſt ordinarily two of the chiefeſt things that make a change of Government, there being nothing that doth more exaſperate the ſubject, then the avarice and the luxury of thoſe that rule; the one making attempts upon their goods, and the other upon their bed. A grave father of the Church addreſſing a ſpiritual direction to a Governour, admoniſhes him, That it is not enough for him to be innocent, if all his family doth not imitate him, and form themſelves according to his examples; for, what profit is it, ſayes he, to a miſerable people to have a Prince or Governour wiſe and moderate, if, while he abſtains from things not permitted, there be one of his ſervants that making uſe of his name and power takes occaſion to ſatiate his Avarice?

Theſe wicked ſons of *Eli*, *Hophni* and *Phineas* committed a thouſand extortions under the authority of their father, and diſhonoured his gray hairs by the incontinence of their diſſolute youth. The

complaints thereof came to their Father's ears, but instead of depriving them of their Offices and Commissions which they held of him, which would have been a means to wash away the stain that was imprinted on his renown, he contented himself with giving them a weak admonition, which having little force upon their passions, had yet less effect upon their actions.

God then took the business in hand after a very strange manner: for the *Philistims* the sworn Enemies of the chosen people ran upon their Frontiers, and put an Army into the field, which obliged the *Israelites* to arm, to hinder the wast that they made; but being come to the encounter they lost the battel, wherein four thousand men were slain upon the place. The conquered people resuming heart and arms, set on foot an huge Army that marched under the wings of the Ark of Covenant conducted by *Hophni* and *Phineas* to whom it appertained by office. But these debauched men, and ill-train'd for War, rather precipitated then gave a second Battel, and did their businesses in it so ill, that thirty thousand men were cut in pieces, and they themselves increased the number of the dead, and were both slain in defence of the Ark, that was taken and carried away by the *Philistims*.

This deplorable news being come to the ears of *Eli*, gave him such a confusion of spirit, that he let himself fall, and died upon the place mourning for the Ark of Covenant above his own children. His house fell into great contempt after his death, as had been foretold him, and none of his Race came to old-age, the hand of God not ceasing to revenge the Injuries of his Tabernacle, and of his people, to instruct great ones that are in offices to look carefully to this, that Religion and Justice, as two sisters, by an indissolvable knot be kept fast to one another.

The Affairs of the *Jews* were in a piteous estate after the loss of those two Battels, and there was need of a puissant hand to repair those losses. But the Sovereign Master lent his thereto, and raised up *Samuel* to settle again all that the furies of the wars had shaken. This good Pilot consecrated himself by a Tempest, and took the Government when every rational man would have thought of quitting it. This was a sign that he entred into it by ways very clean, coming in a time when there was more matter for compassion then ambition. He had no other love, but that of the publick good; he knew no other Avarice, but that of time; nor other pleasures, but businesses. His first aim in the Government was to banish Idolatry, and to put in vigour again the Worship of the true God, well knowing that the most fatal plagues of States come from the contempt of Religion. He was a man of order, of a great understanding, and of a powerful speech that never fell to the ground. He caused ordinarily whatsoever he had a mind to establish surest, to pass General Assemblies; that what concerned the good of every man might be done by the advice of all the World.

One of the first functions that he exercised was to make an excellent Oration to the people, and to tell them of their infidelity, making them see, That God's forsaking them came from that they had forsaken God; and that if they would enjoy the favours of his protection, as their Fathers did, they ought necessarily to banish the strange gods, and to abolish eternally the names of *Baal* and *Astaroth* to whom many amongst them had devoted themselves; that God the Sovereign Master could not endure any companion in his Throne, & would not have to do with hearts divided to imaginary Deities; That if they served him faithfully, he hoped that he would deliver them from the hand of the *Philistims*, and would exalt again the glory of their Nation that had been brought low by so many ill Encounters and extream lamentable losses.

He perswaded the whole Assembly so powerfully by the force and sweetness of his discourse, that all those that had been defiled with those bad beliefs, abjured their superstitions, and made a strong resolution to serve no more any, but the living God, and to bury all their Idols in the Grave of forgetfulness. Whereto *Samuel* seeing them disposed, called together the States-General into a place named *Misspah*, where he promised to make very solemn prayers for all his Nation. The people failed not to be there in great number, and with a singular devotion, drawing water, and pouring it out as in the presence of God, whether it was a fashion of purification among the *Hebrews*, or whether by this Ceremony they would represent the vanity and weakness of all men, that are before God as little drops of water spread upon the earth, and that have no true contentment but in God alone who is the Fountain of all good things, They disposed themselves to receive the mercy of God by a publick fast and a repentance of their faults, confessing aloud their ingratitude to God. *Samuel* comforted them, and having reconciled them to God again, united them among themselves by a mutual concord, deciding their differences, and judging their Law-suits in the place fore-named with so much equity, that all the people thought that the golden Age was raised again under his Government.

But the *Philistims* that would perpetually bring them down, having intelligence that they made Assemblies in *Misspah*, which turned to their prejudice, drew themselves again into the field to fight them; whereat the people that had already experimented the disasters that proceeded from such hostilities, was seized with a great astonishment, and implored the aid of *Samuel* to secure them from the fury of their adversaries. This made him have a particular refuge to the goodness of God, whom he invoked by his ardent prayers, and by the sutable Sacrifices which he offered, being a Priest by an extraordinary mission of God. The *Israelites* encouraged by their Protectour, bestir themselves to resist their enemies, and combat them with firm footing not without great success. For by good luck it happened that at the same time that the battel was given, *Samuel* was presenting to God a burnt offering for the whole Army, which was so worthily accepted, that the Trumpet of Heaven sounded aloud in great thunderings and menacing lightnings that affrighted the *Philistims* and put them into a rout, which drew the inhabitants of *Misspah* to the glory of the Combat, and joyning their troops with those that had gone before them, defeated the Army of the *Philistims*, and took from them the desire of hazarding another Battel.

Samuel took his time very opportunely, and seeing them in such a disposition, hearkned to an honorable peace which he made, by recovering the Cities which the *Philistims* had usurped in those great advantages of their Arms. This was a most wise counsel, and worthy of that great States-man that knew by experience that the Nation of the *Philistims* was stirring and quarrelsom as much as possible; and that his had need of rest to shut up the wound that so many stranger-wars had opened.

Further,

Further, he considered that the worship of the true God perished and lost much of its lustre by continual wars that rendred his Subjects less docile in things Divine; and that the Licence of Arms stifled the Laws and actions of Justice. In fine he had regard unto himself, and was not ignorant that having not been breed in the exercise of war, he might succeed better in the Civil Government, and give much more satisfaction to all his people.

Every thing happened just as he had projected; for this Peace being well limited by his Counsels and by his cares, was a second source of all blessings to his Nations. He visited himself in Person the Cities that the Armies had ransaked, and to whom the commerce of the victorious Philistims had given some bad tincture of their Superstition, and went through all places as a favourable Constellation, bringing Light and healthful Influences to his People. He marked his foot-steps with the zeal of Justice, and all his journies with publick felicities.

But we must aver that the People is a motly Beast that cannot endure war, and yet loath a long peace. If it be in trouble, it doth nothing but sigh and groan; and if it hath too much ease, it is only to kick and winch. It grows weary of its own felicities, and is not sensible of its happiness but by misery, nor tasts it its prosperities but by losing them. The *Israelites* at length disrelished *Samuel*, and inclin'd under pretence of an advantage, to change the Government. The fashion of this sage Judge seemed to them too simple; they would see a Prince of the People that should have more state about his Person, and that should make a greater noise. And just as the *Romans* under the Empire *Galba* lamented the loss of *Nero*, because they were fallen from a Court full of Luxury and Dissoluteness into another Face of Government under an old man, that had not about him the great Train of an Emperour, and that reduc'd the Libertines to the Ancient Discipline; So these blind *Israelites* disgusted a calm and temperate administration that produc'd good effects without ostentation. They took a colour from his age, and from the Offices which he had given his sons, making them by a kind of Resignation Successours of his Office, but not of his virtue; seeing that according to the publick voice they had behaved themselves but with little honesty, studying more to content their own Avarice, then to render justice. Upon this, they demanded a King whom they offered themselves to receive from *Samuel* his hand, so good an opinion had they of his sincerity, and so much reverence to his Person.

This Proposition touched sensibly the heart of *Samuel*; for it is true, that good Officers, although they adhere not to their Charges through Ambition, yet they cannot choose but have some displeasure, to see themselves put out by a Prince, or an ungrateful Common-wealth, after long and faithful Services, and especially if they are aged. They would not have their Age pass for a Crime; and think that they are always vigorous enough to acquit themselves of their duty. But it is as certain that *Samuel*, that was a man of God, considered not so much his own interest as the Peoples, which he saw weary of their Liberty, and by a profound infatuation, demand a Yoke, whose heavines it should feel when it had no more the power to shake it off.

To speak sincerely, the Rule of one man over another is a delicate piece; and when God established the Dominion of *Adam*, he gave him all power over the Creatures, but he would not comprehend therein the men that should descend from him. The World was more then two thousand years before it was known what Monarchy or Empire was; The Younger were ruled by the Elder with a sweet and amiable discretion, in which there was much satisfaction and small constraint.

The People of God retained always very near this form of Governing; for the Antient Patriarchs presided over the rest as Masters of Families more by Reverence then by Command. *Moses* in that high Authority that could do every thing both upon Men and upon the Elements, never assumed the name of King, and his Successours till *Samuel* his time, contented themselves with the Stile of Judges of the People.

Nimrod was the first amongst the *Gentiles* that usurped a new Domination over the liberty of the Nations that he subdued by Arms, having learned in the continual Massacres of Beasts, Cruelty towards men. Not but that Kingdoms and Monarchies since that time have been holily instituted of God; But he hath always willed that Kings should learn that there was none but he in the Universe of all the Creatures that was an absolute Master, having alone the Power to Create, and to Annihilate what or whom he pleases. This is not permitted to the Greatest Monarchs on the Earth, who remaining within the bounds of their charges ought to acknowledge themselves the Vicegerents and Substitutes of God, to Conduct Men to their End, making them arrive at the heighth of Felicity, by the ways of Justice and of Religion. But when they stray from these intentions, and abuse the Goods, the Bloud, and the Life of their Subjects, as if they were the Proprietours of them, and not the Stewards, they render themselves responsible to God's Judgment for all the abuses that are committed in the whole Kingdom through their default.

This change of Government projected by the *Israelites*, was not according to God's Heart, who comforted *Samuel* and told him, that he ought not to be sad for that they were weary of him; seeing they were weary of God Himself which is an Infinite Goodness, and gave him Collegues in his Empire. He Commanded him to make known to them the Right of a King, which should be, to take their children for his servants, and to Employ them on such Trades as he should judge fit for the profit of his House; to usurp their Lands and Inheritances to accommodate therewith his Minions; to exact Tithes of their Revenues, of their Vines, and of their Corn to enrich therewith his Officers; and in a word, that he would govern every thing after his own Fancy.

Those that take these words as a Right that God established in favour of Kings are very far from the sense of the Scripture, for they are spoken by way of Menace and not of Approbation. Otherwise we should avouch that King *Ahab* had right to take away *Naboth* his Vineyard, for which he was so sharpely reprehended and so severely punished, with his Wife Queen *Jesabel*. Yet it is most Just, That Kings and Sovereigns should have some reasonable Tributes from the People to support the Majesty of the Kingdom, to maintain their Family, to protect their Subjects against Hostilities, to open them Trading, to give them means to preserve and increase their Revenues, to make Friendships, to live peaceably in their Commodities, and to defend them against the violent Usurpers of their Goods.

The School-Doctours, as *Cajetan* and *Gregory de Valentia* require four Conditions to justifie Imposts.

Impoſts, The First is, The Power and Authority of the Prince. The Second, That they tend to a good End. The Third, That they be according to the ability of the Subject. The Fourth, That they be impoſed upon fit Perſons, and rather upon certain Marchandiſes, then upon that which is totally neceſſary to the Life of Man.

Samuel failed not well to aggravate to the People the Burdens that they ſhould undergo by chuſing them a King, and the Repentance that they ſhould have of it, when the evil ſhould be incurable. But (It being hard to make them believe Reaſon that never uſe it but when it flatters their own will.) The Iſraelites were no way diverted from their Propoſition by all poſſible Remonſtrances; but continued to demand a King with great urgency, deſiring to be like in that to ſo many other Nations. They were much like the Frogs in the Fable that prayed *Jupiter* to give them a King, whereto he agreeing, threw into their Lake a great piece of Wood which much aſtoniſhed them at firſt; but ſeeing it without Motion they deſpiſed it, and ſaid that they deſired a King Robuſtuous, Active, and Nimble, whereupon he gave them a Bird of Prey that ceaſed not to devour them: After which they made great Complaints, but he would hearken to them no more. So God cauſed this miſerable People to be advertiſed that when they ſhould be weary of the Domination of Kings, and that they ſhould deſire another form of Government, he would have no ears for their Requeſts. All this inflamed them the more, ſo reſolved were they upon their Miſery.

Samuel being willing to deliver himſelf from their Importunities purpoſed to chooſe them a King, and to give him to them with his own hand, not for any mind that he had to keep yet the Government, but for the zeal that he had of the Glory of God and of Juſtice, deſiring that the pains that he had taken to procure peace unto his people, and to preſerve it many years together, might not be made unprofitable through the Caprichio's of an evil Succeſſour that perhaps might take a pride in changing all that he had ſo carefully eſtabliſhed. He did not caſt his eyes upon his own Kindred, to make himſelf a creature in whom he might reign according to fleſh and bloud; but he took by the Order of God a man very ignote, and little taken notice amongſt his brethren.

Here is a marvellous ſport of Divinity, that calls things that are not as things that are, that makes the Light break out of Darkneſs, and traces the rayes of his Glory upon an heap of dirt. *Saul*, of the Tribe of *Benjamin*, the leaſt amongſt the Hebrews, and one of the leaſt qualified in that Tribe, a Country-man, into whoſe heart the Court and Royalty never entred, not ſo much as in a Dream, went to ſeek his Fathers Aſſes that then were gone aſtray. A domeſtick ſervant that was with him, ſeeing that he had loſt his labour in that ſearch, gives him notice that in the neighbouring village there was a great Perſonage that was ignorant of nothing, and that he could well tell them news of their loſs; and added, that he had a piece of ſilver that was worth about ſix pence, which he would make a preſent to him. *Saul* conſents to it, and they go along both together into the Village of *Ziph*, where *Samuel* was that was to be preſent that day at a Sacrifice and a Feaſt that was made among the Principal men. Without thinking on it, they meet him, and asked of him where was the Prophets houſe. *Samuel* knew by revelation that it was he of whom God had ſpoken to him, and whom he had choſen to be the King of his People, and entertained him very courteouſly, and invited him to the Feaſt, and to tarry that night in his houſe without going further, and promiſed him that he would tell him all that his heart thought on; and as for the Aſſes he needed not to trouble himſelf, for they were found again. But there were other affairs that concerned him, and that would ſuddenly make all the Glory and all the Riches of *Iſrael* fall into his hands.

The other was extremely ſurpriſed to ſee himſelf entreated with ſo much honour, and confeſſed with all ſincerity the meanneſs of his family, and the little cauſe that he had to pretend to ſuch heighths as thoſe. But *Samuel* taking him by the hand, brings him with his ſervant into the Hall of the Feaſt, and ſets them both at the upper end of the Table, where there were thirty Gueſts, and cauſed *Saul* to be ſerved with all that was moſt exquiſite in the Banquet that was kept upon a little Hill, very near the Burgh to which they deſcended after their repaſt; and *Samuel* led *Saul* into his Houſe, and made him lodge that night in his own Chamber. The morrow he conducted him to the Suburbs of the City, and cauſed his ſervant to go before, poured on a ſudden upon his head a precious ointment, and kiſſing him, told him, That God had Anointed him King of his People which he ſhould deliver from the hand of the Philiſtims. After which he foretold him many things that ſhould befall him, and gave him evident ſigns of the verity of his words.

When he was returned, he had a curious Uncle that inquired after all that had happened to him, to whom he ſpake of the Aſſes; but was very wary not to diſcover the ſecret of the Royalty. Some time after *Samuel* called a General Aſſembly of all the people to proceed to the Election of a King, and having diſpoſed all the Tribes of *Iſrael* for that deſign, the lot fell upon that of *Benjamin*, and upon the Family of *Matri*, and in fine, upon *Saul*, who had hid himſelf, that he might not expreſs any ambition of that Royalty; But he was ſuddenly taken forth out of the place where he had retired himſelf, and was ſhewed to the whole Aſſembly, in which there was not a man that he did not out-paſs by all the head.

This rejoyced *Samuel*, and made him ſay that they might plainly ſee that God took a care of their affairs in that Election, by giving them ſo brave a Man that had not the like amongſt all the People; whereupon they all cryed, God ſave the King.

After this Eſtabliſhment, *Samuel* called a ſecond Aſſembly for his own Diſcharge, wherein he made a powerfull Oration, declaring to the People the Goodneſſe and the Favours they had received from the Hand of God in all his Conduct, ever ſince their coming out of *Egypt*, and made a kind of Recapitulation of thoſe that had Governed, and delivered them from their Enemies even till this time; Then he repeated to them that they had plucked a King out of the hand of God with all importunity, and that it was not pleaſing to his Divine Majeſty. Whereof he gave them a good Pledge, making at the inſtant the Voyce of Heaven ſpeak in a great tempeſt, which affrighted them ſo much that all deſired pardon of that ſin which they would never before acknowledge.

But before he came to thoſe Reproaches, he highly juſtified himſelf, calling them to give a Teſtimony of his Conduct and Converſation amongſt them; He conjured them to ſpeak before God and the new King, if he had ever injured them, or been

exceſſive

excessive either upon their Persons, or upon their Goods, and that if they had any thing concerning his Life, or his Conversation, or the Administration of his Charge, he was ready to give them all satisfaction.

The Reverend Old-man melted their hearts, and all rendred him the testimony of an Honesty and Justice irreproachable. Thereupon he protested that he would never forget them; and that being out of his Office, he would offer to God his most fervent Prayers for their Welfare, and would have a care of their Quiet, as far as he should be able, exhorting them furthermore to remain inviolable in the Religion of their Fathers, and in the true Worship of the Living God, and assuring them that he would never cast them off as long as they should adhere to him by the Submission and Duties of true Children.

The People began to perceive what they had lost, in the discharge of so Venerable a Person, and were ashamed of their precipitation; but they were now embarked too far, and must sail to the liking of the Tempest.

Here is a great Secret of Divine Policy which hath tormented Curious Spirits in their search into it, that demand wherefore God (making use of the Ministery of the wisest Man that was at that time on Earth to give a King to his own People, that was to be as the Foundation-Stone, and the Basis of the Royalty of *Judea*) made so ill a choice, that he was as it were forced by the deportments of *Saul* to break in pieces his own work. But we ought to consider that in the choice of Princes and Sovereigns, God approves not alwayes all that he gives, nor gives not also all that he approves. There are Kings that are given by favour, and others by wrath; Those are sent into the world as Stars, and these as Comets. He saith in his Prophet, That he will give a King in his fury, to expiate the sins of his people; and S. *Gregory* hath worthily observed, that Kings are measured out by Providence, according to the disposition of the Subjects; and which is more, that God permits the sins of good Kings for the chastisement of the people; and that there is such a connexion between the manners of the Master and the Servants, that the fault of the Master causes the wicked life of the Servants, and the good life of the Servants, the amendment of the Master. God was provoked against the Israelites by reason of their Idolatry, of their Obstinacy, and of their Ingratitude towards *Samuel*, and this was the cause that he gave them *Saul*, not so much to govern, as to punish them, and make them regret the virtue of their contemned Prophet by the comparison of the two Governments. He suffers also *Samuel* to be deceived in that choice; to teach us, that it belongs onely to the eternal Wisdome to know, and to make turns of State that surpass the capacity of the ablest men.

If the stature of the body made the Excellency of Kings, *Saul* (without controversie) was one of the chief; he had a very fair appearance to the exteriour, but within were found great defects of virtues and royall qualities. He was a gilded portall that nature had built for an house of straw. The people at first were ravished with him, and measuring him by the greatness of the body, judged him the prime man of their Nation, not seeing that making that judgment, they preferred a flint before a pearl. The first unhappiness of his conduct was, that he had not an heart for God, but for his own interest; and that he did not unite himself close enough to *Samuel*, that had made him King, and that was the Oracle from which he should have learned the divine Will. The second was a furious State-jealousie, his capital devil that put his Reason into a disorder, and infected all the pleasures and contentments of his life. He was but weak to hold an Empire, and govern with love, and yet he loved passionately all that he could least compass, and would do every thing of his own head, thinking that the assistance of a good Council was the diminution of his Authority. Sometimes he was sensible of his defects, but instead of amending them, he desired to take away the eyes of those men that perceived them. His Spirit was little in a great body; his Reason barren in a multitude of business; his Passions violent with small reservedness; his Breakings out impetuous; his Counsels sudden, and his Life full of inequalities.

Samuel had prudently perceived that the Philistims were dangerous enemies to the State of *Judea*; because they knew its weakness, and kept it in subjection a long time, depriving it of the means of thinking fully upon its liberty. And therefore he maintained a peace with them, and used them courteously, gaining all that he could by good Treaties, and would not precipitate a War, which was to weaken the Israelites without recovery. But *Saul* thought not himself an able man, if he had not spoiled all, and without making any other provision of necessary things, he made a great levy of Souldiers, and a mighty Army to go against the enemies, in which there was but two swords. It was a plot that permitted not the Hebrews to have Armorers, nor other men that laboured in Iron, totally to disarm them, and at the least motion that they should make, expose them for a prey. These assaulted Philistims found him business enough through the whole course of his Government and Life, and in the end, buried him with his children in the ruines of his State.

But God that would give some credit to *Samuel*'s choice, sent at first prosperities to God's people under the conduct of that new King, wherein, that which served for a glory to that holy man, was a vain bait to *Saul*, to make him enterprise things that could give him no other ability but to destroy himself.

About a month after the election *Nahash* the Ammonite, raised an Army to fall upon the Jabites that were in league with the people of *Israel*; and those seeing that they were not strong enough to resist so terrible an enemy, dispatched an Embassage to him to treat about a Peace. But that insolent Prince made answer to their Embassadours, that he would not make any treaty of Peace with them on any other condition, then by plucking out their right Eyes, and covering them with a perpetual ignominy. These poor people that were reduc'd almost to despair, implored on all sides the assistance of their neighbours, and failed not to supplicate to the Israelites (their friends) to do something in their favour. Their Messengers being arriv'd at *Gibeah*, related the sad news of the cruelty of *Nahash*, that filled the people with fear and tears. *Saul* returning from the fields, was driving his oxen, when hearing the groans of his Subjects, demanded the cause of it, and having been informed, entred into so great a rage at the pitiless extremities of that fierce Ammonite, that he instantly tore in pieces his two oxen, and sent the pieces of them through all the Cities and Villages of his Dominion, commanding every one to follow him to revenge that injury, otherwise their cattle should be dealt with, as he had done

done with his two Oxen. The *Iſraelites* mov'd, partly by compaſſion, and partly alſo by fear of thoſe menaces, poured out themſelves from all parts to this War in ſuch a ſort, that he had got together three hundred thouſand men. He divided them into three Battallions, and went to meet the *Ammonite*, whom he ſet upon ſo vigorouſly, and combated ſo valiantly, that he totally defeated his Army, and humbled that proud Giant that thought on nothing but putting out men's eys, making him know that pride goes before reproach, as the lightning before the thunder.

All the great people that compos'd that Army returned unto their houſes, and *Saul* retained only three thouſand men, whereof he gave one thouſand to his Son *Jonathan*, that was a man full of ſpirit and generoſity, and far better liked then his Father *Saul*. This *Militia* was too little conſiderable for ſo great Enemies, yet he had a courage to aſſault a place of the *Philiſtims*, and routed their Garriſon: whereat they being pricked beyond meaſure, betake themſelves into the field with an Army, in which there were thirty thouſand Chariots of War, and people without end: whereat the *Iſraelites* were ſo affrighted, that all ſcatter'd themſelves, and went to hide themſelves in Caves; ſo that there remained but about ſix hundred men with *Saul*, who marched with a ſmall noiſe, and durſt not appear before his Adverſaries. *Samuel* had promiſed to ſee him within ſeven days, to ſacrifice to God, and encourage the people.

But *Saul* ſeeing that the ſeventh day was come without having any tidings of him, takes himſelf the burnt Offering, offers the Sacrifice, and plays the Prieſt, without having any Miſſion either ordinary or extraordinary. As ſoon as he had made an end of burning the Holocauſt, *Samuel* arrives, to whom he related, how that ſeeing all the people debauch themſelves and quit the Army, and how that being preſſed by his Enemies, in a time wherein it behoved them to have recourſe to prayer before they gave battel, he was perſwaded that God would like well enough that in the neceſſity, and long abſence of *Samuel*, he ſhould perform the Office of a Prieſt by preſenting the burnt Offering, which he had done with a good intention, without pretending to uſurp any thing upon his office. *Samuel* rebuked him ſharply for that action, to ſhew, that there is no pretence nor neceſſity that is able to juſtifie a ſin; and that it no way belongs to Lay-people to meddle with the Cenſer, and to do the Functions that regard the Prieſts. Then *Samuel* fore-told him that his Kingdom ſhould not be ſtable, and that God would provide himſelf another that ſhould be a more religious obſerver of his Law: thereupon he left him for a time, and *Saul* having recollected all the people that he could, endeavoured to oppoſe the Enemy.

The brave *Jonathan* accompanied with his Armour-bearer, found a way to climb over Rocks, and to ſurprize a Court of Guard of the *Philiſtims*, which they thought had been inacceſsible, which put them in a terrible fright, imagining that thoſe that had got ſo far had great Forces, though they did not yet appear.

This brought their Army into a confuſion, and God alſo putting his hand far into the buſineſs, fill'd them with ſuch an amazement, that their Ranks being in diſorder, they killed one another without knowing their own party. The people of *Iſrael* having received intelligence of that Rout, take heart again, and get them out of the Caves, into which they had retired themſelves, to range themſelves about *Saul*'s perſon, who was thereby tranſported with ſuch an ardour, that he conjur'd all his Army to follow the *Philiſtims* (without drinking or eating) till they were all deſtroyed.

This was a precipitation of his unequal ſpirit and a true Chimæra: yet deſiring to make that paſs for Zeal which was a pure Paſsion, he would needs cauſe his Son *Jonathan* to be put to death, for having ſucked a little honey at the end of his Rod; but the people reſcued him out of his hands, and deſiſted to purſue the *Philiſtims*, being not in a condition to fight with them.

Some time after, *Samuel* exhorted him to enterprize a puiſſant War againſt the *Amalekites* (ſworn Enemies of the people of God) and conjur'd him to make every thing paſs through the edge of the Sword, without ſparing any body: and above all, to reſerve nothing of the booty that ſhould be made upon them, that ſhould not be conſumed with fire. To this, *Saul* ſeem'd to be inclin'd with vigour, and raiſed an Army of more then two hundred thouſand men: ſo great was the weight of the Authority, when *Samuel* put himſelf into party. He fell ſuddenly upon the *Amalekites* and defeated them with a general rout, ſo far, as to take their King priſoner: but he contented himſelf with deſtroying and burning all that was caytiff and unprofitable, reſerving *Agag* the King with the beſt Flocks and Herds, and choiceſt moveables. In the mean while, he was ſo much puſt up with this Victory, that he cauſed an Arch of Triumph to be erected to himſelf, and ſpread himſelf in the vanities of his ſpirit, while God was thinking of rejecting him, and giving Orders to *Samuel* to tell him his unhappineſs. Yet *Saul* (blind in his ſin) received the man of God into his Camp with an extraordinary joy, vaunting himſelf for having efficaciouſly fulfilled the commandment of God; and while he was ſpeaking it, the voice of the Flocks that he had put aſide was heard: whereupon *Samuel* ſaid, What means this Cattel that ſtrikes my ears with its bleatings? To which he anſwered, that he had reſerved them expreſly for an Offering to the living God. But *Samuel* replied, That there was no Sacrifice ſo pleaſing to God as Obedience; and that ſin, which was contrary to him, was a kind of Idolatry: and that ſince he had deſpiſed the Word of God, he ſhould be caſt off, and deprived of the Kingdom; whereat he being aſtoniſhed, confeſſed that he had offended, hearkning more to the voice of the people, then to that of God; and beſeeched *Samuel* to excuſe his ſin, to bear with his infirmities, and to go with him to the Sacrifice to adore God in ſign of reconciliation. Whereto *Samuel* replied, that he would have no more any thing common with a man whom God had abandon'd, and ſaying this, ſteps forward, and turns his back to him: the other lays hold on the Fringe of his Robe which remained in his hands, which when the Prophet ſaw, Behold (ſaid he) how your Kingdom ſhall be divided, and given to a better then your ſelf. The Triumpher of *Iſrael*, the true God of Hoſts is not as a man, to change his purpoſes, and repent him of his counſels. The King humbled himſelf again acknowledging his fault, and beſeeching *Samuel* earneſtly not to leave him, but to render him the ordinary reſpect before the Princes of the People, and to come and worſhip God with him. *Samuel*, fearing the diſorder of the Army, conſented for that time, but afterward never ſaw *Saul* any more to the day of his death.

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He ceaſed not to weep bitterly for him, conſidering that he that had been choſen by his hand had come to ſo little good, and had carried himſelf with ſo much contempt of the Commandments of God. This wounded his heart, and would not let him put an end to his mournings, till his great Maſter comforted him, and ſuggeſted *David* to him, who ſhould fill up worthily the place that *Samuel* was about to loſe by his iniquity. And (indeed he performed then a bold enterprize going to *Bethlehem*, under colour of a Sacrifice, and Anointing *David* King in *Saul*'s life-time, although that deſign was ſecret, that it might be managed with more ſucceſs. After that time *Saul* was left viſibly by God, poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit, and gnawed perpetually with jealouſies of State, which the perſon of *David* cauſed in him by reaſon of his valour and great virtues, as I ſhall declare in the following Elogy. In the mean while, *Samuel* lived retired from Court, without meddling with State-affairs: and *Saul*, by his departure changed the ſins of Vanity and of Fearfulneſs into Sacriledges and Maſſacres, letting looſe the bridle to his fury, to retain the phantaſm of an Empire that flew out of his hands. Good *Samuel* ceaſed not in his ſolitude to bewail two Kings that he had made, looking upon one as an Homicide, and the other as a Sacrifice of death. He was afflicted inconſolably to hear of the deportments of that furious *Saul*, that made of one wickedneſs a degree to paſs unto another, inventing every day new butcheries to cement his Throne with the blood of his brethren. He melted himſelf with compaſſion for his poor *David*, ſeeing *Saul*'s Sword hang but by a little thread, always ready to fall upon his innocent head. He deplored the miſeries of the poor people which he could not any longer remedy, and paſſing over again in his remembrance all the viciſſitudes of man's life, and the treacheries of the Court, he had an ardent thirſt to depart out of this world, to go to find Innocence in the boſom of his Fathers. God heard him, and drew him to himſelf by a peaceable death the ſeventy and ſeventh year of his age, the eight and thirtieth of his Government, and the ſeventh after his retreat from Court. He was mourned and lamented for, by all the people, as the Father of his Country; and magnificent Funerals were made for him, to render him a teſtimony at his death of the commendable actions of his holy and generous life. *Saul* remained yet two years upon the Throne after him, and the Even before his great overthrow, the Soul of *Samuel* returned from *Limbus*, not by the work of the Pythoneſs, but by the will of God, and ſpake to him and told him of his diſaſter, as I have ſaid in the Maxim of the Immortality of Souls.

DANIEL.

Daniel entred into the Court by Captivity, ſtayed there by Mortification, made himſelf known by Prophecy, and there alſo rendred himſelf renowned by great Virtues. To comprehend this, it is neceſſary to know, that the little Kingdom of *Judea* was ordinarily very much expoſed to the Armies of the *Aſſyrians*, which God had choſen to be the ſcourges and the inſtruments of the Juſtice that he exerciſed upon the ſins of his people. King *Nebuchadnezzar* that reigned in that Monarchy ſix hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord, fell upon *Paleſtine* with a mighty Army, took and pillaged the City of *Jeruſalem*, carried away King *Jehojakim*, with the richeſt Veſſels of the Temple, and abundance of priſoners of the moſt noted men, amongſt which was *Daniel*, accompanied with other young Children of a good Parentage.

The King gave charge to *Aſhpenaz* chief Gentleman of his Chamber, to chooſe him Pages of Royal Extraction, well made, without any blemiſh or diſgrace, as well of mind as body, that ſhould be verſed in Arts befitting the Nobility, well learn'd in Exerciſes, docile, and well governed, and that he ſhould teach them the *Chaldean* Tongue, which was the Language of the Kingdom, that they might wait upon him in his Chamber. *Aſhpenaz* having proceeded in the buſineſs with much conſideration, reſolved to take *Daniel*, and his three Companions, *Ananias*, *Azarias*, and *Miſael*. From hence one may collect, that this young Child was endowed with moſt excellent qualities for the converſation of the world, and the life of the Court. Some have perſwaded themſelves that he was the Son of King *Hezekiah*, but it is without foundation, and with ignorance of the Chronology; ſeeing that if this opinion were true, it muſt be inferred, that *Daniel* that is here dealt with as a Child, and choſen for *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Page, was at that time fourſcore and ten years old, which would be a great impertinency.

Yet it is credible that he was deſcended from ſome Son or Daughter of the ſame King; but however, one may aſſure that he was of the Blood royal, ſeeing the King had expreſly ordered, that the children that were to appear before him for his ſervice ſhould be taken out of that quality. Beſides his eminent birth, he was endowed with a very gentle faſhion, knowing according to his age, dextrous in the exerciſes of the Court, of a ſweet and prudent ſpirit, very different from the temper of him that we propoſed in the precedent Elogy. But to ſpeak ſincerely, if a good man ought to be conſidered as a Temple, theſe exteriour qualities make but the Portal: there are others in the underſtanding and in the will, that compoſe the Myſteries of the Sanctuary.

This young child was endowed with a great intelligence in things of Faith and Religion, and of a chaſt fear of God, and of rare virtues, that ſurpaſſed far the ability of his age. Who can ſufficiently commend that which he did at his entrance into the Court with his companions, that took light from his ſpirit, and ſtrength from the imitation of his courage? They were now from the ſiege of an hunger-bitten City, from a long voyage, and abundance of wearyſom toils; they find themſelves ſuddenly in the abundance and delicacies of a magnificent Court, where they were to be fed as the other Pages, with the Viands that were ſerved up to the King's table.

Youth hath ordinarily a great inclination to a ſenſual life, and to content all its appetites; ſo that there are ſome that ſeem not to eat to live, but to live to eat. Yet theſe young children made a firm reſolution to abſtain from all the delicious food that was ſerved up to *Nebuchadnezzar*'s table, whether for the fear that they had, leſt they ſhould have been offered unto Idols, or for the love of temperance; they earneſtly beſeeched the Maſter of the Pages to entertain them with nothing but with pulſe: &when

he feared leſt that uſage ſhould make them lean, and that the King ſhould perceive it, they prayed him to try them for the ſpace of ten days, aſſuring him, that living in ſuch a manner, they ſhould be full of health and vigour. This was verified by experience, and when they were to appear in the preſence of the King, they were found in good plight, active, and well inſtructed above all the reſt.

Pſal. 64. *Pingueſcent ſpeciosa deſerti.*

The Prophet ſaith, *That the beauties of the deſart ſhall be fat and fruitfull*: ſo thoſe bodies that are as deſarts, deprived of the fat and of the abundance that a voluptuous life miniſters to the delicate, have a certain bleſſing of God, that infuſes into them an health, a grace, and a beauty, ſutable to a good temper. Do we not ſee that all thoſe birds of prey that feed themſelves with the fleſh of beaſts, ſend forth an horrid cry? but the Nightingales that live innocently by ſome little ſeeds of plants, ſing melodiouſly. *Daniel* was made to charme the ear of a great King by his diſcourſes, to live in contemplations and in lights; he would have nothing to do with the ſmoak and ill vapours of *Nebuchadnezzar's* Kitchin.

He was full three years under this Maſter of the Pages, Praying, Faſting, keeping the Law of God, learning the Language of the Country and the Modes of the Court. This time being expired, he was preſented to the King amongſt other children of divers Nations, who liked him exceeding well, with his companions, and found that he eminently ſurpaſſed the capacity of all thoſe of the Country, and of the reſt that were nouriſhed with him. When he was advanced in age, and now approaching to thirty years, it pleaſed God to render him very famous at the Court, as another *Joſeph*, by the Interpretation of a Dream.

King *Nebuchadnezzar* had a great Viſion in his ſleep which very much diſquieted his mind; for there remained in him an Idea that he had dreamt of ſome magnificent thing, but his Dream was eſcaped from him, and he could by no means unfold it, whether he ſaid true, or whether he diſſembled, to try his Diviners and all thoſe that undertook to foretel hidden things. He makes a great Aſſembly of the Sages of the Country in his Palace, to know of them what it was that he had dreamed; whereat theſe men were very much aſtoniſhed, and told him with all humility, that no man ever dealt ſo with the Interpreters of Dreams, but that the ordinary manner was to declare the Viſion, and then ſeek for the Interpretation.

This King that was of an impetuous and extravagant ſpirit, ſaid, that he was not contented with that trivial faſhion of telling his Dreams, to give them matter of inventing afterward ſuch an Interpretation as they would; but that the true ſecret of the Science was to divine the Dream it ſelf. The Magicians replied, that there was none but the Gods that could give a reſolution of that, and that their commerce was far diſtant from ours. The King thereupon ſent them away with anger; and without giving vent to his choler, reſolved to rid himſelf of all the Diviners in his Kingdom, having already given command to his Captain of the Guard to put them all to death. All of them fled, and were exactly ſearched for; *Daniel* that was thought to make profeſſion of theſe extraordinary Sciences was involved in the ſame danger, there being no want of wicked minded men, that ſeeing him ſufficiently in the favour of the King endeavoured to deſtroy him in that occaſion.

He would not ſuddainly forſake the Court, as one ſcared, but aſſuring himſelf of Gods protection, he preſented himſelf to the Captain of the Guard, praying him to make ſome ſurceaſe upon that rigorous Edict, and not to dip his hands in bloud by the death of ſo many men; but to permit him only to preſent himſelf to the King, and he hoped to give him all content. In this he ſhewed himſelf very prudent, there being nothing better in troubleſome affairs and very ſuddain, then to bring ſome retardment, whilſt the ſpirit may give it ſelf leiſure to come to it ſelf again, and to find expediments to get out of an ill way. He ſpake to the King, expreſſing much compaſſion even for them that bore him envy, and deſired ſome delay, which was very reaſonable, to reſolve ſo crabbed a Queſtion.

Now when he ſaw well that it paſſed the capacity of any created ſpirit, he had recourſe to the Creatour by moſt humble and moſt fervent prayers, which he recommended alſo to his dear Companions, that all conſpiring to the ſame deſign, they might the more eaſily obtain the mercy and the illumination of God in ſo great and ſo profound a ſecret. It is thus that good men proceed in all buſineſſes of importance, diſtruſting all their own managery if it be not directed from on high. Their prayers redoubled day and night, one upon the other, forced Heaven with a pious violence, and the Dream with its Interpretation was revealed to *Daniel* in the midſt of his moſt ardent Devotions. He felt his ſpirit touched with a glimpſe of the firſt light, and ſaw as in a mirrour, all that had paſſed in *Nebuchadnezzar's* mind with ſuch a certainty, as permitted him not to doubt of it. Then he was not like *Archimedes* who having found ſome ſecret of the Mathematicks, as he was in a Bath, leapt out all naked by a ſtrange tranſport, crying through the ſtreets, *I have found it, I have found it.* This is ordinary to ſpirits that have nothing in their head but vanity; but holy *Daniel* cryes out thereon, *Let the name of God be bleſſed for ever, for to him belongeth wiſdome and ſtrength.* It is he that diſtributeth wiſdome to the true Sages, and that beſtows knowledge on thoſe that range themſelves under his Diſcipline. It is he that reveals things hidden in the moſt deep abyſſes, and knows that which is buried in the moſt thick darkneſs, and light dwells perpetually with him. I praiſe thee, and I confeſs thee from the bottome of my heart the God of my Fathers, that haſt given this ſtrength of ſpirit, and this underſtanding to penetrate the King's ſecret.

He ſpake many ſuch like words, and riſing from his prayer, he went to ſeek the Captain of the Guard, whom he beſought to ſave the Sages of *Babylon*, and to cauſe no more to die, becauſe he had found out the ſecret that was ſearched after by the Prince; which the other received with much joy, and failed not immediately to carry news of it to the King, who cauſed *Daniel* to be called, of whom he demanded the performance of his promiſe. Then the Prophet uſing a great prudence and a ſingular modeſty excuſed all the Sages of *Chaldea* that could not find out the King's ſecret thoughts, and vaunted not himſelf to know them by his own ſufficiency, but by the inſpiration of the God whom he adored. In which, he expreſſed a great Wiſdome and a generous Humility, not giving any Praiſe to himſelf, but transferring all the Glory to the living God, that he might work

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in the King an high esteem of the true Religion.

S. *Gregory* saith, That those that seek their own glory in the Commission they have from God, are like those that espousing (in quality of proxies) a wife by order of their Master, would play the Husbands, not contenting themselves to be simple Commissioners. *Daniel* abhorred such proceedings, because he was a star that would shew his Sun, and would not be seen himself but by his favour. He made then a large discourse to the King his master, and told him his Dream, which was touching that famous Statue, that had an head of Gold, a breast and arms of Silver, a belly and thighs of Copper, legs of Iron, and feet partly of Iron and partly of Earth: and added, that whilst the King beheld it in his Dream, he saw a little stone come from a great mountain that strook the feet of the Statue and tumbled it down immediately, scattering the Gold, the Silver, the Copper, the Iron, and the Earth as small chaffe dissipated by a whirlewind, and that that little stone changed it self in an instant into a huge Mountain, and filled the whole earth.

After he had so subtlely touched the Vision of the Prince, making him remember all that his imagination had framed, he descended to the particularities of the Interpretation, and said, That he was the Golden Head of that Statue, God having made him a King of kings, and having giuen him Strength, Rule, and Glory, with a Power over the Earth inhabited by men, over the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. Then he advertised, that after him should come a Kingdome less then his, that should be as Silver in comparison of Gold: And after that second should arise a third, resembling Brass, that should command over the whole earth: And after that a fourth, which as Iron, should subdue and break in pieces all that it should meet with. And as for that that he had seen the Feet of the Statue composed of Iron and Clay, it meant, that there should be a great inequality and disproportion in that last Empire, by reason of the mixture of very differing parts that could not be fitted well together. In fine, that God would raise up a Kingdome of Heaven, signified by that little Stone, that should crush the other Kingdomes, and should remain stable to all Eternity.

The King was so transported with *Daniel*'s discourse, that he rose suddenly from his Throne, and bending with his face to the earth, worshipped him, commanding that Sacrifices and Incense should be offered to him, and publishing highly that his God was the God of gods, and the Lord of kings, to whom alone it belonged to reveal Mysteries, since he could penetrate into such a secret.

Wisdome was never upon so high a Throne, as to see the proudest of Monarchs at her feet. Yet *Daniel* well knew how to moderate the transports of his spirit, and by shewing him the nothing of the creature to draw him to the worship and honour of the Creatour which was the master of Knowledge, and source of all pure Light. These are the wonders of the Sovereign Monarch, to consider, that a young man that came to that Court as a Slave should find there suddenly in the esteem of his Prince the quality of a God; he was shut up continually in his chamber, and his spirit walked through the whole Universe; he was a Captive, and saw Kings pass before him as the Dream of a night.

For, represent to your selves with what wisdome and with what greatness of conceptions he saw in one onely Dream that which should extend beyond six hundred years, and that which had been doing thirteen or fourteen hundred years before. That Golden Head of the Statue was the chief Monarchy of the World, founded (as 'tis held) by *Belus* whom *Ninus* his son consecrated for a God, causing a great statue of gold to be erected for him, which had eyes counterfeited of certain precious stones that were afterwards called *Belus* his eyes. This *Ninus* took to wife a maid that came from nothing, named *Semiramis*, that gained him by her charms, and reigned after him in a most imperious way, till such time as she was assassinated by her own son, when she incited him to a most enormous sin. This son that was called *Ninias*, was esteemed but little, and followed with about two and thirty sit-still Kings, the last of which was *Sardanapalus*, that was spinning out his distaffe amongst the women of his Seraglio, when he was surprised by a revolt of two of his Captains, and burnt himself with all his most precious wealth, that he might leave to his conquerours nothing else but ashes.

This Monarchy of the Assyrians was then divided into two Kingdomes by those two Chiefs that conspired against their Master. *Arbaces* took the Medes, and *Belesus* the Chaldeans; out of this *Belesus* issued thirteen Kings, amongst which *Nebuchadnezzar* and *Belshazzar*: *Arbaces* was followed by nine, the last of which was *Astyages*.

These two Kingdomes were afterward incorporated into one sole Monarchy of the Persians, figured by the Silver, founded by *Cyrus*, whom God seemed to lead by the hand to the conquest of Nations, and to give him happiness at his dispose, to follow no more any but his standards. His Monarchy reckoned two hundred years, and fourteen Kings, when under *Darius*, one of the greatest spectacles of the inconstancy of humane things, it was buried by the Grecians, after five millions of men had been consumed in three battels.

Alexander founded this third Empire, represented by the Brass, and did that great master-work, by which he seemed to have been born onely to shew posterity to what point of greatness a man may arrive by the heighth of his enterprises, and the vigour of his arms. The course of his Reign ended in twelve years, and so many conquests were bounded by a glass of poyson. His Princes shared diversly the Empire, who, after they had dipped their swords so many times in the bloud of the Barbarians, washed them in their own, and tore one another by horrible civil Wars.

Finally, the Roman Empire was that Iron which brake the Gold, the Silver, and the Copper, and swallowed up all the Monarchies to contribute to its greatness. But there was a mixture of Clay and Iron in this that so many stranger-Kings (that were effeminated by luxury) were adjoyned to the invincible force of that courageous Nation. This was not well founded; there was need of an eternal Kingdome, which began at the Birth of our Lord, seven hundred years after the foundation of the City of *Rome*, and is exercised after a spiritual and eminent manner to the end of all Ages.

I have desired to trace out this in a few lines, to verifie the Interpretation that *Daniel* gave to *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Dream, and the great lights that he communicated to him about the estate of the Empires of the earth. The King in this consideration could not satisfie himself with admiring of him, and raised him unto most high degrees of honour, making him as Vice-Roy of all the Provinces of his Kingdome, the chief Magistrate, and the Prince of

the Council of the Sages. He was constrained to accept all this by reason of the imperious humour of his Master, who in his first motions would no way be contraried; but he so ordered the business, that his cares were divided amongst his dear companions, to whom he caused Offices in the Provinces to be bestowed, whilst he was always about the Kings person.

But it seldome happens that good men are raised at Court but that God makes them know by some revolution or other, the brittleness of all the glory of the world. Scarce had they tasted the first-fruits of the honour due to their merit, but the Prince always puffed up with his victories, and pricked with an high esteem of greatness, without having any remembrance of the Conduct of his Empire that had bin represented to him in his Dream, causes a golde Statue of sixty cubits high to be erected for himself, that should be one of the most formidable Colossus's that had been ever seen. And as it was the custome to make great Ceremonies at the Dedication of these Testimonies of honour that were given to Kings, he summoned all the principal men of his whole Kingdom, the Governours, and the Officers of his Crown. One reades not that *Daniel* had any thing to do with it, be it, that he was absent upon some great employment, or be it that he avoyded that occurrence by a shift: But his Companions were sent for thither, because that the great credit that they had by the recommendation of *Daniel* had already drawn upon them the envy of those of the Country, who sought for nothing but an occasion to destroy them.

They might deliberate among themselves whether it were not permitted to render an honour purely civil to the Statue of a King, and conclude with reason, that such an action tended not to the sin of Idolatry. They could not be ignorant that the Prophet *Elisha* granted leave to *Naaman* the *Syrian* to accompany the King his Master to the Temple of the Idols, and even to bend the knee, not with a design to do homage to the false God, but with an intention to hold up his Prince whilst he leaned upon him, as was his custome. This action seemed more bold, because here is mention of a place wherein worship was rendred to an imaginary Deity; and although that this *Naaman* had neither heart nor adoration for it, yet those that saw him bow before that Abomination, might inferr, that he perished in his Superstition; yet for all that, the Prophet grants him in this thing all that he desired. By a juster title seems it, that these here ought not to have moved so furious a tempest against their Nation for lack of doing reverence to the Image of a King.

Nevertheless, these three young men, after they had considered that the King pretended to cause himself to be adored in that Statue as a God, filled with a sense of their Religion, whiles some suffered themselves to go to that adoration, and others fled for fear of torments, presented themselves to the King, and protested loudly that they were the servants of the living God, and that they should hold it for a great sin to render the honour that is due to him, to an Idol.

The King was suddainly moved with choler, and threatned to cause them to be burnt alive if they obeyed not, and that there was no God either in Heaven or upon Earth that should be able to deliver them out of his hands. These gallant Princes not being able to endure this blasphemy, answered constantly, that the God which they served was the Sovereign Master of all Kings, that nothing was impossible to his power; that it was most easie for him to draw them out of a danger so evident; but happen what would, they would never be so base and cowardly as to betray their Faith, and bely their Religion.

What cannot Resolution do? what cannot Courage do? What cannot true Piety do? And what does not the Spirit of God? That three children that were strangers amidst so many millions of Infidels that environed them as enraged wolves amidst the thundring angers of an inexorable King, the horrible faces of hangmen, whilst the flames of the fornace into which they were suddenly to be thrown flashed over, to the horrour and trembling even of those that were without danger, should stand as three rocks immoveable to all these violent shakings! What menaces did this wicked King employ to make himself to be feared! What sweetnesses and allurements to make himself be beloved! And yet they remain inflexible to rigours, and impregnable to caresses. They are cast into those fiery coals that bore a true representation of hell, to endure the sharpest of pains, and they find there the most sensible of pleasures. The fire forgets it self to be fire; the fornace strows it self with flowers; the gentle breathings of the South-winds temper the ardour of the flames, and that which was the most rigorous of punishments, becomes a Throne of honour, upon which these three Champions speak as Oracles, and all the Creatures change themselves into ears to hear them.

The King that was there present, and that had seen them thrown in fast bound and manacled, when he saw them walk all three, assisted with a fourth that was the Angel of God, in that great and horrible fornace as in a meadow enamelled over with flowers, demanded of his Princes whether they were not those same men that were newly thrown into the fire, and whence it could come to pass that that Element should change its nature for them, after it had devoured their executioners. He draws near to the fornace, he calls them by their names, and commands them to come to him, to see if they were not spirits loosed from the body. They come forth, he embraceth them, he is in an extasie for joy, and confesses with a loud voyce, that the God of those Children is the true God; and ordains, that he that shall be so hardy as to blaspheme him, should be punished with death, and his house confiscated.

What triumph was ever so glorious as that of the true Religion, that then made visible her Grandeurs to the sight of all the Infidels in her Captivity, and when one would have thought her dead, wrote her praises in characters of fire? The Nobles came about these three Princes, considered their habits, the hair of their heads, their flesh, their skin, aud found that every thing was entire. Calumny changed her self into Adoration, Rage into Astonishment, and those that were thought lost and reduced to nothing, saw themselves consecrated by their punishments.

This should have converted the King, and all his Nation, to the Worship of the true God; and yet (those chains that keep men bound in their Superstition for a long time, aud by deep rooted habits being almost indissoluble) every thing remained in the same condition, and this Prince blinded by the Prosperity of his Arms, carried his Ambitions to the highest Point, to which those of mortal men can mount, whilst it

pleased

pleaſed God to chaſtiſe him by a very extraordinary change.

A year before that the unhappineſs befel him, he ſaw in a dream a tree of an immenſe heighth, that ſeemed to him to cover all the earth with its branches; the leaves thereof were pleaſant; the fruit moſt ſavoury; the beaſts of the earth fed under it, and lived by the favours they received from it; and upon it the little birds of the air made melodious conſorts; whilſt on a ſudden he ſaw an Angel deſcend from heaven, and commanded that the Tree ſhould be cut down, her branches ſcattered, her leaves ſhaken off, her fruits deſtroyed, that it ſhould be tumbled down upon the graſs, wet continually with the dew of heaven, bound with a great iron chain, and that there ſhould be left only ſome ſmall root to ſpring up again in time to come, but that it ſhould lie ſeven years under ground before it ſhould appear.

He was much affrighted at this Dream, and made a ſecond aſſembly of the Sages of his Kingdom that could not give any ſutable Interpretation of it. *Daniel* was called, and the Dream related to him from point to point by the Kings own mouth, from which he immediately diſcovered much miſery for his Maſter. There is need of a great force of ſpirit when one is to carry an afflicting Truth to a perſon that one loves, and of whom one hath received great benefits.

One would have counſelled *Daniel* to hold his peace, to diſſemble, to elude the true ſenſe by ſome appearing Interpretation; yet, he knowing that God had ſent him to that Court not to vaunt himſelf in the honour of his Offices, and in the abundance of his riches; but to have a care of the ſalvation of his King, and to heal the vanities of his ſpirit, although that by interpreting this Dream according to the truth, he ſhould bring himſelf in danger of the ruine of his fortunes. He diſguiſed nothing, but told him, that it were to be wiſhed that the effect of that Dream might fall upon his enemies, but ſince that unhappineſs threatned him, it would be bette to endeavour to divert it, then to invent artifices to ſuppreſs it.

That he was that great Tree that lifted his branches as high as heaven, and covered with his ſhadow the roundneſs of the earth, that ſo many millions of men were in ſhelter under his protection, and breathed by his favour; but foraſmuch as he had deſpiſed God, and had entred into a great preſumption of his ſufficiency, without conſidering that every thing came to him from on high, that he ſhould be ſeparated from the converſation of men, ranked with beaſts, that he ſhould eat the graſs of the field as an Ox, and ſhould be expoſed to the rain and to all the injuries of the air, living as a beaſt, till ſuch time as he ſhould know that there is one moſt high God that rules over the Kingdoms of Monarchs, and gives them to whom he pleaſes; but there being yet a root remaining to that overthrown Tree, that there ſhould be ſome recovery from that brutal life, and that he ſhould be put again into his Kingdom when he ſhould know the power of the Heavenly virtue.

This *Daniel* was a ſprightly Courtier, to tell a King that he ſhould become an Ox for the ſpace of ſeven years; this had been enough to have made him been declared an Impoſtour, and been baniſhed from the Court. Nevertheleſs it is a ſtrange thing that *Nebuchadnezzar* makes no reply thereto, but hears patiently the counſel that he gives him, to expiate his ſins by Alms and by good Works. He was ſeized with a great fear of God, with an affright that took from his mouth all manner of reply, to think by what means he might appeaſe the menaces of Heaven.

But we muſt aver that this great King had ſomething in him very wild, and a ſpirit that had no more ſubſiſtence then the clouds and winds. He paſſed often from one extremity of the paſſions to the other without lighting upon the middle, and ſometimes he appeared humbled to the abyſs, and ſometimes alſo clave to the air and clouds, and planted his Throne by extravagant imaginations even above the ſtars.

This Dream of the Tree kept him in his wits a pretty while; but ſcarce were twelve months expired, but being one day in his Palace, he entred into a mad vanity about the City of *Babylon*, which he ſaid he had builded by the ſtrength of his wit and of his arm, and for the high magnificences of his glory. The word was yet in his mouth, when the anger of God fell upon his head, as a ſuddain flaſh of lightning, and he was changed into a beaſt; not that he loſt his humane ſoul, nor the ordinary figure of his body, but he entred into ſo violent and ſo extraordinary a frenzy, that he perſwaded himſelf that he was an Ox, and inſtantly forſook his Palace and his Throne, ran up and down the fields, and fed on graſs with the beaſts; and although endeavour was uſed to cure him by all ſorts of remedies, yet experience ſhewed that this evil was a wound from heaven, for which no caſe was to be found. He became ſo mad that they were fain to bind and chain him, and yet he brake his chains and tore his cloaths, and expoſed himſelf all naked to the rain, to the winds, and to all the rigours that the ſeaſons brought. His hair increaſed horribly, and his nails ſo crooked, that they would make one believe that he was ſome bird of rapine.

All the Court was in mourning and ſadneſs for this ſo terrible an accident; and although his burnt bloud, and his violent paſſions had much contributed to his malady: yet ſo was it, that the blindeſt ſaw that there was in it a manifeſt puniſhment of God.

Evilmerodach his ſon took the Government of the Empire in quality of Regent, during the indiſpoſition of the King his Father; and although he appeared to be much moved at that change, yet there was more ſhew in it then reality. But in fine, this miſerable frantick having paſſed ſeven years in a pitiful condition came again to his right ſenſes, and the firſt thing that he did, was, to lift up his eyes to heaven, to bleſs God, to acknowledge that his might was without limits, that his Kingdom was an everlaſting Kingdom, that all men of the habitable earth were but nothing before him, that he diſpoſed of all, as well amongſt the heavenly virtues as amongſt the creatures of this lower world, that nothing could reſiſt his power without experimenting his Juſtice.

His good Subjects touch'd with a great compaſſion ſought him out again, and re-placed him upon his Throne, where he reigned with a great modeſty, and lived in the knowledge of the true God, as ſo far, as to work out his own ſalvation, as S. *Auguſtine* aſſures us, together with other Fathers of the Church. So every thing was reſtored to him with more ſplendour and Majeſty then before, his accident bringing no diminution to his Authority. This gave incomparable joyes to holy *Daniel*, who amidſt all the Grandeurs of the Court, wiſhed for nothing but the converſion of his Maſter.

Evilmerodach

Evilmerodach that had taken some liking to the Regency, was not contented at this change, but expressed so much despight at it, that the King his father distrusting him, kept him in prison, which was very bitter unto him, seeing himself descended from the throne, in a moment, to the condition of a captive.

It is held, that *Nebuchadnezzar* reigned after his re-establishment the space of six or seven years, and that the successour of his Empire was this *Evilmerodach* his prisoner, who remained a long time in the languor of his captivity. He found in that prison *Jehojakim* King of the Jews, and (as men in misery have a kind of obligation to love the like) he looked upon him with a good eye, and recreated himself often with him, having no other company at all. The memory of this friendship accompanied him to the Throne, and he caused his companion to be delivered out of prison, using him honourably, and giving him even Offices of importance in his Court. The new King passing from one extremity to another in such a sudden, behaved himself but ill; for it is said that he caused the body of his father to be torn in pieces, for fear he should return again from the gates of death to resume his Scepter, and that he reigned with much insolence, taking a pride to trample under foot all that his predecessours had exalted. And therefore, that eclipse that *Daniel* was in at Court, as it appears from the sacred Text, might have happened at this time, since that the Jews were retir'd, and had little credit in the Kingdome.

This holy Prophet seeing himself discharged of the businesses of the Court, and ranged in a solitude, was in his element, and recollected all his thoughts to give to his heart the joyes of God, which good souls find in a retirement. It was then that he entred farther into the commerce of the intelligences, that he was visited by Angels with more favour, that he learn'd the secret of Empires, and saw all the glory of the world at his feet: yet he could not belye his good heart, nor avoid but that the contempt of the true Religion, and the affliction of his poor people that suffered much in this alteration, was very sensible to him.

Evilmerodach was never the happier for leaving the paths of Piety which his father had trod out for him; for after a short and wicked Reign he was suppressed by his brother-in-law *Nerigloſſor*, who having a child by his wife named *Belſhazzar*, the grand-child of the great *Nebuchadnezzar*, put him forward to succeed in the Empire. In the mean while the father governed the Kingdome in quality of a Regent, and when *Belſhazzar* was of age, he remitted all the power into his hands, which he used moderately during his fathers life; but as soon as he was dead he laid aside his vizard, and grew dissolute in the quantity of excesses and of debauches, shamefull to a Prince of his extraction.

The heighth of his fatal pleasures was in the most sumptuous banquet that he made, to which he invited a thousand persons of the best quality in his Kingdome, wherein their spirits being poured out into an excessive voluptuousnes, the King himself being full of wine and impiety, commanded that the magnificent vessels which his grandfather had taken in the Temple of *Jeruſalem* should be brought upon their cupboard; which was readily performed, and he put them into the hands of his wanton Courtiers and immodest women, who mocked at the mysteries of the true Religion. That banquetting-house seem'd nothing now but a repair of Bacchanals, where Gluttony, Love, Sport, Jesting, exercised all their power; and the lascivious devils were unchain'd to induce the guests to all sort of intemperance, when behold a Prodigy comes that changes the dissolute merriments of that Court into an horrible tragedy.

An hand of a man without the body appeared upon a wall, whose fingers seem'd to move, and to write unknown characters, whereat the King was so affrighted, that all his body trembled, and his countenance appeared laden with pale colours of Death, which spoiled all the sport, and caused a great silence in the banquetting hall. Immediately recourse was had to the Sages and Diviners of *Chaldea* to read and interpret that writing; but they were found alwayes weak in such mysteries as these.

The Queen Mother had a good soul, and retained alwayes some impression of the true Religion, she remembred *Daniel* that was at that time banished from the Court, and had in esteem his great wisdome and good conversation: and therefore as soon as she had heard of the accident that had happened, and the great trouble of mind the King her son was in, she entred into the hall, and spake to him very advantageously of *Daniel*, assuring him, that he was a personage that was fill'd with the Deity, and that under the Reign of his Grand-father he had given admirable interpretation of hidden things, which made him be loved of that great King who fail'd not to declare him the Prince of the Council of the Sages of *Chaldea*; but that the insolences of *Evilmerodach* (insufferable to all the world) had driven him from the Court, though not from *Babylon*, in which yet he was, and that he was the onely man capable to resolve him in so strange a business.

The King received this advice with much joy, and commanded instantly that *Daniel* should be caused to come to him, who was retired in his little solitude. He is sought for, he is found, he is brought to his Majesty, who entertained him very courteously, and asked of him the Interpretation of the words written on the wall, promising him that if he would tel him the truth he would give him the purple robe and the collar of the Order. But *Daniel* expressed to him that all these presents moved him nothing, and that he aimed at no other honour at the Court then that of his Master, whose will and decrees he would declare. He puts the King in mind of his Grandfather, of the Greatnes and of the Majesty of his Empire, of the absolute power that he exercised over men, and how his heart being lifted up against God, he was reduced to a brutall life, in which he remained the space of seven years, till such time as his chastisement giving him wisdome had rendred to him his health and Scepter. After he had prepared the spirit of *Belſhazzar* by a domestick example, he told him with a generous freedome, that that which he had known to happen to the person of that great King was sufficient to humble him, and yet he had exalted himself against the Sovereign Monarch, and had caused with much mirth of heart the consecrated Vessels of his Temple to be prophaned, when he caused his Gods of gold and silver to be praised to the reproach of the true God, and that in revenge of so bad an action, that hand which he had seen on the wall was sent from heaven, and had written three horrible words, which are, *Mene, Tekel, Pheres*, that is to say, *Count, Weigh, Divide*; the first signifies that God hath counted the dayes of his reign, and hath put a period to them: the second, that he had been put in the balance of the Sovereign Judge, and that he had not been found

found weight: the third, that his Kingdom ſhould be divided, and given for a Prey to the *Medes* and *Perſians*.

It is a ſtrange thing that *Daniel* having made ſo doleful a prediction, King *Belſhazzar* entred not into wrath againſt him, but on the contrary, commanded that the purple and collar of gold ſhould be given him, which he had promiſed to the Interpreter of his viſion. But there will be leſs cauſe to wonder, if we conſider that it was a Maxim amongſt the *Babylonians* not to be angry with the Diviners and Aſtrologers, when they foretold any evil to come, no more then with the ſhadow of a Sun-Dial that ſhews the hour, or the Weather-cock that declares the Wind. And furthermore, this young Prince hearing his Prophet ſpeak with ſo much judgment and ſanctity, had him in eſteem for a man of God, which he ought not to offend, and beſides that by entreating him with courteſie, he hoped, that being a friend of the true Gods, he might have as much power to turn away the ſcourge wherewith he was threatned, as he had underſtanding to know it, and force of ſpirit to foretel it.

One might alſo marvel that *Daniel*, who at the beginning teſtified that he made ſmall account of the riches and greatneſs of the Court, for all that accepted of the purple, of the chain, and of the dignity of the third perſon in the Kingdom, that was preſented to him. But we ought to obſerve, that ſometimes it is an infirmity of ſpirit not to be able to endure honour when it comes by a Divine diſpoſal and a ſecret of Providence over us. This wiſe Courtier conſidered, that being of his own nature ſo far from all theſe things, they came to ſeek him out in his ſolitude, and that it was a ſign of God that would have it ſo, not for him, but for the benefit of his Nation, which was much more favourably uſed in matter of the exerciſe of their Religion when he was in favour; beſides that the virtue and moderation which he made glitter in all his actions, even in his higheſt proſperities, contrary to the ordinary manner of all thoſe that were then at Court, gave more glory to God, then if he had been perpetually hidden in an obſcure life.

It was an indiſcretion in *Belſhazzar* to expreſs ſo much aſtoniſhment, and to diſcloſe that prediction, by reaſon that there was a ſecret conſpiracy againſt him which was plotted amidſt thoſe publick diſſolutions; and the conſpiratours were the more animated to the execution of that enterpriſe, when they knew that that Prodigy threatned him. The ſame night they performed their wicked deſign, and outrageouſly murdered him, after he had reigned but nine moneths ſince his Fathers death. The principal men of the Kingdom that were of the conſpiracy choſe one of their complices named *Nabonidus*, who is called in Scripture *Darius* the *Mede*, who knowing the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and the freedom with which he had ſpoken to the King, eſteemed him for it, and retained him at the Court in the quality which his Predeceſſour had given him a night before his death. When he ſaw himſelf eſtabliſhed in favour again, he forgat not God, his heart being always animated with a zeal to his Religion; and when he ſaw his King inclining to the Superſtition of the Country, his heart was much grieved at it, and he endeavours to cleanſe him from his errours, ſeeing him to be of a diſpoſition too ſimple and credulous to the prejudice of the truth.

Amongſt theſe falſe Deities, *Bel* was ador'd with an exquiſite & ſumptuous worſhip, in as much as there were offered to him every day out of the King's houſe twelve baskets of meal, forty ſheep, and ſix great meaſures of wine; and it was believed that that Idol did eat up all the offerings. The King that loved *Daniel* ſo much as to make him dine ſometimes at his own table, deſired that he would accommodate himſelf to the Laws of the Country, and that he would expreſs ſome affection to the ſervice of that great *Bel* that was adored univerſally by all the Nation. But this wiſe Courtier anſwered him freely that he would never worſhip any but the true living God. *Darius* replyed, that there was nothing required to be adored but to live; *Bell* was truly the living God, becauſe he did eat and drink well, and coſt much to feed him. *Daniel* ſmiling anſwered, that it was a great ſimplicity to think that that Idol did eat up all that was offered him every day. Whereupon the King was moved with a curioſity to know how all this went, and having cauſed the ordinary viands to be offered at *Bel's* altar, carefully ſaw all the doors of the Temple ſhut, and put Guards before them that no body might enter in. *Daniel* before he went out thence with the King, cauſed abundance of Aſhes to be ſown there, hoping by this means to diſcover the Impoſture. The morrow after the King cauſed the doors to be opened that had remained faſt ſhut with his own ſeal, and when as he entred in he ſaw that all the victuals had been taken away, he cryed out that *Bel* was a great God, and that it muſt needs be acknowledged that he did eat excellently well, ſeeing nothing of all thoſe offerings was remaining. But *Daniel* inſtantly made him ſee upon the Aſhes the ſteps of thoſe that had entred, whereat he was aſtoniſhed, and called for all the Prieſts of that Idol, to whom he ſhewed their cheat, and preſſed them ſo eagerly that they diſcovered certain little doors under the Altar through which they entred to the number of threeſcore and ten, beſides women and little children to devour the ſacrifice. The King was aſham'd at the ſimplicity of his belief; this ſhame paſſed into wrath, and wrath proceeded as far as bloud, cauſing him to put to death all the Impoſtours.

Furthermore, in the ſame place there was a Dragon which was yet worſhiped by that ſuperſtitious people, which *Daniel*, after he had obtained the permiſſion of the King, killed by making a maſs compoſed of pitch, of greaſe and of hair, which he made him ſwallow, and with it choak himſelf.

This made a great commotion amongſt the people that ſaid that the King was become a *Jew*, cauſing his Prieſts to be murthered, and killing the Dragon; that there was now nothing remaining but to ſtrangle all the ſenſe of the Ancient Religion. In ſuch a manner that behold a great tempeſt is raiſed againſt *Daniel*, which in the opinion of all the world, threatned him with an inevitable death. The Grandees of the Realm endeavour to ruine him by all ways, and conſidering that he was exact and irreproachable in his office, they reſolve to enſnare him in a matter of Religion. Under colour of gratifying the King they beſeech him to make an Edict, that whoſoever ſhould deſire any thing of the Gods or of men, for the ſpace of thirty days, except of the King, ſhould be caſt into the Lions-den, which the King granted them, not knowing what their malice plotted againſt the innocence of his Prophet and Officer of State. He was watched on all ſides, and retired himſelf from the King to diminiſh the jealouſie that men had of him for the favours he received from him.

All his conſolation was in Prayer, and in thoſe amiable diſcourſes which he had with God; and therefore he was afflicted as much as can be expreſſed, ſeeing that the King his Maſter let himſelf be perſwaded to make an edict ſo outrageous againſt the honour of God, as to forbid to pray unto him. Yet this hindered not him from continuing his oraiſons, lifting up thrice a day his weeping eyes on that ſide whereon the Temple of *Jeruſalem* was built, and ſighing in the preſence of his great Maſter with the ardours of an heart that evaporated it ſelf all in Love.

The nobles that were every day at his door failed not to ſurpriſe him, and to accuſe him that he had tranſgreſſed the Edict, which he acknowledged freely. Complaints of it were ſuddenly made to his Majeſty whoſe heart was wounded for the affection that he bare to *Daniel*, and he laboured even till the Sun ſet to ſave him; nevertheleſs ſeeing himſelf preſſed violently by his Edict, and the vehemence which the Nobles uſed that it ſhould be obſerved, he abandoned the innocent to their fury againſt his will. This defiles the conſcience of many great men, who are evil-doers of their diſpoſition, and yet for all that commit great evils through the complacency that they give to the violent humours of thoſe that are about them. He had ſome hope that *Daniel* would eſcape, and that the God which he adored would ſave him, and therefore he made no reſiſtance by arms, but delivered him into their hands to be caſt into that horrible den of the Lions that had been kept hungry on purpoſe that he might be the ſooner devoured.

But, O God of wonders, what Prodigie is here! The Lions worſhip their prey; *Daniel* is viſited in that Cave by a Prophet come in an inſtant from *Judea* by the Miniſtry of an Angel that brought him his dinner. The beaſts change their Nature, and Nature forces her Laws for the reſpect of a ſervant of God. The King that had lain down without his ſupper, and had not ſlept all night for the fear that he had for his poor *Daniel*, runs early in the morning to the Lions-den, which he had cauſed to be ſhut up with a great ſtone put upon the mouth of it, and ſtampt with his own Seal, and there cryes out with a lamentable voyce, asking of *Daniel* whether he were yet alive; who made him ſee how the God that he adored had delivered him and preſerved him from all evil; Whereat he was ſo raviſhed, that he began to look upon him as an heavenly man, cauſed his accuſers to be apprehended, to be expoſed to the ſame Lions, who devoured them immediately, and publiſhed an Edict in favour of the true Religion. This King reigned ſeventeen years, til ſuch time as *Cyrus* by a moſt particular deſign of God ſeized upon the Monarchy and dealt favourably with the faithfull people. *Daniel* remained alwayes very conſiderable, having ſeen five Kings paſs away, and was at laſt honoured even by his enemies themſelves for his rare virtues, and for the wonders that God had placed in his perſon. One may obſerve in his life abundance of Lineaments that adorn highly the converſation of a true Courtier, as are, his conſtancy in Religion, his Devotion, the tenderneſs of his love to God, his Charity towards his neighbour, his modeſty, his ſparingneſs to ſpeak of himſelf, his Moderation in Proſperity, his Strength of ſpirit in Adverſity, his inviolable Firmneſs never to yeeld to ſin, his exact faithfulneſs towards his Maſter, his Conſcience, Science, and Ability in the Adminiſtration of his Charges, his Love to his Friends, his Compaſſion to the Miſerable, his affability towards all the World, his patient enduring of the humours of Strangers, his Prudence in his Conduct, and the bleſſing of God that made all his enterpriſes proſper.

THE RELIGIOUS MEN.

ELIJAH. ELISHA.

BEhold here an admirable Courtier that was never of the number of thoſe flatterers of the Court that keep Truth in Iron-Chains, and give to vices the colour of virtue. *Elijah* was a Prophet that included the name of God, and of the Sun in his Name, and who all his life-time bare the perfections of them both, as being a true child of Light, of Fire, and a viſible image of the inviſible beauties.

beauties. As he was yet hanging at his mothers breast, his father had a vision, by which it seemed to him that his son sucked fire instead of Milk, and nourished himself with a most pure flame, which without offending him, furnished him with an Aliment as delicious as possible. So was he all his life a man of fire; and as it seemed that that King of Elements followed the course of his words and will, so he burnt also in the Interiour with that fire that kindles the hearts of Angels.

He was the first of men that set up the Standard of Virginity, that consecrated it upon his body when it was unknown and despised in the World, who made an Angelical order of the Mount *Carmel* to which he hath transmitted his Spirit through a long and sweet posterity that hath found sources of contemplation which he derived to the World to water the barrenness of the Earth, that hath traced the Originals of all his virtues upon that fair *Carmel*, upon that sacred solitude that was his first Terrestrial Paradise.

His Speech was Thunder, and his life Lightning, his Example a School of great Actions, his Zeal a Devouring fire, his Negotiations the affairs of Eternity, his Conversation an Idea of the Contemplative and Civil Life, his Translation a Miracle without peer. I leave to those that have undertaken to write his Life the retail of his Virtues and of his Miracles, staying onely upon his Actions that he did at Court, treating with the Kings *Ahab*, *Jehu*, *Ahazias*, and the wicked Queen *Jezabel*.

He flourished nine hundred years before the Nations of our Lord in the Kingdom of *Israel*, which was then divided both by Religion and by Policy from that of *Judah* and *Jerusalem*. *Ahab* the son of *Amri*, an ill Crow of an ill Egg, held then the Empire. and being married to a *Sidonian* the daughter of the King of *Sidon* which was called *Jezabel*, an haughty and malicious woman, he was totally governed by her, and to render himself complacent to her humours caused a Temple to be erected to the God *Baal*, and near that Temple a Grove to be planted, where were committed all the Abominations, ordinary to Idolaters.

Elijah that burned with the Zeal of the honour of God, was touched with a most sensible grief by so scandalous an Action, and was stirred up by his great Master to destroy that Mystery of Iniquity. Now, he knowing that it was hard to Preach efficaciously the Truth to Spirits froliking it in the midst of the smiling prosperities of the World, thought, by the order of the God of the Universe, that it was best to afflict that wicked people by a long famine and great adversities to make them reflect upon themselves, and return to the Worship of the true Religion. He sware then aloud and publickly before *Ahab* for the punishment of his Idolatry, that there should not be during three years either rain or dew upon the earth, and that the Heavens should become Brass to chastise that Age of Iron, and that he should not expect that it should be opened during that time, unless it were by the words of his mouth.

As soon as he had said this in the presence of witnesses he went away to the *Eastern* Coast; and hid himself at the Brook of *Carith* over against *Jordan*, where God nourished him by Ravens that brought him orderly every day his portion. In the mean while the drought failed not to raise a great famine on the earth, and chiefly in the Kingdom of *Israel*, where one could see nothing but people crying with hunger; but the Heavens took in hand to revenge the God of Heaven, and the Clouds that are as the Breasts of the Earth, had no water for a people that abused the Elements and all the Creatures to the prejudice of the Creatour.

In the mean while, God that spares not always the Lands and Goods of his servants in a common havock, that they may not amuse themselves on the vain prosperities of the World, permitted that that Brook that furnished the Prophet with water, should grow dry as well as the rest. But as the Ocean which retires it self out of one River, swells it self in another, so this great Nursing-father of *Elias* that seemed to fail in matter of that little Rivulet, recompensed it by the miraculous liberality of a poor Widow. He forsook not that station that Providence had assigned him, although barren, before he had orders for it from God his Master, who sent him to the Countrey of *Sidon* to *Sarepta*, assuring him that he had already provided for his nourishment.

The Prophet arriving at the destined place, found at the City-gate a poor Widow-woman, the mother of a little son, and forasmuch as he knew that the Famine was great every where, that he might not astonish her at first, he desired of her only a glass of water, which she gave him with a good will, after which, he prayes her to add to it a morsel of bread; but the woman sware to him that she had but one handful of Meal left in the great rigour of Famine, and that she was going to gather two or three small sticks, to make a little fire and to bake a Cake, which would be the last that she and her son should eat in all their lives, for after that repast they must resolve to die. Yet for all this *Elijah* orders her to make him a little loaf baked under the ashes, and to think afterward upon her self and son, and assure her self that neither her Meal, nor Oyl should diminish any thing till such time as the Famine should be past.

It was a strong proof of the faith of this *Sidonian* that commanded her to take away the Bread from her self and her son to give it to a stranger, and quitting that which she had in her hands to rest upon uncertainties: Yet she obeyed in that great necessity, yielding more to a man that she knew not for the esteem that she had of his virtue, and the opinion which she had that he was the servant of the great God, then to her own life. So true it is That the Considerations of Religion and of Religious persons touch even the souls of *Pagans* and of Infidels. So was she worthily requited, having a little inexhaustible treasure in her house, which was sufficient for her Prophet, for her self and for her child and this was a particular mercy of the Sovereign power to her, that called her to his knowledge by this miracle, and would not that *Elijah* should eat alone the bread which he multiplyed by the words of his mouth, but that he should give part of it to the poor, as our Saviour did afterward; God ordaining that good miracles should be never vain, but profitable to the soul and body of men created after the image of God. While he stayed in this house, the son of the Dame of it dyed of a burning Feaver, whereof this poor afflicted woman laid the fault upon *Elijah*, saying that he had renewed the memory of her sins before God; and *Elijah*, complained of God for that he had afflicted his Hostess. But that great Master did all for his own glory, for *Elijah* having three times contracted himself upon the dead body of the child, breathed into him the spirit of life, and restored him to his mother.

Three years being now passed in the great angui-

ſhes of hunger, God commanded *Elijah* to preſent himſelf again to *Ahab*, and was reſolved to ſend ſome Rain. When the extremity of the evil was very great, and no inventions could be found to appeaſe the ſcourge, *Ahab* a carnal man, inſtead of having recourſe to Prayers and Supplications to eaſe his ſubjects, thought on nothing but preſerving his Horſes and his Mules. He had at his ſervice and at his Court in quality of a ſuperintendent of his Houſe and of his Levies, a great and good man named *Abdias* who moderated the furies of that wicked Court, ſaved the Prophets of God when they were perſecuted, and greatly comforted the People. *Ahab* reſolved to go one way, and ſend him the other, to ſeek ſome herbage to feed his Cattle.

As *Abdias* was going along his way, he met with *Elijah* the Prophet, whom the King had cauſed to be ſearched after in his own territories, and through all the neighbouring Kingdoms, without being ever able to learn any news of him. And therefore he was very much amazed at that accoſt, and asked him if he were *Elijah*, whereto he anſwered, that he was the very ſame, and that he ſhould go and give *Ahab* information of his coming. The other making him a low Reverence with his face to the Earth, replyed, wherein have I ever offended you, that you ſhould deliver me into the hands of *Ahab* with an intention to cauſe me to be put to death: For it is true that there is no Kingdom nor Nation, whither my Maſter hath not ſent to enquire news of you, without ever getting any light of you; and now if I ſhould go tell the King of your arrival, and the ſpirit of God ſhould carry you away (as it doth ordinarily) to tranſport you into ſome other part, I ſhould be found a Liar, and the King would take away my life. What good would it do you to be the cauſe of my death, ſeeing that I have feared God even from mine infancy, and have always honoured his ſervants ſo far as to preſerve an hundred Prophets from the horrours of the Perſecution, and nouriſht them ſecretly at mine own charge in Caves wherein they were hidden? Do not deprive your ſelf now of a ſervant that is moſt gained unto you, The Prophet aſſured him, and ſware to him that he would appear before *Ahab*.

By which I find that this *Abdias* was very prudent in that he would not raſhly carry a news to his Maſter that ſhould be without effect; becauſe that great ones are eaſily incenſed, when men are ſo light as to promiſe them what they ask, and anſwer not their exſpectation; beſides that, if they are fruſtrated of their deſire, they think themſelves to be ſlighted, and are angry even at the times, and elements, that do not apply themſelves to their humours. When therefore he was aſſured by the inviolable oath of a Prophet, he went to the King and told him that he had met with *Elijah* who was ready to preſent himſelf to his Majeſty.

This Prince that burned with a paſſion to ſee him, ſtayed not till he could come to ſee him, fearing leſt he ſhould ſteal away again, but went to meet him in perſon, and having found him, asked him with diſdain, whether he was not the man that embroiled all his Kingdom? The Prophet as bold as a Lion anſwered him, that he had never embroiled any thing, but that the trouble came from his Fathers houſe, and from him, for that they had forſaken God and followed *Baal*; and that if he would know by experience the errour wherein he was, that he ſhould make an Aſſembly on Mount *Carmel* of all the People of *Iſrael*, and ſummon thither the four hundred and fifty falſe Prophets that are every day fed at Queen *Jezabel*'s Table, and that there ſhould be decided the buſineſs of Religion.

It was an high attempt, on which *Elijah* had never ſo much as dreamed, had he not had an expreſs Revelation from God: for one ought not lightly to commit the verity of the faith before the Court and the Common people to uncertain diſputes and doubtful accidents from whence the *Pagans* and Hereticks may by chance draw ſome advantage. But the Prophet being well aſſured on his ſide; King *Ahab* expoſed himſelf on His to cauſe a great revolt among his ſubjects, and a manifeſt divorce with his wife. Yet God would have it ſo, to diſabuſe him, and to bring him back to the true Religion.

As ſoon as he had then accepted the condition and commanded the aſſembly, there were gathered together an infinite number of people (there being nothing that ſo much tempts curioſity as the affairs of Religion) It was then, that one might ſee the aſſurance and vigour of a true ſervant of God; for he obſerving that the King and people who had not yet choaked all the ſeeds of Truth, floated in divers opinions, ſpake ſolemnly to them, That it was no longer time to halt ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, and that if *Baal* were God they ought to follow him, but if there were no other God but that of *Iſrael*, called upon from all times by their fathers, it was he to whom they ought to adhere with an inviolable fidelity. To this the aſſembly made no anſwer, there being none that was willing to ſet himſelf forward upon an uncertainty. Then *Elijah* taking the word again ſaid, Behold four hundred and fifty Prophets of *Baal* on one ſide; and I a Prophet of the true God all alone on the other part in this place here; To make a tryal of our Religion, let there be two Oxen given us, for each of the two parties, let them be cut in pieces, and the pieces put upon a pile of wood without putting any fire to them either on one ſide or on the other; we will expect it from heaven, and the ſacrifice upon which God ſhall make a flame appear from on high to kindle it, ſhall carry away the teſtimony of the true Religion.

To this all the people anſwered with a confuſed voyce, that it was a good Propoſition. The victims were brought, ſacrificed, and put upon the wood to be conſumed. The Prieſts of *Baal* began firſt to invoke the heavenly fire, and to torment themſelves with great cries, and a long time without any effect. It was already mid-day, and nothing had appeared to their advantage, whereat being very much aſtoniſhed, they drew out their Razors, and make voluntary inciſions upon themſelves according to their cuſtom, thinking that a prayer was never well heard, if it were not accompanied with their bloud, which the evil Spirit made them ſhed in abundance to ſatiate his Rage.

This nothing advanced the effect of their ſupplications; which gave occaſion to *Elijah* to mock at the vanity of their Gods, ſaying, that *Baal*, that gave no anſwer, was aſleep, or buſie, or on a journey, or perhaps drinking at the Tavern. He remained there with ſecurity amidſt ſo many enraged Wolves, covered with the protection of the God of Hoſts, and began to prepare his Sacrifice, taking twelve ſtones in memory of the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*, to erect an Altar to the name of God; after which he divided the Offering into divers parts, put them all upon the

upon the pile, and that none might have any ſuſpicion that there was fire hidden in ſome part of them, he cauſed abundance of Buckets of water to be thrown upon the Sacrifice, and all about it, and then began to ſay, Great God, God of *Abraham*, of *Iſaac*, and of *Iſrael*, ſhew now that thou art the God of this people, and that I am thy ſervant, I have obeyed thee in all this, reſting my ſelf upon thy word; Hear me my God, my God hear me, and let this aſſembly learn this day of thee, that thou art the true God, and the abſolute Maſter of all the univerſe, and that it is thou that art able to reduce their hearts to the true belief.

Scarce had he ended his prayer when the ſacred fire fell down from heaven upon his Sacrifice and devoured the Offering and the Altar, to the admiration of all the People; who proſtrating themſelves on the ground began to cry, That the God of *Iſrael* was the true God. Take then ſayes he, the falſe Prophets of *Baal*, and let not one ſole man of them eſcape us. The People convinced by the Miracle and the voice of *Elijah* without expecting any other thing, fall upon thoſe falſe Prophets, takes them, and cuts them all in pieces. *Ahab* amidſt all this ſtood ſo aſtoniſhed that he durſt not ſpeak one onely word, nor any way reſiſt the Divine Command.

The Prophet bid him take his refection, and go into his Coach, for the ſo much deſired rain was near, and having ſaid ſo, retired himſelf to the top of the Mount *Carmel*, and ſent his Servant ſeven times to the ſea, to ſee whether he could diſcover any clouds; but he ſaw nothing till the ſeventh time, and then he perceived a little cloud that exceeded not the meaſure of a hand; and yet he ſends him to tell *Ahab* that it was time to harneſſe, if he would not be overtaken with the rain. He mounted inſtantly into his Coach to get to the City of *Jezreel*, and *Elijah* ran before as if he had wings.

In the mean time the Heavens grew black with darkneſſe, the clouds collect themſelves, the winde blowes and the rain fals in abundance. *Ahab* failed not to relate to *Jezabel* all that had been done, deſiring to make the death of thoſe Prophets paſs for a decree of heaven, for fear leaſt that imperious woman ſhould upbraid him with the ſoftneſſe of his courage. But ſhe not moved with thoſe great miracles of fire and water, that were reported to her, began to foam with wrath, and to ſwear by all her Gods that ſhe would cauſe *Elijah*'s head to be laid at her feet by the Morrow that time.

The Prophet is conſtrained to fly ſuddenly to ſave himſelf, not knowing to whom to truſt; ſo that having brought with him but one young man to accompany him in the way, he quitted him and went alone into the wilderneſſe, wherein having travelled a day he entred into a great ſadneſſe, and laid him down under a Juniper-tree to repoſe himſelf, and there felt himſelf very weary of living any longer, and ſaid to God with an amorous heart; My God, it is enough, take me out of this life, I am not better then my fathers. It is a paſſion ordinary enough to good men to wiſh for death, that they may be no more obliged to ſee ſo many ſins and miſeries as are in the World, and to go to the place of reſt to contemplate there the face of the living God. But this deſire ought to be moderated according to the will of God.

As he was in that thought, ſleep that eaſily ſurprizes a melancholy ſpirit, and wearied with raving on its pains, ſlipt into his benummed members and gave ſome truce to his torments. But that great God that had his eyes open to the protection of ſo dear a perſon diſpatched to him his guardian Angel, who awaked him, and ſhewed him near his head a cruſe of water and a loaf of bread baked under the aſhes (for ſuch are the banquets that the nurſing Father of all Nature makes his Prophets, not loving them for the delights of the body; but contenting himſelf to give them that which is neceſſary to life) he ſaw well that it was a Providence that would yet prolong his life. He drank and eat, and at length being heavy fell aſleep again. But the Angel that had undertaken the direction of his way waked him, and told him that it behoved him to riſe quickly, by reaſon that he had yet a long way to go. *Elijah* obeyed, and being riſen, found that he had gained a marvellous ſtrength, ſo that he journyed fourty dayes and fourty nights being fortified with that Angelical bread, till ſuch time as he came to the Mountain *Horeb*. There he retired himſelf into the hollow of a Rock, unknown to men, but well known to God that appeared to him and comforted him, asking of him what he made there? Whereto he anſwered, That he was zealous with an ardent zeal for the God of Hoſts, but the children of *Iſrael* had forſaken him, demoliſhed his Altars, killed his Prophets, and that he alone remained; yet for all that they ceaſed not to ſeek his life to extinguiſh the whole ſervice of God. Upon this God commanded him to come forth, and to ſtand upon the Mountain to ſee great ſights cauſed by the preſence of God. And ſuddenly there came an impetuous whirlwind that overturned the Mountains and brake the Rocks, but God was not therein; after that impetuous Wind came an Earthquake, but God was not therein; after the Earthquake devouring-fire, but God was not in thoſe flames; after the Fire, behold there came a ſmall gracious gale, and God was in it. And therefore *Elijah* raviſhed with a profound reſpect covered his face with his Mantle, and kept himſelf at the entry of his Cave, where he heard a voice that demanded of him again what he did there? Whereto he anſwered as before, that he fled from the perſecution of thoſe that would give him the ſtroke of death for the zeal which he had to the ſervice of the living God.

But the voice commanded him to return, and to take again his way through the deſart into *Damaſcus*, and gave him order to anoint and declare two Kings, the one over *Syria*, which was *Hazael*, and the other over *Iſrael*, which was *Jehu* that ſhould ſucceed his Perſecutour. Furthermore, God informed him, that all was not loſt, but that he had yet reſerved to himſelf ſeven thouſand ſervants that had not bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor lifted up their hands to adore his Idol. He added yet farther, that he ſhould take *Eliſha* for his Companion and Succeſſour, of whom he had reaſon to expect good effects.

Such was *Elijah*'s Viſion, and his diſcourſe with God; and it ſeemed that this Sovereign Teacher of the Prophets, ſhewing him the repreſentation of an impetuous wind, of an Earthquake, and of Fire, in which God was not, although he was in a little gentle blaſt, and would ſignifie to him that His Spirit is not in thoſe great commotions that would ſeem to overturn all nature, but in a certain Calm that produces little noiſe, but much fruit filling the earth with bleſſings. So alſo would he make him hope, that after theſe violent perſecutions, and thoſe fatall Convulſions of Kingdoms, there ſhould come a ſweet and peacefull *Meſſias*; and that for as much as concerned him, *Jezabel*'s perſecution ſhould ceaſe, and his ſoul after the toyles of that baniſh-

ment should taste the sweetness of an anticipated Paradise.

He took then his way again according to the command of God without passing by *Samaria*, and finding *Elisha* plowing the ground with twelve yoak of Oxen, cast his Mantle on him, to signifie to him that he was called of God to that sacred ministery of Prophecy, which the other understood, and quitting instantly his Oxen ran to *Elijah*, whom he beseeched that he would permit him to go and give the kiss of peace to his Father and Mother; after that, he would adhere to nothing, but render himself up to him: which *Elijah* having granted, he, when he had acquitted himself of his duty, returned and sacrificed two Oxen which he boiled with the wood of his Plough, and made a Feast with them for the people; after which he ranged himself under the conduct of the Prophet, and was a perfect imitatour of his virtues.

An ill occasion embarked him again in a Combat against *Ahab* and *Jezabel*, which was fatal to them both. The King had a mind to enlarge his Gardens, and *Naboth's* Vineyard was near his Palace, and for his advantage; he calls for him, and asks him very courteously for it, promising to pay him the price that it was worth, or to buy him a better inheritance in whatsoever place he would. The desire was very civill, and not like that of so many other Princes and Lords, that disposed at that time of the goods of their subjects as of their own, usurping by violence that which they could not have by right. Yet this good man, that measured all by the affection he bare his Vineyard and not by the submission he owed his Master, was obstinate, and told him, That it was the wealth of his Fathers, which he would no way part with.

Ahab was much troubled at this denyal, and returning to his Palace threw himself upon his bed, and would not eat at the ordinary hour of his repast. The Queen his wife being surprised at that accident goes to see him, and inquires after the cause of his indisposition, which he declared to her out of a desire he had to receive some ease. This Princess which was a daughter of the King of *Sidon*, and who knew how her Father reigned absolutely over his subjects falls a laughing, and meaning to blame the weakness of her husband, said to him; It appears plainly, Sir, that you are a Prince of great authority, very worthy to govern a Kingdom, since you receive affronts from your subjects, and revenge them upon your self by the loss of your dinner. But if that be all that hinders you, I pray arise, be merry and eat, for I know the way to make you possessour of that Vineyard that you desire.

At the same instant that Imperious Queen takes her Seal, writes a Letter to the Principal men of *Jezreel*, and commands them to call an Assembly, under colour of a Fast and Publick Prayers, to call *Naboth* to it, to make him sit amongst the chief, and not to fail to suborn two witnesses against him, that should depose that he had blasphemed against God and his King, and thereupon indite him, and stone him.

Behold how so many Ministers of Iniquity use the Innocent, not seeing that at the same time as they lay snares against the honour, the goods, and the life of their neighbour, an invisible Hand draws up in Heaven the decree of their ruine. This Letter being come to *Jezreel*, the principal men assembled themselves, and not seeking any delay or incident to sweeten a bad business, betray their conscience to avoid the fury of the King, executing that which was commanded them, and before they are Judges render themselves Criminal. Thus go violent Reigns, where virtue is abandoned by some through weakness, and persecuted by others through fury. Miserable *Naboth* astonished at that wicked calumny, protests his innocence in the face of Heaven and Earth, justifies and defends himself by good reason; but the false Witnesses, which are the instruments of Satan, and the chief furies against the peace of mankind, urge and torment him; His Judges sold to iniquity condemned him; He is led out of the City, delivered to the fury of the people, overwhelmed, as a Blasphemer of God and the King, with a bloody tempest of Stones and Flints, every hand making it self injurious against him, some through a false zeal, and others through a compliance with the humours of *Ahab* and *Jezabel*.

The news of his death comes instantly to the Court, and *Jezabel* carries it to the King, without specifying to him any other thing, telling him onely that *Naboth* was out of the world, and that he might now enjoy his spoiles all at leisure. To speak Truth, Great ones have great cause to make to God *David's* Prayer, and to beseech him to deliver them from others sinnes, and from those that are hidden from them. Unfortunate *Ahab* knew nothing of all that had passed, and takes not the pains to inform himself of the manner of that death; He trusted all to his wife, and gave her his Signet, his authority, his heart and Counsels. It was enough to make him guilty to put the Government of his Kingdom into the hands of that *Sidonian* woman, who he might well know, had great inclinations to blood and rapine. Princes do wisely not to rely too much in every thing upon their Counsellours of State, without watching over their actions, and using all diligence to discover their deportments without believing any thing lightly either on one side or the other.

Ahab without taking any farther information was going to possess himself of *Naboth's* bloody spoil: when the Prophet *Elijah* by the command of God came and found him upon the way, and began to roar against him as a Lion; What, sayes he, Murther the Innocent, and take away his Inheritance bedewed with his blood? After this what is there more to do? Know, Sir, that the Vengeance of God hangs over your head, and that in the same place as the Doggs licked the blood of *Naboth* they shall lick yours. This unhappy Prince extremely amazed at so thundring a speech was not incensed against the Prophet, but endeavouring to pacifie him, said to him; Wherein have I offended you? And in what have you found me your enemy that you use me with all these rigours? You are enough mine enemy, sayes the Prophet, seeing you are God's; and since you have sold your self, through love to an Idolatrous woman, to serve her passions, and committ so many wicked acts in the face of God. In punishment of your crimes, He will ruin your House, and blot out your Posterity; the blood of that murthered Innocent will cost *Jezabel* dear, for she shall be eaten up of Doggs in the field of *Jezreel*.

Poor *Ahab* returns hanging down his head without passing farther, tormented on one side by the remorse of his own Conscience, and on the other by the love he bare to his *Sidonian*, whome he would not any way displease. He said nothing to her of all that she had done without his privity in *Naboth's* business, whether through affection, or through fear of her wicked Spirit. He revenges himself upon himself,

ſelf, he rents his Cloths, he faſts, he covers himſelf with ſackcloth, without putting it off even when he went to bed; which ſoftned the heart of God, who ordained that the Kingdom ſhould not be taken from him during his life, but that his Poſterity ſhould be deprived of it.

Three years were ſlipt away, and *Elijah* was abſent, when *Ahab* reſolved to proclaim warr with the King of *Syria*, to recover *Ramoth* one of his Cities that the other had uſurped, and engaged *Jehoſaphat* King of *Judah* to his party, making a new Alliance of arms and intereſts with him. When they were aſſembled, *Jehoſaphat*, which had a zeal to the true Religion, ſaid, That it would be good to conſult with ſome Prophet before they enterprized the warr; and *Ahab* to content him, called for four hundred, but they were the falſe Prophets of his wife, who were none of the beſt, and who foretold him all falſely, that he ſhould have an happy iſſue of his enterprize. King *Jehoſaphat* asked *Ahab*, whether amongſt that great number of *Baal*'s Prophets there were never a Prophet of the true God that one might hear ſpeak, meaning by this to induce him to his duty, and to the knowledge of the true Religion. *Ahab* replyed, that there was none at preſent, but a certain man named *Micaiah*, but he could not endure him, becauſe he prophecyed nothing but miſchief to him. *Jehoſaphat* ſaid, that he ought not for that to hate him, but that it would be good to hear him; and inſtantly was ſent away a Gentleman of the Court to call him. This man ceaſed not to adviſe him upon the way to remit ſomething of that rigour that was uſual to him, and to render himſelf complacent to the King as all the other Prophets had done; whereto he anſwered, That he could do nothing againſt the Spirit of God, nor againſt his conſcience. When he was come, he perceived a great Aſſembly of falſe Prophets, who all approved that warr. One among them named *Zedechiah* had made himſelf iron horns, to ſignifie to King *Ahab* that he ſhould ranſack all *Syria* with a mighty power, and that nothing ſhould reſiſt his Arms. But *Micaiah* being asked, ſpake at firſt by fiction, as the other Prophets, foretelling proſperities without end. Whereat the King being aſtoniſhed that he did it againſt his cuſtom, conjured him not to flatter him, and to tell him openly the truth. To which he anſwered, that he would not counſel him to hazard a battel againſt the King of *Syria*, for if he did, his whole Army would be ſcattered; and added alſo, that God had given permiſſion to the wicked ſpirit to deceive him, and that he had found no better way to do it, then to ſpeak by the mouth of ſo many falſe Prophets that encompaſſed him. Whereupon *Zedechiah* being incenſed at that ſpeech gave him a blow, and the King commanded his Perſon to be ſeized on, and to be put in priſon, to be kept there faſting with bread of tribulation and water of anguiſh till his return. But the Prophet aſſured him, that if he went he ſhould never return again.

It is a ſtrange thing that we cannot believe Truth that comes from the mouth of God's ſervants, becauſe it complies not with our paſſion. It is alſo a manifeſt puniſhment to thoſe that deſpiſe it, not to conſider that God begins the ruine of their fortune by the blinding of their Counſels. *Ahab* obſtinate to his miſery marches with all his Army againſt the King of *Syria*; *Jehoſaphat* engaged through inconſideration in that league, purſues what he had ill begun; and thinks, that there is no better means to juſtifie an errour, then Perſeverance.

When the two Kings approached the enemy, and the Armies were ranged in Battel, the King of *Syria* gave expreſs charge to his moſt reſolute men to aim at the King of *Iſrael*, and to endeavour to carry him, it being the true means to diſpatch the buſineſs and put an end to the warr. *Ahab* began to fear his unhappineſs, and prayed *Jehoſaphat* to go into the mingling, putting him forward with courage out of a deſign, perhaps, to cauſe him to be deſtroyed, and to draw all the weight of the Army upon him, by diverting it from his perſon; And indeed, when the *Syrians* thought that he that engaged himſelf ſo boldly was the moſt intereſſed, and that without doubt there was all likelyhood that it was *Ahab*; they fell upon him with ardour, ſo that he thought he ſhould have been hemmed in. But when he betook himſelf to crying out aloud, animating his ſouldiers to his defence, the enemies that had a minde to ſpare him retired to fall on *Ahab*; It happened that an Archer letting fly an arrow at random ſtroke him with a mortal wound: whereupon he commanded his Coach-man to turn about, and to draw out of the mingling, well perceiving that he was grievouſly hurt. All the Army was immediately ſcattered, and the Herald of Arms proclaimed, that every man might return to his home. King *Ahab* dyed the ſame day, and his body was brought back to *Samaria*, where it happened, that as his Coach that was all bloudy was a waſhing in a pool of the ſame City, the Dogs ran thither and licked up his bloud according to *Elijah*'s prophecy.

Ahaziah his ſon ſucceeded him inheriting the ſuperſtition and miſery of his father; for after he had reigned a very little while, he fell out at a window of his houſe, and grievouſly hurt himſelf without being ever able to finde a remedy to his evil. And having forſaken God, ſent Meſſengers to the God of *Ekron* to know if he ſhould recover from that ſickneſs; but the Prophet *Elijah* having met his Meſſengers upon the way rebuked them ſharply, for that they went to conſult with Idols, as if there were no God in *Iſrael*; and commanded them to tell their Maſter, that he ſhould not be cured of his wound, but ſhould dye without ever riſing out of the Bed wherein he lay. This Prince offended at this truth, cauſes the Prophet to be purſued, and ſends one of his Captains with fifty Souldiers to apprehend him: This man in a mockery called him man of God, and prayed him to deſcend from the Mountain, whether he had retired himſelf, but *Elijah* perſiſting alwayes in his ſpirit of rigour, ſaid, that he would give him proofs that ſhould make him know that he was not a man of God through vanity and irriſion; and at the ſame inſtant he cauſed fire to deſcend from heaven, which conſumed him and all his Company. *Ahaziah* ſends another of them for the ſame purpoſe, which meets alſo with the ſame ſucceſſe. He charges again a third, the Captain of which gained *Elijah* by ſubmiſſion, and brought him to his Maſter, to whom he ſpake conſtantly the truth, and advertiſed him of his approaching death; and the other durſt not do him any miſchief, well knowing, that he was under God's protection.

The truth of the Prophecy was manifeſt ſoon after by the death of *Ahaziah*, who had for ſucceſſour his brother *Joram*, who reigned twelve years; and although *Elijah* was already tranſlated from this life that is but a paſſage to another eſtate, his Prophecy failed not to be accompliſhed particularly upon the houſe of *Ahab*, and the wicked *Jezabel*. For *Eliſha* according to the order of God, and the command received from his Maſter, cauſed *Jehu* to be

be crowned to reign in *Israel*. To this purpose he dispatched one of his Disciples, put a viol in his hand wherein was the oyl destined for his unction, giving him charge to go to *Ramoth* in *Gilead*, where *Jehu* one of *Joram's* principal Captains commanded, and besieged the city, continuing the siege that *Joram* had laid before it, whiles he went to *Samaria*, to be dressed of some wounds that he had received in the war against the *Syrians*. Above all he recommended to him that the business should be kept very secret, and that when he should be arrived, he should call *Jehu* aside, and withdraw into some chamber, and there consecrate him King with that unction that he had in his hand, making him know that God gave him his masters house and crown to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and servants of God upon the race of *Ahab* and on *Jezabel*.

This son of a Prophet sent by *Elisha*, did all that was commanded him; and arriving at the Camp found *Jehu* environed with other Captains, and signified to him that he had a word or two to speak to him, which made him quit the company, and enter into a neighbouring chamber, where the other powred out the sacred oyl upon his head, said to him, I have anointed you this day over the people of the God of *Israel*, and consecrated you King to ruine from God the house of *Ahab* your Master, and to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and servants of God upon *Jezabel* who shall be eaten up of Dogs and no body shall give her burial. As soon as he had said this, he opens the door and flies; *Jehu* comes forth, and shews himself to his Captains, who had a curiosity to know what had passed in that treaty, and asked of him what that mad-man meant that came to him. *Jehu* feigning that they well enough knew the cause of it, and need not go about to inform themselves, held them in expectation, and in fine, declared to them that it was one of *Elisha's* disciples that had brought him the news that he should reign in *Israel*, and that such was the will of God.

It is a wonderful thing that none of the chief men of the Army opposed themselves against it, but that all at that very instant laid down their Cloaks under *Jehu's* feet as it were to raise him a throne, and cryed out God save the King. The conspiracy against *Joram* being framed, he hinders any notice to be given him, and marches with a strong hand to the City, to surprise him and *Ahaziah* King of *Judah* together with him, that was come to visit him in his sickness. The sentinel that stood at the gate of the City told that he saw a body of *Cavaliers* coming in a right line to the City, whereupon the King ordered that one of his men should go out to discover it. This Scout was gained by *Jehu*, and ranged himself on his side. Another is sent out, which does also the same: whereat the King being much astonished takes his Coach, and *Ahaziah* his, to see what the business was. As soon as he perceived *Jehu*, he said, What are you not a man of peace? Whereto *Jehu* replyed, What peace, while the fornications and poysonings of *Jezabel* your Mother are yet in ful vigour? *Joram* saw plainly by his countenance, and by that answer, that there was mischief and began to wheel about, saying to *Ahaziah* his companion, We are betrayed, and seeing that he was no way prepared to make resistance to such a power betook himself to flight. But *Jehu* bending his bow lets fly an arrow at him that pierced him through and killed him in his Chariot. At the same instant he caused his body to be taken up to cast it on the road, in the field of *Naboth* and pursued *Ahaziah* who having received a mortal wound as he fled, gave up the Ghost at *Megiddo*, from whence he was carried to his Metropolis *Jerusalem* to be enterred with his Fathers.

In the mean while *Jehu* marches victoriously to the City of *Jezreel*, and the miserable *Jezabel* hearing of the death of her son by the conspiracy of his enemy, and considering that there was no way to oppose him by arms had recourse to the charmes of her self sex. She was yet in such a condition as she thought her capable to enamour that new King. Instead of putting on mourning, she decks and paints her self, and places her self in a window of the City in sight of all the world to see that Conquerour pass by. But he having cast his eyes on high, asked who that woman was, not being able yet well to discern her so far off, and when answer was made him that it was *Jezabel* the Queen, he commanded those that were in the window to throw her down, which they did without any farther deliberation, and the miserable in falling bedewed the wal with her bloud, and expired the remainder of her life under the feet of horses. *Jehu* remembred as he was at supper what had passed, and was touched with some remorse for the usage that had been shewed to *Jezabel* his Mistris, and said to his men, Look out the body of that wretched woman, and give it burial, for she was a King's daughter. And when they were come upon the place they found nothing but her head, with the ends of her feet and hands, the Dogs having eat up the rest. This history is horrible, and none can sufficiently imagine the vengeance of God upon those that violate Religion, and shed the bloud of sacred persons and other of God's servants.

One cannot justifie *Jehu* for the rebellion against his Master, but in taking him for a scourge of the wrath of God: who was an instrument of his Justice without for all that becoming just. For whatsoever pretence he made of Religion, he was pushed on by a tempestuous and bloudy ambition; and made himself a Revenger of Tyrants for no other end: but to be their successour, filling with crimes the place that he had voided by fury. He made use of the Prophets for his own interest, and left not to continue the Idolatry of the golden Calves, to render himself pleasing to the most powerful. He was an ambiguous spirit, and had as many waters and folds, as he had pretensions. He caused his Mistris to be killed more for the fear of his mind then for the zeal of Religion. This poor *Sidonian* that was a woman of a good understanding and courage, instead of living quietly with her husband, was pricked on with a vanity to make her Gods be worshipped, and ceased not to persecute the Prophets, having sworn that she would cause *Elijah* to be murthered, making him to be followed and sought after in all places without being able to entrap him. But on the contrary, he ruined her with all her house, leaving a terrour to all great ones to enterprise any thing against those that are protected under the covert of the face of God.

As this Prophet had been a man of Prodigies in all his life, so God limited his conversation amongst men with a strange miracle that since *Enoch* had not been practised in the world. It is said that an egg well emptied and filled with dew, will mount on high and follow the raies of the Sun that draws it. So *Elijah* by a long exercise of contemplation was purified from all earthly things, and filled with the unction of the Spirit of God. He thought on nothing but on Heaven, where he had lodged the better part of himself. God had revealed to him that he

he ſhould not die after the manner of other men, but that he ſhould be rapt and carried away into a place of peace and reſt. He expected that moſt happy day, & thought to ſteal away even from his own Diſciple *Eliſha* that would never quit him. They were walking both together after they had paſſed the River *Jordan* on dry foot, *Elijah* having divided it with his Mantle, when behold a burning Chariot drawn with horſes of fire comes to take up the Prophet. *Eliſha* his Diſciple had earneſtly begged of him, that his Spirit might be multiplied in him, as well in what touches Prophecy as the gift of Miracles, and *Elijah* promiſed him that it ſhould be granted to him, in caſe that he could ſee him when he ſhould be taken up. And this is the reaſon for which that dear Diſciple never went out of his ſight ſo much as one moment, and when that Chariot ſurrounded with innocent flames preſented it ſelf, he ſaw his Maſter aſcend who was on a ſudden ſnatched up above the Clouds of Heaven, in recompence of his zeal and moſt pure Virginity. *Eliſha* looked upon him with tears in his eys calling him his Father, the Chariot of *Iſrael*, and the Conductour of the people of God. In fine, when he appeared no longer, he rent his clothes wearing mourning for a loſs common to all the people of *Iſrael*, but very particular to him; and gathered up his Mantle as a precious Relique, which he carefully kept, making uſe of it to divide the waters of *Jordan*, and to renew the Miracles of his Maſter.

Elijah according to the common opinion was tranſported to the Terreſtrial Paradiſe from which he is to come at the renovation of the world. And as if in that dwelling of delights he had not yet caſt away the care and direction of the Court, *Joram* King of *Judah* received a Letter from him nine years after his Tranſlation, in which he chid ſharply for his bad deportments, and foretold him the ſickneſs that ſhould happen to him. Some hold that that Letter was written by *Elijah* before he was taken up by way of Prophecy, and kept till that time by *Eliſha*. Others as the *Hebrews* think that it came by Miracle and by the Miniſtery of an Angel, directed by *Elijah* at the ſame time, to teach us, That the Saints renounce not a Legitimate care of the Court, and of the Affairs of the World, when they are to be directed to the glory of God, to whom the Living and the Dead ought to render the Homages of their Fidelity.

ELISHA.

HE that hath ſeen *Elijah* cannot be ignorant of *Eliſha*, ſeeing his maſter made him heir of his Spirit (as it were) by a wonderful tranſpiration. That man of fire engraved his character upon the perſon that he loved moſt in all the world, with ſo perfect an expreſſion, that he ſeemed to be born again in him in every thing that he had of excellency.

He went to take a new life in a terreſtrial Paradiſe without looſing that which he had in the world. He lived in the one by himſelf, and in the other by *Eliſha*; in the one he performed contemplative Functions, and in the other, active; in the one he was a Demi-God, and in the other the Prince of men. That Mantle of *Elijah* was more then an heaven beſpangled with its Starres, ſince it carried ſo many Lights and Sciences. It dried up the waters of *Jordan*, but it opened at the ſame time ſprings of Wiſdome. It was an Oracle (more admirable then the gift of the high Prieſt) that ſpake without a voice, and taught without a ſchole, that could change in a moment Ignorants into Doctours, and Peaſants into Prophets.

Eliſhah was taken from the plough, and after he had tilled the earth, he manured his own ſpirit. He that commanded a little field, exerciſed his Empire over great kingdoms; he made and unmade Kings, as the true ſervant of *Elijah*, or rather as the Interpreter of God. Happy are the lands (ſaid one) that were heretofore tilled by the hands of Triumphers, and with a Plough crowned with Lawrels, but more happy thoſe of *Eliſha*, that experimented that ſame arm as was to divide the waters and crown Kings.

O what a great thing is Nothing in the hands of God! ſince that a man come from the plough does miracles in Nature, and prodigies in Empires. His wonders have in ſome ſort exceeded thoſe of his maſter, for he reſembled the ſhoots of the Vine that raiſe themſelves even above the tree that have ſerved for a prop. We let paſs all that he did amongſt the people, to conſider him treating with the Kings and Princes of the earth, where we ſhall ſee how he brought the Maxims of heaven.

The firſt encounter that happened to him at Court, was with three Kings, *Jehoſhaphat* King of *Juda*, *Joram* King of *Iſrael*, and the King of *Idumea*. *Joram* had taken arms againſt the King of *Moab*, that refuſed to pay him a certain tribute, and had drawn to his party thoſe two other Kings that went to aid him in perſon. Now as they paſſed through the deſarts of *Idumea*, they were in extreme want of water, ſo that the men and beaſts were ready to periſh; which put *Joram* in an unſpeakable grief, ſeeing he had aſſembled thoſe two Kings with their Armies, to make them die with thirſt. *Jehoſhaphat*, that was more pious then he, counſels him to have recourſe to God by the interceſſion of ſome Propher. One of his Courtiers ſuggeſt *Eliſha* to him, who was near the place. The three Kings go to ſeek him in a company, to implore his aid.

But as ſoon as the Prophet ſaw *Joram* the ſon of *Ahab*, who was an Idolater, as his father had been, he ſaid to him with an incomparable conſtancy, *What have we to doe together? Go and conſult with the Prophets of your father and of your mother Jezabel; thoſe that are the ſervants of God, are not for you.* This was to expreſs contempt enough to a King, and yet it is the faſhion of men at Court not to be repulſed at firſt by the diſdains and anger of a man with whom they have buſineſs. This man purſues and tells him, that it was a piteous ſpectacle to ſee thre Kings periſh for thirſt, and ready to be delivered into the hands of the *Moabites*. *Eliſha* remaining in the ſame opinion, replyed, were it not for the reſpect I bear *Jehoſhaphat*, who is a worſhipper of the true God, I would not ſo much as look you in the face.

Which diſcovers clearly, that alliance with Infidels, although for certain neceſſities they may be ſomewhat tolerable, ceaſe not for all that to be alwayes much to be feared. *Eliſha* would not for that time addreſs himſelf to *Jehoſhaphat* and diſunite him from that enterpriſe, imitating the prudence of thoſe that let a buſineſs begun, run on when it may any way be defended; but yet he ſufficiently expreſſed, that that company did not pleaſe him: and when *Jehoſhaphat* was returned to his houſe from the warre

warr that he had maintained with *Ahab* against the King of the *Syrians*, the Prophet chid him for it, and told him, that he deserved the wrath of God for having given aid to an impious King; but that he had had a regard to other good works done by him, and was not willing to destroy him. So *Elisha* could not endure to see that company with him, and was so far transported with a fervency of zeal, that he was fain to call for a Musician to sing some song, and by his harmonies appease the ardours and commotions of his spirit, to set it again in a perfect calmness. After this, he felt the powerfull effects of the hand of God, and in a desperate drought commanded to make channels and pits, and promised water in abundance, with a compleat victory over the *Moabites*. And this Prophecy was verified the Morrow after, when streams were seen gliding in all places, to the comfort and admiration of all the World.

The *Moabites* having discovered the design of these three Kings that came out against them, put themselves into the field, and when they perceived upon the break of Day a River that was all red by the reflexion of the rayes of the Sun that shined upon it, they imagined that their enemies had mutually slain each other, that that River was red with their bloud, and that there was no more to do but to run after their spoils. But they were extremely amazed when they saw themselves combated furiously by those that they had put in the number of the dead. The King retired into his Capital City, which was immediately besieged, and pressed with violence. He essayed to make a sally and surprize the *Idumeans*, but had no good successe. And therefore he had recourse to an horrible attempt, and made a pitifull Tragedy; for he killed his onely son, the heir apparent of his Kingdom, and offered him in sacrifice to his false Gods, causing his head to be cut off as a victim upon the ramparts, in the view of all the world. The Devil had perswaded those miserable Pagans that the sacrificing of humane bloud was sovereign to appease the wrath of the Gods; which made this desperate King slay his own son to preserve his Crown and State by a Remedy worse then the disease.

This mad man saw not that Kingdoms cemented with the bloud of Innocents cannot be of long continuance in the hands of those that possesse them by such inhumane wayes; and that sacrificing his own son to buy a Peace, he made himself an interiour warr in his own soul, and raised against himself a thousand furies, with as many snakes and torches to stirr up bloudy remorses the rest of his whole life. The besiegers had such an indignation at an act so barbarous, that they left the siege through horrour, being unwilling any more to presse him that for the fear of evil had descended (in their opinions) to the last of evils. This warr had good successe, and the presence of a faithfull King brought a blessing to the Infidels; whereas at other times the faithfull ones have perished by their alliance with the Infidels: as it happened to *Ahaziah* King of *Juda*, who was at last killed by *Jehu* for having too much embraced the friendship of those that were not of his Religion.

Now although the Prophet *Elisha* had an heart pierced with grief to see *Joram* separated from the true God, yet he left not to suffer him as long as Providence would have it so, to serve him like a good object, and to give him Advice very necessary for the Preservation of his State. He declared to him the Counsels and the Enterprises of the King of *Syria* his enemy, which he knew by the spirit of Prophecy, so that the other was amazed to hear that the most secret businesses which he had treated in his Cabinet with his most intimate Confidents were discouered. He thought that his Counsellours of State sold him to the King of *Israel*, but one assured him that that came from the Prophet *Elisha*, who knew things to come by the spirit of God, which was in him in a wonderfull manner.

This Prince inflamed with choler, dispatches immediately Souldiers (in a great number) to apprehend *Elisha*, who failed not to beset the little City of *Dothan* whether the Prophet was retired. The Prophet's servant being risen at break of day, to go abroad, perceived those Companies of men of arms, and ran to his Master much affrighted, crying out, That all was lost, and that the City was environed with Chariots and with Horses that came to take him. But *Elisha* filled with the confidence that he had in God his great Master, made him answer, That there was nothing to be feared, and that his party was much the stronger; which seemed very hard to be believed by a man whom fear had so much shaken, till such time as his Master taking away the fillet of ignorance that was upon his eyes, discovered to him a Mountain full of Chariots and of Horses that entowred *Elisha*, and watched for his protection.

Thus it pleases God sometimes to draw his Servants out of the hands of Persecutours by extraordinary wonders. At other times he permits darkness to exercise its power upon the light, and the impious to take and persecute the just, to render them glorious by their sufferings. He would not admit on the day of his Passion the twelve Legions that he might have obtained of his heavenly Father for his defence, that he might not deprive our Christianity of the example of his dolours; and yet he raises up armies of fire to defend *Elisha*, with intention to make us see that he is able to hinder us from receiving any harm, but that it is the greater glory to conquer it by patience.

The Prophet seeing the heavenly Legions that stood to aid him, would not for all that thunderstrike those that come to take him; but contented himself to blind them for a time, that he might have given them light for ever, if they would have preferred it before darknesse. Those poor men seeing themselves struck with such a sudden blindness were extremely astonished, yet (as malice quits not so soon her venome) they sought for the servant of God, blind-folded, darkned as well in minde as body, when he presented himself to them, and told them that he would shew them the man they sought for, if they would follow him, which being agreed to, he led them straight into *Samaria*, the capital City of their enemies, and at that instant restored to them their eyes, to give them the knowledge of the danger wherein they were.

They thought that there was nothing now remaining to them but to be cut in pieces; and indeed *Joram* the King of *Israel* would have caused them to be massacred, had not *Elisha* forbid him to touch them, because that he had not got them by the point of the sword, but were come by miracle into his hands. Furthermore, he ordered that something should be given them to eat, which was done, and after they had taken their refection, they were sent back the straight way into their Country. Behold a courtesie worthy of the new Testament and of the Evangelical Law! *Elisha* would not that his miracles should be mischievous; he contented him-

himself to overcome those by Benefits that he might hurt by Justice, to shew, that there is nothing so victorious as a great heart that can make visible, that it is the highest point of power and goodness to pardon that by grace and mercy, that might be revenged by reason.

Sometime after, *Benhadad* King of *Syria* came to lay siege to the City of *Samaria*, where the King was shut in, and pressed so vigorously the besieged by famine, that an Asse's head was sold for fourscore Livers, and a little barrel of Pigeons-dung for five Franks. It was an extreme rage, and a furious despair, that expected nothing but the heighth of evils for its remedy.

It happen'd that King *Joram* passed through the street, that he put on Sackcloath under his cloaths, when a poor woman all be-blubber'd with tears came to him, and requested of him life and safety: but the poor King not knowing what to do for her, said only to her, That he was not God to give her bread: she then desired Justice of him in a controversie which she had with a wicked woman. The King was content to hear her, and thereupon she told him, that she had made an agreement with that woman to eat together two little sons whereof they were mothers, on such conditions that hers should be eaten first, and that the morrow following, her neighbours should be serv'd up to the table also: and that in the pursuance of this, her little son had been massacred and devoured by his own mother and the Complice of her crime: but that now there was a question of proceeding to eat the son of her Comrade, she had hid him, and refused to give him, and that thereupon she beseeched his Majesty to do her justice. *Joram* was so affrighted at the proposition of that woman, that he rent his cloaths, and put himself in mourning.

But instead of humbling himself, he sware that the head of *Elisha* should not stay a day longer upon his shoulders, vexing against him, that he being so powerful, suffered such a famine of his people without helping it. He was like those *Mexicans* that make their King swear that the Sun shall give the Day, and the Clouds their Reign, and the Earth its Fruits, and in case that this fails, lay the blame on him and murther him. He imagined that the Prophet had barrenness and fruitfulness in his hands, as his Master *Elijah*, and that he ought to sacrifice him for the Publick. This Speech cost *Joram* dear, who was afterward dispossessed of his kingdom: and the Prophet doubting of his attempt, said to those that were about him, That the son of the Murtherer *Ahab* had given command to cut off his head, that he that was to give the stroke was upon the way, and that they should keep the door fast shut: Where we see, that the same Prophet that had before fiery Legions at his command, is on terms to defend himself after a fashion weak enough to resist the force of a King. But it is to teach us, that God gives not always to the Saints the power of Miracles, no more then the spirit of Prophecy; and that that failing, they ought to make use of the lights of their ordinary prudence.

It may be inferr'd from the sacred Text, that *Joram* changed his mind, and came himself to find *Elisha*, not as a persecutour, but in quality of a supplant, advertising him of the extreme rage of the Famine by the accident that had newly happen'd to those miserable women. Then *Elisha* inspir'd promised aloud, that in that very time that seem'd so calamitous, a bushel of Meal should be sold but for twenty Sous at the gate of *Samaria*, and that for the same price one should have two of Barley. Whereto one of the Nobles of the Court, on whom the King leaned, replied, That that would be very hard to be believed, though it should please God to open Windows in Heaven to make it rain Corn. But *Elisha* answered, that he should see that miracle before his eys, but should not enjoy its good effects.

The morrow after it happen'd, that four Lepers that had withdrawn themselves near to the gate of *Samaria*, pressed with hunger and with misery, of which they could find no ease, neither within nor without the City, were resolv'd to go into the Camp of the Enemy, to find there either bread or death. As they approached their Trenches, they perceiv'd that all was empty; which made them venture to enter in their Tents, where they found abundance of booty and began to pillage. Yet they had some remorse of conscience to think so ardently upon their own profit, without carrying that good news to the City, and ran instantly to the Porters of *Samaria*, to cause the King to be advertised of that happiness. He was so out of hope, that this made him enter into distrust, lest it should be a plot of the Enemies, out of a design to make them come forth and so surprise them. A resolution was made, that some Cavaliers should be sent forth to discover what had passed, and of the five horses that were left in the City, the rest being consumed by the Famine, two are dispatched, who confirm the news brought by the former messengers, and assure that the *Syrians* had raised the siege in disorder, forsaking their victual, their ammunitions, and all their riches. The God of Hosts that holds in his hand the issues of Battels and of Sieges, had operated therein, raising a fervour in them that made them believe, that the King of *Egypt* and the King of the *Hittites* were coming to fall upon them with huge Armies to cut them to pieces, whereat they were so affrighted that they quitted all that they had most pretious, to save their lives.

This hunger-starv'd people that had been so long shut up within the walls of a desolate City goes out in throngs, and runs on all sides to the prey that the hand of Heaven had prepared for them. The abundance was so great, that the Prophecy of *Elisha* was verified, and that great Lord that had contraried it by derision was trod to death by the people at the gate of the City; so dangerous it is to distrust the power of God, and to oppose his Prophets.

Elisha had another passage with *Naaman* in which he expressed a great generosity. This *Naaman* was a *Syrian* by Nation, and Lord high Constable of the King of *Syria*. His condition had filled him with honours and with riches, but his constitution had burthened him with a shameful Leprosie that deprived him of all the sweetnesses of his life. God that often makes the renown of great personages fly upon the tongue of simple people where it is less sophisticated, permitted that a little Girle (a slave) that had come from *Judea*, that was at that time in *Naaman*'s Wive's service, should speak a thousand good words of the miracles of *Elisha* to her Mistriss; and assured her, that he would easily be able to restore health to her Master, and to cure him of his Leprosie.

This came to the King of *Syria*'s ears, who very much prised his Constable by reason of the great and faithful services that he had done him. And, as those that desire cure neglect no advices, he sends *Naaman* to the King of *Israel* with many presents, requesting him to heal him by the means of

his Prophet. The King was greatly amaz'd at these letters, and imagin'd that that crafty *Syrian* mean'd to pick a quarrel with him to invade his kingdom, entreating him as a Deity, as if he had been the authour of life and death. His apprehension was so great, that he rent his cloaths and put himself in mourning, as in the danger of near disaster.

But *Elisha* comforted him, made him know that there was a most mighty God in *Israel* that wrought by his Prophets, and bad him not to fail to send the sick man to him, which he did, and *Naaman* was immediately at *Elisha*'s door, with a great train of chariots and horses. But the Prophet having a mind to shew at that time that he was not moved with the vanity of all the retinue of great personages, would not so much as see him, but sent him word that he should go and wash himself seven times in *Jordan*, and then he should recover his health. This Lord was vext at so dry a proceeding, and went away discontented, saying, that if there were no other mystery in it, his own Country wanted not Springs and Rivers; so ordinary it is for men to slight remedies that seem too easie, and for the imagination to look to be entreated with pomp.

Yet his servant told him, that the experiencing of that counsel would not cost him much, and would annoy him nothing, and that in any case he should make tryal of it, which he did, and carried away a perfect cure; whereat he was so ravished, that he betook himself suddainly to *Elisha*'s house to give him thanks, confessing that there was no other God in the world but that of *Israel*, in such a manner, as that he gained the health of his soul by that of his body, and quitted at the same time his leprosie and his infidelity.

He urged the Prophet to accept abundance of rich presents, wherewith he came well laden, but he constantly refused them, which is no small proof of virtue and of greatness of courage. For covetousness is like the shadow that hinders the light of the Sun, extinguishes its heat, and nourishes serpents; so she doth eclipse the brightnesses of the spirit of the Prophets, deads the love of the Devout, and gives nourishment to the passions. Men antiently were tryed by the river of *Rhine*, but now they are experimented by the golden streams of *Pactolus*. Those that render piety mercenary, have none at all; the spirit in them follows the flesh, and heaven gives way to earth. All the importunities of *Naaman* could not shake *Elisha*; he was a basilisk that could not be inchanted by the charms of avarice; he had eys of proof against the glistering of the gold of *Syria*; when he would have no mony, the other begged of him a little earth, as much only as would load two Mules, to build an Altar to the true God with holy ground, and not prophaned by Idolatry; expressing by this request, that he desired to worship the true God in spirit and in truth, though he received not Circumcision, nor the other Ceremonies of the *Jews*. He added to his former suit the permission to accompany his Master to the Temple of the Idols through a pure civility, without rendring any inward adoration to the Gods of *Syria*, which the Prophet granted him, and sent him away in peace, all full of blessing.

But *Gehazi Elisha*'s servant was like to spoil all by a wicked couzenage; for he ran after *Naaman*, who seeing him come, alighted out of his chariot and received him with much honour, asking what he desired of him. The other feigned that two children of the Prophets were come to see his Master, and that he desired to gratifie them with a talent of silver, and to give to each of them a change of raiment. *Naaman* thought himself obliged by this request, and instead of one talent gave him two, with two handsome sutes of cloaths, causing all of it to be carried by two of his servants, by reason that a talent of silver was a good load for one man. *Gehazi* thought that he had succeeded bravely in his cheat, but when he presented himself to his Master, he told him, that he had been present in spirit at all that had passed, and that he was not ignorant, that he had at present silver from *Naaman* enough to become a great Lord, and to buy lands and servants; but for punishment of his crime, the leprosie of *Naaman* should stay on him, and should pass as an inheritance to all his race: and at that instant he was stricken with the leprosie, and retired himself, leaving an horrible example to all those that betray their conscience to satiate their covetousness.

It happens that these bad servants extremely black the reputation of their Masters that have not always their eys on their shoulders, as *Elisha* had, to see that which passes behind them; but when they imagine that they live very innocently, and that they discharge their consciences in their charges, one may find that a crafty wife, or a corrupted Committee sell them by a thousand practices, and devour the marrow and the bloud of men under the favour of their name. *Sigismond* the Emperour made one of his Officers named *Pithon*, that had betrayed his affairs through covetousness of mony, drink up a glass of melted gold. 'Twas but a bad potion, but sutable for the chastisement of an overflowing avarice that hath no longer eys for heaven, having already given all her heart to the earth. It is credible that *Naaman* was advertised of the untrustiness of *Gehazi*, and that this nothing blemished the high reputation of *Elisha*, that was spread through all *Syria*.

After the cure of this *Naaman*, *Benhadad*, that was his Master and his King, fell into a mortal sickness, and when he had learnt that the Prophet *Elisha* was come as far as his City of *Damascus*, he dispatched *Hazael*, one of the prime men of his Kingdom with fourty Camels laden with great riches, to consult with him about the hope that he might have of his recovery, and to desire his help. the prophet was not like *Hyppocrates* that would cure none but *Greeks*, and refused to go into *Persia*, though he was invited thither by letters, and by the offers of that great and magnificent King *Artaxerxes*. But quite contrary, the man of God thought that one ought not to limit the gifts of heaven, and that he that opens the treasures of nature to all the Nations of the earth, would not have one detain the marks of his power without communicating them to those that bear in any fashion his Image.

He cleansed the leprosie of *Naaman*, but yet for all that cured not *Benhadad*, because it was a decree of Providence that he should dy of that sickness. The Scripture tells us not expressly what became of those great presents, but it leaves us to think that *Elisha* refused them as he had done those of *Naaman*, and did nothing that belied his generosity. Although one may also believe that he accepted them, as well to diminish the levies of the enemies of his people, as to spread them amongst the poor of his Country. He spake only to this *Hazael* the King's Embassadours a very short speech, which was, that he should dy of that sickness, and should never rise out of his bed again; and yet in appearance he commands him

him to tell him, that he ſhould eſcape it, and recover again his health.

Which cauſes here a queſtion to ariſe (thorny enough) touching the permiſſion of a lie, and which hath made *Caſſian* and other antient Divines ſay that there are ſome profitable lies which one ought to make uſe of, as one uſes ſerpents to make treacle. But this opinion is no way followed, but is found condemned by S. *Auguſtine*, and the moſt renowned Doctours. So that when *Eliſha* ſaid to Prince *Hazael* touching his King, *He ſhall die, but tel him he ſhall eſcape*: we ought not to take it as a command that authorizes a lie, but as a prophecy of that which ſhould be done. For the Prophet foreſaw theſe two things with one and the ſame ſight, both that *Benhadad* ſhould die, and that *Hazael* to flatter him, ſhould promiſe him health and life. And therefore he adds, *Tell him that he ſhall eſcape*, which in a Prophets terms is as much as a future, and means, that although I declare to you his death, yet I know you well, and am certain, that according to your politick Maxims you will not fail to promiſe him a cure. It is juſt as God commanded the evil ſpirit to lie and to deceive *Ahab*, foretelling what he would do, and not commanding that which ought not to be done according to the laws of a good conſcience.

As *Eliſha* was foretelling of that Kings death, he felt an extaſie of ſpirit and changed countenance notably, and began to weep, whereat *Hazael* was much aſtoniſhed, and had a curioſity to know the reaſon of a change ſo ſudden. But the Prophet continuing in the tranſports of his ſpirit, ſaid unto him, I weep and I ſigh bitterly, for I know the evils that thou wilt make my poor people one day ſuffer. Thou wilt burn down the fair Cities; thou wilt make the younge men paſs by the edge of the ſword; thou wilt daſh out the brains of the little infants; thou wilt inhumanely rip up women great with child; thou wilt ſack my dear Country, for which I now poure out my tears by way of advance. The Embaſſadour was amazed at a diſcourſe ſo ſtrange, and ſaid, Why? What am I ſhould do all theſe outrages? God forbid that I ſhould ever proceed ſo far; I have in all this no more beleif then hath my dog.

But *Eliſha* inſiſting, told him, I know by divine Revelation that thou ſhalt be King of *Syria*, and that which I ſay ſhall come to paſs under thy Reign. Behold a ſtrange Prophecy, and ſome body may wonder that *Eliſha* did not cauſe that wicked man to be ſtrangled that was to make all thoſe tragedies, for how many mothers are there that would have choaked their own children at their breaſt, if they had foreſeen that after they had ſucked their milk, they would one day aſſume the ſpirit of an hangman, to tyrannize over mankind! Yet *Eliſha* rejects not that *Hazael*, but conſecrates him King by his ſpeech, becauſe that he knew that it was a diſpoſition of God who would make uſe of him as of the rod of his fury, to chaſtiſe the Idolatries of his Kings, and the ſins of his People.

All men of God have this property, to ſubmit themſelves exceedingly to God's will, although it ſeems to will and permit things ſtrangely lamentable. In concluſion, as Predictions are very tickliſh and flatter the intention of thoſe that promiſe themſelves Empires and wonders; they animate alſo the heart of thoſe that have wicked undertakings; and one ought never to permit any one to take conſultations with Aſtrologers and Southſayers about the life and fortune of great men. This Embaſſadour returning to the Court deceived his King, giving him all hopes of a life, and when he doubted leaſt of death, ſtrangled him with a wet napkin, paying himſelf with a Kingdome for a recompenſe of his wickedneſs. And although it was a diſpoſition of God that *Benhadad* ſhould be deprived of his Scepter, yet it failed not to be a crime in *Hazael*.

The laſt rancounter that *Eliſha* had at Court was with King *Joaſh*, who went to ſee him a little before his death; and this Prince foreſeeing that he would quickly depart out of this world ſaid to him weeping that he was the Father, the Charior, and the Conductour of his Kingdome, and of all his People; expreſſing, that he was afflicted with the regret of his loſs above all the things of the world. But *Eliſha* to comfort him, made him take his bow and arrows, and put his hand upon the King's hand as to guide it; after that, he commanded the window to be ſet open towards *Syria*, and cauſed the King to let flie an arrow which he accompanied with Propheticall words, ſaying, That it was the arrow of ſalvation, whoſe feathers God himſelf did guide, and that it was a meſſenger that prophecied to him, that he ſhould combate and deſtroy the Syrians, enemies of his people.

After that, he bad *Joaſh* again ſtrike the ground with the point of a dart that he had in his hand, which he did three times; and the Prophet told him that he ſhould carry away as many victories over the King of *Syria*; but if he had ſtricken till ſeven times he ſhould have ruined him even to the utmoſt conſummation.

A little while after *Eliſha* dyed, with an high reputation of ſanctity, and an extreme regret of all the orders of the Kingdome, and was interred in a place where he raiſed afterward a dead man by the touching of his bones; God rendring every thing wonderfull in him, even to his very aſhes.

It appears by all this diſcourſe that this perſonage had not a Piety idle and fearfull, amorous of its own ſmall preſervation, without caring for the publick good; but he had an heart filled with generous flames for the protection of his people, and an incomparable ſecurity to ſhew to Princes the eſtate of their conſcience. He ſupported all the Realm by his prayers, by his exhortations, by his heroick actions: and the loſs of one ſuch man was the overthrow of the prime Pillar of the State.

ISAIAH. JEREMIAH.

THE Prophet *Iſaiah* hath engraved his Spirit in his Book, and cannot be commended more advantageouſly then by his Works. He that would make him great Elogies after ſo ſublime a Prophecy, would ſeem to intend to ſhew the Sun with a Torch. The things that are moſt excellent make themſelves known by themſelves, as God and the Light: and I may ſay, all the words that this divine Perſonage hath left us, are as many characters of his Immortality.

It is with a very juſt title that we put him amongſt the holy Courtiers, for he was born at the Court of *Judea*, and ſome hold that he was the Nephew of King *Amaſiah*. This birth ſo elevated, and ſo many fair hopes which might flatter him to make him follow the courſe of the great ambitions of the world, did no way ſhake the force of his ſpirit. It was a Soul conſecrated to things Divine, that ſacrificed the firſt fires of his youth by the moſt pure flames of Angels. Never did Prophet enter into that Miniſtry with more authority and diſpoſition of heaven.

He had a ſublime viſion, in which he ſaw the Majeſty of God ſeated upon a Throne of glory environ'd with Seraphims, that were tranſported through the admiration of his greatneſs. God in perſon created him his Prophet; the Seraphim, a meſſenger of the ſovereign power, purified his lips with a Carbuncle, from whence proceeded a celeſtial fire, that if he had got any pollutions at the Court, where tongues are ſo free, they might be taken away by that ſacred touch. He offered himſelf to God with an heart full of chearfulneſs, to carry his word before Kings and Subjects, without fearing their menaces or their furies. And he acquitted himſelf all his life-time worthily of that duty, and propheſied more then fourſcore and ten years, not ceaſing to exhort, to counſel, to rebuke, to inſtruct, to comfort, and to perform all the exerciſes of his charge.

His Eloquence is as elevated as his birth; he ſpeaks every where like a King, with a ſpeech firm, lofty, and thundering, that paſſes all the inventions of man. When he threatens and foretels the calamities of Nations, it is ſo much lightning kindled by the breath of Seraphims that proceeds out of this divine mouth, that pierces the rocks, that ſhakes the mountains, that cruſhes the higheſt Cedars into duſt, the Nations into fear, and the Kings into reſpect.

When he comforts, they are rivers of milk and honey that flow from his tongue, and ſpread themſelves with incomparable ſweetneſſes into afflicted hearts. When he deſcribes the perfections and the reign of the Meſſias, they are the amorous extaſies of a Spirit melted by the heats of *Jeſus* that ſtrikes, burns, and penetrates him, more then ſeven hundred years before his birth.

The holineſs of his life marched always hand in hand with his Doctrine: he was a man dead to all worldly things, that lived but by the raptures of his deified ſpirit. He loved ſingularly the poor, and comforted them in all their neceſſities. He ſpake to Kings and reproved their ſins with an heroick conſtancy worthy of his Blood and Miniſtry.

At the ſame time, as *Romulus* began the Court of *Rome*, *Iſaiah* ſaw that of *Judea*, where he experimented great changes and ſtrange diverſities according to the revolutions of humane things. He paſſed his youth under his Uncle *Amaſiah*, who was at firſt a Prince good enough, and very obedient to the voice of the Prophets: for when he had enterpriſed a mighty war with the *Idumeans*, he raiſed two Armies, one of his own people, and the other of the unbelieving *Iſraelites* which he had invited to his aid; but when the Prophet told him that he did not well to make uſe of the Arms of *Iſrael* that was impious and ſeparated from the true God: he diſcharged them freely, although he had already paid an hundred thouſand men, and contenting himſelf with his own troops, gave them battel, which he gained with great advantages.

But it is a ſtrange thing, that by taking the *Idumeans*, he took alſo their Gods to worſhip them in *Jeruſalem*, and made himſelf an arm of hay with the prop of theſe imaginary Deities that had in nothing profited their Adorers. A man of God that propheſied in thoſe times rebuked him ſharply for it; but he demanded who made him the Kings Counſellor, and threatned to ſlay him, if he did not learn to

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hold his peace. The other, without being afraid, denounced againſt him that he ſhould come to ſome ill end, and left him, by flying from the Court. After which, this miſerable Prince fell into a reprobate ſenſe, was taken in war by his enemy the King of *Iſrael*; his capital City was laid waſte, the Temple and his Palace pillaged; there was no more that remained to him but a ſhameful & miſerable life which his own Subjects tare from him by a wicked conſpiracy.

Uzziah his ſon and *Iſaiah's* Couſin-german was ſet on his Fathers Throne at ſixteen years of age, and reigned a very long time with a reign peaceable enough. He built ſome Cities, and fortified others, ſet in order an Arcenal ſtored with good arms, enterpriſed wars againſt the Philiſtims, which he ended happily enough. He defeated alſo the *Ammonites* and the *Arabians*, which made incurſions upon his Territories, and renowned himſelf by famous victories. He embraced alſo willingly his reſt in ſeaſon and addicted himſelf in the time of peace to husbandry.

The converſation of his dear Couſin that began to propheſie the ſeventeenth year of his Reign, contributed many good effects to his Government. But as he ſaw himſelf enjoy a long Reign, with abundance of favours from heaven, he became very abſolute in his will, and would joyn the high-Prieſthood to the Royalty. For he took the Cenſer, entred into the Temple, preſented himſelf at the Altar of Perfumes, to burn Incenſe after the manner of the Prieſts, and although the high Prieſt *Azarias* oppoſed him ſtoutly, he deſiſted not from that attempt, till ſuch time as by a manifeſt puniſhment from heaven he found himſelf on a ſuddain touched with a leproſie, which appeared on his face, and rendred him hideous, and out of knowledg, which made the Prieſts (animated by the judgment of God that had intervened thereon) chaſe him from the Temple; and he was conſtrained to retire himſelf unto an houſe out of *Jeruſalem*, having left the adminiſtration of his Kingdom to his ſon.

This change was very ſenſible to the Prophet that had loved him tenderly, and ſupported the intereſts of his houſe; but on the other ſide, it was a comfort to him to ſee that he had a ſenſe of his fault, and had reduced himſelf voluntarily unto the obſcurity of that life for the chaſtiſement of his ſin.

His example ought to ſerve for a terrour to the Secular Powers that will encroach upon the Miniſtery of the Prieſts, and break the barriers that Providence hath eſtabliſhed for the differencing of the Spiritual and Temporal Authority. There is need ſometimes but of a little tongue of Earth to ſeperate two ſeas, and to keep them in good intelligence, but if one ſhould go and cut it off, they would mix themſelves and make a great deluge. So may we ſay, that the wiſdom of God hath put certain bounds between the Prieſts and the Kings, which keep the affairs of the Church and of the State in a good temper; but when certain young *Abirams* interpoſe themſelves to confound theſe Powers, they overflow the banks, and make waſtes, prejudicial to mankind.

After the death of *Uzziah*, *Jotham* who was already fitted for buſineſs, took the Government with title of a King, and making a ſtrong reflection upon the deportments of his Grandfather and of his Father, extracted from thence a moſt excellent Leſſon, ruling his Subjects with great moderation, ſo that the Prophet *Iſaiah* had nothing to do with him.

But he left an abominable ſon named *Ahaz* that quitted the God of his fathers, renewed the Idolatries of the moſt corrupted of his Predeceſſours, took the falſe Religion of the Kings of *Iſrael*, cauſed ſtatues to be planted on the mountains and on the hills, offered Incenſe to them, made his children paſs through the fire, and conſecrated them to Idols; which drew the wrath of heaven upon him and upon his people, which was beaten with a thouſand ſcourges and moſt great calamities.

The Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaw all theſe ſtorms falling down upon the miſerable *Judea*, and ceaſed not to forewarn them, and to arm himſelf with a mouth of fire againſt the diſorders of that wicked Prince; but it was without much effect, he being ſo much corrupted.

Who would ever have thought that of ſo bad a Father ſhould have been born ſo excellent a Son as *Hezekiah*, who was inſtructed by *Iſaiah*, and followed totally the courſe of his will and counſels ſo Divine, ſo wholeſome; and wiped out the blot that his Father had imprinted upon the Altars of the living God, and made the true Religion flouriſh again, which ſeemed altogether extinguiſhed in the confuſions of an abandoned age! He brake down all the Idols that that unhappy *Ahaz* had erected. He diſſipated the prophane Groves planted on the mountains for the exerciſe of his abominations. He did not pardon ſo much as the brazen Serpent that *Moſes* had cauſed to be ſet up to a good end, although the Idolaters had afterwards abuſed it.

He commanded that the Temple ſhould be purified and cleanſed by the Levites, together with the Tabernacle and ſacred Veſſels, polluted by his Predeceſſour. He renewed the order of the Sacrifices, and the Quoires of Singers dedicated to the praiſes of God; he rallied all the faithful people to celebrate the Paſover and the other ſolemn Feaſts amongſt the *Jews*. This Reign was a golden Age, and a true School of Wiſdom, when the Prophet and the King conſpired with a wonderful accord in the ſervice of their great Maſter. *Iſaiah* ceaſed not to produce ſound thoughts; and that which was wholeſomely thought on by that holy man, was ſtoutly executed by the courageous piety of this good King. He laboured in all things for the honour of him on whom do depend all Crowns, and God alſo laboured powerfully for him, doing more buſineſs in one night, then the arms of iron and ſteel could have done in ten years.

Every one knows how *Sennacherib* the King of the *Aſſyrians* came to lay ſiege before *Jeruſalem* with a prodigious Army, againſt which there was no humane reſiſtance. He ſent a certain man named *Rabſhakeh*, in an Embaſſage to King *Hezekiah*, who vomited out blaſphemies, and propoſed to him conditions ſhameful to his reputation, and impoſſible to all his Powers. All the people were in an affright, expecting nothing but fire and ſword. The King covered with ſack-cloth implores the heavenly aſſiſtance, and ſends the chief Counſellours of his State to the Prophet *Iſaiah*, to turn away this ſcourge by his prayers. The holy man, in that confuſion of affairs wherein one could not ſee one only ſpark of light, encourages him, animates him, and promiſes him unexpected effects of the mercy of God. The Prophecy was not vain, for in one only night the Angel of God killed an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand men in the Army of the *Aſſyrians* by a ſtroke from Heaven and a devouring fire which reduced them to duſt in their guilded arms. This proud

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King was constrained to make an ignominious retreat, and being returned to *Nineveh* the capitall City of his Empire, he was slain by his own children. This is a manifest example of the amiable protection of God over the Holy Court, who defended his dear *Hezekiah* by the intercession of the Prophet as the apple of his eyes.

He expressed yet another singular favour to him in a great sickness, caused by a malignant ulcer, of which (according to the course of nature) he should have died: and therefore *Isaiah* went to see him, and without flattering him, brought him word of his last day, exhorting him to put the affairs of his State in order. This good King had a tender affection to life, and being astonished at that news, prayed God fervently with a great profusion of tears, that he would have regard to the sincerity of his heart, and to the good services that he had done him in his Temple, and not to tear away his life by a violent death in the middle of its course. The heart of the everlasting Father melted at the tears of that Prince, and he advertised *Isaiah*, who was not yet gone out of the Palace, to retread his steps, and carry him the news of his recovery.

He told him from God that he should rise again from that sickness, and within three dayes should go up to the Temple to render his Thanks-giving. Further, he promised him that his dayes should be augmented fifteen years, and that he should see himself totally delivered from the fury of the Assyrians, to serve the living God in a perfect tranquillity. The King was ravished at this happy news, and desired some sign of the Divine will to make him believe an happiness so unhoped for. *Isaiah* for this purpose did a miracle, which since *Joshua*, had not been seen nor heard, which was to make the Sun turn back, so that the shadow of the Diall which was in the palace, appeared ten degrees retired, to the admiration and ravishment of all the world. And to shew that the Prophet was not ignorant of Physick, he caused a Cataplasme composed of a lump of figs to be applyed to the wound of the sick man, whereby he was healed, and in three dayes rendred to the Temple.

This miracle was not unknown to the Babylonians, who perceived the immense length of the day in which it was done, and their Prince having heard the news of it, sent Embassadours to King *Hezekiah* to congratulate his health, and to offer him great presents; whereat this Monarch, that was of an easie nature, suffered himself to be a little too much transported with joy, and out of a little kind of vanity made a shew of his treasures, and of his great riches to those strangers; which served much to kindle their covetousness. And therefore the Prophet, who was never sparing of his remonstrances to the King, rebuked him for that action, and fore-told him that he made Infidels see the great wealth that God had given him, through a vain glory which would cost him dear; and that having been spectatours of his treasures, they had a mind to be the masters of them; and that at length they should compass their design, but that it should not be in his time. This Prince received the correction with patience, and took courage, hearing that the hail should not fall upon his head, passing over his to his childrens.

Manasses his son succeed him, a Prince truly abominable, who wiped out all the marks of the piety of his father, and placed Idols even in the very Temple of the living God. All, that Idolatry had shown in sacriledges, cruelty in murders, impudence in all sort of wickednesses, was renewed by the perfidiousness of this man abandoned of God. Poor *Isaiah* that had governed the father with so much authority had no credit with the son; this tyger was incensed at the harmonious consorts of the divine Wisdomes that spake by his mouth, and could no more endure the truth, then serpents the odour of the vine.

Yet he desisted not to reprehend him, and to advertise him of the punishments that God prepared for his crimes; whereat this barbarous man was so much moved and kindled with fury, that he commanded that this holy old man that had passed the hundreth year, should be sawn alive by an horrible and extraordinary punishment.

O *Manasses*! cruel *Manasses*, the most infamous of tyrants, and the most bloudy of hang-men! this was the onely crime that the furies themselves even the most enraged should never have permitted to thy salvageness. This venerable Master of so many Kings, this King of Prophets, this prime Intelligence of the State, this Seraphim, this instrument of the God of Hosts, to be used so barbarously at the Court by his own bloud, after so many good counsels, so many glorious labours, so many Oracles pronounced, so many Divine actions so worthily accomplished! All the Militia of Heaven wept over this companion of the Angels, and the earth caused fountains to leap up to bedew her lips in the midst of her ardent pains. His Wisdome hath rendred him admirable to the Learned; his Life inimitable to the most Perfect; his Zeal adorable to the most Courageous; His Age Venerable to Nature; and his Death deplorable to all Ages.

JEREMIAH.

BEhold the most afflicted of Holy Courtiers, a Prophet weeping, a Man of sorrows, an heart always bleeding, and eys that are never dry. He haunted not great men but to see great evils, and was not found at Court but to sing its Funerals, and to set it up a tomb.

Yet was he a very great and most holy person that had been sanctified in his mothers womb: that began to prophecy at the age of fifteen years; a spirit separated from the vanities and the pretensions of the world, that was intire to God, that lived by the purest flames of his holy love, and quenched his thirst with his tears. He drank the mud of bad times, and found himself in a piteous Government, in which there was little to gain, and much to suffer.

After that the cruel *Manasses* King of *Judea* had been spoiled of the Scepter, and led prisoner into *Babylon*, chained as a salvage beast, he was sensibly touched with his affliction, and made a severe repentance, being cast with his irons into a deep pit where he converted himself to God, with bitter sorrows and roarings of heart that made him obtain a pardon of his sins, even so far as to restore him his Liberty and his Crown. He behaved himself exceeding well the rest of his days, destroying that which he had made, & repairing that which he had destroyed. But he left behind him a wicked son, who having imitated him in his vices, followed him not in his repentance. It was the impious *Amon*, who was nevertheless the father of the holy King *Josiah*, who began to reign at 8 years old, and was governed by the good and salutary precepts of the Prophet *Jeremy* who took him into a singular affection.

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This good Prince conſecrated the firſt fruits of his government by the expiation of idolatry, which he deteſted always by words, and combated by an indefatigable zeal. He never took any repoſe till he had cauſed the Idols in *Jeruſalem* and in the neighbouring places to be beat down, plucking up all thoſe abominations even by the root. He had ſworn ſo capitall an enmity with impiety, that he perſecuted the authours of it even to the grave which the condition of our mortality ſeems to have made as the laſt ſanctuary of naturall liberty, yet he cauſed the bones of thoſe that had heretofore ſacrificed to Idols to be burnt upon the ſame Altars as had been prophaned by them. After that, he commanded that the Temple ſhould be purged; and that the order of the ſacrifices and of the praiſes of God, ſhould be there carefully obſerved.

The reading of a good book found in the Temple had ſo powerfully wrought upon him, that he aſſembled his people, and cauſed it to be read in preſence of all the world, with fear and trembling at the threatnings contained therein againſt the impious. Then he conjured all the company there preſent to renew in the ſight of God the oath of fidelity, & to promiſe him never to depart from his Laws and his Commandments, which was performed. There was a re-birth of a quite other world under the reign of this wiſe Prince that rejoyced the heart of the Prophet *Jeremy*; but he taſted a little honey, to drink afterward a cup of wormwood.

Joſiah was now come to the flower of his age, and of his brave actions, having reigned more then 30 years in a marvellous policy and great tranquillity, when *Pharaoh Necho* King of *Egypt* making war againſt the Aſſyrians would paſs through *Judea*, which gave ſome fear to this good Prince as well for the oppreſſion of his ſubjects that were menaced by the paſſage of a great army, as not to give cauſe of diſcontentment to the King of *Aſſyria*; and therefore he beſtirs himſelf to reſiſt him, and to oppoſe his paſſage.

It is the miſery of little Princes to be engaged in the differences of greater ones, as between the Anvil and the Hammer, they cannot favour the Party of the one, but they muſt render themſelves the ſworn enemies of the other, and Neutrality renders them ſuſpected to both. It is a difficult paſſage, where whatſoever Induſtry one brings to it, one often leaves behind the beſt feathers of his wings. *Joſiah* without advertiſing the King of *Aſſyria* that the Party would not be maintainable if he ſent not a powerfull Ayd, arms ſuddenly againſt a mightier then himſelf. *Necho* ſends to him his Embaſſadours to tell him that he meant no harm to his Perſon or to his State; that his deſign was againſt another King whom he went to combat by the orders of Heaven; that God was with him, and that if he endeavoured to ſtop his paſſage, evil would betide him for it. Notwithſtanding theſe preſſing ſpeeches *Joſiah* goes out to meet him, and as he was come to coping with his adverſary, at the very beginning of the mingling he was wounded mortally with an arrow; and commanded his Coachman to draw him out of the combat, which he did, and as he was put in his ſecond chariot which followed his chariot of war after the faſhion of Kings, he gave up the ghoſt without finding any remedy to divert the ſharpneſs of that fatal ſtroke. His body was brought back to *Jeruſalem* all bloudy, and the mournings for his death were ſo ſenſible and ſo piercing, that it ſeemed as if there had been an univerſall ſacking of the whole City.

Never Prince was ſo beloved, never any more paſſionately lamented, nor is there to be found any one among all the Kings of *Judea* that had leſs vices, and more zeal for the honour of God; his life was without ſpot, his reputation without reproach, and to ſay truth, his goodneſs was as it were the breath that all the world did breath. Poor *Jeremy* was ſo caſt down at a death ſo ſudden, that he loſt all his joyes, and begun then, according to S. *Jerom*, to make thoſe ſad lamentations that have engraved his grief on the memory of all men.

To queſtion why ſo good a King after ſo many actions of Piety was killed by the hand of an Infidel, as an old ſuit that human curioſity hath commenc'd againſt providence from the begining of the world; Some (ſaid *Pliny*) thrive by their wickedneſs, and others are tormented even by their own Sacrifices: But who are we to think to draw the curtain of the Sanctuary before the time, and to know the reaſons of all that God does, and permits in the world? For one virtuous Prince that is afflicted in the accidents of humane things, we ſhall find alwayes ten wicked ones that have ended miſerably; and yet we ceaſe not to quarrell with the ordination of heaven. By what contract is God to make his ſervants alwayes win at play and war? Muſt he do perpetually miracles to make himſelf be thought what he is? What wrong did he do *Joſiah*, if after a reign of 31 years, conducted with great ſucceſſes, and an univerſal approbation, he dy'd in the bed of valour defending his Country, and rendring proofs of the greatneſs of his courage? What injury was it to have giuen him the honour to carry the hearts of all his ſubjects to his grave, & to ſpread the glory of his name through all ages, and all the living? After that we have ſeen in Hiſtories 100 Tyrants die, almoſt all in a row, of hideous and bloudy deaths; we come again to King *Manaſſes*, who after he had ſhed ſo much bloud, paſſed out of this life by a death peaceably enough, we return to *Herod*, and *Tiberius*, and to *Mahomet*, who died in their beds, as if they had been great Saints of fortune, canonized by their happineſs.

Alas, what is the life of theſe and of their like! to be ſtabb'd every moment in the heart, and in the publick opinion; to be curſed of a million of mouths every hour of the day; to remain ſhut up in the encloſure of a palace walls, as old owls, and to have no other pleaſure but to make fire and bloud rain upon the heads of men! What contentment to wax pale at every flaſh of lightning; to tremble at every aſſault of the leaſt diſeaſe; to prepare poiſons and halters for every change of fortune; to live for nothing but to make men die; and to die for nothing but to make the devils a ſpectacle of their pains! Is this it that deſerves the name of felicity, and the admiration of the world?

After that *Joſiah* had drawn tears from the eyes of all the Kingdome, the people honouring his memory, ſet his ſon *Jehoahaz* upon the Throne, who reigned but three months, becauſe that *Nechoh* puft up with his victory, that would not ſuffer them to think of making a King without his conſent, came and fell upon *Jeruſalem*, and carried him away priſoner into *Egypt* where he died of diſpleaſure and bad uſage. He took his brother *Eliakim* or *Jehojakim* to put him in his place, and to make him reign under his authority. But *Nebuchadnezzar* who eſteemed himſelf the God of Kings could not endure that the Egyptian ſhould intermeddle with giving Crowns, came to beſiege *Jeruſalem* with great forces, and having won it, carried away the miſerable *Jehojakim* captive into *Babylon* with the flower of the City, and the ſacred veſſels of the Temple, when

he

he reckoned yet but the third year of his Reign.

It was a pitiful thing to see this infortunate King in chains after a dignity so short and so unhappy, but this so lamentable a change moved his adversary to compassion, who released him upon condition of a great annual tribute. He discharged it for the space of three years by constraint, his heart and inclinations leaning always towards *Egypt*, and never ceasing tacitely to contrive new plots. Besides, he so forsook the service of God, and abandon'd himself to the impiety of the Idolaters, that the admonitions and menaces of the Prophet *Jeremy* that had foretold him of a most tragical issue, had no power upon his spirit.

And therefore *Nebuchadnezzar* returned the XI year of the reign of this unhappy King, and having conquered him again, caused him to be assassinated, and his body to be cast on the dunghil for a punishment of his rebellion. He permitted his son *Jehoiachin*, otherwise *Jechonias* to succeed him: but scarce had this disastrous Prince reigned three months before this terrible Conqueror transported him, with his mother, his wives, and servants, & made him feel in *Babylon* the rigours of captivity after he had robbed him of all his treasures, and drawn out of *Jerusalem* ten thousand prisoners of the principal men of all *Judea*; so that this deplorable Realm was then between *Egypt* and *Babylon*, as a straw between two impetuous winds, incessantly tossed hither and thither without finding any place of consistence.

Nebuchadnezzar made a King after his own fancy, and chose *Zedekiah* the uncle of *Jehoiachin* who was at last the most miserable of all the rest. Here it is that *Jeremy* received a good share of the sufferings of his dear Country, and found himself entangled in very thorny businesses, in which he gave most excellent counsels that were little followed, so resolute were the King and Nobles to their own calamity. He had been very much troubled under the reign of *Jehojakim*: for as he was prophecying one day aloud of the ruine of the City of *Jerusalem*, and the entire desolation of the Temple, the Priests seized upon his person and caused the people to mutiny against him out of a design to make him be torn in pieces. But it chanced by good hap that some Lords of the Court ran to appease that tumult, before whom *Jeremy* justified himself, and protested it was the Spirit of God that moved to foretel those sad disasters for the correction of the sins of *Jerusalem*, and that the only means to shelter themselves from the wrath of Heaven, was seriously to embrace repentance; and told them that it was in their hands to do him justice, and that if they used him otherwise, they would shed innocent blood that would rebound against them and the whole City. These Courtiers judged that there was nothing in him worthy of death, and delivered him from the hands of those wicked Priests that were ready to assassinate him; there being no persecution in the world like to that which comes from sacred persons when they abuse their dignity to the execution of their revenge.

After this shaking, command is given him again to hold his peace, and to remain shut up in a certain place without preaching or speaking in publick: which was the cause that he dictated from his mouth his thoughts and conceptions to *Baruch* his Secretary commanding him to read them in a full assembly of the people, which he did, without sparing the great and principal men to whom he communicated them, so that this passed even to the ears of King *Jehojakim*, who would needs see the book, and when he had read three or four pages of it, he cut it with a Penknife, and cast it into the fire, commanding that *Jeremy* and his Secretary *Baruch* should be apprehended. But God made them escape, ordaining that that deplorable King that had despised his Word and the admonitions of his Prophet should fall into that gulf of miseries that had been foretold him.

The same abominations ceased not under the reign of *Zedekiah*; and *Jeremy* resumed also new forces to fight against them, and to publish the desolations that should suddenly bury that miserable Nation: then *Pashur* one of the principal and of the most violent Priests caused the Prophet to be brought before him to reprehend him, for that he ceased not to foretel evils, and to torment all the world by his predictions. Whereupon he entred into so great a wrath against the innocent, that without having any regard to the decency of his dignity, he stroke him, and not content with that, caused him to be clapt in prison, and chains to be put upon him.

This Divine Personage seeing himself reduced to that captivity for having brought the Word of God, and being left (as it were) to himself to do and suffer according to nature and humane passions, was seized with a great melancholy, and made complaints to God which parted not but from the abundance of love that he bare to him.

Ha! what (said he) my God, have you then deceived me? And who doubts but that you are stronger then I? Who am I to resist you? You have made me carry your word, and to speak boldly your adorable truths to Kings and Peoples, and for this I am handled as an Imposture, and as the dreg of nature, and the reproach of the world. Behold what I have gained by serving you with so much obedience and fidelity. Often have I said by my self, I will obey the Magistrates, I will hold my peace, and remember no more the thoughts that God reveals to me; nor speak any more in his name: but then I felt a fire boiling in my heart that was shut up in the marrow of my bones, and I fell into a swoon, and could not endure the violence of my thoughts without unloading my self by the tongue, and publishing that which you inspired into me. And for this, behold me reduced to irons. And have I not good cause to say that which miserable men use to say, That the day of my Nativity in regard of Original sin, and so many calamities that spring from that source, is lamentable and cursed; and that it were to be wished, that the Womb of my mother that bare me had been my Sepulcher? Wherefore did I come out of the bowels of a woman to be a spectatour of so many sorrows and so much confusion?

The Saints speak sometimes like men, according to the sense of the inferiour part of the soul, especially when they see themselves overwhelmed with great evils; but God raises them up immediately, and makes them resume the tongue of Heaven.

As the Prophet was deploring his miseries in that dark prison, God gave lights and remorses to his persecutour that came the next day to deliver him, either through some compassion, or because he had attempted that beyond the limits of his authority. The prisoner instead of expressing some kind of weakness spake more boldly then before, foretelling even to *Pashur* that he should be led captive into *Babylon*, and that he should die there, the other not daring to enterprise any thing against him.

After that very time, *Jeremy* betook himself to the Palace to speak with the King & with the Queen his wife, to advertise them of the utmost misery that menaced their Crown, if they did not make an entire conversion to God to give an example to their subjects.

Besides

Besides this, he gave some State-counsel, & told the King, that since God had permitted that he should be subdued by the Arms of the King of *Babylon* that had put him on the Throne, & to whom he had promised Faith, Homage, and Tribute, he should do wel to keep his promises inviolable, rather then to adhere to the King of *Egypt*, and expect the assistance of his Arms. This was the most important point of State, that concerned the safety of all the Kingdom.

Nevertheless, King *Zedekiah*, whose spirit was a little soft, hearkned to the advice, & took sometimes fire, but it was but for a little times, he being no way constant in his good resolves. When he saw himself menaced with a siege by the King of the *Babylonians* he was affrighted, and inclined a little to his side, but as soon as he perceived that he diverted his arms another way, he brake his promised faith, being weary of the rigour of the tributes that the other exacted of him. Thereupon, *Jeremy* ceased not to publish, that it was an errour to expect that the army of *Pharaoh* K. of *Egypt* wch was reported to be upon its march to help *Jerusalem* should do any good, that it should return upon its own steps without enterprising any thing: that *Nebuchadnezzar* was not so far off, but that in a small time he would render himself before the city to besiege & win it: That it was a decree of God, & although the Army of the *Chaldeans* should be defeated, yet those that remained (though wounded and sick) should be sufficient to take *Jerusalem* abandoned of the Divine protection.

When he had spoken this publickly, he resolved to retire himself for a time, and to go into the countrey; but he was taken at the gate of the city by *Irijah* that accused him falsely, and said that he was going to render himself to the army of the *Chaldeans*: whereupon, he carried him under a good guard to the Magistrates, who having beaten and ill used him, sent him to prison, where he remained many dayes without consolation.

At last, the King having heard of what had happened to him, caused him to come secreetly to him, & spake to him, to conjure him to tell the truth, whether those Predictions that he ceased not to sow in the ears of all the world were Revelations from God whereof the Prophet assured him again, & gave him some good incitement to incline to the most wholesome counsels. Poor *Jeremy* seeing this Prince use him kindly, said unto him.

Alas, Sir, what have I done, and in what have I offended your Majesty to be used as a rogue by those that usurp your authority? What crime have I committed by telling you the truth? Where are your false Prophets that said, that there was no need to fear the coming of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and that he had other business to dispatch? is he not at length come to verifie my Prophecies? since you do me the honour at present to hear me, My Lord and my Master, hearken to my most humble request, & grant me a courtesie that I desire of you in the name of God, which is, that I may no more return into the the prison out of which your Majesty hath caused me to be drawn; for, the continuation of the evils that I have suffered there, is able suddenly to tear my soul from my body, and it will be but a grief to you to deliver me to death for having given you counsels of life and safety.

The King was softned by the words of the Prophet but he was so timorous that he durst not take the boldness to cause a prisoner to be delivered by his absolute authority, fearing the reproaches and outcryes of those that would have the upper end in all affairs. He caused onely the goaler to be bid to use him a little kindlier, taking him out of the black dungeon, to give him a place more reasonable, and to have a care that in that great famine of the City he would not want bread.

This was executed, and he staid some time at the entrance of the prison, with a little more liberty; during which, he spake again to those that visited him, & said freely, That there was no way to escape the sacking of the City, but by rendring themselves to the *Chaldeans*. This made *Pashur* and his complices incensed again with a great wrath, and spake insolently to the King, that *Jeremy* might be delivered to them, publishing that he was worthy of death, that he was a seditious fellow that did nothing but make the people mutiny, and separate them from their obedience to him.

The miserable *Zedekiah* that had let these men take too high an ascendent upon his person had not strength of spirit enough to resist them, but against his conscience abandoned his poor Prophet to them, although it was with some regret. These wicked men having taken him, let him down with cords into a deep pit of the prison, which was full of mire and filth, where he expired the remainder of his deplorable life, and dyed there of miseries, if God had not raised him up a protectour, of whom he never so much as dreamed.

There was in the King's house a famous officer, an *Ethiopian* by Nation, & a man of heart, who hearing of the cruelty that was used against the Prophet took pity on him, and said boldly to the King, what (Sir) can your Majesty well approve of the rigours that poor *Jeremy* is made to suffer for doing the function of a Prophet? It well appears that his enemies would have his skin, for they have let him down with ropes into a deep dungeon, where it is almost impossible to breath. There is danger if this good man dyes by this ill usage that you are guilty of his death, and that this may draw some wrath of God upon your Majesty. He spake this with so good an accent, that the King was moved, and gave him charge to take thirty souldiers, and to draw him thence, which he did quickly, casting down to him old linnen raggs to put under him, that he might not be galled by the cords when they should make him ascend out of the bottom of that hideous prison.

When he was plucked up again the King had another time the curiosity to see him, not in his Palace but in some secret place of the Temple, where *Jeremy* spake to him with much fervency and tenderness telling him that the onely means to save his person, his house, and all the city, was to render up himself to *Nebuchadnezzar*, and that if he refused to do it, he and all his would be destroyed. The King answered that he was afraid to commit himself to the King of *Babylon*, least he should deliver him to his rebellious subjects that had fallen from him to the enemy. *Jeremy* replyed, That he need not fear any such thing, and affectionately beseeched him to have pity on his own soul, on his wife and on his children for otherwise there would happen a great misery. This poor Prince feared to attempt this against the opinion of those that governed him, and to scatter them by this means from his party. Nay, he was afraid even to be seen with *Jeremy*, and recommended to him very much to keep secret that discourse, and to tell no body that he had spoken to him about State-affairs. He was sent back to prison that he might not make the seditious mutiny, & all that he could obtain was not to be plunged

again in that pit from whence he had been delivered. In the mean while *Nebuchadnezzar* after a long ſiege carried the city of *Jeruſalem* which was taken about mid-night, the enemies being entred by a breach that no body perceived. *Zedekiah* much amazed betakes himſelf to flight with his wife and children, and a few men of war about him, taking his way through night darkneſs, affrights, fear, and a thouſand images of death. The *Chaldeans* had notice of his retreat, and caught him on the plains of *Jericho*, where he was immediately forſaken of his men, and left with his wives and little children that ſent out pitiful cryes through the apprehenſion of ſervitude and death.

He was carried away from thence to *Riblah*, where *Nebuchadnezzar* was expecting the iſſue of that ſiege. This unfortunate Prince was conſtrained to preſent himſelf before the frightful countenance of a barbarous King, puffed up with his victories and proſperities, who loaded him with reproaches and confuſions, upbraiding him with his rebellion, his ingratitude and unfaithfulneſs: he would willingly have been ten foot under ground before he ſuffered ſuch indignities, thinking himſelf ſufficiently puniſhed, by having loſt his crown and liberty.

But this cruel Conquerour would give other ſatisfactions to his revenge, for after he had a long time digeſted his gall, and thought on the means that he would uſe to puniſh him, he cauſes his children to come before him, and commands the Hangmen to murther them in the father's ſight. Theſe poor little ones ſeeing the glittering ſword now ready to be plunged in their bloud, cried out for mercy, and called pitifully upon the ſad name of their father that had no other power but to ſuffer his calamity. The ſword paſſes through the bodies of his children to find his heart who dyed as many deaths as nature had given him gages of his marriage.

He expected that the ſword ſtained with the bloud of his dear progeny ſhould have ended his life and griefs; but this inhumane Tyrant having left him as much light as was needful to illuminate his miſery, after that he had filled himſelf with this lamentable ſpectacle, cauſed his eys to be plucked out by an execrable cruelty, and having commanded him to be put in great & heavy chains cauſed him to be carried into *Babylon* where he ended his miſerable life; & in his Perſon ended the Kingdom of *Judea* that had ſubſiſted ſince *Saul* four hundred & fourſcore years.

Nebuchadnezzar having heard the narration that was made of *Jeremy* & the good counſel that he had given to his K. eſteemed him highly, & gave charge to *Nebuzaradan* the General of his Army to give him content, whether he had a mind to go to *Babylon*, or whether he would ſtay in his own countrey. But to ſhew he ſought not the ſplendour of greatneſſes, he choſe to make his abode amidſt poor labourers and vine-dreſſers that were left after the ſacking of the city, the better ſort being tranſported into *Babylon*.

He was recommended to *Gedaliah* who was ſettled Governour of thoſe miſerable reliques of the people by *Nebuzaradan*; but when this *Gedaliah* was murthered ſeven months after his creation, *Johanan* that was one of the principal men, counſelled the *Jews* to quit that miſerable land, & to follow him into *Egypt*. *Jeremy* oppoſed it, and foretold miſery to all thoſe that ſhould go thither; but inſtead of believing him, they dragged him along by force, either to afflict him, or to prevail over his prophecies. He failed not to prophecy the deſolatiō of *Egypt* that was to bend under the arms of *Nebuchadnezzar*, whereat his country-men found themſelves incenſed; and fearing leſt he ſhould draw ſome envy on them, ſtoned him in a ſedition. The *Egyptians* hearing talk of the life and predictions of this great perſonage made account of him, and ſet him up a Tomb, where God to honour his ſervant did great miracles, chaſing away by his aſhes the Crocodiles and ſerpents. *Alexander* that flouriſhed two hundred years after him admiring thoſe wonders cauſed his reliques to be tranſported into *Alexandria*, where he cauſed a magnificent ſepulchre to be erected for him, as the *Alexandrian* Chronicle reports. Behold how virtue perſecuted in its own houſe finds a prop with ſtrangers, and even veneration amongſt the Infidels; God uſing all ſorts of inſtrumēts to honour the merits of thoſe that have rendred him proofs of a perfect faithfulneſs.

Saint IOHN Baptiſt. Saint PAUL.

WHat makes an Hermit at the Court, a Solitary man in a Tumult, a ſacred amongſt Prophane, a Saint in the houſe of *Herod*? He was far more ſecure amongſt wolves, amongſt Foxes and Tygers, then amongſt thoſe wicked Courtiers. He was more contented with his little

little dinner of Locusts and wilde Honey, retired in his Cabben, then at the sight of the pomps and pleasures of the King of *Galilee*. But God that is the Master of Kings and the Directour of Hermits hath thus disposed of him, and willed that he should dye at Court after he had so long time lived in the wilderness,

It is not certainly known what occasion drove him to it, whether he went thither by zeal, or whether he was sent for by design, or whether he was forced by violence. Some think that the miseries of his countrey afflicted under the Government of a dissolute Prince, affecting him with a great Compassion, He went out of the desert, of his own accord to admonish the King of his duty; Since that all those that came near him, and were obliged to speak to him were mute, partly by a servitude fatall to all those that are tyed to the hopes of the world, and partly also being seized with fear by reason of the power and cruelty of a womans spirit that possessed *Herod*. Others, as *Josephus*, have written that the Prince hearing every day of the great concourse of all sorts of people that went to the wilderneſse to see S. *John*, was afraid lest under colour of piety this might make some change of State. Tyrants love not men endowed with an extraordinary virtue, and that have not learnt the trade of flattering; their voice is the Cock that frights those cruel Lions; their life is a flash of Lightning that dazles their eyes; their actions are as many Convictions of their Iniquity. And therefore this Authour saith, that without other form of process, *Herod* caused him to be apprehended, to prevent him and break off those Assemblies that were made about him.

Yet it is probable and more consonant to the Scripture (which assure us that this Prince bare some respect to *John*, and heard him, and did many things according to his advice) that he proceeded not against him at first with so much violence. But the cunning Fox (as he was, according to the judgement that the Eternal Truth made of him,) seeing that St. *John* was in an high esteem for holiness, and in great credit amongst the people, strived to winn him, and to draw him to him, to make himself be reputed for a good Prince that cherished honest men, and to maintain by this means his authority that was already tottering, and little rooted in the true Maxims of a good Government. It was thus that *Dionysius* the Tyrant made use of the Philosophers, not for any affection that he bare them, but to appropriate them to the bad intentions that he had in State, and to give them some colour by the express or interpreted approbation of those personages that were in reputation for their wisdom. But *Herod* did ill choose his man; this was not a Court-flatterer, a Tool for all Trades, a Shoe for all Feet, but a stiffe and austere man, to whom a whole World would not have given the least temptation to do any thing against his conscience.

It would be a superfluous thing to enlarge ones self at length upon the rare qualities of Saint *John*, who having been many times highly commended by the Creatour of Virtues, and the Distributer of true praises, who hath preferred him above the greatest of the world, seems to have dryed up by his abundance the Elogies of the most eloquent. Let us content our selves to say, that there are abundance of excellencies in him, enough to make all chaires speak, and all pens write even to the end of the world.

He was born of the bloud of *Aaron* the brother of *Moses*, the first ornament of the Priesthood, and the great Conductour of the People. He came out of a barren Womb which he rendred fruitfull above all fecundities of the earth. His birth was declared miraculously by the voice of an Archangel. He was sanctified almost as soon as conceived, and virtue appropriated him to her self before that nature had brought him to the Light. He was a worshipper of the word when he was yet in the bowels of his Mother, and received the first rayes of the everlasting day before that his eye was open to the brightnesse of the Sun. Reason was advanced to him by a wonder altogether extraordinary. He hath had this honour, to know first, after the Virgin *Mary*, the news of that high mystery of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption of the world. Of all the Nativities of so many children of *Adam*, the Church celebrates none but that of *John*, who hath this common with our Saviour and his most holy Mother, who by a special priviledge honoured his birth by her actual presence; So that he saw his first day under the aspect of the Mother of the Universe. His name was given him by an Archangel, a name of grace and favour, that shewed he was placed in the rank of the deerest delights of Heaven, and the tongue of his dumb father tyed by an heavenly virtue, was loosed by its power, that it might pronounce that fair name. He was exempted from grievous sins, and (as many Divines hold) even from venial. He consecrated his retirement in the Desart almost as soon as he entred into the world. Furthermore he was a Prophet, and more then a Prophet, a Virgin, a Doctour, a forerunner of the Son of God, the Trumpet of Repentance, the Authour of a Baptisme (that ushered in that which regenerates us all) whereof *Jesus* was pleased to receive the sprinckling. In fine, he was the Horizon of the Gospel and the Law, and the first that shewed with the finger, the Lamb of God and the Kingdom of Heaven.

But let us make no reckoning of what I have alleadged, but let us say onely that which the word hath said of him, That he was not a Reed to bow at every wind, nor a man that could be allured by the delicacies of the Court; He spake their as a Prophet, he conversed there as an Angel, and at last dyed there as a Martyr. The time furnished him with an occasion, about which he could not speak without making much noise, and he could not hold his peace without betraying his Conscience.

That *Herod Antipas*, which we are to speak of here, was the son of the great *Herod* the Murtherer of the Innocents and of a *Samaritan* woman, who after the death of his Father (for as much as the Legitimate issue of *Mariamne* had been unworthily murthered to make way for unjust heirs) had for his part of the Kingdom of *Judea*, *Galilee*, which he held in quality of a *Tetrarch*. He was a Prince of a small courage, addicted to his pleasures, lascivious and loose, that endeavoured to preserve himself by poor shifts, having nothing stout nor warlike in his person.

He had a Brother named *Philip*, which held another parcel of that Kingdom of *Judea* dismembred and little enough considerable, the *Romans* having possessed themselves of the best part of it, after they had deposed *Archelaus* that had reigned as Successour of his Father in quality of a King. *Philip* was married to *Herodias* the Daughter of his Brother *Aristobulus*, and by consequence his Niece; those Marriages being ordinary enough in the Court of *Herod*. The Husband was a sweet and moderate spirit, that kept his small Government very peaceable, and pleased himself with rendering Justice to

his people with ſo much ardour that he often ſtayed his Chariot by the way, and heard the differences of the meaneſt people to reconcile them. But the Wife quite contrary was an Haughty, Ambitious, Turbulent, Immodeſt ſpirit, that was not content with what God had given her, but tryed by all means to become Queen.

It happened that *Herod Antipas* under colour of a progreſs or recreation, went to viſit his brother *Philip* who received him in his Palace with all curteſie and ſincerity. He amuſed himſelf in the abode that he made there, to cajoll that *Herodias* his ſiſter in Law, that needed not much courting to be brought in Love, ſo fickle was her diſpoſition, and ſo deſirous ſtill of Novelties.

They found that *Antipas* was not pleaſed with his Wife, nor *Herodias* with her Husband; they make an audacious and irregular complot, which was to ſeperate themſelves from their Mates under colour of a divorce, and to marry themſelves together. *Herod* promiſed her, that he would go to *Rome* and make her Queen which ſhe could never hope for of her Husband, who (he told her) was a man without heart, and born onely to converſe with inferiour people. He made himſelf a brave man at his Sword, Rich, Valiant, Happy, Magnificent; and his body was not ill made, ſo that this falſe marriage is concluded between the parties, and it is not known whether it began then by a clandeſtine adultery. Their privacies were but too remarkable: ſo that *Herod*'s wife that was the daughter of *Arethas* King of *Arabia* had an inkling of them; and diſſembling her thoughts, wrote to the King her father, that ſhe could no longer live with a diſſolute husband, that had no affection to her; and that violating the faith plighted in marriage, had made a promiſe to an adultereſs to eſpouſe her. Her father was greatly exaſperated at this affront, expreſſing that he was ready to receive her to his Court, and counſelled her to ſteal away warily from her Husband; which ſhe did prudently enough, asking leave of him to take a little journy to the Caſtle of *Macheron*, which was upon the frontier to recreate her ſelf. This was very freely granted her; and in the mean while ſhe orders her fathers men to carry her away into *Arabia*. Yet ſhe needed not to have ſtudied her flight, and to have made a myſtery of it; ſince her Husband had no great minde to run after her, but had given her much annoyance out of a deſign to weary her, and to make her eſcape from him of her own accord, to have an excuſe to the King her father when he ſhould complain of him.

This departure of the *Arabian* ſuddain and meditated, came to the ears of *Herod* and *Herodias*, who made Bonefires of joy at it in their hearts, and believed that it was an overture that Heaven had given them, to the accompliſhment of their deſign. The wicked woman quits *Philip* her husband and comes into *Galilee* to lodge in the Palace of her brother bringing with her a ſhameleſs daughter, whom the deportments of the mother made men believe not to have appertained by good right to her husband. *Joſephus*, out of whom we have in part taken this Hiſtory, doth not tell us whether the good *Philip* was much troubled for his wife; but her inſolent ſpirit makes us believe that he had no great reaſon to lament her. This coming was coloured at firſt with the pretence of a viſit that ſhe gave her brother in Law; but at laſt the buſineſs came to light, and to cover the ſcandal of it, a divorce was to be proteſted, and a marriage feigned. *Herod* had no want of flatterers and ſervile ſpirits at his Court that found out reaſons to colour ſo great a crime.

He would have much deſired that Saint *John* would have approved it, or that ſtaying near him without ſpeaking a word, his ſilence would have made the people believe that he was not upon tearms of diſapproving it. But this was to judge too baſely of ſo high a virtue. The holy man reſolutely tells him, that it was not permitted him to marry his brothers wife; that it was an Adultery, and an odious inceſt in the ſight of God, and ſcandalous to all his Subjects. He advertiſed him of the obligations of the Law, whereof he made profeſſion, of the examples of the good Kings that had preceeded him, of the chaſtiſements of the wicked that had felt the weight of divine juſtice. He laid before his eys how States paſſed from one hand to another by Injuſtice, Iniquity, Impiety, and the filthyneſs of thoſe that Governed ill. He put alſo into his admonition the contempt of God, that was dreadful above all things, the intereſts of his brother, the ill example that he would give his family, the ſpeeches of his people, the judgments even of ſtranger Kings; and as it is credible, forgat nothing of all the conſiderations that were worthy to be repreſented to him.

The ſpirit of *Herod* was not altogether bad, nor as yet forſaken of God; He heard Saint *John*, and conceived ſometimes a remorſe of his fault. But as ſoon as he had ſeen *Herodias* he remembred no more any of thoſe advertiſements, and durſt not expreſs that he had ſo much as any ſcruple of his marriage, So imperiouſly did this cunning woman carry him. She knew at laſt what the man of God had ſpoken, & was trauſported with a fury that ſuffered her not to breathe any other thing but revenge & menaces.

She laid hold of an opportunity to her advantage, and ſeeing this Prince beſotted with her Love, and in a condition to deny nothing to her inticements informed him (as far as one may gueſs) that *John* was very dangerous to the welfare of the State; and that that great deluge of people that he drew after him ſpake nothing good; and that if he were a crafty man, as he ſeemed to be, he would be able to raiſe a ſedition for the intereſt of his ambition; and if he were but ſimple, which ſhe did not imagine, there would enough be found with him every day that would abuſe that ſimplicity; that it was a great arrogance in him to find fault with the alliances of his marriage, and to diſallow of that, which ſo many others, as good men as he had approved of; that ſhe ſaw plainly that this tended to his ruine, and that if Saint *John* could bring about what he aimed at, ſhe ſhould be good for nothing but to be caſt to Doggs, and that that was not the recompence that ſhe expected of her love and faithfulneſs towards him after ſhe had deſpiſed every thing for the price and eſteem of his contentment.

She ceaſed not to beat upon the Prince's ears with ſuch like words, and to breed a diſtruſt in him of Saint *John*, in ſuch a manner, as that he conſented that he ſhould be apprehended and put in priſon; under colour, as *Joſephus* ſaith, that he went about to change the peoples minds, and to embroil the State. This detaining of a man ſo holy and ſo renowned made a great noyſe through all *Judea*, but the wicked woman had this Maxim, That one ought to take ones pleaſure to content Nature, and little to trouble ones ſelf at the opinions of the world below, nor at the complaints of honeſt men, judging that all mouthes ought to be ſtopped by the rigour of puniſhments, and that ſhe ſhould be innocent when no body durſt any more find fault with her actions.

She

She ſlept not one good ſleep with her *Herod* as long as Saint *John* was yet alive, but fearing alwayes either that her pretended husband whom ſhe thought light enough, might be ſoftned with compaſſion to releaſe him, or that the people that held him for a Saint, might break open the priſons to take him thence, ſhe reſolved to ſee the end of him to give all liberty to her unbridled paſſions.

She watches the opportunity of *Herod*'s birth day, on which he was accuſtomed to make feaſts and to entertain the principall Officers of his Kingdom. This crafty woman tampered with all the wills of thoſe that had any power over his ſpirit for this deſign, and ſeeing that her Daughter was a powerfull inſtrument to move that effeminate Prince, and that he was extraordinarily pleaſed to ſee her dance, conjured her to employ all her Genius and all her induſtry, all the baits, allurements and gentileſſes that ſhe had in dancing, to gain the King's heart; and that if ſhe ſaw him very freely merry, and on terms to gratifie her with ſome great advantage, ſhe ſhould take heed of asking any thing but the head of *John*; and that he was neceſſarily to fall, if ſhe would not ſee her Mother periſh and all her fortunes overthrown.

The daughter obeyed, and fits herſelf even to perfection to pleaſe the Prince's eyes; ſhe enters into the banqueting houſe richly deck'd, and makes uſe of a dance not vulgar, whereat he was raviſhed, and all the Gueſts (that were perhaps hired by *Herodias* to commend her) made a wonderfull recital of her perfections. There was nothing now remaining but to give her the recompence of her pains. This daughter of iniquity and not of nature, ſayes *Chryſologus*, ſeeing that every one applauded her, and that the King, that was no longer his own man, would honour her with ſome great preſent which he would remit to her own choice, even as far as to give her the Moity of his Kingdom, if ſhe would have deſired it, made a bloudy requeſt, following the inſtructions of her wicked Mother, and required that inſtantly S. *John*'s head ſhould be given her in a plate.

Herod felt his heart pricked with a Repentance piercing enough, but becauſe he had ſworn in preſence of the Nobles of his kingdoms to deny nothing that ſhe ſhould ask, would not diſcontent her, but gives command to the Maſter of his Houſe to go to the priſon and to cut of S. *John*'s head, to put it in the hands of this wanton wench. As ſoon as the word was pronounced, her Mother was not quiet till ſhe ſaw the execution of it; to Priſon they run; every one thought that it had been for ſome grace, ſince that it was upon the nick of the feaſt of the Nativity of the King; but they quickly ſaw an effect quite contrary to that thought, when S. *John* was called for and told, that he muſt reſolve to dye.

What, think we, did this divine Forerunner do at this laſt moment that remained to him of ſo innocent a life! but render thanks to God that made him dye a Martyr for the truth, after he had inlightened his eyes with the viſible preſence of the Incarnate Word which permitted him not to have any thing left in this world to be deſired. He exhorted his diſciples to range themſelves about our Saviour, who was the Way, the Life, and the Truth. He prayed for his Perſecutours, and for the eaſing of the miſeries of his poor people; afterward having a reliſh of the firſt contentments of his felicity by the tranquillity of his ſpirit, he yielded his neck to the hangman. His body was honourably buried by his diſciples, and his head brought in a plate to that cruel feaſt, put into the hands of that Dancereſſe, who preſented it to her Mother; and the Mother, according to S. *Jerome*, made a play-game of it, pricking the tongue with the needle of her hair.

All that one can ſpeak is below the horrour of its ſpectacle, ſayes S. *Ambroſe*. The head of S. *John*, of the Prime man of the world, that had ſhut up the Law, that had opened the Goſpel, the head of a Prophet, of an Angel, is outrageouſly taken off and delivered for the ſalary of a dancereſſe. The ſobereſt of men is maſſacred in a feaſt of drunkards; and the chaſteſt, by the artifice of a proſtitute. He is condemned on an occaſion, and on a time in which he would not even have been abſolved, as abhorring all that proceeded from intemperance. O how dangerous is it then to offend a woman that hath renounced her honour! *Herod* gave her an homicide for a kiſs. The hangmen waſh their hands when they are ready to ſit down at table, but theſe unhappy women pollute theirs in the banquet with a Prophet's bloud. The righteous ſlain by Adulterers, the innocent by the guilty, the true Judge by criminal ſouls. This banquet that ſhould have been the ſource of life, brings an edict of death. Cruelty is mingled with delights, and pleaſure with funerals. This horrible plate is carried through all the table for the ſatiating of thoſe inhumane eyes, and the bloud that drops yet from his veins falls upon the pavement to be licked up with the ordures of that infamous ſupper. Look upon it, *Herod*, look upon a deed that was worthy of none but thy cruelty; ſtretch out thine hand, put thy fingers in the wound that thou haſt made that they may be again bedewed with a bloud ſo ſacred. Drink, cruel man, drink that river which thou ſeeſt glide to quench thy thirſt. Look upon thoſe dead eyes that accuſe thy wickedneſſe, and which thou doeſt wound again with the aſpect of thy filthy pleaſures. Alas! they are ſhut not ſo much by the neceſſity of death as by the horrour of thy luxury.

The vengeance of God delayed not long to fall upon thoſe perverſe ſouls that had committed ſo enormous a crime. *Arethas* King of the *Arabians*, reſenting the affront that had been given to his daughter by thoſe Adulterers, enters in Arms upon the Lands of *Herod*, who beſtirrs himſelf but weekly to reſiſt him. Pleaſures held him ſo faſt chained that he had not the boldneſſe to go to his frontiers in perſon to oppoſe his adverſary: but contented himſelf with ſending a Colonel that loſt the battel hazarded againſt the *Arabian*; and this miſerable King was in the way to have been deprived of all his Kingdoms, if the *Romans* had not intervened, who would not permit *Arethas* to make himſelf great in their vicinity. Some while after happened the paſſion of our Saviour, who as we know, was preſented to this *Herod*; but by reaſon that there was no *Herodias* to urge him then to murther, he contented himſelf with the mockeries and deriſions of his perſon. He thought from that time forward to enjoy a great quietneſs but the juſtice of God that puniſhes exemplarily the violences that are committed againſt his ſervants, raiſed him up a great *Cataſtrophe*.

His Wife that ſpurred him inceſſantly with ambition perſwaded him to take a journey to *Rome* to make himſelf great by the favour of the *Romans*, and to bear openly in his Titles the name of King. But he was much amazed that young *Agrippa* his Kinſman had ſupplanted him, and found ſo much favour with the Emperour *Claudius*, that he gave him the Kingdom of *Herod Antipas*, with the other of *Philip* that was now deceaſed, and ſent him into *Judea* with the name of King, and with good Patents to authorize his Election. And for as much

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as concerns this murtherer of the Prophet, having been accuſed of much inſolence and cowardiſe, the Edict of the Prince baniſhed him to *Lyons*, ſo that he was like the Camel in the Fable, that for having asked for horns of *Jupiter* loſt his ears. The Emperour let *Herodias* know that he intended not to comprehend her in the Edict, but that he permitted her to ſtay in the Countrey. Yet ſhe was ſo conſtant in a wicked friendſhip, that ſhe anſwered, That ſince ſhe had been a companion of her husband in proſperity, ſhe would by no means abandon him in adverſity, & that ſhe had rather be baniſhed with him then have a Kingdom with another man that ſhould not be according to her heart. She was left to do after her own head, & both of them ſet forth to go to exile, accompanied with that little wanton, which according to *Nicephorus*, paſſing over a frozen River fell in before ſhe was aware, the Ice melting under her feet. She hung a long time in this ſnare, moving her ſelf up and down as if ſhe would have danced, in ſuch a ſort as that her neck was cut off by a razour of Ice, and her life ſtifled under the waters to make an honourable revenge to the holy forerunner of *Jeſus Chriſt*. *Herod Antipas* and his *Herodias* were overwhelmed with poverty, with miſery, and with ignominy in a ſtrange land, offering up a long ſacrifice of their pains to Divine vengeance without ever recovering either liberty or ſafety.

Saint PAUL and SENECA
In the COURT of NERO.

BEhold here a Theatre and a ſpectacle worthy of Saints, of Philoſophers, and of Kings; the meeting of *Paul* and *Seneca* in the Court of *Ceſar*. The Doctour of the Nations with the moſt knowing man in the Univerſe. The Wiſdom of the Croſs with that of Philoſophy. The birth of the *Roman* Church in the Bloud and in the Flames of Martyrs. The Goſpel preached in a City which was the gulph of corruption; and which is more admirable, the Habitation of Chriſtians in the Palace of *Nero*. To underſtand aright the greatneſs of our *Chriſtianity*, the force of the Goſpel, the combats of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*, the Triumphs and the Majeſty of the Church, it is needful to repreſent unto you an Idea of the eſtate of this chiefeſt city of the world, and the wicked manners which thoſe two great Apoſtles obſerved in it, to root them out, and to cauſe a people to be born anew, regenerate in the Bloud of their Saviour.

The eſtate of *Rome* and the Court of *Nero* when *Paul* came to it.

It ſeemeth, that S. *Paul* in his Epiſtle to the *Romans* hath undertaken to deſcribe the inordinate life of *Nero*, and of thoſe in his Court who did conform themſelves to his example to partake of his favours. He ſpeaketh of ſome men who were faln into a reprobate ſenſe, & who had changed the order of nature, and their ſex, by moſt infamous luſts, being filled with all Iniquity, with Riot, Covetouſneſs, Detraction, Envy, Murder, Debate, Deceit, and Malice, Whiſpering, Deſpiteful, Curſing, Proud, Arrogant, Inventers of evil things, Diſobedient to their parents without Underſtanding, without Order, without Affection, without Fidelity, without Compaſſion: And this moſt clearly is manifeſted in all the Deportments of this moſt infamous Emperour, who was the monſter of men. And we of neceſſity muſt affirm, that it is the manifeſt choler of heaven, and a ſcourge, enough to exterminate mankind from the earth, when a wicked and a licentious life is joyned with the heighth of Power, which giveth as much force to wickedneſs as it takes off from the ſtrength and execution of the Laws. It is not my deſign to ſtretch forth that in words which might be ſpoken of *Nero*, but to make a ſhort Collection of the manners of his own perſon and his Court, that the Readers might obſerve on what ſtuffe *Seneca* and S. *Paul* did work, and what were their proceedings and ſucceſs.

The birth and education of *Nero*.

In the ſeven and thirtieth year of our Saviour, this prince (fatal to the ruine of the Empire) was born on the fifth of *December*, betwixt ſeven and eight of the clock in the morning; he came into the world with his feet foremoſt, contrary to the order of nature; he took all the vices of his anceſtours and did partake of none of all their virtues. On the Fathers ſide he was deſcended from the *Domitians* ſirnamed *Barbaroſſa*, whom the *Romans* vulgarly called *Braſſe-beards*; & it was one of his anceſtours unto whom the Oratour in choler did reply, That it was no marvel that he had a Beard of Braſs, ſince Nature had given him a Mouth of Iron, and a Heart of Lead. His grandfather was a fiery man, cruel, & prodigal, and ſo amorous of playes, that he cauſed the Ladies of *Rome* to aſcend the Theatre, and to act the Comedies themſelves. He gave alſo the combate of the Gladiatours, performed with ſo much cruelty, that *Auguſtus Ceſar* was conſtrained to ſtop it by his Edicts. His father *Domitius* was deteſtable over all his life, inſolent, furious, who with his own hand did ſtab one of his Free-men to death, becauſe he would not be drunk; & in the pride of heart made his caroach to paſs over a little child in the ſtreet; & quarelling with a Knight of *Rome* he cauſed one of his eys to be pulled out. Beſides his cruelty, he was a man without faith, without probity without honeſty, who deceived all his creditours, mocked all the world, and ſecretly abuſed his own ſiſter. His wife was named *Agrippina*, ſhe was daughter to *Germanicus* of the Bloud of the *Ceſars*, but of an evil ſpirit, and proſtituted to all manner of vices. And it is no marvel, that *Domitius* father to *Nero*, (when much joy was wiſhed him on the birth of his ſon) did make anſwer, that there needed not ſuch acclamations, for nothing could be born from him & *Agrippina*, but what ſhould be pernicious to the Empire. Not long after, this unfortunate man did dy, conſued with diſeaſes that attended his filthy life, & left behind him his ſon three years of age, who ſaw his mother baniſhed & being deſtitute of means was brought up in the houſe of his Aunt *Lepida*, under the diſcipline of a dancer and a barber who did corrupt his ſpirit with the firſt impreſſions of vice, wch from his birth he was too much diſpoſed to receive. The times changing, his mother returned into favour, & by her charms prevailed upon the ſpirit of the Emperour *Claudius* the ſucceſſour of *Caligula*, a ſimple and a ſtupid man, who eſpouſed this dangerous woman, who afterwards poiſoned him by a potion, and ſo placed her own ſon on the Throne of the

The perfidiouſneſs of his mother.

Ceſar's.

Cæsars. And although the Astrologians had foretold her that he should be Emperour, and withall the murtherer of his mother, she made nothing of it, and thought it no hard bargain to buy the Empire with her own blood, saying, Let him Reign, and let him kill me.

By the artifices of this wicked woman, *Nero* was saluted Emperour in the seventeenth year of his age with a marvellous applause, and in the publick acclamations honoured with all great Names and specious Titles, all which he received, saving, onely that of *Father of his Country*, saying, He was too young to have so many children. He was very tractable in his youth, upright, gentle, discreet, well-spoken, and demeaned himself for the first five years very worthily under the conduct of *Seneca*. But when he approached to the one and twentieth year of his age, the ingredients of vice, which, with his birth he brought into the world, the base education in his infancy, the heat of his youth, the delights of the Court, and (which is the greatest of all temptations) the power to do all, did weigh down the Philosophy and the Instructions of *Seneca*, who proved by experience, That there is nothing more difficult then to perswade those to virtue whom too much power had put in the possession of all vices. His deboistness began by the ill examples which he learned in his infancy, which were altogether unbeseeming his person: he became a Tumbler, a Puppet-player, a Comedian, a Waggoner, a Songster, and a Minstrel, not for Recreation but to make a publick profession of it, to dispute with the Masters of those faculties, and to abandon all the affairs of peace and Warre to be vacant to those exercises; insomuch, that he made it more to out-act a Comedian on the Stage, then to gain a Battel in the Field. He was also a Night-walker, and gave, and sometimes received many sore blows which did not permit him to pass unknown.

From hence he laid himself open to most extravagant profuseness, insomuch, that he gave to Tumblers the patrimonies of Consuls, and made the funerals of some inconsiderable men to equal the Magnificence of the Obsequies of Kings; he never did wear the most gorgeous garments longer then one day. He did build his Palaces with so much cost, as if he would dispend on them onely all the wealth of *Rome*. When he travelled, he would be followed with a thousand Caroches, and his Mules were all shod with silver He made his Hall after the form of the Firmament, where the Vault being of Gold intermingled with Azure, and illuminated with counterfeit Starres did roul continually over his head, and rained on him showers of flowers, and waters of a most exquisite smell. There would he dine from noon till midnight in the riot of execrable services. He had a touch in his tender age of the vices of wantonness, luxury, avarice and cruelty, but being in the beginning, it was with some shame concealed in private.

But in the end he took off that mask by an open and inordinate dissoluteness, which knew no restraint. He was of belief that there was not one chaste person in the world, and took great pleasures in those who did repeat their filthiness to him. There was never man more abandoned to all manner of uncleanness without distinction of kindred, Sex, time, place, or man-hood. There was not one part in all his body that was not sacrificed to dishonesty: his polluted spirit made him invent those abominations, which are not to be endured by chaste ears, and with which I will not defile my paper.

The excess of his insolencies did at last render him odious to those who were most near unto him, and when they gently told him of his extravagancies, he would leap into a fury, and made a crime of their virtue who did best advise him. He filled up the apprentiship of his enormities with the death of *Britannicus*, a young Prince the son of the Emperour *Claudius*, and brother to his wife *Octavia*, in which he imployed the most famous Sorceress of *Rome* named *Locusta* who prepared the poyson, and made an assay on it before him on a sucking pig, who died immediately: now finding it for his turn, caused it to be served to his brother as he dined at the table with him. The malignity of the poyson was so piercing, that in an houre after, he fell dead at the feet of his mother and his sister, who were both present at this tragick spectacle. *Nero*, to excuse himself, said, That it was the effect of a great sickness to which he had been subject from his cradle, and that they ought to be of comfort. But the Princesses concealing their imagination for fear of provoking his rage, did manifestly perceive that he sowed those seeds of his murther, which he would afterwards continue in his Family.

His cruelty towards *Britannicus*.

It is almost impossible to believe the tender affection with which he prosecuted his mother *Agrippina*. He sometimes did give to the Souldiers that did guard his body for their word, *The good Mother*. He could not live without her. He did put into her hands the most delicate interest of all his Affairs, and desired that all things should stoop to her Authority. The mother also did endeavour by all possible artifices to tie her self unto his person, even unto the using of Charms; for it is most certain that she gave him the skin of a Serpent incloſed in a Bracelet of gold, which he carried ordinarily about him, & afterwards in despite did lay it by, & did look for it not long before his death but could not finde it. The endearments of this *Agrippina* were too fond, and her kisses more hot then belonged to a mother.

The love to his mother degenerated to misprision.

Seneca was amazed at the horrour of it, and to avoid a greater evil, he procured a young maiden named *Acta*, who otherwise was a slave that came from *Asia*, but very beautiful, to serve as a Love for *Nero*, and to divert him from that infamous passion towards his mother, in which he demean'd himself as *Lot*, who presented his daughters to the *Sodomites* to avoid the greater fury of their brutish lust. This *Acta* played her part so well by the counsel of *Seneca*, that mingling with her familiarities the considerations of State, she gave *Nero* to understand that his great privaces with *Agrippina* would render him contemptible to the Great ones of his Empire, and to all his Subjects, and would also give an advantage of power to his mother, which she would abuse to his own destruction.

Seneca by a less evil diverts a greater.

He believed her, and became very amorous of her, and that so furiously, that he intended to prepare a *Genealogy* for her, in which, he would make her to be descended from the Kings of *Asia*, and afterwards would marry her. His mother was as much enraged on the other side, that a Slave was become her rival, her choler did so much boil over, that she made horrible threatnings what she would say, and what she would do: She would go to the Army, she would complain to the Senate, she would discover the disasters of her infortunate house, and the empoysonings by which she had ravished the Diadem which belonged to the sons of *Claudius* her husband, to put on the head of ingrateful *Nero*.

His mother inraged.

Nero whether he would appease her or else deride her, did send her a gown of the antient Emperours which was very rich, but quite out of fashion; at which

Nero's present to his mother.

which ;she was much incenſed, and ſaid ſhe was no Comedian to be dreſt in ſuch habiliments as thoſe ; and that he ought not but give one part to her from whom he received the whole,ſhe would ſee ſhe ſaid if ſo poor a fellow as *Burrus* was, or ſuch a pedantick as was *Seneca*,ſhould govern the world at their pleaſure in the diſgrace of the bloud of the *Caſar's*. Sometimes again ſhe would diſplay her ſelf ſo weakly,that ſhe would offer her ſelf to be a procurer of Loves for her ſon,and to hide in her own cabinet; nay , in her own breaſt , whatſoever he would keep ſecret.

The fond love of parents chaſtened by God in their children.

Behold how God doth puniſh all fond affections and wickedneſſes by thoſe themſelves who have received the profit from their poyſons ! What ſhall this miſerable mother do ? She is no more in a condition to give content if there came by the by any ſmall re-accomodation in their freindſhips, it was but langoiſhing and of a ſhort continuance. *Nero* deſired nothing more then to eſchew her company, & if he was obliged to ſee her,it was with a Complement as cold as ice ; he would kiſs her indeed, but rather out of ceremonies then out of love , and would immediately forſake her.

Suet. ca. 35. in *Nerone.*

It is recorded, that beholding her ſelf altogether miſpriſed, her fury provoked her to love a young Prince(on his mother ſide of the bloud of *Auguſtus*) named *Plantius*,whom ſhe ſerved for the ſatisfaction of her deſires , and to find a ſubject to embroil the ſeat. This was brought to the ears of the Prince who began to ſtartle at the apprehenſion of it, and could not be at reſt until he was rid of them both. He killed *Plantius* having firſt violated his body and took a diſmal reſolution to infold his mother in the ſame calamity.

The horrible attẽpt of *Nero* upon his mother.

After a faint reconcilement which continued for a few dayes,he ſent her a letter full of fine Complements,inviting her to *Baja* whence he then took his pleaſures. *Ariſtotle* ſaith, That women are naturally credulous , eſpecially when they have ſomething ſent them to amuſe their paſſion. She immediately prepared to come to him,who was as ready to entertain her,and brought her to *Baula* where was his houſe of pleaſure.He had a deſire to poyſon her as he did his brother *Britannicus* , but he knew ſhe had an eye always open for her own preſervation, and had with her, antidotes to divert the operation of any poyſon.

Therefore he conſulted to put her to death on the ſea,which is the field of dangers,where there is more of the effect and leſs of the ſuſpicion. To accomodate her on her return,he cauſed a põpous veſſel to be prepared,the deck whereof was to fall down by artifice,and charge was given to diſloyal *Anicetus* , who was to conduct it, to put the device in practice, and to drown the barge. In the mean time he entertained the Queen in his Palace of delight , with incomparable chear. He would place her at the table above him ; he would comport and comply with her in a gallant & graceful poſture ; ſometimes he would whiſper ſome ſoft words in her ear ; ſometimes he would openly renew the tenderneſs of his firſt love, and ancient confidence ; he ſerved her both with the gentle and with the ſerious,to give her full ſatisfaction : ſhe poor woman in long draughts drank deeply of the ſweets of thoſe poyſonous endearments,and found her heart much inlarged at ſo unexpected a change. At the hour of her departure he would conduct her to the boat,and entertain her with ſugered words,telling her, that he would not live but onely for her love,and that the greateſt and the moſt acceptable office that ſhe could do him , was to be chearful,and to have a particular care of her health. He ſeemed to look upon her with raviſhments , whether it were to put the better countenance on his perfidiouſneſs , or whether he were touched in mind at the near misfortune of his mother, who being made a lamentable ſacrifice was going now inſenſibly to her death. At parting,he was not onely content to kiſs her mouth , but taking her in his arms ,he in a lovers complement did embrace her, and omitted nothing to cover his horrible deſign.

She entred into the barge in the evening : The ſea was calm , the winds had fallen aſleep upon it. The ſky was full of ſtars , as if it had opened all its eyes to behold the ſpectacle which it ought to revenge upon the Authour. *Agrippina* had two Gentlemen which ſate on each ſide of her, and a Lady on whom ſhe much relyed , named *Acroceraunia*,who was placed at her feet , who entertained her with the rehearſal of many of the late paſſages at Court,and the obligations and the proteſtations of her ſon , vvhen (behold) the ſign being given , the roof of the cabbin in which they were being covered with weights of lead (with which their treaſon overcharged it) did fall down , and killed one of the Gentlemen,and wounded *Agrippina* on the ſhoulder. The Ingineers who undertook the charge that the deck ſhould fall directly down(being troubled in their conſciences , or counterchecked by thoſe who knew nothing of the game they were to play) did not perform it with that dexterity as was pretended but gave leiſure to thoſe whom they would deſtroy to provide for their ſafety. *Acroceraunia* beholding her ſelf in that danger, cryed out that ſhe was the mother of the Emperour , and that they ſhould make haſte to preſerve her which was the occaſion of her death , for immediately on thoſe words ſhe was killed with blows of the poles and oars.

Agrippina beholding this goodly pageant , and being moſt aſſured that it was a deſign of her ſons, had yet ſuch a command over her paſſion that ſhe ſpake not one word, & was ſaved by the ſwimming of one of thoſe who were not of the Conſpiracy. The Frigots made to receive her , and to convey her to her own houſe which was not far off. The amazement of the accident did not ſo abate her ſpirits, but ſhe ſent to *Nero* to acquaint him, That the Gods & the good fortune of her Son had delivered her frõ a great danger,but ſhe deſired him not to take the pains to viſit her, nor to ſend any of his ſervants to her ,becauſe ſhe deſired to take her reſt.

The amazement of *Nero.*

The diſmal Prince who every moment attended the iſſue of this moſt execrable enterpriſe,was much amazed to underſtand that ſhe had eſcaped the danger,and counterfeited that the meſſenger whom his mother had ſent was an Aſſaſſinate imployed to murder him.He awaked *Seneca* and *Burrus* to demand their counſel,and did remonſtrate to them the danger in which he was, if he ſhould not throughly accompliſh what he had ſo ill begun. Theſe two great perſonages did look on one another,being unvvilling to diſſvvade him vvithout effect,or to conſent unto it by reaſon of the horrour of it. *Seneca*, to vvhom the fluencies of Language were never before vvanting,held his eys fixed on *Burrus* Captain of the Life-guard, as if vvithout ſpeaking to him he would ask him if he had not ſouldiers enough of his company to execute that which ſhould be conceived to be expedient : but *Burrus* did prevent him, & told the Emperour, that the men under his command were too much affectionate to the Bloud of the

the *Cæsars* to undertake so hardy an Enterprise. They both had a desire to divert him from so bad a deed for the want of an undertaker.

The death of *Agrippina.*

But the detestable *Anicetus*, Admiral of the Fleet, did again present himself to put the last hand unto the massacre. He immediately with some souldiers did transport himself to *Agrippina*'s Castle; he broke open the gates, and found her in bed forsaken of all the world. As soon as she beheld three frightful faces to enter into her Chamber, she spake courageously to them, & told them, if they came to give her a complement, that she had no need of it, and if they had any other design, she believed her Son was not so wicked as to command her murther. These Villains without answering one word, did begin the assassinate; one struck her with a Truncheon, another had his Sword at her bleeding breast, to whom she cried out and only said, *The Belly, Souldier, the Belly that did bear the Monster.* After which she gave up the ghost, her body being hacked with many wounds. Her Corps was burned that very night, and one of her Servants killed her self before the Funeral pile, either for fear of the Son, or for grief of the Mother. Howsoever, *Nero* caused a Declaration to be published, in which, not without horrour to the Readers, he laid all the fault upon his Mother; and after this, he had never any rest, for he dreamed almost every night that he saw his mother calling him down to Hell, and beheld unnumbred Furies tormenting him in the flames thereof.

Nero continueth his Cruelties.

For all this, he desisted not from the nature of a Tyger, but to the massacre of his mother he added the murther of his wife *Octavia*, the most innocent Princess on earth. The cause of it was, one *Otho*, a companion of his deboistness had taken from *Crispus*, a man of quality, his *Poppea*, and in a fury (such as *Nero*'s himself) had espoused her. He told *Nero* so many wonders of the pleasures of his marriage, that he gave him a desire to tast them, thinking it would be a means to raise him to a higher dignity: but the event was, that the Lady perceiving her self to be beloved of the Emperour, did totally devote her self unto him, and did advise him to send her husband into *Portugal* under the colour of Ambassadour.

He falls in love with *Poppea*, and estrangeth himself from his wife *Octavia.*

This cunning woman had a commanding beauty, a sweet and pleasing voice, and incomparable attractions and allurements. She did lead *Nero* as a child, and observing him so violently enamoured of her, she would be his Mistriss without a Paramour, and would not permit his own wife to partake of his bed. For which purpose she contrived a detestable plot, and caused the virtuous Empress to be accused for prostituting her self to a Player on the Flute, who by his birth was an *Alexandrian*; an accusation which could not be spoken without the absolute dislike of all good men, nor believed by any but ignorant and depraved persons.

Nevertheless, *Tigillinus* the most intimate with *Nero*, who was a great stickler in the marriage with *Poppea*, caused the men and maid-servants of the Princess to be examined; some of whom being torn upon the Rack, did in the extremity of the torment let fall some untruths to deliver themselves from the intolerable pain: others continued constant; and there was a maid-servant of that courage, that being in the midst of all her torments, she said to infamous *Tigellinus*; *Know, Executioner, that there is not one part in all the body of my Mistriss, but it is more chast then thy mouth.*

There being not proofs sufficient to destroy her, *Nero* was content to send her away into one of his houses, and to be divorced from her under the pretence of barrenness. Not long after, she was removed thence and kept under guard, and was afterwards called back to *Rome*, to appease the trouble which the absence of so illustrious and so virtuous a Lady had caused. She was received with great applause of all the City, which so alarm'd the spirit of *Poppea*, that she threw her self at *Nero*'s feet, and did remonstrate to him; "That he should take no "more care for his loves, but for his life; and that "this return did tend to nothing else but to ruine "him with her self, and to make them both fall un"der the fury of the people. That this was not it "which she had deserved of his friendship; and if "he had rather advance in his Palace the Child of a "player on the Flute, then to have from her a le"gitimate heir; that he would give her leave to de"part in a good hour; and that she would look "out her husband *Otho* in whatsoever place of the "world she could find him.

She used such and so many attractions, so many counterfeit tears, such sweetnesses, and such rigours of love, that she prevailed with detestable *Nero*, who (by *Anicetus*, the same man who before killed his mother) did raise a horrible calumny against the honour of his wife, and caused this instrument of the Devil to affirm, that he had played with the Empress; on which he caused her to be banished, and poor *Octavia* as a guilty person, did suffer under that wicked sentence, and was banished into the Isle of *Pandaluria*: and because *Poppea* could not sleep in quiet with *Nero*, as long as *Octavia* was alive, he filled up his cruelty, and by a most unworthy death he sacrificed her to the appetite of that most bold woman, whom afterwards he killed with a spurn of his foot on the end of his life and of his Empire.

A horrible calumny.

My Pen is weary to describe so many horrours, and doth go over them as on so many burning coals, but (my Reader) it is to represent unto you, that this pernicious caytiff causing the poyson of his evil actions to diffuse it self into the veins of all the City of *Rome*. The world was in its heighth of iniquity, when S. *Paul* and *Seneca* (meeting together at one time) did endeavour to cure the maladies of this wicked Court, the one by Philosophy, the other by the Gospel. Behold here the manners, learning, abilities, and the success, both of the one and of the other.

Who hath not *Seneca* in veneration (a good Authour saith) hath not the understanding of a reasonable man. He is known by all knowing men in his Writings, and mis-known by some in his Manners and in his Life. *Suillius*, a *Roman* Advocate, accused for corruption and banished by the counsel of *Seneca*, at what time he was employed in the government of Affairs, did write a defaming Book against that great Personage, which two *Greek* Historians, but men of small judgment, *Dion*, and *Xiphiline* have followed, and in many things have blamed him with as much passion as impertinence. This Opinion hath infected divers spirits, who, either for want of capacity or application, do discourse unto us of *Seneca*, as of a man quite contrary to his Books, which hath made me diligently to examine his Life, to take away the abuse and to give you an Idea of that puissant Genius with as much clearness as sincerity.

Johannes Saresburiensis.

From whence proceeded the calumnies against *Seneca.*

Know then that he was a *Roman* by his Extract and bloud. He was born at *Corduba* a City in *Spain*, which was then under the Empire of *Rome* and full of *Italians*, who being born almost in all the parts

His birth.

of the world, were yet born within the Circle of their Empire. His father was of an ordinary family, a Gentleman of no great account, removed from the observation of the world, and as far from command as from ambition, addicted above all things to the ſtudy of Eloquence, reaſonably learned, but of an admirable memory; for having but once heard them, he would readily rehearſe two thouſand names, and two hundred verſes. His mother was named *Helvia*, one of the moſt beautiful women in the Empire, full of underſtanding and judgment, of a high virtue and a rare modeſty; ſhe had ſome knowledge in letters, and an extraordinary capacity to increaſe that knowledge, if time and cuſtome had given her leave to take an advantage of it. His elder brother was called *Novatus* or *Gallion*, and had a great command in the Empire. His younger brother was named *Mela*, a man far from ambition, who lived in the houſe, and ſtudied Eloquence with his Father, who in that regard did preſer him in his own judgment above his brothers.

His Education and Spirit.

But *Seneca* was nouriſhed and advanced in *Rome* in the time of *Auguſtus Cæſar*; he received his firſt elements of learning under the Diſcipline of his father, and afterwards ſtudied Philoſophy under *Attalus* and *Socion*. In his firſt years he made the vigour of his Spirit, the force of Eloquence, and the abundance of Learning, to appear ſo fully in him, that he was admired by the moſt knowing men. But that great ſpirit did by degrees conſume his body which was lean and thin, and troubled with defluxions and the ptiſick, which would have brought him to his grave, if the cruelty of *Nero* had not prevented it.

The fury of *Caligula* againſt him.

He was obliged to make an Oration in publick before *Caligula* the Emperour, concerning which that monſter in nature who could not endure any thing that was great and praiſeful, and by a malignity of manners, envied all profeſſours of Learning, did pronounce aloud that he had too much ſpirit, and that they muſt kill him; which had preſently been put in execution, if one of the Miſtriſſes of the Emperour, who knew *Seneca*, and favoured him for his Eloquence, had not perſwaded him, that he was not worth killing, a lean poor fellow, and one whom death would ſuddenly of it ſelf take away from the world. Howbeit, he lived many years afterwards, and increaſed in knowledg as in age, and as much in Eloquence as in them both, attending a more favourable time to make a manifeſtation of it.

Claudius ſucceeded the Emperour *Caligula* who was not a man for *Seneca*, and though he was indued with extraordinary qualities for a Courtier, yet the favour of the times did not much ſmile upon them. His clear ſpirit and his brave works made him to be known in the houſe of *Germanicus*, a Prince of the Bloud, who was poyſoned in the flower of his age, and left behind him children of great conſideration, namely, two Princeſſes who made themſelves diverſly talked of in *Rome*; the one was *Julia*, the other *Agrippina*, the mother of *Nero*. This *Julia* took an affection to *Seneca*, being much pleaſed with the beauty of his ſpirit, and the grace of his diſcourſe. He daily frequented the houſe of *Germanicus*, being no leſs in diſcretion then in favour, and wiſely judged that theſe two high-born Princeſſes might one day contribute to the making of his fortunes.

Dion doth diſtinguiſh them in his 9. Book and *Suetonius* chap. 29.

But the Court is an uncertain ſea where ſometime a tempeſt doth ariſe when a calm is expected. The favour of *Julia*, in the ſtead of advancing *Seneca*, did ſuppreſs him, and did almoſt overwhelm him without any hope of riſing again, although in the end it was in effect the cauſe of all his reputation. It came to paſs that *Meſſalina* the wife to the Emperour *Claudius*, the moſt infatiable woman in her luſts that Nature ever produced, did conceive an enraged hatred againſt the houſe of *Germanicus*, and eſpecially againſt the Princeſs *Julia*, becauſe ſhe was highly eſteemed for her rare beauty; and the high ſpirit of *Meſſalina* could not endure that any Lady ſhould be praiſed at Court for her beauty, but her ſelf. Beſides, ſhe perceived that her husband, whom ſhe abſolutely governed, did make very much of that young Princeſs; ſhe therefore cauſed her to be falſly accuſed for proſtituting her honour, and procured her to be baniſhed the Court. An inquiry was made after thoſe who did frequent her houſe: *Seneca* was named amongſt the foremoſt, and by calumny invelopped in the ſame accuſation, whether it was ſuſpected that he had treated of love with her, or whether it was thought that he was an accomplice in her exceſſes, and had flattered her in her paſſion without giving her advice.

Calumny againſt *Julia* and *Seneca*.

It it true that our *Seneca* was then in the flower of his age, and was none of thoſe ſullen and ſtern Stoicks that had put the world into a fright: He had a gentle ſpirit, diſcreet, and agreeable to women; but he was too adviſed to let his paſſions fly ſo high as to commit any looſe act in the houſe of the *Cæſars*. *Dion* his greateſt Enemy doth juſtifie him in this buſineſs, and doth confeſs that all this accuſation was moſt unjuſtly grounded, and that *Meſſalina* was ſo depraved and ſo corrupted with the inordinateneſs of filthy luſts, that no credit was to be given to her.

Nevertheleſs, ſhe ceaſed not to bear down the innocent with the weight of her power; ſhe condemned the Princeſs to baniſhment, and afterwards to death, as *Dion* and *Suetonius* do affirm. It did much afflict her that *Seneca* was alive, who by divers ſentences in the Senate was allotted to death: but the good Emperour *Claudius* was moſt unwilling to extinguiſh in that Spirit, the Glory of Eloquence and of the Empire, deſired his life of the Senate, and was contented that he ſhould be baniſhed into the Iſle of *Corſica*, where at the beginning he was touched with a melancholy amazement to find himſelf ſeparated from the pleaſures of the Court to live amongſt the rocks, and people as ungentle as the rocks; but he imployed all his Philoſophy to comfort himſelf, and to temper the eagerneſs of his fortune with the tranquillity of his mind.

Here his ſpirit being delivered from the noiſe and the tumults of *Rome*, and the ſervitudes of the Court, did altogether reflect upon it ſelf, and found there thoſe Lights and thoſe Treaſures which before lay undiſcovered to him. Tribulation is to men as a ſpur to incite them to the production of brave works and of generous actions; and this appeared in *Seneca*, who in this place of baniſhment did write moſt excellent Treatiſes, neither did his converſation with thoſe rude inhabitants alter the graces or the beauty of his language. He treated there with the Intelligences, and dived into the Contemplation of the World: He took off the vail from Nature that ſhe might the better be ſeen in her Majeſty. Howſoever in that ſolitary place he had ſometimes his hours of affection, beholding himſelf ſevered from his Mother whom he tenderly loved, and whom, in that affliction, he comforted with a Letter which might paſs for a good Book. He paſſionately deſired the Company of

Seneca baniſhed to *Corſica* where he compoſed excellent works.

of his brothers, and some personages of Honour who loved him with as much sincerity as profession.

There was some that think it strange in *Seneca* that he should desire and endeavour his return, and that in his consolatory letter to *Polybius*, he did write the praises of the Emperour *Claudius* who did banish him. But have not they something to do who exact more perfection in *Seneca*, a man at that time of the world, then is required in a Prophet: where is the bird that doth not sometimes beat his bill against the cage to find out the door to his liberty? *Jeremy* was exceeding patient, and yet he humbly besought K. *Zedekiah* to draw him out of prison where he had suffered much, and much feared that he should be committed again unto it. Doth not S. *Paul* say that liberty is better then slavery, and that one is to be supported by necessity, and the other to be procured by reason. What fault hath *Seneca* done, that in his exile he wrote unto *Polybius* (a great favourite) a letter consolatory on the death of his brother, and inserted in it a few good words to appease the Emperour. Should he have spared a period or two to deliver himself from a banishment where he had continued for the space of 8 years? I should no way approve him for bestowing flatteries on a wicked man, which should be an act unworthy of a Philosopher; for a generous spirit had better to endure the extremity of evil then praise a tyrant, and give applauses to his person. You may observe how carefull he is in that Tract to give not so much as one Complement to *Messalina*, who was a very bad woman, although she had the command of all; he onely praised an Emperour who in that time wherein he wrote his Consolation to *Polybius*, was in good reputation, and made the face of the Empire look far otherwise then it did in the Reign of *Caligula* his predecessour. He is so discreet, that all the praises he doth give him, are no more then wishes.

Seneca did well to desire and procure his liberty.

The excellent Complement of *Seneca*.

Let the Powers of Heaven preserve him long on earth; Let him surmount the years and the acts of Augustus; *and as long as he shall be mortall, let there not any die in his house. Let him give us a long son to be Master of the Roman Empire, having approved him by his long fidelity; And let him have him rather for his Colleague then for his Successour. (Afterwards he addresseth himself to Fortune, and speaketh unto her,) Take heed, O Fortune, how thou makest thy approaches to him. Let not thy power be seen in his person but by thy bounties. Let him redresse the calamities of mankind, and re-establish all that which the fury of his Predecessour hath ruined and made desolate. Let that fair Star which is risen when the world was falling into the Abysmes, continue alwayes to illuminate the Universe. Let him pacifie* Germany, *and let him open* England. *Let him gain and surmount the Triumphs of his Father. His Clemency, which is the first of his Virtues, doth promise that I shall not be a Spectatour onely, and that he hath not cast me down, to raise me up no more. But why say I cast down? he hath upheld me from the hour that I fell into my misfortune; When they would have thrown me headlong down, he interposed; and by the moderation of his divine hands he laid me gently on the earth. He hath entreated the Senate for me, and not content himself to give me life, he hath desired it of others that I might enjoy the Grant with more assurance. Let him deal with me as he pleaseth, I assure my self that his Justice will find my cause to be good, or his Clemency will make it so. It is all one to me whether I am judged not guilty by his Equity, or whether I am made innocent by his Bounty. In the mean time I rejoyce in my miseries with a sensible consolation to see the course of his Mercy which goes through the Universe, and which every day doth call forth the Banished from this little corner of the earth in which I am buried alive. I have that hope that his Mercy will not come to me, to go beyond me, and to leave me to die in this place. He knoweth the time in which he will relieve those whom he pleaseth, and I must leave that to his Dispensation; onely I shall endeavour not to render my self unworthy of his Benefits, and I will provide in some sort that his Goodness shall not blush to have made its approaches to me. How happy, O* Cæsar, *is your Clemency! under whom the Banished do live more contented, then Kings did heretofore under your Predecessour.*

Behold here the finest Complement that ever proceeded from the mouth of man, and he who well observes it, will find nothing of sordid flattery in it. And that the Reign of *Claudius*, compared to that of *Caligula*, doth go so far beyond it, as silver surpasseth lead. Yet for all those fair words, *Claudius* did nothing for him as long as *Messalina* did manage the heighth of the Affairs, and till after his *Polybius*, who suffered himself to sink into that infamy, as to be numbred in the List of the Adulterers with the Empress, was disgraced, and condemned to death: not long after which, this prostituted Woman having wearied both heaven and earth with her filthiness, did incense her husbands Patience into a Rage, who caused her to pass under the edge of the sword.

The revolution at Court, and the return of the banished.

Agrippina, widow to *Domitius* the Father of *Nero*, returned then to the Court, having absented her self long from it by reason of the misfortune of her sister *Julia*; she knew so well to cajole the Emperour, that he espoused her as I have mentioned before. The first action she did, and for which she was praised by all the world, was her revoking of *Seneca* to *Rome* from the Isle of *Corsica*: immediately afterwards, she committed the charge of her son *Nero* into his hands, who was then eleven years of age, and finding him to be a man of a choice spirit, she took a resolution to make one day use of his service in the management of the affairs of State.

Seneca returns into high repute.

To speak sincerely of the manners of *Seneca*, he had a great and a gallant soul, and dispositions to a high virtue; he was neither guilefull, nor wilfull, nor malicious, nor cruel, nor voluptuous; and I do strongly believe, that of a Gentleman he was the best man of that Age. Also *Cornelius Tacitus*, who concealeth no evil that he knows, and oftentimes doth divine on that of the which he is not throughly informed, doth never speak of *Seneca* but with honour, as a wise and sober man, and moderate in his passions. And Saint *Hierome* himself doth witnesse, that he was a most continent person, which may suffice to disabuse those who suffer themselves to be amazed with the Rapsodies of *Dion*.

The manners of *Seneca*.

Without all doubt he had something in his soul as religious as it was great, which did not content it self with words but did proceed to actions; And this did easily appear in his youth, for when so many gentlemen of *Rome* did resort to the Universities of the Philosophers, some for the wantonness of sport, others to see fashions, others to carry away some fine sentence in their Table-book, and by that

means to get some esteem in conversation, *Seneca* addressed himself unto them to learn and to practise virtue. When he intended to speak of Riches, of Solitude, of Chastity, of Sobriety, he found his heart inflamed, and he would have lived altogether a retired life, if the great qualities wherewith God had endued him, had not imbarked him in the Affairs of the Court.

It is a wonder that amongst so great a confluence at the Court, he always observed that austere life which he practised in his infancy. He did never eat of any Delicacies which do serve only to flatter the appetite, and did content himself with the most simple Viands. He never drank any Wine, he used altogether cold Baths, he did not care for perfumes, he oftentimes would lie on the ground upon a poor Mattress, where no print of his body was to be seen, so hard it was. He also sometimes did abstain from food, and he found it good for him, and all his lifetime he had practised it, if his Father had not expressly commanded him to the contrary, because in Epist. 108. the reign of *Tiberius*, there was a sect of strangers condemned at *Rome*, who made a profession of certain Abstinences. Some are of opinion that he did speak of Christians, but they were neither known nor persecuted under the Emperour *Tiberius*. For the rest, all his Train were carried in one Caroach, which oftentimes was out of order; and instead of lovely Pages and Minions, he was served by men only, and small was the Retinue that attended on him.

He received all things that were given him with facility, and complained not of any thing: He took no offence at the reports and slanders of men, and pardoned many other inconveniencies, he had an honest heart and full of love to those to whom he professed love: he was tender of compassion on the behalf of the poor, and a hater of covetousness. After he had satisfied the Affairs of the Empire, he took no pleasures at all but in Contemplation and Study, Books being unto him as necessary as his bread. His table was moderate, his discourse affable, his life innocent, and his conversation most attractive. Amongst other things, he would be angry with himself for not having professed Virtue openly enough, and for reflecting his thoughts on the considerations of the World: and in modesty he would say, that he aspired always to the heighth of Virtue, and nevertheless he still found himself to be in the center of Vices. Those who condemn him without knowing what he was, would think that they themselves did great penance if they should live after the manner of *Seneca*. He was with *Nero* five or six years before he was made Emperour, and so med his Infancy with excellent Instructions: in the mean time *Agrippina* did the fatal act, as I have spoken and poisoned *Claudius* her husband to devolve the Empire on her son, who was elected by the general consent of all the States.

It is too true that *Seneca* found himself overcharged with joy at so great a change, and at that time a little forgat the severity of a Philosopher, when he composed a railing Book on the death of *Claudius*, which he called *Apocolocyntkosis*; as if he should have said, Divinity acquired by the means of a Drug, alluding to that he was numbred in the Catalogue of the Gods, being preferred to Heaven by poyson. Some believe that he composed that Book as well to revenge himself for the death of his dear Benefactor *Julia*, and for the affliction of his long banishment, as to rejoyce his Scholar *Nero* who took great pleasure in it. But in my opinion it is unworthy the gravity of so great a personage: and I know not to what purpose it is to revile the Ashes of the Dead, although it is not forbidden to write a true History to leave a horrour to Posterity in recording the lives of the wicked. This, howsoever may serve for instruction not to play with wasps, or incense those who have the Pen in their hand, and can eternally proscribe their Adversaries.

Seneca made a Libel against *Claudius*.

After this sport he was employed upon the Earnest, and *Agrippina*, Mother of the young Emperour, desiring to confirm her self in the Monarchy, and to govern by her Son, did supply him with two creatures, men of great capacity and fidelity; *Burrus* for Arms, and *Seneca* for Laws. The first, was severe in his conversation, the other, was of a mild and pleasing disposition. They both agreed even to their deaths in the government of the Affairs of State. Then it was, that *Seneca* did enter into those great Employments, and exercised that high wisdom which he had acquired for the Government of the Empire. He began with his Prince, who was the first and the most amiable object of all his troubles: and although at the first he did express himself very tractable and agreeable to all the world, yet *Seneca* perceived in his infancy the marks of a cruel & bloody nature; and told to his intimate Friends that he nourished a young Lion whom he endeavoured to make tractable, but if he should tast once of the blood of men, he would return to his first nature. And this was the occasion that at that time he did write for him the two Divine Books of Clemency, where, with variety of remarkable proofs he doth establish the Excellency, the Beauty, and the profit of candor of Spirit, and the advantage which redounds unto a Prince to govern his Subjects with Bounty and Love. On the contrary, he remonstrates the horrour and disasters of Tyrants, who would prevail by cruelty in the management of their Estates. All his endeavour tended that way, wisely foreseeing that *Nero* would fall into extreme Cruelties, and for that cause he did willingly give way that he should delight himself in Comedies, in Musick, and such Exercises of softness, hoping that in some manner it would make more civil his savage nature. He also composed for him many eloquent Orations, which the young Emperour would pronounce with great grace, to the general admiration both of the Senate and the people.

He is made Minister of State.

His judgment on *Nero*.

He made also many excellent Ordinances, some whereof by the report of *Dion*, were engraved upon a pillar of silver, and were read every year at the renewing of the Senate. He hated all the inventions, the deceits, and tricks of State, as a trade of iniquity, and did ground himself on the eternal principles of Justice, by which he kept the Empire in a profound peace, in great abundance, and a sure felicity. So that in a manner *Frontine* makes a true narration: he saith, that *Seneca* had so redressed all abuses, that it seems he had brought goodness into the Empire, and called the Gods from Heaven to be conversant again with men. In which he made use of the Philosophy of the Stoicks, not that which is so rigid and so sullen, but that which he had tied and seasoned for that design, to give to the world a tast thereof. His opinions for the most part are Rational, Sacred, and Divine.

He put his State in good order.

The Maximes of *Seneca*.

If he speaks of God, it is in the same sense as the Saviour of the world did discover to the *Samaritan*. He professeth openly that God is a Spirit, and that the difference betwixt God and us, is, that the better part of us is Spirit; but that God is all Spirit, most Pure, Eternal, Infinite, the Creatour of the great

Of God.

works

works of nature which we behold with our eys.

Of Religion. If he ſpeaketh of true Worſhip and the moſt ſincere Religion which we ought to imploy to honour and adore the Sovereign King of the Univerſe; he doth ſufficiently declare, that the worſhip of God ought to be in Spirit and in Truth, as our Saviour hath preſcribed. When you figure God (ſaith he) repreſent a great Spirit, but peaceable, and reverend by the ſweetneſs of his Majeſty; a friend to men, and who is always preſent with them, who is not pleaſed with bloudy Sacrifices, for what delight can he take in the butchery of ſo many innocent creatures. The true Sacrifice of the great God, is a pure Spirit, an upright underſtanding of him, and a good Conſcience. We ought not to heap ſtones upon ſtones to raiſe a Temple to him, for what need hath he of it: the moſt agreeable Temple that we can build for God, is to conſecrate him in our hearts. *Lactantius* hath ſo much eſteemed of this paſſage, that in the fifth Book of his Inſtitutions he doth oppoſe it to the Gentiles as a buckler of our Chriſtianity.

Lactan. div. Inſtit. lib. 6. cap. 25.

Of the divine preſence Epiſt. 83. If there be a queſtion about the Preſence of God, which above all things the maſters of ſpiritual life do commend in their Inſtructions, he ſaith, that it is to no purpoſe to conceal ones ſelf from man, and that there is nothing hid from God who is preſent in our hearts and in our moſt ſecret thoughts.

Of Providence. If we reſt in the Contemplation of the Divine Providence, which is the foundation of our life, he believeth a Providence which reacheth over all. And in a Tract which he hath compoſed, he pertinently doth anſwer thoſe who are amazed, why Evil arriveth to good people, ſince ſo great and ſo good a God hath a care of their ways. He ſaith, that it is the chaſtiſement of a Father, an exerciſe of Virtue, and that what we take to be a great Evil is oftentimes the occaſion of a great Good; that ſuch is the courſe and order of the world according to the Divine Diſpenſation, to which we ought to ſubmit our ſelves.

Of the Immortality of the Soul. If we conſider the Immortality of the Soul, which is the foundation of our Faith and of all virtuous actions, it is certain that he had a good opinion of it, and profeſſeth in his 102. Epiſtle, that he delighteth not only according to Reaſon to ſearch after the Eternity of the Soul, but to believe it; and he complaineth that a letter received from a friend did interrupt him in that Contemplation, which ſeemed to him ſo palpable, that it was rather to him an agreeable Viſion that he had in a Dream, then any Diſcourſe in Philoſophy. And in the end of the Epiſtle he ſpeaketh of wonders, of the Original of the Soul, and the return of it to God. And in the Preface of the firſt Book of Natural Queſtions, which he did write ſome few years before his death (which makes the truth more remarkable) he ſpeaketh clearly, that the Soul returneth to heaven, if it be well purified from its commerce with earth; that heaven is its true Country and Element; and that it is a great proof of its Divinity, that it delighteth to hear of heavenly things as being the affairs proper to it ſelf.

Juvat de æternitate animarum quærere, imò credere. Epiſt. 102.

We muſt take care not here to judge and condemn *Seneca* on a doubtful word, as when in his Conſolation to *Martia*, he ſaith, that all end by Death, and by Death it ſelf. He only there toucheth of Goods and Evils, of Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, Troubles, and the Cares of this preſent life. It is moſt clear, that there is nothing in that Sentence which derogates from the Immortality of the Soul, becauſe he concludes that Treatiſe with the joys which a happy Soul receiveth in the other life. And it is not from our purpoſe to conſider, that *Seneca* ſometimes in diſputing ſpeaketh by ſuppoſition, according to the Idæa of others, and not according to his own. We cannot know better the opinion of an Authour then by his Actions and his Practiſe; and we obſerve that *Seneca* hath not only profeſſed the Immortality of the Soul by words, but believeth the effect in ſecret; for he reverenced the Souls of great Perſonages, and did believe them to be in heaven, which he teſtified before he received the Chriſtian Faith, when being in a Country-houſe of *Scipio* of *Africa*, he rendred divine honours to his Spirit, proſtrating himſelf at the Altar of his ſepulchre, and perſwading himſelf (he ſaid) that his Soul was in heaven, not becauſe that he was General of the Army, but becauſe he lived an honeſt man, and having infinitely obliged his ingrateful Country, he retired himſelf in a voluntary ſolitude to his own houſe to give no fears and jealouſies of his greatneſs.

Epiſt. 86.

His opinion of the ſovereign good. If we demand where he placed the ſovereign good and the end of Man, we ſhall find that he eſtabliſhed the felicity of this preſent life to live according to Reaſon; and that of the life to come in the re-union of the Soul with its firſt beginning which is God. From this foundation he hath drawn a rule and propoſitions which he hath diſperſed over all his Books, and theſe are to deſpiſe all the goods of the world, Honours, Empires, Riches, Reputation, Pleaſures, gorgeous Habiliments, ſtately Buildings, great Poſſeſſions, Gold, Silver, precious Stones, Feaſts, Theaters, Plays, and to take all things as acceſſory, and to regard them no more then the moveables of an Inne where we are not but as paſſengers. And above all things, to eſteem of virtue, of the mortification of looſe deſires, of contemplation of eternal virtues, of Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance; of Liberality, Benignity; of Friendſhip; of Conſtancy in a good courſe of life; of Patience in Tribulation; of Courage to ſupport Injuries; of Sickneſs, Baniſhment, Chains, Reproaches; of Puniſhments, and of Death it ſelf.

We may affirm, that never any man ſpoke more worthily then he, of all theſe ſubjects. Never Conquerour did ſubdue Nations with more honour, then this great Spirit with a magnificent glory at his feet, hath levelled and ſpurned down all the Kingdoms of Fortune. All that he ſpeaketh is vigorous, ardent, lively. His heart when he did write did inflame his ſtyle to inflame the hearts of all the world. His words followed his thoughts. He did ſpeak in true Philoſophy but as a King, and not as a ſlave to words and periods. His brevity is not without clearneſs. His ſtrength hath beauty, his beauty hath no affectation: he is poliſhed, ſmooth, full, and entire; never languiſhing, impetuous without confuſion; his diſcourſe is tiſſued, yet nothing unmaſculine; invincible in his reaſoning, and agreeable in all things. Howſoever, we ought not to conclude by his Books that he was a Chriſtian, becauſe he wrote them all before he had any knowledge of Chriſtianity, and therefore it is not to be wondred at, if ſometimes he hath Sentences which are not conformable unto our Religion.

The anſwer to the calumniators of *Seneca*. Some one will object that he is admirable in his Writings, but his Works carry no correſpondency with his Pen. This indeed is the abuſe of ſome ſpirits grounded on the calumnies of *Dion* and *Suillius*, which thoſe men may eaſily ſee confuted, who without paſſion will open their eyes unto the truth. He reproacheth him for his great Riches,

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in lands, in gold and silver, and sumptuous moveables, and layeth to his charge that he had 500 beds of Cedar with feet of Ivory. It seems that this slanderer was steward of *Seneca's* house, so curious he was in decyphering his estate. But all this is but a mere invention; for how is it possible that he who according to *Cornelius Tacitus* did not live but onely on fruit, and bread, and water, and who never had any but his wife to eat with him, or two or three friends at most, should have 500 beds of Cedar and Ivory to serve him at his feasts. It is true that he had goods enough, but nothing unjustly gotten; they were the gifts and largesses of the Emperour. And because he had sometimes written that Goods were forbidden to Philosophers, he therefore was content to hold them in servitude and not to be commanded by them. He was overcome by *Nero* to carry some splendour in his house, as being the chiefest of the Estate; and it was put upon him as a sumptuous habit upon some statue. We cannot find that he had ever any children but his Books, or that he made it his study to enrich his Nephews or his Nieces, or to raise a subsistence for his house from the charges, greatnes, and riches of the Empire. He had the smallest train and pomp that possibly could be, and when he had the licence to be at liberty from the Court, he lived in an admirable simplicity; and which is more, he besought *Nero* with much importunity to discharge him from the unprofitable burden of his riches, and to put several stewards into his houses to receive his revenues: but he made answer to him that he did a wrong unto himself to demand that discharge, for he had nothing too much, and that he had in *Rome* many slaves enfranchized who were far more rich then *Seneca*.

Yet for all this Reproach is proved to be unjust, *Dion* proceeds further in his slander, and alledgeth, *That he indeared Queens and Princes to him; for he wrote their Papers, and professed himself a friend to the richest Favourites.* What is this, but to reproach a Courtier with his Trade, his Discretion, his Civility, his Affability which this great personage made very worthily to comply with his Philosophy. *He married an illustrious Lady, and of invaluable wealth.* What! should he being in that high dignity to please *Suillius*, become suitor to some chamber-maid, or for mortifications sake, court some country girle? Ought he to bring such a reproach after him to the Court of the Prince, what sin hath he committed to espouse the most honest Lady in *Rome* called *Paulina*, and to have lived with her in the condition of a good husband, and in a perfect intelligence. *But he made love to the mother of the Emperour.* This slander never came into the thought neither of *Tacitus*, nor *Suetonius*, nor any other Historian who was a man of judgment. It was onely the invention of an Impostor infected with poyson that dreamed of any such thing. *Agrippina* had other manner of gallants and servants then *Seneca* in her Court: she sought not after bodies made thin with abstinence, and manners quite removed from such commerce. In a Court so clear-sighted, there could never be discovered any familiarities which might give the least impression of such a thought, and which would have removed both the one and the other; no, *Seneca* did rather incline too much unto severity then to give any allurements to *Agrippina*.

His falling off from *Agrippina*.

The Glosser yet goes further and saith, *That he was ungratefull to her.* What ingratitude? he always endeavoured to tie the spirits of the mother to the son in a perfect friendship, and did not cease to redress all breaches that might give occasion of offence. But when he observed that *Agrippina* did mount upon the Throne of her son, did give audience to the Ambassadours of the Nations, did visit the Armies; and when he heard her vaunt that the Empire came unto him by her means, and that she would take it away from him when she thought good, he could not digest it. He preserved himself in that fidelity which he had sworn unto the Emperour, but he never counselled him either to remove *Agrippina*, or to displease her. When *Nero* very warmly called him and *Burrhus* together, and in a great fright told them that his mother had conspired against his life, and that he was but a dead man if he did not prevent it, *Seneca* remained so lost in amazement, that in all his life he was never dumb but at that instant. And *Cornelius Tacitus* makes no mention of the least word he did let fall that might witness his consent to so horrible a deed.

He is excusable for making the Declaration.

It is true that he composed the Declaration of *Nero* after his mothers death, but it was by a rigorous necessity. He found himself betwixt two desperate extremities, either to leave the whole Empire at randome, to forsake the Helm and the Vessel in the tempest, and tender his neck to *Nero*, or to find some lenitive to ease the calamities so full of virulence. Some there are that do thus excuse him for it, and say, It was no marvel that he did deport himself in this fashion, because he was near to Princes; and that those who even make a profession of virtue, do study their own preservation, and oftentimes conceal those affairs which they cannot redress.

For my own part, I am of judgment, that great men being in a place where they are obliged to speak, if they should wilfully or timorously hold their peace, do grievously offend God by their silence; and that *Seneca* should rather have died then have adhered to *Nero* polluted with his mothers bloud, and execrable to all the world.

He had before demanded leave to be gone from Court, wisely foreseeing the tempests that follow, but he could not obtain it, nor resist *Nero*, without putting himself in danger of his life. You see there may be a time when an honest man should rather venter his life then give a scandall unto Virtue. But his dissimulation could not help him from being made at last a sacrifice to his most cruel Scholar, as we anon shall declare unto you.

Why *Seneca* having so many gallant qualities did perform so little in the reformation of Manners.

But for the present let us demand and examine the cause, why *Seneca* with so much Power, Authority, Eloquence, Philosophy, and humane Wisdome, did effect so little for the reformation of manners in the Court of *Nero*, and in the City of *Rome*? It is without all doubt that the wisdome of Books was too low for so high a design. We must make use of the grace of Redemption, and the Bloud, and the Gospel of Jesus to redress such lamentable confusions. Let us then behold S. *Paul*, who at the same time did come to plant the Faith in *Rome*, and talked with *Seneca*, and made him to behold more excellent Light in the purity of his Life and Doctrine.

Serrar. Baron. Cornel.

It is not my intention in this place to write at large the life of S. *Paul*, which is already sufficiently known, but particularly to touch on those things which he did at *Rome* when *Seneca* was in the government of the Affairs of the Empire. Nevertheless, it is expedient to make a short recapitulation of the Times and the Voyages of this great Apostle, to understand the occasion that did bring him to *Rome*, and what he there did practise for the advancement of the Faith.

S. *Paul* came to *Rome*.

S. *Paul* being born in the second or third year of our

S. Paul, came to Rome.

our Saviour, was miraculouſly converted to the Chriſtian Religion in the three and thirtieth year of his age. By his Extraction, he was a *Jew* born in the City of *Tarſus*, in the Province of *Cilicia*, where was a flouriſhing Univerſity, from which came *Antipater*, *Archidemus*, *Artemidorus*, *Diogenes*, and *Diodorus*. But S. *Paul*, although he took his birth in the air of the Philoſophers, and had ſome tincture of their Principles, did not amuſe himſelf on the Philoſophy of the *Gentiles*, but retiring to *Jeruſalem* he ſtudied at the feet of *Gamaliel* a great Doctour of the *Moſaick* Law. The zeal which he had for his Religion made him furiouſly to perſecute Chriſtianity from his birth unto the time that he was ſubdued by the Spirit of God; and of a ravening wolf was made a lamb of the Fold. *Saul* fell (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) and *Paul* did riſe, the interpretation of which name according to *Heſychius* is admirable, to ſhew unto us, that all things are marvellous in him, even his name it ſelf.

S. Paul falſly accuſed

After his Converſion, he preached in *Arabia* and in *Damaſcus* for the ſpace of three years, and did powerfully convince the *Jews* on the verities of our Faith, who to divert the courſe of his Miniſtery in the embroilments which then were raiſed between the King of the *Arabians* and the *Romans*, did accuſe him for having moved in the favour of *Rome* againſt the *Arabians* and their King *Arethas*, who at that time held the City of *Damaſcus*, and had placed in it a Governour of his own faction. This *Barbarian* made an exact inquiſition, and would have apprehended S. *Paul*, who was then in the ſame City. But his brethren the Chriſtians were very careful to deliver the Innocent from the hands of the guilty; and ſhewing themſelves neither ſlothful nor fearful in a buſineſs of that difficulty, (although he who had in his hands the Government of the City did threaten to deſtroy them if they delivered not *Paul* unto him) they cauſed him to eſcape out of a window, and to come down all along the Ramparts thereof in a panier which had a cord faſtned to it.

Baron. Anno Chriſti. 39. Cornel. in 2. ad Corin. cap. 11.

His converſation with S. Peter.

From thence he tranſported himſelf to *Jeruſalem*, where he ſaw S. *Peter*, and continued with him fifteen dayes in one lodging, not without joys and raviſhments that cannot be expreſſed. We ought to content our ſelves with that which the Doctour of the Nations ſaith in his Epiſtle to the *Galathians*, where he aſſureth us, that he did hiſtorize the Prince of the Apoſtles, that is to ſay, he did contemplate on him as an Hiſtorian doth on a Prince whoſe Hiſtory he hath a deſign to write. He regarded not (ſaith S. *Hierome*) whether he were fat or lean, or whether he were bald, or had a *Roman* noſe, he only dived into his ſpirit and his heart, and there he diſcovered all the treaſures of wiſdom.

Gal. 1. 18. Ἱστορῆσαι πέτρον.

After this moſt pleaſing Colloquy he retired himſelf into the City of *Ceſarea*, from whence he paſſed to *Cilicia* the place of his nativity, which he made fruitful with his Inſtructions for the ſpace of four years. From thence S. *Barnabas* did lead him into *Antioch*, a famous City, where were a great number of Chriſtians, who in that place were firſt called by that moſt glorious Name, and which hath ever ſince continued with all thoſe who have made Profeſſion of our Faith.

He preacheth the Goſpel.

Having there ſojourned one year, he was deputed with S. *Barnabas* to carry the Charity of the Faithful in *Antioch* unto *Jeruſalem*, which office he moſt worthily diſcharged, and they both taking *John* and *Mark* into their company, did travel into divers Cities of *Greece*, and gave the Light of the Goſpel unto the Nations, which is at large deſcribed in the Acts of the Apoſtles, which ſeems almoſt to be only written for S. *Paul* his ſake.

On the end of this long Voyage he came unto *Jeruſalem* at the firſt Council held by the Apoſtles for the aboliſhing of Circumciſion, and other Jewiſh Ceremonies, to which certain *Jews* would oblige the *Gentiles*, who were converted to the Faith, which Saint *Paul* could not endure, and what in him lay, did endeavour to chaſe away the ſhadows of the Old Law to make place for the light of the Goſpel; which was the reaſon that the *Jews* ſtirred up great Perſecutions againſt him, and cauſed him to be apprehended in the fourth journy he made unto *Jeruſalem*, and were reſolved there to put him to death.

A great perſecution againſt him.

As he entred privately into the Temple with *Trophimus* his Diſciple, to diſcharge himſelf of ſome legal Ceremonies, the *Jews* that were come from *Aſia* did diſcry him, who could not be ignorant of his converſation with the *Gentiles*, and began to cry aloud againſt him, ſaying, that he was an enemy of the Temple and the Law, which he endeavoured to deſtroy both by words and deeds, and that it was not fitting he ſhould live. On this cry, a mutiny of enraged people did advance their fury, who did throw themſelves upon S. *Paul* to ſtone him, and to tear him in pieces. The noiſe was brought to the *Roman* garriſon in *Jeruſalem*, and the news thereof came to Colonel *Lyſias*, informing that all the City was in a confuſion. He preſently marched thither with the moſt reſolute of the Souldiery, and plucked the Innocent from their hands to hear his Defence at their leiſure. But theſe inſolent *Jews* ceaſed not to follow him to the *Corps de Guarde*, where he was ſo environed with them that he was carried by force on the Arms of the Souldiers into a place of ſafety.

When he ſaw himſelf within the power of the *Romans*, he demanded of the Colonel the permiſſion to ſpeak to appeaſe the people, which being obtained, he began to make an Oration to them in Hebrew, to inform them of his life and condition, and of the zeal which he had to the Religion of the *Jews*, and of his miraculous Converſion from it, as alſo of his Orders which he received from God to preach the Faith unto the *Gentiles*. When they heard theſe Words, they believed what was told them of him, and they did deal with him as a friend of the Heathen, and an enemy of their Law. They began to lay down their Garments to ſtone him, and to throw duſt in the air, and to make a horrible tumult; whereupon, Colonel *Lyſias* who underſtood not the Hebrew tongue was amazed, and conceived S *Paul* had been ſome felon, and guilty of ſome hainous crime. He took him to be the *Egyptian* who a little before had raiſed a great Sedition, and had drawn after him four thouſand men into the wilderneſs; and to give conſent to the wild multitude he did command that he ſhould be ſcourged.

S. Paul condemned to the whip, did divert that puniſhment.

They proceeded to the execution of this Injuſtice; and now Saint *Paul* was bound by the hands of the Executioners, who prepared themſelves to put him into bloud, when he adviſed with himſelf to acquaint the Officer who was to begin the puniſhment that he was a Citizen of *Rome*, in regard that thoſe of the City of *Tarſus* did enjoy the priviledge of being Burgeſſes of the principal City of the World. The Officer made haſte unto the Tribune, and informed him with the quality of the priſoner, advertiſing him, that if they proceeded

proceeded further on him they might be queſtioned for it. This was the occaſion that the puniſhment was forborne, and the Tribune (to underſtand what he could plead for himſelf, being unwilling to truſt unto the people) did aſſemble the Prieſts and Scribes with the chief of the Jews, to hear his Apology.

His Addreſs. S. *Paul* did here uſe great diſcretion, and obſerving that the Aſſembly were compoſed of *Sadducees* and *Phariſees* who were counterpointed in the queſtion of the Reſurrection, he did caſt them on it, and publickly acknowledging the Reſurrection, he cried out, that the Dead ſhould riſe again, and held it as an inviolable Article of his Faith. On this, the Doctours of the Law did enter into a hot diſpute, and there was a great debate amongſt them, without making any examination at all concerning the fact of the priſoner. *Lyſias* did very well perceive that all the contention was concerning ſome queſtions of the *Jewiſh* Law, and knowing that *Felix* Governour of *Judea* was then at *Ceſarea*, he reſolved to ſend *Paul* to him with a ſtrong and a ſafe guard, becauſe there were fourty *Jews* ſo obſtinate, that they had made a vow neither to eat nor drink until they had maſſacred S. *Paul*.

He is committed into the hands of *Felix* the Preſident. *Felix*, who was a man of a delicate ambition and jealous of his Authority, was well ſatisfied with what the Tribune had done, and did reſolve to examine the Proceſs himſelf. The Saint was preſented before one of the moſt corrupt Judges under Heaven; he was brother to *Pallas* (a Servant infranchized) who in the reign of *Claudius* was the God of the times: and *Felix* (as *Cornelius Tacitus* doth affirm) being covered with the great power and favour of his brother, did uſurp the authority of a King, which he managed with a ſervile ſpirit, making Cruelty and Laſciviouſneſs to reign with equal power in his Government. He was the husband, or rather the adulterer of three Queens, and ſhe who then poſſeſſed him was called *Druſilla*, who was the Daughter of that *Agrippa*, who was in chains by *Tiberius*, of whom I have made mention in the Tome of the *Maximi*, and deſcended from the bloud of *Mariamne*. She was married to one named *Azizus* King of the *Emmeſſeans*; but becauſe that Royalty was of no great extent, ſhe preferred the Preſident above the King, ſo that *Felix* courting her for her rare beauty, ſhe did willingly forſake her husband, to eſpouſe the brother to the great Favourite *Pallas*, who lived then under a moſt high conſideration. She converſed with him according to the Law of the *Jews*, and was almoſt as nice in the curioſity of Religions, as of her beauties, which was the reaſon that (the more to gratifie her) *Felix* did cauſe S. *Paul* to be brought before him.

S. *Paul* before the Tribunal of *Felix*. He was brought in chains before the Preſident, and the Prince of the Prieſts failed not to make his appearance at *Ceſarea*, with the Antients of the *Jewiſh* Nation, who brought with them an Advocate, named *Tertullus*, to plead againſt S. *Paul*, which he performed coldly enough. But the great Champion of Jeſus Chriſt did defend himſelf with ſo great a vivacity of ſpirit, that the Judge did clearly diſcover that he was not guilty of any fault, which was the occaſion that he uſed him with the more humanity, and told him, that at leiſure he would decide that buſineſs himſelf: in the mean time he permitted him to live at more liberty, not hindering any to come unto him and adminiſter things neceſſary for his life; yet for all this, he was ſtill under a guard of Souldiers.

Not long after that, *Felix* called for him, and his wife *Druſilla* (who was the cauſe of his more gentle uſage) did ſpeak unto him in the preſence of her husband, and deſired to hear him on his diſcourſes of Faith, which gave a fair occaſion to our Apoſtle to ſpeak, who driving on his Diſcourſe with vigour, did ſo enlarge himſelf on the ſubject of Juſtice, of Chaſtity, and of univerſal Judgment, that *Felix* was much afraid, and interrupted his Diſcourſe, fearing that he ſhould leave ſome ſcruples on the conſcience of his Wife concerning their Marriage. It is eaſie to conjecture that this poor Princeſs was much ſhaken at it, although the chains of Love and of Ambition did ſo link her to the world, that we do not read that ſhe was abſolutely converted to the Faith and number of the Chriſtians. *Felix* ſtopping his ears to Judgment, did open his eys to money, and having learned that S. *Paul* had brought great ſumms of Charity unto *Jeruſalem*, he oftentimes ſpoke with him, and ſeemed to make much of him, hoping to gain ſomething from him; but when he perceived that there was nothing to be had, and that the time of his Commiſſion was expired, he left S. *Paul* to the diſcretion of *Feſtus* his Succeſſour, deſiring in that to gratifie the *Jews*, and to divert the accuſation which they intended at *Rome* againſt him.

Druſilla comes to hear him.

Feſtus being arrived at *Jeruſalem* was environed by the chief of the *Jews*, who with importunity did demand that *Paul* might be ſent to *Rome* to be judged there, having a deſign to kill him by the way. But the Preſident did deny them, and did command them to come to *Ceſarea*, where he would continue in the expectation of them. Thither they did tranſport themſelves violently to follow their Accuſations, which were all effectually anſwered, and confuted by S. *Paul*, who did demonſtrate that he had offended neither their Law, nor the Temple, nor *Caſar*. *Feſtus* to content the importunity of the *Jews*, did demand of him if he would go to *Jeruſalem* to decide the controverſie there, but he refuſed the Juriſdiction of thoſe perverſe people, and ſaid, That he ſtood at the Tribunal of *Caſar*, and would have no other Judge, and that he appealed to the Emperour. The Judge had ſome debate thereupon, and it was reſolved that he ſhould be ſent to *Rome*.

Feſtus renues the Proceſs: S. *Paul* appealeth to *Rome*.

The young *Agrippa* King of *Judea*, with his ſiſter *Bernice*, aſſiſt at the judgment of *Paul*. In the mean time, the young King *Agrippa* the ſon of that *Agrippa* before ſpecified, came to *Ceſarea* with his ſiſter *Bernice*, to complement the new Governour, who received them with great courteſie, and amongſt other things he made a relation to them of his priſoner, which poſſeſſed them both with a great curioſity to ſee him. *Feſtus* did invite them to the Audience, at which on the next morning they appeared with great pomp. This was a great Theater which God had prepared for the publiſhing of the the Goſpel, where were preſent, a King, a Queen, the Governour of the *Romans*, the principal of Nation of the *Jews*, and an infinite number of people who did attend the ſucceſs of that action.

Feſtus touched with the words of S. *Paul*. S. *Paul* having received commandment to ſpeak, made a long diſcourſe couched in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, where he rendred a reaſon of his Faith, and ſpake moſt worthily of the Reſurrection of the dead, of his Converſion to Chriſtianity, of the Apparition of Jeſus, of the Publication of the Goſpel, and of the Prophecies that did forego it. He declared himſelf with ſo much ardency, that *Feſtus* the Preſident, who was a Heathen, and found his *Pagan* Conſcience wounded by his truths, was conſtrained to interrupt him, and to tell him, That *much learning had made him mad*; but

S. *Paul*

Saint *Paul* replyed to him, *That he ſpoke the words of Truth and Sobriety*; and turning from him to King *Agrippa*, he took him to witneſſe it, as being one who was not ignorant of the Prophets.

This young King was ſo raviſhed at it, that he profeſſed publickly to the Apoſtle, that he had felt him in his heart, and that he had almoſt perſwaded him to be a Chriſtian; whereupon S. *Paul* made a great acclamation of joy, wiſhing him that happineſs to be like him in all things, his Bonds excepted, not judging that this Prince was yet an object capable of the Croſs. He was of a ſweet condition, but he had then great obſtacles which hindred him from embracing the ſaving Truth. *Bernice*, who aſſiſted at that Audience, was a moſt lovely Princeſs, the ſiſter of this *Agrippa* and *Druſilla*, but not ſo happy in the reputation of her Honour as of her Beauty. She was married firſt unto her Uncle; and it is affirmed that ſhe was taken with the love of this her brother *Agrippa*; and that moſt paſſionately ſhe did affect him, nevertheleſſe to divert the fame and ſuſpicion of the world, finding herſelf courted by *Polemon* King of *Cilicia*, ſhe conſented to eſpouſe him, on that condition that he ſhould be circumciſed; to which the Prince was preſently reſolved, being overcome by the temptation of her Beauties and the exceſs of Love to which ſhe had inflamed him. She remained a certain time with him, but her high and wanton ſpirit did diſtaſte him, and ſhe returned into her own countrey to the Embraces of her brother, who lived with her, and entertained her in his Palace without regarding of the ſcandal.

I leave you to judge, my Readers, how the matter was diſpoſed to receive the fire which proceeded from the mouth of S. *Paul*. All that he could do was to imprint in the ſoul of the Prince and Princeſſe a good opinion of the Chriſtian Religion, and a good reſpect for his own perſon; for at the riſing of this Seſſion they told the Preſident, that there was nothing in that man that deſerved either impriſonment or death; but becauſe he had appealed to *Ceſar*, it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſent to *Rome*.

S. *Paul* embarked for *Rome*.

After this, S. *Paul* was embarked under the conduct of the Centurion *Julius*, who did uſe him with great humanity, and in the end, after a laborious voyage and ſhipwrack, they arrived at *Rome*. He made his coming known to the chiefeſt of his Nation, who then reſided in the capital City of the world, and did inform them of his good Intentions, proteſting to them that he was not come to accuſe his Nation, but having done nothing againſt their Law or their Religion, they had delivered him over to the Infidels, who having found his cauſe good, were ready to clear him, had not the clamours and the oppoſitions of ſome of the *Jews* obliged him to that voyage; and as concerning the reſt, he was in chains (he ſaid) for the hope of the ſalvation of *Iſrael*. They made anſwer to him, that they had underſtood nothing of him in particular, but knew very well that the Sect of the Chriſtians which he had embraced was contrary to all the world, and that they ſhould be glad to underſtand by what Arguments he could pretend to juſtifie them

He arriveth there, and treateth with the *Jews*.

To which S. *Paul* conſented, and there were great Diſputations amongſt them concerning the myſteries of our Faith. S. *Luke* doth conclude his Hiſtory on theſe conferences, and ſpeaketh nothing of the Trial of S. *Paul* before the Magiſtrates of *Rome*; but we may learn it from the Epiſtle which the Apoſtle did write to his Diſciple *Timothy*, and from that which he addreſſed to the *Philippians*, where he declareth, that on the firſt action of that Trial he was forſaken of all the world, but ſingularly aſſiſted by God; and that the carrying on this affair did much improve it ſelf to the advancement of the Goſpel, his chains being known in *Jeſus Chriſt* to all the *Pretorium's* in *Rome*, and to all the world: as alſo, that at laſt he was delivered from the mouth of the Lion, by whom he underſtood the Emperour *Nero*.

2 *Tim.* 4. *Phil.* 1.

From this, and from that which the holy Fathers and Interpreters have delivered, we may collect that Saint *Paul* came to *Rome* in the third year of the Emperour *Nero*, when as yet he was not depraved, and when *Seneca* was in the height of his reputation and the management of the publick Affairs. We ought not to doubt that what is reported by the Pope S. *Linus*, concerning the knowledge which *Seneca* had with S. *Paul*, is true; ſeeing that great Miniſter of State who had his eye over all, and who was extremely curious to underſtand the diverſity of Sects and Religions, and to be informed of extraordinary Cauſes to make report thereof unto the Emperour, could no wayes be ignorant of ſo famous a thing which was made known in *Rome* both to the great and ſmall. Beſides, it is very probable that *Seneca* aſſiſted at the Trial, and heard the Reaſons of S. *Paul*. We may alſo eaſily conjecture the Diſcourſe which he made before the Prieſts and the Senatours of *Rome* by the Apologies and Defences which he uſed before *Felix*, *Feſtus*, King *Agrippa*, *Bernice*, and all the Aſſembly of the *Jews*; and by what he ſpake to the Senate of the City of *Athens*. He then declared himſelf to them much after this manner.

S. *Paul* undoubtedly known to *Seneca*.

S. *Paul's* Oration to the Senate of *Rome*.

I think my ſelf this day happy that God hath granted me the favour to juſtifie my ſelf in your preſence on all thoſe Articles with which they of my Nation have accuſed me, being throughly poſſeſſed of the great ſufficiency and integrity of this Senate to decide all differences in the Empire. For this, I do begin to breathe again after my long and heavy voyage, and after a thouſand troubles, beholding my ſelf now at the Tribunal of Cæſar *which I have implored; and I beſeech you to attend me with that Patience and Equity which you never refuſe to thoſe who are oppreſſed.*

My accuſers know very well what hath been my life from my youth, and how by the pleaſure of God being born at Tarſus *a City in* Cilicia, *which is honoured by the priviledge of Burgeſſes to this Capital City of the world, I have followed the Religion of my Fathers, converſing with a good and an upright conſcience before God and before men, without offending any.*

I do avow, that according to the moſt perfect Sect amongſt us, I have always conceived aſſured hopes of our Immortality, and of the univerſal Reſurrection of men, which is eſtabliſhed by the inviolable promiſe of the living God to whom nothing is impoſſible; and that I have been moſt curious to obſerve all the Ceremonies of our Law. The zeal which did inflame me for it, did make me conceive that I had reaſon to perſecute the Chriſtians; and having received a Commiſſion from the chiefeſt of the Prieſts, I made an exact ſearch to ſurprize, impriſon, and torment thoſe who made profeſſion of it.

The fury did ſo far tranſport me, that not content to proſecute a violent warr againſt them in Judea, *I paſſed into ſtrange Cities into which they were fled to relieve themſelves from puniſhment; it came to paſſe, that going to* Damaſcus (*a city famous enough*) *as I did breathe forth nothing but fire, and threatnings I ſaw my ſelf ſuddenly environed with a light ſo glorious, that it did ſurpaſs the brighteſt rayes of the Sun, and from that Splendour there did proceed the voice of a man, who called me by my name, and demanded of me*

wherefore I did perſecute him. I ſpeak (Sirs) before God and before you with all ſincerity, that I felt my ſelf ſtrongly ſurpriſed, and I demanded of him that ſpake unto me, Who he was? to which he made anſwer, That he was called Jeſus, *and that it was difficult for me to ſtrike my heels againſt the ſharps of the ſpur. And immediately, as I lay in amazement proſtrate on the ground with thoſe that were with me, he commanded me to riſe, and ſaid unto me, That he would make choice of me for his people, and for the Nations of the earth, to give a teſtimony of him, and to draw them from the power of wicked Spirits to come unto the Light, that they may obtain remiſſion of ſins and the inheritance of Saints by the means of Faith, which ſubſiſteth in* Jeſus Chriſt.

Sirs, For this I was not rebellious to the heavenly Viſion, but incontinently I ſet my ſelf to preach the word of God, & to exhort all the world to convert themſelves unto him by the works of Penitence. Behold all my fault having done not any thing againſt the Law, the Temple, or againſt Cæſar; *having always confeſſed all the Subjects that ever heard me in the Empire, to render unto him perfect obedience. Nevertheleſs, certain of the* Jews *cauſed me to be apprehended in the Temple, and excited the people againſt me, who had torn me in pieces, if I had not been ſuccoured by the Armies, and the Legions of the Empire. God hath preſerved my life until this preſent, to diſcharge the miniſtery and the Commiſſion that he hath given me, which is, to deliver to the Nations the news of eternal Salvation.*

Sirs, I do obſerve you to be great obſervers of the Religion of the Gentiles; *you have Idols, and Temples moſt magnificent, but we ought not to imagine that God who is a moſt pure Spirit, the Creatour of heaven and earth, is incloſed in Temples built by the hands of men, or that he ſtands en need of their works for the accompliſhment of his Glory. It is he that giveth life, breath, wealth, honour, proſit, & all that we can hope for in this world. It is he who from one man hath derived the vaſt multitude of the people, who by a continual ſucceſſion do inhabite the roundneſs of the earth. It is he who giveth meaſures unto Times, and bounds unto Empires, and who inhabiteth a Light unapproachable. It is he who inſpires us all with a generous curioſity to ſeek him, and to do our endeavours to find him, and to touch him with fingers if his condition render him palpable. But he is not far from every one of us,* For in him we live, we move, and have our being: *and to ſpeak according to your own Poet,* We are of the generation of God.

It is not then permitted to vilifie the Divine nature beneath us, and to make it like unto things inſenſible; as, to gold, ſilver, precious ſtones, and other materials, elaborate by art, and by the invention of men. And certainly, God from on high hath with compaſſion beheld this ignorance of men, and hath given them, his Son the ſubſtantial Image of his Beauties, and the Character of his Glory; true God, and true man, who is dead for our ſins, to waſh us and regenerate us in his Blood; whoſe Words are Truth, & whoſe Life a miracle, even to the triumphing over Death by his Reſurrection. It is by him that the eternal Father will judge at the laſt both the quick and the dead; and we all ſhall be repreſented before the Throne of his Majeſty, to receive the ſalary of the Good or Evil which in our bodies we have done.

This ſovereign Monarch of Angels and of Men ſuffers not himſelf to be taken by the fleſh or the blood of bullocks, or by the perfumes of incenſe, but by the exerciſe of Juſtice, and by the purity of our bodies in all ſanctification. Therefore (Sirs) as he hath advanced you in Dignity above other men, ſo he hath more particularly obliged you to acknowledge and ſerve him, and to adore him in Spirit & Truth, & to render Juſtice according to the Comiſſion which you have received from Cæſar; *which is, to deliver the innocent from the perſecution of the inſolent, that ſo being true imitatours of his Juſtice and mercy, you may be one day partakers of his Glory.*

This diſcourſe was wel received by divers of them, and a day was appointed for another Appearance, where he ſo much explained and enlarged himſelf, that he was ſent back and pronounced guiltleſs; and permitted to preach the Goſpel in *Rome* with all liberty, which gave much encouragement to all the faithful, & even thoſe who had before forſaken him, did now re-aſſemble themſelves, preaching in the Name of *Jeſus*, and exhorting all the world to Repentance. *Cornelius* reports the opinion of ſome men who affirm that S. *Paul* was expreſly delivered by the advice and the authority of *Seneca*, who at that time began miraculouſly to delight in his converſation. And although they could not ſee one another as often as they would by reaſon of the conſiderations of State, yet they mutually did write to one another, wch hath given occaſion to ſome weak men who have not their ſpirits to counterfeit their letters ill imitated, & wch all knowing men are aſſured to be not of the ſtrain either of S. *Paul* or *Seneca*. Howſoever the fiction of the ſtyle doth no way hinder the truth of the antient deed, ſeeing that S. *Hierom* doth cite the true letters which were in his time, and doth alledge the Texts wch are not now to be found in the Libraries of the Fathers. S. *Paul* continued at *Rome* two years after his firſt voyage, where he gained many *Chriſtians* to the faith, and ſome of the Court of *Nero*, as is declared in his Epiſtles. *Seneca* was amazed at the Authority which he had, and deſired that he might enjoy amongſt his the like opinion of Belief as S. *Paul* had amongſt the *Chriſtians*; but there was a difference in their ſpirits, and there proceedings were from divers Methods. *Seneca* was a man, and S. *Paul* a demy-God. The one ſtudied with *Attalus* and *Secion*, the other had the Word for his Doctour, and the Angels for his Diſciples. The one ſought after nature, the other found out the God of Nature. The one laboured after Eloquence, the other ſtudied ſilence, which is the father of Conceptions. The one pleaded the Cauſes of parties, the other pleaded the Cauſe of God. The one governed the Republick of men, the other laid open before us the Hierarchy of Angels. The one was in the porch of *Zenon*, the other in the ſchool of *Jeſus*. The one laid the world low at his feet with his golden words and when he pleaſed did carry it on his head, the other ſubdued it with mortification, and the arms of the Croſs. The one was ful of good Deſires, the other of great Effects. The one ſought for himſelf in himſelf, the other found himſelf altogether in God. The one was a Miniſter of State, the other of Heaven The one promiſed much and performed little, the other promiſed nothing of himſelf & gave all things. The one lived in the Court of *Nero*, the other in the Courts of *Jeſus Chriſt*. The one defied Perſecutions in his Diſcourſe, the other did bear them engraven in his body. The one had a conſiderable eſtate the other had nothing, yet poſſeſſed all things. The life of the one was expoſed to Honours and the Delights of the world, the Life of the other was altogether compoſed of the Croſs.

The effect of his Oration.

Phil. 1. 13.

The parallel betwixt S. *Paul* and *Seneca*.

To conclude all in few words, *Seneca* had excellent Precepts of Virtue, but he derived them from an evil Principle, which was to hold faſt to himſelf, and to conceive that by his own power he was ſufficient of himſelf without any need of aſſiſtance from above in as much that we may imagine that we hear him ſpeak, That a Wiſeman may paſs by God and take

The evil opinion of the *Stoicks* to truſt altogether to themſelves without acknowledging the Grace and the aſſiſtance of God.

no

no great notice of him, and live without him as contentedly as himself. From this great Illusion proceeded Arrogance; from Arrogance, Ignorance of the Truth; from Ignorance, Feebleneſſe; from Feebleneſſe, a Confuſion both in the life and in all the wiſdom of the Stoicks.

From hence it came to paſſe, that having braved it on the paper, they found themſelves too ſhort for great actions, and had their pens far longer then their hands. They made a flight but without one wing to virtue, contenting themſelves to have brought ſome weak lenitives to their Malady, and not endeavouring to root it out.

Wherefore *Seneca* prevailed ſo little for the reformation of Manners of the Court.

And although that *Seneca* did live uprightly according to the Moral Virtues, yet being forcibly tyed to the world by his Honours, Dignities, Riches, the Cares of this life, and his endeavours to preſerve himſelf at Court, he could not diſpenſe any ſtrong influence on the body of the Eſtate, by reaſon of the defect both of Example and Practice. The Sun and the Moon may both make a Rainbow in the front of heaven, but that of the Moon will be feeble and obſcure in compariſon of that of the Sun, which will be all luminous and immailed with Emeraulds and with Rubies. *Seneca* did make at *Rome* a Rain-bow of the Moon which had in it much imperfection, and clouds, and darkneſſe. But Saint *Paul* made the Rain-bow of the Sun viſibly, producing the brightneſs and the beauties of the eternal Wiſdom.

The Grace of *Jeſus* and the Croſs, are the two Principles of S. *Paul*.

As the Principles therefore of the Philoſophy of *Seneca* were to reduce all to himſelf, and to ſtudy his own particular content; ſo the Principles of Saint *Paul* were quite contrary to attribute all to the Grace of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and in the imitation of him, to love, deſire, and ſeek after the Croſſe, and the Perſecutions attending on it. In thoſe two Maxims, he doth eſtabliſh all the Greatneſſe and the Glory of the City of God, which he doth prove, deduce, and preſſe with inſtant importance in all his Epiſtles. As for that which pertains to the Grace of Redemption, never man before him ſpake more clearly or more divinely then he hath done in his Epiſtles to the *Romans*, to the *Galathians*, and to the *Hebrews*. He is the thundering and the lightning Cherubin on the Chariot of the God of Hoſts, who ceaſeth not to ſhoot forth his inevitable and his flaming Arrows againſt the head of the pompous Wiſdom of this World.

He makes it apparent how all the antient Philoſophers who were thought to be the Gods of Sciences and Letters, do vaniſh away in their proud imaginations, and how they are faln into a Reprobate ſenſe: blind and ignorant, who have transformed the Divinity into hideous forms of Serpents and Monſters: feeble and caytiffe, who having filled their books with Precepts, have abandoned themſelves to baſe and ſhameſull actions, and have overthrown all the order of Nature. From hence alſo he makes another Battel againſt the *Jews*, who tyed their happineſſe and ſalvation to a dying Law, to feeble Elements, to Shadows flying before the firſt Rayes of the Law of the Goſpel. He prized nothing but the Incarnate Word, he breathed forth nothing but his *Jeſus*, who is the deſire of the eternal Mountains, the Splendour of the Glory of the celeſtial Father, the Character of his Subſtance, who by the virtue of his Word doth ſupport the Univerſe, who is our Wiſdom, our Juſtice, our Sanctification, and our Redemption; there being no Name either in heaven or earth, or on or under the waters by which we may be ſaved, but the Name of *Jeſus*.

His ſecond Principle is the love of the Croſſe, and he doth publickly and loudly proteſt both to the great and to the ſmall, to the proud and to the humble, that there is no Knowledge but in the crucified *Jeſus*; and that he is not come to preach him to them with painted Words according to the Wiſdom and the Eloquence of men (fearing by that means to make void the myſtery of the Croſſe) but with the virtue, and the force of the God of the afflicted. He eſteems of Scepters, of Empires, of Nobility, of Beauty, of Strength, of Valour, of Wiſdom, of Induſtry, of Eloquence, of all things in this world from Heaven unto the Deeps, but as dung, in compariſon of the Croſſe of his beloved *Jeſus*, on which by love he had aſcended, and there did reſt as on a Throne, from whence he condemned whatſoever this world did honour.

S. *Paul* his perfection.

By theſe two Principles, he arrived into a moſt great Perfection which did fill him as well in the Intellectuall part as the Affective. As for that which concerns the former, he was enlightned with a moſt high and a moſt excellent Wiſdom, with the knowledge of all Nature, with all the Myſteries of our Faith, with whatſoever is in Man, with whatſoever the World locks from him in her Treaſuries, with Grace in all her Virtues, and with Time in all the Turns and the Revolutions of his Being.

His high knowledg.

According to the heigth that the river *Nilus* riſeth, the other rivers do decreaſe; and accordingly as Saint *Paul* did increaſe in the Wiſdom of God, all humane Science fell down before him even into the Abyſme. It is he who with all humility can ſpeak that which *Lucifer* did uſurp by pride, *I ſit in the Chair of God, I have been in the heart of the Deeps.* He was in the Chair of God when he ſpake as if he had been encloſed in the Word, as the Vicar of his Powers; the Diſpenſer of his Myſteries; the Oracle of his Thoughts; and the Interpreter of his Will. He was in the heart of the Deeps when he was abyſmed in the profound knowledge of the Beauties and the Perfections of the Incarnate Word, of whom he never did loſe the ſight. *Ezech.* 28.

Dion. *de Divin. Nomin.* S. Hierom. *Epiſt.* 6. *ad* Pammach.

What an Abyſme of Patience was he? What a Trumpet of the Goſpel ſaith S. *Denys*? What a roaring of the Lion ſaith S. *Hierome*? What a Flow of Learning, what a Torrent of Eloquence? who makes us to underſtand the Myſteries, unknown in all Ages; and that as much by his Admiration as his Words. He wrote his Epiſtles with his Ear in Heaven, and with a Style in the Schole of Paradiſe. The feebleneſs of humane Words could not ſuſtain the force of his Spirit.

His Love.

In the Affective part, he was filled with a Seraphick Love, with a fire drawn from the moſt pure flames of Heaven, which was ſhut up within his heart and within his bones, and did unceſſantly burn him without conſuming him. On his mortified fleſh he did bear the Characters of a ſuffering God, which were his deareſt Delights. He was no more himſelf; he was all and altogether transfigured into that amiable Word by a Deifick tranſanimation. He lived on his Bloud; he breathed not but by his Spirit; he ſpake not but by his Words; he thought not but by his Meditations: yet nevertheleſs, in ſome manner he did leave God and the delicious Schole of Paradiſe, to run unto his Neighbour to ſave his Soul; and in this exerciſe of Charity, he defied Tribulation, Anguiſh, Hunger, Nakedneſs, Dangers, Perſecutions, and bloudy Swords, and burning Fagots, and boiling Caldrons. If Hell it ſelf were portable, he would adventure to have carried it on his back for the love of his Neighbour.

He looked upon the world as if every mothers ſon were of his begetting; he carried in his heart *Europe*, and *Aſia*, and *Afrik*, and all the Provinces of the Earth, to communicate the Light of the Goſpel either by himſelf, or by his children whom already he had begotten in *Jeſus Chriſt*. Nothing rebated him, nothing hindred, nothing ſtopped him. He gave no bounds to his Love ſince God had given no limits to his Spirit. With theſe fair and extraordinary qualities, God gave him Succeſs in the preaching of the Goſpel, which did draw upon him the admiration of all the Apoſtles.

He marched in triumph through all Provinces, and God was on his heart. He was like unto that Ark of the Teſtament which is ſpoken of in the Revelations, which at the ſame time that it was perceived did cauſe a Lightning to be ſeen, a Voice to be heard, the Hail to rattle, and the Earthquakes to roar, ſo, whereſoever S. *Paul* did paſs, there were the Light of Learning, the Oracles of Wiſdom, the impetuous Tempeſt of words of fire which made the Philoſophers and Kings to tremble, and even removed Nature it ſelf. Behold here the difference which was between S. *Paul* and *Seneca*, which being well conſidered we ſhall forbear to admire, wherefore one was ſo fruitleſs in the Court of *Nero*, and the other had ſo great ſucceſs in *Rome*, and amongſt ſo many Nations.

Apoc. 21.

Saint *Paul* leaves *Rome*. *Nero* grows worſe and worſe.

After that *Paul* was for a ſeaſon retired from *Rome*, leaving unto *Seneca* a ſtrong tincture of the *Chriſtian Faith*, *Nero* did every day grow worſe and worſe, inſomuch, that having killed his brother, his wife, his mother, this ſcourge of mankind in the wicked jollity of his heart had a plot in his head to ſet the City of *Rome* on fire, which was almoſt wholly conſumed with it, whiles he from a high tower did behold it, and laughing at the calamity, did ſing the burning of *Troy the Great*; which did ſo exaſperate the ſpirits of his Subjects, that on the year following, the chief of the Empire did enter into a conſpiracy againſt him, in which were compriſed, Senatours, Captains, Colonels, Citizens, Ladies, and all the choiceſt perſonages in *Rome*: but misfortune ſo would have it, that the ſecret being diſperſed amongſt ſo many people, it did not anſwer the event to which it was deſigned, but being diſcovered, it occaſioned a bloody butchery in *Rome*, *Nero* like an enraged Tygre deſiring nothing more then to bathe himſelf in blood.

Anno Neron. 10 *Chriſt.* 66.

The Conſpiracy againſt him detected.

Seneca's name was entred at the laſt in the liſt of the Conſpiratours, whether his Scholar had conceived a jealouſie againſt him, miſtruſting his high Virtue, and fearing leſt he ſhould tear the Diadem from his head, or whether the inſolence of his deportments had put him into that condition as not to indure the very ſhadow of a Tutor. It was now a long time ſince this great perſonage overcom with grief at ſo many tragical accidents, did lead a retired life in his Country-houſe not far from *Rome*. There was not againſt him any manifeſt conviction to rank him amongſt the Conſpiratours, as *Tacitus* hath obſerved. It is onely ſaid that one of that number named *Natalis* did depoſe before *Nero* that he was ſent to *Seneca* by *Piſo*, who was the chief of the Conſpiratours, to complain that he would not ſuffer him to give him a viſit, and to meditate an enterview; to which *Seneca* made anſwer, that ſuch a meeting in ſo dangerous and ſo fatal a time, could be profitable neither to the one nor to the other; and as for the reſt, that his life ſubſiſted not but in the ſafety of the life of *Piſo*.

The conſtant and the famous death of *Seneca*.

On this the Tribune of the Emperour's Guard was diſpatched to *Seneca*, to underſtand what anſwer he could make to the Depoſition of *Natalis*. On the evening he arrived at *Seneca's* houſe, which he ſuddenly environed with a troop of ſouldiers. He was no ſooner entred, but he found him at ſupper with his wife and two friends, he preſently acquainted him what he had in Commiſſion from the Emperour; on which, *Seneca* confeſſed that *Natalis* indeed was ſent unto him by *Piſo*, to intreat him to receive a viſit from him, but he excuſed himſelf by reaſon of indiſpoſition and retiredneſs, without ſpeaking one word more unto him; adding, that he had never ſo high an eſteem of *Piſo*, as to judge that the ſafety of his life did depend upon him, that ſuch flattery was not ſuitable to his diſpoſition, and that *Nero* knew it very well, who by experience had always found in *Seneca* more of Liberty then of Servitude.

The Tribune made a faithful report of *Seneca's* anſwer in the preſence of *Poppea* that impudent woman, and *Tigillinus* that execrable villain, who in thoſe cruel deſigns were the onely two that were now of his Majeſties ſacred Counſel. This barbarous Prince who had promiſed his Tutour that he would rather die then permit that any offence ſhould be done unto him, did bare that reſpect unto him as not to queſtion him on that Conſpiracy amongſt ſo many other Senatours; peradventure he had not a brow of braſs enough to out-face the reproaches of ſo eloquent a mouth. He demanded of the Tribune if he did not prepare himſelf to a voluntary death, who made anſwer, That he obſerved not the leſt ſign of it, either in his countenance or diſcourſe; whereupon he was commanded to return to *Seneca*, and to ſignifie unto him that he muſt die. The Tribune, whether in reverence to the man, or for fear to precipitate the death of ſuch a Miniſter of the State by too haſty an execution, demanded counſel of *Fannius* his Captain what in this caſe he ought to do, who did adviſe him to execute the command of the Emperour; and this was don by a ſloth fatal to all of the Conſpiracy, ſome Ladies onely excepted, who ſhewed themſelves more courageous then the Senatours and the Cavaliers.

Howſoever, he having not the heart to carry theſe heavy tidings did deliver his Commiſſion to a Centurion, who informed him with the laſt of all neceſſities. *Seneca*, without troubling himſelf deſired ſo much liberty as to make his Will, which was refuſed him: On which, he turned to his friends and ſaid, That ſince it was not permitted to him to acknowledg their merit, that he would leave unto them the very beſt of all he had, which was the Image of his Life; in which, if they would pleaſe to call to mind how he had paſſed it in ſo many commendable Exerciſes, they ſhould enjoy for their recompence the reputation of a faithful and a conſtant friendſhip. And this he ſpake not out of arrogance, but as it were by the authority of a Father when he bids his laſt Farewell unto his Children, recommending to them to imitate him in what he had done well; and ſo ſaid S. *Paul* to his Diſciples, *Be you imitatours of me as I am of* Jeſus Chriſt.

This made their hearts to melt, and they began all to weep, but he did endeavour to wipe away their tears, mingling ſweetneſs with reproaches. What do you mean, he ſaid? where are the Precepts of Philoſophy? where is that Reaſon ſo long prepared againſt all the chances of humane Life? who is he that can be ignorant of the cruelty of *Nero*? and who did not ſee that after the death of his mother and his brother, there nothing remained but to add unto it the murther of his Maſter and Governour.

After

After this Discourse which served for them all, he embraced his wife, gave her his last farewell; and having fortified her against the terrours of the present dangers, he did intreat and conjure her to moderate her grief, and to sweeten the sorrows of her dear husband by the consideration of his life which was without reproach. He loved most tenderly that virtuous Lady, and did not cherish his own life but for her sake; saying sometimes, That he would spare himself a little the more, because in an old man there lived a young woman, who deserved that he should take care for her, and being not able to obtain from his dear *Paulina* that she should love him more fervently, her love being in the highest degree of perfection, she should obtain from him that he should use himself for her sake with the more indulgence.

This fair Lady observing all that had passed, said, That there was no longer life for her after the death of him whom she loved above all things in the world; and that she would keep him Company in the other world. On that word he stood a little in a pause, and would not contradict her, as well for the glory of the action, as for the love which he did bear her, and for the fear he had to leave so dear a person to the affronts of an enemy; he therefore said unto her, My dear Love, I have shewed you the sweetnesse and the allurements of life, but I see you preferr unto it the honour of a generous death. I will not envy the example of your Virtue; and although the constancy in our death shall be equall in us both: yet yours shall be alwayes more glorious then mine, for you contribute unto it a courage which is above your sex. Having said this, they caused their veins to be opened by one hand in the presence one of the other; and because the body of her husband was attenuated by great abstinence, and the bloud did issue but slowly from him, he gave order that there should be a new incision made in the veins of his legs and of his feet. The poor old man did endeavour to put himself all into bloud, and endured cruel dolours but more in the body of his dear wife then in his own, which was the reason that he caused her to be conveyed into another chamber to mitigate a little the sorrows which one had for the other in beholding themselves to dye with so much violence.

It is a wonderfull thing, that this great man had so untroubled and so ready a spirit in so fatal an Act. He called his Secretary to whom he did dictate his last Thoughts, which were full of a generous constancy. In the mean time, *Nero* having no particular hatred against *Paulina*, and considering that the death of so innocent a Lady would but render himself and his cruelty more abhorred, did command that her veins should be stopped, and the bloud stanched, which it appeared, that she suffered to her greater grief, both by the short time that she out-lived her husband, and by the inviolable faith which she did bear unto his ashes; and she looked ever after as she were some prodigy, such abundance of bloud and so much spirits she had lost.

Seneca was yet remaining in the tedious pangs of death, when upon advice he demanded poyson of his Physicians, which had no operation at all, his Members being already cold, and his body shut up against all the forces of the poyson. He caused himself therefore to be carried to a Bath, and taking some of the warm water, he sprinkled his servants with it that stood about him saying (according to *Cornelius Tacitus*) That he offered that water to *Jove* the deliverer; after which words he entred into the stove, and was stifled with the vapour that did arise from it.

Many grave Personages have conceived that he dyed a Christian; and though it is no easie matter to perswade those to this opinion who are possessed with another, and who speak but with little consideration on this subject, yet there are not wanting grounds to prove the truth thereof.

Flavius Dexter a most ancient Historian, who hath composed a small Chronicle from the Nativity of our Saviour unto the fourth Age, affirmeth in expresse terms, that in the sixty fourth year, *Seneca* entertained good thoughts of Christianity; and that he dyed a Christian, although not declared one.

S. *Hierome* in the Book of Ecclesiastical Authours doth put him in the number of Saints, that is to say, of those who acknowledge and confesse *Jesus Christ*.

Tertullian, a most grave Authour saith, that he was one although not openly. S. *Augustine* in the City of God, alledgeth many excellent passages of a Book which *Seneca* undoubtedly did write against the Superstition of the *Pagans*, in which, he overthrows all the heathenish religion of *Rome*, although he doth not vigorously perswade them to change it, for fear of troubling the Estate. This Book was afterwards condemned and burned by the Enemies of our Religion. The holy Doctour doth observe, that he never spake ill of the Christians, although he hath violently inveighed against the *Jews*, which testifieth that he was endued with some good thoughts in the favour of it. His brother *Gallio* being Proconsul in *Achaiah*, would never judge S. *Paul* for any fact of Religion, although the *Jews* did presse him to it with much importunity.

Add to this, that our *Seneca* two years before his death did live a retired life, under the colour of indisposition of body, and would no more frequent the Temples of the Heathen; as also that he would not procure his own death before the Emperour expressly had commanded it, as being then of the opinion of the Christians, who did forbid self-murder; and also that at last, that he did forbid the vain pomp and the vain ceremonies at his Funerals.

These reasons being weighed do draw unto this Conclusion, That it is more beseeming our Religion to conceive well of the Salvation of *Seneca*, then to condemn him. The strongest Objection which can be made against this Opinion, is, That at his death *Cornelius Tacitus* doth make him to invoke on *Jove* the Liberatour. But no esteem ought to be given to this Argument; for *Tacitus* could not understand that which was altogether out of his knowledge, seeing that *Seneca* did never make open profession of Christianity, but kept that thought totally concealed from *Nero* and all the Heathen. And we ought not to be amazed that he was not comprized in that search which was made for Christians, it being sufficiently manifest, that many illustrious Christians have lived in the Courts of the Heathen Emperours, and dissembled their Religion, they being not bound in conscience to declare it at all times, to run willfully into Martyrdom. Moreover, this Historian above named, hath written diverse things very lightly, especially when he maketh mention of the Religion of the *Jews* and *Christians*, which he describes rather according to his own idea then any way according to the truth; insomuch, that when *Seneca* at his death implored *Jesus* the Deliverer, he did not forbear to translate *Jesus* into *Jove*. As rashly as this, he leaves recorded to posterity, that the *Jews* are descended from the Hill *Ida*, the name of which he saith the *Jews* do bear; and that they worship the head of an Asse, as also, that the Christians

ſtians confeſſed that they were Incendiaries, and that they burned the City of *Rome* under *Nero*.

But we finde by S. *Paul* himſelf in his Epiſtle written from *Rome* unto the *Philippians*, that he had many *Chriſtians* in the houſe of *Nero*; and *Linus* theſuc ceſſour of S. *P* who was there preſent at that time, doth rank *Seneca* amongſt them with an high title of commendation. And though his Hiſtory hath been corrupted by the *Heretick*s and the Ignorant, it is nevertheleſs received in thoſe Points, which are conformable to the other Fathers of the Church, ſo that *Tacitus* in this ought not be conſidered.

This Name then of redeemer or deliverer whereof *Tacitus* maketh mention, and this ſprinkling of the water wch the faithful were accuſtomed to preſent to God in the manner of Libation, doth emply ſome ſecret of which he never heard. And as for that Objection, that there are ſome opinions in *Seneca*'s books which are not conformable to the *Chriſtian* Religion, it is of no value; ſeeing thoſe works were compoſed before his *Chriſtianity*.

And to that which others do alledge, that he himſelf was the author of his own death, it is moſt manifeſtly falſe; ſeeing he did not ſuffer a vein to be opened before the expreſs commandment of the Emperour, who had pronounced againſt him the ſentence of Death, as I have ſaid already, which was afterwards executed according to the faſhion of thoſe times, in which, by the permiſſion of Magiſtrates, the houſhold-ſervants of the party condemned performed that office which belonged to the publick executioner of Juſtice. Beſides this, in the beginning of *Chriſtianity*, *Seneca* who had but a light tincture of it, could not yet know that it was not allowable for him to aſſiſt his at his death; ſeeing that many *Chriſtian* Virgins have killed themſelves to divert the violations by their deſigned raviſhers, and yet have not been condemned for it.

S. *Paul* returning to *Rome*, according to the Calculation of *Baronius*, did find that *Seneca* was dead, and that he was deprived of a great help in the propagation of the Goſpel. Howſoever he deſiſted not with all his endeavour to advance with S. *Peter* the *Chriſtian* Religion, which by and by they ſhall both bedew with their bloud.

For *Nero*, to fill up the horrour of his crimes, did begin the firſt Perſecuti on againſt the *Chriſtians*. And it is our glory, ſaith *Tertullian*, that he was in the head of our Perſecutours. The wicked Prince perceiving that he could not wipe away the evil reputation with which he was defamed for the burning of *Rome*, did cauſe the *Chriſtians* to be accuſed; and did torment them with outrageous and inhumane puniſhments. Some were nailed to Croſſes, diſtilling their bloud drop by drop in extremity of pain. Other by cruel inventions were covered with the skins of ſavage beaſts and expoſed to bandogs, who would fly upon them with a moſt violent rage and tear thē in pieces Others being faſtned to blocks, were burned by degrees by fire, with diabolical art and ſport; inſomuch, that in the evening, when the Sun made haſte to bed, to be no longer polluted with ſuch horrible ſpectacles, the bodies of the Faithful being all on fire did ſerve as torches for the reprobate joyes of the Heathen. *Nero* would be then in his gardens to glut his barbarous eys with the torments of thoſe innocent Souls. Happy ye Stars, who in the combats of that laborious night did behold ſo many victorious ſouls aſcend from the midſt of the flames to take poſſeſſion of the Temple of eternal lights. The infidels themſelves had compaſſion on them; knowing that it was an artifice of *Nero*'s to ſacrifice thoſe poor Victims to his brutiſh cruelty.

Not long after, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* did find themſelves to be involved in the ſame Perſecution; for as they endeavoured themſelves to perſwade Chaſtity to ſome *Chriſtian* Ladies againſt the allurements & ſurpriſals of the Emperour, he grew enraged at it, & commanded them to be locked up in cloſe priſon, from whence ſome few days after, they were taken forth to go to their Execution, where S. *Peter* was crucified with his head downwards, and S. *Paul* was beheaded, after they had converted many ſouls, and even the Executioners themſelves. They kiſſed one another with tears of joy, and with an aſſured pace they marched to their place of torment as to a garden inamelled with the moſt delightful beauties of Nature. At every minute their ſacred mouths did call upon the name of their moſt beloved Maſter; & the pleaſures they reſented to communicate with him in his ſufferings, did not permit them to have the leaſt fear of that which of all fears is the moſt horrible in Nature. The *Chriſtians* followed them melting into tears, calling them their Fathers and their Paſtours, and beſought them not to abandon their Flock. But they with countenances as clear as are the ſmiles of the faireſt morning, did comfort them, and did promiſe not to forget them in the other life. They did exhort them to ſhew themſelves courageous in Perſecutions, aſſuring them that they were the places of pleaſure, where even the Thorns ſhould grow into Crownes. They both looked back upon *Rome*, and beheld it as the field of their deareſt Conqueſt. And God did diſcover to them the effect of their Bloud; how that Infidelity was ſubdued; the Church was eſtabliſhed in the capital City of the Univerſe; the Croſs was planted on the root of the Capitol, where they dyed as amongſt palms, and the odours of their ſacrifice did aſcend to heaven.

As long as there ſhall be Intelligences and Stars above, as long as there ſhall be ages and men below, theſe two Apoſtles ſhall be beheld as the two Eyes of the *Chriſtian* world. The Fathers & the Doctours of Mankind; the Gates of heaven, and Triumphers over unbelieving *Rome*, which they have now converted into *Rome* the Holy. At their Palms all the Laurels of the Conquerours ſhall fade, and the inſtruments of their Puniſhments ſhall obſcure their Trophyes. The Tongues of men can pronounce nothing more pleaſing then their Name. The Church hath nothing more precious then their Virtues; nor more powerful then their Examples; nor more honourable then the Veneration of them. The deteſtable *Nero* the year after theſe Martyrs ſuffered, finding himſelf tormented with furies, inveſted with infernal ſhades, torn in his conſcience by Vultures, and wounded with ſharp Razors, being abandoned both by God and men, underſtanding that *Vindex* from *France*, and *Galba* was marching againſt him from *Spain*, to revenge his Sacriledges, he did fly away and killed himſelf; it being impoſſible for him to dy by a more polluted, or a more execrable hand

QUEEN

MARY STUART.

The true Portraiture of Princesse Mary Queene of Scotland and Dowager of France.

IN the last place, I will produce the History of the incomparable Queen, *Mary Stuart*, where in the height of its lustre, I will represent unto you Innocence persecuted, as much by the jealousies of love, as State, and that by a general combat of all passions, on which she hath raised a Trophey, by the invincible constancy at her death.

I have taken delight to peruse many Authours on this Subject, and to draw out the truth from a confused Chaos, where the malice of many passionate Historians had extremely perplexed the Story; and I have done it the more willingly, because it is a service which I render to the first Truth which I adore: to *France*, which nourished and advanced that great Spirit; to the King of *Great Britain*, who is honoured for his Blood and Royal Virtues; to *Scotland*, who brought her forth; and to *England* it self, the sounder part whereof have always detested the attempt which was committed on her person.

I must intreat the Reader to believe, that there was never History more disguised by a knot of Heriticks, never wickedness did carry more artifice, nor calumny more fables, or fables more colours, or impiety more strength, to cry down a poor Princess. And this hath made so bold a noise, that some *Catholicks*, either too ignorant or too negligent, not taking the pains to read and examine the reasons alledged, were betrayed themselves to an indifferent belief of the defaming Libels of the Enemies of our Religion, as if they would believe the History of *Jesus Christ*, compiled on the reports of the Scribes and Pharisees. A *Calvinist* of late, the Authour of a *Spanish* History, hath thrust into his Book many outrageous reports against the Memory of *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, by a Digression stale enough which doth eclipse the light of the History, and the Day of her passion. If that man had any modesty, he would have acknowledged his small abilities to be seen in print. If he had any reverence, he would have spared the person of a Queen. If his heart had been touched with any piety, he would have pardoned the Dead. If he had in his soul any sence of honour, being in the service of the King of *England*, he would never have printed such insolent things, to the disadvantage of his Majesty, he would never have barked at the ashes of so great a Lady.

Reader, to make you the better to understand with what equity I will proceed in this Narration, I will not alledge unto you either *Sanders*, or *Bosy*, or *Florimond* of *Raymen*, or Father *Hilarius* of the Order of the Right Reverend Fathers of the *Minims*, who have all wrote very worthily concerning this Subject. I will derive the principal truths I shall produce from *Cambden* an Huguenot, Historiographer of the Queen of *England*, who hath wrote this Story, not in Pamphlets running without authority, but in authentick Memorials. It hath pleased God that this person, having a generous ambition to speak the truth, should search into the Records, & produce papers that had been buried, which sufficiently do make appear the artifices of *Elizabeth*, and the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*. Reader, behold whither the abundance and the force of Right and Truth doth carry us, that we take even our enemies for our Judges and Witnesses in this cause.

The Birth and Education of this Queen *Mary Stuart*.

MARY STUART, the onely Daughter of *James* the Fifth, King of *Scotland*, and *Mary de Lorain*, Grand-child to the thrice virtuous *Antonietta* of *Bourbon*, was a Queen, who in my judgement hath equalled the excess of her disasters, with the height of her glory, and it seems her whole life was no other then a Theatre, hung round with blacks, and covered with blood, where the revolution of humane affairs did act unheard-of Tragedies. Never did Nature produce more beauties, nor Grace more wonders in a personage of that high condition. Never did Fortune deal more rigorously with a head, which heaven had made to support three great Crowns.

She

In the year 1542. on the 13. of *December*, on S. *Lucy's* Day.

She was born in *Scotland*, she loſt her Father eight dayes after her birth, ſhe was brought into *France* at the age of five years, and was nouriſhed in the Court of *Henry the Second*, and *Katharine de Medicis*, who did love her moſt entirely. She was yet but as the Bud of a Roſe, which within her firſt infancy did preſerve her Graces undiſcloſed. But as ſhe began to lay them more open by the increaſe of age, we might then behold a Princeſſe, deſcended from the bloud of an hundred Kings, who had a body formed and faſhioned by the hand of Beauty, a fine and a clear ſpirit, a deep and a ſound judgement, a high Virtue and an incomparable Grace in her expreſſions. All which, made *Henry the Second* reſolve to give her in marriage to his Son *Francis*, to whom ſhe was eſpouſed about the fifteenth year of her age, being himſelf not much more indebted unto years then ſhe was. All things laughed at the beams of this bright Morning; and it ſeemed, that Felicity her ſelf had with full hands poured down her favours upon a Marriage which had been made in Heaven, to carry along with it the approbation of all the earth.

Her Matriage and widowhood.

The inconſtancy of humane affairs.

But who can dive into the ſecrets which Providence hath in her own breaſt concealed from us? Or who is he that hath tears enough to deplore the condition of great Fortunes, when they are abandoned to the pillage and plunder of Deſtruction? This young *French* King, having in his way but ſaluted Royalty, after his Reign but of ſix Moneths was taken out of the World by an Impoſtume in his ear. All *France* did groan under this loſſe, by reaſon of the excellent inclination of that Prince, but ſhe was more touched with the impreſſions, which in her heart her moſt dear Spouſe received, who deſired to ſacrifice the reſt of her dayes unto the aſhes of her husband. Nevertheleſſe, as the tenderneſſe of the King's age who was troubled beſides with diverſe indiſpoſitions of body, and the ſhort time they were married together, did not permit that any iſſue ſhould be left behind him, there did ariſe upon it a Report, that the young Queen ſhould return into her own Countrey, where two Crowns did attend her, the one in *England*, the other in *Scotland*, ſhe being the true Inheritreſſe of them both, of one of which ſhe took poſſeſſion, and was deprived of her rights in the other, by the Injuſtice of Uſurpation.

Her return into *Scotland*.

The firſt fire of the jealouſie of Eſtate.

3. *Elizabeth of England* now began to torment her ſelf with a furious jealouſie againſt her, and had already laid the Deſign to ſtop her in her return to *Scotland*; but God was pleaſed that ſhe was gallantly accompanied with a great part of the moſt generous of the Nobility of *France*, and did paſſe the ſeas very fortunately, and arrived ſo ſuddenly in *Scotland*, as if ſhe did fly in the Air: there ſhe was received of all the good Catholicks, with wonderfull entertainments of applauſe and joy. *Elizabeth* who did ſwell with deſpight, that ſhe failed in her deſign, covering her Artifice with the veil of friendſhip, did ſend a ſolemn Embaſſage with Preſents, to congratulate her Arrival, and to give her the aſſurances of an eternal Alliance. The good Princeſſe, who had a heart as credulous as generous, was paſſionately taken with this friendſhip, and diſputed with her ſelf how ſhe ſhould overcome her in honour and in courteſie. She took from her Treaſury a Diamond, of which ſhe made a Preſent to her. It was cut in the manner of a heart, and enriched with a verſe of *Buchanan's*, who had not as yet his ſpirit infected with Treaſon. In the mean time *Elizabeth*, not unlike thoſe Sorcerers, which from the faireſt Mornings do produce the fouleſt weather, did not ceaſe under-hand to ſow troubles and diviſions in the Realm of *Scotland*, endeavouring to deſtroy her Couſin by the fines of policy, whom ſhe durſt not attach by the force of Arms.

On the firſt Arrival of Queen *Mary* into *Scotland*, ſhe found the Kingdom overſpread with the Factions of the Calviniſts, which at that time troubled all the Eſtates in Chriſtendom. And ſeeing that the youth and experience of her widowhood was not compatible with the great underminings, which her Enemies did dayly form againſt her State, ſhe began, after the ſpace of five years, to think of a ſecond Marriage. The ſmall ſucceſſe in her firſt Marriage, made her ſuſpect an Alliance with ſtrangers; and thoſe who were moſt near unto her, did diſwade her from it. She did caſt her eyes on her Couſin *Henry Stuart*, the young Earl of *Lenox*, who for the comelyneſſe of his perſon, was one of the moſt remarkable in the Kingdom of *Scotland*; and having procured a Diſpenſation from the Pope, ſhe married him. This affection although moſt innocent in it ſelf, being not managed with all the conſiderations of State, did bring upon her the jealouſie of other Princes, and was in the end attended with great diſaſters.

Her ſecond Marriage.

The ſeed of the jealouſie of love.

But to ſpeak the truth, the Earl of *Murray*, natural brother to the Queen, a pernicious and luxurious man, who under-hand was the Inſtrument of *Elizabeth* of *England*, did ſow the firſt ſeeds of all theſe Tragedies. In the beginning of theſe troubles he was called, *The Prior of S. Andrew*, as being ordained by *James the Fifth*, to Eccleſiaſtical dignity; but having drunk the air of a turbulent and furious Ambition, which *Knox* the Patriarch of the Hereticks in *Scotland* had inſpired in him, he did not ceaſe to affect the Quality of Regent, and of King, nor ſparing any wickedneſſes to arrive to the butt of his deſires.

As he obſerved that the Queen his ſiſter, being yet very young, and very beautifull, was ſought for in Marriage by the King of *Spain*, to be married to his Son, and by the Emperour, to be married to his Brother, he uſed the utmoſt of his power to divert that Deſign, politickly fore-ſeeing, that ſuch Alliances would tend to the diminution of his power, and he failed not with moſt violent perſwaſions, to repreſent unto her, that ſhe ſhould enjoy neither peace nor honour in her Kingdom, if ſhe were eſpouſed to a forein Prince; and the better to divert her from it, he ceaſed not to advance the perfections of young *Lenox*, which he did rather to amuſe her, and to poſſeſs her with thoughts of love, then in earneſt to bring the Marriage to accompliſhment

Ambition the beginning of all evils.

The generous Princeſs, who underſtood not yet what Diſſimulation meant, gave ear unto him; and overcome by his counſel, ſhe proceeded to the effects of the Marriage with the Earl of *Lenox*, who was indeed accompliſhed with all excellent endowments both of body and of minde, but being very young, had not the qualities requiſite to ſerve him to ſecure himſelf. This *Murray*, who thought he ſhould reign in him, and by him; and that having advanced him to the Royal Dignity, the King ſhould be but as the inſtrument of his will, did finde himſelf much deceived, when he obſerved the King to grow cold in his behalf, and to reign with an Autho-

Authority more absolute then he intended. His fury did proceed to that height, that he drew into the Field to make war against the King; but having bad success therein, he was constrained to retire himself into *England*, where he began his designs to destroy his Sister. He had in the *Scotch*-Court the Earl of *Morton*, who was unto him as his other self, to whom he gave Commission to throw the Apple of Discord on this Marriage of the King and Queen. This he performed with incredible cunning, and finding some disposition by the cooling of his affection, he perswaded *Lenox*, That he was a King in Name only, and that the Queen signed first in all the Declarations, and did not permit that any Effigies should be stamped on the monies, but her own. That of necessity he must discharge himself from the tutelage of that imperious woman, and teach her to submit to the Law of Nature, which allows not that Sex to command their husbands. On the other side, this Forger of Iniquity heating two Furnaces with one Fagot, ceased not by his complaints to set on fire the heart of the Queen; telling her, That she must chastise the rash young man, and retain the Sovereignty entire on her own side, otherwise his unruly passions attempting to part the Crown betwixt them, would take it away from them both, and put all things into a confusion. This was the occasion that *Mary*, arming her heart with a manly courage, would enjoy the Rights and Prerogatives of her birth, and did afterwards reign in full Authority.

The effects of Envy and Ambition.

The pernicious language of an Incendiary.

4. This young Husband, who of a Subject was become a Master, could not with moderation endure his change of fortune, but daily endeavoured to hold more of command then of compliance. The Queen also, who desired to be known the sole efficient cause of his preferment, being unwilling to lose the name of Mistris in taking that of Wife, did distast his importunity, deferred his Coronation, and did allow him but a little part in the Affairs of the Kingdom. She ordinarily did confer much with *David Rictius* her Secretary, an old and discreet man, who with great honour possessed her ear and her good opinion; for she cherished him rather for the necessity of her Affairs, then for any attractive qualities that were in him, for he was but of a deformed body as they who have seen him, do affirm. But the calumny of the Puritans, who know of every wood how to make an Arrow, did not forbear in their bold discourses, to reflect upon the honour of Queen *Mary* concerning that subject, although it was the most incredible, and the most ridiculous thing in the world.

The jealousie of King Henry Stuart Darley.

The book of the death of the Queen of Scots, printed in the year 1587.

Cambden also, the most sincere of all Historians of the pretended Religion, and *Monsieur de Castelnau*, have disdained to speak of it, as being an outrage, which had no foundation at all of truth, although the Earls of *Morton* and *Lindsey*, two execrable Incendiaries, who had undertaken the divorce of the Royal House, following the spirit of Heresie most impudently to breath forth the greatest lies, did work a great alteration on the King, in the cooling of his affections to his Wife.

A spirit tormented with two great Devils.

The spirit of *Henry* now became furious, and did perceive it self to be possessed on by two Fiends; the one, the Jealousie of Love; the other, of Estate, which both at one time did commit a prodigious Ravishment on his heart. They made him believe that he passed for a King in fancy only, and that his Throne was no more then a meer Picture, whilest another was made a Partner in his Bed. In effect the excellent Beauties of the Queen which had given him such heats of Love, did now raise his jealousie to the heighth of those flames. He was all on fire perpetually night and day, and being tormented with shadows, suspicions, and rages, with choler, frenzies, and with terrours, he lived as on the Wheel, not knowing which way to turn himself.

A tragick remedy by the death of the Secretary of the Queens.

His Passion did suggest unto him a bloudy remedy, which was to draw the Secretary from the Cabinet of the Queen at the hour of Supper, and under colour of communicating some Affair unto him, to stab him with a Pomard in the Presence-Chamber. The body being all bloudy by threescore wounds which it received, fell down just at the door of his Mistris, imploring Heaven and Earth against those, who by so black a treason had ravished his life from him in the flower of his hopes. The Queen being frighted at the noise, did run to the door, and with his bloud, received the last breathings of his Soul, some drops of the bloud falling on her outward Garment. She startled at the horrour of the sight, and believed that some sprinklings of the bloud had painted on her face the opprobriousness of the Act.

The passion of devilish fury.

But as she made her complaint, the Murtherers presented a Pistol to her, without any regard to the brightness of her Majesty, or the bigness of her Womb, desiring nothing more, then at one blow to destroy both the Tree and the Fruit. They locked her up in a Chamber of the Palace, taking from her all her ordinary servants, and putting a Guard on her of fourscore Souldiers.

On this the Estates met, and the pestilent Council were assembled, where, with mouthes full of fire, the Hereticks ceased not to breath forth Rebellion, Bloud, and Butcheries. They gave it out aloud, that they ought not by halfs to do a Work of so great Importance; and since the Queen, who was a Pillar of the Papists Religion in *Scotland*, was already shaken, they ought to lay her low as the earth, and utterly destroy her, in giving allowance to the Libels and the Calumnies which were published against her. They had attempted to have seduced the spirit of the young King, promising him to put the Crown in peace upon his head, if he would maintain and support their Design, to which, as he shewed an inclination, they began to weave an horrible Conspiracy, to take from him all the most eminent persons of the State, and imbarque the innocence of the Queen in the common shipwrack.

The horrible attempt of Heresie.

The Earl of *Murray* who fled into *England* for having raised Armes against their Majesties, returned back and came into *Scotland*, rather as a Triumpher, then a guilty person. They made him an Overture of their pernicious counsels, which he entertained with horrour: for as yet he was unwilling that the Affairs should be carried on with such an extremity of violence; wherefore in private he repaired to the Queen, demanding pardon for his Offences past, and promising all obedience for the time to come. He counselled her to recollect and rouze up her spirits, and pardon the injuries passed, and to take away from the Conspiratours all the apprehensions of despair. The Queen bending her spirit to the necessity of the time, and her present Affairs,

did receive him with all courtesie, and told him that she was ready to perform all as he pleased. She assured him, that he was not ignorant that her heart was without gall, having always pardoned offences even to her own destruction, by her too much clemency. And though she had been used by him with too much rigour for a Brother, that she would not cease to cherish him, and to gratifie him above all other, to give him the best testimony of full satisfaction.

Love and Piety.

As he departed, the King came in, and then it appeared how Grace and Nature wrought their effects; for the innocent Queen fashioning her countenance and her words to the most sensible passion, spake thus unto him:

Alas, and wherefore thus, SIR, *Is this that I have deserved for loving you above all the men in the world? Must I be forced from your friendship, to adhere to my most cruel Enemies? If I have deserved death for doing you all the good that lay in the possibility of my power, what hath this little Innocent in my womb committed, whom I do not preserve, but only to increase your power. The Excess of these violent proceedings will tear away the life both from the Mother and the child, and then I am afraid you will too late discover the violense and rage of those, who perswade you to destroy that which you should hold most dear, and to bury your self in my ruins.*

The King reconciled with the Queen.

As she spake these words, and mixed them with her tears, the King's heart was softned into compassion; Upon his knees he demanded pardon, breathing forth many sighs, accompanied with groans and tears of love. And having declared to her the conspiracy that was plotted for her ruine, he told her, that he now came either to live or to dy with her: This confidence did greatly rejoyce her, and having exhorted him above all things, to appease the anger of God, and particularly to have recourse unto his mercy, she gave him instructions necessary for him, she counselled him to dissemble this their love, and make not the least discovery of it to the Conspiratours, but only to represent unto them, that he had found the Queen very ill, and that the violence of her malady might be as strong as poison or steel, to take her out of the world; That there was now no more need of keeping any Guard upon her, for in passing affairs according to their advice, he would answer for her, if God should not otherwise dispose of her.

This counsel was followed; and after the King had perswaded the Rebels, to what he had desired, he returned to his dear wife, and about midnight both of them saved themselves, nine or ten thousand armed men being drawn together by the diligence of the Earl of *Bothuel*, who in one morning made the whole Rebellion to vanish with the Rebels.

Choler and Vengeance prejudicial

Now the Earl of *Murray* had re-possest himself of the favour and good opinion of the Queen; but the King, who well understood the pernicious counsels, of which he was the Authour, and that he made him serve to be his instrument at the death of the Secretary, could by no means endure him, and though the good Queen, who would have nothing done violently, had expresly charged the contrary, he was resolved to seize upon him. But *Murray* apprehending the ill intent of the King towards him, did by a most detestable crime prevent it, by drawing to him the Earl of *Bothuel*, a man bold of spirit and of hand, and prevailing on him to massacre the King, assuring him that he should marry the Queen, if ever he arrived to the end of his fatal Enterprise. This miserable King, whom Jealousie had transported to the cruel murder of the Secretary, was now again fully reconciled to his wife, and loved her most tenderly, and conceived an extreme pity, to see her youth entangled among such pernitious counsels of her enemies. He was then at *Glasco* sick of the small-pox, which the Queen understanding, she immediately repaired thither to bring him unto *Edenborough*, where were better accommodations for him. At the same time the Conspiratours assembled themselves to accomplish their Design, and moreover they had a desire to involve the Queen and her Son in the same ruine, but they feared that it would be too apparent, and it would be more expedient for them, to bring all the Envy of the death of the husband, upon the head of his wife, whom they conceived to be still highly offended for his ill demeanour towards her. To which purpose they undertook to torment her spirit, and prompt her to thoughts of vengeance, which they never could effect, so strong was the new knot of their reconciled love. They deliberated amongst themselves to put this miserable Prince to death by fire, and because it was inconvenient to perform it in the Palace, they entred into counsel amongst themselves, to remove him into a fair house, which was at the upper end of the City, where they had prepared a fatal Myne for his destruction. His sickness being such, the Queen accorded to his removal, and very innocently did take her husband by the hand, and did conduct him to the Entry of his Lodging, where, with a singular prudence, she disposed of every thing which concern'd the recovery of his health. And not contented with that, she stayed with him without the appehension of any danger of infection, which put the Plotters of this delicate conspiracy into fear, but she seemed to be nothing troubled at it, and staying with him until midnight, she entertained him with all the satisfaction that he could expect from so bountiful a Nature.

Horrible inventions of Envy and Vengeance.

As soon as she was retired; behold by the secret artifice of the powder, to which fire was given, under the Lodging of the King, the Chamber was blown into the Air, and the bed all on fire. He found himself to be desperately inwrapped in this calamity; and the Authours of the Mischief, conspiring with the Elements, did dispatch him outright, having found him half dead in a Garden, into which place the violence of the fire had thrown him. The Queen hearing of it, was possessed with a wonderful amazement, and lost in the depth of sorrow, she feared every thing, and knew not what to do, or what to hope, every hour attending to see the end of that Tragedy, to be the beginning of another on her own life.

The death of *Henry Stuart.*

The malicious Earl of *Murray*, who now had given the blow by the instrument of his wickedness, as he had spoken a little before to those that were neareſt to him, that the King should dy the same night, did cunningly retire himself. The people murmured, and knew not what to take to; but the cleareſt sighted amongst them perceived, that it was a work of this pernicious Brother, who had a desire utterly to destroy the Royal Family, to mount himself upon the Throne.

And this is that which *Cambden* assureth us in the first part of his History, who, though by Religion he was a *Calviniſt*, and by profession the Historiographer to the Queen of *England*, yet he hath not dissembled the truth; in confirmation whereof, he produceth proofs as clear as the day, with the attestations of the Earls of *Huntley* and *Argathel*, two principal

Cambden in the first part of his History in the year 1567.

principal Lords of *Scotland*, who by a writing signed under their own hands, have authentically protested to the Queen of *England*, that the Earls of *Murray*, *Morton* and *Lidington*, were the Counsellers and Authours of the horrible Parricide committed against the King; the good Queen alwayes professing, that she did forbid them to do any thing whatsoever, that might any way reflect upon her honour, or offend her conscience. Also this unfortunate Earl of *Morton*, who was afterward convicted and executed for this murder, did totally discharge the Queen from having any hand in the King's death, and named the Conspiratours, who by writing had obliged themselves one to another, to defend the murder of his Royall Majesty. *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who prepared the Myne, being put to the Rack, to accuse the Innocent Queen, did absolutely discharge her, protesting before God and his Angels, that she was free from all fault; and that *Murray* and *Morton* did give them commandment to perform it. *Buchanan*, a Pensionar of *Murray's*, who cried down this Queen by his venomous pen, being touched at last with the remorse of conscience, with tears demanded pardon of her Son, King *James*. And being sick to death, desired that his life might be prolonged, either to clear the integrity of Queen *Mary* by the light of Truth, or by his own bloud to wash away the stains of his reproaches. Some Protestants being amazed to hear him speak in this manner in the apprehension he had of Gods judgments to fall upon him, did give forth, that his old age had made him to doat. This which I now write, was afterwards acknowledged, as we shall see anon by a publick and solemn sentence of the principall Nobility of *England*, who although Lutherans and Enemies, being chosen to examine the business, did highly publish the Innocence of this Queen.

Camden part 3. pag. 336.

Camden pag. 128. an. 1567.

Camden pag. 105.

And now Detractours, what have you to say? Do you not behold wherewith to make your shame to blush, and the despite of so many infamous Historians to increase, who have made black her whiteness? Nay, some of the Catholicks themselves, being but little versed in the discerning of History, having suffered themselves to be surprized concerning this subject, not considering that all this calumny is derived from the Book of *Buchanan*, being corrupted to it by the bastard *Murray*, who promised to make him Patriarch of *Scotland*, if ever he should come unto the Crown. And this is it which made this Apostate to write a detestable Libel against the honour of this Queen which was condemned afterwards by the Estates of *Scotland*, and retracted by the Authour himself. But some Huguenots of the Consistory, who are the most pestilent slanderers that ever the earth brought forth, have not ceased to give some countenance to this fable and illusion of mankind, although it was legally condemned of false-hood by the most apparent of all their party. It is an unhappiness of most men, that they are wilfully given to believe the worst, whether by an inclination they have unto it, or whether by a difficulty to forsake and to put off that, which first they entertained in their belief. The most virtuous Queen *Dido* doth pass perpetually through the world for a woman lost in love, although indeed she died in the defence of her chastity, chusing rather to be devoured by the flames of fire, then to be given in marriage, as *Tertullian* doth affirm.

The rash love of the Earl of Bothuel.

6. But to take into my hand again the thread of my discourse. Some time after the King's death, *Bothuel*, who was one of the most powerfull Earls of *Scotland*, did prevent to court this Queen in the way of marriage, and the rather, because the Earl of *Murray* had promised her unto him for the recompence of this treason. This motion came directly cross to her heart, although as yet she did not know that this pernicious man had imbrued his hands in her Husbands bloud, having always found him most faithfull in his service. But as the report thereof increased, she grew very angry with all those who offered to renew the motion to her, alledging, that there was no apparance that he should be propounded for a husband to her, who is suspected for so detestable an act, no, although he indeed were innocent. Besides that, she urged that he was already tied in marriage to another woman. But *Murray* the Bastard, and other of the conspiratours, who with an obstinate resolution had undertaken this business, did justifie this Crime by the Judges of their faction, and gave the Queen to understand, that his first wife was not lawfully contracted to him, and therefore she was removed from him.

All this was not able to perswade her, who was wonderfully troubled with the dismalness of these late events, which was the occasion that *Bothuel* being transported with love, and assured of the high reputation which he had in the Kingdom, did draw forth into the fields with five hundred horse, where corvetting before them, a wild presumption did invade him to take away the Queen as she returned from *Sterlin*, to which place she was gone to see her Son, and to bring him with her to her Castle at *Dunbar*, At which place having with strange submissions demanded pardon for his boldness, He represented to her the contract of his marriage signed by the Earl of *Murray*, and the principal of the Nobility of the Kingdom, who thought very well of it, by that means to remedy the publick calamities of the Kingdom. Moreover he protested to her that he would never over-value himself for the Honour he should receive from her Majesty, nor for the greatness of his unexpected fortune, with which the greatest Monarch on the earth might proudly content himself; but that he would alwayes continue her most humble and most obedient servant. In this manner did this Philistine adore the Ark in its captivity.

But she moderating her passion, did represent unto him, that to proceed in this nature was to overthrow the whole business before it was established, that she would be absolutely brought to *Edinborough*, the chiefest City of her Kingdom, where she would take a resolution to do that which should seem good unto Her.

On this occasion it came about, that the Earl of *Murray*, who had removed himself a little, to be the less suspected of the murder, did return to Court, and brought with him the Suite of the Assassinate, rewarding him for it with the obtainment of the bravest Lady in the world, as the recompence of his murder. He ceased not to importune her to take *Bothuel* for her husband, declaring his innocence, publickly avouched the splendour of his house, the exploits of his courage, the proofs of his fidelity, which did render him most worthy of her love. He added, that being alone and without assistance, she was no way capable to appease the troubles, prevent the ambuscadoes, or sustain the great charges of the Realm. Therefore she ought to receive him for her husband, and the Companion of her Fortunes and designs, having both

Camden part 1. pag. 3. doth shew that this marriage was brought about by the fraud and the pressing solicitations of the Earl of Murray

power, will, and courage to defend her in all conditions, and that he would never suffer her to be in quiet, but only by the consummation of this Marriage. This wicked man by this counsel did promise to himself, either to reign with him being his familiar Friend, or by this action, to cry down the Queen, and over-throw her Authority, as afterwards it came to pass.

The Marriage is now to be accomplished, and the Importunities of the Earl prevailed on *Mary*'s heart, who married him in the face of the Church with all the Ceremonies requisite to it. Some have written, that this virtuous Lady by reason of her beauties, was strongly persecuted by divers with daily motions concerning Marriage. And that the easiness of her nature (which could not resist the great importunities and continual battels, which love stirred up against her) did bring upon her a deluge of misfortunes: likewise her neighbour Princes, who knew not the Artifice of her Enemies, did in the beginning blame her for having so easily adhered to a man, who was so dangerously suspected concerning that she ought to clear her reputation from the least shadows of suspicion, wherewith Envy began to cloud it. But who shall well consider a young Widow of seventeen years of age, placed in the furthest part of all the World, where Heresie had over-turned all order, and let loose the blackest Furies of Hell for the dissolution of the State. Who shall contemplate her alone, as the Morning-star in the midst of so many Clouds, without assistance, without forces, without counsel; persecuted by her brother, outraged by the Hereticks, betrayed by the Queen of *England* under the colour of good will, sought for in Marriage by force of Arms by the Princes of her own Realm; he shall find, that she hath done nothing improvidently in choosing those by friendship, which necessity did give her by force; and whether that there are times and revolutions of affairs so dangerous and remedilesse, in which we have no other power left us, but only to destroy our selves.

The persecution of the Queen of *Scots* by the Protestants.

7. In the mean time, the *Lutherans* and the *Calvinists* did not cease to cry out, and to bray against their Princess, and having begun by infamous Libels, they prevailed so much by their Trumpets of Sedition, that they kindled a War under the pretence of revenging the King's death, whom they had caused to be pourtrayed dead in a bloudy Standard, with his little Son at his feet who demanded vengeance. *Bothuel*, who as yet was drunk with the sweetnesses of affection which he received from his new Spouse, was altogether amazed when he saw an Army marching in the Field against him. And that the clamour of the people did charge him aloud with the death of the King. The Queen was struck into such a horrour at the report of the Crime, that forthwith she commanded him to withdraw himself, and never to see her more; and although she was ignorant, that his Courage and Valour were able to secure her from the Tempest which was falling on her, yet she chose rather to abandon her self as a prey to all the fury of her Enemies, then to keep but one hour that person near her, which she then only knew to have had some ill designs on the person of the King. He fled from *Scotland* into *Denmark*, where after ten years tedious imprisonment, he living and dying did protest that Queen *Mary* did never know of the conspiracy against her Husband, and that those who gave the blow, having demanded some Warrant from the Queen for their discharge, she made answer, That it was Sacriledge to think of it, so innocent a Soul she had. This Protestation which he made at his death, before the Bishop and other Lords of the Realm, was afterwards sent to divers Princes of *Europe*, and to *Elizabeth* her self who did dissemble it. In the mean time, the Rage of the Infidels did seize on *Mary*, and did constrain her with execrable violence and treasons plotted under-hand by the Agents of the Queen of *England*, to resign the Kingdom to her Son, whom these seditious people caused to be Crowned at one year of age, to put all the Authority into the hands of *Murray* in the quality of Regent. Not content with this, they surpriz'd her in a morning as she was putting on her cloaths, and taking from her all Ornaments worthy of her quality, they cloathed her in a sordid habit, and having mounted her upon a horse, which by chance passed through a Meadow, they brought her into a place out of the way, and confined her to a Castle, situated on the Lake of *Lenox*, under the Guard of the Earl of *Douglas*, Brother by the Mother's side to the *Vice-Roy*, using her as a lost creature, and with horrible boldness accusing her for the death of her Husband, and a design to invade his Kingdom.

The fury and infidelity of Ambition.

In this Captivity she was charged with Contumacies by the Concubine of her Father, a most insolent woman, to whom the keeping of her was committed, and by a disrobed Prior who did visit her, and tendred her some Remonstrances to assist her as her Father Confessour. And at that time some black and butcherly spirits did take a resolution to strangle her, and to publish to the world, that she had done it of her self, being overcome by despair.

What an indignity was this, and what a confusion in Nature and the Laws of the world, to behold that excellent Lady, to whom Grace and Nature had given chains to captivate the hearts of the most barbarous. That great Princess, whom the Sun did see almost as soon to be a Queen, as a living Creature. She that was born to Empires, as all Empires seemed to be made for her; to be deprived of her sweet liberty, to see her self severed from all commerce with mankind, to be banished in a Desart, where nothing but Rocks were the witnesses of her sufferings. Nay, which is more, she is now become the Captive of her own Subjects, and a Servant to her Slaves. The poor Turtle ceased not to groan, and often through the Grate would look on the Lake, where in every Wave she conceived she beheld the waving image of her charge of Fortunes.

Not long after she entred into a deep melancholy, when the evil Spirit that fisheth in troubled waters, did tempt her into thoughts of despair, representing to her, that since the air, and the earth were shut from her, she should make choice of the water into the which she should throw her self, and end the languishment of her Captivity, by burying her self in a moment with her afflictions.

But as her pious Soul was fastned unto God by chains not to be dissolv'd, she fervently besought the Divine Bounty, that he would vouchsafe to comfort her, and confirm her spirit, which was descended into the bottom of the Abyss of the miseries of this world. Her prayer being ended, she was inspired with infusions of love towards her Creatour, and armed with a noble confidence, she in this manner did express her self.

Wherefore

Wherefore art thou ſo ſad my ſoul? if GOD *permits this for thy ſins, ſhouldeſt thou not kiſs the Rod that ſtrikes thee, and adore that infinite mercy who doth chaſtiſe thee by temporary puniſhments, not willing to make thee an object of that choler, which is kindled by an eternity of flames? and if this comes unto thee to approve thy virtues, doſt thou fear to enter into the furnace, where that great Workman will conſume the ſtraw only that burns thee, and will make thee to ſhine as gold? wherefore art thou ſo ſad my heart? To be deprived of liberty and the delights of the Court, take unto thee the wings of contemplation and of love, and fly thou beyond theſe Waters, fly thou beyond the ſeas which environ theſe Iſlands, and underſtand, that there is no priſon for a Soul which* GOD *doth ſet at liberty, and that all the world doth belong to him, who knows how to miſpriſe it.*

1. Hope againſt all hope.

In theſe conſiderations ſhe took incomparable delight, and as well as ſhe could did charm the afflictions of her impriſonment, when behold a blind felicity which made her to ſee unexpected events. *GOD ſtirred up a little *Daniel* to deliver this poor *Suſanna*, a little Infant, the Son of the Earl of *Donglas* did feel his little heart touched with the miſeries of this brave Queen, and had the hardineſs to ſpeak thus unto her. Madam, if your Majeſty will underſtand a way to your deliverance, I can give it you. We have here below a Gate, at which we ſometimes do go forth to delight our ſelves upon the water, I will bring you the key, and have the Boat ready, in which, fearing my fathers anger, I muſt ſave my ſelf with you. The Queen, extremely amazed at the diſcourſe of the child, made anſwer. My little friend, your counſel is very good, do as you ſpeak, and acquaint no man with it, otherwiſe you will ruine us; if you will oblige me for ſo great a favour, I will make you a great man, and you ſhall have content all your dayes. In the mean time for want of pen and paper ſhe wrote on her hand-kerchief with a coal, and found a means to advertiſe the Viſcount of *Selon* touching that deſign, aſſigning both the day and the place where he ſhould attend her, to which he diſpoſed himſelf with ſo much activity, as if he had rather wings to fly, then paces by foot to meaſure. The child failed not to put in execution what he promiſed. The Queen took the key in her hand, opened the Gate, and nimbly leaped into the Boat with this little Companion of her fortune, ſhe took her ſelf the pole into her hand, ſeeing the young child had not force to ſteer the boat, ſhe began to guid it, and to ſave her life by the favour of her arms. One of her Maids, named *Queneda*, ſeeing her Miſtriſs in this difficulty, did leap into the water out of a window of the Caſtle, and abandoned her ſelf to the mercy of the waves, to joyn her ſelf unto the fortunes of her Miſtriſs.

Her departure.

O good GOD, how may the ſtars in the greater ſilence of this world, with admiration behold ſo great a Queen, to ſit at the ſtern of a boat, with oars in her hand, and practiſing a trade of life, which neceſſity doth teach her, and felicity doth govern. The waters ſtroaked into a calm, did perceive the effects of her fair hand, and gently opened themſelves to make a paſſage for her. At laſt, ſhe arrived at the bank on the other ſide, and found there the Viſcount, who received her with all reverence and joy. She retired her ſelf into a place of ſafety, and thought on the means to re-eſtabliſh her ſelf, to which ſhe found her good Subjects well diſpoſed, and in a ſhort time, raiſed an Army of about ſeven thouſand men. At which the Enemies being inraged, drew up againſt them in great bodies, and giving them battel, they over powred them in number, and obtained the victory. The encounter was bloudy, to which one part did contribute courage, and the other fury. Seven and fifty perſonages of Honour of the Houſe of *Hamilton*, which is next unto the King, did with their dead bodies cover the field where the battel was fought. The Queen, who with horrour entertained the apprehenſion of ſo many maſſacres, did prefer an innocent Retreat before an uncertain Victory. Her baſtard brother, the chief of the Rebellion, of an imaginary King, did now make himſelf an abſolute Tyrant, and as much as in him lay, he endeavoured to root out the reſt of the true Religion in *Scotland*, by the perſwaſion of *Knox* and *Buchanan*, he ſtriped the Churches naked to cover himſelf, he oppreſſed all honeſt men, and let himſelf looſe unto all manner of inſolence.

8. The deplorable Queen is conſtrained to depart out of her Kingdom, to fall no more into ſuch cruel hands. She took ſhipping, having a deſire at firſt to ſail into *France*, where her Memory was ſtill preſerved in ſingular Reputation; but having a lofty heart, though excellently well tempered, ſhe was aſhamed to tranſport her ſelf, and to be ſeen in the condition of a baniſhed woman, in a place where all the graces and virtues had given her ſo many Trophies. She conceived that concealed Miſery was the more ſupportable, and that it was more expedient for her to live in an iſland, which was an out-corner of the World, then in the ſplendour of *France*. Beſides, ſhe conceived that ſhe ought to continue within the Neighbour-hood of her own Kingdom, the better to facilitate her Return unto it. The Arch-biſhop *Hamilton*, a moſt wiſe old man, did diſſwade her from that reſolution, underſtanding very well the Deportments of *Murray* with the Queen of *England*, and becauſe ſhe made apparence to give but little heed unto his counſels, he threw himſelf at her feet with tears in his eyes, and beſought her not to follow the greatneſs of her mind, as to make choice of that place, which would be her certain deſtruction. On the other ſide, *Elizabeth* did ſolicite her again and again, and did importune her by a thouſand courteſies to repair into *England*, to which at laſt ſhe condeſcended, as if Neceſſity had prepared links of Diamonds to chain her to her misfortunes.

Her Retreat into *England*, where her enemies accuſed her.

A civil ſhame doth hinder good deſigns.

The innocent Dove, in endeavouring to eſchew the nets of the Fowler, did fall into the talons of the Hawk. She came into a Kingdom, from whence Juſtice and Religion were baniſhed by the horrible factions of the Hereticks. She put her ſelf into her hands, who had uſurped her Scepter, and who made uſe of all Intereſts to procure her death. In ſtead of coming to the Court to be received there according to her birth and merit, ſhe found her ſelf to be confined into a corner of a deſart Iſland, where in a new captivity, ſhe moſt unworthily was detained. Her diſloyal Brother, the Vice-Roy, ſeeing her eſcaped from his bloudy hands, did promiſe to himſelf to oppreſs with much eaſe, by the circumventions of the Proteſtant Judges. He laid anew for her the nets of his old Accuſations, and made uſe of all the falſities which had been invented to eclipſe her honour.

Queen *Elizabeth*, in ſtead of ſuppreſſing the unnatural inſolence of her Subjects, gave them Commiſſions and an Order, that a Proceſs ſhould be made againſt her. The Puritans and the Lutherans the mortal Enemies of Queen *Mary*, are now her

her Accusers, her Judges, and her Witnesses. The number of honest men was here very few, and the apprehension of the danger did stop the mouths of those men which understood the truth, but had not the courage to defend it. Nevertheless, amongst others, there was a Scotch Gentleman, the Viscount *Herrin*, worthy of eternal Memory, who presented himself to *Elizabeth* for the defence of his own Queen, and said unto her,

MADAM,

Agenerous compassion.

THE Queen my Mistriss, who is nothing subject to you, but by misfortune, doth desire you to consider, that it is a work of an evil Example, and most pernicious Consequence, to give way that her rebellious Subjects should be heard against her, who being not able to destroy her by arms, do promise themselves to assassinate her, even in your own breast, under the colour of Justice. Madam, *Consider the estate of worldly affairs, and bear some compassion to the calamities of your poor Suppliant. After the most horrid attempt on the King her husband, the murder of her servants, the cruel Designs on her sacred Person: After so many prisons and chains, the subjects are heard against their Queen, the Rebels against their lawfull Mistriss, the guilty against the Innocent, and the felons against their Judge. Where are we, or what do we do? Though Nature hath planted us in the further parts, and the extremities of all the earth; yet she hath not taken the sense of humanity from us. Consider she is your own bloud, your neareſt kinswoman, she is one of the best Queens in the world for whom your Majesty is preparing bloudy Scaffolds, in a place where she was promised and expected greatest favours. I want words to express so barbarous a deed, but I am ready to come to the Effects, and to justifie the innocence of my Queen, by witnesses unreproveable, and by papers written and subscribed by the hands of the Accusers. If this will not suffice, I offer my self (by your Majesties permission) to fight hand to hand for the honour of my Queen, against the most hardy and most resolute of those, who are her Accusers. In this I do assure my self of your Equity, that you will not deny that favour unto her, who will acknowledge her self obliged to your bounty.*

Elizabeth, who found her advantages in the misfortunes of *Mary*, made no account of these remonstrances, and commanded the Commissioners, who were the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Sussex*, to proceed unto the Charge. But there is a God, who rules the Assemblies of men, and oftentimes doth turn their Advice against their own consciences. The greatest part of this Court were so transported, that they had a Resolution to destroy Queen *Mary*: *Murray*, *Morton*, the infamous Bishop of *Orcades*, and the pernicious *Buchanan*, with divers other Enemies of the Queen were now come, and brought with them the most execrable inventions, and blackest calumnies that ever were fetcht from hell, to charge the Queen with the death of the King her husband; nay, Letters of love were produced, which had been invented by some Puritans, who with an insupportable impudence affirmed, that they found them in a silver coffer of the Queens.

The inhumane cruelty of ambition.

The Earl of *Murray*, who in the beginning pretended to wish better to no man then to *Bothuel*, doth now declare himself the chief of this Accusation, outrageously pursuing the death of his Sister; alleadging, That she was the occasion of her husbands death, in revenge of the murder of her Secretary, that she never loved him afterwards, that she never lamented his loss, nor repented of her own sin. That she altogether abandoned her self to the love of the Earl of *Bothuel*, whom afterwards she married, although he was the murderer of her husband. *Lesley* the Bishop of *Ross*, *Gordon*, *Gauvin*, *Baron*, and others, who were there on the behalf of the Queen (for she was present her self in person) knowing the whole truth of the business, and being incensed at the heart, to see the foul treasons of this *Judas*, did handle him according to his desert, and did answer him by a very strong Apology, which was afterward presented to the Judges, to consider of it at their leisure. I will in this place insert the substance of it, having some years since found it amongst the Acts of the Queen of *Scotland*.

My LORDS,

IT is a great favour of Heaven to us, that the Earl of Murray *is an Accuser in this Cause since his name is able to justifie the greatest crimes, much more to accuse the Innocent, before persons so approved for their justice and their wisdom. It is sufficiently known, that by the ignominie of his mother, he was the son of a Crime, as soon as a son of Nature, that he hath ever since lived by wickedness, and is grown great by insolence. The Queen his Sister hath but one fault, which is, that she hath advanced him against the intentions of the King her father; who designed to him no Crown, but what (when he was to take Religious Orders) the Barber should give him, and now he hath usurped the Crown of the Realm. His desire and endeavours are, that the Diadem should be taken from the head of* Mary, *in recompence to him, for having cried her down by his calumnies, dishonoured her by his outrages, imprisoned her by his fury, and dispossessed her by his tyranny.*

Murray *doth accuse the innocent for having contrived her husbands death, and he doth accuse her in a Court, where there are witnesses unreproveable, that wil presently be deposed upon Oath, that having plotted this horrible murder, he being in a Boat, did say, That the King should that night be cured of all his maladies. And surely it was easie for him to presage it, when he and his Accomplices had before decreed it, and he had assigned them the place, the time, and the manner of the execution.* Murray *hath made himself an Accuser, to ravish the Kingdom, and sway the Scepter, imbrued with the blood of the Queen his sister. And we are not so much amazed at this, for he hath sold his soul to work wickedness at a far cheaper rate.*

Who had a deeper interest in the death of the King, then a Monk; for so was his condition of life assigned him from his nativity: but by this most detestable murder, he is now become the Regent of a great Kingdom. Who had a more labouring desire to see the King out of the world, then he, who daily expected from the hand of death, the just reward of his disloyalty?

We are here ready to represent unto him a paper signed with his own hand, and the hands of his Adherents, where amongst them all, they are obliged against all, to defend that person, who should attempt upon the person of the King. That execrable writing was intrusted in the hands of Bolfou, *Captain of the Castle of* Edinborough, *whom at the first they had drawn unto their side, and being since insensed against some of the Conspiratours, hath discovered all the business. This is that which we now manifest with reasons, more clear then the day, and with assurances as streng as truth it self.*

My

My Lords, *We demand what is that which the Rebels oppose against all these proofs, nothing at all but frivolous conjectures which are not sufficient to condemn the vilest creature in the world, although they are made use of, to overthrow the person and Majesty of a Queen. Ten thousand tongues such as* Murrays *are, and his Accomplices, ought not to serve to make half a proof against the honour of* Mary, *and yet you have the patience to hear them, rather then chastise them.*

Her poor servants have been examined again and again, they have been torn to pieces, and flead alive, to accuse the Queen, and could ever so much as one effectual word be racked from them, to stain her innocence? Have they not in the middle of their torments declared aloud, and before all the people, that she was ignorant of whatsoever was done, and that they never heard the least word proceed from her, which tended to the murder of the King.

All their Reasons are reduced into two Conjectures. The first whereof is, That the Queen committed the said Act, in revenge of the death of her Secretary. The second is, Her Love and Marriage with the Earl of Bothuel, *the murderer of her husband, these two are the inevitable charges against her. But to answer to the first: I demand, if the Queen had any desires of revenge, on whom should she exercise that vengeance? Upon her husband, whom she loved with incomparable affection, whom in all companies she defended, as a young man, seduced by evil counsels, to whom she had given a full forgetfulness, and abolition of the murder of* David Riccio, *for fear that one day he should be called to an account for it, whom she very lately had received into favour, and the strictest friendship, to whom she had given the testimonies of a fervent love unto the last hour of his death. Is it on him that she would discharge her choler, or on those who were the Authours and Executioners of the act? If she hath pardoned the Earls of* Murray, *and* Morton, *her sworn Enemies, whom on a thousand occasions she could cut off: here is it to be believed, that a Lady, who had ever a most tender conscience, would destroy a husband so agreeable to her, and whom she knew to have never offended, but through the malice onely of these desperate spirits.*

But why then hath she married him, who made this attempt against the King her husband. This is their second Objection, and to speak the truth, the only one, which they so much cry up. For this it is that they have taken away her Rings and Jewels, and put in the place of them infamous letters, invented by Buchanan, *or some like unto him, who treat of love, not as in the person of a Princess, but of a loose licentious woman. And these Letters, when they were produced did appear to be never made up, or sealed; but exposed to all the world, as if so chaste and so wise a spirit as this Queen, could be so stupid, or so wicked, as to publish her own infamy to the face of all the world.*

But in the end, they say, the Marriage was accomplished. And who did do it but these onely, who now do make it a capitall Crime. These are they who did give advice to this match by reasons, did sollicit it by pursuits, did constrain it by force, and did sign it by continuance. Behold, we are here ready in your presence, to represent unto you the Contract, which doth bear their names and seals of Arms, which they cannot disprove. The Queen hath protested before God and men, that she had rather die ten thousand deaths, then to have married Bothuel, *if she had thought he had been stained but with one drop of her husbands bloud, and if he had not been proclaimed to be innocent.*

And now judge (My Lords) with what impudence they dare appear before you, and do believe, that the Queen of England *hath sent you hither to serve their passions, and sacrifice so great a Princess to their vengeance. We do hope all the contrary, and do firmly perswade our selves, that the great God, the undoubted Judge of the living and the dead, will inspire you with such counsels, as shall give the Day to Truth, for the glory of your own consciences, and the comfort of the most afflicted of Queens, who desireth not to breath out the rest of her life that is left her, but under the favour of your Goodness.*

This in this manner being spoken, the Agents and Deputies for the Queen having aloud protested, that they here assembled not to acknowledge any power Superiour to the Crown of *Scotland*, but onely to declare in the behalf of their Queen, being unwilling to lose time in words, they came to the proofs, and did defend them with incredible vigour, making in the first place the falsifications, which were very ordinary with the Earl of *Murray*, to appear in full Council. In the second place, representing the Contract of the Marriage with *Bothuel*, which he condemned, to be signed by him and his Adherents. Moreover, producing the instrument of the Conspiracy against the King, subscribed by their own hands, and signed by their own Seals. And lastly, reporting the Depositions of *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who being executed for this Act, did fully discharge the Queen at the instant of their death before all the people.

Her justification.

After that the Commissioners had judged the Queen of *Scots* to be innocent of all the Cases and Crimes, which falsely had been imposed on her by her traiterous and disloyal Accusers; and that the proceedings which they made, were for no other purpose, but to exempt themselves from the crimes which they had committed, and to cover the tyranny which they had exercised in the Kingdom of *Scotland*, The Earl of *Murray* did flie away, filled with fear and with confusion, seeing that his life was in great danger, if he had not been secretly protected by the Queen of *England*.

The confusion of her Accusers.

In the pursuit of this Sentence, the most honest of the Council did propose three Remedies to take away the differences, and to re-establish the true Queen in her Kingdom. The first was, That she should give assurances to the Queen *Elizabeth*, no ways to disquiet her in the Succession of the Crown of *England*. The Second was, That she should grant an Act of Pardon and Forgetfulness to her rebellious Subjects, for fear the punishment should otherwise extend to a number that was infinite. The third was, That the Marriage with *Bothuel* being condemned to be unlawfull, she should consent to be espoused to some Illustrious Person in *England*, who should be answerable in all conditions, and maintain both Kingdoms in a perpetual friendship, to which Queen *Mary* shewed a singular inclination.

9. But the Queen of *England* was wonderfully amazed at this Sentence and proceedings, and although in publick she seemed to be much contented at the justification of her Cousin, yet in secret she much raged at it, and encouraged the Accusers to prosecute their complaints in full Parliament, telling them, they were both lazy and impertinent to begin their Suit, and not to accomplish it.

The labyrinths of the hypocrisie of *Elizabeth*.

The

The Proceſs upon this, was brought again to the Council of *England*, where the Baſtard *Murray*, armed with the outrageous pen of *Buchanan*, uſed all his power, even to the affrighting of the Agents of Queen *Mary*, by the Authority of *Elizabeth*. But the beſt ſort of people began to murmure, ſaying, that it was neceſſary that the Traitours ſhould be taken off, and the innocent Queen reeſtabliſhed in her Kingdom. On the one ſide, *Elizabeth* ceaſed not to make delays, and on the other, ſhe pretended that ſhe would underſtand what ſhould be the conditions of her enlargement, whether it were to appear civil and humane, or whether ſhe would ſound the minds of thoſe further, whom ſhe thought did talk with too much liberty, concerning that affair.

In the mean time, the Spirits which could not clearly enough diſcover the labyrinths of her dark heart, conceived, that Truth had now prevailed to publiſh the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*, that the Storm was grown into a Calm, and that ſhe now began to arrive at her deſired haven, ſhe now was looked on by every one with another eye, and the greateſt perſonages in *England*, did paſſionately deſire an Alliance with her.

Deceitful hopes.

The Earl of *Leiceſter*, an intimate favourite of *Elizabeths*, obſerving that his Queen had no intention to be married, and that the the Scepter of *England* did look upon this Priſoner, did entertain a delicate Ambition, to court her in the way of Marriage; but the Tranſalpine humour of his moſt jealous Miſtriſs did ſo perplex him, that he durſt not tell to his own heart, what his own thoughts were. He moſt paſſionately deſired, that the Queen would make ſome overture to him of it, to ſubmit all things to her diſcretion, and to make her underſtand, that this would be a happy means to take away all doubts, and miſapprehenſions that ſhould ariſe from *Scotland*. But ſo it was, that he durſt not proceed in it, ſo well he underſtood the ſpirit of *Elizabeth*, who was as apt to receive an evil impreſſion, as ſhe was cruel to revenge it.

Treaſon againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, and his ruin.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, who was Preſident at the Trial of Queen *Mary*, was advanced above all others in Dignity, and remarkable over all the Realm for his great and gallant qualities. The baſtard *Murray* did flatter him with the hope of his Siſters marriage. The Earl of *Leiceſter* began to dive into his heart concerning that ſuit, and gave him ſome touches of it, whether it were that by that means he would know the pleaſure of *Elizabeth*, or whether he were reſolved to deſtroy the Duke, who only was able to caſt a ſhadow on his light. *Throgmorton*, who was a friend unto them both, did firſt carry the meſſage, and acquainted *Norfolk*, that *Leiceſter* had a deſire to ſpeak with him on a buſineſs of high importance, which was concerning his marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, he told him, that he ſpoke this unto him as of himſelf, but counſelled him as a friend, to refer the further proceedings on that Marriage to the Earl of *Leiceſter*, who, though it was thought did pretend himſelf to it, yet he deſired that his modeſty would give way that the Earl might adviſe him, becauſe there was no great apparance of any thriving in that motion without his direction. He believed this counſel, and as ſoon as the Earl began to open his mouth concerning it, he did comply unto him with all honour and ſubmiſſion, and did expreſs himſelf to be indifferent and cold enough concerning that Marriage; although, to ſpeak the truth, her Innocence ſo much perſecuted, had kindled already the firſt fire of love within his heart. *Leiceſter*, touched with this courteſie, did increaſe his flame, and did remonſtrate to him, that this Marriage would highly conduce to the benefit of the State, becauſe it would prove a happy means to divert all ſtrange Alliances, which might carry the Queen of *Scotland* to purſue her pretenſions to the Crown of *England*, and ſerve abſolutely to confirm her in the good opinion of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Duke, who was indued with a natural freedom of diſpoſition, and knew not how to diſſemble, beholding him ſelf at one time betwixt two violent fires of Love and Honour, did entertain the heat, which too ſoon he did evaporate, and beſought the Earl, ſince he pretended no more to that affair, and that he himſelf would not proceed in it without his aſſurance, that he would do him a courteſie worthy of the place which he had near the Queen, for which he never would be ingrateful. This the Earl did promiſe him, and if men may judge by apparence, very heartily; which did ſo blow up the heart of the Lover, that in thinking of it, he did adore his own thoughts. It was indeed a ſtrange temptation, to propoſe unto himſelf ſo accompliſhed a Beauty, and ſo eminent a Virtue, on whoſe train two Kingdoms did attend. The world is not capable to be governed by two Suns, and the heart of man ſuffers more then mortal Agonies, when it ſuſtains the ſhock of two violent paſſions, who unite their forces and deſigns, to make a war upon him.

Great paſſions of Love and Ambition.

The Duke beholding himſelf flattered with theſe loves, by divers other Agents, did write unto the Queen of *Scotland*, with magnifick complements, and offers of unparallel'd ſervice, with the greater pomp and ſweetneſs to enter into the ſecrets of her thoughts. The Priſoner, who laboured for nothing more then to break her chains aſunder, did deſire rather to ſee the end of the affair, then to underſtand the beginning of it; but the experience which ſhe had of the diſſimulation and jealouſies of *Elizabeth*, did make her to go upon theſe conſiderations, as on a fire covered with aſhes. Wherefore, without being much moved at it, ſhe made anſwer, that ſhe muſt commit the whole Negotiation to the Queen, and truſt to none to whom ſhe had not ſpoken, and openly teſtified her deſires.

In the mean time, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, who had promiſed to ſpeak unto her, and who only could give a fair colour to the eſtate of that Marriage, to perſwade *Elizabeth* to incline unto it, did defer to ſpeak unto her from day to day; and being importuned to it, by the violent ſolicitations of the Duke, he counterfeited himſelf ſick, and continued in a malignant ſilence.

The fury of *Elizabeth*.

He knew very well that to ruin a good buſineſs, we muſt make uſe of an indiſcreet tongue; he therefore permitted that ſome Ladies, who for the moſt part with curioſity enough do deliver the ſecrets of Lovers, ſhould report the firſt news of it unto the Queen.

This was to put her ſpirit upon the Rack, and to torment her in the moſt ſenſible part. She, who was extremely jealous on any motions that were made unto her concerning the Queen of *Scotland*, and would grow into a fury upon the leaſt diſcourſe that did reflect upon her right unto the Crown, finding her ſelf aſſaulted at one time by two ſtrong paſſions, did enter into a rage that cannot be repreſented. Her ſpirit, which naturally was formed for diſſimulation, could not now conceal

conceal it self, but she did let fall some words unto the Duke of *Norfolk*, telling him; *That although he slept softly upon a Cushion, he should take care it was not taken from him.* And immediately upon it, leaving off these Riddles, she sharply reproved him for presuming on the marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, without first acquainting her with it. The Duke made answer, That he never attempted any thing of himself, without attending her pleasure and commandment; and that he gave an express charge to the Earl of *Leicester*, to acquaint her with it, and to desire her condescent unto it: but perceiving her Majesty was averse unto it, he would willingly forbear any further suit, having no other aim, but to rule his life and fortunes according unto her intentions. On this promise, she departed from him, and went to look out the Earl of *Leicester*, who was the Master of the Guard of the Chamber, who understanding that she was advertised that the secret of the marriage was disposed in his breast, he was suddenly possessed with a great fear, which made him look pale and tremble in the presence of the Queen, whom he prevented; and with tears in his eys besought her to excuse him, that he had not acquainted her with it, because, he said, he waited an opportunity to find her in a good humour, to give the less trouble to her mind, which he found before to be too much disquieted. His counterfeit sickness, his pale colour, but above all, the inordinate affection which *Elizabeth* did bear unto him did at that time save him from the thunder of her Choler. But poor *Norfolk* did presently behold himself abandoned by his Friends, discountenanced by the Queen, followed, spied, persecuted, and at last confined to the Tower of *London*.

The horrible Catastrophe of the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Not long after, there were Scaffolds made in the great Palace, a Tribunal was planted, and seats were made on both sides of it, for the Commissioners to sit, who were to be his Judges. He was brought to the Bar by two Knights, before whom an Axe was carried, the back whereof was turned towards the accused. The Earl *Talbot*, was made President of the Court, and sate on the Judgment seat, and on both sides of him there were ranked a considerable number of Judges and Counsellours. After that their Commission was read, the Duke was cited, and accused to have endeavoured to dispossess Queen *Elizabeth*, and to set the Queen of *Scotland* on her Throne; To hold great intelligence with the Pope, and foreign Princes, Enemies to the Crown of *England*; and with his possession to have assisted the Enemies of the State, with many more particulars. The poor Duke was much amazed to see himself so suddenly invested with so dangerous an accusation, and charged with so many Articles. He desired that he might be allowed Counsel to draw up his justification, but it was refused; and being demanded to answer readily to the Crimes of which he was accused, he replied very innocently.

"I commend my self to God and to my Peers. "The Atrocity of the Crimes do amaze me, but "the Royal Clemency of her Majesty, which hath "conferred Favours on me beyond my hope, doth "again encourage me: I beseech you my Lord "President, that I may have right done unto me, "and that my memory may not be too much op- "pressed with the variety of confused complaints. "I acknowledge my self happy to have you my "Peers to be my Judges, and most willingly do "commit my life to the integrity of the greatest "part of you, assuring you on my innocence, that "I will not faulter with you; and though I do "ingeniously acknowledge, that I have not alto- "gether directed my actions according to an ex- "act rule of Justice; yet so it is, that I have not of- "fended her Majesty.

At that time there was one *Barret*, Advocate General to the Queen, a violent man, bold against those who were fearful, and fearful of those who were bold, who to shew his abilities, and the zeal which he did bear to the service of his Mistris, did vigorously proceed against the Duke, and did perplex him with multitudes of words. The good Duke, who knew better how to handle his Sword then his Tongue, and had withal but an uncertain memory, did defend his Honour and his Life as well as he could; but his party was no way equal, so much Authority, perfidiousness, and malice did pour down upon him, that he was not able to wade through it. At the last, he was commanded to withdraw, that they might advise upon his sentence, and on his return they shewed the edge of the Axe towards him, to carry him before hand the sad news of the sentence of his death, which condemned him to be drawn upon a Sledge unto the Gibbet, to be there hanged, drawn, and quartered. This Sentence did startle him at the horrour of it, and produced from him these expressions:

"Sentence is here pronounced against me as a "Traytour, but I do trust in God and the Queen; "and I hope, though I am deprived of your com- "pany, I shall rejoyce in that which is in Heaven: "in that assurance I will prepare my self for death. "I desire nothing of the Queen, but only that she "will be favourable to my Children and my Ser- "vants; and that there may be care taken for the "discharge of my Debts.

Some Months afterwards the Sentence of Death being a little moderated, he was brought to the place of execution, where he died like a Divine rather then a Souldier, preaching to the people and accusing himself, that he treated on the Marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, without acquainting his own Queen with it. He also accused himself of having sent Letters written from the Pope, to which he said, he never condescended; and withall, that he had maintained Servants affectioned to the Religion of the Church of *Rome*, in which, if he had offended God, the true Church, and the Protestants, he demanded pardon. A new Dean, a Heretick, who had taken a wild possession of his afflicted Soul, being present at his Death (according to the Order he had received) did perswade him to speak any thing in the favour of his own party; after which he prostrated himself on the earth, and having pronounced a prayer or two, he laid his head upon the Block, which the Executioner with one blow divided from his body.

Gods judgment on wicked *Murray*.

The Earl of *Murray*, who was the Creature of Queen *Elizabeth*, for the ruining at once of this Commander's life, and his Sister's hopes, being returned into *Scotland*, where after so much perfidiousness, he resolved to triumph in the bloudy spoyls of his neareſt kinswoman, was killed by a Pistol-bullet, shot by the hand of one *Hamilton*, who was one of the chiefest of the Nobility of that Kingdom; and now at last that uncontrouled Ambition, which did blow up so many storms, is extinguished in its own blood, he not witnessing at his death any Act of Christianity. His good Sister did much lament his despoiled body, but above all his Soul, which being snatched away by

ſudden death, had not the leiſure to repent the actual Crimes of his life, nor the blaſphemies of his mouth.

The Queen's languiſhments in priſon.

10. Nevertheleſs, ſhe found her ſelf faſt bound with the chains, which this malicious contriver had linked for her deſtruction; and under the ſhadow of this pretended marriage with the Duke of *Norfolk*, although ſhe deported her ſelf in it with all diſcretion, yet ſhe was perſecuted again, ſo abſolutely were *miſchief* and *misfortune* to purſue her to her grave; and at the ſame time, when ſhe thought to have ſeen the beams of her dear liberty, ſhe had double Guards ſet upon her, to afflict her with all the rigour that was poſſible.

Of the four and fourty years of her life, which God had diſpenſed to her, ſhe ſuffered almoſt the half of them under the cruelty of a tedious impriſonment, where ſhe had a thouſand times been overcome with melancholy, were it not for the conſolations which ſhe did draw from the fountain of true piety. Pope *Pius* the fifth, underſtanding that ſhe was denied the aſſiſtance of Prieſts, did permit her to communicate her ſelf unto him, which oftentimes ſhe did, and oftentimes the conſecrated Hoſt was privately ſent unto her by thoſe whom he intruſted. Beſides this, ſhe being a moſt knowing Princeſs, who had her education in *France* from five years of age, and always loved good Letters, and underſtood and ſpoke ſix Languages, did improve her underſtanding and her time, by the aſſiduity of reading, which did much ſweeten the afflictions of her captivity.

During the time of thoſe perſecutions, ſhe received the comfort of benediction from divers Popes, who ſecretly did ſend ſome Fathers to her, who being as induſtrious as courageous, did find out a way to ſee her, and to fortifie her in the true Religion, and to diſcourſe with her on heavenly things, which was the ſweeteſt Manna which ſhe tafted in that Wilderneſs. She always proteſted, in the ſingular confidence which ſhe had in God, that no violence ſhould ſeparate her from the Ancient Religion; and that it ſhould be unto her a peculiar gift from heaven, to ſeal her confeſſion with her bloud.

Henry the Third of *France*, honouring her Dignity and Alliance, forgot not to ſend divers Embaſſadours to comfort her, although for certain reaſons of State he did never act effectually for her deliverance. We have yet living in *Paris*, a venerable man of fourſcore years of age, full of Virtue, Honour and Merit, who did viſit her in her captivity by the commandment of the ſaid *Henry*, and who oftentimes hath aſſured me, that no man could ſee that excellent Queen without raptures of celeſtial joy. She loved the *French* naturally, and was magnificent in her gifts; and finding her ſelf at that time unprovided of thoſe things, which ſhe deſired not to enjoy, but only to diſtribute amongſt her friends, ſhe did take a Ring of Diamonds, which was left her, and her own Table-book, which ſhe gave to this good Gentleman, who ſhewed them to me for the rarenes of the Work. It is true indeed, the Book was very rich, being covered with crimſon Velvet, and garniſhed with claſpes, and on the corners with plates of Gold, but ſhe did guild it far more with her royal words, telling him, that it was one of the miſſortunes of her impriſonment, that ſhe was not able to preſent a gift unto him, that was worthy of his merit: Howſoever ſhe would tender to him that ſmall gift, which would be the more obſervable for the profit it ſhould bring him, having written in it ſome few, but remarkable obſervations, which ſhould conduce much to his advantage, and, but little to her own.

In the mean time this great ſoul paſſed many years weeping on the banks of this cruel *Babylon*, where ſhe heard nothing ſpoken, but what carried the ſounds with it of chains and priſons, and the maſſacres of Catholicks. She was perpetually ſick in body, and overwhelmed with the bitterneſs of mind; but amongſt all the cares of her cruel and tedious impriſonment, nothing came more near her heart, then the danger of her ſon, a young Prince in the hands of Hereticks, and abandoned to their Doctrine, receiving his firſt principles from their errours, and expoſed as a prey to their conſpiracies. This was the occaſion that ſome years before her death, ſhe wrote a long Letter to the Queen of *England*, in which behold ſome notable expreſſions.

MADAM,

A pithy and courageous letter to the Queen of *England*.

CConcerning what is brought to my knowledge, touching the late conſpiracies executed in Scotland *againſt my poor Son, finding by my own example, that I have a juſt occaſion to fear the ſad conſequence, it is moſt neceſſary, that before I depart this world, I ſhould imploy all the ſtrength and life that is left me, to diſcharge my heart plainly to you, by my complaints, which are as juſt as they are lamentable.*

I deſire that after my death, this Letter may ſerve you as a perpetual remembrance, which in the deepeſt characters I would imprint in your conſcience, as well for my diſcharge unto poſterity, as to the ſhame and confuſion of all thoſe, who under your Warrant have ſo unworthily, and ſo cruelly uſed me: And becauſe their deſigns, their practiſes and proceedings (though never ſo deteſtable) have always prevailed on your ſide, againſt my moſt juſt Remonſtrances, and all the ſincerity of my deportment, and the force which you have in your hands warp and byaſs the common capacities of men, I will therefore have my reconrſe to the living God, our only Judge, who under him hath equally and immediately eſtabliſhed us, for the Government of his people; I will invoke him in this extremity of my afflictions, to render both to you and my ſelf what is due, either to our Merits or Demerits. Remember, Madam, *that he is the only Judge, a Judge whom the painting and policy of this world can no way diſguiſe, although men for a time may obſcure the truth, by the ſubtlety of their inventions.*

In his name, and being, as it were, both of us before him, I muſt remember you of the ſecret practices you have uſed to trouble my Kingdom, to corrupt my Subjects, to forſake their Allegiance, and to attempt my perſon. I ſhall repreſent unto you the unjuſt diſmiſſion, which by your Counſel I was overcome to ſign, when my enemies held their ponyards at my throat, in the priſon of Locklevin; *you aſſured me that the Diſmiſſion ſhould be of no force, although ſince, you have made it as effectual and powerful as you could, aſſiſting thoſe by your forces, who were the firſt Authours of it. You have tranſmitted my Authority to my Son, when he was but in his Cradle, and was not able to help himſelf; and ſince I have by law confirmed the Crown on him, you have intruſted him in the hands of my moſt capital enemies, who having forced from him the effect, will alſo take away the title of a King, if God doth not preſerve him.*

I will

I will profess unto you, before the most impartial Judge, that beholding my self pursued to death by my Rebels, I sent unto you expresly by a Gentleman the Diamond Ring which I received from you, with an assurance to be protected by your Authority, succoured by your Arms, and received into your Realm with all courtesie. This promise, so often repeated by your mouth, did oblige me to come to throw my self into your Arms, if I could be so happy to approach them. But indeavouring where to find you, behold I was stopped in the way, environed with guards, detained in strong holds, confined to a lamentable captivity, in which I do at this day die, without numbering a thousand deaths, which already I have suffered.

After that the Truth hath laid open all the impostures which were contrived against me, that the chiefest of the Nobility of your Kingdom have acknowledged in publick, and declared my innocence. After that it hath been made apparent, that what passed betwixt the late Duke of Norfolk *and my self, was treated, approved, and signed by those who held the first place in your Councels. After so long a time that I have always submitted to the Orders which were prescribed for my captivity, I do behold my self to be dayly persecuted in my own person, and in the persons of my servants, and totally hinders, not onely from releiving the pressing necessities of my Son, but from receiving the least knowledge of his condition.*

This is that, MADAM, *which makes me once more to beseech you, by the dolorous Passion of our Saviour and Redeemer* Jesus Christ, *that I may have permission to depart your Kingdome, to assist my dear Son, and to find some comfort for my poor body, travelled with continual sorrows; and, with all liberty of conscience, to prepare my soul for God, Who hourly deth call for it.*

Your Prisons have destroyed my body, there is no more left for my Enemies to satiate their vengeance. My soul is still entire, which you neither can, nor ought to captivate. Allow it some place to breath more freely after its own safety, which a thousand times I do more desire, then all the greatness in the world. What Honour can you receive to see me stifled in your presence, and to fall at the feet of my Enemies? Do you not consider, that in this extremity, if by your means (although late) I shall be rescued from their hands, that you shall oblige me, and all mine, and especially my Son, Whom most of all you may assure your own.

I must beseech you, that I may understand your intentions concerning this, and that you will not remit me to the discretion of any other, but your own. In the mean time, I shall demand two things; the one, That being ready to depart this World, I may be suffered to have with me some man of honour of the Church, to instruct and perfect me in my Religion, in which I am resolved to live and die. The other, That I may have two maids in my Chamber, to attend me in my sickness, protesting before God, they are most necessary for me, to keep me from the shame of the simple people. Grant me then these Petitions, for the honour of God, and let it appear that my Enemies have not so much credit with you, as to exercise their vengeance and cruelty in a thing of so small a consequence.

Reassume the marks of your ancient good nature, Oblige your own to your self. Grant me that contentment before I die, as to see all things remitted betwixt you and my self, to the end that my soul, being inlarged from my body, it be not constrained to lay open her groans before God, for the injuries which you have suffered to be done unto me upon earth; But on the contrary, that departing from this captivity in peace and concord, it may with all content repair to him, whom I most humbly beseech to inspire You, to condescend to my most just Requests.

Sheffield: November 28. 1581.

Your most desolate, most near, and
most affectionate Kinswoman,
QUEEN MARY.

11. May we not affirm that these Remonstrances, and that these words were of power to soften the heart of a Tyger, and yet they made no impression on her barbarous soul, who being born by a crime, could not afterwards live but by iniquity.

A parallel on both Queens.

Dear Reader, it is true, that we are possessed with an amazement on the consideration of the particulars of this History; And it may be you have the curiosity to draw open the curtain of the Sanctuary, and enter into the secrets of the Divine Providence, and in the travers of so much shade and darkness, to discover, why two Queens of so different qualities, were so indifferently handled, as it were, by the blind conduct of Chance. How came it about, that nothing but calamity did follow the good Queen, and all good fortune seemed not to be, but onely for the bad one? I will parallel the one with the other, and although Queen *Elizabeth* be dead, out of the communion of the true Church, and in many considerations had extremely undervalued and offended *France*, yet I will not so rudely speak of her, as she hath been charactered by the eloquent pens of *Monsieur*, the Cardinal of *Peron*, and *Monsieur du Vair*, but content my self to speak of that onely, which may be collected from the History written by *Cambden*, her own Historiographer.

Queen *Mary* was high and glorious in her birth, both by the Father and the Mother. Queen *Elizabeth* did come into the world by a crime and a scandal, who made all Christendome to groan. It is true indeed, she was the daughter of a King, but of a licentious King, and of a wanton mother, whose head the King did cause to be cut off, for her unchastness. The one from five years of age was brought up in *France*, with so much piety, gravity, and honour, that nothing more could be added or desired. The other had a licentious Education under the bad Example of her licentious parents. The one had an excellent, an active, and a clear spirit, resembling the quality of the Sun. The other was of a crafty, malignant, and a sullen Nature, resembling the condition of a Cornet. The one was experienced in the knowledge of tongues and sciences, as much as was necessary for an honest Lady, who ought not to appear too learned. The other gave her self to such a vanity of study, that oftentimes she committed some extravagances; as when she undertook to translate the five Books of the Consolation of *Boëtius*, to comfort her self on the Conversion of *Henry* the Fourth. The one did speak and write with an extraordinary clearness, and an accurate smoothness. The other in her expressions was harsh, and did much perplex her thoughts, as may appear in a subscription of a Letter, written with her own hand, and directed to *Henry* the Fourth, after his Conversion. *Vostre Sœur, si ce soit a la virille, avec novelle, Je n'ay que faire, Elizabeth R.* which is in English, Your Sister, if it be after the old fashion, with the new, I have nothing but to do, *Elizabeth R.* I leave to the most liberal Interpreter, to divine what she meaneth by it. The one had a generous, free, and a cre-

a credulous heart. The other was malicious, obſtinate, and deceitful. The one loved honour, to which her condition had obliged her. The other had a furious and bloody Ambition, and ſpared none, to improve the intereſt of her Greatneſs. The one retained an admirable conſtancy in her ancient Religion, by reaſon whereof, though ſhe was outrageouſly perſecuted, yet ſhe omitted nothing in her Devotion. The other did put on Religion as ſhe did her mask, making her ſelf a Heretick amongſt Hereticks, and a Catholick amongſt Catholicks; for when in the reign of her Siſter *Mary*, ſhe made a high and ſolemn profeſſion of the *Roman* Faith, ſhe afterwards counterfeited her belief, and betrayed that character to authorize Hereſie and Rebellion againſt the Church. The one feared God, and finding her ſelf the Relict of *Francis* the Second, at 17 years of age, ſhe had rather ſtoop to the marriage yoke, to give life unto a King, then to live inordinately, and under the veil of Widowhood, to conceal her ſecret wantonneſs. The other, who had not ſo ſtrict a conſcience, did find a way to reconcile Ambition and Love, and lived not married, and not a Maid, and though I am unwilling to believe, that ſhe lived ſo ſalt and melting a life, as ſome have affirmed, yet I cannot deny but that ſhe had her Favourites and her Minions, which *Cambden* her own Hiſtoriographer doth not conceal. The one ſtudied for the advancement of Virtue; the other for the advancement only of vain reputation. The one held forth a generous liberty in all her actions; the other painted her life, and covered her vices, with great pretences, ſhe extremely feared the cenſure of Poſterity, which made her with ſo much artifice to indear unto her the ableſt men of forreign Countries, and entertained mercenary Quils to encreaſe her glory, thinking by that means to conceal her defects, and blind the eys of mankind. Wherefore we ought not to give too much belief to ſome Hiſtorians, though otherwiſe men of eſteem, who deliver many and great praiſes, having received many and great Preſents. Men of that quality are always credulous enough, and are not accuſtomed to bark at thoſe who do feed them with bread. The one was very religious in her promiſes, the other was captious and inconſtant; and this moſt viſibly ſhe made apparent to the Duke of *Alenzon*, brother to *Henry* the Third of *France*, who was come into *England* to eſpouſe her; and though the Contract of the Marriage was confirmed, both on the one ſide, and the other, and though the marriage Ring was given, yet ſhe broke all for the Capriciouſneſs of one night, and to obey the crys of ſome Maids of Honour, who beſought her that ſhe would not marry. The one was full of bounty to her poor Subjects, to whom ſhe could not do all the good ſhe deſired, by reaſon of the Rebellions that were ſtirred up in her Kingdom; the other was careful enough, not to tax her Subjects with Impoſts or with Subſidies, which cauſed her to be beloved of her people, who in all the virtues of a Prince, do cheriſh nothing more then a moderation in their Subſidies: the one was indued with an extreme ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which ſometimes did ſeem to lie too open and defenceleſs, as when without ſeeing juſtice done, ſhe pardoned great Crimes, which tended to the diminution of her Authority. The other was naturally cruel, a lover of blood, and one who horribly tormented the Catholicks, and too eaſily would bring the heads of her Great-ones upon the Scaffold, to obtain the honour and title of being juſt among popular Spirits. To conclude, one reigned like a Dove, and the other like a Bird of prey. It is a horrible thing to read the Hiſtory of her Reign, written by her Admirers, where inſtead of the Contemplation of Virtues, and of Beauties, you ſhall obſerve in every page the Rages of Accuſers, bloudy Judgments, Proſcriptions, Maſſacres, which I alledge not in any diſparagement to the Nation, which I love with a true Chriſtian Charity, but to the ignominy and the ſhame of Hereſie. It ſeems to me when I read the Life of *Elizabeth*, that I enter into the Country of the *Anthropophagi*, where I behold nothing but men drawn upon Sledges, Hang-men tearing out of bowels, and dividing carkaſes into quarters, which are ſtill dropping bloud, and hanging in the moſt remarkable places of the City, as the Tapiſtry of the antient cruelty of the Puritans. I aſſure my ſelf that thoſe who are now in Authority under ſo gracious a Prince, do reflect upon it with as much horrour as my ſelf, and by their moderation will endeavour to wipe away the ſtains of ſo bloody a Time.

Who is he then that is not amazed to ſee Virtue ſo forſaken, and the beſt Queen in the world to lead ſo tempeſtuous a life, perſecuted in her Eſtate, in her body, in her honour, in her own perſon, in the perſon of her friends, diſpoiled, outraged, diſhonoured, torn by bloody calumnies, drawn to unjuſt Tribunals, locked up in ſo many Priſons, abandoned by thoſe moſt near unto her, and ſacrificed by her kindred, to the vengeance of her Enemies, and that in ſo Tragical a manner, and by ſo barbarous a hand? And how comes it to paſs, that the other, being laden with Crimes, did mount on the Throne by ways unexpected, and did continue there by uncontrouled power, and reigned, as if ſhe had all good Fortune at her own commandment? Wealth and Honour were always on her ſide. Delight and Joy ſeemed only to be ordained for her. Whatſoever ſhe undertook, did thrive, all her thoughts were proſperous, the Earth and the Sea did obey her, the Winds and the Tempeſts did follow her Standards. Some would affirm, that this is no marvel at all, but only the effect of a cunning and politick Council, compoſed of the ſons of darkneſs, who are more proper to inherit the felicities of this World, then the Children of the light. But we muſt conſider, that this is the common condition both of the good and the evil, to find out the cauſe in which the Underſtanding of man doth loſe it ſelf. *David* curiouſly endeavouring to diſcover the reaſon, in the beginning did conceive himſelf to be a Philoſopher; but in the end acknowledged, that the conſideration thereof did make him to become a Beaſt. The Aſtrologers do affirm, that *Elizabeth* came into the World under the Sign of *Virgo*, which doth promiſe Empires and Honours; and that the Queen of *Scotland* was born under *Sagitarius*, which doth threaten women with affliction and a bloody Death. The Machivilians do maintain, that ſhe ſhould accommodate her ſelf to the Religion of her Country, and that in the oppoſing of that Torrent, ſhe ruined her Affairs. The Politicians do impute it to the eaſineſs of her gentle Nature. Others do blame the counſel which ſhe entertained, to marry her own Subjects. And ſome have looked upon her, as *Job's* falſe Friends did look on him, and reported him to lie on the Dung-hil for his ſinnes. But having throughly conſidered on it, I do obſerve that in theſe two Queens God would repreſent the two Cities of *Sion* and *Babylon*,

bylon, the two wayes of the juſt, and the unjuſt, and the eſtate of this preſent world, and of the world to come. He hath given to *Elizabeth* the bread of Dogs, to reſerve for *Mary* the Manna of Angels. In one he hath recompenſed ſome moral virtues with temporal bleſſings, to make the other to enter into the poſſeſſion of eternal happineſs. *Elizabeth* did reign, why ſo did *Athalia*. *Elizabeth* did perſecute the Prophets, why ſo did *Jezabel*. *Elizabeth* hath obtained Victories, why ſo did *Tomyris* the Queen of the *Scythians*. She hath lived in honour and delight, and ſo did *Semiramis*. She died a natural death, being full of years, ſo died the *Herods* and *Tiberius*, but following the track that ſhe did walk in; what ſhall we collect of her end, but as of that which *Job* ſpeaketh, concerning the Tomb of the wicked? *They paſs away their life in delights, and deſcend in a moment unto hell.*

Now God being pleaſed to raiſe *Mary* above all the greatneſs of this earth, and to renew in her the fruits of his Croſs, did permit that in the Age wherein ſhe lived, there ſhould be the moſt outrageous and bloudy perſecution, that was ever raiſed againſt the Church. He was pleaſed by the ſecret counſel of his Providence, that there ſhould be perſons of all ſorts which ſhould extol the Effects of his Paſſion. And there being already entred ſo many Prelates, Doctours, Confeſſours, Judges, Merchants, Labourers, and Artizans, he would now have Kings and Queens to enter alſo. Her Husband, *Francis* the Second, although a moſt juſt and innocent Prince, had already took part in this conflict of ſuffering Souls. His life being ſhortned (as it is thought) by the fury of the *Hugenots*, who did not ceaſe to perſecute him. It was now requiſite that his dear Spouſe ſhould undertake the myſtery of the Croſs alſo. And as ſhe had a moſt courageous ſoul, ſo God did put her in the front of the moſt violent perſecutions to ſuffer the greateſt torments and to obtain the richeſt Crowns.

The great ſecret of the Divine Providence.

The Prophet ſaith, *That man is made as a piece of Imbroidery, which doth not manifeſt it ſelf in the lives of the juſt*: for God doth uſe them as the Imbroiderer doth his ſtuffs of Velvet and of Satin, he takes them in pieces to make habilements for the beautifying of his Temple.

Elizabeth's hatred to the Queen of Scotland.

12. *Elizabeth* being now tranſported into Vengeance, and carried away by violent Counſels, is reſolved to put *Mary* to death. It is moſt certain that ſhe paſſionately deſired the death of this Queen, well underſtanding, that her Life was moſt appoſite to her moſt delicate Intereſts. She could not be ignorant that *Mary Stuart* had right to the Crown of *England*, and that ſhe uſurped it; ſhe could not be ignorant, that in a General Aſſembly of the States of *England*, ſhe was declared to be a Baſtard, as being derived from a Marriage made and conſummated againſt all Laws, both Divine and humane. She obſerved that her Throne did not ſubſiſt but by the Faction of Hereſie; and as her Crown was firſt eſtabliſhed by diſorder, ſo according to her Policy it muſt be cemented by bloud. She could not deny, but that the Queen of *Scotland* had a Title to the Crown, which inſenſibly might fall on the head of the Priſoner; and then that in a moment ſhe might change the whole face of the State. She obſerved her to be a Queen of a vaſt ſpirit, of an unſhaken Faith, and of an excellent Virtue, who had received the Unction of the Realm of *Scotland*, and who was Queen *Dowager* of the Kingdom of *France*, ſupported by the Pope, reverenced throughout all Chriſtendom, and regarded by the Catholicks as a ſacred ſtock, from which new branches of Religion ſhould ſpring, which no Ax of perſecution could cut down.

The Hereticks in *England*, who feared her as one that would puniſh their offences, and deſtroy their Fortunes, which they had builded on the ruins of Religion, had not a more earneſt deſire then to ſee her out of the world. All things conſpired to overthrow this poor Princeſs, and nothing remained but to give a colour to ſo bold a murder.

It ſo fell out, that in the laſt years of her afflicting impriſonment, a conſpiracy was plotted againſt the Eſtate, and the life of *Elizabeth*, as *Cambden* doth recite it.

Ballard an Engliſh Prieſt, who had more zeal to his Religion, then diſcretion to manage his enterprize, conſidered with himſelf how this woman had uſurped a Scepter, which did not appertain unto her. How ſhe had overthrown all the principles of the ancient Religion, how ſhe had kept in priſon an innocent Queen, for the ſpace of twenty years, uſing her with all manner of indignity, how ſhe continually practiſed new butcheries by the effuſion of the bloud of the Catholicks, he conceived it would be a work of Juſtice, to procure her death who held our purſes in her hand, and our liberty in a chain. But I will not approve of thoſe bloudy Counſels, which do provide a Remedy far worſe then the diſeaſe, and infinitely do trouble the Eſtate of Chriſtendom.

Nevertheleſs, he drew unto him many that were of his opinion, who did offer and devote themſelves to give this fatal blow. The chiefeſt amongſt them, was one *Babington*, who was deſcended of an Honourable Family, of a great ſpirit, and of a knowledge above his age, and very zealous on the Catholick Religion. His example made many others to imbark themſelves in that ſame dangerous deſign. Some propounded to themſelves the hopes of a great reward, others were carried on by glory, and ſome were tranſported to it by a hate to evil doers. It is no way to be believed (as I ſhall make it appear) that the Queen of *Scotland*, had any hand in the deſign. For, beſides the tenderneſs of her conſcience, ſhe had a wiſdom exerciſed by long experience, which made her eaſily to apprehend the weakneſs of that party, who were young men, heady, and inconſiderable, who had not learned to conceal a ſecret, which is the firſt knot that confirmeth great affairs. They carried their hearts on their lips, and being not content to make a noiſe of their deſign in Taverns, they cauſed it to be painted in a Table, with devices to it, as the Authours of liberty, and in fooliſh vanity did ſhow it to one another. *Babington* could not contain it ſelf from writing to the Queen in priſon, and the Letter being brought to the hands of her Secretaries, *Nau* and *Curles*, they did not communicate it to their Miſtriſs, well knowing, that the witneſs of her unblemiſhed ſpirit, would never ſympathize with ſuch violent Counſels, but when they perceived that *Babington* in the ſaid letter had given information of the conference he had with *Ballard*, and that ſix Gentlemen were choſen to put the Tragical deſign in Execution, and that one hundred more were to releaſe the Queen from her impriſonment, they thought they would not neglect the occaſion, and therefore they wrote an anſwer to the Letter, making uſe of the Queens name, ſhe having no knowledge of it: In this Letter they praiſed *Babington* for his

zeal

zeal to the Catholick religion, and to the ſacred perſon of their *Lady*, who was the ſupportreſs of it. They did advertiſe him to take conſideration with him in this enterpriſe, and to make a ſtrong aſſociation amongſt them, who were to be the Actours and the Authours, and to attempt nothing before they had aſſurance of aid from forreign parts, and withall to ſtir up ſome new troubles in *Ireland*, before they gave this blow in *England*. They adviſed him to draw unto his party the Earl of *Arundel*, and his Brothers, and others named in the letter, they did alſo preſcribe a means for the deliverance of the Queen, either by overturning one of her Caroaches at the gate, or by ſetting on fire ſome Rooms belonging to her Querries in the Caſtle, or to take her away, when ſhee took horſe to refreſh her ſelf; in the concluſion, they did exhort him to promiſe great rewards to the ſix Gentlemen, and to all the reſt.

Babington, preſuming it was the Queen, who by this letter treated with him, became moſt vainly glorious, he incouraged his Companions, ſhewing the letter to the moſt apparent of them, and was inflamed with a deſire to execute the deſign. They were ſo tranſported with the vanity of it, that though they did ſhut their eyes againſt the danger, yet they did open their mouths to diſcover the ſecret, which was communicated to ſo many of their accomplices, that the multitude of the conſpiratours did make abortive the conſpiracy. They declared it to one *Gifford*, a pernicious and a luxurious man, who being charged with a Commiſſion to keep ſafe their letters, did carry them all to *Walſingham*, the Secretary to the Queen of *England*, who opened them, and ſounding the whole progreſs of their deſigns, did with much dexterity make them faſt again. The laſt written by *Babington*, with the anſwer of the Secretaries, in the name of Queen *Mary*, was carried to *Elizabeth*, and to her Counſel who ſhewed an exceeding joy for the diſcovery. She cauſed the conſpiratours to be apprehended, and *Babington* among the foremoſt, who being demanded the Queſtion, did immediately confeſs that he had treated with the Queen of *Scotland* on that ſubject, in which he ſpoke truly as he thought, though he did not ſpeak the truth.

After they were all examined and condemned, they were executed with moſt cruel puniſhments, the extremity whereof did ſtrike a horrour into thoſe who did condemn them.

The Proceſs againſt the Queen of *Scotland*.

13. It was ſo decreed, that a paſſage muſt be made through the entrails of many bodies, to come unto Queen *Maries* bloud. Shee that knew of nothing what was done, did continue very quiet in the languiſhment of her captivity, when behold, ſhe ſuddenly found her ſelf confined to a cloſe impriſonment, her Guards doubled, her Secretaries apprehended, her papers taken away, and her Coyn confiſcated, with a labouring expectation ſhe did attend to know the reaſon of it, when behold a letter from the Queen of *England*, which imparted that ſhe had given a Commiſſion to her Counſellers of Eſtate, to hear her in judgment upon Fact, with which ſhe was accuſed. Having read it, with a Majeſtick countenance, and a ſpirit full of the height of underſtanding, ſhe ſpake to thoſe that gave it her:

I Am much afflicted that my moſt dear Siſter the Queen, hath been ſo ill informed of me, and that having been ſo many years moſt ſtrictly guarded, and withall nummed in my limbs, the many fair conditions which I have offered for my liberty, have been always neglected, and my ſelf abandoned. I have ſufficiently advertiſed her of divers dangers, and yet ſhe never would believe me, but hath always undervalued me, although I am moſt near unto her in bloud. I have too truly foreſeen that any accident that did arrive, either within or without this Kingdome, would be interpreted to proceed from me, and that I ſhould be made guilty enough, becauſe I am ſo miſerable. As for his letter, I do look upon it as a ſtrange thing, that any Queen ſhould command me, as her Subject, to appear in judgment. I am of my ſelf an abſolute Queen, and will do nothing to the prejudice of Royal Majeſty, my courage is not yet abated, nor will I ever ſtoop unworthily under my calamity.

Her anſwer was drawn up in writing, which in theſe terms ſhe had pronounced, and the ſame day the Chancellour, and the Treaſurer came to her, and declared what power they had given them in their Commiſſion, and deſired her gently to hear the Facts with which ſhe was charged, otherwiſe they both could, and would proceed againſt her for contempt. To which ſhe made anſwer, That ſhe was no Subject, and that ſhe had rather die a thouſand times, then by ſuch an acknowledgment to bring a prejudice to Royal Majeſty. She admoniſhed them, if after having condemned her before hand, they came now unto her to make a ſemblance of obſerving ſome formality in Juſtice, to conſult with their own conſciences, and to remember, that the Theatre of the world is of a larger extent then *England*. The Commiſſioners did not ceaſe to inſiſt, and repreſent unto her the Tenour of their Commiſſion, with their own Names. On which ſhe demanded by what Law they would proceed againſt her, the Canon Law, or the Civil Law, and becauſe ſhe knew very well that they were no great Lawyers, ſhe conceived it would be requiſite that ſome ſhould be ſent for from the Univerſities in *Europe*. They replied, That ſhe ſhould be tried by the Civil Law of *England*, in which they were ſufficiently experienced. But ſhe, who well obſerved, that they would intangle her with a new Law on purpoſe againſt her, made anſwer; you are gallant Gentlemen, and can make what Laws you pleaſe, but I am not bound to ſubmit unto them, ſince you your ſelves in another caſe refuſe to be ſubjected to the Salick Law of *France*. Your Law hath no more of Example, then your proceeding hath of Juſtice.

On this, *Hatton*, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen of *England*, advanced himſelf, and ſaid unto her: You are accuſed for conſpiring the ruine of our Miſtriſs, who is an anointed Queen. Your degree is not exempted to anſwer for ſuch a Crime, neither by the Law of Nations nor of nature. If you are innocent, you are unjuſt to your Reputation to indeavour to evade the judgment. The Queen will be very glad that you can juſtifie your ſelf, for ſhe hath aſſured me, that ſhe never in the world received more diſconent, then to find you charged with this accuſation. Forbear this vain conſideration of Royalty, which at this preſent ſerves for nothing. Cauſe the ſuſpitions to ceaſe, and wipe away the ſtain, which otherwiſe will cleave for ever to your reputation. She replied, I refuſe not to anſwer before the States of the Realm being lawfully called, becauſe I have been acknowledged to be a preſumed Heir of the Kingdom. Then will I ſpeak, not as a ſubject, but in another nature, without ſubmitting my ſelf to the new Ordinance of your Commiſſion, which is known to be nothing elſe but a

Malicious

Malicious Net, made to inwrap my innocence. The Treasurer on this, did interrupt her, and said: We will then proceed to the contempt, to which she made answer; Examine your own consciences, and provide for your Honours, and so God render to you, and your Children, as you shall do, in the judgment.

The next morning, she called one of the Commissioners, and demanded if her Protestation were committed to writing. And if it were, she would justifie her self without any prejudice to the Royal Dignity. Whereupon the Commissioners did presently assemble themselves in the Chamber of presence, where they prepared a Scaffold, on the upper end whereof, was the Seat-Royal under a Cloath of State, to represent the Majesty of Queen *Elizabeth*, and on the one side of it a Chair of Crimson-Velvet prepared for her. The courageous Queen did enter with a modest and an assured countenance amongst the stern Lords, thirsting after her bloud, and took her place. *Bromley* the Chancellour, turning towards her, did speak in these words:

The most illustrious Queen of *England*, being assured, not without an extreme anguish of spirit, that you have conspired the destruction of her, of the Realm of *England*, and of Religion, to quit her self of her duty, and not to be found wanting to God, her self, and her people, hath without any malice of heart established those Commissioners to hear the things of which you are accused, how you will resolve them, and shew your innocency.

This man who had spoken ill enough, had the discretion to speak but little: And immediately as he had given the signal, the perverse Officers, who were more then fourty in number, did throw themselves upon her like so many Mastives on a prey, propounding a thousand captious questions to surprize her, but the generous *AMAZON* did shake them off with an incredible vivacity. In the end, all things were reduced to the Letter of *Babington*, in which he gave her notice of the conspiracy, and to the answer which she made to it, exhorting him to pursue his Design, but most of all to the dispositions of her own Secretaries, who gave assurances that she did dictate the said Letter, as also other Letters to forreign Princes, to invade *England* with Arms. They did press her on these falsities, which seemed to carry some probability with them, but she did answer invincibly to them, as most clearly may appear by those terms, which I have drawn from her several answers, and tied them together to give more light to her Apology, wherein the clearness of her understanding and her judgment is most remarkable.

The invincible Apology of the Queen.

IF the Queen, my Sister, hath given you a Commission to see Justice done, it is reasonable that you should begin it, rather by the easing of my sufferings, then by the oppressing of my innocence. I came into *England*, to implore succour against the Rebellion of my Subjects. My Bloud, Alliance, Sex, Neighbourhood, and the Title which I bear of a Queen, did promise me all satisfaction, and here I have met with my greatest affliction. This is the twentieth year that I have been detained Prisoner, without cause, without reason, without mercy (and which is more) without hope. I am no Subject of your Mistrisses, but a free and an absolute Queen, and ought not to make answer but to God alone, the Sovereign Judge of my Actions, or bring any prejudice to the character of Royal Majesty, either in my Son, the King of *Scotland*, or his Successours, nor other Sovereign Princes of the earth. This is the Protestation which I have made, and which I repeat again in your presence, before I make any answer to the Crimes which are imposed on me.

The blackest of all the Calumnies, do charge me for having conspired the Death of my most dear Cosin; and after many circumventions, all the proofs are reduced to the Letter of *Babington*, the Deposition of my Secretaries, and my Sollicitations made to forreign Princes to invade *England* with Arms. I will answer effectually to all these Articles, and make the justice of my Cause most clearly appear to those, who shall without pasion look upon it. And in the first place, I swear and protest, that I never saw this *Babington*, who is made the principal in this Charge, I never received any Letter from him, neither had he any Letter from me. I have always abhorred these violent and black counsels, which tended to the ruine of Queen *Elizabeth*, and I am ready to produce Letters from those, who having had some evil enterprize, have excused themselves, that they have discovered nothing to me, because they were assured that my spirit was opposite to such Designs. I could not know what *Babington* or his Accomplices have done, being a Prisoner, he might write what he pleased, but I am certain that I never saw nor heard of any Letter to me. And if there be found any Answer written by me to those things, which never so much as came into my imagination, it is an abominable forgery. We live not in an Age, nor a Realm, that is to learn the trade to deceive. I am informed that *Walsingham*, one amongst you, who hath conspired my death, and the death of my Son, doth make use of such Artifices, and hath counterfeited a Letter from me, in answer to that of *Babington's*, which he intercepted. The other innocently believed it, and took his oath that it came from me, but all this is no more then one simple conjecture. There should be a million of witnesses, more clear then the rays of the Sun, to impeach a Sovereign Queen, who comprehends within her Authority so many millions of lives. And a man unknown, a man half dead, is believed against me, who spake all that he knew, and that he knew not, to deliver himself from the horrible cruelties of his Examiners. Let them produce but one Letter of my hand, one shadow of the crime, and I will yield my self convinced. I speak it in the sincerity of my heart, and of the tears of my eys, I would not conquer a Kingdom with the bloud of the vilest person picked out of the scum of the people, much less with the bloud of a Queen. I will never make a shipwrack of my Soul, in conspiring the ruin of a person, to whom I have vowed so much honour and friendship.

For my Secretaries, I did always take them for honest men: if they do charge me, and accuse me in their Depositions, to have dictated an Answer to *Babington's* Letter, they have committed two great faults, the first in violating the Oath which they have made to be secret and faithful to their Mistris. The second, in inventing so detestable a Calumny against her, to whom they ow all Reverence and Fidelity. In a manner all the belief that you draw from them, doth amount to no more, then that it comes from perfidious men. O good God, In what a desperate condition is the Majesty and the safety of Princes, if they depend upon the Writings and the Witnesses of their

their Secretaries, in affairs of so high a consequence. How many are of them, who prostitute themselves to the uncertainty of riches? How many of them for fear onely, do comply with the menaces of the great-ones. They are men of Fortune, who follow the ebb and flow of Inconstancy. If those poor men have taken their Oaths, as you say, it was onely to deliver themselves from the horrour of your torments, and put all upon the crowned head of a Queen, which they thought was inaccessible to your Commissions.

But what Lawyers are you, to put *Babington* to death without bringing him before me face to face? To open his mouth by torments to tell a lie, and then to shut it up for ever against the Truth? If my Secretaries are yet alive, let them come into my presence, and I assure my self that they will not persist in that Deposition, which you object against me. Doth it not easily appear, that you proceed here on a bad belief, and that you borrow these poor Formalities, to give some slight tincture to your prejudgings?

I never did dictate any thing to my servants, but what Nature did suggest unto me, for the recovering of my liberty. This is the third Objection of your Process. And I demand of you, if I have not committed a great crime, to desire a benefit which every common voice doth teach us, which the laws do approve, which all men do practise, which Nature prompts the Nightingales, and every little Bird unto, that are imprisoned in their Cages: what can he do less that sees himself in irons, but implore the assistance of his friends, and desire, that some strong hand of mercy might open the prison for him. I confess I have had the desire of liberty, but I deny that I sought the effect thereof by that means which you alledge. It is a strange thing that a Prisoner, all whose actions are spied into, and every step she treads is counted, should do the affair which great Sovereigns, though of a free and most absolute power, could not remove. So many years are now passed, since I have been, as it were, in the chains of miserable captivity; yet neither the offers which I have made, nor the assurances which I have given, nor the increase of my sickness, nor the declining of my age could move my Sister to my inlargement. Have I not offered to contract a strict Friendship with her, to cherish her, to respect her above all the Princes in Christendom, to forget all offences, to acknowledge her the true and legitimate Queen of *England*, submitting all my Rights to the benefit of her peace, neither to pretend to, nor take any part of the Crown during her life, and to remove both the Title and the Arms of the Kingdom of *England*, which I did attribute to my self by the commandment of *Henry* the Second, King of *France*. And yet all these submissions have prevailed nothing for my Deliverance. Am I so much to be blamed, if I have desired forreign Princes, my Friends, and my Allies, to draw me out from the depth of these miseries? And yet I neither have, nor was ever willing to confirm into the hands of the King of *Spain*, the Right which he pretended to the Crown of *England*, although he hath been angry with me concerning it; but I have given respect unto my Sister so far, that I have neglected both my life and liberty, to satisfie her interests, and have delighted my self with the prayers of *Esther*, and not with the sword of *Judith*. But I now speak and declare, that since *England* is inequitable and so unkind unto me, that I neither ought, nor will misprise the aid of other Kings.

I have here sincerely declared my thoughts and my counsels to you on this Accusation, and if Right and Equity must give way to Power, and Force must oppress the Truth amongst men, I do appeal to the living God, who hath an absolute Empire of command over *Elizabeth* and my self. I swear unto you by God, and protest unto you on my honour, that, for this long time, I have had my thoughts on no Kingdome, but onely that of Heaven, which I look on as the haven after my long sufferings. I believe I have now satisfied all your Objections: and you know indeed in your own conscience, that nothing doth charge me, but my birth; nor render me guilty but my Religion. But I will not deny, that to which by Gods goodness I am born, nor remove the character which I received in the day of my Baptism. I have lived, and I will die a Catholick. It is the crime alone, for which I need no Advocate to defend me, in which I desire all the world to be my witnesse, and fear not the severest Judges.

The poor Princess did mingle these words with her tears, foreseeing the persecution of her friends, and considering how barbarously her Royal Dignity was exposed to the Advocates of the Palace, who did all seem to have sworn her death. Howsoever in their consciences they were touched to the quick, because that what she represented, was most true, even by the report of the Hereticks themselves, as it appeareth in the Book of *Cambden*, who hath wrote the Life of *Elizabeth*, and who doth not deny, but that *Walsingham* did open and make up the letters again, which *Gifford* brought him, counterfeiting in them what he thought good. And he himself confesseth, that it was the judgment of the most rational men, that the Secretaries of the Queen of *Scotland*, were seduced and corrupted with mony. And it is certain, that they demanded a Recompence of *Walsingham*, who told them, that they ought to content themselves with their lives: And added, that in condemning their Mistris without producing the Witnesses, they had not proceed ed according to the Rules of Justice. Observe here the judgment of the Huguenots themselves, her most cruel Enemies: I speak of those who have some sparks of a good conscience, and not of those Incendiaries, who write Rapsodies full of ignorance and folly. All this may serve for an invincible proof of her innocence; but her evil Judges, who had sold themselves to iniquity, did not cease to proceed further, even to the Sentence of Condemnation, which they carried to the Queen of *England*, and was presented to the Parliament for the publication of it.

Cambden pag. 493.

Annuum-sium alsen-tium, qui pretio cor-rupti vide-bantur, te-stimonio op-pressa est.

The unjust judgment.

Thither *Elizabeth* did come in person, with a studied Speech, where she gave thanks to God for the Deliverance from this danger, and thanks to her Subjects for the affection to their Queen. Afterwards, coming to the work in hand, she shewed her self to be extremely afflicted for the Queen of *Scotland*, that a Person of her Sex, Estate, and Bloud, should be convicted to have conspired against her: Adding, that she was most willing to pardon her, and to abandon her own life, if it would render the affairs of *England* more flourishing; but in this effect she would neither prejudice her self, nor the good of her Kingdom.

In this action she came with a heart full of vengeance, however she would put upon it the reputation of Sweetness and of Clemency, imitating the *Herods* and *Tiberius Cæsar*, who never did worse, then when they spake best and laughed in their hearts,

hearts, when they diſtilled the tears of Crocodiles from their eyes. With joyned hands ſhe deſired that her Parliament would but demand that thing of her, which moſt willingly ſhe would not grant. Sometimes ſhe would flatter them with the Reſpect and cordial Affections they did bear her, on purpoſe to incite them to purſue this buſineſs. Sometimes ſhe ſeemed to be weary of their too much zeal: Sometimes ſhe ſaid, ſhe would preſerve her ſelf: And ſometimes ſhe ſaid, ſhe would abandon her own preſervation, to exerciſe her clemency. Her ſpirit, which was greatly given to diſſimulation, made never more leaps, nor danced more Rounds then in this buſineſs. And to ſpeak the truth, ſhe perplexed her ſelf in her own labyrinth, and endeavouring too much to hide her ſelf, ſhe laid her ſelf more open, ſaying, unto thoſe who demanded the death of the Queen of *Scotland*:

I pray and conjure you to content your ſelf with an Anſwer without an Anſwer, I approve your judgment and comprehend the reaſons, but I pray you excuſe the careful and the doubtful thought which doth torment me, and take in good part the gracious affection which I bear you; and this Anſwer, if it be of that worth as you eſteem it for an anſwer, If I ſay I will not do what you demand, peradventure I ſhall ſay more then I think: If that I will do it, I ſhall precipitate my ſelf to my ruine, whom you are willing to preſerve

In the end the ſentence of Death was confirmed by the Authority of Parliament, and *Beal* was ſent to the Queen of *Scotland*, to carry her the news of her mournful Condemnation, and to acquaint her, that the Eſtates demanded the Execution to be diſpatched for Juſtice, Security, and Neceſſity.

Her great heart was no way dejected at this ſo violent a Rigour, and damnable Injuſtice, but lifting up her eyes and her hands to Heaven, ſhe gave thanks to God, demanding immediately a Prieſt to adminiſter to her the Sacrament, and to diſpoſe her to dy. *Paulet*, who had the guard of her, did uſe her after this, moſt barbarouſly, commanding the Officers of her houſe to beat down the cloth of State that was in her chamber, but when he obſerved that no man would touch it, and that they onely anſwered him by tears and lamentations, which would have ſoftened the heart of any man, he performed the Execution by the Guard, and took from the poor Priſoner all the marks of Royalty, to make her behold her Funeral alive, and to make her heart to bleed with a mortal wound, before the bloud were drawn from the veins of her body by the hands of the Hang-man. But *Elizabeth* did yet defer the Execution, whether it were for the fear of forreign Princes being not able to ſee clear enough into their power and protection, or whether it were to gain the imaginary Reputation of Mercy, or whether by degrees ſhe would conſume this poor ſacrifice by a ſmall fire, prolonging the languors of her impriſonment. The other was reſolved to write unto her, not in a baſe and begging ſtile to crave her life, but to demand an honeſt Burial. Behold her letters to that effect.

Execrable indignity.

MADAM

I Give thanks to God with all my heart, who by the Sentence of Death, hath been pleaſed to put an end to the tedious pilgrimage of my life. I deſire not that it may be prolonged, having had too long a time to try the bitterneſs of it. I onely beſeech your Majeſty, that ſince I am to expect no favour from ſome zealous Miniſters of State, who hold the firſt place in your Councils, I may receive from You onely, and from no other, theſe following favours.

In the firſt place I deſire, that ſince it is allowed me to hope for a Burial in England, *according to the Solemnities of the* Roman *Church, practiſed by the ancient Kings, your Anceſtours and mine; and that in* Scotland *they have forced & violated the Aſhes of my Grand-fathers, that my Body (when my Adverſaries ſhall be ſatiated with my innocent bloud) may be carried by my own ſervants, into ſome holy Land; and above all, if it may be, into* France, *to be there interred where the Bones of the Queen my moſt honoured Mother, are lodged, to the end my poor body, which knew no reſt, whiles joyned to my ſoul, might now find reſt, being ſeparated from it.*

Secondly, I beſeech Your Majeſty (in the apprehenſion which I have of the tyranny of thoſe, to whoſe power You abandon me) that I may not ſuffer in any private place, but in the view of my ſervants and other people, who may give a teſtimony of my faith, and of my obedience to the true Church, and defend the remnant of my life, and my laſt ſighs, againſt the falſe Reports which my Adverſaries may contrive againſt me.

In the third place, I require that my ſervants, who have attended on me with great fidelity, during ſo many afflictions, may have free leave to retire where they pleaſe and enjoy thoſe ſmall legacies, which in my laſt will my poverty hath bequeathed to them.

I conjure You, Madam, *by the Bloud of Jeſus Chriſt, by the nearneſs of our conſanguinity by the Memory of* Henry *the ſeventh, our common Father, and by the title of a Queen, which I carry to my Grave, not to deny me theſe reaſonable Demands, but by one word under Your hand, to grant me an aſſurance of them, and I ſhall dy, as I have lived,*

Your moſt affectionate Siſter

and Priſoner,

QUEEN MARY

It is uncertain whether this Letter came to the hands of *Elizabeth*, becauſe no Anſwer can be found unto it, whether it were that thoſe next unto her did conceal it from her, or whether through the hardneſs of her heart ſhe did diſſemble it.

The vain endeavour to delay the death.

In the mean time King *James* employed himſelf for the Deliverance of his Mother, the Ambaſſadours from *France*, *Monſieur de la Mote Aigron*, and *Monſieur del Aubiſpine*, were commanded thither upon that and other occaſions, and *Monſieur de Belieurs* did there alſo carry himſelf with great Wiſdom, Courage and Fidelity, as may appear by his grave Remonſtrance, which is to be read in the Hiſtory of *France*. Howſoever, the Arreſt of Death was ſuſpended for three months, until ſuch time that the clamours of the *Lutherans* and *Puritans*, did cauſe the Thunder to fall down upon that hand, which deſired nothing more, then to ſtrike home the blow.

The more adviſed did remonſtrate unto her, That it was without example, to commit a Lady, the Queen of *France* and *Scotland*, and the neareſt Kinſwoman ſhe had in the world, into the hands of a Hang-man: A Queen, which was not a priſoner of War, but her Gueſt, whom ſhe had called and invited into her Kingdom, and ſent unto her aſſurances of her fidelity. That ſhe ought to conſider, that what was done, proceeded from her Secretaries, and not from her. That if that after twenty years impriſonment, ſhe ſhould have conſented to be taken from it by force, it did not deſerve

to be puniſhed with Death. That if ſhe ſhould cauſe her to dy, it would open a wound, fromwhence there would iſſue ſuch abundance of bloud, that many Ages could not ſtanch it. That *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, and all the *Chriſtian* Kingdoms of the world would be offended at it, and that ſhe ſhould bring upon her Kingdom the Arms of *Chriſtendom*, who would be glad of that pretence, to invade her Kingdom. That it would be a moſt remarkable affront to her Son *James*, and all his Race, who could not but be mindful of it. That it would incenſe the ſpirits of her Kingdom, and render them unreconcileable to her. And in the end, that it was to be feared that Heaven would arm it ſelf againſt ſo bloudy a Deſign. That ſhe ſhould uſe the miſerable (and eſpecially a Queen who came into her Countrey for protection) with more Reverence. That ſhe ſhould hazard much in her death, but could loſe nothing by her life, ſeeing ſhe had ſo many Guards, Priſons, Bars, and Walls to ſecure her if ſhe had an intent to enterpriſe againſt the State.

But the inſolent Miniſters did inceſſantly cry out, That ſhe muſt put an end to her Impriſonment, by putting an end unto her Life. That the Queen ought to remember, that ſhe had uſurped her Titles and her Name, and ſometimes cauſed her ſelf to be proclamed Queen of *England* and of *Scotland*, and that Sovereigns never pardoned thoſe, who did ſo far intrench upon their Authority. That the life of *Elizabeth* and *Mary* were incompatible. That the onely means to take away all pretences from the *Catholicks*, was to cut off this root, which would make all her hopes to periſh. That King *James* was inſtructed in their Religion, and would rather look after the advancement of his own State, then take vengeance for the Death of his Mother. That forreign Princes were too much perplexed with the difficulties of their own affairs, and took care, rather to defend their own, then to invade her Kingdom. That her Couſin, the Duke of *Guiſe*, was in a bad condition in *France*; and that *Henry* the Third would be very careful how he did eſpouſe her quarrels. And if other Princes were ſo hardy to undertake it, they were to underſtand, that *England* had a deep ditch about it. That Queen *Elizabeth* was mortal, and if ſhe ſhould dy, there was not that calamity to be conceived, which both Religion & the State would not ſuffer under the reign of *Mary*, in the revenge of her Impriſonment, and other injuries ſhe had received. That ſhe could not but remember, that great perſonages did write things well done on the ſand; but did engrave their Diſcontents in Braſs. The Preachers made it to be a work of Religion, with their abſurd Allegations out of the Bible, which they did corrupt to their bloudy meaning. And the Lawyers, as ignorant as the Miniſters, were abſurd, did produce ſome Hiſtories for the puniſhment of Kings, which were altogether impertinent.

But there needed not ſo much labour to perſwade a Woman, who had in her ſo much vanity, as once in her life, to make a Princeſs head to fly upon a Scaffold, and who did not remember, that in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, being her ſelf accuſed of offending the Eſtate, and expecting her ſentence of death, ſhe did ſo much fear the Axes of the Hang-men in *England*, that ſhe was reſolved to petition to her Siſter to ſend for an Executioner to *France*, to cut off her head. Now was the Commandment given for her death, and it was ſignified to the poor Victim, who for a long time, was prepared for this Sacrifice.

Some paſſionate writers, do endeavour to divert this Crime from the reputation of *Elizabeth*, taking their ground on a Letter which ſhe wrote to the Queen of *Scotland*, in which by a ſhameful perfidiouſneſs, ſhe doth write, *That her ſpirit was tormented with an incomparable ſorrow, by reaſon of the lamentable event, which was arrived againſt her will; and that ſhe had not a ſoul ſo baſe, as either by terrour to fear to do what was juſt, or by cowardize to deny it, after it was done.*

But who doth not ſee that this is to mock, and to traduce the ſtory, and the belief of mankind: *Daviſon*, her Secretary, who managed this ſad affair, as the true inſtrument of her malice, doth expreſs in his Atteſtation, reported in the moſt faithful Memorials of *England* by *Cambden*; that after the departure of the *French Ambaſſadour*, ſent to prevent the Execution, ſhe commanded him to ſhew the Inſtrument for putting the Queen of *Scotland* to death, which being done, ſhe moſt readily ſigned it with her own hand, and commanded him to ſee it ſealed with the Great Seal; and ſmiling, ſhe added ſome few words, that ſhe blamed *Paulet* and *Drury*, who guarded the Priſoner, for not delivering her from that pain.

Elizabeth entirely culpable of the death of Queen *Mary*.

It is true, that in the morning ſhe ſent one named *Killigrew*, to *Daviſon*, to forbid to put that command in Execution, whether it were that her Remorſe of Conſcience had put her into ſome frights, her ſleeps being ordinarily diſturbed with horrible Dreams, which did repreſent unto her the images of her Crimes, or whether it were an artifice to procure her the reputation of being merciful, in killing with ſo much treachery. The Secretary came to her in the field, and declared to her, that the Order for the Queen of *Scotland*'s death, was now finiſhed and ſealed, on which ſhe put on the countenance of diſpleaſure, and told him, that by the Counſel of wiſe men, one might find out other expedients, by which it is believed, that ſhe intended poiſon. Nevertheleſs, ſhe now was commanded that the Execution ſhould be delayed, And as *Daviſon* preſented himſelf to her three dayes afterward, demanding of her if her Majeſty had changed her advice, ſhe anſwered, No, and was angry with *Paulet* for not enterpriſing boldly enough the laſt of the Crimes; And ſaid moreover, That ſhe would find others who would do it, for the love they did bear unto her. On which, the other did remonſtrate, that ſhe muſt think well of him, for otherwiſe ſhe would ruine Men of great Merit with their poſterity. She ſtill perſiſted and on the very ſame day of the Execution, ſhe did chide the Secretary for being ſo ſlow in advancing her Commands, who as ſoon as he had diſcovered the affair, the evil Counſellours did purſue the expedition with incredible heat; for they ſent *Beal*, a Capital Enemy of the *Catholicks*, with letters directed to certain Lords, in which, power was given them to proceed unto the Maſſacre; who immediately repairing to the Caſtle of *Fotheringhey*, where the Queen was priſoner, they cauſed her to riſe from her bed, where the Indiſpoſition of her body had laid her, and having read unto her their Commiſſion, they did advertiſe her, that ſhe muſt dy on the morning following.

16. She received this without changing of her countenance, and ſaid:

That

Her death and miraculous constancy.

That she did not think that the Queen, her Sister, would have brought it to that extremity; But since such was her pleasure, death was most agreeable to her, and that a Soul was not worthy of celestial and eternal joyes, whose body could not endure the stroke of the Hang-man. For the rest, she appealed to Heaven and Earth, who were the Witnesses of her Innocence; adding, that the onely Consolation which she received in a spectacle so ignominious, was, that she died for the Religion of her Fathers, she beseeched God to increase her constancy to the measure of her afflictions, and to welcome the death she was to suffer for the expiation of her sins.

After she spake these words, she besought the Commissioners to permit her to confer with her Confessour, which by a barbarous cruelty was refused, a cruelty which is not exercised on the worst of all offenders; and in the place, for a Directour of her conscience, they gave her for her comforters the Bishop and the Dean of *Peterborough* whom with horrour she rejected, saying, That God should be her Comforter. The Earl of *Kent*, who was one of the Commissioners, and most hot in the persecution of her, told her: *Your life will be the death, and your death will be the life of our Religion.* Declaring in that sufficiently the cause of her death; whereupon she gave thanks to God, that she was judged by her Enemies themselves, to be judged an instrument capable to restore the antient Religion in *England*. In this particular she desired, that the *Protestants* had rather blamed her effects, then her designs.

After the Lords were retired, she began to provide for her last day, as if she had deliberated on some voyage; and this she did with so much devotion, prudence and courage, that a Religious man, who hath had all his Meditations on death for thirty years together, could not have performed it with greater Justice. And in the first place, she commanded that supper should be dispatched, to advise of her affairs; and according to her custom, supping very soberly, she entertained herself on a good discourse, with a marvellous tranquillity of mind. And amongst other things, turning herself to *Burgon*, her Physitian, she demanded of him, if he did not observe how great was the power of the Truth, seeing the sentence of her death did import, that she was condemned for having conspired against *Elizabeth*; and the Earl of *Kent* did signify that she died for the apprehension which they had, that she should be the death of the false Religion, which would be rather her glory, then a punishment.

At the end of supper, she drank to all Servants with a grave and modest chearfulness on which they all kneeled down, and mingled so many tears with their wine, that it was lamentable to behold. As soon as their sobs had given liberty to their words, they asked her pardon for not performing those services, which her Majesty did merit; and she (although she was the best Mistris that ever was under heaven) desired all the world to pardon her defects. She comforted them with an invincible courage, and commanded them to wipe away their tears, & to rejoyce, because she should now depart from an abyss of misery; and assured them, that she never would forget them, neither before God, nor men.

After supper, she worte three Letters, one to the King of *France*, one to the Duke of *Guise*, and the third, unto her Confessor. Behold, the Letter in its own terms, which she wrote unto King *Henry* the Third.

SIR,

A Letter unto *Henry* the Third.

GOD, as with all humility I am bound to believe, having permitted, that for the expiation of my sins, I should cast my self into the Arms of this Queen, my Cousin, having endured for above twenty years the afflictions of imprisonment, I am in the end, by her, and her Estates condemned unto death. I have demanded that they should restore the papers which they have taken from me, the better to perfect my last Will and Testament; and that according to my desire, my body should be transported into your Kingdom, where I have had the Honour to be a Queen, your Sister, and ancient Allie; but as my sufferings are without comfort, so my requests are without answer. This day after dinner they signified unto me the sentence to be executed the next day about seven of the cleck in the morning, as the most guilty offender in the world. I cannot give you the discourse at large of what is passed, It shall please your Majesty to believe my Physitian, and my servants, whome I conceive to be worthy of credence. I am wholly disposed unto death, which in this Innocence I shall receive with as much mispriſion, as I have attended it with patience. The Right, which my birth doth give me to the realm of England, *and the Catholick Religion, are the causes of my Condemnation, although they disguise them, as much as they are able, by their Calumnies. They have taken from me my Almoner, and deprived me of the consolation of the Sacrament, which I intended at my death, pressing me with all violence of importunity, to receive the assistance and the Doctrine of their Ministers, but I will never do any thing that shall be unworthy of my Birth, or my Religion. These, who shall conveigh unto you the last sighs of my life, shall assure you of my constancy. It remains that I beseech you (since you have always protested to have loved me) to render to me the proofs of your charity, to pray to God for a most Christian Queen, who dieth a Catholick, as she hath lived, and to command, that some reward may be given to my dear Servants, for I depart this World, deprived of all worldly goods. As for my Son, I recommend him to you as far as he shall deserve, for I cannot answer for him. I have assumed the boldness to send you two stones, which are very rare for health, which I wish you may finde perfect and happy in a long life; you shall receive them from your most affectionate Sister-in-Law, who dieth in giving you the last testimonies of her heart. I recommend again my desolate Servants to you, and If your majesty shall bestow on me, wherewith to found a little Covent, and alms requisite to it for some who shall pray for me, you shall send my Soul unto God, enriched with more merits. This I beseech you for the honour of JesusChrist, whom near unto my death I pray unto for you, in the quality*

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Sister-in-Law

QUEEN MARY.

I am of opinion, that the Letter, which made its address to the Duke of *Guise*, was of the same substance. The Letter to her Confessour did import the Combats she had suffered for Religion, and the Zeal, which did transport her to die in the Catholick Faith, and that most cruelly she had been denied to make her last will, or to have her body transported, or to have permission to confess her

ſelf. In defect whereof ſhe doth confeſs her ſins in General, as ſhe had intended to rehearſe them to him in particular. She deſired him to pray and to watch that night in ſpirit with her, and to ſend her his abſolution, and to preſcribe unto her the prayers which he thought moſt proper for her for that Night, and for the Morning following, adding, that if ſhe could ſee him at the hour of her ſuffering, ſhe would kneel down and take her leave of him, with a deſire of his Benediction. This being done, ſhe took a Re-view of her Teſtament, and cauſed the Inventory of her Goods to be read, and wrote down the Names of thoſe, to whom ſhe had beſtowed her Wardrope; ſhe alſo diſtributed mony to ſome with her own hand, afterwards being retired, ſhe ſpent the reſt of the Night in Watching and prayer. Others affirm, that having ſaid her Prayers, ſhe threw herſelf upon the Bed, and ſlept ſome hours very quietly, to make herſelf more ſtrong for the next days conflict. Afterwards awaking, ſhe began to enter into an Agony; and her naked Knees being humbled on the Ground, ſhe did read that Paſſion, to encourage herſelf to her laſt combat, mingling almoſt already her Tears and her Blood, with the Tears and Blood of her beſt Beloved: She paſſed many hours in Meditations, until ſhe had wearied two of her ſervants, whom ſhe commanded to take their reſt.

Her laſt day, which was on the twenty eighth of *February*, in the Year 1587. and on the eighteenth of *February* according to the *Engliſh* account, the Sun beginning to riſe, ſhe did put on thoſe habiliments, which ſhe did uſuall wear on Feſtival days, and having again aſſembled her Servants, ſhe cauſed her Teſtament to be read unto them, and deſired them to take in good part the ſmall Legacies which ſhe had given them, becauſe the condition of her Eſtate did not permit her to bequeath them greater. She gave them, all her laſt Farewell, exhorting them to the fear and love of their Creatour, to the preſervation of their Religion, and of concord amongſt themſelves, and deſired them to pray for the ſafety of her poor Soul. In the end ſhe kiſſed all the women, and permitted all the men to kiſs her hand. The Hall was filled with Cries, and Lamentations, and Sighs, and Sobs, and followed almoſt with an inundation of Tears, which they could not wipe away. But as ſhe had all her thought advanced to Heaven, ſhe retired herſelf again into her Oratory, where ſhe continued a long time, imploring the Grace of God with Sighs, and with the Groanings of a Dove, until that *Thomas Andrews* Lieutenant of that County, did ſignifie unto her that it was time to come forth.

She ſuddenly obeyed him, and came forth in a poſture full of Majeſty, and with a joyful Countenance. Her habit was moſt modeſt, her head was covered with a veyl, which hung down beneath her ſhoulders; She had a Chaplet at her Girdle, and an Ivory Crucifix in her hand. The Commiſſioners received her in the Gallery, where they did attend her. And Melvin *her Steward did preſent himſelf before her, and weeping fell on his knees to underſtand her laſt commands.*

Weep not, ſhe ſaid, but rather rejoyce, for this day you ſhall ſee Mary Stuart *delivered from all her ſorrows. I conjure you to acquaint my Son, that I have always lived, and do die in the Catholick Religion, and that I do exhort him with all my heart to preſerve the Faith of his Anceſtours, to love Juſtice and to maintain his people in peace, and to enterpriſe nothing againſt the Queen of* England. *I have committed nothing againſt the Realm of* Scotland, *and I have alwayes loved the Kingdom of* France. *God pardon thoſe that do thirſt after my blood, as the Hart panteth after the fountain of waters. Thou, O Lord, who art truth it ſelf, and ſoundeſt the deepeſt ſecrets of my heart, thou doſt know how much I have deſired peace, and the Union of the two Realms of* England *and* Scotland.

Her Royal heart growing tender on her Son, on the conſideration of the cruelties and the perſecutions of the Catholick Church, and on the Indignities which moſt innocently ſhe ſuffered, her eyes poured down ſome tears of compaſſion, which ſhe ſuddenly wiped away. Then turning to the Lords, ſhe deſired that her poor Servants might, after her death, be uſed with humanity, that they might be ſuffered to enjoy thoſe poor Legacies which ſhe had given them in her Teſtament, that they might be ſuffered to aſſiſt her at her death, and afterwards be ſent ſafe into their Countryes upon the publick faith. The Inhumanity of the Earl of *Kent* would not permit that her own Servants ſhould aſſiſt her, and ſaid, They would but ſerve to increaſe Superſtition, but ſhe replyed; Fear it not, theſe poor miſerable creatures deſire nothing more then to give me my laſt Farewel, and I am confident that my ſiſter *Elizabeth* would not have refuſed me ſo ſmal a courteſie, ſeeing the Honour of my ſex demandeth that my ſervants ſhould be preſent. I am her near kinſwoman, Grand-child to *Henry* the eight, and Queen *Dowager* of *France*, beſides I have received the Unction of Queen of *Scotland*, if you will not grant this courteſie to one of my quality, let me have it at leaſt for the tenderneſs of the heart of men. On this conſideration five or ſix of her ordinary Servants, were permitted to accompany her to the place of Execution, to which ſhe now was going.

This divine Queen, whom *France* had ſeen to walk in ſuch ſtate and Triumph at the pomp of her marriage, when ſhe was followed with all the glory of that Kingdom, doth now alas go with this poor train to render her neck unto the Hangman. She came into the Hall hung round about with blacks, and aſcended the Scaffold, which was covered with the ſame livery, to accompliſh this laſt Act of her long Tragedy. What eyes of furies were not ſtruck blind at the aſpect of this face, in which the dying Graces did ſhoot for the laſt light of their ſhining Glories.

As ſoon as ſhe was ſate in a chair prepared for that purpoſe, one *Beal* did read the Command, and the outrageous Sentence of her death, which ſhe heard very peaceably, ſuppreſſing all the ſtrugglings of Nature, to abandon her ſelf to Grace in the imitation of her Saviour. At laſt *Fletcher*, the Dean of *Peterborough*, one of her evil Counſellours did preſent himſelf before her, and made a Pedantical Diſcourſe, on the life paſſed, the life preſent, and the life to come, undertaking, according to his power, to pervert her in this her laſt conflict. This was the moſt ſenſible to her of all her afflictions, at the laſt minute of her life to hear the ſtudied ſpeech of an impertinent and audacious Miniſter, wherefore ſhe oftentimes interrupted him, and beſought him not to importune her, aſſuring him, that ſhe was confirmed in the faith of the ancient Catholick and *Roman* Church, and was ready to ſhed her laſt bloud for it. Nevertheleſs

this

this infamous Doctour did not ceaſe to perſecute her with his Remonſtrances unto the ſhades of Death.

She looked round about the Hall, if ſhe could diſcover her Confeſſor, to demand of him the abſolution of her ſins, but he was ſo buſie that he could not be found. A poor Maid belonging to her, having thruſt her ſelf with all her force into the Croud, as ſoon as ſhe was got through them, and beheld her Miſtriſs between two Hang-men, did break forth into a loud cry, which troubled thoſe who were about the Queen to aſſiſt her. But the Queen, who had a ſpirit preſent on all occaſions, made a ſign unto her with her hand, that ſhe ſhould hold her peace, if ſhe had not a mind to be forced thence. The Lords then made a ſemblance as if they would pray for her, but ſhe thanked them heartily for their good will, ſaying, that it would be taken as a crime to communicate in prayers with them. Then turning to the multitude, who were about three hundred perſons, ſhe thus expreſſed her ſelf.

It is a new ſpectacle, to behold a Queen brought to dy upon a Scaffold. I have not learned to undreſs, to unveil my ſelf, and to put off the Royal Ornaments in ſo great a Company, and to have two Hang-men in the place of the Grooms of my Chamber. But we muſt ſubmit to what heaven is pleaſed to have done, and obey the Decrees of the Divine Providence.

I proteſt before the face of the living God, that I never attempted againſt the Life or Eſtate of my Conſin, neither have I committed any thing worthy of this uſage. If it be imputed to my Religion, I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy to ſhed even the laſt drop of my life for it. I put all my confidence in him, whom I ſee repreſented on this Croſs, which I hold in my hand, and I promiſe and aſſure my ſelf, that this temporal Death ſuffered for his Name, ſhall be a beginning to me of Eternal life, with the Angels and moſt happy Souls, who ſhall receive my bloud, and repreſent it before the face of God, in the remiſſion of all my Offences.

There was now a floud in every ey, and amongſt all her Enemies, there were not above four who were able to contain their tears. The Hang-man clothed in black velvet, fell down on his knees, and did demand her pardon, which ſhe moſt willingly granted, and not to him onely, but to all her perſecutours.

After theſe words, ſhe kneeled down her ſelf, praying aloud in *Latin*, and invoked the moſt holy Mother of God, and the triumphant Company of Saints to aſſiſt her. She repeated her moſt fervent prayers for the Church, for her Kingdom, for *France*, for her ſon, for her cruel murtherers, for *England*, for her Judges, and for her Executioner, recommending into the hands of the Saviour of the world her ſpirit, purified as well by love, as by affliction. The laſt words of her Prayers were theſe, *As thy arms, Lord Jeſus, were ſtretched forth on the Croſs, ſo receive me into the ſtretched forth arms of thy mercy.*

She unceſſantly kiſſed a Crucifix which ſhe had in her hand, whereat, one that ſtood by, being offended at the honour which ſhe gave unto the Croſs, told her, That ſhe ſhould carry it in her heart, to whom ſhe ſuddenly made anſwer, *Both in my heart, and in my hand.* After this ſhe diſpoſed her ſelf to the Block. The Executioner would have taken off her Gown, but ſhe repelled him, and deſired, that that office might be performed for her by her own maids who approched to her, to prepare her for the ſtroke of death. And ſhe her ſelf did accommodate them in it, as diligently as ſhe could, and laid open her neck and throat, more white then Alabaſter, & too much alas diſcovered for ſo lamentable a Subject. This being done, ſhe ſigned her own Attendants with the ſign of Croſs, kiſſing them, & with a ſhort ſmile, did bid them farewel, to ſhew, that ſhe died as comfortably as conſtantly, making no more reſiſtance, then the flower doth againſt the hand that doth gather it.

Thoſe poor creatures did weep moſt bitterly, & with their ſighs and ſobs could have cleaved the rocks, when the Queen reproved them, ſaying: *Nay, what do you mean? Have I anſwered for your conſtancy, & that your grief ſhould not be importunate, and do you ſuffer your ſelves to be thus tranſported with lamentation, when I am going to exchange a temporal Kingdom, full of miſery, for an everlaſting Empire, filled with felicity?*

It was diſcovered that ſhe had a Croſs about her of great value, which ſhe intended to have beſtowed on one of her neereſt friends, promiſing the Executioner to recompenſe him ſome other way, but this enemy of the Croſs did force it from her, to ſatisfy his avarice. And as ſhe had her eyes blinded, and was applying her ſelf to the block, ſhe began the Pſalm *In te Domine ſperavi.* In thee, Lord, have I hoped: and amongſt thoſe ſacred words, *In manus tuas*, into thy hands; which ſhe again and again, and divers times repeated: the Executioner trembling, and indiſpoſed, made one ſtroke with his Ax, and inſtead of her neck, the Ax fell higher, and cutting off ſome part of her Coyf, it made a grievous wound on the hinder part of her head, whereupon readily diſpatching two ſtrokes more, the Executioner took up the head from the body, and ſhewed it openly, all pale, and bloudy, as it was, yet ſtill carrying in her eclipſed eyes the attractives of that brave Soul, which now did ceaſe to animate her body. and with a horrible voice he pronounced, *Long live Queen* Elizabeth, *and ſo let the enemies of the Goſpel periſh*, which words the Dean repeated, and the Earl of *Kent* applauded, when all the world beſides them were in tears.

The bloud was collected in ſilver Baſons, and the Corps was laid forth on the Scaffold. Her poor Maids drew near unto her, deſiring that they might be permitted to diveſt her, and to bury her with their own hands. But the furious Earl did drive them out of the Hall, and cauſed the ſacred body to be carryed into a Chamber of the Caſtle, where it was locked up. He alſo ordered, that the Cloath and Boards ſhould be burnt, that were purpled with the bloud of this Martyr, as if there were any element in the world that was able to take away ſo celeſtial a tincture. Theſe two Virgins did not ceaſe to follow with their eyes the body of their Miſtriſs, looking upon her as well as they could, through the clefts of the door, as ſhe ſtill lay bloudy, and but half covered. They waited there like two *Magdalens* at the Sepulcher, until ſuch time as ſhe was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Peterborough*, where all the beſt ſort of men, as long as it was allowed, did repair to let fall their tears, and lay forth their ſighs, upon her Tomb. The news being brought to *London*, all the bells did ring for joy, to convey the tidings of it to cruel *Elizabeth*, who did conceal her ſelf, rather for ſhame then grief, although ſhe counterfeited to be extremely touched for the Death of her kinswoman. And in effects ſhe often felt the remorſe of Conſcience, and had horrible Dreams, which did make her to cry out in the night, and to wake her Maids of Honour with her affrights.

17. As

17. As long as Truth, or Virtue, or Men ſhall continue upon the Earth, that Wound ſhall bleed; as long as there ſhall be Eyes or Tears in this Vale of miſerie, there ſhall be Tears Diſtilled on theſe Royal Aſhes; and the Piety of the living, ſhall never ceaſe with full hands to ſtrew Lilies and Violets and Roſes on her Tomb. *Mary*, whom Heaven abſolveſt, doth now commence an eternal Proceſs againſt *Elizabeth*, ſhe ſhall be brought before as many Tribunals, as there are reaſonable Spirits, and ſhall daily be condemned; without ending of her miſery, becauſe ſhe put no end to her injuſtice.

It ſeemeth that God did expreſly give her a long Life, as to *Cain*, to *Herod*, to *Tiberius*, and other Tyrants, to fill up the meaſure of her Iniquity, to poſſeſs a Bloody Scepter amongſt Jealouſies, Affrights, and Defiances, and to ſee her Hell alive, when at laſt, ſtooping to the impotency of Age, and ſlighted by her own creatures, ſhe would often complain, that all the world did abandon her, and that ſhe had not one left, in whom ſhe might repoſe her confidence.

God hath dried up her Root on Earth, and made her die childleſs: He hath placed on her Throne the blood of *Mary*, who at this day doth hold the Crown of *England* and of *Scotland*.

Great GOD, if it be permitted to enter into the Cloud of thy great Myſteries, and the Secrets which thou haſt concealed from our Eyes, Is it not from this blood we ſhall ſee one day a Flower to ariſe, the moſt Illuſtrious of the Poſterity, who between his Hands ſhall bring forth the Golden Age, who ſhall make the Antient Piety to triumph, and on his Royal Shoulders ſhall carry it even into the Throne of Glory, who ſhall render Divine Honour to the Aſhes of his Mother, and about her Tomb ſhall make the Cypreſs Trees to grow, that ſhall advance unto the Stars her Honoured Name, which they ſhall wear Engraved on their Leaves?

Elizabeth ſhall then be but a Specter of Horrour, and her Pernicious Counſellers ſhall appear round about her, as the pale Shades in the center of Darkneſs.

England ſhall awake from her long Lethargie, and with veneration ſhall look on her whom ſhe hath diſhonoured with ſo much fury.

Incomparable *Mary*, we ſay no more that Providence hath been a Step-mother, and that ſhe hath uſed you with too much rigour and violence. She hath cauſed you to enter in a Garden, covered with Palms and Laurels, which you have bedewed with your Tears, manured with your afflictions, enobled with your Combats, and honoured with your Blood. She hath mounted you on a Scaffold, where you have acted the laſt and moſt Glorious Tragedy, that was ever repreſented in the world by your Sex, or in your condition. The Angels (O Divine Princeſs) from the portals of Heaven did with admiration contemplate your Combat, they encouraged your Conſtancy, they ſang your Praiſes, and with emulation they prepared for you your everlaſting Crowns.

The heart of a Woman againſt an hundred Leopards: The heart of a Diamond againſt a thouſand Hammers, which never turned for all their violence, which never could be tempted with the glitterings of Honour, which always did temper with Gall the moſt delicious contentments of this life, to follow her Jesus, her wounded Jesus, her Jesus crucified for her.

The moſt *Catholick* Queen in the world, who honoured nothing more then Churches and Prieſts and Altars, to live twenty years, as it were, without a Church, without a Prieſt, and without an Altar; to make in her ſelf a Temple of her Body, an Altar of her Heart, and a Sacrifice of her Blood; nay, what ſhall I ſay, in a Death ſo abandoned, to be her ſelf the Altar, to be her ſelf the Prieſt, and her ſelf the Sacrifice? What Virgin hath ſeen the twentieth year of her Captivity? What Martyr hath ſanctified ſo many priſons? Who hath ever made experience of ſo many Deaths in one? Who hath ever ſeen Death to come with a more willing foot? And who hath indeer'd it with a greater joy? Who hath managed it with wiſdom? And who hath accompliſhed it with greater glory? Your fair Name, O *Mary*, borne on the Wings of Triumph and Renown, doth paſs through Sea and Land, is an object of Veneration to the people, and of Ornament unto Heaven, where your Soul with advantage doth rejoyce in the pleaſures of eternal happineſs.

Look down fair Soul, and behold your Iſlands and your Realms, with thoſe Eys enlightned with the Beams of the Face of God. Conſider the waves of the Ocean, which ceaſe not to carry the Memory of your Deeds to the ends of the Earth, pardon your Subjects, and waſh away the ſtain, which the effuſion of that generous blood hath made, ſince you had rather be a Meſſenger of Reconciliation, then to be the bearer of Vengeance.

O Great and Illuſtrious *Britany*, Is it poſſible that this blood hath yet wrought nothing on the hardneſs of thy heart, and that thou doſt ſtill delight, by force of Arms, to fight againſt heaven, to oppoſe thy own ſafety, and to ſhut the gate againſt thy own happineſs? Where is that glory of thy Chriſtianiſm, which heretofore did make thee to be lookt upon, as on a land of Benediction, which opened her liberal breaſts, to give ſo many Doctours to *Europe*, ſo many Lights of Learning to the Church, ſo many Examples of Piety to all *Chriſtendom*, and ſo many Confeſſours unto Paradiſe? Thy Kings, by a Pious violence, have forced their way to Heaven, and their people have followed their foot-ſteps. There was nothing ſpoken of thee, but obedience to the Church of *Rome*, of Saints, of Reliques, of Piety, of Combats, of Virtue, and of Crowns. And ſince the Devil of Luſt and Rebellion, raiſed from the moſt black Abyſs, hath ſeized on the ſoul of a miſerable King, thou haſt ſullied thy perfection, thou haſt deſtroyed thy Sanctuary, the lamentable Reliques whereof, are now ſpread over all the world, and the ſacred Stones of thy Temples, groaning amongſt the Nations, do attend the day of the Juſtice of God, and the Re-union of the hearts of thy people, in the performance of his ſervice. What haſt thou done with the Cradle of *Conſtantine*, and of Saint *Helena*, who were born with thee, to give Laws unto all Chriſtendom? What haſt thou done with thoſe precious Stones which compoſed that Diadem, the Beams whereof did ſparkle with admiration in the Eyes of all the people in the world? Return, O *Shunamite*, return: Return, fair Iſland, to thy firſt beginning, the hand of God is not ſhortned, his Arms all day are ſtretched forth to receive thee. If the inſolent hands of Hereſie have made them bars, which have been planted

for

for so many years, do not think but the hands of true piety will tear away the disorders, which protect themselves in the night of so corrupted an Age. Feign not to thy self imaginary horrours, and overthrowings of Estates by the Inquisitions and Thunders of *Rome*. The beams of the Sun will make the Manna to melt, which no power can destroy. The blood of this immortal Queen, shall break the Diamond in pieces, & one day work those great effects, which we our selves cannot believe, nor our posterity sufficiently admire.

It is in your veins, most mighty Monarch of *Great Britain*, where still her blood doth run. That cruel Axe which made three Crowns to fall with one head, hath not yet poured it all out, it doth preserve it self in your body, and in the body of your Posterity, animated with the Spirt of *Mary*, and imprinted with the image of her goodness. It is she who hath given you so temperate a Spirit, such attractive inclinations, such royal Virtues, and so triumphant a Majesty, It is she who uniteth you with the Queen, your dear Spouse, with a will so cordial and with a love so perfect, and makes your marriage as a continual Sacrifice of the Antients, whose offerings that were presented, had no gall at all in them. The Queen of *Scotland*, your Grand-mother who was given unto *France*, and *France* hath rendred you a Princess according to the heart of God and according to your own heart, a Blossom of our Lilies, the Daughter of a King, the Sister of a King, the Wife of a King, Royal in her blood, Royal in her Religion, Royal in her Piety, in her Prudence, and Royal in her Courage. She enters into your cares, she partakes of your troubles. She conspires with your Designs, her spirit turneth unto yours, and yours continually is ready to meet with hers. They aretwo clockes excellently ordered, which at every hour of the Day do answer one another.

Great Majesties of *Britaine*, carry the same yoak in the service of God, and the piety of your Ancestours; and as you have but one heart, maintain also but one Religion. Establish that which your Grand-mother of everlasting memory, hath practised by her Virtues, demonstrated by her Examples, honoured by her Constancy, and sealed with her Blood.

CARDINAL POOL.

NExt unto *Bottius*, I will insert *Cardinal Pool*, one of the most excellent Men of the Age before us, who being chief of the Council in the Realm of *England*, under Queen *Mary*, did know so well to marry the Interests of State, to the Interests of God; that rendring himself the Restorer of Religion, he repaired the Ruins of the Kingdom, which were fallen into a horrible desolation.

His birth and Education.

His Birth most high and illustrious, made him a near Kinsman to the King of *Great Britain* as well by the Father's side, as by the Mother's. His spirit did equal his Nobility, but his Virtue did exceed them both, and proved him to be the wisest and the most moderate person in all the Clergy. The care of his good Mother, did with great advantage improve his more innocent and tender years, and omitted nothing that might either enlighten his understanding in the knowledg of learning, or inflame his heart with a generous heat after gallant actions.

His love of solitude

In his most tender age, he testified a Divine Attraction, which made him to eschew all commerce of company, and secretly did inspire him with the love of Solitude. He did delight in the Country life, where the pureness of the Air, the aspect of the Stars, the ennammel of the Meadows, the covert of the Woods, the veins of the Waters, and other objects, did prepare him as many Degrees to mount up to God, as he did there behold Beauties in the discovered breasts of Nature.

It was for this, that he made his first studies near unto the House of the reverend Fathers of the Charthers, whose conversation he loved more then all the pleasures in the world, which occasioned a certain tincture of Devotion, and of probitie to pass into his manners, which continued with him all his life. From thence he removed to the Universities in *England*, where he gave most admirable prooses of his Capacity.

His Travele.

On the approach of the twentieth year of his age, he

he travelled into *Italy*, where he beheld the wonders of *Rome*, and had a taste of the rarest spirits in that Age, some whereof did afterwards live with him, and did much conduce to fill his spirit with the height of learning, which made him to be admired by all, and the rather, because it no way diminished the holy heats of his Devotion.

Having travelled into forein Countryes, for the space of five years, he returned into *England*, where he was looked upon as a man slid down from Heaven, whose excellent Qualities did promise him the fullness of glory.

His return to *England*

But he suddenly observed the Affairs of the Kingdom to be greatly perplexed, by reason of the horrible Divorce, which *Henry the Eight* resolved on, who endeavoured at once to separate himself from his wife, and from the Church of God. He much desired, that *Pool* who was famous for knowledge and integrity, should approve his intention, to the end that finding no assistance from Truth, he might beg some apparence from the opinions of men.

The Combat in his spirit.

This was no small temptation to this young Prelate, who was not altogether so austere as to distast all honour of preferment, nor so little versed in Court, as not to look on the King, as the Original from whence it flowed. He a long time consulted with himself to finde a mean, which might make his conscience to accord with the will of the King. His integrity which was to him as another Birth, did dispute in his heart with the Interest of his Fortune, and he sought after the means to temper them into one. One day he thought he had found it, and addressed himself to the Court, to expose his advice unto the King, which was an advice more pleasing then just; and he had then a care that the liberty of his words, should not hinder the pretences to his dignity.

O who is he that is able to counsel a King in his passion: If you alledge unto him too much of Justice, you hazard your Fortune. If you comply unto him with too much Gentleness, you do betray your heart. The words of a Prince are the furnace which doth prove you, where you may behold some to burn and to consume away like straw, and others to come forth purified like Gold.

The spirit of God did seize on the heart and the tongue of this wise Counsellour, he forgot all the worldly and flattering reasons he had prepared, to open onely his eyes unto the Truth.

He took part with God,

How Sir, (said he unto the King) to labour a divorce from Queen Katharine, *after so many years of your Marriage, who hath brought you issue to succeed you in the Crown. It is true, that she was given a Spouse to your elder Brother, but he dyed in his youth before his Marriage was consummated. And you have espoused the Queen in the face of the Church, with a Dispensation as authentical as the Pope could give, and which he granted, with your consent, at the request of the King your Father of glorious Memory; And since your Majesty hath had a secret Repugnance, caused by a respect to him, to whom you owe your Birth, that can bring no prejudice to the publick Faith, nor to the consummation of a Marriage followed by such fruits and Benedictions, as ordinarily do attend that mutual commerce.*

Alas Sir, Your Majesty hath consecrated its Reign by so many Royal Virtues, and Excellent Examples, which have acquired you the Love and Admiration of Christendom, Will it now eclipse so pure a Life, and so Triumphant a Reputation, by a stain which cannot be washed away, but by the effusion of the bloud of all your Realm. Your Majesty hath sacrificed both its Scepter and its Pen, by the obedience which it hath rendred to the holy See, and by the Book which it hath made in the Defence of the Church. Cannot it honestly cast off those Laws, which it hath authorized by a publick Testimony? What will your people say, who have so just an apprehension of Religion? What will forein Princes say, who have conceived so high an Opinion of your Merit? Those who do counsel you to that Divorce, are the most Capital Enemies of your glory, who do draw upon you the indignation of God, the censure of the Sovereign Priest, the Arms of a great Estate, who being offended at this affront, will conjure your ruine.

That which hath droven you to it, is onely a passion of youth, which ought to be moderated, it is bad Counsel, from which you should retire your self, it is a mischief, which you should labour to avoid. In this case, the Advice which doth least please you, will be the best. The precipitation of so hazardous an Act, can bring nothing but repentance. This I speak unto your Majesty, being driven to it by the fervent zeal which I have unto the safety of its Soul, and by the tender respect which I have always borne to your Royal Person. I must beseech it, that I may not be surprized in so important an affair, as this Marriage is, which had his Ordinance in heaven, and its happinesse on earth.

This was boldly spoken by a Man, who saw that in accomodating his humour to the King, he incontinently entred into the possession of the richest benefits of the Kingdom, and that crossing his design, he exposed his Liberty, his Estate, his life to most apparent danger. Nevertheless, he had the constancy to make him this grave Remonstrance, without following the Example of those, which flatter all evil actions, and make Divinity to speak that, which the interest of their Fortunes doth suggest unto them.

Henry the Eight was no way softned at this so grave an Oration; but on the contrary, he had a most earnest desire to arrest his Cousin *Pool*, and to put him to death, which had been put in Execution, if the hand of God had not withheld the blow. *Henry the Eight* grown more hardened.

He very well observed, that the heart of the King was empoysoned with lust and choler, even to the Despair of all Remedy. Wherefore not long after, finding his opportunity he asked leave of the King under some pretence to go out of the Kingdom, and did abandon himself to a willing banishment, because he would not offend his conscience. He came into *France*, and stayed sometime in *Avignon*, from thence he travelled to *Padua*, and from *Padua* to *Venice*, where he was acknowledged and esteemed for one of the chiefest men of Christendom, and renowned for excellent qualities. *Pool* banished himself.

In the end, God being pleased to demonstrate that there is nothing lost in serving him, and that honours are not onely for them who by a politick suppleness do accommodate themselves unto the times and the lusts of great men, stirred up the spirit of *Paul the Third*, a great lover of learned men, who made him Cardinal, with approbation of all the world. So that forsaking a Bishoprick in *England*, for the satisfying of his conscience, and the defence of the truth, he obtained by his merit so high a place of Eminence in the Church, which all the Crimes of a conscience prostituted to evils, could never procure unto them. *Pool* made Cardinal.

Henry

Henry, who had already declared war against God and all his Saints by his divorce, was inflamed with choler by reason of the retreat and the promotion of this holy man, causing him to be proscribed over all *England*, and promising fifty thousand Crowns to him who should bring him to him; and having understood that the Pope had made him his Delegate into *France* and *Flanders*, he did importune the *French* King, by all manner of solicitation to deliver him into his hands. But the brave Prince, although it was directly against his Interest, would do nothing that was against his generous mind, and received the Cardinal with all courtesie and fidelity, because he would not offend the Pope; howsoever he would not suffer him to continue long in *France*, because he would not exasperate the King of *England*, for he had great use of his assistance in the war which he made against the Emperour.

Pool was then constrained to repair to *Flanders*, where he was charitably received by Cardinal *Everard*, Bishop of *Cambray*, and he continued there sometimes, attending the disposition of the Pope. But *Henry* understanding that he was retired into that Province, did again kindle his coals, and that in so violent a heat, that he promised the *Flemings* to entertain four thousand men in pay for ten Months in favour of the Emperour against the *French*, if they would abandon the Cardinal to his discretion. Howsoever, he found none that would favour his violence; which did so incense him, that he caused the Countess of *Salisbury* to be arrested. She was Mother to the Cardinal, and Daughter to the Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to *Edward* the Fourth. She was accused for having received a Letter from her Son, and for having worn about her neck the figure of the five wounds of our Saviour, on which he commanded that a Process should proceed against her, which was performed accordingly; and the perverse and abominable Judges, who made all their proceedings to comply with the mercilesse fury of their Prince, did condemn her to death and caused her head to be cut off upon a Scaffold, where she gave incomparable demonstrations of her piety and constancy. Her dear Son, who did love and respect her with all the tenderness of affection, was extremely afflicted at it, and could find no comfort but in the order of God's providence, and in the glory of her death which was pretious before God.

After this the Legate was called back to *Rome*, and after he had informed *Paul* the Third of the misery of the people of *Christendom*, who incessantly groaned under the calamity of war, kindled betwixt the two principal Crowns, he did contribute the uttermost of his endeavour to provide a remedy for it.

This good *Pope* was courteous, liberal, magnificent, well versed in Letters, and above all, a great lover of Astrology. It seemeth that the Harmony of Celestial bodies, with which his spirit was so delicately transported, did touch his Soul with a desire to make a like harmony on earth. He was passionate for the peace of Christian Princes, and as he well understood the great capacity of Cardinal *Pool*, joyned with the Royal bloud, which gave him a more ful authority, he did not delay to send him with a most Authentical Commission to mediate an Accord betwixt the two Kings.

The holy Prelate undertook this business with great courage, being carried to it as well by his own inclination as by election. He failed not to represent unto their puissances all reasons both Divine and Humane, which might move them to an Accord for the Glory of God, for the glory of their own Monarchies, and for the safety of their people. But as he found in the ear of *Henry* the Eighth a Devil of lust, which obstructed all the force of reason which was presented to him to divert his passion; so he found in the spirit of these two Monarchs a horrible jealousie of Estate, which stopped all entrance to his saving Counsels. The time was not yet come, and it was to row against the wind and tide, to press that business any further. He was constrained to return to *Rome* where the Pope gave him Commission to go to *Wittenbergh*, where he continued certain years, delighting in the fruits of a sweet tranquillity.

In the end, the Council of *Trent* being already assembled to extirpate Heresies, and remedy the disorders, with which its venomous *Contagion* had infected the brest of *Christendom*, he was chosen to be President thereof, which place for some time he executed, to the admiration of his knowledge, and the universal approbation of his zeal.

He is considered on to be Pope

But when *Paul* the Third, having exceeded the age of fourscore years, did pay the tribute common to the condition of the living, he was obliged to return to *Rome*, where all the world did cast their eys on him to make him the head of the Church. All things seemed to conspire to his election, his age, his bloud, his virtue, his knowledge, his great experience in Affairs, the general affection of all, which did pass almost to veneration. It was only himself that resisted his own Fortune, because he would not assist himself, and permitted nothing of a submiss softness, to over-act his generosity; neither in that nature would he be a Suppliant, although it were for the chiefest Miter in the world. The Nephews of *Paul* the Third, who as yet possessed the most high Authority of Affairs, considering the faithfulness of the great services which he had rendred their Uncle, did perswade him with importunity to this chief Bishoprick of the world. And as the *Conclave* was assembled, and the Decision of the great business did approach unto maturity; they came at night into his Chamber to speak with him concerning his promotion, and to offer themselves to his service to prefer unto him that Sovereign Dignity: But he shewed so little complacence to their discourse, that in stead of making endearments and submissions, of which they who pretend to honour, are always excessively prodigal, he made answer to them: *That God was the God of light, and that the affair which they came about, ought not to be treated on in darkness.*

That one word did rebate the edge of their spirits, and on the morning following, the good Fortune, which for two Months together did look directly on Cardinal *Pool*, did slack its foot at the dismission of the Nephew Cardinals, and *Julius* the Third was chosen Pope, a person of much renown, and a great Lawyer.

He retireth again into solitude.

Pool his Competitour, well understanding that it was not expedient to reside under the eys of a Potentate, to whom the power over *Christendom* was secretly preferred, retired to *Mentz* into a Monastery of Saint *Benets*, where he enjoyed the delights of rest, to which his inclinations carried him, exercising his Devotion to the heighth, and recreating himself with good Letters which he always loved.

But God, who by his means was pleased to bring about the greatest revolution of Estate, as *Europe* ever saw, did cause occasions to arise to draw

him from that ſolitude to return again to his great imployments.

It is neceſſary in this place, to make mention of the condition of the affairs in *England*, to behold virtue in the day of its own brightneſs; and to conſider how Providence, guarding her dear *Pool*, as the apple of her eye, did reſerve him for a time, which made him the true Peace-maker of that Nation.

The Eſtate of *England*

For this effect it came to paſs, that *Henry* the Eighth having reigned eighteen years in Schiſm, leading a life profuſe in luxury, ravenous in avarice, impious in Sacrilege, cruel in maſſacres, covered over with ordures, blood, and infamy, did fall ſick of a languiſhing diſeaſe, which gave him the leiſure to have ſome thoughts on the other world.

The death of *Henry* the Eighth

It is true, that the affrighting Images of his Crimes, and the ſhades of the dead, which ſeemed to beſiege his bed, and perpetually to trouble his repoſe, did bring many pangs and remorſes to him. Inſomuch, that having called ſome Biſhops to his aſſiſtance, he teſtified a deſire to reconcile himſelf unto the Church, and ſought after the means thereof. But they, who before were terrified with the fury of his actions, which were more then barbarous, fearing that he ſpoke not that, but only to ſound them, and that he would not ſeal to their Counſels, which they ſhould ſuggeſt unto him, peradventure with the effuſion of their blood, did gently adviſe him, without ſhewing him the endeavours and the effects of true repentance, and without declaring to him the ſatisfactions which he ought to God, and to his Neighbours for the enormities of ſo many Crimes. He was content to erect the Church of the *Cordeliers*, and commanded that Maſs ſhould there be publickly celebrated, which was performed to the great joy of the Catholicks, which yet remained in that horrible Havock. To this Church he annexed an Hoſpital and ſome other appurtenances, and left for all a thouſand Crowns of yearly Revenue.

As he perceived that his life began to abandon him, he demanded the Communion, which he received, making a ſhow as if he would riſe himſelf; but the Biſhop told him that his weakneſs did excuſe him from that Ceremony: he made anſwer, that if he ſhould proſtrate himſelf on the Earth, to receive ſo Divine a Majeſty, he ſhould not humble himſelf according to his duty. He by his will ordained that his Son *Edward*, who was born of *Jane Seimor*, ſhould ſucceed him; and in the caſe of death, that *Mary* the Daughter of Queen *Katharine*, ſhould be the Inheritreſs of the Crown; and if that ſhe ſhould fail, that his Daughter *Elizabeth* (although a Baſtard) ſhould fill her place, and poſſeſs the Kingdom. On the approaches of death he called for wine; and thoſe who were next unto his bed, did conceive that he oftentimes did repeat the word *Monks*, and that he ſaid, as in deſpair, *I have loſt all.*

This is that which moſt truly can be affirmed of him; for it is a very bad ſign to behold a man to dy in the Honour of his Royal Dignity and by a peaceable death, who had torn in pieces Jesus Christ, who had divided the Church into Schiſms, who of the ſix Queens that he eſpouſed, had killed four of them, who had maſſacred two Cardinals, three Arch-Biſhops, eighteen Biſhops, twelve great Earls, Prieſts, and Religious Men without number, and of his people without end; who had robbed all the Churches of his Kingdom, deſtroyed the Divine Worſhip, oppreſſed a million of Innocents, and in one word, who had aſſaſſinated mercy it ſelf.

Howſoever he wanted not Flatterers, who preſumed to ſay and write, that his wiſdom had given a good order to his affairs, and that he happily departed this world, not conſidering what S. *Auguſtine* doth affirm, that all the penitencies of thoſe who have lived in great diſorders, and who only do convert themſelves at the end of their life, being preſſed to it by the extremity of their diſeaſe, ought to be extremely ſuſpected, becauſe they do not forſake their ſins, but their ſins do forſake them.

It was obſerved indeed, that at his Death this King did teſtifie a repentance of his ſavage and inordinate life; but we cannot obſerve the great and exemplary ſatisfactions which were due to the expiation of ſo many abominable ſins. King *Antiochus* made ſubmiſſions of another nature, and ordered notable reſtitutions, to recompenſe the dammages which he had cauſed to the people of the *Jews*, nevertheleſs he was rejected of God, by reaſon of his bloudy life, and the Gates of the Temple of mercy were ſhut againſt him for all eternity. The foundation of a ſmall Hoſpital which *Henry* cauſed at his Death, was not ſufficient to recompenſe the injuries of ſo many Churches which he had pillag'd, nor of ſo much goods of his Subjects as he had forced from them, ſeeing we know by the words of the wiſe man. *That to make a benefit of the ſubſtance of the poor, is to ſacrifice a Son before the eyes of his Father.* Eccleſ. 34.

The Reign of *Edward*, His Uncle *Seimor* poiſeth all.

He had by his Teſtament ordained many Tutors to his Son, who were able to have made as many Tyrants; but *Seimor*, Uncle by the Mothers ſide to the deceaſed King, gaining the favour of the principal of the Lords of the Realm, whom he had corrupted with mony and great preſents, did cauſe himſelf to be proclaimed Protectour and Regent. He took a great poſſeſſion on little *Edward* the Son of *Henry*, Heir to the Crown, whom he brought up in Schiſm and Hereſie, againſt the intentions of the Father. This furious man immediately began his Regency with ſo much inſolence, that he almoſt made the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth to be forgotten, he fomented the poiſon, which he had conceived under him, he did uſe the Catholicks moſt unworthily, and did cut off the head of his own Brother by a jealouſie of women. But as he had made himſelf inſupportable; ſo it came to paſs, that the affairs of War, which he had enterprized againſt the *French*, did fall out unfortunately for him. *Dudley*, one of the chiefeſt of the Lords, drawing a party to him, did accuſe him of Treaſon, and cauſed his head to be cut off on the ſame Scaffold, where before he had taken off the head of his own Brother. This death was followed with great fears, and horrible commotions for the Regency, which preſently after was extinguiſhed by the death of the young King *Edward*.

The Qualities and death of King *Edward*.

This poor Prince was rather plucked with pincers from his mothers womb, then born, and he could not come into the world without giving death to her, who conceived him. He was ſaid to have none of the comelieſt bodies; He ſpake ſeven languages at fifteen years of age, and in his diſcourſe did teſtifie a rare knowledge of all thoſe ſciences, which were moſt worthy of a King. It ſeemeth that death did advance it ſelf to raviſh his ſpirit from his body, which did awake too early, and was too forward for his age; for he died in his ſixteen year, having not had the time throughly to underſtand himſelf, and to ſee by what courſe he ſhould ſway his Scepter or his life.

Cardan

Cardan, who was employed no less then one hundred hours to make his Horoscope, did easily observe in the stars, the incommodities of his body, and disasters of his person; but he could no way attain to the period of his life, which is of the secrets reserved in the knowledge, and in the method of God.

All *England* was extremely corrupted in her faith under the Regency of this *Seymour*, & the Ladies of the Court were inveloped in the errours of the time. He found none but the Lady *Mary*, daughter to *Henry* the Eight, and *Katharine*, which continued in the Religion of their Grand fathers; and though she was tempted and sollicited on all sides: yet she would not suffer her self to be surprized with a new Faith, but with a vigorous force, did roar against all the the torrents of Opinions, and the overflowing disorders which reigned in that age.

It was for this, that God did cause her to mount on the Throne of his own Tower, and gave her the grace to be both the restorer of Religion and the State, by the assistance of this Cardinal.

Mary the lawfull heir is troubled, and *Jane* is chosen Queen by Faction.

As soon as *Edward* was dead, not without suspition of poison, *Dudley*, Duke of *Northumberland*, who was then most mighty in power, and had newly married his Son to the Lady *Jane*, issued from the bloud Royall, conceived himself strong enough to begin the Regency of *England*, the better afterwards to usurp the Crown. He caused his Daughter-in-Law to be proclaimed Queen of *England*, and seized on the Tower of *London*, and gave order for the apprehending of Queen *Mary*. But the generous Princess, being advertised of the attempt, did take horse in the time of night, and secured her self in a place of strength, and conjured all her good Servants to assemble themselves, to defend her person and her right.

It is to be admired, that persevering in the true Religion, contrary to that of the great ones of the Kingdom, at the same time when she conceived her self abandoned, and her cause most deplorable, that she should behold the principal of the Nobility, and Gentry, and Commonalty, to fall down before her, and to offer her their obedience and their Arms, to take the possession of the Crown.

She marched immediately to *London*, in the middle of her Army apparelled in a Gown of Velvet of a violet colour, and mounted on a white horse. She entred into the City with great applauses of her Subjects, and surprised the Duke, and caused him to deliver his Daughter-in-Law into her hands.

It was a spectacle worthy observation, to consider the Inconstancy of these worldly affairs, and to look on that person, who but yesterday promised to himself to force the whole Kingdom under the power of his Laws, to tremble now at the fear of death pronounced by his Judges, who condemned him to be drawn upon a Hurdle, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The Queen sent him Catholick Divines to convert him, to whom he gave ear, and abjuring Heresie, he embraced the Catholick Religion, which was the occasion, that the Queen did moderate the Sentence of the Execution, and was contented, that his head onely should be cut off with his sons, who was the husband of *Jane*. This miserable Lady from a high Tower, where she was prisoner, beheld the body of her dear husband without a head, at the sight whereof she fell down into a swoun, and being a little recovered, she melted into tears, and did fetch from her heart so many, and so deep sighs, that they seemed to be able, not onely to mollifie the hearts of men, but to cleave the Rocks asunder.

The Execution of the Lady *Jane*.

There was a long deliberation concerning her Fact, because the Queen had an inclination to pardon her, observing her to be both young, fair, knowing, and of a delicate temper, and one who had not offended, but by the violent suggestions of her Father-in-law, and of her husband, who had put the Crown upon her head. But the Judges did remonstrate, that it was of a most dangerous consequence, to suffer that person to continue alive, who had carried the Title of a Sovereign, and that one day it might give a new fire to the enterprizes of the Remainder of her Faction. On these considerations the Sentence of death was pronounced, which she received with a Constancy, admirable in her Sex and age. A Doctour was sent unto her, to reduce her to the Catholick Religion, which at the first she refused, alledging, That she had too little time to think on an Affair of that importance. Which being reported to the Queen, she deferred the execution for certain dayes, to instruct her at more leisure, so that she was gained to God, and continued to the last hour of her life in such tranquillity of mind, that a little before she came out of prison, to go to her Execution, she wrote divers Sentences in Greek, Latine, and English, on the contempt of Death, and when on the Scaffold it was represented to her, that she should die by the sword, which (according to the custom of that Country) is accounted a nobler kind of Execution, then to die by the Axe: she said, *That she would die by that Axe which was yet discoloured with her husbands blood*, and courageously she tendered her neck to the Hang-man, drawing tears from her self, and the hearts from all those that did behold her. O most unfortunate Ambition, that hast made so young a Princess a sacrifice of Death, who for the excellency of her spirit, might have been another *Minerva*, or at least the tenth of the Muses.

Behold the strange Revolutions, which did prepare the way to Cardinal *Pool*, for the performance of those high Designs, which God had committed to his Conduct. Queen *Mary* did incontinently make void all the Sentences which had been pronounced against him, and called him back into *England*, to which place in a short time he came, as if he had been carried on the shoulders of all honest men. The Pope made him his Legate, and gave him full power to ordain and execute all things, which he should conceive necessary for the glory of God, and the establishment of the true Religion.

Pool travels to the Reducement of *England* to the ancient Faith.

He travelled to this Work with incomparable wisdome, and with a zeal invincible. He well perceived, that to restore Religion by arms, was to undertake a most laborious, if not an infinite work, which would open all the veins in *England*, and draw drie as well their purses, as their bloud, and cover the Kingdome with the calamities of civils wars, which would continue for many Ages. He resolved to put his good Counsels in execution with gentleness, which others propounded to perform with all violence.

The course he held.

And in the first place he had recourse to Prayers, to Mortifications, to Vows, and to Devotions, which he performed in secret, and which he particularly recommended to all holy minds, who breathed after the restoring of the ancient Religion.

In the second place, he entred into the heart, and possessed himself with the inclinations of Queen *Mary*, whom he found throughly disposed, and animated by a generous spur, for the glory of God,

and the felicity of her Kingdom, which kept her always exercised on that high thought, and comprehended in it the safety of all that Nation.

In the last, he more and more encouraged all the Catholicks, by the desires of their repose of conscience, and by the liberty of their Functions, in the exercise of spiritual things.

In the third place, he treated with those who were in an errour, with the Spirit of Compassion, of Sweetness and Bounty, complying with them in what he could in Civil Affairs, and endeavouring to take from them the apprehension which they had conceived to themselves, that the Change of Religion would ruine their Fortunes, and the establishment of their Houses. He caused a report to be spread by many remarkable and grave Personages, that he came not to take away their temporal Goods, but to give them spiritual blessings. And as concerning the goods of the Church, which many Great men had usurped in that general Confusion of Affairs, he said, he would compose it in the best way that Love and Candour could prescribe him.

Fourthly, He did wisely foresee, that with sweetness he should also bring in Authority, which might ruine the resistences of those men, if any should appear to oppose so saving a work. On which he had recourse to the greatest Potentates in *Europe*, whom he secretly affected to this Enterprize. He had been before employed on the Peace between *Francis* the First, and *Charles* the Fifth. He did apprehend, and attract the spirits of them both with wonderful dexterity; for having dived into the heart of the Emperour, and finding the seeds of the Design, which afterwards did discover themselves, having been dismissed of the Empire, and embraced a solitary life, he wrought upon him with the recital of his great actions, and the Conquests he had obtained, and told him, That all those strong agitations of his spirit were but as so many lines which ought to tend to the center of Rest, that he ought not to weary and torment his good Fortune. That it was a great gift of God, to confine his thoughts on true glory, without attending the tide of the Affairs of the World. That it was the duty of an Emperour, to endeavour the Peace of Christendom, and an incomparable honour to accomplish it. He touched his heart so directly with these Demonstrations, that he opened it, and the Emperour declared to him, *That he had a great desire to that Divine Peace, and would embrace all reasonable Conditions that should conduce unto it.*

After that he had effected this, he made no delay to address himself to the most Christian King, and knowing that he was puissantly generous, he wrought upon him by the glory of the great Wars he had sustained, and the immortal Actions of Valour, which he produced, that by his invincible courage he had at the last wearied the most puissant Potentate in *Europe*, who had him in admiration, and desired nothing more then to hold a fair correspondence with him. That a fair peace should be an inestimable benefit to them both, which should give rest unto their Consciences, and pull down a blessing from on high upon their persons, and be a great comfort to their Subjects, who were overcharged with the continuation of the War. In the end, he did demonstrate to him how extraordinarily he was beloved of his people, who did attend this Effect of his goodness, by which he should crown his Valour with all happiness and abundance in his Kingdom. The King took fire at this Discourse, and the Cardinal most vigorously did blow it up; and did remonstrate, That two so great Monarchs, who were made for Heaven, ought not so greedily to hold unto their interests on earth; and that they had nothing now to wish, but to part their Affairs, and to save their honour. And this indeed they afterwards performed, restoring willingly on both sides, all that they had conquered since the Ordinance of Reconciliation made by *Paul* the Third, who some years before did transport himself to *Marseilles* (although he was of a very great age) to pacifie the Affairs of Christendom.

This Accord being so happily atchieved by Cardinal *Pool*, he gained by it the approbation and applause of all Princes, who favoured the Catholick cause. He observed that the Emperour had his Son *Philip* to marry; and that there was nothing more expedient for the advancement of Religion, then to ally him to Queen *Mary*. He carried this Affair with such secrecy and dexterity, that the King of *Spain* was in *England*, and the Marriage published, before the Plot was discovered. By the counsel of *Charles*, Cardinal *Pool* did defer his entry into the Realm, until the Marriage was concluded, and then he entred with all assurances. The King himself came to meet him, and Queen *Mary* with all her people, received him with extasies of joy.

He incontinently did draw unto him the affection of all the principal Lords; and not long after, he counselled the King and Queen, to call an Assembly of the most remarkable persons in the Kingdom, to whom he spake thus in presence of their Majesties.

MADAM,

His speech to the States.

SInce it hath pleased God, after the Confusions of the late times, to shine upon us with his eys of Mercy, and at last to place upon the Throne, the true and faithful Inheritress of the Crown, Who is so worthily espoused to one of the greatest Princes in all Christendom, we have a great Subject to satisfie our Discontents, and advance our hopes.

This Realm at this day doth imitate the Creation of the World, coming forth from its Chaos, and dark Abyss, to receive the favourable influences of the light. The day which by all good men hath been so passionately desired, so suspected by the wicked, so unlook'd for by the incredulous, and so attended by the afflicted, is at length arrived to destroy our death, and to make us new born in the life of the Children of God.

Behold the true Religion, which entreth with triumph into all the Cities of this Kingdom, from which Impiety and Fury had dispossessed her, she holds out her arms unto you, adorned with the Palms and the Crowns, with which your Ancestours have honoured her, she demands again the place, which from the first conversion, until the fury of these later times, she held with so much honour and satisfaction.

Will you yet banish her? Will you yet continue to persecute her? Can you endure that she should present before God her torn and her bloudy Robe, and complain again of the outrages of her Children?

My brethren, *There is neither life nor salvation, but in this Faith, which shineth and speaketh in S. Peter's Chair; It is that which God hath given us by our glorious Father, S. Gregory the Great; it is that which our Fathers have embraced; it is that which they have defended by their Words, their Arms,*

and

and their Blond, which they have ſhed for the Honour of it. Nothing is left for theſe to hope for, who are ſeparated from it, but the tempeſts of darkneſs, and the everlaſting chains of hell.

It is well known that the change of Faith proceeds from an infectious paſſion, which having poſſeſſed the heart of a poor Prince, hath cauſed theſe reproachable furies, and the inundations of blond, which hath covered the face of England. *He hath at his death condemned that which before he approved. He by his laſt Teſtament deſtroyed that which before he had choſen; wherefore thoſe who have followed him in his Errour, may alſo follow him in his Repentance. The Peace, the Safety, the Abundance, the Felicity of the Kingdom, are ready to re-enter with the true Faith; which if you refuſe, I ſee the choler of God, and a thouſand calamities, that do threaten you. Return therefore, O* Shunamite: *Return, O fair Iſland, to thy firſt beginning; feign not to thy ſelf imaginary penalties, terrours and puniſhments, which are not prepared but for the obſtinate. The Sovereign Father of Chriſtendom, doth continually ſtretch forth his arms to thy obedience, and hath delegated me, as the Dove out of the Ark, to bring unto thee the Olive Bough, to pronounce Peace and Reconciliation to thee. This is the acceptable Hour, this is the Day of thy ſalvation. The Night, which hitherto hath covered thee, is at the end of her Courſe, and the Sun of Juſtice is riſen, to bring light unto thee. It is time to lay down the works of darkneſs, and to take up the Armour of Light, to the end that all the earth inhabited may take notice, that thou abhorreſt what is paſt, embraceſt what is preſent, and doſt totally put thy ſelf into the hands of God, for the time to come.*

This Oration was attended with a wonderful approbation of all the Aſſembly, and the Cardinal being departed from the Council, the King and Queen commanded that they ſhould debate on this Propoſition, which was preſently taken into conſideration, and it was reſolved, that the Ancient Religion ſhould be eſtabliſhed. The Chancellour made this reſolution known unto the people, and did powerfully exhort them to follow the examples, which were conformable to the advice of the King and Queen, and the moſt eminent Perſonages in the Kingdom. This diſcourſe was revived with a general applauſe for the advancement of the Catholick Faith. In the end, he demanded that they would teſtifie their reſolution in a Petition to the King and Queen & mediate for a reconciliation to the Cardinal, Legate of the holy See, which incontinently was done, the Paper was preſented, and openly read, their Majeſties did confirm it, both by their Authorities and their Prayers, and humbled themſelves on their knees with their Grandees, and all the people, demanding mercy; whereupon an authentick abſolution was given by the Legate, the Bels did ring in all the Churches, *Te Deum* was ſung. All places were filled with the cries of joys, as people infranchiſed, and comming out of the gates of hell. After this, King *Philip* was obliged to go into *Flanders*, by reaſon of the retreat of the Emperour his Father. *Pool* was left chief of the Counſellours with Queen *Mary*, who did wonders for the good of Religion, and of the State. It is true that *Cranmer*, and other turbulent and ſeditious ſpirits, were puniſhed; but ſo great a moderation was uſed, that the Benefices, and the Revenues of the Church, did continue in the hands of thoſe who did hold them of the King, without diſturbing them on that innovation: all things were continued that might any way be ſuffered, not ſo much as changing any thing in Marriages, becauſe they would not enſnare their ſpirits. The heart of the Queen and of her Miniſters did think on nothing more, then to eſtabliſh Religion, to entertain the holy See, to render juſtice, to comfort the people, to procure peace and reſt, to multiply the abundance of the Kingdom.

They did begin again the Golden Age, when after the reign of five years and odd months, they were both in one day taken out of the world by ſickneſs, which did oppreſs with grief all honeſt men, and did bury with them in one Tomb, the happineſs and ſafety of that Kingdom.

O Providence! not to be dived into by humane reaſon, what vail haſt thou caſt on our Counſels, and our Works? What might we have not hoped from ſuch beginnings? What wiſdom would not have concluded, that felicity had crowned for ever the enterprizes of this Cardinal? An affair ſo well conducted, a negotiation ſo happy, a buſineſs of State, and the greateſt that was ever in any Kingdom whatſoever, ought it not to carry his progreſs unto eternity? Where are the fine plots of policy? Where are the Arms that in ſo ſmall a time have ever wrought ſo great an effect? The Chariots of the *Romans*, which covered with Lawrels, did march on the heads of Kings, did not make their ways remarkable, but by ſtormings of Towns, by Flames and Maſſacres But behold here many millions of men ſtruck down, and raiſed again, with one only ſpeech, ſo many legions of ſouls converted with a ſoft ſweetneſs, the face of a Kingdom totally changed in one moment, and made the happieſt that any Ages have ſeen. And after all this, to find the inexorable Trenchant of Death, to ſap in one day the two great pillars of Eſtate, and ruinate the houſe of God, which ſhould have reached to the imperial heaven.

O how true is it, that there are the ſtrokes of Fate! that is to ſay, an Order of the ſecret purpoſe of God, which is as concealed as inevitable, nothing can divert, nothing can delay it. The counſels of the wiſe are here blinded, their addreſſes are loſt, their activity troubled, their patience tried, and all their reaſons confounded.

Poor *Britain*, God gave thee theſe two Great Lights, not to enjoy them, but as they paſſed by, to behold them. Thou art ſoiled with ſacriledges and impieties, thou art red with the bloud of the Martyrs. The ſins of *Henry* are not yet expiated, and the ignominious paſſions of his life, are puniſhed by the permiſſion of the Errour. The Powers of darkneſs have their times determined by God, they will abate nothing of their periods, if the invincible hand of the Sovereign Judge doth not ſtop their courſes by his abſolute Authority. It pertaineth to God only, to know and appoint the times of Puniſhment and mercy; and there is nothing more expedient for man, then to ſubmit to his Laws, to obey his Decrees, to reverence his Chaſtiſements, and to adore the Hand that ſtrikes him.

THE

28 MR 59

THE ANGEL OF PEACE TO ALL CHRISTIAN PRINCES.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSSIN* S. J. And now Tranſlated into Engliſh.

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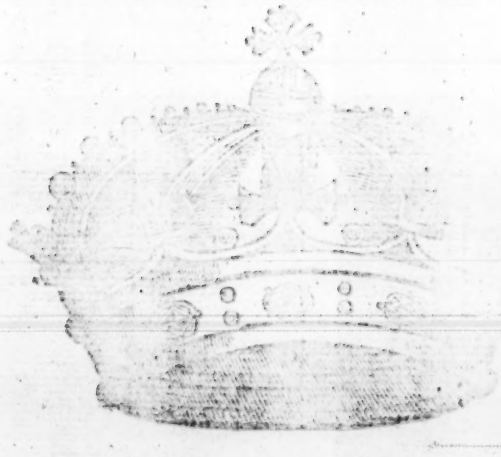

THE ANGEL OF PEACE TO ALL CHRISTIAN PRINCES.

IF it be lawful (greateſt Princes) to interrupt your Highneſſes, I will appear for the Cauſe of God, the Angel of Peace, the Miniſter of Concord and Union, the Interpreter of Truth, the Mean and Solicitour of Salvation. I am not that terrible and dreadful meſſenger who injected terrours, and ſcourges into *David*, aſtoniſhed with Divine Prodigies. I am not liſted in that number which utterly overwhelmed the City of Pentapolis, almoſt drowned before in the inundation of their Impieties. I rain not Sulphure, I do not brandiſh Flames, I dart no Thunderbolts; but with a mild, temperate, and gentle amenity, I exhibit thoſe Olive-branches which the direful contagion of Warrs hath not yet blaſted. I come from the converſation of thoſe who at the Nativity of our Jeſus, Sang Anthems of Peace to Good-willing men. Deſpiſe not the Augur of Glad-tydings, contemne not the Hyperaſpiſt of Truth, who ſpeaketh unto you before God in Christ.

It is the concernment of the whole *Chriſtian* World, moſt pious Princes, which I addreſs unto you; it is your intereſt which I urge and inculcate both by wiſhes and writings; it is the Profeſſion of God which I require; and indeed

of great importance, as having diverſe times ſummoned, yea enforced the Prieſts from the Altars, the Virgins from the Monaſteries, and the Anachorets from the Woods, that of the mute it might make Oratours and Agitatours of the retired. God the Arbitratour and Accompliſher of all things, who calleth thoſe things which are not as if they were; he formeth and prepareth the mouths of infants, giveth Wiſdome to the imprudent; to yeild to him is victory; to conteſt with him is ſucceſſleſs oppoſition. Appetite infuſeth Eloquence, and neceſſity not ſeldome makes a ſouldier. To be ſilent amidſt the articulated movings of the oppreſſed is unlawful, and to ſit ſtill amidſt the wounds of Military men as unconcerned, is highly and juſtly reproveable That hand that is not officious to the ſuffering world deſerves an amputation.

I ſhall not diſoblige the ſupplicated engagment of your patience (excellent Princes) with unimporting reaſons. I ſhall not abuſe your ſenſes with unappertaining figments, but by a pleaſant proſpect I ſhall ſhew you that Glory which you aim at through fields flowing with bloud, through the flames of collucent Cities, and through many doubtful circulations and diverticles. Condeſcend therefore to give me an allowance of diſcourſe concerning the nature of War and Peace, and of the Right of Chriſtian Princes in each of them. For upon this foundation I conceive I can build firm and ſatisfactory Arguments whereby to ſecure your Dignity, and to ſettle the Peoples ſafety.

It was a ſpeech well becoming the Wiſdome of the Ancients, that this world, in whoſe circumference all things are contained, is as it were a great Volume of the Deity, wherein life and death are as the beginning and the end: but the middle Pages are perpetually turned over backwards and forwards. That which life and Death bring to paſs in the nature of things, the ſame doth Peace and War in the Nation of all Kingdomes and Empires. And indeed Life is a certain portion of the Divine Eternity, which being firſt diffuſed in the Divine Nature, and afterwards ſtreaming into the ſea, and penetrating into the earth and our World, doth contemperate by an eſpouſal and connexion of bodies and ſouls wonderful and almoſt Divine Agreements. But when there is a ſolution of this undervalued continuity, when this harmony is diſturbed and broken, it ſuddenly vaniſheth by the irreſiſtable neceſſity of death, greedily depopulating all things under his dominion.

In like manner Peace, the greateſt and moſt excellent gift of the Divine Indulgence, reconciles and apportions a kinde of temperature in the wills of men, from whence floweth the moſt active vigour of all functions in the Body Politick; as, the alacrity of minds, the rewarded ſedulity of Provinces, the faithful plenty of the Countrey, the ſecurity of travelling, the opulency of Kingdoms, and the accumulation of all temporal bleſſings. But when Concord is diſſipated, and the alarms of War beſieged men's ears, preſently there inſueth a convulſion and direful decay of all the members, and Audacity finding it ſelf disengaged from the mulcts and penalties of the Laws, runneth headlong into all variety of miſchief; the moſt Sacred things are violenced, and the moſt Profane are licenced, the nocent and the innocent are involved in the expectation of a ſad and promiſcuous cataſtrophe, and bonefires are made of Cities not to be quenched but with the bloud of miſerable Chriſtians

He that will tax his own leiſure but with the cheap expence of conſidering our mortality, will ſo much ſcruple theſe effects to be the actions of men, that he may be eaſily ſeduced to believe that Hell hath loſt ſome priſoners, or that ſome troops of furies have broken the chains of darkneſs, and in a humane ſhape deluded men with ſuch enormous villanies.

My higheſt obedience (moſt excellent Princes) is due to truth, and that obligation prompts me to proclaim this judgement, That contentions and War have not had any ingreſs into the Church of God; but by clandeſtine and undermining Policies, Diſcipline reſiſting, and Conſcience ſtanding againſt at the monſtrous object. And indeed *Paul* exclaimeth againſt contentions; *Brother* (ſaith he) *goeth to law with brother, and that under Infidels: Now therefore there is altogether an infirmity in you, in'that you go to law one with another. Why rather ſuffer you not wrong? Why rather ſuſtain you not fraud? But ye your ſelves do wrong and exerciſe fraud and that to your brethren.*

What do we hear? an Edict publiſhed by an Apoſtle inveſted with thunder and lightning. I beſeech the reviſitation of your thoughts, what would he imagine were he lent again unto the world by providence, that then wanted patience to ſee a controverſie about a field perhaps, or a houſe, and ſhould now behold, among thoſe that claim the title of the Faithful, Enſign againſt Enſign, Nation againſt Nation, and not a Houſe, not a City, not a Province, but the whole Chriſtian world precipitated into ſlaughters, rapes, and priviledged plunders; would he countenance ſuch an inhumane ſpectacle with a Declaration of allowance? or would he perſwade men to the violations of the Law of Nature, and dictate encouragements to ruine and rapine?

But *Tertullian* alſo is very ſtrict in this point, and peradventure too rigid, whilſt he ſaith that our Lord, by that injunction to *Peter* to ſheath his ſword diſarmed all Chriſtian Souldiers. This in my judgement deſerves a cenſure of extreme ſeverity, if he conclude all warfare to be criminal: this were to deſtroy the innocent in a deteſtation of the guilty, ſhould we perpetrate corrupt actions upon the order of the cruel, and the petulancy of luxuriant villains. What would *Chriſtianity* then be, but a prey to the inſatiable, and a laughing-ſtock to the inſolent? if it were not lawful to revenge unfaithful injuries with a juſt retaliation? If it were not lawful to defend Churches from Sacriledge, Widows and Orphans from oppreſſions, and diſintereſſed perſons from ruine? 'Tis a raſh determination that bloweth off the victorious Laurels of ſo many *Chriſtian* Kings with ſuch a blind and precipitate Whirlewind of words. Juſtly therefore are the *Manichees* obnoxious to a ſpiritual Outlawry from the Church, whilſt I know not whether they more impudently aſſert innocence, or more blameably diſarm it.

All Ages concur in the juſtification of Warr againſt Infidels, but the intermingled contentions of the Faithful have been always reprehended, and never impartially tolerated. Be pleaſed to take a review of an old inſtrument; There were many and bitter diſcords among the *Jews*, many tumults

mults, many wars, but ever against those that had abandoned the true Religion, and collapsed into foul Idolatry and the worship of the *Gentiles*. The *Israelites* indeed upon the division of the Tribes fought against the *Benjamites* with a fierce war and an infinite destruction, but this was rather the fury of grief, rushing into arms for the revenge of a woman violated with prodigious lust, then any destinated opposition, or just controversie for the enlargement of their territories. The magnanimity of *David* could scarce be induced to a just resistance of his son *Absolon*, forcing his way unto his Fathers Throne through the bloud and carcasses of many Citizens, till *Joab* had obstinately dissipated that languidness of his gentle mind, so detestable an undertaking was it for those who were brethren by the bonds of Nature and Religion, to forfeit all civil respects to the rage of War.

If you please to consult the first times of the *Christian* Emperours, you shall find *Constantine* opposing his forces against *Julian*, but not till he became the desertour of *Christ*, and the Standard-bearer of Impiety. You shall also find *Theodosius* the Great, levying his utmost strength against *Maximus*, *Eugenius* and *Argobastus*: but his quarrel was with most perfidious Tyrants, who under the veil of Religion laboured to hide flagitious and damnable excesses. You shall scarce meet with any Prince in the more innocent times, who took up armes to be embrewed in *Christian* bloud, but upon the most deliberate and important causes. And indeed *Baronius* doth excellently observe, that the Cross was opposed to the Cross in Arms in the War which *Constantius* raised against *Magnentius*. A horrible wickedness (saith he) and not to be attempted but by a *Christian* Tyrant, a dissembler of Religion, and an Heretical Emperour.

I am not ignorant that *Augustine* hath handled this subject and question against *Faustus*, and that he hath established the equity of *Christian* arms upon the foundation of the Gospel, because *John* in so exemplary a rigour of life perswaded not the souldiers, inquiring after the means of their salvation, to cast away their weapons, but to be contented with their pay, and to strike no man. Because also the Apostle not without cause saith, *That Princes bear not the sword in vain*. But if it be lawful to yield our assent to the approbation of his judgement, we shall find that all those darts were ejaculated against the mad phrensies of the *Manichees*, who would have *Christians* to abstain from the sword, and to bear the most cruel injuries of treacherous Infidels unrepelled, unrevenged. He would not therefore either cherish the severity, or irritate the power of *Christian* Princes in an unlawful war against their brethren: for in the same place he exclaimeth, a desire of doing violence, a cruel preparation of mind to revenge, an implacable mind, a barbarous lust to rebel, a secret speculation of Lordly dominion, and other such as these, are the causes which are justly culpable in the Warrs.

Now who are they according to the opinion of S. *Augustine*, that consociate themselves and their adherents in an unjust War? First, they that are hurried into Arms by a blinde violence of spirit, not so much for love of Justice, as a greedines of revenge. Who being provoked by some injury, inhumanely and unmeasurably rave and rage, abhorring all attonement, and refusing by the authority of an incensed reason to chide out their passions, those petulant and contentious inmates: In the second place, they who endeavour a Rebellion against their lawful Sovereign, and casting off the yoke of their Allegiance, precipitate themselves into all licentious enormities. Finally, they who out of a sole desire of Ruling involve and mingle the Kingdoms of their neighbours in commotions and intestine discords, and that they may extend their Empire, open a passage to their ambitious expectations by all designs either violent or fraudulent.

Consider now (best Princes) what a proclivity there is in such, to boil with indignation and displeasure, to burn with paroxysms of envy and exacerbations of revenge; yea, and to be tickled with an apprehension of purchasing or amplifying a Kingdom. How obvious it is the reins being let loose to transcend the just limits, how easie a matter to counterfeit Justice, to pretend necessity, and now to trample upon those Laws which before were so much outwardly reverenced; you will undoubtedly find it true, that it is more easie to take up, then to moderate and temper Arms.

But that I may not detain you long, *Aquinas* requireth three things to the justification or legitimation of a Warr: the Authority of the Prince, a just Cause, and a right Intention, whereunto other Divines have added warrantable Reasons to obtain the end; it is absolutely unlawful therefore for private men to appear in Arms for the prosecution of their own right though in judgement. This God hath delegated unto Princes, that that might happen seldome which must needs be violent. To the Lords of the earth we may say with *Seneca*, I am he that God hath chosen out of so many men that I might be his Vicegerent upon earth. I am the supreme Arbiter of life and death unto the Nations. It is in the hand of my power to dispose the lot of their conditions to all my people. These millions of swords that guard my peace, shall at the least intimation of my pleasure be all unsheathed. What Cities shall perish, and which shall flourish, is my jurisdiction.

To be able to put all these things in execution is indeed a great matter, but to forbear the pursuance of them, unless necessity require it, is far more divine. It is a lawful wish, that he to whom all things are lawful, would confine his will to the practice onely of lawful things. The right of the Sword is not extended when it devolveth into the Protection of one, but is rather restrained. One hand is stretched forth, that all may be bound; affairs are managed by the wisdom of a paucity, lest the temerity of the whole multitude should precitate them into a promiscuous destruction. The parsimony even of the meanest bloud is to be praised. No man is more unjustly invested with a superiority over others, then he that is prodigal of their lives though in a just emergence. Those thunderbolts must be slowly shot, which the wounded persons can reverence. Let Kings therefore beware lest they glorifie themselves by that faculty wherewith God hath entrusted them, and abuse it to outward pomp, rather then exercise it to the advantage of good men. Let the fear of misdemeanours and obliquities banish all fierceness from them; and let them esteem it the greatest impotence to boast a Priviledge of Injustice, or a power to hurt.

The cause of the war must first be balanced by an accurate examination, lest the affections obtain precedence over Equity and Reason, lest iniquity be predominant in the better part, and force and fury comply to cheat the world under the specious title of Injustice. I am both sad and ashamed to consider with my self what frivolous occasions have prevailed with many whereon to ground a war. The *Trojan* war, that common Sepulchre of *Asia* and *Europe*, flamed out from the impetuous flagrancies of a noble Whore. By a thousand ships she was redemanded, and for her that had lost all modesty, vast numbers of gallant *Hero's* lost their neglected lives. So many chast lay open to the lust of the enemies, that an unchaste might be restored. *Alexander* being yet a child, was reprehended by his Tutour for his profusion of Frankincense in his Sacrifices to the Gods, but being arrived to mans estate, that he might wash away this admonition of his Master, he invadeth *Arabia*, and there the second time offereth up Sacrifice for the conquest of the Countrey. The *Egyptians* for a slain Cat rose up in arms again the *Romans*, and fourty destroyed many thousand men. *Caligula* with a mighty noise of armed men, and a great preparation of all Military ornaments hasteneth to the Ocean, there to gather cockles. The *Romans* being contumeliously upbraided with this ridiculous Expedition, conspired, and almost effected the utter ruine of the scoffing *Tarentians*. The people of *Alexandria* rebelled against *Galienus* because of a sottish contention between the Master and the servant concerning the elegancy & neatness of a pair of shoes. And to omit many examples which I could commemorate, *William* of *England* sirnamed the Conquerour, who was victorious over all men but himself, revenged a pleasant conceit of *Maximus* the Prince with innumerable destructions. The Conquerour was of a corpulent habit, & his belly was somewhat prominent thorow a plenty of Hydropick humours, wherefore when *Philip* the King of *France* heard of the nature of his disease, We will allow him time (saith he) to provide for his lying in, which by the bulk of his belly appeareth to be near at hand. The Conquerour being mad with fury replyed, that he would rise up after his delivery and kindle five hundred fires in *France* to adorn his up-sitting. Nor was he unmindful of his resolution, for presently upon his recovery he entred *France* with a stupendious army, wholly addicting himself by fire, famine, and horrible slaughters, to the satisfaction of his revenge. Shall we suppose that he playes and trifles with the bloud of men, who upon such slight provocations can enterprise such mournful Tragedies? May we suppose those people miserable with whom the scoffs of furious men must be expiated with such a direful destruction?

No man ought to believe himself or another concerning the cause of a war, but let him weigh it with the exquisite prudence of the principal men, whose advices are the more fruitful of truth, the less they are espoused to affection. A right intention must necessarily be coveted to a just Cause, and all these things are estimated by a sober and moderate conclusion, or a justifiable end. Be such a thought eternally banished frō the head and heart of a *Christian* Prince, that he should array himself in a Military posture to oblige some light affections of a luxuriant mind; that he should run on slaughters, command the burning of towns, prosecute and seem to rejoyce in devastations, that he should destroy, he should extinguish and bury his own glory in the overthrow of others. This is the indelible ignominy of Centaures and the *Lapithæ*, who in warring seek nothing but War. The wisest Kings through tumults and intestine jarrs have made a progress unto Justice, Equity, and Concord, & being themselves in Arms have sacrificed undefeigning vows to Peace. They think of an Enemy as a Physician sometimes of his patient that he must be recovered by corrosives and sharp remedies. Oh that he would have been cured with a diet, or asswaged with fomentations! But when against the Law and Right of Nations he hath persisted in his obstinacy, and contemned the reiterated offers of composing the present differences, then you must bind, then you must cut, then you must burn him, yet all this to restore, not to exterminate him.

And all things composed behold like the scourge of a deadly and destructive War, a *Northern* tempest rageth in the miseries of *Germany*, there they wallow in bloud, and in their night-marches they are conducted by the hideous light of burning Cities, some few making a resistance, and all men being astonished at the feral prodigy. The Altars are polluted with sacrifice, Virgins with rapes, the chains of Church men are heard louder and further then the drums of their persecutours; holy things are prophaned, and the abomination of desolation is consummated, their very King who had appointed them thither, being either ignorant of those outrages, or unconsenting.

Now can any man conceive that this was devised by a *Christian* mind? Can it be imagined that he who hath any reverence unto, or sense of Religion can give such directions? It is not credible: such a monster could not have been brought forth had not hell conceived, the bottomeless pit exhaling the suliginous vapours, and the devils themselves torturing mens minds into such uncouth diversities. All things cannot properly have a reflected reference unto men. The Privado's and Ministers of Princes are not at all times to be accused, as though they had cast off all humanity, and covered themselves with brutish cruelty. There are certein vagabond and deceitful spirits destinated to revenge, who being themselves lost in misery, cease not to comfort their malice by driving others into a participation of those miseries, which reason (greatest Princes) ought so much the more to invite, yea to admonish you to leagues of Peace, because our Omnipotent God in his secret counsel hath determined to subdue Satan by your hands, and to cast him under your feet.

The highest circumspection and vigilancy are therefore requisite, least matter be suppeditated to the Devil who altogether watcheth for destruction from the affections and vices of men. Jealousie, that tinder of Kingdomes and Nations easily taketh fire, if it be fomented onely with an animal wisdome, and be not mixed with the prudence of the Saints. They who are addicted to one part, say, that the *Spaniards* do too much expose their power to Envy, that it is hateful unto Equalls, terrible to inferiours, and if not prevented, destructive unto all. There is amongst them (say they) such an epidemical itch after Domination, such intentive and indefatigable cares of their ambition, such a luxurious wit to enlarge their Empire, so vast a Catalogue of Kingdoms and Titles as provokes the emulous, terrifieth their neighbours, and pricketh even those that are removed from them by intervalls of distance. They apprehend the Dignity of one

one to presage the danger of all. They conjecture that the extent of his jurisdiction bodeth an unattempted servitude to all Kingdoms: they fear whatsoever the Land provideth, and whatsoever Monsters the sea nourisheth. Greedy Domination that could never yet overcome it self, when it hath once been cherished by Fortune, it unlearneth nature, and forgetteth moderation. Moreover, the temperature of the Nations, as they report, is fiery, hot and dry, swelling with pride, patient of hunger, and well enduring labour, thirsty after glory, prone to admire it self, and apt to continue the virtue and valour of other Nations. I produce not these things as the emanations of my own judgement, which for the present is addicted to no Nation but comprehendeth all in *Christ*, but I commemorate the vulgar reports, and such things as are openly bruted by many, which if they were suppresst by a removal of their causes, it could cut off the occasions of many controversies.

The *French* on the other side, as they write who have had knowledge of them, although they are forward to dart reproaches against others, unable to endure them, and most impatient of contempt, yet they know they are of that Nation whereof it was said,

——— *Animóque superſunt*
Jam propè poſt animam.

They boast that they filled the world with the fame of their Arms, before the *Spaniards* could redeem themselves from the diuturnal servitude of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. That they have managed the Empire of the East and West, that they have vanquished *Constantinople* by assault, restored *Jerusalem* to *Christ*, and *Rome* to the *Pope* seven times deprived of it by his enemies. They affirm that the Gospel was first preached unto them, that the primigenial adoption of the Sons of God was given to them, that they have advanced Learning in all Christian Kingdoms, the whole world almost becoming Students of our Academy at their *Paris*; in a word, they think they have nothing to be contemned; they are more apt to desire Admirers, then able to dispence with Contemners. From hence it comes to passe, that both the Nations being prodigal in the accumulations of their own, and envious of the others glory; such flames have of late been kindled, as will, it may be feared, become unquenchable. Would to God that that Charity which is diffused in us by the spirit, would suffocate these superseminated tares of Contentions; Oh that it would cut off the occasions of these inhumane strivings! then should we have fewer anxieties, and more supportable labours of heart, knowing by what remedies we might resist so pestilent an evil.

This is frequently augmented by the servants and favourites of Princes, whilst with a familiar, but a direfull glory to the greatest Empires; they desire to boast the power of their Lords; they display all their offensive strength and ability to hurt; they presse a secret beneficence, and whilst they proceed in these ambitious circulations, nay, whilst they bewray a fear, and discover in themselves a caution, by that very sedulity and caution they provoke things not to be feared, and act things not to be tolerated.

Here I appeal to you great Masters of Policy and Participatours of hidden Counsels. I speak more willingly to you then to your Fortunes. Consider how much God hath given you, and how much he requireth of you. You sit as Gods among men the Arbiters of mankind; what shall be each mans lot is the verdict of your Dispensations. What good things Felicity intendeth to each individual person, she pronounceth by your mouths; what Navies must be prepared, what Warrs must be prosecuted, what Cities destroyed, what Nations depopulated, are the ambiguous effects of your opinions. You are judges of the fortunes and bloud of men, and of your behaviours and existimation men are Judges. God the discerner of all things judgeth of your head at the terrible and inevitable audit. Every one beholdeth many things by the deception of his own sense, uttereth many things from the dictates of affection. I cannot believe what is reported, that so eminent persons blest with such admirable wits, adorned with the glorious gift of prudence, and conscious of this frailty of humane affairs, can think themselves seated in that heigth, to measure all things by the circle of their own advantage, that publick plenty should quit the preheminence to their private profit, that all things should be serviceable to their amplitude, that they should dispose their trust according to the level coyl of love, hatred, and ambition, and that they should sacrifice the bloud of the people to their Fortunes: that they therefore love Warrs, and are affected with Divisions and Confusions, hoping thereby to purchase to themselves more beneficial or honourable commands, to close with an opportunity of treasuring up large summs of money, and by the necessity of their Ministration to wed themselves to a more faithfull office, or to leap into an authority of a more hopefull permanency; but goodness forbid that such sordid, earthly, and narrow cares should be the dishonourable employment of such capacious souls.

I rather believe that you are incited by emulous anhelations after your Master's glory, whereof you have ever been most zealous; ever prepared to retaliate his injuries, to assert his Majesty, and to dilate his Empire, but I beseech you by the immortal God, and by so many beloved pledges of your Kingdoms, to take heed and diligently to beware, least a supervehement appetite of Glory make them averse from the right pursuit of Glory. You follow Glory by a muddy search, but now all mortal men desire it by a clear acquist. Consider where there is the greatest splendour of celestial virtues, either in the loud cracks of thunder possessing all men with sudden fear, and when fires and thunderbolts are promiscuously hurl'd about; or in a fair day the air being defecated and serene, and the pleasure of the light dispelling sadnesse from mens hearts? hitherto you have made the power of your Lords sufficiently fearfull, now render it sweet and make it amiable, for therein onely it is invincible. This is not the greatnes of Princes to be alwayes encompassed with the terrours of his armed men, and buried in warlike preparations, with a fiery mouth to be alwayes denouncing the cruelties of torments and tortures, to condemn these men to fetters, those to the sword, perpetually to carry about him fire and darts, to make his progress through smoaking Cities, over the trampled bodies of half dead men, and to exhaust all things least they should be exhausted. How much more glorious is it like a fortunate Comet to prevent and exceed the hopes of all men with causes of rejoycing? To repair things ruinous and disordered, to convey glad tidings of consolation to the pensive soul, to recollect things scattered, and

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to re-unite things divided. By this heavenly solicitude many Kings lending their succour, not sending their terrour unto the labouring world, have attained unto solid and unshaken honour. What forbiddeth you to follow? what retardeth your emulation? There is one rock which is often to be feared, unto which the cares and cogitations of some Politick men, who differ much from your Piety, do cleave. They think if the administrations of the Publick should be regulated by the Law of God, and the judgement of pious men, they would become base, low, and unesteemed; they would be exposed to prey and direption, and is he penitent? I insult not; doth he crave audience? I grant access; doth he submit his neck? my mercy shall meet his submission. At the destruction of *Cannæ*, *Hannibal* was heard to say, *Miles, parce ferro*: *Marcellus* wished he could quench the flames of burning *Syracusa* with his tears: *Titus* with erected hands and eyes to heaven, wept over the prostrate carcasses of the *Jews*. What should be then the most decent and laudable behaviour of a Christian King towards a subdued and almost suppliant Enemy? Should he strut with pride? Should he inebriate himself with passion? Or should he strengthen his fury to an utter desolation? The more generous beasts abhorre this practice. Vast and inexorable wraths should not cohabit with royal minds; many things are to be pardoned to humane frailty, many things to ignorance, something truly to affection, but all things to repentance. It behoves him to preserve many, even to the prejudice of their obstinate or erroneous wit; neither are all those to be heard that are resolved to perish. Errour illaqueates some men, and Opinion sets the complection upon the procedures of most men; others are ensnared by the counsels of a treacherous vigilancy; and some there are who have no fault but their fortune. His pardon he will extend and communicate to many, whosoever can really desire to obtain from God his own pardon.

Further I add, that those reasons which are produced as subservient to the attainment of a just end, ought themselves also to be legitimate, otherwise the foundations may be firm, yet the superstructures may totter. That is not good which is not well done, the means we use must be as innocent and unreprovable as our meaning. That which knoweth no mediocrity, I know not how to term a virtue. A depraved intention by a kind of contagious force ever infected the most austere and sacred conduct of affairs; subdolous inventions also and crafty Artificers shade and eclipse the beauty of sincere intentions. Grosse and scandalous is their errour, who having proposed to themselves some laudable mark, are little solicitous of the arrows they shoot. They who have trusted to this footing have (many of them) slipt, and dasht themselves against such a rock of absurdities as hath endangered their brains. I shall instance in those who have thought that health might be innocently purchased from the Devils themselves by the virtue of Magical forms, and that this is the safety which the Divine Oracles pronounce we may acquire from our enemies. But *Paul* is peremptory in the confutation hereof, saying, That evil must not be done that good may come thereof. No man is mercifull by thefts, nor charitable by surreptious gains; no innocent person seeketh convalescence by wicked accommodations. To go to warr is lawfull, to kill is lawfull when you are backt with the Authority of your Prince, and seconded with a just Cause; but on the contrary, to do injustice is never not unlawfull. We may incline and bow the ears of the Deity to a condescendence, but we may not solicite hell for Auxiliaries: we may not contemerate things sacred, nor violate the divine Charters of the Church; we may not subvert Religion nor contaminate chastity; we must not attempt facinorous art, nor invade the lives of Princes with poniards or venomous potions; we ought not to destroy Military Discipline by transgressing the Rights of Warfare, nor adventure upon certain villains to promote a desperate ambition. That warr ceaseth to be just (however pretended to have a just beginning) when the future events are intermixed with palpable injustice; and being well begun if they degenerate into evil progressions, they ought speedily to have an end.

We are faln by degrees (greatest Princes) upon the matter intended, of which it is your part to judge, and from sound deliberations to provide for the felicity of Christians both temporal and eternal. Your Authority is, or ought to be unquestioned, and your dispositednesse of minde and intentions, what can they be in good Princes, but unsuspected: but the cause is perplexed and involved, yet the Reasons that seem to conspire the end are violent. A fierce and cruel warr is carried on among you, exercised in the besieging of Cities, acquainted with destructions, terrible for its monstrous spreadings, under which the Church laboureth, the wishes of the oppressed evaporate into sighs, and the convulsed world mourneth; it hath not proceeded in an ordinary way, nor is it continued after a humane manner. Sift out (if you please) the causes, and weigh diligently with your selves the occasions of such an amazing tumult.

If at any time we behold things natural acting within the limits of their prescriptions, this doth not elevate our considerations to a wonder: but when we see them irritated by some vehement impetuosity, or the determined confinements of Nature's Law to be perverted, we suspect some hidden force within, which suddenly bursteth forth and is circumfused, from whence such various motions do arise. As often as we see the windes to be ordinarily stirred, we either judge it to be some breath or exhalation; or we conjecture, that the air hath a natural faculty to move its self, lest it should become dull and torpid in an inagitable Globe: but as often as we behold boisterous tempests to arise by the sharp and violent conflicts of the winds, which compell vast trees from their roots, and level strong built houses with the ground, which devour whole navies, and shake the foundations of the world, we ascribe these to the airy Principalities dissipated through the regions of the Earth. In like manner, when warrs are managed among men in their accustomed forms, we attribute these to the ambitious designs of men, to cholerick temperaments, and to the easie impatience of an objected contumely: but if they exceed proportion and example also, we suspect that there is some undiscovered origin of evils transcending our understandings and astonishing our senses.

He that will duely and sadly weigh the matter, will confesse this of such a cruel warr; for it is not actuated with a civil minde, neither hath it those decencies and Military Ornaments which are wont to accompany great mindes, but it is tainted with a virulent malignity which devoureth both parts, and creeping as it were with a slow contabescence,

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it eats up all things; the Countryes are in a mourning estate, the Cities are dejected, the Bloud of gallant men is prodigally wasted, the choicest flowers of the Nobility are destinated to butchery and the shambles of prevailing Rebels, private Gentlemen are despoiled of almost all their goods, complaints are universal and dayly multiplied against Taxes and Exactions, which are the aliment that pampers this prodigious pastime. But no force of treasure is comparable to the greedinesse of the exactours themselves, those gluttons of oppression. The riches of a few men causeth a penury amongst all men; the odious rejoycings of the unjust are saginated with the tears of the miserable. Who is the Architect, the Contriver, the Artizan of all these evils? King *Lewis* (say they) is the Authour of the Warr. But can a Prince so pious, so chaste, so perpetually cloathed with the fear of God, raise such storms, cause such tempests? Whilst he lived, he dayly lifted up undefiled hands to Heaven, was frequently conversant in holy Mysteries, and a common Father of such an exemplary and chastised conscience, that he could not forgive himself the least contamination, till he had craved mercy from his God and wash'd away his pollution with the Sacramental Bloud: he fought by necessity, he overcame by valour; he was magnanimous in Resolution, famous in Warr, and forward in Peace. Who therefore can conceive that horrid and bloudy Counsels tending to the destruction of the whole Christian world, could have had either a conception in, or a welcome into that religious sacrary of his heart? Who can imagine that hatred and grudges, that displeasures and revenge could finde an entertainment in his breast. But perhaps the Emperour delights in dissentions, and nourisheth his fancy with the turbulency of Christian affairs. Judgement forbid that any man should believe this; for he is a Prince accomplished with the best endowments, and compounded of equity and ingenuity, vivacity of spirit and solidity of wisdome. What can be more agreeable to him then with the gentle hand of a Pacificatour to quiet his *Germany* shaken with such a dreadfull inundation of Warrs?

What? is the King of *Spain* then the disturber? No man can prove, that who hath the most intimate acquaintance with the sense and apprehensions of that great King. For (he if any other) hath a Christian minde, a pleasant wit, more prone to love and concord, then disposed to quarrels and controversies. There is nothing of fiercenes or immoderation in him, nothing of malevolence and despight; he is carefull to enjoy his own greatnes, careless to exercise an unjust domination.

From whence then floweth all this sea of bloud, if no anger lodgeth in celestial minds? Who seeth not, that it happens not by humane designment, but that it was hatch'd in Tophet; and the *Mali Genii* of the Nations have cherished it to this formidable growth, that they might blast our flourishing estate, abate our plenty, and undermine our happinesse. The affairs of Christendom were too potent, when the Factions of Hereticks were overthrown: it was their machination to turn our swords reaking with the bloud of our enemies, into our own bowels. They raised the commotions in *Italy* at *Mantua*, and they broached all the Warrs in *Germany*; they have engaged by a malignant enmity, the principal Crowns of Christian Fame in an implacable Warr, raging with ineffable destructions, the Church mourning, Infidels and carnal men rejoycing, and hell it self triumphing.

In the great vicissitudes of things there hath often intervened a bad minde, which vitiateth the counsels, or retardeth the good determinations of Princes, and diverteth them from taking a right aim at Glory. Scarce had they saluted the skirts of his Dominions, but, being exagitated by factious whirlwinds, the good King recrowned with triumphant Laurels is called into *Italy*; the *Alpes* must be penetrated in the depth of winter, a journey must be forced through rocks, concealed with snow and lined with armed men, the opposite forces must be intermingled, and battels fought upon all disadvantages; which difficulties being conquered by a wonderfull courage, and an equal felicity, and therefore they devise and trust to other arts of gubernation then God hath prescribed, as if he saw not enough or were careless of his people. They excogitate new, subtle, and crafty wayes of procedure, whereby to augment their own, and entangle the estates of others, and if they can, to intermingle and endanger all. They conceive it to be the part of a King to minde themselves alone, to guard and watch the safety of themselves alone, to referr all things to themselves, and to make their way to ample and royal profits, if any opposition come in their way, over the carcasses of their subjects. That truth and falshood know no distinction but with reference to our profit, unto which all the lives of all our actions must be concentrick, and that whatsoever is profitable is onely unlawfull among fools, that an humble and timorous Conscience is too importunate in the method of high Counsels. That subjects should be taught to exercise Religion with a scrupulous tenderness, that Princes must practise it, or upon it for advantage. That solid virtue is an hinderance if not lawfull, 'tis the shadow and resemblance of it that it is commodious; that honesty is praised, yet freezeth; that nothing is unlawful to Kings, that is magnificent for the Kingdoms.

This is not, that I may use the words of the Apostle, This is not that wisdom which descendeth from above, but earthly, carnal, diabolical, which imposeth upon minds bewitched, and involveth Kingdoms in a miserable destruction. Farr different (Excellent Princes) is your reiglement, and vastly opposite is your understanding to these infernal notions. For were it committed to your care to manage the Affairs not of a Christian Empire, but to govern the Kingdom of the *Saracens*; yet this Doctrine would occur from the very Books and Institutes of Heathenish Legislators, that craft is pernicious to those that turn the globe of Government: that this is humble, and base, and alwayes hatefull, seldom, and never long together advantageous. Whereupon *Thucidides*, the most scientifical Politician, saith, That a Common-wealth is better governed and more prosperously by moderate men, and such as have an indifferent wit, then by the acute and such as are superabundantly industrious. But yet should you act the parts of men exiled from God, and lawless in the world; yet according to humane sense and as is believed, no unprofitable craft, excuse were due to them who have the overseeing of many things, which concern all men. But now seeing that you perceive that your Empires are continued to you chiefly by those things by which they began, who seeth not that Christian Kingdoms are established in Faith, Justice, and Lenity, and that they are sub-

ſubverted by Impiety, Injuſtice and Cruelty? Who obſerves not that thoſe men who ſtray from the Canons of heavenly Wiſdom precipitate themſelves into devious enormities and caliginous obſervations?

Conſult if you pleaſe the whole body of Hiſtory, and conſider what have been the exits of *Tiberians* and *Herodians*, you ſhall finde this to be the pedigree of their everlaſting Reproach; firſt, a ſubdolous and wily minde, a life full of thorny cares and dawning jealouſies, brittle and fugitive hopes, certain fears, uncertain counſels, deaths full of calamity, long puniſhments, fleeting pleaſures, poſterity, either none, or of no continuance. But on the other ſide if you pleaſe to contemplate the Records of Chriſtian Princes, who have governed their Kingdoms with ſincerity of minde, with gentleneſſe of hand with a prudent moderation, and an invincible integrity, through ſo many croſſe accidents, temptations, and diſcouragements of humane affairs, you may behold *Hero's* beloved of their own, feared by their Enemies, to have lived ſafe in felicity and accumulated glories, and to have left behind them acceptable pledges of their own virtues for many generations. Therefore caſting away the counſels of ſuch an impious and execrable Warr, overcoming the charges of ambition with the comforts of a valiant modeſty, and repreſſing irregular deſires by charity, let us make our Addreſſes to God the Founder of Safety, and the reconciler of Diviſions; for when we deſpair he can repair, our extremity is the criſis of his opportunity.

But what is it that hath diſobliged the deſires, fruſtrated the expectations of all men, and almoſt tired out the oppreſſive ſighs of the mourning Church with ſuch tedious diſappointments? Is it Honour? Is it Wealth? Truly if Honour, it is that which hath miniſtred not the weakeſt influence unto the vehement inducements of this Warr; an opinion of contempt ſhould now be caſhiered, when the fierce oppoſitions of two potent Kingdoms are engaged. What affluence can out-age the plenty which either of them may juſtly boaſt? What is more admirable then their Power? What more undaunted then their Valour? Fortitude, in a cauſe ſo miſerable, is indeed rather to be lamented then deſired; worthy the compelled praiſes of of an Enemy, or the dolefull experience of a *Saracen*; but being exerciſed in a mutual diſcord among Chriſtians, moſt undervalued when beſt extolled, a Spaniard hath no reaſon to contemne a French-man, nor a French-man to deſpiſe a Spaniard; yet either of them hath his advantages whereon to build a wiſh, that their united ſtrength might be exhibited in a more juſt conteſtation, and a better fate.

If the queſtion be concerning your Propriety, it is a buſineſſe ſo perplexed, that *Archeſilaus* hath long agone determined, that it can never be determined; ſo that if we contend about the Rights of Kingdoms, Cities, and Families we ſhall prove his words to be full of truth, who called it the confuſion of things and fortunes, neceſſarily teeming with eternal jarrs, and endleſſe diſagreements about the aſſertions. And if all things ſhould be tranſacted according to the rigour of Juſtice, we ſhould neither have a King, nor a rich man remaining. If any man therefore were poſſeſſed of whatſoever the ſagacity of his wit could ſuggeſt unto his wiſhes, whatſoever opinion could fancy, or appetite imagine, let him plead that immenſe and perplexed Charter of Kingdoms from *Nembrotus* who firſt impoſed the yoke upon free necks, let him derive it downward through the labyrinthed Succeſſions of ſo many Ages, or let him calculate upwards digging up his Grand-father, and Great-grand-father's Great-grand-father, till by the ſearch of ſo many Sepulchers he hath wearied the tenacious memory of the deſirous, and confounded the prudence of the skilfull: what will he meet with at length but a ſuppeditation of freſh diſcord, and fuel for new fires of tumult? Who can be the arbitratour, who the judge to compoſe ſuch great differences as will reſult from ſuch involved cauſes?

The Lord would not divide the inheritance between the Brethren: he that appointed meaſure to the Heavens, ſet bounds to the ſea, and preſcribed a proportion to all the Elements, even he refuſed to divide the Lamb between the kinſmen, being confirmed, that the avarice of men was contentious and implacable. Therefore if *Chriſt* himſelf ſhould now deſcend from Heaven, neither would he judge and determine your wealth, your intereſt, your propriety and fortunes; neither if he would, ſhould he by the umpirage of his impartial equity define all things according to your ſenſe and will.

What remaineth therefore, but that all Ages be worne out and waſted by infamous and degenerate Warr, the parts and factions being not unequally matched and both ſides moſt deſirous of their ends and intereſts? But is it ſo glorious and worthy an enterpriſe for ſuch great Princes, ſo pious, ſo majeſtical, and ſuch potent Lords of Sea and Land, to contend about one City, nay perhaps one Caſtle, and that too almoſt battered down by the Thunder-bolts of Warr? nay about the very duſt and rubbage, and all this with deadly enmity which can be profitable to none, but hurtfull to many?

I underſtand, O ye wiſe and intelligent Counſellours to Princes, what anſwer you will return to this, that your Intereſt is herein concerned, and your Honour engaged, leſt the propriety of your Maſters ſhould be diminiſhed by that League which the whole world expecteth. But I now leave that to be diſcuſſed by your prudence and equity, whether the whole Chriſtian world ſhould be endangered in their fortunes, lives, bloud, ſalvation, and deſtruction of all things, to give a Miniſter of State, a King's Servant an aſſurance of ſome feathery and airy fame and perhaps deepeſt rooted in his own opinion? What ſhould ſuch elevated ſouls as yours have for the object of their wiſhes, but that all things ſhould have a ſweet and peaceable compoſure to the advantage both of Kings and Kingdoms? But if you pleaſe, ponder this choice, whether it be not far better for the Prince's Honour, and the utility of his State, to remit ſomewhat of that tenacity of ſpirit, and indeclinable rigour of minde, then to ſubject and expoſe all things to the violence of fire, and to the advantage of plunderers and murthering thieves? But perhaps you imagine that it is better for Kingdoms to ſuffer direptions and devaſtations, then ruine: but what elſe is devaſtation then a direfull perdition? 'Tis a miſerable comfort to deſtroy, that you may not be deſtroyed, and to take the burning of Cities to be felicities compared with rapine; as if you ſhould ſuppoſe it to be ſome goodly thing to dy, to avoid death. That body is not loſt that may be preſerved by the ſparing of a ſingle nail. In a great and flouriſhing Kingdom, nothing

nothing doth perish if a small Town or a Castle be surrendred thereby to purchase a general peace and lasting tranquility. Ministers of State lose nothing of their Fame, if they be reputed the fortunate Peace-makers of the World, rather then the Fire-brands of a Kingdom, and State-barrettours. How many of this tenacious obstinacy and destructive circumspection have the unfortunate people blasted with execrations and defamed with reproaches, because by litigious juglings they had deluded the world into an universal equipage of sorrow and complaint, rather conniving at the destruction of all things, then that they, in the most speechless calamity, would part with a toy of Honour to revive a perishing State.

But if any among you shall lend an ear of favourable regard to the complaints of the whole Christian world, and shall stretch out a protecting hand, and shall immolate the resignation of a narrow interest to the Divinity of a general preservation, doubtless Heaven it self shall be besieged for an accumulation of blessings upon him. The present Age shall pay tributes of Benevolence to his Person, and Posterity shall refresh the memory of his Virtues with a reverential gratitude. The people will celebrate his praises, and look upon him as the Saviour of their Country, a beneficent Patriot, and will flock to behold him as the salutary and propitious Planet of their felicity.

This glorious burthen (Greatest Princes) lieth upon your shoulders, you must command, act, enact, and perfect; you must use your servants as the instruments of their publick good. Truly, If you are at leisure to bear that, which without an indelible stain of negligence you cannot refuse to hear, I shall make it evident that the substance of my perswasions, is but the Eccho of the voice of God, indeed, the Law and Commandment of God; that your preservation and propriety is comprehended in it, and that the Edicts of Heaven and the conflicts of all good men's hearts do wonderfully conspire and point to it. And first consider, whether you that have so long resisted Christ the Peace-maker, may not seem to war against God, rather then to contend with men. For he is our Peace, and hath made of both one; in him he was pleased that all the fulness of the Godhead should inhabit; and that all things should be reconciled to himself by him; and that through the Bloud of his Cross our peace should be purchased. Upon his ingress into the World he brought Peace. His flesh he suffered to be direfully and inhumanely rent and wounded, but his bones which by so many hidden and intricate connexions represent the Church, he would have untouched; intimating his most vehement desires thereby, that his Elect should be consociated in an indissoluble tye of concord. And indeed in the Old Testament the high Priest went not into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* but with Pomegranates fastned to the skirts of his Garments, which insinuateth unto us that strict Society and agreement of the Saints one among another.

When Christ had triumphed over Death he saluteth his Disciples with that sweet and amiable name of Peace; with this the Apostles beautifie the entrance into their Epistles: with this the Just are delighted, this lapsed men implore, and by this the Angels triumph. For (saith S. *Augustine*) Peace is the serenity of the Mind, the tranquility of the Soul, the glew of Concord, the cement of Affection, the fellowship of Charity: this is it which taketh away contentions, putteth an end to wars, trampleth down the proud, affecteth the humble, reconcileth the litigant, is delightsom unto all, full of benignity to all, cannot be extolled, cannot be puffed up, seeketh no unjust possession, vindicateth no propriety, teacheth to love that which it knoweth not how to heal. And saith *Nazianzen*, *Ubi non est pax, non est mundus.* It is not a world without peace. For according to *Simeon* it consisteth in three things, or to say better, subsisteth by three things, Verity, Justice, and Peace. *Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they shall be called the Sons of God*, saith the voice of Truth. Behold the Adoption and the Name of the Sons of God, whereof so many Kings and Emperours have been competitours in desire, is not promised to subdued Nations, not bequeathed to stormed and burnt Cities, not legacied to a desolate world, but to such as reverence Peace and compose the variances of Princes by leagues & treaties.

Are you not sometimes possessed (best Princes) with a trembling fear, when you reach out your hands at the Altar, when you appear at and participate those holy Mysteries; lest if you put not a period to these Wars, the Angels of Peace bitterly weeping should divert their eys from you; lest the voice of Christ should cry aloud to you from the Temple, and as often as you ask peace and pardon with the Church, so often he should answer, What hast thou to do with Peace? Thou kissest my Head and kickest my Members. You flatter me with prayers, and persecute me with swords. You have the voice of *Jacob*, but you have the hands of *Esau*. While you kindle Bonefires of outward congratulation and thankfulness to me, you make Bonefires of Cities, and exhibit sad emblems of your inflamed minds to the world. You smell of Incense, and by your means whole Towns are turned into smoak, and whilest you present your self a Suppliant before me, you play the Warriour before the world. Your weapons reak not with the bloud of *Turks* but Brethren. So many miserable men are slaughtered by thy command, and the bloud of those is shed by thee for whom I shed my bloud. Whilest you cry to me, thousands of VVidows and Orphans cry to behold those carkasses which now can no more answer to the names of Husband and Father. VVhilest you here erect Altars to me, you elsewhere offer your vows to your own lusts; you do not sacrifice but sin, whilest these things are acted by your command, or tolerated by your connivence. Bend your mind and not your knees, deceive not the world without a laborious hypocrisie, and make no false boastings of the portion of my spirit, but manacle your own passions, and tame your own deceitful spirits, and if you wil have pardon, pardon.

Many things (Great Princes) at the beginning are to be pardoned to errour, & many things to a mind agitated with a shew or a guess of injury. If some Wars be just, if some be necessary, yet whilest they are protracted, they cease to be what they were, they lose their innocence by the verydiuturnity and whilst they increase in fury, they decrease in cause & reputation. Take heed lest our most merciful Lord be offended with the long continuance and the lasting malignity of your undertakings. You are not gnorant with what security our Saviour enjoyned a removal of all scandals from his Kingdom, dooming the authours of them to have a Mill-stone tied about their necks and their bodies cast into the Sea. I shall not indeed be a rigid interpreter of Prince's actions, or pass a speedy condemnation upon them.

But yet we muſt beware leſt ſo many calamities and funerals ſpread further by the very contagion of the hatred, leſt the minds of all pious people be offended, and the ſcoffing tongues of the wicked be ſharpned againſt our Religion. The *Gentiles* in time paſt were amazed at the Charity of the *Chriſtians* to ſee how they loved one another, to ſee how they had a mutual contention of deſires to die for one another. They who wanted the advantage of Faith were allured with the admiration of their virtues. They expected not any prophane mixtures nor baſe deſigns from him who had devoted himſelf to brotherly kindneſs. But now ſhould the Heathen behold brother againſt brother, what elſe could be the ſad harmony of their jubilations, but, ſee how they deſtroy one another; ſee how they butcher one another; ſee how they proſecute and perſecute one another with endleſs hatred. Either they are without Chriſt, or Chriſt is without Peace. It is a hard ſaying, yet hath it more of truth then wonder. The cauſe of God ſuffereth diminution in theſe diſcords; The Church mourneth for many and horrid things, either the Religion we profeſs accuſeth our errours, or we the Profeſſours accuſe our Religion. By us *Infidels* inſult over the Elect, the Prophane over the godly, the *Jews* over Chriſt, and *Barbarians* over the Church. If our honour be cheap in our own valuation, why do we betray the Honour of God? why do we batter his Inheritance?

Moreover, to what ſhort conſideration is it not evident, that *Chriſtian* Diſſentions have been alwayes the occaſion of Heatheniſh rejoycings? Whilſt our own Armies are conflicting one with the other, the *Turks* have taken *Rhodes* from us, and uſurped *Conſtantinople*. May we not think it a miraculous indulgence of our merciful God, to divert ſo potent and cruel an enemy from our deſtruction by engaging him in the *Perſian* War? But this is much to be feared, leſt if ſuch whirlwinds of wrath continue amongſt us, he ſhould fly upon the torn and ſcattered remainder of our Kingdoms with fury and violence. It is alſo to be feared leſt the Providence being ſo often provoked by our renewed injuries ſhould caſt us out as a prey to the roaring and the ravenous Lion. The greateſt Empires have been often loſt in ruine for the ſame cauſes, and the ſame offences, and the wicked Kings have been ſubjected to a Forreign Domination, their Poſterity hath been cut off, and all their glories have vaniſhed into a reproachful ſcoff. What conſtant glories have they poſſeſſed, what dry deaths hath the check of Providence allowed them, by whoſe means it hath come to paſs, that the Kingdom of Chriſt hath devolved into the hands and power of the *Saracens*?

Add to theſe things (O you Princes!) the unregarded grievances of your Subjects, and the laborious ſervitude of your people. Neceſſity compels you to devour your own members, that you get into your graſp the members of another. Such a numerous people as the omnipotent God hath delegated to your care and piety, that they ſhould be kneaded and compounded into one ſubſtantial felicity by Peace and Concord, by holy Laws and religious adoration of the Deity, are either expoſed as unfortunate and ſuccourleſs oblations to the fury of their enemies, or groan under the preſſures of taxations, and are tilted in their fortunes by the unappeaſed and inſatiable avarice of exactours. Thoſe who have eſcaped the Sword, Famine depopulates by lingring deaths, or elſe they live oppreſſed under ſome tyrannous calamity. They are ſequeſtred from light and converſation; they have neither Country nor habitation, neither reſt nor food. Fecundity, the moſt deſired bleſſing of their former hopes, is now both hated and feared, becauſe they cannot leave an inheritance of good things to their children, they would not propagate them to become heirs of miſery. That life which they have been careful to preſerve amidſt ſo many dangers, they now deteſt, as unprofitable to you, uncomfortable to themſelves. To be plundred of all things at once is their deliberate wiſh, leſt every day they ſhould be plundred. But in the mean time they are infeſted with a diverſity of evils, the amiſſion of all things, & the capitation of each particular thing: an Exciſe upon every thing, an undoubted property in nothing. They fall under the cruel command of neceſſity, where they are neither permitted to live with the honeſt, nor to die with the quiet: they are made gazing ſtocks to others, and are formidable to themſelves; whilſt their eſtates periſh to themſelves, their affections are leſſened to you, which formerly adorned and confirmed your Crowns with loyal valour.

Conſider (Greateſt Princes) that next to the Honour and Worſhip of God, the moſt ſupreme Law that binds you, is the ſafety of the People. It was once the ſpeech of a valiant Emperour, *Non mihi ſed exercitui ſitis*: You are not ſo much born for your ſelves as for your Subjects. Their cares if you be wiſe muſt be your croſſes, their oppreſſions your burdens, their miſeries your infelicities, and their diſcouragements your complaints. What doth it advantage diſconſolate men to be defended from the expectations of a greedy enemy by being rifled & impoveriſh'd by thoſe of his own Nation; He is a miſerable Paſtour from whom the tutelary Gods of the flock require more things then wolves can devour.

But this is the ſoul of misfortune, the eſtate being exhauſted, the mind is dejected, and the virtues are diſheartned; the Laws are ſilent among Swords, the Blaſphemer and the Hypocrite have the uncontrolled liberty of ſpeaking; Sword-men licentiouſly ſwagger, Robbers and Plunderers are the only Ranters; Murderers are the merry-men, and all variety of luſt is predominant; the beauty of Churches is diſgraced and ſullied with Sacrilegious hands; Altars are overthrown; Juſtice is vilipended, and Injuſtice bluſheth in Scarlet Robes; Religion fainteth, Piety languiſheth, Charity is counted ſcandalous; and not only all things are perverted, but perverſe things are neglected, as if it were expedient that things ſhould be ſo, neceſſity that fruitful mother of impieties ſo commanding.

And if you will reflect upon your own affairs, I beſeech you (Princes) among ſo many Funerals of War, what can be pleaſant to you? You muſt ſtir the Earth, add diſquiet to the Sea, and by many dangers you muſt arrive at greater danger. Death that is obvious to every perſon, muſt be ſought for by hard labours; no erroneous or reproveable courſe indeed, if a happy Peace were unfeignedly purſued. Many things are unfaithful at home, infeſted abroad; great Armies are hard to raiſe, coſtly to maintain, eaſie to be deſtroyed, the fate of Battels is common, and the chance of War uncertain. Proſperity doth not ſatisfie, adverſity ſtriketh with a ſteep wounding dart, and pierceth the very heart. Many times victories themſelves are the ſeeds of new contentions, the brooding of new ſorrows. It is not lawful for

them

them that are up to keep their station, nor for those that were overcome to lie still. Discords increase with a prodigious fertility being once begun, and many times the conquered draw the Conquerours, and an inconcocted excess of fortune obstructeth all their glories; all things are intermixt with fear that depend upon expectation. Many times fallacious events delude well-grounded hopes, and horrid Catastrophe's befall the desperate. The ingresses of War are troublesome, the progresses doubtfull, the egresses commonly deplorable. Many is exhausted to make good the baffles of force by undermining fraud; lost Commanders are lamented, to whom nothing was wanting but immortality. Cypress disappoints the Laurel, and Funerals are distinguished by Palms. The Conquerours stand over the ruines of the oppressed, being themselves wasted by the expence of bloud and strength, and nearer to their Tombs then Triumphs. You would believe that a Kingdom were destroyed, did you not believe that the enemies were destroyed. How much better were it for Peace-makers to make use of the indulgence of Fortune, rather then so often to provoke the departures of the Fates against your selves.

Certainly, if there be any consideration of the value of a Christian Title, if there be any commiseration of humanity, the afflicted condition of all Nations that fight for Christ ought to move you. And it must needs be an object full of bitter anguish to see a Nation worried to ruine by fraternal discords, which Christ hath espoused to himself by a peculiar Election. *Germany* that mother of fruitfulness, that advancer of Learning, and shop of War, is now full of mourning, the Country being unmanured, many gallant Cities being to be sought where the Cities themselves flourished, so many men being slain, so much wealth consumed, so many Churches demolished, is now the miserable mirth of Fortune dancing in her ashes. *Lotharingia* overcame *Jerusalem* with calamities, and brought upon her more then all barbarity could execute, or all misery could undergo. The Low-Countries are alarm'd with an anniversary contention, and is drawing on among the slow Funerals. A hidden poison hath invaded *England*, and engaged her in a blind and unexpected War. *Spain* so long victorious, so long free from jars and tumult, alwayes impatient of slavery, and a stranger to want, is assaulted to the very throat. Fear hath journied over the *Alps* and possessed *Rome*. Fury hath disordered *Italy*, and unless the Princes by prudent Counsels and sagacity of wit had re-composed the distractions, it was justly to be feared that when they had made a solitude they would have called that Peace. What is undisturbed? what is not miserable? *Si tu victrix provincia ploras:* If thou O *France* mourneſt which hast so often triumphed over thine enemies, and in a deep sense of misery groaneſt to feel the darts pulled out of thine own bowels which must be thrown against others. What do barren Laurels profit such as are sick and languishing among the rapines of their goods and estates? To what purpose is it to hold flowers to the nostrils when the body is wasted and parched with such violent fevers? It is a malignant kind of solace for one man to compute his felicity by the increase of another's grief. Nothing is safe, nothing pleasant amidst such calamities, where the worst of evils is the rejoycing. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is heavy, from the sole of the foot unto the crown of the head, there is nothing whole therein, but wounds, and swelling, and sores full of corruption, they have not been wrapped, nor bound up, nor mollified with oil.

If the same man who is powerfull in the conduct of this worlds affairs, and can dive into the secret of these controversies, could in a clear prospective behold the Christian world gasping under so many direfull perplexities, doubtless it would pierce his soul, and he would condemne himself of cruelty did he not procure her restauration. Hard are those ears that bow not at these considerations; harder are those eyes that can behold them without some moist testimonies of sorrow.

I shall tell you (Best Princes) that which chiefly concerneth your interest, I shall shew you that which comprehendeth both the augmentation and the glory of your Dignity. I wish your Kingdomes settled upon foundations as firm as rocks: I wish your Cities may continue obedient; all your Subjects obsequious; and all things calm and even in your domesticall negotiations. Yet it is well worth a serious fear, lest those people who are apprehensive of their hard condition under Kings, and see the neighbouring Common-wealths enjoy so much lenity and freedom, do begin to hate Monarchy, and (which is absolutely unlawfull) conspire to withdraw their Obedience, that they may acquire a redemption from their evils by the temptation of Liberty.

These things were written long since, which of late have been verified by many sad events.

Certainly it is very unequal and unjust that at this day Common-wealths alone should inherit peace and plenty, and Christian Kingdomes should labour under generall convulsions, and be wasted with unheard of lacerations. The rigorous strictness of Empire, the tuning of the strings too high in Government doth sometimes crack them and dissolve great Empires, a hard servitude hath not seldome instructed a Nation into Liberty. When the inquinated times of the Hebrew Kings were past, and the Jews were now returned from a long Captivity, there arose in them an aversation to Kingly Government; and almost for five hundred years no man durst think of a Diadem before *Aristobulus*, who rather usurped then received it; neither was it established upon a firm basis, for his unfortunate posterity did not long enjoy it.

These were Magistrates in office like unto the Tribunes among the Romans; and the Spartans, and Lacedemonians used to appeal from the King to them, as did the Romans from the Consuls to the Tribunes. At the first they were chosen like our Parliament men, to be advisers about affairs and assistants to the King, but in a short time their authority overtopped the King's power.

Cecrops reigned in *Athens* in the dayes of *Moses*, whom seventeen Kings succeeded, some grew insolent, some negligent, and these perpetuall Governours were dethroned: for when it was observed that the diuturnity of Regall Power flattered them into a security of their excesses, the Government was reduced to ten years continuance.

The Kings of *Sparta* also luxuriating in their glories, and made wanton by felicity, were soon dismantled of them both. *Lycurgus* tempered the Scepter by a wise institution of 28 men called Senatours. Afterwards to this number of the Senatours there was added the *Ephori* with too much privilege against Kings, and hatefull to all men.

Rome from the beginning was governed by Kings, the last whereof (which were the two *Tarquins*) ruling that warlike Nation with pride and petulancy, by great force and perpetuall disgrace they were expelled from their Magistracy, leaving almost an everlasting odium against the Regiment of Kings.

It would be too impertinent to reckon up the Antient times, we our selves have seen in our dayes how many a rigid domination hath sacrificed to the Peoples fury, who having endured all things,

have learned from thence to dare to attempt all things, and those Kingdoms which for a long time they suffered under, they have at length usurped by cruel and lasting Wars. Far be it from your Subjects to entertain any such perversity of thought, and far from you also be contempt and rigour, lest the Divine hand bring to pass that which few fear, none dare attempt, and all abhor. Transmit therefore (O ye Princes!) comfort to the wearisom, and peace to the troubled, upon which all wishes are bent, in which all people are blessed.

Behold at length there is given unto us by the singular gift of God a good Pope, a man of blameless life, of consummated understanding, of a great mind, and extremely zealous; he is as the *Wiseman* said, *As the Rain-bow that is bright in the fair clouds.* This is he, whom after so many storms, so many tempests, and such a deluge of Christian bloud, God seems to exhibit as a Restorer of things, a Peacemaker to the World, an Avenger of Evils, and a Bestower of Blessings. And indeed this is not done by humane counsel, but by the gubernative reason of God, which is his Providence, that he might demonstrate to the world by no vain auguries, that to this man as to the Patriarch *Noah*, the tops of the Mountains should appear, the waters of strife, and the flouds of contention being dried up. This I suppose is that Dove with silver wings, and whose hinder parts glittered as the purest Gold, whereof the Prophet spake.

Innocentius hath ever shined brighter then Silver by the candour and uprightness of his mind, but now the latter parts of his life promise a golden Age unto the World. He doth not sit idle amidst the complaints and mournings of the Church, he doth not revel in an uncircumspect and lazy greatness, but with unwearied pains, and a mind always vigilant, he is intent upon illustrious cares for Christ, and aimeth at the Consolation of mankind. The amiable name of *Pamphilius* is delightful unto all men, and delightful is the name of *Innocentius* so often consecrated to the salvation of men.

Innocentius the First, extinguished *Alaricus* boasting himself in the prey of the *Roman* Empire with his Prayers, and by his splendour re-beautified the face of the eternal City when it was infuscated with the sooty vapours of a brutish War.

Innocentius the Second, dissipated the Schism of the counterfeit *Anacletus*; and with the co-assistance of S. *Bernard*, composed the Christian World when it was dis united with great discords.

A pure white Dove fore-shewed the inauguration of *Innocent* the Third, by flying to his side: without doubt designing the solicitous endeavours whereby he laboured to consociate all Christian Princes by firm Leagues one with another, and to exasperate them against the common Enemy of Religion.

Innocentius the Fourth came to *Lyons*, that he might reconcile the irregular tumults in the Church; and that by his Authority he might remove *Frederick* the Emperour that fomented many things and disturbed all things.

Innocentius the Fifth, was no sooner crowned, but presently he addicteth his mind to pacifie the Cities of *Italy*, and being by such pious determinations immortal in glory, he spent his short Pontificate in a Fatherly care of his people.

Innocentius the Sixth, when the flame of a destructive War devoured *France* and *England*, stood stoutly for the House of God, and with a great spirit laboured for Peace with *John* and *Edward*, at that time the Kings of the Nations.

Innocentius the Seventh, mounted not otherwise to this pitch of supreme Dignity, but by a faithful endeavour constantly transacted to reconcile the Princes, and appease the Cities of *Italy*, which a malignant force of discord had precipitated into imminent destruction.

Innocentius the Eighth, was most desirous of Peace among Christian Princes, and could not without some motions of impatience see any go to War but upon the most important and importunate causes.

Innocentius the Ninth, when before his Pontificate he was the Apostolical Nuntio of *Gregory* the Fourteenth, staying six years among the *Venetians*, conjoyned them both in Arms and Armies with the Pope, and *Philip* the Second King of *Spain*, and irritated them against the *Turk*: whereupon that most famous Victory of *Nanpactus* broke the boldness of the *Saracens*, and after a wonderful manner improved the conduct of Christian Affairs.

O how is the name of the *Innocent* born and consecrated unto Peace! Oh joyful appellation unto Christians! The Tenth will accomplish what the Nine have attempted, so much the greater, as this number is the more noble.

Go on thou Dove of Innocence, display thy silver wings, fly over both Earth and Sea, view the World, shew forth in all places the Celestial Olive, give Peace so ambitiously desired, and by such constant expectations wished; giue Peace I say so often call'd for, and to be implor'd of thee the Anointed of the Lord, or else at this time it must be despaired of.

What remaineth (Greatest Princes) but that you grant that to our Petitions which you have hitherto denied to our Reasons: Whatsoever restraineth passion, whatsoever can appease an armed man in fury, doth now run towards you in one troop, that so it may be honourable for you to be thus intreated, and shameful for you not to yield to these intreaties.

Behold the Pope the Pastour and Parent of the whole Church stretcheth out friendly hands unto you; and when he might command, intreats you; almost forgetting that he is the Pope, he becomes an humble Suppliant. A man dear to Heaven, and born for great Enterprises, Worthy in all places to bear the Felicities of the World about him, amidst all his exalted Prosperities is your Petitioner, that Divine wit equal to his heighth, feels a colluctation with these burthens, and in a vigorous and circumspect old Age is grieved by you. The bowels of a Father are urged, who is as often fruitful in the Generation of children, as he desires those Children to be reconciled to Peace. Be ashamed not to hear him, whose Predecessour, *Attila* would hear. He is full of days, honour his grey hairs; he is a Father, acknowledge his Charity: he is the Pope, be observant of his Dignity. God forbid that he like meek *Jacob* should be compelled to say, *Simeon* and *Levi* are brethren in iniquity. Let not my Soule participate of their counsels, and in their company let not my glory come. Cursed be their Fury, because it is obstinate, and their indignation because it is cruel.

The whole Church lamenteth with her Pope, in times past triumphing, now deformed, full of filth, now bedewed and almost drowned in tears, and tired under cares and sorrows. He beseecheth you, that

that you would not suffer the Amorites and the Moabites to insult in your destructions. Prevent the petulancy of such an Objection, that even *Barbarians* did reverence him, and yet he had Parricides to his sons. How often have we seen the Priests at Jubilees prostrate in the Sanctuary with Ejulations? How often have we beheld Religious Persons wearying the Altars with unwearied Prayers? How often have we seen the well-disposed Virgins imploring the aid of Heaven by frequent sighs? How often have we gladly beheld the Devout Multitude crouding the Church to pour forth their wishes? Of what quality and complexion is that rigour, that, which God avert, will not hear the whole World? How is the metal of their Souls compounded, that would make Heaven iron unto us, and almost noxious, whilst it either seemeth not to hear, or what it heareth to contemn.

To be never free from Wars they think is either for the Publick profit, or for their own: If for the Publick, let them hear Saint *Augustine* crying out, that Felicity acquired by Martial Exploits is always a brittle perishable Beauty; and whether it receive the tincture and complexion from Civil or Hostil blood: yet it is the blood of man, which is always mixt with a benighting paleness, or darksome fear, and a cruel desire. And again, that all humane Affairs are then seated in the best station of Felicity, when small Kingdomes are joyful in Concord, Piety, and Unity of Religion. And in a third place he hath this excellent saying, without doubt it is better to have the friendship of a good Neighbour, then to subdue a contentious bad Neighbour. They are evil wishes to desire to have whom you hate, or whom you fear, as he may prove whom you overcome. If they judge it profitable for themselves to prolong the War, truly they are most unjust, who place the tears of a torn and ragged World amongst their Felicities; most miserable of all men are they, who cannot be happy but by the miseries of other men.

He must needs be (saith *Homer*) without friend, without Affinity, without Law, and without God who is a Lover of War, rather by choice then chance, rather by will then necessity. He is the most poor also who is rich by the calamity of all men. How many who have always been of a froward, contentious, and fighting wit, have themselves been tortured with those pains and furies which they raised against others? *Achitophel*, that busie Contriver of the *Jewish* War between the Father and the Son, paid himself the just wages of his traiterous Counsels with an infamous halter. The revenging hand of God fell upon *Alcimus* that traitour and fire-brand, and counterfeit Priest among the *Jews*. *Alexander* of *Macedon*, whilst he makes the end of one War the beginning of another, being impatient of rest, and ever greedy after new blood, whilst he thrusts his Souldiers into battels beyond the progress of the Sun, and the limits of the Sea, he perished by poison given by his Domesticks, to whom he began to grow odious for his excessive appetite to War. He was taken away (as they say) a green God, lest he should further vex the World with Arms, who should have obliged it by Benefits. *Hannibal* whilst he weaveth inextricable Webs of War, a dishonourable old age surpriseth him, solitude rejected him, society shunn'd him, therefore to shorten the date of these contempts, he ends his dayes by voluntary poison. The *Romans* that were Conquerours of the World, always full, yet always covetous, whilst they remove the Temple of Peace without their gates, they felt the hands of all men conspiring against them, and seven times was this Mistris of Cities taken whereof *Sybil* had said, Ἔσω ῥώμη ῥύμη, *Rome* shall be made a Village.

Cardinal *Baronius* cites a little Book written by *Carolus Crassus* the Emperour, of a Vision presented unto him three years before he reigned, wherein he declareth that he beheld in the infernal places many souls of Princes and Bishops, who had fomented Controversies and fed the rage of Wars, to be tormented with most dreadful pains. At the same time, as this most learned Cardinal writeth, *Italy* and *France* were agitated and afflicted with direful factions, but what was worse, and indeed monstrous, the Bishops and Abbats went forth armed to the battels, which execrable custome when it long prevailed in *France*, from thence it came to pass that the most flourishing Provinces were all laid waste with external and Civil Wars. But what was most detestable of all, these Churches-warriours are commended by the Writers of those times for this Ecclesiastical gallantry and Spiritual valour, when indeed they were rather to be abhorred as the violatours of the sacred Canons, despisers of their Order, and desertours of their Pastoral duty: thus *Baronius*.

Likewise *Julian* a Clergy-man was the Authour and Promotour of their *Varvensian* slaughter, which of all other was the most to be lamented by the Christian World, who when he had contributed his perswasions for a countenance of the War against the League, he exposed infinite Companies of our side to the insulting fury of the *Turks*, he himself being also slain with the young King of the *Saracens*. Thus *Nemesis* pursueth blood-thirsty and contentious souls, not suffering those to be at rest, who solicited others into disorder who would have been at rest. A watchful eye abides in Heaven, ever active, never weary, who perpetually contemplates the deeds of men, and equally dispenseth to every one his deservings. They that were long happy receive their portion, and they who seem to be dismissed are only dilated. These things being put in so illustrious an example will they nothing move? will they effect nothing?

Will Brethren suffer themselves again to rush upon one anothers weapons? Or will you O Princes! and ye O Clergy-men! encourage Brethren to pull down tottering Kingdoms with more destructions? Wo and alas! Will Brethren, forgetful of their Covenant, forgetful of their Name, and unmindful of their Relations thus rage beyond the World, and kill those they cannot hate? But some will say, this reason of Blood and Alliance is inconsiderable, and very unapt to procure a Peace: for Kings have Subjects, but Kinsmen and Consanguinity they have none. O cruel speech! O enemy of mankind! O parricide of nature! there must needs be a heap of gross impieties, where there is an oblivion of the greatest Charities. Where Christ is banished, and Love finds no habitation, there is either no Government, or such as borders upon ruine. The *Turkish* Empire that is established upon wickedness and cemented

mented with bloud, may for a time subsist with wickedness, God appointing them to be the rods of his fury for our chastisement. Christian Empires which were rooted in Faith and Piety, and wanting the sap of Religion and Justice to nourish them, have abandoned themselves to the infamous counsels of Machiavilians, must unavoidably perish, so prepostorous a mind lodgeth not in pious Princes; the voyce of nature sometime or other will be heard, Christ will have a resurrection in the minds of all men, Charity will revive, and at length some Peace-maker will arise and atone the labouring world.

Now there hath shined round about us a most fortunate King, and a most sweet Infant born for the Peace of Kingdomes, and the worlds advantage. By how many Prayers was he obtained? and with what vehemence of soul was he solicited? how often hath he provoked our desires? how often hath he raised our hopes, and wasted them with delay when they were raised, and renewed them when they were wasted? Great things move slowly: He had done less, had he made more haste. He lay concealed from the inhabitants of the earth, in the secret Majesty of the Fates; but now by the Dictates of Heaven he is known unto us. He was fore-shewed unto us long before he was; and not being yet conceived, he filled the world with Prophecies, and designed his approaches by a prevolant fame. At length the desired Infant came forth in that month which they call the month of the Valiant, by the prerogative of a great mind. He was born when the Sun obtained the middle part of *Virgo*, or *Astræa*; for he was to govern the world with the moderation of Laws. He ascended with *Lyra*, being to make a harmony and consort of publick tranquillity. And if *Scorpio* did at the same time shew forth his sting, he threatned the Saracens, and promised the Idumean Palms to him that should be born, so often dignified by the Valour of his Ancestours. The heavenly habitations rejoyced at his birth, and the whole World welcomed the new-born Babe with joy. Now no man thought himself miserable at this happy birth; now no man thought himself happy whom that birth did not make so. Upon that day *France* wiped away all the soot of War, and shined clearly with refulgent ensigns of Peace. We had that day as many prosperities as bone-fires, and as many bone-fires as there are stars.

O *Lewis*, beloved of God, whom he seemeth to have regenerated in his Son that very moneth wherein he was born! O *Ann*! late indeed the mother of a son; yet alwayes a fortunate mother, in bringing forth a son not onely to her self, nor so much to her self as to all *France*. He hath much of his Father, and much of his Mother, and by this very confusion he maketh the Image of them both more gratefull and more amiable.

This new *Isaac* will make thee laugh, O *France*! and whom thou canst scarce hear speaking, hereafter thou shalt see comforting. How many chains will those tender hands burst asunder? How many prisons will they open? How many obscurities will those little eyes enlighten? How many monsters will the feet of this Infant subdue and trample on? Be silent ye waves, be silent ye tempests and rages of the sea at the beck of such a gentle Prince, and restore unto the world that serenity whereof you have deprived it. Ye Heavenly Powers lend him long unto the earth; and whom you have made so healthfull to the Nation, make him also lasting. Ye Fates keep off your hands, and touch not this child but to assist him. Let him transcend the years and actions of his Ancestours, and being born mortall, may he apprehend nothing but what is immortall. May he love, and desire to be beloved, ever fearing to be feared. Let the oppressed find him a deliverer; may the unjust feel him an avenger; may his enemies know him to be of a warlike spirit, and may his Subjects attest him to be of a peaceable mind. This Nativity ravisheth all my senses which I foretell shall be the beginning of an eternall Peace unto us. Look down from above, O *Lewis* upon such a son! Look upon him all ye Christian Kings as your little Nephew; give rest to wearied things; let arms be silent at the command of so great a Prince, so potent an Oratour, nor let the tumults of Warr rock this royall cradle.

To you again, (Great Princes) I wholly turn my self, by whatsoever is dear, I ask, by whatsoever is holy, I beseech you, give peace to them that beg it, or must beg without it; give tranquillity to the world sighing under so many feverish miseries. Make it appear unto us that you chose rather to be the Pacificatours of the world, then the Subverters of your own Kingdoms. There is a story how in that fatall War between the English and the French, continued with lasting contentions and horrible slaughters, a pious Anachoret instigated thereunto by God, came unto the Courts of the two Princes, that he might compose these feral discords between them. But being slighted in the English Court, and negligently repulsed, this despised but not despicable Augur, pronounced many direfull accidents that should befall that Nation. But travelling to *Charles* of *France*, and finding him to be a Prince of a gentle wit, and inclined to conditions of Peace, he foretold, that the Kingdom being recovered he should have the Dolphin to be his successour, who as he was the child of many hearty desires, so he should prove the instrument of many joyfull enterprises. The prophecy is in part fulfilled with a prosperous event, so tenderly God loves the sons of Peace accumulated with affluence of all good things.

Who e're he be, let him beware that shall resist and strive against the peaceable wishes of all men: some grievous hand will fall upon him and his from Heaven: he shall meet with unhappy events in all his undertakings, his life shall be certainly troublesome, his death doubtfull. Best and greatest Princes, consider and think with your selves that what loss soever can be pretended to happen by this league of Peace, whatsoever can detract from your Honour or your Empire, is recompensed unto you in the most fortunate advantages of the whole Christian world. This is rich indeed, this is magnificent, this truly Royal and to be propagated to the memory of all Ages.

Remember that you are Christians and govern Christians: be you propitious like Gods unto men, if you desire that God should be propitious unto you. Whatsoever you enjoy of life is slippery and uncertain, and your Dignities are full of frailty; it is your Justice that hath reference to your Felicity, and it is your Virtue that links you to Eternity. There is a great and conspicuous Tribunall that expects you, there sits a Judge cloathed with purest light to summon you, unto whom the most secret things are revealed, whom the most involved and disguised actions cannot

not deceive, nor can he be over-come by perversities. Before him must appear the Souls of Kings devested of Body, Fortunes, Empires; and be they just or unjust, they must be examined by a most clear light. There you shall hear the Edicts of the Supreme Deity, and the King of Kings thundering in your ears: the groans of the oppressed shall cry against you; the tears of the poor shall speak against you: the tutelary Gods will plead for their Altars which you have broken down, and all the Heavenly Militia will rise together against the contumacious. Endeavour ye Pious, and always invincible Princes, that those things which have been committed in prejudice of your wills by the uncontroulable licence of War, may be corrected by your Equity, that they may leave no aspersion upon your Reigns, no stain upon Reputations, no blot upon your Persons. Bring to pass that Justice and Peace may meet in mutual embracements, let them be carried with triumphal Pomp through your Kingdoms, and through your Cities; let them be borne upon the shoulders of the whole World unto a fixed and eternal Seat, that it perpetually may be lawful for us to worship and reverence them at the monuments of your Goodness, and the pledges of our Felicity.

Pax super Israel Dei.

F I N I S.

AN

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

Setting down the moſt obſervable Matters contained in the Three firſt TOMES of the

HOLY COURT.

A

Abderites. Fol. 40
Abdolonym. 7
Abraham the Hermit. 88
Abſtinence defined. 469, 470.
The Actions of men muſt be directed to one aſſured Butt. 69
Apprehenſion of Affronts. 49
Retreat into the Conſcience in Affronts, is a good remedy againſt them. 61
Aglae a noble Dame. 378
She is a worldly Widow. ibid.
She is in love. 379
Her admirable Converſion. ibid.
Her devotion in inquiry after Martyrs. ibid.
Her Speech to Boniface her Steward. 380
Agrippa Grand-child of Herod. 350
His flattery. ibid
Alexander ſon of Mariamne impriſoned. 133
Alms the works of God. 9
Ambition an itch. 58
It is a forreign vice. 59
It is the life of a ſlave. ibid.
The Ambitious are miſerable. ibid.
Extreme diſaſter of an ambitious man. ibid.
Ambitious men travel for Rachel and find Leah. 60
Ambition was the God of Antiochus. 345
Saint Ambroſe. 179
His Calling. ibid.
His Election. 180
His rare endowments. ibid.
His government. 181
He cheriſheth the Religious. 182
He took away ſuperſtitions and exceſſes. 183
His purity of intention. ib.
His Oration againſt Symmachus. 186
He refuteth Symmachus his ſtrongeſt arguments. ibid.
His anſwer concerning the dearth. 187
His greatneſs in the converſion of St. Auguſtine. 188
He ſpeaketh unto the two ſouls of his Pupils. 212
His brave ſpeech to Theodorick. 215
The majeſty of St. Ambroſe. 206
His prudence and charity. 209
He is perſecuted by Juſtina. 207
Reſolution of St. Ambroſe. 208
His death. 216
Ammon plotteth Inceſt with his ſiſter. 407
He is counſelled to this ſin by Joadab. ib
He diſſembleth ſickneſs. 408
Thamar's advice to him. ib
He deſpiſeth his diſhonoured ſiſter. ib.
He is ſlain. ib.
Anaſtaſius fearing thunder, is ſlain by a Thunder-bolt. 289
Angelical Ænigma's. 58
Why bad Angels puniſhed without mercy. 24
Antipater his cunningneſs in getting the Kingdom of Judea. 118
He calumniateth his brothers. 133
He is thrown from the top of the Wheel. 136
His Conſpiracy is diſcovered. ib.
His woful event. ib.
His Accuſation before his Father. 137
His death. 139
Wicked Antiochus puniſhed. 346
He is delivered Hoſtage to the Romans. 345
His manners. 393
He warreth againſt Ptolomy. ib.
The war between them is ended by a Marriage. ibid.
Antony's generous act. 351
A trick of an Ape. 44
Apes in the Court of Solomon. 48
A pretty tale of an Ape. ibid.
Intellectual Appetite faulty. 39
Appetite of man infinite. 438
Apple of diſcord. 149
Arbogaſtus. 211
Ariſtobulus taken priſoner by Pompey, and Jeruſalem become tributary. 119
His pitiful death. 122
Arius, and his qualities. 252
Original of Arians. ibid.
Their proceedings. 253
Condemnation of Arius. 255
End of Arius. 256
Arts tributary to Great-men. 17
Aſtrology, the vanity thereof. 359
Athanaſius. 255
Athenais her admirable adventure. 145
She pleadeth her cauſe before Pulcheria. 146
Her Converſion. ibid.
She could not brook Pulcheria. 149
Audas deſtroyeth a Pyræum. 340
St. Auguſtine converted by St. Ambroſe. 188
His wit. 189
His inclination. ibid.
He ſtudied Judicial Aſtrology. 190
His Religion. ibid.
Curioſity, Preſumption, and Love, the three impediments in the converſion of St. Auguſtine. 191
The Oeconomy of God in the converſion of St. Auguſtine. 193
He is Baptized by St. Ambroſe. 199

B

THe Bat employeth her eys to make her wings 382
An excellent act of Bayard the Cavalier. 228
Opinion concerning Beatitude. 437
The eſſential point of Beatitude is union with God. 438
Three acts of Beatitude. 439
Three effects of Beatitude. ibid.
Excellency of Beatick Science. ibid.
Beauty of Beatick love, as it is compared to the weakneſs of worldly love. ib.
Beauty condemned by Idolaters. 10
Defence of Beauty as the gift of God. ibid.
Natural beauty of men praiſed by Poets. ibid.
Beauty an Inſtrument of God. ibid.
Beauty of our Saviour. 11
Power of Beauty. ibid.
Beauty of Conſtantine. 16
Abuſe of Beauty damnable. ibid.
Vanity of Beauty. 95
Tyranny of the Belly. 54
Binet, a Reverend Father of the Church. 177
Boetius his Nobility. 277
His eminent wiſdom and learning. 279
He was ſtiled the Father and light of his Country. 288

His opinion of the providence of God. 292
His death. 293
Boleſlaus his notable act. 5
Boniface martyred. 279

C.

Caligula a great ſcoffer. 49
The Devil's buſied about Calumny. 48
From whence it proceedeth. 49
Horrour of Calumny. *ibid.*
Calumny plotted againſt the ſons of *Mariamne*. 131
Calumny of *Fauſta* againſt her ſon *Criſpus*. 246
Her rage turned into pity. *ibid.*
Her Calumny diſcovered. *ibid.*
Her death. *ibid.*
Camerarius his obſervation concerning the Heron. 406
The excellency of a brave Captain. 218
The delight of Hiſtories to praiſe Captains. *ibid.*
Singular commendation of *Cato*. 14
The praiſe of the ſtrength and courage of *Cato*. *ibid.*
The Stone *Ceraunia*. 8
Charity excellently diſplayed. 2
Charity towards God and our neighbour defined. 470
Charity in Converſation defined. *ibid.*
Charity with the acts thereof. 94
An excellent paſſage of Charity. *ibid.*
Charles of *Anjou* is taken and put to death. 403
Charlemaign his goodneſs and indulgence. 404
Chaſtity defined. 469
Three ſorts of Chaſtity, with the acts thereof. 88
A royal act of Chaſtity in a Souldier. 231
S. *Paul* calleth Chaſtity, Sanctification. 303
Excellent Inſtructions for Children. 341
Chryſaphius an heretical Eunuch projecteth ruin to *Theodoſius* his Court. 152
He entangleth the Emperour and his Wife in the hereſie of the *Eutyches*. *ibid.*
Chriſtians Warfare delicate. 2
To do good and ſuffer wrong, the true Character of a Chriſtian. 50
Virtue of the firſt Chriſtians. 55
The happineſs to be born a Chriſtian. 337
Solitude of Chriſtian Religion. *ibid.*
Clergy reformed. 182
Clotilda. 306
Her birth and education. 307
Clodovæus requireth her in marriage. 308
An Embaſſadour is diſpatched to the King of *Burgundy* concerning the Marriage. 309
Her firſt Requeſt to King *Clodovæus* her husband. 311
How ſhe behaved herſelf in the Converſion of her husband 312
She converteth her husband. 314
How *Clodovæus* behaved himſelf after Baptiſm. 316
Communion without preparation, what it is. 74
What ought to be done in the day of receiving the Communion. 75
Conſiderations for Communions. 76
Fruits of Communions. *ibid.*
General Confeſſion of ſin, the beginning of ſpiritual life. 71
Practice of ordinary Confeſſion. 72
Three ſorts of Conſcience, from whence Impiety doth ſpring. 27
Horrible eſtate of a ſinful Conſcience. *ibid.*
Bruiſh Conſcience. 28
Curious Conſcience. *ibid.*
Nothing ſo pleaſing as the Houſe of a good Conſcience. 50
Conſtancy in Tribulation doth manifeſtly appear in the death of *Soſia* and *Eleonora*. 411
Conſtantia her exceeding Clemency to the Son of *Charles* of *Anjou*, being condemned to death. 403
Conſtantine's Law. 12
His greatneſs. 234
His Nobility. 236
His notable Moderation. *ibid.*
He was bred up in the Court of *Dioclesian*. 238
His firſt battel againſt *Licinius*. 243
His great victory. 244
His firſt Marriage. 245
The beginning of his Converſion. 247
His abſolute Converſion. *ibid.*
His Baptiſm. 248
The Hiſtory of his Baptiſm, drawn from the acts of Saint *Silveſter*, is more eaſie piouſly to be believed, then effectually proved. *ibid.*
His Oration. 249
The great alteration of the world by his Oration and Example. *ibid.*
His Piety, Devotion, and Humility. 250
He made an oration in the Aſſembly of Biſhops. 255
His Succeſſours. 261
Conſtantinople built. 256
His death. 275
Divers degrees of Contemplation. 384
Contrition, what it is. 73
Croſs of Nature, what it is. 54
Honour of the Croſs. 252
The Court full of Envie. 18
Compariſon between a Courtier and a Religious man. 19
A Courtier fruſtrated of his hope, how he is afflicted 351
Courage compared to the River *Tygris*. 14
Baſeneſs of Courage in ſome Noble-men. *ibid.*
Criſpus his death. 246
Curioſity, and the Deſcription thereof. 189
The whole world an enemy of Curioſity. 405
Impious Curioſity pulls out both its eys. 28
Dangerous Curioſity. 29

D.

PAins of the Damned are eternal. 432
Three Reaſons to prove the eternity of the Damned. *ibid.*
An excellent Conceit of *Picus Mirandula* concerning the puniſhment of the Damned. *ibid.*
Strange Narration of *Palladius* concerning the Damned. 433
Souls of the Damned tormented by their lights. 434
Daniel and his Companions bred at Court. 16
Daniel the Hermite having ſeen a Viſion, went to *Conſtantine*, and ſpake to *Eulogius*. 363
David his remedy againſt a malevolent Tongue. 50
Day is precious. 97
Motives to paſs the Day well. *ibid.*
Every Day a Table of Life. *ibid.*
To provide in the evening for the Day to come. *ibid.*
Three parts of the Day. 98
Five things to be practiced in the Day. *ibid.*
Deſperate Death. 25
Its Attendants. 67,68.
Meditation of Death. 70
Death of the Juſt is ſweet. 415
Quality of a good Death is the indifferency of time and manner. 417
Worldly irreſolutions of Death. *ibid.*
The way how to be well provided for Death. 419
A good Death muſt have Union with God. *ibid.*
A notable Ænigma of Death 438
Devotion defined. 465
That the great number of Devout men, ſhould ſettle men in Devotion. 85
The adhering to creatures doth marre all in Devotion. *ib.*
Pretext of Devotion dangerous, illuſtrated by the Fowler. 203
Devotion ſubject to many illuſions, and the reaſon why. 381
Groſs and afflicting Devotion. *ibid.*
Three blemiſhes of anxious Devotion. 382
Quaint Devotion. *ibid.*
The pomp and practices of this Devotion. 383
Reaſons of the nullity of this Devotion. *ibid.*
Tranſcendent Devotion. 384
Illuſions of this Tranſcendent Devotion. *ibid.*
S. *Lewis* the true Table of Solid Devotion. 386
State of the Church under *Dioclesian*. 235
His conditions. *ibid.*
He forſaketh the Empire. 236
Diſſimulation reigneth every where. 394
Diſſimulation doth ruin humane faith. 395
Diſſimulation ſhameful to the Authour of it. *ibid.*
Diſſimulation doth debaſe a man. *ibid.*
The horrours and hatred of Diſſimulation. 396

The troubles and miseries of Dissimulation. *ibid.*
The dreadfull Events of Dissemblers. *ibid.*
The power of the Divinity over Infidels. 344
Different opinions of the Divinity. 346
It is a sacriledge to make Divinity of proper Interest. 390
How abominable vicious Domesticks are. 17
Duels unlawfull. 14
A Duel is no act of Courage. 15
Who anciently entred into Duels. *ibid.*
There is want of Generosity in Duels. *ibid.*
Authours of Duels. 225
Courage of Duellers like to that of the possessed. *ibid.*
Dydimus his bold attempt. 88

E.

EDucation, its force. 16
Defects of Education. *ibid.*
Moses educated in the Court *ibid.*
Education of Children recommended by excellent passages of the holy Fathers. 17
Eleazar his Combat. 346
The Isle of *Amber* the felicity of *Epicurus*. 405
The Philosophy of *Epicurus* doth bear sway in the world. 404
The foundation of Episcopall life. 181
Eponina a rare example of Conjugal Piety. 305
Errours of the Time. 339
Eternity of nothing, first humiliation of man. 348
Eucharist the foundation of Paradise. 74
Greatness of the Eucharist. 75
Eusebius the Patron of Hereticks. 254
Eustatius his Oration at the opening of the Council. *ibid.*
Evils generally proceed from ignorance, and from the want of the knowledge of God. 64
Evil alwayes beareth sorrow behind it, but not true penance. 68
Eudoxia mother of *Theodosius*. 142
Her humour. *ibid.*
Bishops treat with her. *ibid.*
Her zeal. *ibid.*
She goeth into *Palestine*. 151
Her return is laboured by *Chrysaphius*. *ibid.*
She lived in the Holy land in the *Eutychian* heresie. 157
Her Conversion. 159
Her worthy life, and glorious death. *ibid.*
Remedies and reasons against Excess. 54
Indignity of Excess in apparel. 55
Necessity of Examen. 73
Six things in the Examen to employ the most perfect. 74
Ill Example the work of Antichrist. 22
Exemplar crimes deserve Exemplar punishments. 24
An Observation upon the Chariot of *Ezechiel*. 453

F.

FAith, what it is, and the dignity thereof. 65
Its Object, and the manner of its working. *ibid.*
Touchstone to know whether we have Faith. *ibid.*
Heroick acts of Faith. *ibid.*
How acts of Faith may be made easie. 66
What ought to be the Faith of good Communicants. 75
To be faithfull to the King, one must be loyal to God. 237
To be faithfull, is to be conformable to reason. 338
The great Providence of God in the establishment of Faith. *ibid.*
The repose which our Faith promiseth. 335
Constancy of Faith. 418
Fathers and Mothers compared to Ostriches. 17
Fantasies to gain honours. 26
Conclusions against Fatality. 361
Maxims of Fatality. 364
Favorinus his excellent Observations. 10
Excellency of Fidelity. 395
Flattery punished. 347
Flattery inebrateth Great-men from the Cradle. 48
Great Spirits, enemies to the Flesh. 405
Immoderate love of health, doth make a man become suppliant, and servile to the Flesh. 406
Plotinus a great enemy to his own Flesh. 405
Instance upon the weakness and misery of the Flesh. 406
Hierom his Observation upon the Flower of Box. *ib.*
A notable fable of the Flie and Silk-worm. 45
Fortitude defined. 488
Fantasies of Ancients upon the Names of Fortune. 359
Fortune is in the power of Providence. *ibid.*
A conclusion against those who curse Fortune. 361
Manners are changed with Fortune. 362

G.

G*Aramant* the Fountain. 300
God's hands, a golden bowl full of the Sea. 9
God named *Obliging* in the beginning of the World. 20
God, a great *Thesis*. 23
God is better known to us then our selves. 342
God, most easie to be known. *ibid.*
All things contribute to the knowledge of God. 343
God in this life handleth the wicked as the damned. 347
God is who he is. 348
Excellency of the Simplicity and Universality of God in comparison of the world. *ibid.*
Perfections of God. 349
God his goodness. 353, 366
An excellent similitude of God with the Ocean. 349
The God of Hosts besiegeth a City. 217
Diversity of Gods. 347
God's pastime, what it is. 44
Why God admitted not the Ostrich and Swan into the number of Victims. *ibid.*
Knowledge of the goodness, Justice, and Power of God. 355, 356
God governeth the world with two hands. 431
God will replenish us with himself. 438
Desperate desire of worldly Goods. 418
Gratian the son of *Valentinian*. 200
His excellent qualities. 201
Affectionate words of *S. Ambrose* unto him. 202
His zeal and virtue by direction of *S. Ambrose*. *ibid.*
His admirable Charity. *ibid.*
Maximus rebelleth against him. 203
His pitifull death. 205
Gratitude in the law of God. 20
Excellent proofs of naturall Gratitude. *ib.*
Gratitude defined. 489
The acts of Gratitude 93
Gratitude of the Hebrews. *ibid.*
Practice of *S. Augustine*, to encourage himself to Gratitude. 21
Greatness of God. 438
Greatness of an honest man. 50
Lives of Great-ones enlightned. 6
The great virtue of Great-ones. 7
Authority of Great-ones to strengthen Devotion. 9
Great-ones heretofore have perverted the world. 22
Great-ones that are vicious, draw on themselves horrible execrations of God. 24
Great-ones strangely punished. *ibid.*
Three sorts of Great-ones do make Fortune. 26
True Devotion in Great ones. 63
Humility of Great-ones. 95
A good document for Great-ones. 143
Plague of Great-ones. 144
Great-ones are the flatterers of Gods. 347

H.

HEart of man, what it is. 71
Hebrews horribly persecuted. 345
Heliogabalus, his wheel. 60
Hell defined. 431
How the fire of Hell burneth. *ibid.*
Helena the Beauty and grace of her time. 237
She is married to *Constantius*. *ibid.*
Her exceeding virtue. *ibid.*
Exceeding love of *Constantius* and *Helena*. 238
Effect of Heresie. 37
Herod depresseth the Royal Stock. 120
His deep Hypocrisie and Dissimulation. 123
He is accused for the death of *Aristobulus*. 124
His Apologie for himself full of craft. 125
His Oration against his Wife. 129
His fury after the death of *Mariamne*. 131

He advanceth *Antipater* his ſon, whom he had by *Doris* 132
His horrible condition in his later days. 137
Herod's fearfull malady. 138
His notorious cruelty, even in his extremeſt ſickneſs. *ibid.*
His miſerable death. 139
Hermingildus his retreat and converſion. 324
His father's letter to him, and his to his father. 326
He is wickedly betrayed by *Goizintha*. 327
His letter to his wife, and his undaunted reſolution. 329
His death. 330
His young ſon *Hermingildus* died not long after. 331
A notable Obſervation upon the habit of a High Prieſt. 96
Hilarion of *Coſta*, a reverend Father. 387
Hippocrates his deſire how to cure the itch of ambition. 59
Houſe of the Moth. 29
Houſe of Swallows. *ibid.*
A notable Doctrine of *Hugo*. 63
Humility defined. 469
Humiliation of Death. 348
State of Humility. 18
All the world teacheth us the leſſon of Humility. 59
The Kingdome of Hypocriſie. 43
Reaſons againſt Hypocriſie. *ibid.*
Baſeneſs of Hypocriſie. *ibid.*
Hypocriſie confuted in the great School of the world. *ib.*
Hypocriſie condemned by the Law of Heaven. 44
Deformity of Hypocriſie. *ibid.*

I.

Jacques de Vitry his pretty Obſervation. 40
Idleneſs the buſineſs of ſome great men. 46
Abuſe of an Idolatrous ſpirit. 13
Jeſus one and the ſame for Nobles and Plebeians. 3
Excellent qualities of *Jeſus Chriſt*. 375
He is the Concurrence of all perfections. *ibid.*
Three Excellencies of *Jeſus*, in which all other are included. 376
His Sanctity, Wiſdom, and Power. *ibid.*
Practice of the love of *Jeſus* reduced to three heads. 377
Miracles of the perſon of *Jeſus*. 444
Jeſus entreth into his glory by his merit. *ibid.*
Suſpenſion of actual glory in the body of our Saviour *Jeſus*. *ibid.*
Imitation of *Jeſus Chriſt* the abridgment of Wiſdom. 3
Images of Emperours how much reverenced. 13
Impiety hath its miſery. 37
Impiety condemned in the Tribunal of Nature. 420
Impiety chaſtiſed 453
Againſt Toleration of Impiety. 455
Impurity of life ariſeth from three ſources. 87
Reaſons againſt Inconſtancy. 41
Inconſtancy of men. 237
Indegondis tranſporteth the Catholick Faith into *Spain*. 322
The perſecutions of *Indegondis*. 324
By her mediation there is a Treaty of peace between *Levigildus* and his ſon. 326
The glory and greatneſs of that man who knows how to ſuffer Injuries. 42
Obſervation of *Iſaiah* 30. 8. 406
Beleif of Judgment moſt general 431
Judea, in what condition before *Herod* came to the Crown. 112
The cauſes of the corruption of *Julian*. 372
The School of *Julian*. 373
How he became depraved. *ibid.*
He is a Chriſtian for policy, and an Infidel in ſoul. *ibid.*
Proweſs of *Julian* among the Gauls. *ibid.*
His ſubtlety to invade the Empire. *ibid.*
His Embaſſage. *ibid.*
His remarkable puniſhment. 374
He had ill ſucceſs with the qualities that *Machiavel* furniſhed him with. 361
Jupiter painting goats in the Clouds, what it meaneth. 14
Juſtina an Arian, requireth a Church in *Milan*. 207
Juſtice and mercy the two Arms of God. 23
Neceſſity of Juſtice, with its acts. 92
Juſtice without favour very remarkable. *ibid.*
Juſtice of *Beliſarius* and *Aurelianus*. 217
Juſtice defined. 470

K.

Knowledge of good and evil, doth make the ſin more foul. 24
Knowledge of ones ſelf very hard. 71
No certain Knowledge of four things. 441

L.

Lacedemonians practice. 381
Ladies excellent in piety. 387
Sordid Liberality of *Emanuel Comnenus*. 93
Ignorance and brutiſhneſs of Libertines. 451
Arroganey of Libertiniſm. 452
The Table of *Philo* of the manners of Libertines. *ibid.*
Puniſhment of God upon Libertines. 453
Evil of a ſlight Lie. 149
Lying, the key of vice 47
A Life led by opinion, is ridiculous. 8
Condition of this life well deſcribed. 67
Man muſt lead a Pilgrims Life in this world. 68
Our life is a Muſick-book. 87
Four ſorts of Life. 141
Opinion of the other Life. 413
Life and Death the two poles of the World. *ibid.*
Divers kinds of Life. *ibid.*
Life was given to *Cain* for a puniſhment. *ibid.*
Diſturbances of Life. 437
Divers wayes of humane Life, according to Saint *Gregory*. *ibid.*
The choice of conditions of Life is hazardous. *ibid.*
Miſeries of this preſent Life. *ibid.*
Of the Lillie with ſix leaves. 74
Divers kinds of Love. 219, 230
Love turned into rage. 246
The baſeneſs of Love. 374
Love of inviſible things moſt penetrating. 375
Worldly Lovers being converted, are moſt fervent in the Love of God, illuſtrated by a compariſon. 378
Excellency of Love. 399
Diviſion of Love. *ibid.*
There is a poſſibility in a man to love his enemies. *ibid.*
Effects of the Love of Enemies in the Law of Nature. 400
Loyalty of a Wife to her Husband. 351
Luſt ruineth Empires. 158
Luſt is a fire that burneth the garment of the ſoul. 183
Luxury the ſin of the heel. 52
Licinius his condition. 243
His end. 244
Lycurgus his greatneſs. 3

M.

Magnanimity. 470
Man a Stage-player upon the Theatre of the World. 13
Three ſorts of Man in every Man. 63
Character of the carnal and ſpiritual Man. 64
Of the nature and dignity of Man, what he hath been what he is, and what he ſhall be. 66, 67
Man hath more non-eſſence then eſſence. 344
Mans ingratitude towards God. 344
Mutability of men. *ibid.*
Miſeries of an indebted man. 351
It is dangerous to diſoblige pious and learned Men. 392
Diverſity of Men. 413
Monument of the Empreſs *Marie*. 418
Five notable things in the myſtery of the Maſs. 77
Maſs a Sacrifice. *ibid.*
Inſtructions for the married. 99
Mariamne's accuſation and pitifull death. 128
Martianus, of whom a marvellous accident. 154
His good ſucceſs. *ibid.*
A great Maſſacre at *Theſſalonica*. 214
Maxims very dangerous, uſed by Hereticks. 185
Maxentius acteth a ſtrange Tragedy. 241
He is defeated by *Conſtantine*. 242
Maximian the Baloon of Fortune. 240
A remarkable Speech of *Maximus*. 82

Maximus overthrown and put to death. 210
Meditation, its definition. 78
Neceſſity and eaſineſs of Meditation. *ibid.*
What you muſt underſtand, to Meditate well. *ibid.*
Practice and Form of Meditation, conſiſteth in ſix things. *ib.*
Seven ways to dilate ones ſelf in Meditating in abundance upon ſundry thoughts. *ib.*
Modeſty important 90
Modeſty of a Son of S. *Lewis*. 419
Modeſty defined. 470
The actions of Modeſty. *ib.*
Marvellous contempt of money. 227
Monica the mother of S. *Auguſtine*, her qualities. 194
Her death. 199
A ſingular ſaying of Sir *Thomas Moor*. 93
Mother of *Maccabees* perſecuted. 346

N.

NAture's evils. 354
Nature's voice. 369
Nature delighteth in contrarieties. 412,413
Nature the price of time. 43
Nebuchadnezzar nurſed by a Goat. 16
Nero his folly. 13
Notable action of *Noah*. 415
Nobility the firſt gift of God. 4
Nobility not tied to bloud. *ib.*
Againſt ſuch as betray their Nobility. 5
Nobility of *Noah*, wherein. *ib.*
Nobility of *Eleazar*, and his excellent ſpeech. *ib.*
Priviledges of Nobility. 9
Noble-men, why ill educated. 17
Nobility very much corrupted. *ib.*
Noble-men's particular obligation. 21
Noble-men, examples of great importance in the world. 22
Noble-men, appeal from the ſentence of Labour. 53
Diſorders in corrupt Nobility. 219,220
Novelty in Religion dangerous. 32
Novelty ever ſuſpected by the Wiſe. 33

O.

OAthes of Magiſtrates. 93
Obedience defined. 469
The qualities of an Officer. 272
Onocratalus his inſtinct. 418
Souls in the torrent of Opinion. 39
Opinion, the ſource of all corruption. *ib.*
Strange giddineſs of Opinion. *ib.*
We muſt wean our ſelves from the Opinion of the world. 68
Every one ought to have a good Opinion of the Providence of God, and to know the ways thereof. *ib.*
Oration of *Symmachus* to *Theodoſius* and *Valentinian* the younger, for the Altar of Victory, Exerciſe of *Pagan* Religion, and Revenues of Veſtals. 184

P.

PAgans, and their acts. 221
Terreſtrial Paradiſe the Chamber of Juſtice. 53
Tyranny of Paſſions over the Soul. 67
Paſſions of Love. 85
The danger of this Paſſion. *ib.*
Preſervatives againſt this Paſſion. *ib.*
Ordinary and ſovereign Remedies for this Paſſion. *ib.*
The folly of this Paſſion. 86
How *Raymund* and *Lullius* were cured of this Paſſion. *ib.*
Want of employment is the cauſe of our being enſnared by this Paſſion. *ib.*
Partiality of Parents. 111
Patience, the nature of God. 50
Patience defined. 470
Praiſe of Patience. 96
Patience of S. *Macarius* *ib*
Patience of Great men, what. *ib.*
The firſt Patience is to endure ones ſelf, the next to ſpare men, and endure men. *ib.*
Patience of *David*. 97
Acts of Patience. *ib.*
Patience, the Sanctuary of Mortals. *ib.*
Mariamne Wife of *Herod*, the picture of Patience. 117
Pearls are Uſhers, ſaith *Seneca*. 9
Paulina did bear about her a million of Gold. 96
The deſire of S. *Auguſtine* to ruine the opinion of *Pelagius*. 365
Penance called by the name of Envy. 18
Five degrees of Penance among the Ancients. *ib.*
The practice of thoſe degrees at Court. *ib.*
Philo's notable ſpeech concerning the eſtate of *Moſes*. 418
Invincible proofs of Piety. 29
Piſo's mad cruelty. 93
Plato his opinion concerning Souls. 406
Who always ſtriveth to pleaſe himſelf, muſt neceſſarily diſpleaſe others. 86
The quality of worldly pleaſures, and their ſhortneſs. 68
Politicians are vain without the direction of God. 360
Pompey in *Paleſtine*. 118
His cruel vanity. 338
Reſolutions of great courages in Poverty. 392
Poverty of three ſorts, either of Neceſſity, Profeſſion, or Affection, 91
Practice of the poverty of Affection. *ib.*
Poverty, a chief ſcourge. 351
Difficulties of the Poor in virtue. 8
Poverty defined. 469
Poverty the Iſland of *Ithaca*. 362
Pulcheria ſiſter of *Theodoſius*, and her qualities. 144
Againſt the neceſſity inferred of Preſcience. 360
The Doctrine of Predeſtination, with three reaſons of this Doctrine. 305
S. *Paul* and S. *Auguſtine* interpreted in the matter of Predeſtination. *ib.*
The Doctrine of the moſt ancient Fathers concerning Predeſtination. *ib.*
The fruits of God's glory derived from Predeſtination. 366
The matter of Predeſtination. *ib.*
Marvellous ſecret of Predeſtination. 367
Praiſe of Prayer, with the neceſſity thereof. 70
Practice of Vocal prayer. 80
Government of Vocal prayer. *ib.*
Cup and Harp in prayer, what is underſtood thereby. 81
Remedies againſt diſtractions in prayer. *ib.*
Sublime prayer. 381
Pretended Religion, how far from true Chriſtianity. 35
Pride, eſpecially of the Nobility, reprehended. 95
The humility of *Primiſlaus* and Pope *Benedict* the Eleventh. *ib.*
Proſperity. 7
Procopius preſented to *Diecleſian*. 367
He is ſent to deſtroy the Chriſtians, and is converted to Chriſtianiſm. *ib.*
Conſtancy of *Procopius*. 368
His ſufferings for Religion. *ib.*
His impriſonment and Martyrdom. *ib.*
Prodigality of a *Venetian* Lady, and her puniſhment. 418
Voice of Prophecy. 370
Excellent Prophecies touching our Saviour. *ibid.*
Diſloyalties that ſpring from the Maxim of Proper Intereſt. 389
Reaſons againſt this Maxim. *ib.*
It's a great Sacriledge to make Divinity of Proper Intereſt. 390
Proper Intereſt is like the feathers of an Eagle. *ib.*
Falſe Pretexts of Intereſt. *ib.*
Horrour of Poverty doth nouriſh the fervour of Intereſts. 391
Hidden paſſages of the Divine Providence in the reclaiming of Souls. 193
The Theater of Divine Providence. 234
Admirable Providence of God above all humane things. 260
Belief of a Providence is the ſweetneſs of Life. 353
Manifeſt proof of the Providence of God. *ib.*
Maxims of Providence. 355
Four foundations and pillars of Providence. *ib.*
Providence of God in the ordinary marks of Nature. 357
Particular providences over divers Countries. *ib.*
The admirable providence of God in protecting King *Mithridates* in his Cradle. *ib.*

Providence over Empires. *ib.*
Providence over the Church. 358
Three Squadrons against Providence. *ib.*
Great providence to ſtick to Altars and the Church. 152
Againſt Providence three ſquadrons of nice ones, according to humane prudence. 361
Providence of God, concerning the ſentence of death in the generality of men. 414
Providence in the death of the vicious. 415
Providence of God in limits of our appetites. 438
The Proweſs of Chriſtians. 222
Importance of Prudence. 90
Prudence, a Hand ſprinkled with eys. *ib.*
Hieroglyph of Prudence. 91
Trueſt Prudence is to diſtruſt their own judgments. *ib.*
Prudence defined. 469
Ptolomy his magnificence. 392
His Library. *ib.*
His daughter *Berenice* entreth into *Babylon*. 393
Purgatory compared to the Cherubin's fiery ſword. 426
Proved by the light of Nature. *ib.*
The opinions of the Ancients concerning Purgatory. *ib.*
An excellent opinion on the belief of Purgatory among the *Hebrews*. *ib.*
Notable purgation of the *Egyptians*. *ib.*
Purgatory proved by the light of Faith. 427
The manner of Purgatory. 428
Againſt the dulneſs of thoſe who do not underſtand it. *ib.*
Rigour of the living againſt the Souls in Purgatory. 429
Pirrho's ſtupidity. 94

R.

Rabſaces the falſe Souldier, his damnable precepts, which contain a true Satyre of the manners of depraved Nobility. 219
Rebellions and Seditions fatal to the people. 363
Wholſom advice, how to reſolve on the choice of Religion. 36
Maxims of the Catholick and pretended Religion. 37
The powerful operation of Religion. 338
Commotions for matters of Religion. 340
Three things neceſſary to diſpoſe one's ſelf in Religion. 32
Without Religion all is unprofitable, obſerved in the quality of *Julian*. 372
Four notable points to diſcover the falſhood of pretended Religion. 33
An excellent Reſolution upon worldly accidents. 561
Reſurrection proved more then any other myſtery. 441
No impoſſibility in the Reſurrection to an Omnipotent hand. 442
Three properties of ſplendour in the Reſurrection of our Saviour. 444
The triumphant glory of the Reſurrection. 345
The ſweetneſs of the Repoſe of *Jeſus*, and all the Elect in the eſtate of Reſurrection. *ib.*
Relation of the Reſurrection to the Creation. *ib.*
The joys of the heart of *Jeſus* in the firſt inſtant of the Reſurrection. *ib.*
The goodly world he beheld in his Idea's at his Reſurrection. *ib.*
Revenge is not only contrary to Divine Right, but to the right of Nature. 399
The Maxims of Revenge oppoſeth common ſenſe. *ib.*
Goodly company of thoſe who did not deſire Revenge. 400, 401
Not to revenge injuries, is not ſo much an election of virtue, as a neceſſity of ſalvation. *ib.*
The horrour and confuſion of Revenge. *ib.*
Goodly conſiderations to pacifie the mind againſt Revenge. 402
Abſalom cloſe in his Revenge 408
Riches, the Mother of Vices, and neglect of God 363
Riot, cruel and injurious to God and his Church. 55
Tyranny of Riot. 406
Reaſons againſt the Maxims of Riot. 305
Riſpiliones. 265
Rodomonts. 95
A condemnation of Rodomonts and Duels. 225
Roman Empire full of ſtrange diſorders. 158

S.

SAcriledge of fair Souls. 13
To ſacrifice the Calf without flower. 81
Sanctity the Character of Nobility. 5
Sanctity an irrefragable argument of faith. 30
Sadneſs the ſnare of Satan. 86
Immortification one cauſe of Sadneſs. *ib.*
Sadneſs a plant of our own growing. *ib.*
Prayer the beſt remedy againſt Sadneſs 87
Unworthineſs of Sadneſs. *ib.*
Two great obſtacles of Salvation. 45
To handle the affairs of Salvation, is a matter of no ſmall importance. 31
Sameas his grave and free Speech concerning *Herod*. 119
Sames a Martyr of poverty. 92
Scoffing the Harbinger of Athieſm. 48
Danger of Scoffing. 493. 367
Self love hard to be repreſſed. 400
Semblances the children of opinion and lying. 39
Seſoſtris his Chariot applied to the rich. 9
Simplicity defined. 470
Simplicity the chief virtue of Saints. 43
What it is to be ſimple. *ib.*
Simplicianus a holy man. 196
Sins committed for want of witneſſes. 6
Sin of the fleſh a mark of Reprobation, and injurious to the incarnation of the Son of God. 52
Sincerity preſerved in the light of Nature. 396
Slander the wound of Frogs. 48
Greatneſs of the Soul. 66
Souls of men different in qualities. 4
Excellencies of the Soul remarkable. 12
The Soul cloathed with royal purple. *ib.*
What the Soul is, and wherefore it is a Spirit. *ib.*
The care that is to be had of the Soul. 423
Piety the firſt virtue, and the Soul of Military virtue. 221
The belief of the immortality of the Soul invincible. 420
The operations of the Soul are admirable. 422
Sentence of God upon the immortality of the Soul. 421
Piety and Valour of a *French* Souldier. 223
Notable Devotion of a Souldier. *ib.*
Military virtues of a *French* Souldier. 227
A great indignity of the abuſe of the Spirit. 13
Apparition of the Soul of *Samuel*. 424
Spurina. 3
Stratonica her ridiculous pride. 95
Supereminency of perſon 96
Suemus perſecuted. 341
His admirable conſtancy. *ib.*
Three Suns ſhine at one time. 369
Symmachus magnifieth the Veſtals. 185
Shameful law of the *Sybarites*. 89
Synagogue of the *Jews* burned. 213

T.

TEmperance the firſt tribute of Sanctity. 89
Temptations, Remora's of the Soul. 81
Temptation is a Chriſtian's trade. 82
What is the cauſe that many yield in Temptation. *ib.*
It is not good to tempt Temptations. *ib.*
The ſweetneſs of victory over Temptation. 83
Tertullian his parable of the Aſs to the Hereticks of his time. 34
An excellent conceit of *Tertullian*. 45
Tertullian his ſaying is repugned 268
Thaumaſtus made the ſecond man in the Kingdom, for having given a glaſs of water. 93
Theodoſius his birth and extraction foretold. 141
His Baptiſm. 143
His Education. 144
Sanctity of his Court. 147
The Diſcourſe between him and a Hermit. 148
Theodoſius deſtroyeth *Marus*. 143
He maketh the Court holy. 213
His remarkable piety. *ib.*
His death. 153
Theodoſia her revenge 368

Theodorick's practice which he gave to *Cassiodorus*. 274
Theodorick slew *Odoacer* at a Banquet. 282
Strange act of *Theodorick*. 93
A crafty and witty conceit of *Theodora*. 397
Theophilus a bloudy Emperour. 402
The admirable Justice of *Theodorick*. 286
Time not onely precious, but onely necessary. 45
Time compared to a River. *ibid.*
Time irrecoverable. 46
The Tongue compared to the Almond-Tree. 47
The Tongue a feathered Bell. *ibid.*
The Tongue the incensory of the Divinity. 49
Trajan his notable Act. 92
Travel of worldlings. 82
Triumph of *Asmodeus*, with a description of his Chariot, wheels, horses, coach-man, and Court. 51, 52
The power of Truth. 395
As bad contesting against Truth, as against the Master of the Bow. *ibid*
Tutors are Fathers over the Spirits. 372

U.

Valentinian father to *Gratian*, his death. 200
Verity a Sea. 47
Virgins give an Altar of Gold to the Church of S. *Sophia*. 144

Ungratefull men punished. 24
Diversity of Unions. 438
Union of glory, what it is. 439
Unworthiness of being ashamed of well-doing. 85

W.

Want a great misery. 16
Excellent discipline in War. 227
The name of Sun given to Warriours. 418
Tragical events of the wicked. 258
William of *Paris* his notable Doctrine. 359
Weakness of humane Wisdome. 360
Good Wives of bad Husbands. 388
Wisdome requisite in Prelates. 172
All Wisdome reduced to one Word. 90
Over-much Wit troubleth. 39
Modesty of great Wits. 452
Women stout to do good. 143
Women without Devotion, as a Bee without a sting. 301
The rare qualities which are given to them in Scripture. *ibid.*
Houshold affairs recommended to Women. 304
Words are the Chariot of the Soul. 73
Word of God altered in Chairs, by the extravagant opinion of hearers. 385
The World a Clock, and how. 20
Worldlings condition. 25
The World an Island of Dreams. 16, 17
The vanity of the World, and misery thereof. 123
The vanity and inconstancy of the World. 150
Practice of Worldly men. 389
Baseness of the World. 414
Tertullian his Conceit concerning the World. *ibid.*
Three Ties of the World. 418
Discordant acts of the World. 444
The World is full of Craft. 397
A Wonderfull Spectacle of the affairs of the World. 239

Z.

Zeal of a Lady towards God. 94
Zeal ought to be had towards Religion. 339

The End of the Table of the first Three TOMES.

AN

AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

Setting down the moſt obſervable Matters contained in the Two laſt TOMES of the HOLY COURT.

A

Biathar the high Prieſt deprived of his dignities by a violent action 676
The wiſdom of *Abigail*. 666
The inſolence of *Abner*. 669
He treateth with *David*. *ibid.*
His death. *ibid.*
Abſolon out of favour. 671
His reconciliation by means of *Joab*. *ibid.*
Abſolon's revolt. 672
His deſigns. *ibid.*
His ambition. *ibid.*
He cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed King. *ibid.*
He giveth battel to his Father, wherein he is over-thrown and killed. 673
We muſt not condemn him that by lawful means ſeeks his own Accommodations. 576
Achior his Oration. 706
It is diſpleaſing to *Holophernes* and his Souldiers. *ibid.*
The pernicious counſel of *Achitophel*. 673
Adonijah Competitour of the Crown, and his faction. 675
The fault of *Adonijah* in his Couneil of State. *ibid.*
Adonijah deſired the Shunamite which did compleat his miſ-fortune. 676
Adonis an admirable Fiſh. 568
A good Deed done to a Great-one in Afflictions, is of much value. 666
What are the ſubjects of Afflictions. 587
The diſpoſitions of Ages. 847
The death of *Agrippina*. 797
Ahab goeth to meet *Elijah* in perſon. 774
He deſireth *Naboth's* Vineyard. 776
His death. 777
Ahaſhuerus his Banquet, which continued for the ſpace of one hundred and fourſcore days. 712
Alcimus the falſe high Prieſt. 723
Amantius plotteth againſt *Juſtinian*. 682
A notable obſervation of *Clemens Alexandrinus*. 615
The courage we may derive from the Sacrament of the Altar. 612
Shallow and fantaſtick Ambition. 642
The Ambition of Eccleſiaſticks and Religious men much more ſubtle then others. *ibid.*
Crodield daughter of King *Caribert*, a religious woman, raiſeth great troubles by her Ambition. *ibid.*
Ambition which buddeth in hearts of baſe extraction is moſt inſolent, which is inſtanced in a Chirurgion of *S. Lewis*, is wiſely repreſſed and chaſtiſed by the prudence and juſtice of King *Philip* the Third of *France*. 643
The *French* revengers of Ambition. 644
The furious Ambition of *Alexius* the tyrant of *Greece*, puniſhed by the valour and juſtice of the *French*. *ibid.*
Ambition the beginning of all evils. 812
The effects of Ambition and envy. 813
The fury and infidelity of Ambition. 816
The inhumane cruelty of Ambition. 818
What Amity is. 533
Three ſorts of Amity. *ibid.*
Natural Amity and its foundation. *ibid.*
Amity of demy-gods. 534
Amity grounded upon honeſty. *ibid.*
Men too endearing uncapable of Amity. *ibid.*
Men baniſhed from the Temple of Amity. *ibid.*
Reaſons for which women do ſeem uncapable of Amity. 535
Degeneration-Amity. 537
There may be ſpiritual Amities between perſons of different Sexes, endowed with great virtue and rare prudence. 538
Amity in St. *John Chryſoſtom*. *ibid.*
The right ſtains of Amity are forgetfulneſs of friends, negligence, contempt, diſſention, ſuſpicion, diſtruſt, inequality, impatience, and infidelity. 539, 540
Six perfections which preſerve Amity. 541
Bounty a true note of Amity. 542
The benefits of Amity. *ib.*
Patience moſt neceſſary in Amity. *ib.*
There may be a celeſtial Amity by the commerce of man with God. 551
What Anger is. 618
Divers degrees of Anger. 619
Three Regions of Anger; the firſt of ſharp choler, the ſecond of bitter choler, the third of fury. *ib.*
The property of the Yew-tree like unto Anger. *ib.*
Anger is very prejudicial in military art in a General. 646
Philip of *Valois* a great and generous King, loſeth a battel out of a peviſh humour of Anger. *ib.*
The barbarous Anger of *Bajazet*. *ib.*
Lewis the younger admoniſhed by *Bernard* chaſtiſeth himſelf for his Anger by ſadneſs and penance. 647
Anger of women. *ib.*
Anger out of ſimplicity many times cauſeth hurt for a word too free, witneſs that of *Enguerrand*. *ib.*
The humility and wiſdom of Queen *Anne* to over-come the paſſion of Anger. 648
Addreſs of *Bavalon* to appeaſe the Anger of the Duke of *Britaign*. 649
Anaſtaſius dying, *Amantius* his high Chamberlain aimed at the Empire. 682
Antonina wife of *Beliſarius* proſtituted her ſel to *Theodoſius* whom ſhe and her husband had made their adopted ſon. 688
Antiochus his horrible cruelty. 721
The death of *Antiochus*. 725
How we ought to govern our Antipathies. 770
A notable ſentence of the *Areopagite*. 530
The notable practice of S. *Athanaſius*. 538
The eſſence and nature of Averſion, 574
How Averſion is formed. 575
The character and true image of a ſpirit ſubject to Averſion *ib.*
The conſideration of the love which God bears to his creatures is a powerful remedy to cure Averſion. *ib.*
The firſt motions of Averſion for the moſt part are inevitable 576
The example of our Saviour ſerveth for a ſtrong remedy to ſweeten our Averſions. *ib.*
It is a ſhame to have an Averſion againſt one for ſome defect of body, or ſome other deformity of nature, when as we are bound to love him. 577
A generous act of a *Pagan*, who teacheth us powerfully to command our Averſions. *ib.*
The death of *Azael* by his raſhneſs. 668

B

THe Prophets of *Baal* are murthered. 775
The *Baſiliſk* cannot be inchanted. 538
The love of *Bathſheba*. 670
Bathſheba fitly inſinuates her ſelf, and procures the Crown for her ſon *Solomon*. 675
The martial virtues of *Bayard*. 738
He is wounded at the taking of *Breſsin*. 240
Beauty imperious. 545
An excellent ſaying of venerable *Bede*. 599
Bees bear the ſign of a Bull on their bodies. 591
Beliſarius is choſen General againſt *Gilimer* who had uſurped the Crown from *Hilderick*. 685
He marcheth to the gates of *Carthage*. *ib.*

A triumph after the manner of the Ancients was ordained in honour of *Belisarius*. 686
The valour of *Belisarius*. 687
His rare qualities. 688
The original of the miseries of *Belisarius*. *ib.*
The cause why *Belisarius* was debased, was, because he had violated the persons of the Popes. 691
He is brought into disgrace, and his offices taken from him *ibid.*
Belshazzar makes a sumptuous Banquet, and the hand-writing upon the wall in unknown characters is discovered. 770
He is murthered. 771
Bethulia is besieged. 706
The *Bethulians* murmure against the Priests. *ib.*
The picture of Boldness. 607
The Essence of Boldness. *ibid.*
The notable Boldnels of Saints who have often defended the truth with the hazard of their lives, against the rage and malice of cruel and bloody tyrants. 609
Why boldness is not in God. 610
The rash love of the Earle of Bothuel. 801
Boucicaut is taken Prisoner. 735
By his wisdom he endeavoureth the liberty of himself and other Lords, and obtaineth it. 736
His whole course of life (contrary to that of Souldiers) generally was very religious. 737

C

Caligula his fury against *Seneca*. 798
Calumny against *Julian* and *Seneca*. *ibid.*
Divers degrees of Calumniatours. 626
From whence the degree of Cardinal cometh.
George Castriot was a souldier as soon as he was born a man. 733
He died of a Fever in the City of Lyssa. 734
Presages of the generosity of *Cæsar*. 611
An excellent conceit of Charity. 554
The source of Charity. 633
The rare qualities of *Charlemaign* the Great. 696
His great learning. *ibid.*
His seriousness in his study. *ibid.*
Martel and *Pepin* reproduced in the person of *Charlemaign*. *ibid.*
His rare virtues. 697
His brave exploits against the Infidels. *ibid.*
His war with the Italians, and his succouring the Church which did groan under the chains of the Lombards. *ib.*
His entrance into Rome in great pomp. *ibid.*
He warreth against the Saracens. *ibid.*
He was the first King of France. 698
Great troubles at Rome appeased by him. 699
Pope *Leo* caused him to be crowned Emperour of Rome. 700
The great cunning of men who go about to surprise Chastity. 547
Advice to Ladies and Gentlewomen concerning Chastity. *ibid.*
The honour the French bore to the virtue of Chastity. 639
The conjugal Chastity of S. *Lewis*. 640
Weak spirits are ordinarily Cholerick. 619
Malicious and covert souls are ranked in the second region of anger, which is bitter Choler. *ibid.*
Choler and vengeance are prejudicial. 814
Chrysostom mentioneth an excellent presage of a wise man. 496
The greatness and benefit of Clemency. 667
The generous anger of *Clotharius*. 646
The Essence of Compassion. 617
Complacence stronger then fire and sword. 547
Miseries of humane Condition. 587
Such as have a clear conscience are most bold. 511
Contentments are rather in the will, then pleasing objects. 578
True contentment is in God. 579
God possessing himself, injoyeth his Contentment. *ibid.*
Our Lord passed all his life in Contentments which were necessarily due to him, to give us an example to wean our selves from them. 580
Conversation and its contentments. 141
Conversation must be moderated. *ibid.*
Courage is not lessened by study. 611
Men of obscure birth raised to great preferment by their Courage. 614
Compassion of great Courages. 630
The rare endowments that are required in a Courtier. 743
The Court of *Pharaoh* is compared to the helmet-flower. 752
The horrour of cruelty. 631
A man must take heed of being too Curious. 576
The wisdom of *Cushi* the servant of *David* in the counsel of *Absolon*. 673

D.

A Witty Fable of *John Damascen*. 594
Daniel is chosen for one of *Nebuchadnezzars* pages. 765
His noble extraction and rare parts. *ibid.*
He is in great hazard of his life. 771
He consulteth with God. 772
He is made Vice-Roy of all the Provinces of of the Kingdom. 767
He is sought unto to give the interpretation of the hand-writing upon the wall. 770
He refuseth to worship Bell. 771
He killeth the Dragon. *ibid.*
He is cast into the Lions Den. 772
He is taken from thence, and his accusers put into his roome, who are immediately devoured. *ibid.*
The question upon the act of *David* is resolved. 565
The qualities of *David*. 662
His entrance into the Court. *ibid.*
He is pursued and escapes. 665
The life of *David* in banishment. *ibid.*
His arrival at Nob causeth great disasters to the Priests. *ib.*
David saves himself in the caves of the desart, whither his Father and his Mother goe to seeke him. 666
His piety towards them. *ibid.*
Banished men repair unto *David*. *ibid.*
The visit of *Jonathan* secret and very profitable for *David*. *ibid.*
Nabal's rudeness towards *David*. *ibid.*
The admirable generousness of *David* in pardoning his enemies. *ibid.*
David goeth out of the Kingdom, and retireth himself among strangers. 667
David receives the news of *Sauls* overthrow. 668
David cannot be excused for the treaty made with *Abner*. 669
He is absolute King by the death of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*. *ibid.*
The royal qualities of *David*. *ibid.*
His zeal to religion. *ibid.*
His valour and his warrs. 670
His justice and good-husbandry. *ibid.*
His vices. *ibid.*
The blindness of *David*. *ibid.*
David's repentance. *ibid.*
Punishment upon the house of *David*. 671
The patience of *David* towards *Shimei*. 672
His great humility and his humble words. *ibid.*
David's mildness very great. 674
The last acts of *David's* life. *ibid.*
God hath made all creatures to have delectation. 578
Four things compose the solid Delectation of man. *ibid.*
The Essence of Delectation. 579
Demetrius his oration. 727
He is engaged in a war against the Macchabees. 728
Whether it be good to have no Desire. 569
An excellent picture of Desire. *ibid.*
The world is replenished with Desiring souls. *ibid.*
The exposition of the picture of Desire. 570
The passion of curiosity a kinde of Desire. *ibid.*
Inconstancy followeth the multitude of Desires. 571
Four sources of Desires *ibid.*
A reason against vain Desires drawn from divine tranquillity. 572
Another reason against vain Desires is the onely desire which Jesus had in seeking the glory of his heavenly Father. 573
Marvellous effects of Desire. 641
The image of Despair. 596
Three sorts of acts in Despair. *ibid.*

Remedies against Despair. 599
The admirable conversion of some who seemed desperate. ibid.
The sight of our Saviour teacheth us to persevere in our good hopes, and not to Despair. 600
A great secret of life is to undergo Destiny. 663.
Why Devils love not God whom they know to be so amiable. 578
Disorder is fatal to the Court of great ones. 698
Doeg accuseth the High-Priest being innocent. 665
Means to use an efficacious remedie in Duels. 566

E.

THe reign of *Edward*. 838
His qualities, and his death. ibid.
Divers causes of the ruine of *Egypt*. 754
The children of Israel depart out of *Egypt*. 755
Eleazer a Jewish Captain died valiantly, having first pierced the Elephant whereon he did suppose that *Eupator* did combat. 726
Queen *Eleanor* an enemy of France. 647
Elijah includeth the name God, and the Sun in his name. 772
He hideth himself at the brook Carith over against Jordan. 773
He restoreth to life the dead child of the woman of Sarepta. ibid.
He is known to be the Prophet of God by fire coming down from heaven which consumed his sacrifice. 775
He flies into the Wilderness and is sustained by an Angel, which furnished him with a cruise of oyl, and a cake baked. ibid
He travelleth fourty days in the strength of that sustenance. ibid.
His vision. ibid.
He foretelleth to *Ahab*, that the dogs should lick his blood in the same place where *Naboth* was slain. 776
He is translated, and took a new life, without loosing that he had in the world. 779
The labyrinth of the hypocrisie of Queen *Elizabeth*. 819
The fury of *Elizabeth*. 810
Elisha leaveth his Plough and Oxen, and followeth *Elijah*. 779
He is heir of *Elijah*'s spirit. ibid.
His speech to *Joram*. ibid.
Elisha besieged in Dothan, is guarded by an host of heavenly Angels. 780
Elisha conducteth his enemies stricken with blindness to Samaria the chief City of the adverse partie. ibid.
Joram threatneth to take off his head. 781
He dieth. 783
The estate of England. 838
The picture of Envie. 623
The definition of Envie. 624
Humane remedies against Envie. 627
The blessed, though unequal in glory, are not envious. 625
The lamentable Envie of Ebroin against S. *Leger* 650
Envie never sleepeth. 663
The horrible envie of *Saul*. 664
Envie is easily learned at the Court. ibid.
The Temple of Ephesus. 679
The courteous meeting of *Erasmus* and *Oporinus*. 603
Evilmerodach son of *Nebucadnezzar* took upon him the regency of the Empire, his father leaving his kingdom to graze with the beasts. 769
The ignorance of our Evils is a stratagem of divine Providence. 602

F.

THe nature of Fear, and the bad effects of it. 601
Two sorts of Fear, natural and moral. 602
The causes of Fear. ibid.
Fear is a troublesom passion. ibid.
Fear of accidents in the world. 603
Remedies against accidental Fear. 604
Fear of poverty causeth most strange boldness. ibid.
The example of our Saviour ought to encourage us against Fear. 605
Resolutions against Fear. 606
We must Fear nothing in the world to the prejudice of our souls. 612
Fidelity and its excellency. 542
The marvellous effects of fire. 618
Rebellion of the Flesh. 545
What true fortitude is, and the parts thereof. 605
Qualities of a good Friend. 534
Great men are not ordinarily the best Friends. ibid.
A man must not adhere too much to himself to be a good friend. ibid.
The choice of a friend. 535
Friends ought to advise and correct. 540
Who loves himself too much, hath no Friend. 660

G.

THe affectionate Letter of the Lord Bishop of Geneva. 539
The disaster of *Gilimer*, and his captivity. 686
A great industry to Give well. 542
There is none but God which is for it self. 529
When we distrust our selves, we must have recourse to God. 546
An excellent reason of S. *Augustine* to shew the inclination we have to God. 551
An objection about the invisibility of God. 552
God rendreth himself infinitely amiable in total nature. ibid.
The Sun the Image of God.
The commerce of man with God. 553
The means to acquire the Love of God. 556
The practice of the Love of God. ibid.
How we may learn to love God above the love of the world. ibid.
We must learn to love God himself, and by the character of his substance which is Jesus. ibid.
Onely sin hated by God. 563
God in his Essence accordeth the diversitie of all Essences. 575
The sympathies and antipathies which God hath wisely impressed on Essences and in union. 576
God for the punishment of niceness will suffer that which man most fears, to fall upon him. ibid.
Three considerable qualities in the blessing of God. 580
God is busied about this world as his stone of burthen. 589
God is not capable of hope since he possesseth all. 594
God is independent of all creatures, and the source of his felicities proceedeth from the infinitie of his perfection. ib
God hath no need of our conversion to increase his glory. ib.
God supporteth all good hopes by reason of the infinite capacity of his Essence. 595
We must place our hopes in God, by the example of the holy humanity of Jesus Christ. ibid.
God when he pleaseth taketh away all the obstacles which oppose despair. 599
The wonders which God maketh to appear in the old Testament by the help of his creatures. ibid.
God indifferently treateth elect souls, as reprobate during life, without shewing that he despaireth of their salvation. ibid.
God never faileth with necessary succours, and sufficient grace to save us. ibid.
It is the providence of God which doth preserve us and instruct us to drive away all fear. 605
The picture of the tranquillity of God. 620
God, to speak properly, hath no anger. ibid.
Three sorts of thunderbolts, which figure unto us, how God doth proceed with the chastisements of men. ibid.
God doth all by seeing and by beeing seen. 624
The differences of our knowledges from those of God. ibid.
A great example of the weakness of man's spirit, when God leaves it. 673
Godfrey Duke of Bovillon a most resolute and fortunate General. 731
The excellency of Goodness. 660
Grace by the contemplation of divine things, is a remedy for our temptations.
The great and magnanimous goodness of *Lewis* the twelfth. 649
Great things were made for the lesser. 653
An excellent observation of S. *Gregory*. 612

H.

THe direful example of *Haman* against the enraged, who are at a little offended. 623
Haman's malice against *Mordecai*. 717
Haman is condemned to be hanged, and the Jews preserved. 781

Hatred a hideous Comet. 561
Its nature, properties, and degrees. 562
It is called Antipathy. ibid.
Hatred cometh out of Love. ibid.
Melancholy-hatred by Grecians, is called Man-hatred. ib.
Simplicity of divine Essence, exempt from antipathy or hatred. 563
Hatred of humour, and how it is to be handled. 564
Reasonable hatred, and its illusion. 565
Hatred of interests which begets Suits and Duels. ibid.
A notable example of appeasing Hatred. 567
The utility of Hatred. ibid.
How Hatred is to be diverted. 568
Means to eschew and prevent the Hatred of powerfull men. ibid.
A comparison of a Ship and the Heart of man. 672
The Sons of, *Heli* behave themselves very disorderly, to the great dishonour of his gray hairs. 759
His connivence, or at the most, gentle reproof, no whit doth better them. 760
God punisheth *Heli* for the sins of his Sons. ibid.
He dieth. ibid.
Henry the Eight grown more hardned against Card. *Pool*. 838
The death of *Henry* the Eighth. 838
Herodias slept not one good sleep with *Herod* so long as Saint *John* Baptist was alive. 793
Her Daughter beggeth the head of Saint *John* Baptist, which is granted unto her. ibid.
The History of *Hester*. 711
Hester the Neece of *Mordecai* ibid.
She is married to *Ahasuerus* King of Persia, and declared Queen. 712
Her excellent virtues and endowments. 713
She is acquainted with the plot of *Haman* for the utter destruction of the Jews. 715
Her Prayer to God. ibid.
She presenteth her self to *Ahasuerus*. 716
She inviteth *Ahasuerus* and *Haman* to a Banquet. ibid.
She relates to the King the plot of *Haman* against her self, and her people. 518
Hierom his great affection to Saint *Paul* 539
Hierusalem is besieged by *Lysias*, and brought to great extremity. 727
Holophernes angry at the great preparation made by the Jews for their defence. 706
Holophernes ravished at the speech of *Judith*. 708
Holophernes his army defeated. 710
The image and nature of Hope. 592
The good husbanding of Hope. ibid.
We must adapt our selves to our Hopes. 593
We must ground our Hopes well. ibid.
Powerfull friends may serve for a support for Hope. ibid.
We must not too soon reject, nor too late put forward in pursuit of our Hopes. ibid.
The Hopes of the world are very deceitfull, and have no solitude. 595
Three sort of Hope. ibid.
One may reasonably fly that which is in any wise hurtfull. 576
Hypatius his Speech. 685

I.

Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, an Heresie sprung up even in Rome it self. 698
Jealousie is a degree of the envious. 624
The seed of Jealousie. ibid.
Jealousie for honours and dignities. ibid.
Learned men subject to jealousie. ibid.
Jealousie in marriages holdeth the first place in the Envious. 625.
Jealousie defined according to Saint *Thomas* ibid
Out of what jealousie is framed. ibid.
Description of jealousie. ibid.
Jealousie compared to the Abyss. ibid.
Jealousie maketh havock in the heart. ibid.
Advice to women concerning jealousie. ibid.
The bloody effects of the jealousie of *Saul*. 665
Joab his jealousie over *Abner*. 669
Jeremiah a man of sorrow. 786
His sanctity. ibid.
Jesabel threatneth to take away *Elijah*'s life. 775
Jesabel thrown out of a window dieth miserably. 778
The love of *Jesus* towards his heavenly Father 557
For what reasons *Jesus* prayed on earth. 595
The excess of the contrition, and dolours of our Lord *Jesus*. 600
Jesus Christ acquired us boldness by his fear. 611
Three powerful succours of our Saviour *Jesus Christ* to animate our constancy. ibid.
The power of the name of *Jesus*. ibid.
The admirable effects of the Cross of *Jesus*. 612
To know whether our Lord *Jesus* was subject to anger. 620
The eye of *Jesus* watching, sparkling, and weeping. 625
Impatient men of divers qualities. 584
The picture of Impudence. 615
Divers spirits subject to impudency. ibid.
The miserable end of an unhappy impudent man. 618
It is a hard thing not to feel some Incommodities, life being so full of them. 576
The kingdom of Inconstancy. 571
Three sorts of envious indignation. 626
The plot of *Ingobergua*, to cure her husbands passion of love, succeeded ill out of too much affectation. 635
John Baptist apprehended. 792
His rare qualities. 791
He is beheaded. 793
Joab and *Abner* do strive for the government of Judah. 668
Joab and *Abner* combat. ibid.
Joab in his fault upon necessity is tolerated by *David*. 669
Joab's insolency. 473
The death of *Joab*. 677
The courage and resolution of *Joachim*, who executed the office both of a Priest and Captain. 705
The good offices of *Jonathan*. 665
Josiah slain. 787
Joseph the Son of a Shepheard. 747
His divine qualities. ibid.
His brethren sell him. 745
Marvellous constancy of *Joseph* amidst those great temptations of the Court, and of his Mistris. ibid.
He is accused for attempting to ravish that honour, which he preserved. ibid.
He is imprisoned. ibid.
He is taken out of the prison, and doth interpret *Pharaoh*'s dream. 746
He is promoted to high preferment by *Pharaoh*. ibid.
Joseph's deportment in Court, a pattern for all Courtiers. ib.
His singular piety and modesty. ibid.
His fidelity to his Prince. 747
His demeanour in his government. 748
His brethren came down to Egypt for food, and their entertainment. ibid.
He meeteth with his aged Father, and appointeth him a place to live in. 751
Josua his Education. 720
His familiarity with *Moses*. ibid.
He is made General of the Army of the Israelites. ibid.
His death. 721
Three sorts of Joy. 578
The art of Joy. 582
The Israelites murmure against *Moses*. 755, 756
They have war with the Amalekites, and worst them. 757
The Israelites disrelish *Samuel*. 761
A great famine in Israel, which was caused by a very great drought. 773
Judas Maccabeus the Son of *Mattathias* made General over the Army of the Hebrews against the tyranny of *Antiochus*. 722
His piety for restoring the Temple. ibid.
Particular favours which he received from God. ibid.
He maketh peace with the Romans. 723
He defeateth nine Generals of *Antiochus* in pitched battel. 724
Isaiah his vision. 784
His eloquence as his birth is elevated. ibid.
He is sawed alive. 786
The Kingdom of Judah divided by the ambition of favourites. 669
The rare endowments of *Judith*. 705
Her Prayer to God. 707
Her speech to *Holophernes* being brought before him. 708
Her courteous entertainment. ibid.

Judith being conducted by *Vagoa* to *Holophernes* Pavillion, in his sleep cut off his head. 709
She returneth to the Bethulians with the head of *Holophernes*. *ibid.*
Her entertainment by the Citizens of Bethulia. *ibid.*
Her counsel to the people. 710
An excellent observation of *Julian*. 588
Acts of Justice in punishment and reward. 659
Justin. who was born a Cow-heard, mounted to the throne of the Emperours of Constantinople. 682
The fidelity and goodness of *Justinian*, *ibid.*
His greatness. 683
His nature and manners. *ibid.*
His manner of life was austere. *ibid.*
Some abuse the belief of men, in reporting that he could neither read nor write, mistaking *Justinian* for his uncle *Justin*. *ibid.*
His great love to learning, but chiefly Law and Divinity. *ibid.*
A great conspiracy against him. 684
A speech concerning the mutiny against him. *ibid.*
Justinian kept prisoner in his Palace, and *Hypatius* is proclaimed Emperour. *ibid.*
The stoutest men assail *Justinian* in his Palace. 685
The sedition against *Justinian* is appeased. *ibid.*
The reflux of the affairs of *Justinian*. 688
The defects of *Justinian*. 692
Justinian in the latter end of his age, fell into two great errours. 693

K.

THe words of a wise man directed to the Kings of the times, *Wisd. 6*. 653
Kings ought to profess the outward worship and service of God for the performance of his duty, and the example of his people. 657
Knowledge of ones self. 547
Knowledge ought to be moderate. 678

L.

THe prodigious victory which in the end *Lotharius* gained over himself, after a great storm of the passion of love, in becoming Religious. 642
The cruel handling of Pope *Leo*. 699
Strange desire of *Lewis* the Eleventh. 641
Generous Act of *Lewis* the Eleventh. 648
An excellent observation of *Libanius*. 613
All happiness included in Love. 529
God the Father of Unions, doth draw all to unity by Love. *ibid.*
The Sect of Philosophers of the indifferency of Love. *ib*
The first reason against the indifferency of Love, is, that thereby he maketh himself as chief end, and the God of himself. *ibid.*
The second reason is drawn from the communication of creatures. 630
A third reason against the indifferency of Love is drawn from the tenderness of great hearts. *ibid.*
Wherefore great hearts are most loving. 631
Love is the soul of the universe. *ibid.*
Love is the superintendent of the great fornace of the world. *ibid.*
The nature of Love. *ibid.*
The definition of Love with its division. 532
The steps and progression of Love. *ibid.*
The causes of Love. *ib.*
The means to mak ones self to be worthily loved. *ibid.*
Notable effects of Love in three worlds. *ibid.*
Love includeth all blessings. 533
There are miserable Lovers in the world. *ibid.*
Who loveth too much, loveth too little. 534
A notable comparison of S. *Basil* touching Love. 537
Love is a strange malady. 543
Disasters of evill Love. *ibid.*
Division of Love. 544
Love of humour. *ib.*
Interiour causes of Love. *ibid.*
The secret attractives of Love. 545
Modification of their opinion, who place Love in transportation. *ibid.*
The senses being well guarded, shut up all the gates against Love. *ibid.*
The miserable estate of one passionately in Love. 546
The diversities of Love. *ibid.*
Evil Angels intermeddle in the great tempests of Love. *ib.*
Cruelty of Love on the persons of Lovers. *ibid.*
Love is sometimes the punishment of pride. 547
Advices and remedies against Love in its full. 548
The medal of Love hath two faces. *ibid.*
An excellent conceit of *Solomon* concerning Love. *ibid.*
Disasters of Love in each age and condition. 549
Advice to all sorts of persons concerning Love. *ibid.*
Diversity of the maladies of Love, and their cures. *ibid.*
Remedies for the affection of Love, which come against our wills. *ibid.*
Admirable example of the combat of Saints against Love. 550
Separation the first remedy against Love. *ibid.*
The counsel and assiduity of a good director, is an excellent antidote against Love. 551
The conversation of God with man by the mystery of the incarnation, in the consummation of Love. 553
The Eucharist the last degree of Love. *ibid.*
The Love of Saints towards Jesus. 554
The growth of Love like to Pearls. *ib.*
The Empire and eminencies of Divine Love. *ib.*
Qualities of divine Love, by which we may know, whether it inhabiteth a soul. 555
Pliantness, Liberality, and patience, three principal marks of Love. *ib.*
Twelve effects of Love. *ib.*
Three orders of true Lovers in the world. *ib.*
Nine degrees of Seraphical Love for the contemplative. 556
That it is good to be honestly loved. 567
We most ardently Love the things we must lose. 587
The scandalous Love of the Emperour *Lotharius*, and *Valdrada*. 638
The Love of *David* and *Jonathan*. 664
Excellent loyalty of a Lady. 536
Lysias his speech before the raising of the siege of Hierusalem. 727
Lysias is taken and slain by the souldiers. 728

M.

THe gallant resolution of *Maccabeus*, who with a handful of men gave battel to a great army, wherein being over-powred, he lost not his honour, but his life. 728
Some Men are in the world as dislocated bones in the body. —
Man terrible above all terribles. 603
Man, as he is the most miserable of all creatures, so he is the most Mercifull. 627
Man hath no greater evil then himself. *ibid.*
An observation of *Bernardine* concerning Marriage. 564
Mattathias the father of *Judas Maccabeus*, opposeth the tyranny of *Antiochus*. 721
He refuseth to offer incense to Idols. *ibid.*
His courage for Religion. 722
His glorious death. *ibid.*
Utility of Melancholy. 585
A notable example of *Meroven* to divert youth from Marriage. 636
The first Marvel in the life of S. *Lewis*, is the joyning of the wisdom of State with the Gospel. 701
The second is, of the union of Humility & Greatness. 702
The third is, his devotion and courage. 703
Incomparable Mildness of *Lewis* the Son of *Charlemaign*. 649
Mildness of the first men. 630
The beauty and utility of Mildness. 631
Sin and Folly the chief evils of the Mind. 588
Remedies for Minds full of scruple. 586
Moderation of the Kings of France. 645
Great Moderation in S. (King) *Robert*. 648
Mordecai his excellent personage. 711
His entertainment in the Court of *Ahasuerus*. *ibid.*
He discovereth the treason which was plotted against *Ahasuerus*. *ibid.*
Moses floted in the river of Nile in a cradle of bull-rushes. 751
His Education. 752

He killeth an Egyptian. 753
He withdraweth into the countrey of Midian. *ibid.*
He talketh with God. 754
He dieth, having first seen the Land of Promise from mount Nebo. 759
God's judgment on wicked *Murray*. 821

N.

Naaman the Assyrian commanded by *Elisha* to wash seven times in the river Jordan. 783
His leprosie stays upon *Gehezi*. *ibid.*
Naboth unjustly condemned, and slain. 776
Nathan and *Bathsheba*'s advice. 675
Nature necessarily brings with it, its sympathies, and antipathies. 576
Nebuchadnezzar his dream. 766
He worshipperh *Daniel*. 767
He erecteth a Statue of gold of sixty cubits high. 768
He commandeth all his Nobles to do homage to it. *ibid.*
He commandeth the three children, that disobeyed his command therein, to be cast into the furnace. *ibid.*
His second dream, and the interpretation by *Daniel*. 769
His misfortune is bewailed by the whole Court. *ibid.*
He is again found out, and invested in his throne. *ibid.*
The birth and education of *Nero*. 794
The perfidiousness of his mother. *ibid.*
His cruelty towards *Britanicus*. 795
The love of his mother did degenerate to misprision. *ibid.*
His Present to his mother. *ibid.*
His horrible attempt upon his mother. 796
The amazement of *Nero*. *ibid.*
Nero continueth his cruelties. 797
He falls in love with *Poppea*, and doth estrange himself from his wife *Octavia*. *ibid.*
Nero grows worse and worse. 808
The conspiracy against him is detected. *ibid.*
The image of Nice-ones. 579
Treason against the Duke of Norfolk, and his ruine. 820
The horrible Catastraphe of the Duke of Norfolk. 821

O.

FLight from Occasions, is the most assured bulwark for chastity. 547
Octavia calumniated by *Poppea*. 797
Ozias Prince of the people, in the absence of *Joachim* appeaseth the people of Bethulia. 706

P.

THe over fond love of Parents to their children, is chastised in them. 796
The exercise of Patience what it is. 567
Necessity forceth Patience. 589
St. *Paul* tender in holy affections. 539
He came to Rome. 803
He is falsly accused. *ibid.*
His conversation with *Peter*. *ibid.*
He Preacheth the Gospel. *ibid.*
He is threatned and persecuted. *ibid*
He is condemned to the whip, but diverted that punishment. *ibid.*
He is committed to the hands of *Felix*. 804
He appears before the Tribunal of *Felix*. *ibid.*
Drusilla comes to hear him. *ibid.*
S. *Paul* appeals to Rome. *ibid.*
The young *Agrippa*, King of Judea, with his sister *Bernice* assist at the judgment of S. *Paul*. *ibid.*
Festus is touched with his words. *ibid.*
He is embarqued for Rome. 805
He arrives there, and treateth with the Jews. *ibid.*
S. *Paul* is undoubtedly known by *Seneca*. *ibid.*
His Oration to the Senate of Rome. *ibid.*
The effect of his Oration. 806
The Paralel betwixt S. *Paul* and *Seneca*. *ibid.*
The grace of Jesus and the Cross, are the two Principles of S. *Paul*. 807
His perfection and high knowledge. *ibid.*
He leaveth Rome. 808
The politick counsel of *Pharaoh*. 751
He dreameth. 746
He fails in his purposes. 752
Marks of reprobation *Pharaoh*. 754
The Plagues of Ægypt. 755
An excellent conceit of *Plato* concerning terrestriall love. 551
An excellent conceit of Platonists. *ibid.*
The secrets of the divine Policy of God. 763
The birth and education of Cardinal *Pool*. 835
His love of solitude. *ibid.*
His travels. *ibid.*
His return to England 836
The combat in his Spirit. *ib.*
He took part with God. *ibid.*
He is made Cardinal. *ibid.*
He is considered on to be made Pope. 837
He retireth again into solitude. *ibid.*
He travels to the reducement of England to the antient faith. 839
His speech to the States. 840
Princes the workmanship of God. 656
What the wisdom of a Prince should be. 658
Princes should not give too much authority to their Subjects. 669
Whether learning be fitting for Princes. 677
That learning is fitting for Princes defended. *ibid.*
The favour of Princes is very uncertain. 743
Procopius his extravagant fables of *Justinian* and *Theodora* disproved, 691
The secrets of Providence. 688
The great Providence of God, in *Joseph*'s entring and negotiating in Egypt. 742

R.

REason remedieth all humane actions. 597
The love of Reputation is a strong spur. 611
The wicked revenge of an Abbot, and *John Prochytas* against the French. 647
Rigour misbecometh persons Ecclesiastical. 630
The causes of differences of Rigour. *ibid.*
Elogie of the City of Rome. 611
The estate of Rome, and court of *Nero* when *Paul* came to it. 794
The practice of *Romulus*. 653
The end of Royalty. *ibid.*
Royalty a glorious servitude. 656
Royalty a marvellous profession. *ibid.*

S.

THe Essence and Image of Sadness. 584
Four kinds of Sadness. 585
The remedies against Sadness. 587
The three Sadnesses of our Blessed Saviour. 590
Samuel from his Infancy was conversant in the Tabernacle. 759
His zeal, and other rare qualities. 760
His speech to the people. 762
His wisdom in concluding a peace with the Philistims. 763
He dieth. 764
The widow of Sarepta's oyl and meal fails not during the famine. 773
The qualities of the sufferings of our Saviour. 590
Our Saviour hath suffered in all the persons of the just and Martyrs. *ibid.*
An excellent observation upon the terming our Saviour a Lamb. 621
The prudence of *Saul*. 593
He found a kingdom, seeking his Fathers Asses. 762
The excellency and defects that were in *Saul*. 763
The resolute valour of *Saul* in relieving the men of Jabith. 764
Saul being in great perplexity, consulteth with the soul of *Samuel*. 667
Saul cleared for a while, again returns to his evil spirit. 665
Saul marcheth against the Philistim, and is overthrown in battel. *ibid.*
Saul his end. *ibid.*
The shame of scoffing. 614
The danger of scoffing. 647
The scoffs of certain rebellious Flemmings severely punished by the generosity of *Philip de Valois*. *ibid.*

Seneca by a less evil diverts a greater. 795
From whence proceed the calumnies of *Seneca*. 798
His birth. *ibid.*
His education and spirit. 793
He is banished to Corsica, where he composeth excellent works. *ibid.*
His excellent complement. 799
He is in great repute. *ibid.*
His manners. *ibid.*
He made a Libel against *Claudius*. 800
His judgment on *Nero*. *ibid.*
He is made minister of State. *ibid.*
He puts the State in good order. *ibid.*
His Maxims. *ibid.*
His opinions of the Soveraign good. 801
His falling off from *Agrippina*. 802
Why *Seneca* having so many brave qualities, did perform so little in reformation of manners. 807
His constant and famous death. 808
Sin corrupteth the goodness of Essence in intellectual creatures. 575
A civil Shame doth hinder good designs. 817
Shamefac'dness a reasonable passion. 613
Its sources, honour, and conscience. *ibid.*
Three kinds of Shamefac'dness. *ibid*
The esteem the antients had of Shamefac'dness. 613
The Queen of Sheba. 678
Her quality. *ibid.*
The picture of Slander. 626
There would be no Slander, if it were not made Slander by thinking thereon. *ibid.*
Solomon's entry into the Realm full of trouble. 675
He is declared King. 676
The bloody entrance of *Solomon* after the death of *David*. *ibid.*
Solomon's rigour. *ibid.*
He cannot well be justified for the blood of his brother. *ibid.*
The just punishment of God upon *Solomon*. *ibid.*
A wonderfull dream of *Solomon*. 677
His knowledge. *ibid.*
The judgment of *Solomon* in the contention of the two women. 678
Solomon his zeal to the building of the Temple. *ibid.*
The fall of *Solomon*. 679
The beginning of his debauchedness. *ibid.*
Solomon is perverted in Religion. 680
The estate of *Solomon* in the other world. *ibid.*
The prodigious course of some Stars. 604
The evil opinion of the Stoicks, to trust altogether to themselves, without acknowledging the grace and assistance of God. 806
The birth and education of Queen *Mary Stuart*. 811
Her return into Scotland. 812
The death of *Henry Stuart*. 815
Persecution of the Queen *Mary Stuart* by the Protestants. 816
She comforts her self in prison, and hopeth against hope. 817
She escaped out of prison. *ibid.*
Her languishment in her imprisonment in England. 822
Elizabeth's hatred to her. 825
The process against the Queen of Scotland. 826
Her invincible Apologie. 827
The unjust judgment given against her. 828
The vain endeavour to delay her death. 829
Queen *Elizabeth* chiefly to be charged for her death. 830
Her death, and miraculous constancy. 831
The Sun is an hundred forty times bigger then the earth, and in twenty four hours goeth more then twelve millions of leagues. 685

T.

TWenty two thousand Bullocks, and one hundred and twenty thousand Sheep, sacrificed for the dedication of *Solomons* Temple, 3 *Reg.* 8. 590
Marvellous Temples where Lions are tractable. 575
The generosity of *Theodora*, wife of *Justinian*. 685
Procopius speaketh shamefully of *Theodora*, but undeservingly. 691
Her death. 693
Theodate honoured by *Amalazunta*. 686
His perfidiousness. *ibid.*
He causeth *Amalazunta* to be strangled in a Bath. *ibid.*
Theodate is put to death, and *Vitiges* is chosen in his stead. 687
Time stealeth away from us the sense of Evils. 588
Timidity, its causes and Symptomes. 602
Remedies for Timidity in declaiming. 603
Timidity sometimes turneth into insolency. *ibid.*
Remedies against accidentall fear or Timidity. 604
Totilas is chosen King of the Goths. 687
The carriage of Truth doth cost dear at Court. 670

V.

VAlour of *Charles* the Simple. 646
Vagoa Chamberlain to *Holophernes*. 709
Vashti wife to *Ahashuerus*, doth make a banquet for the women, answerable to the King her husband. 712
She is degraded, and divorced. *ibid.*
The burning of *Vesuvius* in the year 1631. 604
Vigilius shamefully used. 693
The slights of *Vigilius* to get the Popedome from *Sylverius*. 692
He is again received into favour, and afterwards died of the Stone in Sicily. *ibid.*
The death of *Uriah*. 670

W.

THe greatness of Wisdom. 657
Humane Wisdom overthrown by the power of heaven. 664
Reasons for the modest love of Women. 535
Rare Amities of Women. 536
Modest amity with Women should always be handled with much precaution. *ibid.*
Observation of *Jamblicus* applied to the amity of Women. 537
The opinion of Fathers concerning the Amity of Women. *ibid.*
Shipwracks happening by the love of Women. *ibid.*
The love of Women dangerous. 545
Hatred of Women. 568
Humour of Women. 575
Women among the Sabeans command over men. 678
The Artifice of Women. 680
It is very dangerous to be observant to wicked Womens humours. 691
What hindereth the production of admirable works. 599
The attractives of the World are not very urgent. 547

Z.

A Notable Speech of *Zalevchus*. 588

28 MR 59

FINIS.